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THROUGH A TRAP.

Adelbert Goheen Dropped to Death in the Jail at Fergus Falls.

The Criminal Goes to His Doom a Short Time After Midnight.

Sheriff Billings and His Deputies Make No Serious Mistakes.

The Prisoner Is Baptised in the Catholic Faith in the Afternoon,

But He Insists to the End That He Is an Innocent Man.

Story of the Murder for Which He Has Just Paid the Penalty.

Special to the Globe.

FERGUS FALLS, Oct. 23, 1 a. m.—The pallid half moon which rose upon a dark world from behind the eastern clouds at 12:15 this morning brought with it death to at least one human being, for as its disc appeared Adelbert Goheen, the murderer of Rosetta Bray, felt the hangman's noose tighten and dropped from life to death. One moment he was a sentient, throbbing human being—a man; the next a senseless piece of clay dangling in mid-air—a body. The lesson enforced upon Sheriff Billings, of Otter Tail county, at the execution of Rose at Redwood Falls a week ago was well conned. He made no mistakes. The rope did not break. There was nothing that could be termed a "scene." Yet the tragedy enacted in the brightly lighted corridor of the Otter Tail county jail was, after all, a scene which those who saw it will never forget. Some of them will bear in memory till their death the picture of Goheen's set face and glaring

ADELBERT GOHEEN.

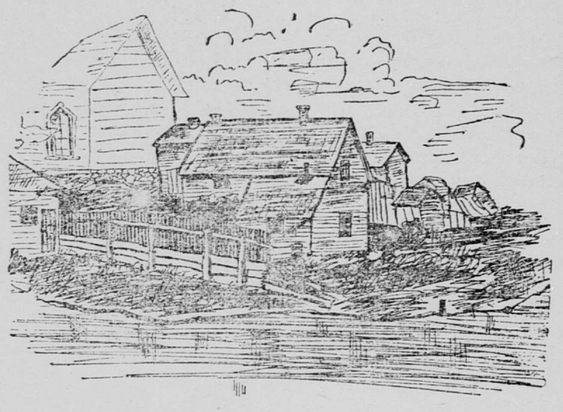
eyes at that last supreme moment. Neither will the accessories of the picture be forgotten. Several bright lights shed their radiance upon the little group assembled around the trap; the condemned man in the center, the sheriff standing at one side directing the movements of his aid, who stooped as he bound the thongs around Goheen's legs; a tall, smoothly shaven Catholic priest bending near with a look of divine compassion upon his thin, ascetic-looking countenance; another a few paces off; and in the background, lining the white walls, perhaps a dozen others, with nearly every face mirroring strong emotion, either pity or horror. The element of curiosity was swallowed up in awe of the swift-coming death. The guard straightened up, the black cap was quickly adjusted, and with not a second's hesitation the sheriff gave a great surge at the upright lever by his side. The door of the trap swung down with a clang, and with a swift rush Goheen, the murderer, dropped out of sight. In the place where he stood a moment before there was a yawning hole in the floor, across which the spectators looked at each other with horror-stricken eyes. A sound ascended from below like that made by a maul striking a loz, and then all was still. The sheriff waited till the sound came which told him Goheen had

SHERIFF JOHN S. BILLINGS

reached the end of the rope, and that all was over without an accident, and then led the way down stairs. He had done his duty skillfully and well. The others one by one descended the iron staircase at the side of the corridor to the floor below, but slowly and noiselessly, as if they feared to wake somebody. There was little to see there; merely a body dangling in air, its feet a yard and a half above the floor, a physician holding either wrist to count the ebbing pulsations, and another small knot of awed spectators. The pulse ceased beating in fourteen minutes, and in twenty the body was taken down.

At the Trap.

Among the spectators who stood in



HOME OF THE GOHEENS.

the corridor on the first floor there was less solemnity. They stood near the staircase and clustered about the door of the sheriff's office, but all carefully avoided the space beneath a wooden trap in the floor above, which they eyed constantly while they talked in low tones. Among them was the coroner and other physicians, several court officers and two or three others whose influence or persistence had gained them entrance. A scuffling of feet on the floor above told them when the prisoner was being led to the trap: a hollower sound informed them of the exact moment when he took his stand in the center of the trap, and from that moment they talked no more, but only watched and listened. They heard the two priests' low tones as they offered the final prayer. Those nearest the stairway could distinguish some of the words. They heard others step upon the boards of the trap and suddenly move off. There was an instant of silence and then a bang, followed almost instantly by that horrible dull noise of the rope suddenly coming taut, and Goheen's body was dangling on a level with their eyes. They had seen the hanging, or at least the latter end of it, and, no doubt, were greatly edified; though why any person whose duty does not call him there should want to see a man killed in such a ghastly way, passes comprehension.

Awaiting the Summons.

