MAN AND WIFE POISONED

Ptomaine in Sausage for Supper Sickens Two.

Shoemaker's Wife Ill in Bed for Several Days.

Faints While Alone; Rapping on Floor Brings Rescuers.

Anton Horsak, the shoemaker who saw a man enter the stairway in the Ottomeyer block on the night of the murder, and his wife had a narrow escape from death from ptomaine poisoning last week. Mrs. Horsak was sick for several days in bed, but her husband, being stronger, was able to go to work the next day.

The couple live upstairs in the Olsen building across from Dr. A. Marden. One evening they had some sausage for supper and were taken sick at once and suffered greatly all through the night. They did not call a physician and the next day the shoemaker was feeling so much better that he went down to his shop to work.

Mrs. Horsak, however, grew worse as the day went by and early in the forenoon got up and walked across the hall into Dr. Marden's office. He was out and as she felt herself growing weaker from the exertion of the walk, she pounded loudly on the floor and then fell fainting.

The barbers at work in Eugene Koehler's shop underneath heard the pounding and surmising that something was wrong ran upstairs and found her. They then ran for Dr. Marden and later another physician was called.

Mrs. Horsak is now rapidly regaining her strength and is working about the house. Mr. Horsak has been at work every day.

Ptomaine is a strong alkaloid poison resulting from the putrefaction of meat and is very violent in its effects.

Blizzard Ties up Traffic.

The blizzard of yesterday and last night has completely paralized all railroad traffic and no trains have been running since yesterday morning nor are likely to get through before sometime this afternoon or later.

The Inter-State Accident and Relief association will hold its annual election of officers and directors January 2nd in the offices of the company in the Strickler block.

CHURCH TO HOLD ANNUAL MEETING

Members of the Congregational Church to Meet Tuesday.

Notice of the annual meeting of the Congregational church has been given out for Tuesday, Dec. 31st, at which time the work of the year will be revied and the condition of the church examined into. From what can be gathered in advance the reports of the different societies will show a fairly prosperous condition. The parsonage has been fairly paid for and the debt on the church building has been greatly reduced; besides that there has been a large line of substantial improvements all paid for, and an increase in the membership of the church.

It is expected at the annual meeting that Rev. D. O. Bean will tender his resignation and will ask to be retained until he has been able to secure a pulpit in some other place. What action the church will take in the matter is not known, as it is generally supposed that Mr. Bean had accepted a call at Campbell and was preparing to enter that field. His work here has not met with the reception he had anticipated and he feels he can do better work elsewhere. There are a number of applicants for the place to be vacated and some o these will be considered.

FACING A SERIOUS CHARGE

F. E. Beach, A Traveling Man, Arrested and Gives Bail.

Young Girl Near Springfield His Alleged Victim

Brought From Mankato Saturday By Sheriff Julius.

Arrested on a serious charge, F. E. Beach, a traveling salesman living at Springfield with a wife and children, is now at liberty on $5,000 bail, and at the next term of court must appear before Judge Webber and a jury and explain why he should not be sent to the penitentiary.

The traveling man's alleged victim is a young girl, the daugther of a well known farmer living near Springfield, and the crime, it is charged, was committed September 26th of this year. The case was brought before the Brown county jury at the present term of court and an indictment returned.

Last week Sheriff Julius went to Janesville, having heard that his man was there, but arrived a little too late and after asking the police of that town to keep on the lookout, returned home. Friday afternoon Beach returned to Janesville from a country trip and was putting his team in the livery barn when he was arrested by the Janesville chief of police.

Sheriff Julius was notified and it was arranged that the prisoner should be turned over to him at Mankato. Sheriff Julius and Chief of Police Klause went down to that city Saturday and brought their man back with them. He was taken before Judge Webber and his bail fixed at $5,000, which he furnished.

Beach claims to be entirely innocent and seemed very much surprised when he learned the reason of his apprehension. He has retained Attorney Comstock of Mankato to defend him. It is said that his reputation has always been good, and his record clear. Before moving to Springfield he made his home in Mankato.

The Christian Endeavor society of the Congregational church will hold a watch meeting with a social at the home of Mrs. Otto Seiter New Year's evening.

