St. Paul Daily Globe.
SUNDAY ISSUE.

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A GRETNA GREEN OF MINNESOTA.

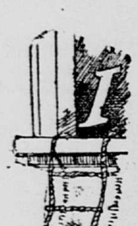
Hudson, the Pretty Little Town "Just Over the River," Is the Mecca of the Eloping Couples From This State.

HAPPY UNIONS AND RARE MISFITS RESULT.

Pleasant Old Clergymen and Jovial City Officials Who Play the Part of Friar Lawrence for St. Paul's Romeos and Juliets.

HOW THE NUPTIAL KNOT IS TIED IN HUDSON.

Clandestine Marriages Are Not the Absolute Rule, as Economy and Romance Play Star Parts in the Hudson Hymenals.



IN THIS advanced age when there are many different varieties of weather, life and manners, and when states with handy laws and practices glance heavenward side by side, it is no very difficult matter for enprising Americans to avail themselves of opportunities, which, if properly applied, relieve them of many of their domestic distresses. As once said by Tennyson, a gentleman often heard of in St. Paul, "In the spring time the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—a mother-in-law." So several Wisconsin pulpit orators can quote of the same salubrious season, that the Minnesota male turns both thoughts and steps to the garden of his bliss—Hudson, a well-developed and very healthy town, which has been identified with our sister state since 1851, A. D.

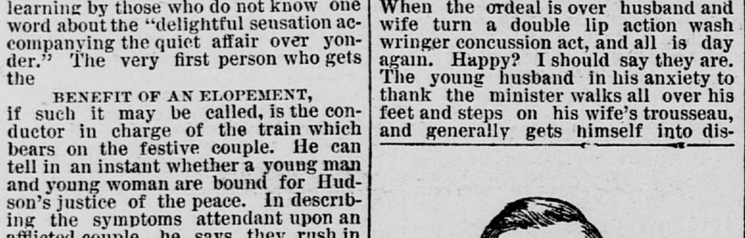
Hudson! Ah, Hudson, what a farm of domestic misfits you have grown to be; never blooming more fairly than the last season, and your crop—has kept our district judges busy signing divorce decrees. But this is nothing to the irascible youth who, with a salary of $35 per month and a coleric desire to compound that unit in his career, wears the enamel from the door bell of his future enemy, and spills his appealing breath of love and adoration all over the old man's new rugs and straw carpets and blindly leads budding womanhood into an emotional entanglement, from which she can only find relief in—getting married. Once to this brink of desperation, the fair maiden and gallant youth concoct a scheme to add romance to bliss, and at the same time fool the old man and draw out the last icicle of affection the old lady has for the daughter. The plot designed, the plan is soon executed, and at last Harry Elope and Miss Seminary are speeding out of the St. Paul Union depot en route to—"just across the river."

Now, here is where Minnesotians, save those that have tried the real trick, have a vague and nebulous idea of such a proceeding, and the whys and wherefores are generally discussed with much learning by those who do not know one word about the "delightful sensation accompanying the quiet affair over yonder." The very first person who gets the

BENEFIT OF AN ELOPEMENT,

if such it may be called, is the conductor in charge of the train which bears on the festive couple. He can tell in an instant whether a young man and young woman are bound for Hudson's justice of the peace. In describing the symptoms attendant upon an afflicted couple, he says they rush in and cautiously take a rear seat in the car. The young lady generally rests her elbow on the window sill and takes a frantic clutch of her cheek, and begins to think the matter over. Possibly regret marks her demeanor, but generally she is impatient and anxious. Her cheeks are flushed like a sport's night out, and she is always nervous and casts an empty meaningless gaze upon her affianced He is altogether different, and in the case of a fairly intelligent fellow, the young man about to get a deed for his bundle of charms and freckles sits a pale and sickly smiling wreck. If he attempts to cheer his companion he makes a mess of it,and together they forgive each other for their shortcomings. When the conductor asks for the tickets, the frightened young man executes several acrobatic insinuations and at length tears the wrong end off and hands the ticket to the "Con." When the train pulls into the Hudson depot, the aforesaid couple make a mangled flight for the platform and tumble into the first alleged hack they see. "See here, driver," says the decamper, "drive up into the woods, I want to see you on important business. "Yes, sir; yes, sir;" and he is off in a jiffy, rolling over cobble stones, logs and prospects until he reaches a secluded grove about two blocks from the depot and a mile from the business portion of the city—the depot being at the extreme northern end of the town.

While the horses are blowing and grunting asthma over the road the



A VIEW OF HUDSON FROM LIBERTY HILL.

couple are swapping lip salve on the inside and rubbing all the whitewash off the ceiling of the dilapidated hack. When the driver whoo's up he comes down from his heavenly perch, and the enamored inhabitant of the coupe breaks his neck getting out of the combustible confinement, and the two proceed to

DISCUSS THE SITUATION.

"Say, Slaps, where is Hudson?"

"This is Hudson, sah! Wifin a half mile ob the fust white house you see dar, painted red."

"Which way?"

"De odder way, of course. Which youse spose, anyhow?"

