

CRIME WHILE ASLEEP

SOMNAMBULISM AS A DEFENSE IN TRIALS.

A Man Who, While Suffering from Hallucinations, Killed a Woman and Committed Arson. Set Free—Some Strange Delusions.

The plea of Prof. Alfred Morrison of Mount Vernon, N. Y., who is now on trial for the murder of his wife, that the deed which resulted in her death and his arrest was done while he was in a somnambulist state brings to mind other cases in which somnambulism was used as the defense in trials for crime. Probably the most remarkable case on record in this country was tried in Boston in 1845. The defendant, Alfred J. Tirrell, charged with murder, was convicted in the public mind before the trial began. Tirrell was of good family, but had vicious habits. He was separated from his wife and was living with one Maria Bickford. One night the inmates of the house where they were living heard a cry, a sound as of a heavy body falling to the floor, and of someone descending the stairs. Then fire was discovered, and when it was extinguished the Bickford woman was found among the embers, her throat cut from ear to ear. A woman in the house next door had been awakened at the time by the cry of a woman. At the trial it appeared that from his youth Tirrell had been subject to somnambulist paroxysms. On the morning the Bickford woman was found killed he appeared at a friend's house as if in a stupor, so much so as to frighten his friend. Expert testimony was given showing that the prisoner was evidently a somnambulist, and it was stated while in a somnambulist state a person could dress himself, commit homicide, set fire to a house and run into the street. Tirrell was pronounced not guilty, and was also acquitted on the charge of arson. Sleep-walking was the plea set up in defense of George Wilson, an industrious Chicago mechanic, who was charged with numerous burglaries three years ago. It appeared that Wilson followed his calling honestly in the daytime, but when night came on and sleep overtook him his nature underwent a radical change. Wilson, the honest mechanic, became Wilson, the housebreaker and thief. One of the most singular, and at the same time sad cases of somnambulism occurred a few years ago near Bakersville, N. C. A young man there named Garland had been in the habit of walking in his sleep from childhood. Finally he began to stay away from the house longer than usual, and always returned



PROF. ALFRED MORRISON.

soaking wet. His wife followed him one night. He went along the highway until he came to a narrow trail leading to the river. For more than a mile the sleeper trudged on, until he came to a large poplar tree which had fallen with its topmost branches far out into the river. Walking on the log until he came to a large limb, he got down on his hands and knees and began crawling on it. The frightened wife screamed and called to him to come back. He was awakened by her cries, fell into the river and was drowned. It is almost certain that each night for weeks he had taken that perilous trip, leaped into the river, swam ashore and returned home unconscious of anything having happened. Negretti, an Italian sleep-walker, sometimes carried a candle as if to furnish him light, but when a bottle was substituted he carried it, fancying he had a candle. Another somnambulist, Castell, was found translating Italian and French and looking out words in his dictionary.

It is a remarkable fact that in the case of some somnambulists the same ear which may be deaf to the loudest noises will perceive even a whisper from one particular with whom alone the sleeper appears to be able to hold communion. There are instances of murderers having been detected by talking of their crimes in their sleep. Experts claim that the truthfulness of sleep-walking may nearly always be relied on.

Smallpox Time Now.

The statistics of smallpox show that this ailment is more prevalent from January to June than in the latter half of the year. Measles show a descending curve in January, a rise in May and June, a fall from August to October, and then a rise in November and December, carrying us on to the January fall. Scarlet fever is low from January to July; it rises in August, and is high till the end of December. Typhoid fever is typically an ailment of the autumn.

A FAIR VICTIM OF OPIUM.

Girl Attempts Reform, Becomes Degraded and Dies.

