MURDERED BY COURTIERS.

Girl Bound and Drowned Near the Palace of the Bulgarian Prince.

The most remarkable story of mur- | mother, she was "not sure of even her der that has been revealed on the Eu- life in that city." ropean continent since Stambuloff's assassination has, says the Sun, been unravelled slowly in Budapest, Vienna, Sofia, and Philippopolis in the last six weeks. Unlike the plot against Stambuloff, it belongs outside of the domain of politics. It is largely a story of love and hate in the ordinary relations of society. Nevertheless it teaches the same lesson as did the political erime, regarding the barbaric life in the best society of a race that is sup- | known throughout Bulgaria as an offiposed to be part of the civilized world. The two murderers in the last crime are a captain in the Bulgarian army and the prefect of police in Philippopells. The man who hired them to kill is a Bulgarian major, already gazetted as the first adjutant of Ferdinand of Coburg, the reigning prince of Bulgaria. The score of the murder was a stone's throw from the summer home of this Yet the whole power of the Bulgarian government has been put forth to suppress the facts and to save the three guilty officers from punish-

Only in response to pressure from Budapest and Vienna have the Bulgarian police slowly traced the plot of the crime. First it was announced by them that Anna Simon, a Hungarian girl of 22 years had disappeared, and probably had been murdered. Then they acknowledged that she had been murdered, but asserted that the murderer had escaued. After repeated threats and demands from Budapest, where the girl's parents lived, they admitted that Capt. Boltcheff, her former lover, might be the guilty man, although they could find no evidence against him. Finally they were forced, about two weeks ago, to arrest Boitcheff, and the whole shameful story, which had seemed so the newspapers came out. That story

ENTICED ON THE STAGE.

Anna Simon was the daughter of a royal Hungarian official. Not far from her home in Budanest was a cafe chantant, whose manager was attracted by her beauty when she passed his resort twice daily, on her way to and from school. Five years ago last spring, when she was in her seventeenth year, he induced her to leave her home to sing and dance on his stage Her father took legal steps to force her to return home, but the manager of the cafe chantant thwarted him hurrying her off with a traveling company of music-hall performers to Belgrade. There she was known as "beautiful Hungarian." She carried her reputation to Sotia with her, and in the Bulgarian capital soon had as many officers at her beck and call as there were commissions in the garrison. While singing in Philippopolis, the second city of Bulgaria in size and trade, she met Captain Boitcheff. She fell in love with him, left the stage to

hour of her death. his mother. That Mrs. Boitcheff thus was, the girl struggled on. Then Novecountenanced the relations of her son and the singer does not seem to have and held her fast until the sponge in excited any comment in Philippopolis, Boltcheff's hand had done its work. nor do the Austrian and Hungarian newspapers seem to think the fact at tification. The rope was made fast all noteworthy he visited her parents at Budapest, he gave his word as a gentleman and officer that he would make her his wife as soon as he should be promoted and receive pay enough to support a By marrying her then, he asserted with truth, he would embarrass himself financially so as to be beyond hope had learned to love her son's mistress, of the day made out so as to read that protested by letter her determination | an unidentified girl had been found in that he should keep his pledge.

In 1895 the captain's mother died. In the same year a shoe manufacturer's succide. daughter moved to Philippopolis as the wife of the Bulgarian chief of telegraphs. She brought her husband a dower of 100,000 francs, given her by a former "friend." This fact, too, passes without comment in the Austrian and of telegraphs hated Anna Simon, who had outranked her socially in their naa girl friend, daughter of Major George Boitcheff, to the discomfiture of the Simon girl. She and her friends workalienate his affections from his mistress. Mrs. Boltcheff's death had robbed Anna Simon of her only ally. She was unable to hold her own against the plotters. Boitcheff decided to get rid With the ald of two brother officers, he hired the house in which she was to be killed, and hired the assassins who were to kill her. He had arranged to make Miss Pope his wife, He wished the other woman out of the way. In Bulgaria such a situation

means either murder or suicide. ASSASSINS IN WAITING.

Boitcheff had the assassins waiting in the hired house on the outskirts of Philippopolis. He drove out to the house with Miss Simon. As they approached it his heart failed him. Her levotion to him caused him to repent, and, ordering the driver to turn back, he exclaimed:

"There, Anna, is the house in which you were to be killed, but the murderers will wait for us in vain. I love you too much.