Saturday evening there will be another of the popular dances at the Star hall. Everybody welcome.

ROPE ENDS LONELY LIFE

M. Fuchs, a Suicide, Found Hanging Frozen in Shed.

Expected Money by Christmas But It Did Not Come.

Was Forlorn Figure, "Batching" in South End of City.

Hanging with his neck in the noose of a rope, his body frozen stiff, the remains of Michial Fuchs, aged 62 years, were found Monday noon by Sheriff W. J. Julius and Chief of Police Adolf Klause in a little shed back of the house on German street between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets where he lived a lonely life all by himself. Life had been extinct for a long time, just how long it was not possible to tell.

No motive for the suicide is known unless it is that the old man grew despondent because money he was expecting failed to arrive and resolved to end his life. His son is dead, but he had lent him between $150 and $160 and this was still owing to him. His daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Wild, lives on a farm near Evan and he had placed his claim against her in the hands of an attorney for collection.

CHRISTMAS MONEY DID NOT COME.

This money, it is said, he was expecting about Christmas time, but the money was not paid and it is known that he grieved and worried over this. No letter or note was left to throw any light upon his feelings before the tragedy.

Fuchs may have been hanging dead for a week and it may have been only over night and part of Monday. One of the Heese boys, a neighbor, passed the house Sunday night and says he is sure he saw a light on the inside. If that is the case Fuchs probably killed himself Christmas night.

The old man had not been noticed since a week ago when he was seen by a neighbor, Mrs. William Bartl. Friday a neighbor, Andrew Hilberger, was at the postoffice and asked for the old man's mail. There was a letter from the superintendent of the asylum for the insane at St. Peter, where his wife is confined, and with this he went to Fuchs' home but finding the place empty and everything deserted, went away.

FRIGHTENED AT HIS ABSENCE.

It has been the old man's custom to take his Christmas dinner with his cousin, Mrs. Franz Hogan, and Sunday she went down to the place to tell him that he was expected this year as usual. The house was empty and the place looked deserted, but she tried the door and found it unlocked. Going in she looked around in the kitchen and into the next room, and then a feeling of terror came over her and she ran for the nearest neighbor, Andrew Hilberger.

Something was wrong, she said she felt sure, and she wanted someone to come with her and search the premises. The two went back together and looked all over the rooms, in the bed, everywhere, but no trace of the missing man could be found.

Not until the next day, Monday forenoon, did they report to the police. Then Chief Klause and Sheriff Julius immediately hired a rig and drove out to the residence. After searching the house they went around to the little shed in the rear, a small structure perhaps four feet square, where a supply of wood and kindling was kept, and finding the door fastened wrenched it loose.

GRIMACE FROZEN ON FACE.

There Fuchs hung, dangling from a rope fastened to a beam laid across the shed about six feet from the ground. He was kneeling and the horrible death grimace of a choking man was frozen on the face turned toward the officers.

Not wishing to touch the body until it had been viewed by the coroner, the two men retraced their steps and the chief of police waited at the house while the sheriff drove in after the coroner. Coroner L. A. Fritsche decided at once that no inquest was necessary and cut the rope and bearing the lifeless body into the house, sent word to the undertaker.

In taking the man down, it was found that the rope could not be removed from the neck, the suicide's head being bent forward on his breast and frozen there, holding the rope in a grip that was only relaxed when the frost was thawed out. To overcome this difficulty it was necessary to cut the noose on both sides.

LIVED A LONELY LIFE.

The suicide lived alone, but he owned the place on German street and had it comfortably furnished with a feather bed, two stoves, a table, chairs and other things to be found in a bachelor's quarters. He had plenty of food in the house and a silver dollar was found in his pocket.

Since his wife was sent to St. Peter three years ago and still more since the death of his only son two years ago, the old man's life has been a lonely one. He has three cousins living, Mrs. Franz Hogan and Mrs. John Prokosch of this city and Mesdames George Tauer and Andrew Tauer of Sigel, and visited some with them, but aside from his cousins he had no one who cared for him or for whom he cared.