Five young men are now in prison in Philadelphia, to await the action of the grand jury, as a consequence of the death a few days since of Miss May Bibighaus, a young and pretty girl, who died under lamentable circumstances. Miss Bibighaus belonged to a highly respected family, and at one time was an enthusiastic church worker. Last May she determined to bring converts into the church, and offered her services to Mrs. J. D. Nash, superintendent of the Chinese mission. She entered on her labors enthusiastically, and apparently was so devoted to the work that she had time for nothing else. During daylight hours she was almost always absent from her home, and even her evenings were spent out. Her mother and sisters noticed that the bloom was rapidly fading from her face, and urged her to abandon the work at least for a time. But she would not. Meantime Miss Bibighaus, instead of making converts or endeavoring to do so, was fast going to ruin. She had contracted the opium habit, and instead of reforming others she was degrading herself. But of this her people were ignorant. A few days ago the girl went to rooms on Vine street, where, with five young men, she spent several hours. She smoked opium, and finally became sick. A physician was summoned, and as her condition was serious she was sent to a hospital, where the next day she died. Now the young men, all between 23 and 28, are held for the grand jury.

ONE BENEFIT OF HYPNOTISM

Patient Is Enabled to Visit Her Home and See Her Relatives.

"I know a physician in this city who has a patient, a young woman whom he hypnotizes, and whose intelligence—the subliminal self—he then sends to her home, hundreds of miles away, thus learning what happens there, who has called, what was said. She tells him these things. Their accuracy is positively verified subsequently by the persons in that home." This is one of several remarkable assertions made last evening by Dr. John Quackenbos, emeritus professor of Columbia university, who has studied and practiced hypnotism for years and who is a recognized authority on the subject. "It is not at all wonderful that a clairvoyant should tell you what is in your mind," he said. "Any decent clairvoyant can do that. But it is wonderful, but true, that an intelligence can be sent far away. I am now preparing a woman to be clairvoyant in order that she may assist a physician in Tennessee. Such things as this fact of a young woman in a hypnotic state telling what transpires in her home hundreds of miles away—seeing and hearing—tends, I think, to prove the immortality of the soul, since it is seeing without eyes, hearing without ears, for the eyes and ears are here, let us say, yet actions, appearance and conversations are seen and heard elsewhere." Dr. Quackenbos believes from his own experience that many forms of disease, many tendencies toward evil, such as drink and cigarette smoking, and even degenerate traits may be cured by hypnotism.—New York Herald.

Why Some Churches Fail.

Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford of New York referred to the work of the church at a recent Episcopal gathering in Philadelphia in the following words: "The church is not fitting itself to new conditions. The people don't want her, because away down in her soul she don't want them. Our clergy are narrow and ignorant. If we are going to be able ministers of the New Testament we have got to know our country for one thing. Wherever I go I see churches that are failures. You never see printed records of the failing, but you hear of the sudden collapse. What causes these failures? Because the churches do not hold the fact that new times bring new duties. You don't suppose the church is absolutely right today. It is that spirit of life which means growth that the church wants. Church failures result not from lack of zeal or lack of earnestness, but because again and again the thing that is good in one age is not good in the next decade. New occasions have not taught the church new duties. Growth or death, choose which you will have. The living God's organization has to be the most vitally instinct with mind of any organization in the world. But it is not."

The Hours of Fate.

Dr. Richardson tells us that in the period between midnight and six in the morning the animal vital processes are at their lowest ebb. It is at these times that those who are enfeebled, from any cause most frequently die. Physicians often consider these hours as critical, and forewarn anxious friends in respect to them. From time immemorial those who have been accustomed to wait and attend on the sick have noted the hours most anxiously, so that they have been called by our old writers the "hours of fate." In this space of time the influence of the life-giving sun has been longest withdrawn from man, and the hearts of even the strongest beat with subdued tone. Sleep is heaviest and death is nearest to us all in the "hours of fate."

Made No Difference.

Clerk—You can't get a room for him here. He's drunk. Wytte (supporting his "weary" friend)—I know he is. What of that? Clerk (scornfully)—This is a temperance hotel. Wytte—Well, he's too drunk to know the difference.—Philadelphia Press.

WAS A COSTLY STEER.

CAUSED THE DEATH OF TWO HUNDRED PEOPLE.

Original Cause of the Trouble Long Since Dead, but the Struggle Is Yet Bitter—Fight Has Lasted for Twenty Years.