"Well, say, I want to get married right off, and in the American language, too. Can't you take me to the cheapest priced and highest grade preacher in the city, and for how much?"

"Yes, sah; yes, sah; dis instant. I'll git you de weddin' tune an' all, fer — — 75 cents."

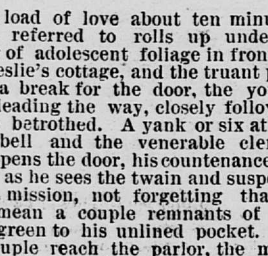
In a moment the rotten old ambulance is dashing along Third street, Hudson, behind the toughest and most dissipated duet of Rozinantes the poundmaster has ever overlooked.

Third street in Hudson is a very fine street, decorated on each side with trees and sidewalks, and adorned on either side with the residences of the Hon. William Phipps, formerly mayor of the city; Hon. E. J. Matteson, the present father of the city; while cows, robins and dogs flit back and forth and roll around the street, making a bright summer morning glorious with their varied music while the board of street supervisors are out sounding the lake. Across the street, and right in the heart of the peace and contentment of the city, stand the Baptist and Methodist churches, and neatly nestling by their sides are the parsonages of the Baptist minister, Rev. Mr. Robert Leslie, and the Methodist, Rev. Dr. Tresidder. Of the city's clergy these are the two reverend gentlemen who do most of the marrying from this side of the creek. They are both equally handy to nervous candidates for connubial felicity, and have so far not become jealous of each other's patronage—both doing about the same business in the matrimonial market.

The load of love about ten minutes above referred to rolls up under a bower of adolescent foliage in front of Dr. Leslie's cottage, and the truant pair make a break for the door, the young man leading the way, closely followed by his betrothed. A yank or six at the door bell and the venerable clergyman opens the door, his countenance all aglow as he sees the twain and suspects their mission, not forgetting that it may mean a couple remnants of the long green to his unlined pocket. As the couple reach the parlor, the mantled gentleman intuitively drags a Bible out from its lair, and the young man wonders how the preacher suspected what he wanted. He nods assent, however, too full for utterance, and the ceremony is performed while

THE YOUNG MAN SHIVERS

like a cold dog who is about to be sued for disturbing the peace. The young lady closes her eyes and answers all sorts of questions no one has asked. When the ordeal is over husband and wife turn a double lip action wash wringer concussion act, and all is day again. Happy? I should say they are. The young husband in his anxiety to thank the minister walks all over his feet and steps on his wife's trousseau, and generally gets himself into dis-



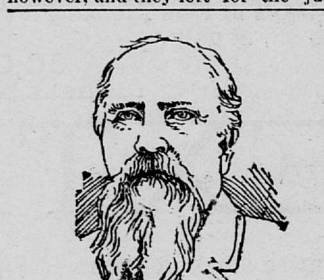
E. J. MATTESON.

aster. Wisconsin laws allow a minister or justice of the peace a fee of $1.50 for solemnizing a marriage. This fee the reverend performers of this ceremony have never exacted in nine-tenths of the cases, but usually take their chances upon getting that or a greater sum. Occasionally they get left. When a liberal cuss comes along, who is perfectly docile about his pecuniary expenditure on such a momentous occasion, the minister suddenly falls heir to a five or ten-dollar bill. The better class of marriageables go to the clergymen, unless the latter are off fishing, which is very often the case. In this event, if the case be an urgent one and the parties intend to continue their flight down the lake, or if they naturally prefer an officer of the law to declare them one, they go to the police justice and city clerk, James A. Bunker. This gentleman has been clerk of the city for over twenty years and has married an average of fifty persons a year, all of whom were Minnesotians, coming from all parts of the state, St. Paul and Minneapolis together contributing the majority. Rev. Leslie has had very poor luck the past season, and has not married quite so many as his brother, Dr. Tresidder, across the way; but in all, Mr. Leslie has reaped his just portion of the fees. The last couple which inflicted their desires upon him left him after ardently expressing their thanks at having been made so happy. The reverend gentleman extends a cordial invitation to all applicants for admission to the matrimonial sphere who would treat him likewise. A large and very anxious dog is constantly kept on tap for any such monkey work.

Many people are laboring under the delusion that the holy bonds are

TIED SO CARELESSLY

by the Wisconsin authorities that a marriage is sought in that state by persons from Minnesota simply because they can climb over into Hudson without taking out a license or proving eligibility, becoming husband and wife on short notice or C. O. D. This is a mistake, and Rev. Mr. Tresidder elucidates the matter by giving a slight idea of the manner in which he mostly proceeds. If strangers call on him for the service, he first puts them under oath to satisfactorily and truthfully answer all questions. Exercising his judgment, he puts such questions to them as will establish their right to become husband and wife, and if these questions are satisfactorily answered, he "lets 'er go." Some short time ago a young girl and beardless youth ran away from Stillwater and applied to him for their marriage. He suspected that the lady was not of age, and cross-questioning her found that she was but seventeen. He refused to marry them, notwithstanding that her aspiring companion protested, and swore that she was precocious enough to be married if not quite eighteen years old. It was no go, however, and they left for the justice



BUNKER

of the peace, who bound them tighter than catgut. He did it upon their oaths that they were of age.