The county jail in this city was the center of the thoughts of half of the people of Otter Tail county to-night, for within its brick walls Adelbert Goheen was awaiting the hangman's summons; and his name is better known to thousands in this neighborhood than that of any state officer of Minnesota. The doors of the sheriff's residence and office, which communicate with the jail, were locked late in the evening, and after that none gained admittance except the select few who had a right to be there. Goheen did not go to bed.

Outside the jail in the sheriff's office the deputies and officials sat and waited. One by one the few spectators, the coroner and the priest, Rev. Father Lange, arrived, and were admitted by Deputy Chris Johnson, who acted as outside guard. A few curiosity hunters came to the place and prowled around the outside, but the found sight-seeing an impossibility. The windows opening on the corridor in which the execution was to occur had been securely blanketed, and nothing met their eyes but blank walls and muffled windows; the night was chilly, and one by one they went away.

Before Midnight

not one was left outside. The sheriff's disposition of his guards was as follows: Deputy Johnson and three others on the lower floor, enough to prevent any possibility of intrusion and enough to lift Goheen in case the rope broke or any other accident happened; five, including himself on the upper floor, three of the five standing among the spectators in readiness to give assistance if called upon. One of the last comers was Father Lange, and soon after his arrival preparations for the last scene began. It was 11:30 when Goheen was taken from the corridor up stairs. He entered a small room with the priests and Holmes and remained there half an hour, during which the priests conversed and prayed. The watchman asked the prisoner if he cared for anything to eat, and he ate a bowl of oyster soup. At 12 sharp Goheen called for Mr. Hoefling, county commissioner, to arrange for a coffin and disposition of his body. It was scarcely five minutes after 12 when Sheriff Billings entered the corridor to read the warrant. This ceremony over, Goheen was offered and drank some stimulant. He was still as nervy as he has been during the past few days, and passed some light remark with those around as he drank. "Now, Bert," said the sheriff, "the time has come, you must show yourself to be a brave man." Goheen said nothing, but shut his lips tightly, and when Watchmen Holmes stepped forward to manacle him he

Put His Hands Behind Him

promptly. The march to the trap in the upper corridor began, Sheriff Billings leading the way. Father Lange had already ascended the staircase. The prisoner walked with a quick, firm step, and held his head up as defiantly as if he were, indeed, innocent. Ahead of him walked Watchman Thayer, behind him the other night watch, Holmes, a trained athlete and one of the strongest men in the county. The direction was from the cell into the central jail corridor, thence into the transverse hall, in the ceiling of which was the trap. A glance at the diagram below will show the arrangement of the rooms. The prisoner glanced quickly up at the trap and around at those waiting in the hall. Then he mounted the iron staircase to the second story with the same determined air that he had shown from the start. There were more people in the upper hall, and it was better lighted than the lower. He had been told to take the position he was expected to take, and walked directly to the trap and took it without any assistance; he stood facing the long way of the hall toward the west, the lever of the trap at his left. Mr. Thayer stepped back, leaving only Sheriff Billings and Mr. Holmes near Goheen. Father Lange advanced and offered a brief prayer—not that this man might be saved, but that, even at this last moment, he might himself pray for salvation and repent of his misdeeds. The good father then stepped back, and Mr. Holmes fastened the manacles around Goheen's ankles and straps at his knees and around his body, pinioning his arms to his sides. The sheriff then adjusted the noose

About His Neck,

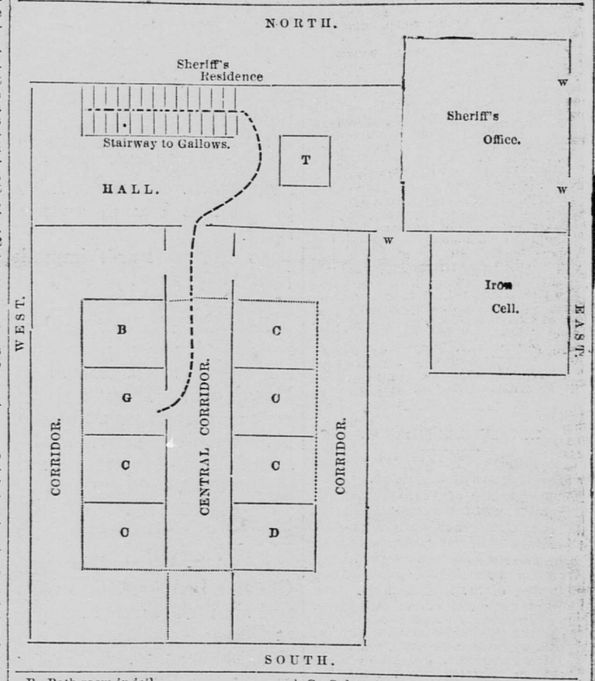
and asked Goheen if he had anything to say. He said: "Well, gentlemen, this is one way to die." At the last moment he called out from under the cap, "Let her go, Jack!" He stood firmly and squarely on his feet and looked straight in front of him, still with a look of fixed determination in his face. It was sheer pluck, for he was perfectly aware he was going to die the next minute. The sheriff stepped back two paces to the perpendicular lever and grasped it, his foot against the wedge at its foot, while Mr. Holmes adjusted the black cap over Goheen's head. It had a rubber cord run through the edge and fitted close about his neck. Then Holmes stepped off the platform, and instantly Sheriff Billings kicked away the wedge and pulled back the lever. The trap door swung down on its hinges and Goheen shot through the opening like an arrow. It was 12:15 when the drop fell. All the spectators went down stairs led by the sheriff, and watched the doctor feel the pulse of the dying man. His neck was not broken, but the noose twisted to the back of his head and strangled him to death. In fourteen minutes his pulse ceased to beat, and in twenty his body was lowered carefully to the floor and laid out for burial. The face was not distorted, but it looked unpleasant, because of the stubby growth of beard which had not been shaved for two or three days. Before daybreak this morning it will be beneath the ground