SAWED WOOD FOR LIVING.

The old man was not an unfamilar figure on the streets of the city, for he earned his living by doing odd jobs around town and this winter has been sawing wood. He was a medium sized man, with gray hair and a short mustache.

Fuchs was a Bohemian and was born in the old country in 1843. Between eleven and twelve years ago he came to this country and settled in New Ulm where he has since resided. He owned the property on German street between twelfth and thirteenth streets where he lived and a deed to the place was found by Chief of Police Klause with other papers in the house and turned over to Coroner Fritsche.

London's First City Directory.

The first directory dates from 1595, Queen Elizabeth's reign. A copy of it is in the British museum, entitled "The Names of All Such Gentlemen of Accompts as Were Residing Within the City of London."

The next does not seem to have appeared for nearly a hundred years. It was called "A Collection of the Names of Merchants Living In and About the City of London." This was printed for Lee, Lombard street, in 1677. The names were arranged alphabetically, 1,790 in number. In a separate list were the names of no fewer than forty-four bankers under the heading "Goldsmiths Who Keep Running Cashes," twenty-three of them being then in Lombard street. This book contains the name of the father of Pope, the poet.

The first directory, expressly so called, was compiled by Brown in 1732, who soon issued it annually and realized through it a large fortune. The earliest postoffice directory appeared in 1800 and successive volumes have been brought out yearly ever since.—London Telegraph.

Story of Ganymede's Birth.

A college professor while giving an examination in mythology in a country school called upon a bright looking girl and asked the following question: "Who was Ganymede?"

Promptly came the answer, "Ganymede was the son of Olympus and an eagle."

The class teacher blushed for her pupil and exclaimed: "Why, Elizabeth! Where did you learn that?"

"Indeed it says so in the book," replied the girl.

The professor then asked the girl to find the place and read the paragraph aloud, whereupon the class was both astonished and delighted to learn that Ganymede was borne to Olympus by an eagle.—Lippincott's.

In No Hurry For the Doctor.

"Almost always when my patients send for me," said the physician, "they instruct the messenger to tell me to come at once. In fact, this custom of trying to hurry the doctor to the bedside of the patient is general, and all physicians expect it, and it is such an old story to office attendants that they do not as a rule bother to remember it. But the other night I had a surprise.

"It was about 7 o'clock, and a gentleman had called an hour before to request me to see his wife. What was remarkable was the fact that he had told my office boy to inform me not to call until the next morning if I did not find it convenient to visit his wife that night before 9 o'clock, which he said was the usual hour at which they retired.

"'Tell the doctor,' he said, 'it is nothing very important. My wife has only something the matter with her mouth that prevents her from talking. It will be all right if he cannot find time to call before the morning.'"—New York Press.

When the Life Saver's Work Begins.

After the last summer visitor has gone and the little craft that sail over the shallow bay have been hauled up high and dry, the pavilions deserted and the bathing houses boarded up, the beaches take on a new aspect. The sun shines with a cold gleam, and the surf has an angry snarl to it as it surges up the sandy slopes and then recedes, dragging the pebbles after it with a rattling sound. The outer line of sand bars that in the summer breaks the blue sea into sunny ripples and flashing whitecaps then churns the water into fury and grips with a mighty hold the keel of any vessel that is unlucky enough to be driven on them. When the keen winter winds whip through the beach grasses on the dunes and throw spiteful handfuls of cutting sand and spray, when the great waves pound the beach and the crested tops are blown off into vapor, then the life saver patrolling the beach must be most vigilant.—From "Stories of Inventors," by Russell Doubleday.

The Value of Today.

"I believe," said Senator Hoar once, "that today is better than yesterday and that tomorrow will be better than today."

Contentment and hope! With these two, and no more, we can solve the riddle of life.

"Today is better than yesterday." Believe it and remorse flees; regret it not and memory becomes what it legitimately should be—a joy.

Yesterday is what we made it—and there is no yesterday which should be perfect in the light of today, wherefore be thankful that there is a today and that with it comes the opportunity to build better, nobler and stronger upon the mistakes of yesterday.—Magazine of Mysteries.