Besides the ministers and city clerk, the justice of the peace, Mr. Randall, does some of the nuptial tying, and adding his list of annual knots of Minnesota couples, the sum total is about 150 per annum. This seems to be a great many weddings solemnized in Wisconsin and enjoined in Minnesota. That nearly all prove happy and lasting marriages, is another matter of surprise; but Mr. Leslie knows of but one which he solemnized which did not pan out as harmonious as it might have. As a general report, all the Hudson people say that good luck and

A BIT OF ROMANCE

attends every wedding in their beautiful town. It was not long ago that a couple, apparently past the spring chicken time, appeared before Mr. Bunker and asked to be married in Irish. Turning to his visitors and observing them closely, he found that the groom-elect was blind, and when he made out the marriage certificate he put down the age of the bride at fifty-five. This couple, with affliction and homeliness enough for a Zulu hospital, left the justice's office seemingly as happy as those more fortunate. At another time, while a railroad employes' picnic was going on in the adjacent groves, a couple sauntered in and very anxiously exacted the assurance that no one would learn of their marriage. The justice, with an eye to business and a pocket for fees, promised that the secret would be as profound as if kept a century, and lassoed the pair into the new relation in less time than it takes to eat hay. Mayor Matteson happened to witness the ceremony, and after subscribing his name to the certificate, walked across the room, and grasping the hand of the indifferent bride, said he guessed it was a very appropriate time for congratulations.

"Yes," said the lady, "but it's a chestnut now; we have been living together for the last five years." This broke the mayor all up, and the irate husband hurried off his loquacious wife. Since exercising the powers of a police justice, Mr. Bunker has received a great many letters from the parents of "departed" couples. These letters are generally brim full of questions which only the Almighty could answer. Some fathers want to know how, when and where their daughters suffered the villainy of some other father's blasted youth. Others go further and inquire the whereabouts of the missing couple, how many children they may have and all sorts of unanswerable questions.

Hudson, like West Alexander, Pa., is the blotter for all secret marriages. Ohioans skip over to Pennsylvania and into West Alexander, and enjoy the same privileges and protection that Minnesotians do in Hudson. Of course, all marriages on the elopement plan are not solemnized at Hudson. River Falls and Prescott get a litte; but a very little, indeed.

Now, everybody naturally thinks that nobody goes to Wisconsin to be married, unless they can't get married in this state, and that there is always

A CLOUD UPON THE SANCTITY

of the union. If it was not an elopement there was something else dangling about the ardent pair which either prohibited or made it decidedly disagreeable to celebrate their wedding within Minnesota borders. A large contingent of persons who go to Hudson to be married go there for three reasons, either of which is a sufficient excuse for going, and all plausible when sincere. The young man unencumbered with an ocean of wealth can take himself and betrothed to Hudson for the price of a marriage certificate in this state. Then it is going from West to East, and constitutes an Eastern wedding tour and obviates the necessity of an expensive and extravagant wedding lunch at home which would cost at least $1.35, and, may be, 25 cents more. To go to Hudson maybe practicing economy and teaching your girl the decception of the average wedding tour, or it may be a case of necessity,or you may call it an awful gossip-lubricating elopement. On more than one ocsasion, couples who have applied for admission to legitimately practice matrimonial celibacy, have begged and begged the ministers to date their certificates back a few months. Forbidden fruit and the clergy's honor were not to be tampered with in such a manner, and forthcoming accidents are no accidents. Such couples generally get left at the game. All the people have a fine sense of honor, and the ministers are no exceptions, if they do have families to support.

A GLIMPSE OF THE TOWN.

Hudson was incorporated in 1851, and is certainly a charming and thriving little city of 3,000 inhabitants. Lying on the shores of Lake St. Croix, the city extends along the beach about two and a half miles and back about one mile, where an abrupt elevation of 100 feet marks the line of the corporate limits. Thus, nestled between the birch-clad bluff and St. Croix lake, the little town bustles with its logging, milling and commercial interests. Six churches, the commodious Oliver Wendell Holmes hospital and high school are but a few of the attractive features of the city. A peculiarity often commented upon is the many old pioneers that make up the population. Everybody you meet on the street is past fifty, and all able and anxious to discuss the days of '51. A mere harmonious and peace-loving people never existed, even in Minneapolis, and good-fellowship and contentment reign in every home.

THE WEB IS WEAVING

Detective Coughlin's Supposed Complicity in the Cronin Case.

He Tries to Explain His Reasons for Hiring a White Horse.

Mayor Cregier Takes an Interest in the Case, and Will Push It.

The Story Written in Blood at the Cottage Grows Clearer.