In a Pine Coffin,

furnished by the county. The family was asked a day or two ago if they wanted the body, but Mrs. Goheen told the deputy that there was no money to give it a decent burial. So came Albert Goheen to his end. The execution was smoothly and skillfully done. There was as little that was ghastly or horrible about it as there well could have been. The trap mechanism was perfect. A hatchway was cut in the floor of the second story of the hall, three feet square. The trap was built in a wooden platform which could be placed over the hatchway and removed at will. Six-inch uprights at each side of the hall support a cross beam overhead, rounded at a point where the rope is tied. This is directly over the trap. They will be left in position permanently and the hatchway covered with ordinary pine boards, so that in case of future need the apparatus for execution will be ready. The trap is a single door, hinged to the platform beams on one side and held in position on the other by two sliding cleats underneath, which can be pulled out by the action of the upright lever to which they are attached. Any rebound of the trap door as it falls is prevented by a wooden spring at the side, which snaps out when it has reached its lowest point and holds it there. Several

Trials of the Mechanism

were made during the week, and it worked well. The sheriff had two ropes, cut from the same piece. One he tested repeatedly with a sand bag weighing 175 pounds; the other he tested once and that was enough. The ropewas of Italian hemp, twisted in the ordinary way. It stretched little or not at all. The situation of things in the jail will be made clearer by a diagram of the lower floor which is here given.



B—Bath room in jail.
C C—Cells.
D—Dungeon.
G—Goheen's cell.
T—Trap in second floor of jail.
Dark Dotted Line—Goheen's path to gallows.
W—Windows.

The dotted lines above indicate the bars of the cells. They all open by solid steel doors on the central corridor. The jail is one of the best in the state. The steel bars of the cells have a center of wrought iron, so they can neither be broken nor filed. Each cell has a window opposite. The floors are of steel, and the bars run without a break through the top of the second story, where the arrangement is the same as on the lower floor. The bars extend across above the upper tiers of cells, and the whole structure is enclosed in solid walls of brick. The sanitary and other arrangements are admirable. No prisoner has ever broken out of this jail and probably none ever will. The outside corridor at the left or west side is where the guards stay who have sat and watched Goheen ever since his conviction. Connected with the jail by the hall in which the execution took place is the sheriff's residence on the north and the sheriff's office on the east. It is substantially one building, built of brick. The cut which is given on this page shows it to good advantage. This view is taken looking eastward. The second barred window in the cut, counting from the front of the structure, is the one which opens on Goheen's cell. Out of that window he has looked for many weary months past.

HE SLEPT WELL.

Gohen Passes His Last Night in Slumber.

Special to the Globe.

FERGUS FALLS, Oct. 22.—Gohen slept late this last morning of his life. When he finally awoke he sprang briskly out of bed and called out to Watchman Healey as he waved his pantaloons in the air: "You see I'm livelier yet than half the men in Fergus Falls." When the sheriff came into the corridor he assured him again that the sooner after midnight to-night he would hang the better he would like it. He ate a heartier breakfast than usual and afterwards played his beloved accordin—which he plays execrably. He walked in the limited space of his cell and paced the corridor with his guard a short time. He read a little in various good pamphlets with which good pious people have kept him supplied; but they did not seem to afford him much satisfaction for he invariably threw them down with a curse. Later in the forenoon visitors began to arrrive and he consented to see some of them and talked with them; but all day long, whatever else he was doing, his eyes were ever on the alert to find some weapon or loophole of escape—only a loophole; but he failed to find it.