He then promised her to get a divorce from Major Pope's daughter soon after marrying her. The marriage was necessary, he explained, to secure his promotion to a rank in which he could support a wife properly. Major Pope was a power at court, and would obtain his son-in-law's promotion quickly

"I allowed him to be married," Miss Simon wrote to her parents. "He promised me that he would get a divorce and then would marry me as soon as he should be in a position to age of the prince." support a family. His bride is not at all pretty. In a year he will leave My beloved swore to me on the crucifix; 'You know, darling Anna, that I love you alone and never will desert you.' Why, mother dear, should I doubt the word of my beloved in any

At the beginning of this year Miss Simon visited her parents in Budapest. Boitcheff had not been promoted; he must be near him, and after a short Philippopolis, although, as she told her | however, that, in the face of the dis-

In a street of Philippopolis she met Bottcheff with his wife. She asked him if she might speak with him alone. He pushed her away and called her a vile name. She struck him with her parasol. The street scene sealed her

Capt. Boitcheff's wife told her father

that Miss Simon must be put out of the way. Major Pope, although already gazetted as first adjutant at court, and cer of great ability and a man of honor, did not healtate at the thought of murder. He simply drew 20,000 francs from the bank, gave the money to Capt. Boitcheff, and told him to use it in having Anna Simon silenced forever. Boitcheff went to Novelle, his friend, who, as prefect of police, could not only murder, but supposititiously stop any investigation. He gave Novelle 15,000 francs for himself, and Novelle consented to kill the girl. He would pay his chief of detectives 5,090 francs to assist him. Bottcheff himself could lend a hand. With only these three in the secret, the deed could be done without fear of discovery.

THE MURDER.

The murder was planned to the last revolting detail. When Boitcheff drove in a cab to meet Appa Simon by appointment on the outskirts of Philippopolis, Novelie sat beside him. On the box was the chief of detectives, Boadan, disguised as a cabman. Ender the seat was a hempen rope made fast to a large rock. Boitcheff was in the full uniform of the prince's household infantry; Novelic, in the uniform of a Bulgarian prefect of police. Both went in this gala attire to the slaughter in order that they might not excite the insignificant when mentioned briefly in girl's suspicions by anything resembling disguise. The carriage stopped where Miss Simon awaited it. Boitcheff jumped out and embraced her, and she began beseeching him to return to her. He told her to enter the carriage and he would talk the matter over. She went. As soon as she saw Novelic she became frightened, but Boltcheff closed the door, and the chief of detectives whipped up the horses. At first the two officers quieted the girl with trivial conversation, but as she noticed that the carriage rolled ever further from the city, she again grew apprehensive and she began to scream. Novelic promptly threw her back in the carriage and gagged her. The carriage passed through Czirpan, a suburb of Philippopolis, and stopped on the banks of the river Maritza, just opposite the island on which is Prince Ferdinand's summer palace. The girl was dragged out. Boltcheff pushed a chloroformed sponge under her nose. She tore it away and, with the strength of despair, broke away from the three murderers. She fled screaming toward Czirpan The captain the prefect of police, and the chief of detectives pursued her half live with him, and, surprising as it may a mile, caught her, threw her to the seem, never wavered in her faithful- ground and bound her, and curried her ness to him through all the devious back to the spot in view of the prince's courses which he pursued up to the palace. There the sponge was saturated again with chloroform and pushed Anna Simon lived with Boltcheff and against her face. Bound though she lic and Boadan forced her on her back The body was stripped to prevent iden-However, Boitcheff around her waist. The rock was knotvowed he would marry the girl. When ted tightly to her back and the body was swung out by all three into the Maritza's rapids. There it lay until, disturbed by a fisherman's nets, it was rolled gradually inshore and drawn out by a party of peasants. The finding of the body was reported to the police There was no unseemly hubbub about The police merely had the stone cut Mrs. Boltcheff, who loose, the body buried, and the record the river, and that she had been a

UNRAVELLED.

woman of the town and had committed

The whole affair would have ended with the police record had it not been for the fact that about eight weeks age Anna Simon's father celebrated Hungarian press. The wife of the chief his birthday. His daughter always had sent him a birthday present and a letter, but this year neither came. Th tive city, although both had moved oc- parents wrote to the girl's former adcasionally in the same circle. She had dresses in Sofia and Philippopous, The letters came back addressed Pope, whom she decided to marry to French hand to "Simon Budapest." Recalling their daughter's fear for her life, the Simons wrote to the police ed upon his ambition and fealousy to of the two cities; still no response. Then a French governess in Sofia, who had been friendly with Anna Simon wrote to Budapest that the girl had disappeared, adding: "She was seen last with Boltcheff." All further forts of the Simons to get information directly from Bulgaria were fruitless. Mr. Simon then told his story to the Budapest police, who laid the case before the ministry of the interior.

In three days the imperial government in Vienna was set to work on the The Sofia government was mystery. requested tartly to investigate case, and, to guarantee good faith two Austrian detectives were sent to Fhilippopolis to hurry along the investigation. The course of their investigation has been published in the brief paragraphs already printed regarding the murder. It led to the arrest of Boitcheff and Boadan, and the confession of Boadan, the arrest of Novelice and Pope, and the revelation of the whole crime as narrated above.