A single Texas steer, long since made into beef, has been the innocent cause of 200 people meeting violent deaths and the expenditure in litigation of at least \$100,000. The bitter feud, for such the quarrel over the \$40 maverick has developed into, was begun 20 years ago, but seems no nearer a settlement today than it did then.

The trouble all came about over the disputed possession of one long-horned swift-footed steer which was found to be without a brand when the round-up of the Townsends and Reeses of Colorado county, Texas, was finished. In a case like this it was the custom for one cowboy from each party to be chosen to attempt to rope the steer. The one whose rope first settled over the animal was to win the prize. Accordingly this was done. When the pistol shot sent the chosen riders into violent exercise the rival cowboys cast off all thought of anything but the "big steer." This brute gave a snort of defiance, turned and fled swiftly, being a good one on the hot foot. The boys were well mounted and it was a race from the crack of the gun. They bore down on the steer, which let out a few links and loped afar off, where he waited. This was his undoing, for the boys separated and surrounded him as well as two horsemen could.

Mr. Steer saw his error when the boys were close up, on each side, so he undertook to go in between. Two ropes were swinging around two heads as



WHEN THE SMOKE OF BATTLE CLEARED.

the animal started to find an exit from an unexpected pocket. They flew from their owners' hands as the brute ducked his head, trying to avoid them. Townsend sent his around the neck of the steer, while Reese found a foreleg. Up swerved the ponies and the steer came to the ground with a crash, out of breath and a trembling prisoner. Who won him?

Both claimed him and were arguing verbally when the owners rode up and joined in. From words, strong and variegated as they were, the disputants went to other arguments more powerful. When the smoke of battle cleared away two ropes needed handlers, one owner was bleeding to death, still gasping out his claim to the steer, while the other was nursing a fractured leg. The men of the two outfits were about to continue the melee, but cooler counsels prevailed, and the steer and his ownership were taken into court.

The warring families live in Columbus, a small cattle village. In Texas courts are apt to become scenes of something more than battles of intellectual skill. The steer was worth possibly \$40. Suit was brought by Townsend for the animal and fought by Reese. Here the war waged as merrily as it had on the range. Townsend got judgment in replevin and Reese gave bond—he had the bull—and appealed. Then the parties to the feud left court, and later shot up some more. Half a dozen lives were added to the list of the dead and the court costs were now five times the value of the steer.

The case was tried again after the murder trial had been held. The expense to the two factions, involving half the population of Columbus, piled up in geometrical ratio. By the end of five years from the beginning of the row 12 or 13 persons had cashed in in a hurry and they and their relatives had paid over in costs something like \$20,000.

The mortality became so great that even in Texas a square, open battle could no longer be resorted to. The inevitable sequences of a long-standing and

bitter feud followed. Men took all kinds of advantages of each other. Shooting from ambush was one of the features of the long-continued war. Then, without positive evidence, the faction which sustained the most recent loss would essay to round up all the others for trial on the charge of murder. If some were caught by the sheriff and taken to court the courtroom was apt to become the place of battle. The prisoners, helpless and disarmed, were shot down, while the sheriff and his deputies tried to prevent slaughter by shooting the assailants.

The row extended so that no trial with any symptom of justice can be held in Colorado county. Now the cases are all tried in Bastrop county, where the last fight—or, rather, ambush—took place. It is probable that this has seen the last trial involving the feudists. The case that called them to the town with the county's name was one wherein J. C. Townsend was accused of having shot and killed his uncle, ex-Sheriff Reese. Then a brother of the ex-sheriff was killed shortly after. The case was on trial, but was not concluded, the judge continuing it to the next term.

STOPPED A DEER

And the Wreckless Act Nearly Cost a Lumberman His Life.

Bangor (Me.) correspondence New York Sun: Antoine Parent, a French-Canadian logger, is now in the Old-town hospital, slowly recovering from the effect of trying to catch and hold a frightened buck deer. He will get well, but it was a close call for him. One day lately the boss of the camp on Tomhegan stream, where Antoine was employed, caught sight of a 200-pound buck in the edge of the clearing and grabbing his rifle, shot the animal

THE SLEEPING GIRL.