One of the early visitors at the jail was Mrs. Goheen, his mother. She visited him yesterday afternoon for the first in a month, and at that interview the two apparently became somewhat reconciled. At that time she did not know of the long history of crimes of which he had accused her, and was very anxious that they should be friendly. This morning it was different. She had read his accusations as published in the local paper, while, on the other hand, he did not know until he saw her that they had yet been published. Yesterday afternoon she cried most of the time they talked, but this morning she charged him with untruthfulness and treachery, while he protested he did not intend that his story, so far as it related to her should be published, and had tried to prevent it. He finally closed the interview by saying in effect: "Mother, it is too late to pitch into me this way. I am going to hang to-night, and you had better shake hands for it will be the last chance. Besides what has been published will not hurt you any." The woman shook hands with him and went away crying. He sent out word to her previous to the interview that he wanted a dark necktie with a pin in it, which she went back and got for him. His brother Leonard, a lad of eighteen, was with her, and was taken into the cell, but there was little conversation between him and Adelbert. The latter gave his mother his silver watch. Goheen's father did not come to see him to-day. He was in the jail yesterday and gave his son much godly advice, telling him to repent and devote his thoughts to the future, and he would be saved. He inquired particularly into Adelbert's belief in the Catholic church, and said he was satisfied if he was sincere. The family are not Catholics, but the old man evidently thought that was better than nothing. Goheen issued his invitations yesterday to the persons he desired to see him hanged. He sent three, one to the Wahpeton priest, one to Mr. Riley, one of his former watchmen whom he liked, and one to C. W. Kaddatz, a local merchant who had visited him once or twice. These invitations read:

DEAR SIR: You are hereby permitted to witness the execution Friday morning, if you desire to do so. Very respectfully,
ADELBERT GOHEEN.

HE IS BAPTISED.

The Condemned Man Becomes a Catholic.

Special to the Globe.

FERGUS FALLS, Oct. 22.—After his mother left Goheen wrote several letters and received Father Lange, who stayed with him till noon. He ate another hearty meal. Father Albrecht, of Wahpeton, arrived in the afternoon and spent much time with the prisoner. At 5 o'clock Goheen was batpised into the Catholic faith. Both fathers were present, with the watchman at the farther end of the corridor. The other prisoners were locked in their cells while this was in progress. The ceremony of baptism occupied nearly half an hour, and Father Albrecht stayed with him till supper. This was served on the table in the jail corridor and for the first time in weeks Goheen ate with a knife and fork. Father Albrecht and Mr. Holmes sat at the table with him. He was given broiled chicken, jelly, cake and other delicies, and for the third time to-day ate an unusually hearty meal. After supper he sat in the corridor with Father Albrecht, both smoking good cigars, and played hymn tunes for two hours or more. The father nodding in approbation occasionally. Meantime the guards gathered and preparations for the final scene began. Goheen has prepared a brief speech to make on the gallows, but the priest will not permit him to make it. They urged him to make a confession this afternoon, but he still persists he is not guilty.

PALER AND THINNER.

The Prisoner Grows Poorer During His Incarceration.

Special to the Globe.

FERGUS FALLS, Oct. 22.—In the foregoing account very little has been said as to Goheen's appearance or his past life. He has changed somewhat since his first arrest by becoming paler and thinner, but his face still has a good, healthy color. It is angular, with a low forehead and prominent chin, and small greenish-blue eyes set at an unusual angle, which change to a much darker hue when he is excited. In fact, his whole face changes its expression at such times as he looks ferocious enough to do any diabolical act. Waves of color sweep over it, and he is red, purple and pale by turns. His guards have been treated to many exhibitions of his great ungovernable temper, and have stood patiently enough abuse to warrant them in half killing him. He is active and wiry and has a cat-like grace of movement. His teeth are very white and set far apart, giving him an unpleasant expression when he smiles. He was born in Cerro Gordo county, Iowa, and his early years were spent there. He received an ordinary common school education, but his vicious nature began to show itself every early in life. His family moved to Woodside, in this county, when he was about twelve years old. The criminal records at the county jail show that he was arrested in Woodside when only fifteen years old for petit larceny, in entering a school house and taking property from it. For this he was given seventy-five days in jail, but was released on a technicality. Three years later he was arrested for the theft of clothing and other goods from Benjamin Wilson, of Buse, and for entering a school house with others and destroying the furniture. On this charge he was found guilty and sent to state's prison for two years. He was released last January and came home with $50 in his pocket; he lay around home and did no work from that time until he was arrested for murder. He was twenty-one years old at his birthday last March.