CHICAGO, May 25.—Police Superintendent Hubbard to-day gave the substance of a talk he had with Detective Coughlin in regard to his connection with hiring a white horse from Livery-Stable Keeper Dinan on the day on which Dr. Cronin disappeared. He said that the following was substantially the explanation which Coughlin gave: A few days before May 4, a man called at the East Chicago Avenue station, and, inquiring for Coughlin, introduced himself as Thomas Smith, of Hancock, Mich., and a friend of Coughlin's brother, who keeps a livery stable in that town. He was on his way to New Mexico. he said, and before leaving Hancock, Mr. Coughlin, of that place asked him to look up his brother Dan, who was on the police force in Chicago, as Mr. Smith said he intended to remain a few days in that city. Detective Coughlin was glad to meet his brother's friend and played the host to the best of his ability. He showed Mr. Smith the central station, the board of trade and other points of interest, and took in the town generally. Saturday, Mr. Smith said he would like to take a buggy ride that evening, but he did not know whether the livery stable keepers would trust a stranger with a horse. He had an aunt living on South Halstead street, and he would drive down there if he could get a rig. Coughlin said he would fix the livery stable business,and told Mr. Smith to go to Dinan's place whenever he wanted a horse, and that he himself would see Dinan during the day and make it all right. Mr. Smith

GOT THE WHITE HORSE

and rig, and Coughlin did not see him again for a week or more, when Coughlin met him on the street and wanted to know why he did not pay for the use of the rig, Dinan having come to him for the money. Smith gave Coughlin $3, and said he would give him the other $2 later. Coughlin met him for the last time one day last week, and Smith said he would start for New Mexico the next day. Dr. Cronin's friends met this afternoon and completed the arrangements for his funeral to-morrow. It is believed that at least 4,000 men will march in the procession. The Catholic Order of Foresters has announced that 2,000 of its members will turn out; there will be forty of the uniformed rank of the Royal Arcanum, 200 of the Hibernian Rifles, 100 of the Royal League and 800 of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The procession will start from the First Cavalry armory at about 10 o'clock to-morrow morning. The funeral services will be at the cathedral of the Holy Name at 11:30 o'clock, where requiem high mass will be celebrated. It is estimated that if the day is fair at least 10,000 persons will go by train to Calvary cemetery, where the interment will take place. It is denied that Dr. Cronin's clothes were found in the Carlson cottage, as was stated yesterday. An evening paper says that

THE LETTER

which was turned over to the police by the Carlsons yesterday, was from one of the mysterious tenants of the blood-stained cottage. The police refused to allow the epistle to be copied, but give out enough to indicate that it is of the greatest importance. The letter is postmarked Hammond, Ind., and was received May 20. Inclosed was found $12, another month's rent. It was signed by one of the tenants, Frank Williams. He attempted to explain away their hasty exit from the building, and the paint daubs on the parlor floor. He said the floor was painted so as to save his sister the trouble of scrubbing the boards. Mr. Williams was silent about the fact of their being foot prints in the paint. He also neglected to say anything about those blood-stains.

THE MAYOR TAKES HOLD,

And Proposes to Run Down the Cronin Mystery.

CHICAGO, May 25.—Mayor Cregier took hold of the Cronin case to-day personally. During the course of a two hours' conference on his part with Superintendent of Police Hubbard and Corporation Counsel Hutchison, the Mayor said: "One thing I want to impress upon you, and that is that extraordinary efforts are to be made to uncover this hideous plot. It is a stain upon our city to have such a terrible crime committed without the perpetrators being apprehended and brought to justice. Do not understand me to criticise the work of the department in this matter when I say that the present efforts must be doubled. Let us be over zealous rather than not active enough. Every clue, however slight, must be followed up, and when there is suspicion hanging over a man of complicity, and when there is a doubt whether severe action should be taken, take advantage of the doubt and act. I would rather be in the wrong nineteen times in a case of importance like this than give the murderers a chance to escape. There should be no scarcity of good men at work, even if other work has to be neglected." The possible connection of Coughlin with the case was taken up, and Superintendent Hubbard explained the result of his interview with the detective, and his explanation of the white horse episode. "Have Detective Coughlin brought in again," said the mayor. "I want to talk to him; I want to ask him some questions, which I propose he shall answer at once to clear away this mystery. If he does not, we must act promptly."

Pending Coughlin's appearance the superintendent of police personally visited Dr. Cronin's office in the Opera house block and also his late apartments in the Conklin residence. Men were placed in charge to see that no one meddled with any of the murdered man's belongings. Detective Coughlin was brought down to the superintendent's office at 4:30 p. m., Mayor Cregier being present. The conference lasted over two hours. Coughlin was allowed to tell his story and then he was taken in hand by the mayor, Attorney Hines and the corporation counsel.

HE STOOD THEIR FIRE

of questions for a while with a fair degree of self-possession. Then it is reported he became flurried and nervous, but said nothing that could be used against him. When the conference broke up at 6:30 the lips of all the parties were sealed. They walked out and hurriedly left the building. Coughlin left the room with Lieutenant of Detectives Elliott. He stood in the hall a minute or two talking with the lieutenant, then he was turned over to Detective Flynn. Coughlin and Flynn walked away together carelessly, but Coughlin was a prisoner. He was taken to the station and locked up. There is a nigger in the white horse wood pile somewhere. The description which Liveryman Dinan now gives of the man who hired his white horse the night of May 4, and the description Capt. Schaak says he first reported the latter to him, are as far apart as light and darkness. The discrepancy was brought to light when a reporter asked the captain yesterday why it was he had not had Detective Coughlin's Michigan friend arrested if it would have been such an easy matter.