At the examination in the case made by a Budapest police magistrate, which is the last chapter written in this sorry romance, old Mr. Simon said bitterly; "When Capt, Boitcheff visited us in Budapest two years ago he told Anna's mother and myself: 'I am a Bulgariar officer and a man of honor. For years I have had the distinction of serving in the immediate entourage of my prince and easily. Soon afterward Boltcheff I love your daughter and herewith give you my word of honor that I will marry her; only I must first get my rank Were I to do otherwise, I would be a scoundrel.' Such is the honor of a Bulearian officer in the immediate entour-

In a little European land like Bulgaria a prefect of police is almost as near the crown as a general in the army. He often gets his commands directiv from the crown. He always gets them thus in important cases, notably where a foreign government is interested. In view of this fact, those who remember the Stambuloff murder are pretty well qualified to understand how near, even in this year of grace, a civilhad almost forsaken her; still she ized European sovereign can stand to must be near him, and after a short an assausin in political as well as in sojourn at her home she started for social affo. It should be mentioned,

........ approval shown in Vienna and Buda pest, Ferdinand has given up his pur-pose to make Major George Pope his

HIS MAJESTY INSULTED.

Scarching a House for a Document Believed to Be Disparaging.

from the New York Journal. In Baden, a beautiful little town near Vienna, a three-store house, erected five years ago, is now being dismantled to search for proof of lese ma-jeste. The architect of the building, lierr Foller, is a member of the Christian-Social party, which makes Jew baiting and opposition to the government excuse for existence. Before joining the anti-Semites Foller was a Conservative, and after finishing the house, which belongs to a rich Jew named Dangi, told some of his friends that he had played a trick upon the authorities by writing out a statement fairly wreaking with insults of the Emperor Francis Joseph, and had placed it in a copper box, which was immured in one of the walls of the new building,

Foller's friends thought this a very good joke at the time, but gradually later it assumed the aspect of a veritable crime in their eyes. They began to mutter strange things about their former companion, and finally charged him openly with the odious offense of lese majeste. The authorities interrogated Foller, who vaguely remembered the fact of a certain metal box being immured in the Dangi residence, but that box, he said, contained nothing save the plans of the buildings and some coins. Where it was immured he could not tell. A number of stone masons and plumbers were also ater-

rogated, with negative results. Then the court ordered a search of the premises. Ten days ago the work of dismantling the residence commenced. The pillars of masonry were broken open one after another and searched from top to bottom, nothing being found, however. The search was prosecuted under the superintendence of a judge, the state's attorney, and several experts. The commission is now searching the foundations. If the box is not found there the residence will be torn down at the expense of the state, of course. The expenses caused by this farcical investigation, exceed already several thousand flor-It is no wonder that European countries are poor.

ANIMALS AND MUSIC.

A Strange Experiment Made in Zoological Garden.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer. A violinist was playing various airs before the cages of the animals. The bow, which had been passing backward and forward half drowsily, took up a gait that would have distanced of the deer in the pen by the buffaloes' yard. Then there was a transformation scene in the home of the lioness as rapid and as complete as that of the tune. The cubs went into ecstasies. They rolled about, jumped. fell over one another, raced over their mother's recumbent body, and danced unrebuked on her head. They ceased their tantrums only with the ceasing

of the music. Then they gathered at the front bars of the cage again and silently and pa-thetically pleaded for more. Their transition to the jig music was once the lively air had barely left the violin before its riotous contagion had once more caught the cubs. They rollicked and rolled about, and stopped only when the professor, fearing to tire their little limbs, took his bow from his fiddle and told them they had danced enough for debutantes.

The hyena is an uncanny brute. His very appearance goes a great way toward bearing out charges of graveyard robbery brought against him, He has no music in his soul nor room for any. Sweet sounds are to him so antipodal to everything in his nature that they inspire him with nothing but fear, and the most abject fear at that. When Professor Baker tried to interest the two skulking hyenas in his performanace on the violin they began trembling visibly at the first note's utterance, and then as the music swelled they sought the furthermost side of their prison, and tried their best to squeeze their ungainly bodies through the bars to escape the melody.

LIVELY AT TIMES.

An Imaginative Drummer Visits Philapelphia and Has a Dream.

From the Detroit Free Press.
"Talk about Philadelphia being a drummer; "it's all a mistake. only time I was ever unable to hold my own in a crowd was in the Quaker City. I was sitting in the rotunda of a hotel there about 9 o'clock in the evening when a bell began to ring loudly somewhere near, and I jumped up and went out on the sidewalk to see if I could discover any signs of the fire. When I got outside I saw everybody rushing along like mad, and about fifty men came tearing into the hotel at such a rate that they knocked me down on the sidewalk and came near trampling the life out of me.