The Goheen family consists of father, mother, eight sons and three daughters. The youngest son, Ross, and the youngest daughter, Vernie, aged twelve and fourteen respectively, live with their parents in this city, in a small house on the river bank, and the old folks are occasionally visited by the other sons, several of whom are rovers and more or less irresponsible. Adelbert says that in this house he and Anderson have a regular arsenal of weapons and repository of stolen goods. If this is true the senior Goheen knows nothing of it, for he is a God-fearing, industrious man, who is respected by all. One of his fingers is missing, shot off by one of his sons in sportive mood. The Woodside people say a favorite amusement of Anderson and Adelbert used to be to plant their father against a door and fire their revolvers at him to see how close they could come without hitting. They occasionally got hold of his Bible, burned it, fired him out of doors and ran things themselves for a day or two at a time. The others of the family are Arabella, aged thirty-eight, married and living in Dakota; Alonzo, aged thirty-five, a rover; Anderson, aged thirty, a criminal and desperado; Mark, aged twenty-eight, a Dakota farmer; Jennie, twenty-seven, a Dakota farmer's wife; Edward, twenty-six, a rover; Allerton, twenty-four, a temperance lecturer, who lives in Ohio; Adelbert aged twenty-one; Leonard, nineteen, who works on a farm; Vernie, a girl of fourteen, and Earl Ross, aged twelve.

ROSA BRAY.

Something of the Poor Woman Goheen Murdered.

Special to the Globe.

FERGUS FALLS, Oct. 22.—Rosa Bray was of mixed French and English descent, and was born in New York. At the time of her death she was thirty-five years old. She came to this state from Iowa six or seven years ago, and for a time lived with her brother, Eli Bray, a well-to-do farmer of the town of Maine, in this county. In Iowa she met a man named Wood and has always claimed he married her. For three years past she has lived in Fergus Falls and earned a precarious livelihood by working and begging. She was a peculiar person and seemed to enjoy sleeping in barns and such places rather than accept the hospitality of her relatives. It is asserted by some that she was a loose character. Her family is an eminently respectable one, and after her death her brother took the remains to the town of Maine, where they were interred with great ceremony in the presence of one of the largest gatherings that town has ever seen.

Sheriff Billings is an old resident of Fergus Falls. He came here from Vermont in the early days, and after a time engaged in the lumber business, from which he gradually branched out into stock buying. He has always been an ardent Democrat, and last year was elected sheriff by the Democrats and Alliance men over one of the strongest men in the county, which shows his popularity. He is a small man, but is wiry and active and as full of pluck and nerve as an egg is of meat. His present job is the worst he has ever been called upon to do, but that he will flinch no one who knows him thinks for an instant.

THE CRIME.

Story of the Killing for Which Goheen Died.

Special to the Globe.

FERGUS FALLS, Oct. 22.—The crime for which Adelbert Goheen was hanged this morning was the wanton murder of Rosa Bray. She was found dead one cold morning last March near the third insane asylum north of this city. Her body was frozen stiff when found. She had a bedraggled muff of muskrat fur and a threadbare pair of black "half-gloves," about as efficacious as mosquito netting to keep out the cold; these and a forlorn-looking ragged little cape of black cloth were the only protection she had from the weather. Her dress and other clothing were meager, thin, dirty, ragged and old. A close examination was not made, but the natural supposition was that she had frozen to death, and in the first reports it was so stated. By and by it was found she had been shot. A post mortem and inquest were held, which settled it that the case was ont of murder and it took the general public a very short time to fix with singular unanimity on Adelbert Goheen as the murderer. His character was bad, and he was the only person who had had much to do with the woman for some time before. He had walked with her, taken her to the rink, and as was afterwards established, led the poor unfortunate to believe he expected to marry her. Most damning of all, he had left the city the night before her body was found, twenty-four hours after she was last seen.

While the officers were scouring the country for him he returned, one week after he left. This looked hopeful for him, but on the trial it was shown that he did not start for home until he read in a newspaper that Rose Bray had been found frozen to death. He was arrested and some thirty-eight cartridges were found on him which he tried to hide by tucking them under his waistband. Still the evidence against him was very slight, and if it had not been that public sentiment was strong against him, he would probably have got off at the preliminary examination. A few weeks later the trial took place. He was brought pretty close to the scene of the murder on the fatal night by direct testimony. His wanderings in the country with his brother Anderson, who went with him, had been traced, and County Attorney Daly introduced many suspicious items of testimony from the country witnesses. Probably the two strongest single points against him in the minds of the jurymen were the fact that he had a handkerchief of Rosa Bray with him, and that he asked a man somewhere up country if he had heard of a woman being found frozen to death in Fergus Falls; this before any news of Rosa Bray's death had reached that part of the country.

The prosecution was conducted with great energy by County Attorney Daly, assisted by the attorney general. Goheen was found guilty after the jury came within an ace of disagreeing. Subsequent efforts for the commutation of the death penalty were defeated by his accusation of murder against his brother Anderson, and his refusal to testify against him when the time arrived. Since that time there has been no hope for him, but he has been a lively prisoner. Every officer about the jail will rejoice when he is safely out of the way. He has tried to corrupt the guards, to create an insurrection among the other prisoners, to secure poison or some weapon—he stole a razor once and kept it in a crevice in his shoe several days before it was found—to induce his family to make a raid on the jail and release him, and to charge the crime to his brother both by direct accusation and a forged note. There has been one continual round of sensations at the jail all summer. Among other things, he has composed poetry—a great deal of it.