"Why, he was not the man who drove Dr. Cronin away that night," protested the captain with some excitement. "He was not anything like him. The description Dinan gave me of the man

DOES NOT TALLY AT ALL

with that Mrs. Conklin gives of the man she saw driving Dr. Cronin away. Just let me read you my notes of what each of them told me." The captain looked through his papers a moment, soon finding those he was in search of. According to them Dinan had described the man who hired his horse as follows: "He was about five feet four inches high, not very heavy, had a reddish mustache and stubby beard as though he had not shaved for a week, and wore a shabby light gray overcoat. He looked like a workingman. He had on a stiff hat and was cross-eyed. His eyes were light in color and his complexion also light." "Now how could a man with such appearance," asked the captain, "be mistaken for the one described by Mrs. Conklin? The man she saw had a dark overcoat, a slouch hat drawn over his face, a black mustache and dark restless eyes. She noticed his eyes particularly, so if he had been cross-eyed she could not have failed to notice it. The description Dinan now gives of Coughlin's friend, however, tallies very closely with that given by Mrs. Conklin, and is widely different from the notes Capt. Schaack took of his first statement.

DR. CRONIN'S BODY

was not removed from the undertakers to the First cavalry armory until after 4 o'clock this afternoon. The delay was caused in the first place by the fact that a casket had not been selected nor the body prepared, and when they were ready the platform on which the casket was to rest at the armory had not been completed. Mr. and Mrs. Conklin called at Birren & Carroll's office, 171 East Chicago avenue, this morning to select a coffin, choosing a handsomely ornamented extension bar-handle metallic casket. At their request a plate was engraved with the following inscription: "Philip Patrick Henry Cronin, born April 7, 1846, died May 3, 1889." Mrs. Conklin had not seen the face of her dead friend since the body was discovered, and at her request the box was opened and the features uncovered. She gazed at them closely for a moment, but without any traces of emotion, only saying as she turned away that she recognized the body beyond a doubt as that of Dr. Cronin. The casket is a very heavy one, and with the body weighs over 600 pounds. Word was sent from the armory at 4 o'clock that everything was in readiness, and Mr. Carroll started with the remains at once, the hearse being followed by a single coach.

THE WAIL OF BLOOD.

More Minute Description of the Carlson Cottage.

CHICAGO, May 25.—A free examination of the Carlson cottage interior was permitted to-day for the first time. A fearful sight it was. Only vague hints of the horrors have heretofore been made public. On the south wall of the cottage parlor great splotches of blood and hair adhering thereto could be seen. A terrible struggle had taken place in the rooms. A castor on the front leg of the washstand and one on the front leg of the dressing case had been broken off and are missing. The arm-rest on the ordinary cane-bottomed rocking chair was also broken, and the pieces left strewn on the floor. The blood spattered about the floor shows plainly, notwithstanding the bungling overlayer of paint, that Dr. Cronin was not killed, or even rendered helpless, by the first blow he received. There is every indication that the doctor was struck first as he endeavored to cross the parlor floor to the next room, where stood the bed. This blow threw the doctor to the floor, it would seem, and forced his head against the wall. The greatest splotch of blood, as large and shaped something like a palm-leafed fan, is but an inch above the base board. Above this about a foot are a number of squirts of dried blood and hair, resulting, perhaps, from a second blow, or came from the concussion of the wounded head against the base-board. That the doctor had succeeded in getting to his feet in some manner is evidenced by the appearance of the broken furniture. The bed in the house was apparently never used to any appreciable extent. A quilt of a greenish hue and another of a red color, are brand new, and have the peculiar stiff rustling common to cheap comforters. No sheets, it would seem, were ever on the mattress, and no pillow-cases ever on the pillows. The quilts and pillows are piled on the bed as they might have been when thrown there at the time the bed was put up. The few foot prints of paint and blood inside the bed-room are near the door as though the person making them stepped in but for a moment. The china water pitcher and bowl are still dusty, as if but just brought from the store, where purchased. On the sides of the bowl there are bloody finger-prints, made when the bowl was shoved to one side by the red-handed assassin. The murderer or murderers washed themselves at a sink in the kitchen on the same floor. The blood on the front steps resembles the leakage from the trunk as it was being dragged out to the vehicle in waiting. There are also some finger marks on the pickets of the fence. These marks seem to have been the result of rubbing the fingers on them to take off the blood got in handling the trunk, or else when lifting the trunk out of the yard the person grabbed hold to steady himself under the horrible burden.

GATHERING THEM IN.

Four of the Arizona Robbers Captured and Caged.

TUCSON, Ariz., May 25.—William Webb, Edward Fallett and Walter Fallett were arrested yesterday by the deputy marshal and deputy sheriff of Graham county, on the charge of assisting in the robbery of Paymaster Wham. They were captured after some resistance, taken to Fort Thomas and put in the guardhouse, but have not yet been brought up for identification by members of the escort. Seabird, alias "Bud" Henderson, who is supposed to be the leader of the robbers, was arrested at Globe, Ariz., last night by Lieut. Dade and a troop of cavalry, assisted by Indian scouts. Another man named Powers is also implicated and will probably soon be arrested. Henderson was sent to Fort Thomas to-day.