CASE OF EVA ROCH Baffles Medical Men.

A Year Ago the Young Lady Slept for Twenty-eight Days and More Recently for Fourteen—Patiently She Awaits the Coming of Death.

The medical profession not only of Montreal, but of the whole province, is deeply interested in a case which is believed to be without a parallel in the annals of medical science. The central figure is known as "The Little Sleeper," and her case is an extraordinary one.

Miss Eva Roch is the sufferer around whose sick bed so much interest centers. She is 22 years of age, and is the daughter of Brian Roch, a foreman employed in the city water department of Montreal. She is dying; the family physician has abandoned all hope, and says that at most it is only a question of a few days before death will have claimed the young life, so much of which has been spent in suffering. When Eva was 5 years of age she became afflicted with a peculiar disease, commonly called softening of the bones. She spent nine months in one of the city hospitals, being treated for this disease, and at the end of that time she was not one whit better in health than she had been on entering the institution. Mrs. Roch, who, with her family, is a Catholic, decided to take her little girl to St. Anne de Beupre, from which so many miracles in the way of healing have been reported. The journey was a painful one, for every bone in the little sufferer's body ached, and she could not put a foot to the ground. The journey was apparently without result, but Mrs. Roch's faith was great, and three times the ordeal was accomplished. Then there came visible results, and save for a slight limp she was as healthy a girl as could be found in the Dominion. This continued only until Dec. 23, 1898. On the morning of that day she fell into a strange, unnatural sleep. It lasted all day and all night. The next morning the usual expedients were resorted to in order to awaken her, but without avail. She slept on. The days lengthened into weeks, and on the twenty-eighth day she awoke. But what sad havoc her strange affliction had caused in her constitution! She was very weak and she was blind. Gradually the sight of one eye was restored to her, but the other has remained useless.

All sorts of physical troubles followed in quick succession until the anniversary of the day she first fell asleep came around. On Dec. 23, 1899, Miss Roch again fell asleep. All the conditions of the first long sleep repeated themselves, save that the sleeper was much weaker than in the former case.



EVA ROCH.

Her sleep on the last occasion was only half as long as on the first. She awoke on the fourteenth day. But, though conscious, she does not speak. Her little iron bedstead, with a crucifix at its head, stands in the parlor of the little home and on it lies the patient sufferer in a semi-reclining position. Nothing passes her lips save a very little soup and a small quantity of water. Of her recovery there seems absolutely no hope, and death is daily expected.

Fish With Lungs.

Two species of fish have been lately discovered in Africa and Australia which are possessed of lungs. They form the connecting link in the evolution from fishes to the next order of creatures. The reason that these fish are provided with lungs is that they are found in streams which dry up entirely in the hot summer season, leaving the fish in the empty beds of the streams. This period of droughts often lasts for six months of the year, and during all this period the fish lie quiescent in a kind of sack formed out of the clay of the river bed. The fish are asleep in their queer earthen houses all this time, but they breathe and are kept alive through their lungs.—Chicago Chronicle.

Queer Superstition.

The inhabitants of the Andaman Islands, not far from India, have some strange superstitions and traditions. It is their belief that the first human being fell into the water and was drowned, being transmuted thereby into a whale. The first man's wife and grandchildren went hunting for him in a small boat, but lo and behold, the whale came along and tipped the boat over. The wife was turned into a crab, and the little ones became lizards. All fish and many birds, they believe to be ancestors who have been changed in form. A species of fish which has a poisonous prong in its body, they say, is the form into which murderers are transmuted.

Courage without conscience is little better than cowardice.

SNAKES FED BY TRICKERY.

Keeper's Thrilling Experiences with His Charges in Bronx Park.