This is the second legal hanging in Otter Tail county. The other was of Nels Olson Holong in 1888, for murdering a girl, cutting her to pieces and throwing the pieces into a hog pen. In the early days several lynchings occurred, while of murder trials there have been half a dozen or more; but among them all there has never before appeared a criminal so crafty, so depraved, so totally devoid of heart and conscience as Adelbert Goheen.

A DUKE PARDONED.

The Czar Acts Leniently to His Cousin.

ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 22.—High personages in Copenhagen have induced the czar to pardon his cousin, Grand Duke Michael, for his marriage to the Countess of Merenberg, daughter of the Duke of Nassau, and this fact will be announced at the czar's coming silver wedding. The grand duke and the countess were privately married at San Remo in April last. The czar was greatly displeased at the action of the grand duke and caused his name to be stricken from the list of Russian army officers, and eliminated from the army list the titles of the regiments named for the grand duke and of which he was colonel. The Polish papers affirm that after the wedding celebration the czar will make a tour of the famine-stricken districts of the empire with the purpose of defeating the nihilist intrigues.

Took Him for a Deer.

To the Editor of the Globe.

WEST SUPERIOR, Wis., Oct. 22.—D. Stiffler, while hunting near Deadham, Minn., this afternoon, was shot by Adam Miller, of this city, dying soon after. Miller was also hunting, and in the twilight mistook him for a deer, Stiffler being in the brush several rods away. Miller was very much overcome by the affair, and at once hunted up his companion, J. L. Showers, and returned to the city, going to the police station, and offering himself to the officers. There being nothing to warrant his being held at the time, he was allowed to go home. This morning Sheriff Kennedy, Coroner Whitney and a jury will visit Dedham and view the remains. Miller, who fired the fatal shot, is a carpenter of this city. But little is known of Stiffler, who was a resident of Minnesota.

Many Are for Woods.

Special to the Globe.

ELK POINT, S. D., Oct. 22.—The feeling in this (Union) county over the candidacy of Col. Jolly for congress is much against that gentleman. His record on prohibition is unsatisfactory to a large class, and especially are his records in the state senate, where he voted against taxing mortgages, very obnoxious. This is a strong Independent stronghold, but a majority are disgusted with the inefficiency of the Independent candidate, Smith, and it is believed that a majority of the votes will be cast for the Democratic candidate, Woods, who is a clean, competent man.

Open for Business.

Special to the Globe.

WINONA, Oct. 22.—The new government building, erected at a cost of $175,000, was occupied by the postoffice department for the first time to-day. Last night it was thrown open to the public and between 5,000 and 6,000 people took occasion to pass through the building and its departments.

Brick Mason Drowned.

Special to the Globe.

DULUTH, Minn., Oct. 22.—Peter Lucier, a brick mason, was drowned in the St. Louis river at New Duluth late last night while attempting, with three others, to cross in a boat, which capsized. Deceased was forty-five years old, and leaves a wife and child in St. Paul.

Held for Trial.

Special to the Globe.

DEVILS LAKE, N. D., Oct. 22.—James Jolly, arrested at St. John, N. D., for selling liquor to Indians, was held for trial in the United States court in the sum of $400.

Get a Virginia Franchise.

Special to the Globe.

HASTINGS, Oct. 22.—A. H. Truax, of this city, and J. R. Howes, of Duluth, have secured the franchise for a street railway in Alexandria, Va., and expect to begin operations shortly.

Broke the Sabbath.

Special to the Globe.

HASTINGS, Minn., Oct. 22.—In the case of The State vs. Mrs. Mary Spilker, of Inver Grove, the defendant was found guilty of Sabbath breaking, and adjudged to pay a fine, with costs, amounting in all to $32.65.

Ohio Robber Pinched.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Oct. 22.—Frank Van Loon, a young married man residing near Westerville, Ohio, was arrested to-day at Galena, Delaware county, charged with the murder and bank robbery at Columbus Grove, Putnam county, some time since. The circumstances pointing to his guilt could not be learned.

BIG HOTEL IN ASHES.

The Minnekahta Hotel at Hot Springs, S. D., Destroyed By Fire.

Guests Lose All Their Personal Effects, Including Money.

A Half-Dozen Men Killed By an Explosion in North Dakota.

The Anaconda Mines of Montana Are in Full Blast Again.

Special to the Globe.