A FAINT RAY OF HOPE

Taylor Crum Takes a Lively Interest in Murderer Brown's Case,

And Will Fight the Gallows for Him in the Supreme Court.

Synopsis of His Bill of Exceptions in the Trial Court.

A Verdict for $5,800 in the Powell Libel Suit at La Crosse.

Special to the Globe.

MOORHEAD, Minn., May 25.—Taylor Crum, of Fargo, who has lately exhibited considerable interest in Thomas Brown, sentenced to be hung June 7, to-day appealed to Judge Mills for allowance of a bill of exceptions. The bill was allowed, and Crum thereupon made a motion for a new trial, which was denied. Crum will go before the supreme court on Monday with the bill of exceptions and request a writ of error and stay of execution. If the writ is granted it will undoubtedly postpone the hanging of Brown. The exceptions made by Crum are: First, on that part of the judge's charge which says: "I charge you as a matter of law from the evidence thatt he defendant is guilty of murder in the first degree, murder in the second degree, or murder in the third degree. On his own statement he is not relieved of a crime below murder in the third degree." The counsel claims that this charge prevented an acquittal or conviction in some degree of manslaughter, or assault in some degree, as defined in the criminal code,and that it overturned Brown's own testimony, which was admitted, namely, that he fired the fatal shot towards deceased, but at the time supposed deceased was Officer Benson, of Fargo, who intended to arrest him, and that he had no intention of killing any one, but fired the shot for the purpose of frightening Benson and preventing his (Brown's) arrest.

Second—The charge, which says: "There is no prescribed time for either premeditation or deliberation. If the perpetrator forms the intention, debates it in his mind and finally makes the choice, no matter how short the struggle, this is sufficient premeditation and deliberation."

Third—"If he (Brown) debated the question of killing in his mind for any length of time, even an instant, and as the result of such debate determined the question and acted upon the determination thus made, he is guilty of murder in the first degree." It is said that the penal code of New York on this point is the same as the Minnesota code, and the question involved in the charge of Judge Mills to the jury which found Brown guilty of murder in the first degree has been passed upon in the court of appeals of New York in several cases, and determined adversely to defendants.

BEAVY LIBEL DAMAGES.

Verdict for $5,800 in the Powell-Hohl Case.

LA CROSSE, Wis., May 25.—The jury in the case of Powell versus Hohl handed in a verdict this morning giving plaintiff $5,800. This is the largest verdict for libel ever given in the state. Another suit for criminal libel is pending, but will not be tried this term of court.

MUST HAVE A HOTEL.

Tower Subscribing Liberally in a Worthy Cause.

Special to the Globe.

TOWER, Minn., May 25.—About $10,000 was this afternoon subscribed to the $20,000 hotel project, provided it is erected on the corner now known as the ball ground, in the center of the town. About fifty citizens chartered a steamer to-day for Trout lake on a fishing excursion. They will return Sunday night. What is supposed to be a meteor fell about a mile south of Tower this afternoon with a loud report. Fragments have been sent to St. Paul for analysis.

"ALL FOR LOVE."

Some Unknown Person Drowns Himself Near Winona.

Special to the Globe.

WINONA, May 25.—The discovery of an innocent looking beer bottle floating down the river below the Laird-Norton sawmill this morning by John Felick has caused a good deal of interest and excitement. Mr. Felick thought the bottle looked a little suspicious, and on raking it in found it tightly corked. On pulling the cork he found within a piece of manilla wrapping paper about 4x6 inches with the following written in pencil on both sides:

Wyona, Minn., May 19, 1889.—This Is to whom may lick this us and I trust he will do mee a favor. I drowned my self be cause I am tirod of livering and have drowned my selfe, all for Love. friend write and tell my folks that Charles has drowned him self. direct Dave Young, Dave Young, Carrol Co., Iowa.

It is not known that any man named Young has disappeared. Some suspicions connect the bottle with the mysterious stranger who was found hanging to a tree last Sunday, but the date of the note rather contradicts that theory. The police will write to the address given to investigate.

THE GROSS EARNINGS LAW.

Interesting Case of the Northern Pacific Against Certain Dakota Counties.

Special to the Globe.

YANKTON, S. D., May 25.—The cases of the Northern Pacific Railroad company against the county treasurers of La Moure, Foster and McLean counties was argued here before the supreme court yesterday. These were actions brought by the railroad company to enjoin the collection of taxes by the counties upon the company's lands and to determine the constitutionality of the gross earnings tax law, the counties claiming that that law was unconstitutional, having taxed the company's lands. Great interest has been taken in these cases. J. M. Bartholomew and E. W. Camp appeared for the counties and W. E. Dodge and John C. Bullitt, for the company.

PIERRE'S PROSPERITY.

Bonds Selling at a Premium and Real Estate Booming.

Special to the Globe.