Queer and thrilling are the methods employed at the reptile house in Bronx Zoological park in satisfying the eccentric appetites of the snakes, as recounted by Keeper Charles Snyder, who has charge of the north cases in the reptile house, says the New York Times. These cages contain most of the big snakes and the poisonous species. Snyder has only been in the zoological park since August, but he has acquired plenty of experience. A few days ago he emerged from the cobra's cage, where he had been nonchalantly seated upon the edge of the bathing tank feeding the formidable inmates with fishes, which he presented to them upon a pair of forceps. He was asked how he felt during the performance. "Oh, those fellows are easy," he replied. "They wouldn't bite." It's the diamond rattlers and the cottonmouths that keep a bead on you all the time, and wait for a chance to do business. When I go into the cage with those fellows to clean up, or to repair the damage when a ten-pound snake has tried to roost on one of the chief forester's pet rubber plants, I cover the beasts over with soap boxes. We have some pretty lively times in the cages once in a while. Day before yesterday I had orders to go into the boss' cage to rub some vaseline on The Ghost's nose. The Ghost is our white boa constrictor. She had been trying to bore her way out of the ventilator and had skinned the front of her face. I threw a blanket over her mate and caught her by the neck. She put up a pretty stiff fight, but I was getting along all right when I felt something on my shoulder. I was kneeling down at the time, and when I looked around I saw that the male, the tan-colored boa, had lit out and was going to crawl over me. He's a regular fiend when he gets mad, and I didn't dare to move. I stuck to that position for about ten minutes, holding The Ghost by the neck, while the big fellow crawled over my shoulder and over into the corner, where he coiled up. He stopped a couple of times, and it was hardly a pleasant thing to think of what he might do. I was pretty stiff when I got up, but that's the only thing you can do in such a case. We've been having lots of fun lately in feeding our yellow tree snake. She's about the most stubborn beast in the collection. She came in last October from Trinidad and refused to take any food, so we stuffed her—that is, we forced some fish down her throat. Then we tried some other tactics. She is an awful biter and she has such long teeth that when she grabs hold of anything she can't let go for a minute. A few days ago we stirred her up a bit and then let her snap at a fish on a stick. It caught in her teeth and she held on. Then, finding all of a sudden that she had something to eat in her mouth, she swallowed it. We followed this with about a dozen more. It worked like a charm. All we have to do when we want to feed her now is to pinch her tail and at the same time poke a fish at her. The fish go every time when we do this, but if she isn't in a temper she won't even look at the fish."

Bruin's Lonely Voyage at Sea.

The Norwegian steamer Ceylon has arrived in port, after a voyage of 23 days from Bilbao, Spain, with a cargo of iron ore. Capt. Hansen told the pilots that he had encountered numerous icebergs. On one occasion he altered his course to avoid one of the great mountains of ice. Soon after a fog settled down, and when it lifted the berg was so close on the bow that a collision seemed inevitable. Squatting upon his haunches at the very point of the berg where the vessel would have struck, was a huge polar bear. The man at the wheel by quick work managed to turn the steamer in time to avoid a smash-up, and, as she glided by, the bear on the berg gave a howl of disappointment. Evidently he had been imprisoned as long as he wanted to be, for when he saw his last chance of escape slipping away from him he plunged into the water and swam toward ship. His legs were no match for steam, however, and he was compelled to give up the chase. The last seen of him he had climbed upon the berg again and was waiting for something to happen.—Philadelphia Times.

A Case of Clay-Eating.

The Scientific American says that it is not often that specimens in museums are destroyed by being eaten, but it seems that in one of the southern states, a negro clay-eater who was employed as a scrub woman, devoured some of the finest specimens of kaolin on exhibition at the State Geological Museum. The State Geologist found that five blocks of clay which were very highly valued on account of their purity, were missing, and upon examining some of the other specimens he found on them the impression of teeth. Detectives were set to work on the case and the negroess employed to scrub the marble floors was accused of taking the specimens. The woman appears to have an appetite for eating clay, and she had been indulging her strange appetite for some time.

Antidote for Snake Bite.

An exceedingly interesting investigation is at present being carried on with a view to settling the question of immunizing against snake bite by the use of the hornet's sting. It has been found that the bite of the viper loses much of its most dangerous qualities when counteracted by this other poison. To ascertain just how and why it acts is the object of the present research.