HOT SPRINGS, S. D., Oct. 22.—Fire, originating in the boiler room, totally destroyed the famous Minnekahta hotel at this place this morning at 2 o'clock. The furniture, except a little from the ground floor, was consumed. The occupants escaped, but lost all their personal effects and some considerable money. The total loss is unknown. The building originally cost $50,000 and the furniture $5,500. A fine stone block on the north was damaged to the extent of $5,000. The following insurance companies suffer:

Niagara	$2,000
London & Liverpool	2,000
Watertown	3,000
Western Insurance	1,500
Phœnix, London	1,000
London, Liverpool & Globe	1,000
Pennsylvania Fire	2,000
Ætna	1,500
Western Toronto	1,500
Dakota Fire and Marine	500
Total	$16,000

SIX MEN KILLED.

One of the Worst Threshing Accidents in the History of the Dakotas.

MAYVILLE, N. D., Oct. 22.—One of the most terrible threshing accidents ever known in the Dakotas occurred here yesterday afternoon on division No. 4 of the big Mayville farm, owned by the Grandin brothers. Four men were killed outright and two others so seriously hurt that they died within an hour afterward. It is the old story of a boiler explosion, due to the fact, it is claimed, that the engineer had allowed the water to run down too low. The machine had been standing still about two hours, while some repairs were being made, and the explosion followed within two minutes after the engine started and the pump began pouring cold water into the boiler. Two of the killed were blown nearly to pieces. The names of the killed are:

M. N. ERSBERGER, engineer.
HANS BAASTAD, fireman.
A. L. MARSH, division foreman.
A. W. BLOWERS.
WILLIAM CLARK.
AN UNKNOWN.

William Peabody and Larry May were seriously injured, but will recover. Mr. Marsh leaves a young wife and two children, who reside at Fargo.

IN FULL BLAST AGAIN.

Montana Rejoices Over the Opening of the Anaconda.

Special to the Globe.

BUTTE, Mont., Oct. 22.—At 7 o'clock this morning every whistle connected with the works of the Anaconda company blew in joyful announcement of the fact of the opening of the company's mines, which were closed down last March on account of a disagreement with the railroad company over freight rates. Flags were hoisted from the top of the hoisting works in this city, and the city put on a gala appearance. Marcus Daly said to-day that both the railroad company and the Anaconda company were thoroughly whipped. Each had lost $3,000,000 by this shut-down, and each was heartily sick of the war. About 200 men were put to work at the mines in this city to-day, and the number will be increased in the next few days to 1,200 or more. As soon as ore is shipped to Anaconda the smelter at that place will be started, employing about 1,500 more. The instructions are to run everything full blast, and this means that nearly 3,000 men have steady employment.

"They are started," said Mr. Daly to-day, "And I hope they will never close down again while I am alive. From the arrangements we now have, I don't believe any difficulty can arise again, and I am confident there are years ahead of uninterrupted work at the mines. Contracts were signed to-day for the receipt at the Anaconda mines daily, beginning to-morrow, of forty car loads of Rock Springs coal. The Anaconda, St. Lawrence Mountain Consolidated, High Ore, Green Mountain and Wake Jim mines have all been reopened. The hoisting of ore will begin within twenty-four hours, and about 3,000 tons of ore will be turned out daily. Within four days the shipment of ore will begin over the Montana Union tracks."

BUTTE, Mont., Oct. 22.—The office of the Anaconda was open late night awaiting important advices by wire from J. B. Haggin, of New York. Maurice Daly, general superintendent, said: "The situation is just this, the mines will be started up in five days or we will be breaking ground for a railroad from Anaconda to Butte. We do not contemplate going into the railroad business beyond our mining and smelting necessities. We are going to have reasonable freight rates or a local railroad of our own. If we build a road, the Union Pacific, Northern Pacific and Great Northern can compete for our through business, and that is all they will get from us. Mr. Haggin was to have received an answer from General Manager Clark, of the Union Pacific, yesterday. Upon that answer the whole matter hinges. If Clark's terms are not satisfactory to Mr. Haggin, the road will be built and the trouble settled at once and for all time."

A meeting of the stockholders of the mine has been called for Dec. 5 in this city for the purpose of increasing the capital stock from $12,500,000 to $15,000,000.

WHIPPED A BOY.

Conclusion of the Trial of Miss Susan Jones.

Special to the Globe.

WINONA, Oct. 22.—All the testimony in the case of The State vs. Miss Susan Jones, a teacher in the public schools, charged with maltreating one of her pupils, Willie Fort, was concluded at noon to-day, and the case taken under advisement by Judge Allen. The boy's mother testified that the injuries received by the boy were such as to make him delirious; that he received a blow on the head which raised a lump the size of a hickory nut; that his limbs were black and blue, and he was unable to walk for a couple of days. The boy is ten years old. Witnesses for the defense testified that he was a bad boy in school and had been disobedient on the occasion when whipped. The teacher testified that she did not strike him on the head, nor very hard on the limbs. Several small boys testified that Willie was out playing with them, apparently all right, after the whipping.

THE NEWS BULLETIN.