PIERRE, Dak., May 25.—Eighteen thousand dollars worth of city bonds were issued by the board of education to-day and sold to W. J. Hayes, of Cleveland, O., for $860 premium,the bidding being lively by many capitalists. One contract for a ward school house was let to George Smith for $15,000, work to commence at once, and bids for two other large school buildings will be opened Monday. An Omaha man bought $10,000 worth of Pierre property to-day, and Buchanan & Gray, of Sioux Falls, invested $4,700.

Stopped by a Calf.

Special to the Globe.

HOT SPRINGS, Dak., May 25.—Burglars entered the Minnekahta bank at this place last night, and attempted to blow open the safe. An entrance was effected by bursting bars on the rear door. A hole was drilled through the top of the safe, and this was charged with powder. A queer circumstance occurred just about this time that frightened the burglars away and saved the contents of the safe. A yearling calf was taken with the blind staggers, and in its mad frenzy ran against fences and buildings, butting squarely against the door of the bank. This awakened several citizens in the immediate vicinity, and without doubt frightened the burglars so that they left their tools and made their escape. The calf was found dead this morning close by.

Normal Commencement.

Special to the Globe.

WINONA, May 25.—The great week of the year, commencement week at the normal school, begins with the baccalaureate sermon, to be preached by Rev. Dr. J. C. Irwin, of Albert Lea, in the Congregational church to-morrow evening. The class day exercises will be held on Monday evening at 8 o'clock at Normal hall, model school exercises on Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock and commencement exercises on Wednesday at 9 a. m. There are fifteen in the class of advanced graduates, forty-three in the elementary course and four in the kindergarten course. The class motto is "Not Only to Give, but Also to Share."

May Go to Minneapolis.

Special to the Globe.

SIOUX CITY, Io., May 25.—The Norwegians in this section are very much worked up over the talk of an attempt to remove the Norwegian Luthrean college from Decorah to Minneapolis. They admit, of course, that it is controlled by the synod that embraces parts of Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin, but the institution has been located so long that it is looked upon as an Iowa college, and they do not like to see the misfortune of the burning of the building taken advantage of by the removal questian. Liberal subscriptions will be made by the Norwegians of this section to rebuild the college buildings at Decorah.

Another Corn Palace.

Special to the Globe.

SIOUX CITY, Io., May 25.—It has been fully decided to build a corn palace during the present year, and a working committee of twenty of the most prominent citizens has been appointed to take charge of the preliminary work. As planned now, the palace of 1889 will be as far ahead of that of 1888, as the one of 1888 was ahead of the 1887 exhibition. The work of soliciting funds to guarantee the work has already begun, and the cost will be about $75,000.

Will Enforce the Law.

Special to the Globe.

WINDOM, May 25.—The citizens of the town of Homer, this county, have determined to enforce the meat inspection law. They have appointed eleven inspectors, and fixed fees at 25 cents for beef and pork for first, and 5 cents for each additional animal. Veal and mutton 10 cents. Mileage, 5 cents per mile after the first.

Asylum Matters.

Special to the Globe.

JAMESTOWN, Dak., May 25.—The asylum committee to-day let the contract for drilling the artesian well to Lusher Bros., of Pingree, at $7,000. Dr. and Mrs. O. W. Archibald were re-elected steward and matron.

Will Meet at Watertown.

Special to the Globe.

ABERDEEN, Dak., May 25.—Secretary Schlosser and Committeeman Till, of the Press association, to-day opened the sealed votes of the committee on locating the next meeting. Watertown received six to Madison's one. The meeting will be held in the latter part of July.

Largely Attended.

Special to the Globe.

WINONA, May 25.—The Schnetzenfest at St. Charles was largely attended and very successful. Mr. Gran, of Chicago, won the first prize with 212 out of a possible 225; J. Kohnhackl, of Winona, won the second prize with 198, and Thomas Lichtensteiger, of Winona, the third, with 197.

Young Lady Drowned.

Special to the Globe.

DES MOINES, Io., May 25.—Miss Belle Bennett, a student at Drake seminary, daughter of Rev. E. T. C. Bennett, of Ottumwa, was drowned here to-day in the Des Moines river, by the upsetting of a boat. Her three companions had a narrow escape from a like fate.

Badly Bumped.

Special to the Globe.

ASHLAND, Wis., May 25.—A collision occurred on the Central road this afternoon, between ore and freight trains, demolishing engines and cars. The trainmen saved their lives by jumping.

To Manage the New Hotel.

Special to the Globe.

WINONA, May 25.—The contract has been signed with E. K. Tarbell, who will manage the new hotel. He will furnish it at a cost of $25,000 and guarantees 6 per cent,which on $100,000, is $500 a month.

THOROUGH WORK.

Bold Robbery of an Express Messenger at Dallas.

DALLAS, Tex., May 25.—As the east-bound passenger train on the Texas & Pacific railroad reached the outskirts of the city at 9:30 last night two masked men with drawn revolvers entered the express car, beat the messenger, named Wray, till he was insensible, took his keys and robbed the safe of $1,500, pulled the bell cord, and when the train slowed up jumped off and escaped.

Tells a Strange Tale.

WASHINGTON, May 25.—A colored woman named Mary Brough, who has been living in this city only three months,reported to the police to-day that a colored man, who introduced himself as Walter Moss, had taken her to a strange part of the city Wednesday and had shown her the body of her brother, Jesse Lincoln, who, he told her, had been murdered. The police are busy trying to find the house she described.