Weather—Fair; warmer.
Goheen is hanged at 12:15.
Coin and commerce discussed at Omaha.
Six men killed in North Dakota.
Big hotel burned at Hot Springs, S. D.
Anaconda mines running again.
Third day of Donnelly trial.
American association meeting, Chicago.
Trouble feared at Cork.
Pope Leo may leave Rome.
Hopkins-Searles will contest.
East Fourth street not to be paved.
Decision in favor of the Milwaukee.
Rising of Yaqui Indians.
Many floods in Europe.
I. O. O. F. to erect a ten-story building.
Blaine is in New York.
No records broken at Independence.
Peculiar matrimonial knot at Superior.
Minnesota man shot for a deer.

RUN OF THE MARKETS.

Russia's reported investment of Constantinople scared the shorts and created a nervous feeling on 'change in Chicago. A loss of one cent is the result of the day's trading in the wheat pit as compared with Wednesday's closing figures. Last prices yesterday were 92¾c October, 94½c December, $1.01 May. Corn quotations are down about ¼c at 54¾c for October, 49⅞c November, 42¼c May. Oats practically unchanged at 29¾c for October and November, 31½c May.

The upward trend in New York stock market was checked yesterday, and fractional losses are noted in nearly all stocks. The close was dull and steady.

NOT HIS WIFE,

Though She Had Lived With Tullis Fifteen Years.

Special to the Globe.

WEST SUPERIOR, Wis., Oct. 22.—Judge Marshall rendered a decision in the Spencer vs. Ludlow case this morning, holding that America, a negro woman, was not the wife of J. C. Tullis, and consequently her daughter, Georgia, was an illegitimate child. This disposes of the claim of the two women for possession of nearly 100 lots in McKenly's addition, in this city, which have become very valuable property. Tullis was formerly a resident of Cincinnati, and owned a considerable amount of property, including the lots mentioned. Claim was made to those by the women, who claimed to be the wife and daughter respectively of Tullis, but Mrs. Ludlow and sister disputed their claims on the ground that no marriage ever occurred between them, though they lived together for fifteen years.

Where Is John Loftnes?

Special to the Globe.

BIRD ISLAND, Minn., Oct. 22.—John Loftnes, a young man of twenty years, from the adjoining town of Palmyra, came into town one week ago with a team and small load of wheat, which he sold. He received and paid for some fruit trees being delivered here that day, took his watch to the jeweler's for repairs, and put up his team at the livery stable, saying as he left that he was going to Hector. One of his neighbors asked him when he was going home, and he replied as soon as his watch was repaired, which he expected would be in an hour or so. This is the last trace had of him. Thorough search has been made here, at Hector and in Minneapolis, and not the slightest trace of him has been had.

The Arrest of Scott.

Special to the Globe.

BISMARCK, Oct. 22.—A. A. Scott, Northwestern agent of Gluck & Co., liquor dealers, Minneapolis, has been held here under arrest for four days on the charge of forging the firm's name to certain checks, which Scott claims he indorsed with his own name as agent to purchase drafts to remit Gluck & Co. Scott is said to be a good salesman, and has done a large business throughout the state. A member of the firm was here yesterday, and as he took no action against Scott it is thought to be an evidence of Scott's innocence.

Did They Take Hush Money?

Special to the Globe.

ASHLAND, Wis., Oct. 22.—A general raid has been inaugurated here on toughs. The gambling houses are all closed and the mayor is personally prosecuting all the cases. There were rather sensational developments in court to-day when one of the twenty inmates arrested from the houses of ill-fame stated that she had always paid money to officers to keep quiet, and she implicated several prominent politicians as being in the deal.

Big Suit for Libel.

Special to the Globe.

DULUTH, Oct. 22.—The Duluth Daily Tribune has another libel suit on its hands. Mrs. Louise Glassman, of West Duluth, has brought an action for $10,000 against that paper on account of an item published several days ago, accusing that lady of running away from home and carrying with her the furniture and money of her husband. The story had no foundation in fact.

No Change in Schools.

Special to the Globe.

ST. CLOUD, Oct. 22.—The attention of Bishop Zordetti having been called to a recent statement in some of the papers to the effect that it was proposed to turn the Catholic parochial schools here over to the board of education in this city, to-day wrote a letter stating that the parochial schools will remain as now.

Odd Fellows' Hall Dedicated.

Special to the Globe.

CARLTON, Minn., Oct. 22.—The Odd Fellows' lodge of this place dedicated its new hall last night. Grand Master Johnson, assisted by T. W. Hugo, of Duluth, and the cantons of Duluth and West Superior conducted the ceremonies. A special train was run for the occasion from Duluth to Carlton via the Northern Pacific.

Lost a Leg.

Special to the Globe.

MILLER, S. D., Oct. 22.—A seven-year-old son of Robert Scott to-day had one leg cut off by a mowing machine, from the effects of which he may die.