O. F. Briggs, general agent, and Lyman Sholes, of the Omaha road at Omaha, are in the city.

RECKLESSLY RUINED.

Speculation by Its Officers Breaks the Scranton Bank.

Cashier Jessup Arrested and Bound Over in the Sum of $25,000.

His Books in Bad Shape, and an Immense Shortage Suspected.

Cashier Bradley, New Haven, Caught in the Meshes of the Law.

SCRANTON, Pa., May 25.—The Scranton City bank closed its doors this afternoon. At a meeting of the directors to-day it was found that the financial affairs of the bank were in very bad shape, a great deal of money having been lost by investments in unprofitable coal lands and in loans made on insufficient security. Several of the directors were of the impression that the vice president, George A. Jessup, who is also acting cashier, is more guilty than really appeared, and one of them went before an alderman and swore out a warrant for his arrest, charging him with embezzling $100,000. Mr. Jessup gave bail in $25,000, the president of the bank, Dr. B. H. Throop, becoming his surety. At a meeting of the directors this evening, Joseph H. Gunster was appointed assignee, and a force of clerks will commence work on the cashier's accounts on Monday. The directors say the cashier's books are in such shape that they cannot tell how much money is unaccounted for, but they think it is between $75,000 and $100,000. Mr. Jessup is a well-known business man, whose reputation has been of the best. His friends indignantly deny that he has acted dishonestly, or made private use of the bank's funds. Mr. Jessup himself furnishes the local papers a card denying that he has embezzled or made use of the bank's money. He says that it it is decided that he is liable to the bank for a certain sum of money he is in possession of property which will make good the deficiency.

THE LAW IS AFTER THEM.

Cashier Bradley and His Pals Under Arrest.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., May 25.—The irregularities at the Merchants National bank, discovered by Bank Examiner Dooley, are still the sensation of the day. The bank officials continue very reticent and positively decline to give out the names of those merchants who have benefited by the dishonest note discounting practices. This action has created the impression that they are shielding prominent business men who have been in collusion with Cashier Bradley and Teller Palmer. The bank officials now admit that the loss will be fully $50,000, and may possibly eat up their entire surplus of $100,000. The feeling is spreading that the bank is crippled worse than it cares to acknowledge, but the actual amount will not be known until the bank has exhausted all means of recovery by attaching the property of the implicated parties. With the exception of $17,000 worth of notes discounted for John E. Bassett, the hardware merchant, the public is completely at sea as to who has benefitted by the crooked work. The bank officials have taken no steps to proceed criminally against the accused, so the bank examiner turned the matter over to District Attorney Still, of of Hartford. Warrants were at once issued and this afternoon Marshal Lovejoy arrested Bassett, charging him with aiding and abetting Palmer in the embezzling of the bank funds. Bail was fixed at $3,000, which was furnished. When Mr. Bassett returned to his store he found a sheriff in waiting, who attached the store and stock and real estate to the amount of $50,000 at the instance of the bank, Marshal Lovejoy next arrested Cashier John C. Bradley on a warrant charging him with falsely swearing to fraudulent financial statements of the bank's condition in the reports recently forwarded to the comptroller. Bail was fixed at $3,000, which was furnished. The marshal then visited Teller Palmer's house and arrested him on a warrant charging him with certifying a check for $1,600 in the Merchants' bank and declaring at the time of certification that money was on deposit at the bank sufficient to cover the note.

WHEN IT BEGAN.

Arrangements for Cronin's Murder Began Last February.

CHICAGO, May 25.—Events were brought to light this evening showing that the arrangements for the Cronin tragedy were apparently begun as early as Feb. 1. At that date a person corresponding to the description of the man, who subsequently rented the Carlson cottage, opened negotiations for a room directly across the street from Cronin's office down town in the Opera house block. The room sought for was the one which affords the best possible view from that direction into Cronin's office windows. In order to get to the room, it was necessary to rent the whole floor, the agents for the building refusing to deal for a single apartment. The whole floor was rented. In the room was placed furniture similar to that found in the cottage. The furniture was removed about March 20, just the date when furniture was brought first to the cottage. This furniture, it has become well known, was purchased of A. B. Revell & Co., but until this evening it was not learned that the bill of goods bought from Revell included the identical trunk which has since cut such a figure in the case. The purchaser insisted on having an extra heavy strap go with the trunk, and though an unusually thick strap was furnished, he afterward returned and got in place of the original strap one made to order. The man volunteered the information that the heavy strap furnished first would not be sufficient to hold what he proposed to place in the trunk.

CHARGED WITH ASSAULT.

Unhappy Plight of a New York Treasury Detective.

NEW YORK, May 25.—Treasury Detective John J. Sullivan was arrested on a bench warrant to-day charging him with outraging the person of Mrs. Josephine Rowan, a deaf mute, living in East One Hundred and Twenty-second street. Sullivan is stationed at the sub-treasury in Wall street. The complainants states that he assaulted her in her room during her husband's absence. Sullivan will be arraigned on Monday.