"I managed to crawl to my feet and hurried inside, wondering if I would have time to get my trunk out. Everything seemed to be quiet when I got in, and I asked a man who was smoking a cigar if the fire was out. 'What fire?' said he

" 'Wasn't the bell ringing for fire? I "'Oh, no,' said he. 'That was our currew bell.'"

Unreasopable.

From the Detroit Free Press. Boarder-Tris egg is not quite fresh, Landlady-"Oh, of course not. You copie will be demanding next spring's chicken's before another month."

A LESSON FROM A LADY.

As my pet, in dresses trailing, Tightly clinging to the railing, Of the stairs, descends, she cries: "I'm a lady—largest size." Bonnet tied beneath her curls, Happiest of happy girls. But on the lowest step she slips; Headlong to the floor she trips.

Finery is all unheeded. Tears are flowing unimpeded. To my lap she straightway flies, "You're a lady; musn't cry."
Answer comes with sob and sigh, As I smooth a tangled curl: "No; I'm just your little girl."

We may stride in plume and feather, Proudly through the sunny weather, But when clouds of trouble fall Round about us like a pall, All unheeded garments fine, Straight we seek the breast divine; Far from worldly cares and harms, Humbled children in His arms.

SENSATIONAL CASE OF HELEN JEWETT

Some Recollections of a Noted Gotham Murder of Other Days.

DRAMATIC INCIDENTS NARRATED

The Crime That Excited the City in Christmas Week, 1836 -- Reasons for Believing in the Guilt of Richard P. Robinson .- The Eloquence of Ogden Hoffman That Set Him Free.

Apropos of the Guldensuppe and Benham murder cases the Sun recalls the story of a once celebrated but now forgotten tragedy which occurred in the heart of New York city in Christmas week, 1836. It is indexed in the office of the clerk of the court of over and terminer as the "Robinson-Jewett Not one of the actors in it affair." survived. It resulted in a curious apparent miscarriage of justice, and in that respect takes place with the Cunningham-Burdell affair of two decades later; for the accused Richard P. Robinson was acquitted, like Mrs. Cunningham, although nine-tenths of newspaper readers believed in the guilt

The real name of the victim was Dor-She was born at Augusta, Me., and, after a varied career, drifted to New York in the spring of 1836 and went to live with a woman named Rosina Townsend on the south side of Thomas street, between West Broadway and Hudson street, and two doors east of the latter. Thomas street has been for years surrendered to the dry goods trade, but was then residential and was included in what would now be called the Tenderloin. Dorcas Dyon had given herself the name of Helen Jewett. She attracted the attention of a young dry goods clerk who lodged in Dev street and mascueraded under the alias of Frank Rivers. His real name was Richard P. Robinson, and he was employed by Joseph Hoxie, a well-todo downtown merchant who in after years became known to New Yorkers as a district court judge and county clerk. Rivers was recognized as Helen Jewett's favorite, and she often visited him at his office and also sent him Their last interview occurred notes. on his ninetenth birthday,in the Christmas holidays of 1836. He was admitted to the house about 10 p. m. and it was noticed that he wore a cloak the folds of which he used to more or less conceal his face.

FOUND MURDERED.

During the night fire was discovered in Helen Jewett's room. When the door was broken open the woman was seen to be lying on the bed, apparently asleep. The fire was extinguished eas-Hy and then it was discovered that she was dead. The burning showed that she had been killed before the bed took fire. At once search was made for Rivers. The back door was found open, and on a table near it was the unextinguished lamp that belonged to the bravado. Mrs. Rosina Townsend was Jewett apartment. The yard backed upon one belonging to a Duane street house, and its western side adjoined cloak. She swore to having seen him another yard belonging to a Hudson in Helen Jewett's room two hours bestreet house, while a ten-foot wooden plea was successful, and in response to fence separated the Townsend yard Jewett's lamp burning in the back the delicate flattery by their manner from one on the east side in the directhe player gave the lullaby once more. tion toward West Broadway. One of and to the impossibility of any out-They simply sat and listened to it the municipal night watchmen climb- sider obtaining admission to the house as silently as they had at the first. The ed this fence and saw that from this adjoining yard an alleyway led into more made speedily. The first note of Duane street. The entrance to the ai- motive to Robinson for the deed, and ley was found open, and doubtless the testified that there had been three othmurderer had escaped that way. The watchman found lying on the ground murder. Counsel Price, & very adroit of this adjoining yard a cloak and a cross-examiner, insinuated by his queshatchet. The cloak was recognized as tions that one of these men might have that which Frank Rivers had worn. Meanwhile a surgeon had arrived.

> with the wound in the temple of the dead woman. "The cut was evidently made by it, said the surgeon, "And he has taken away his miniature that he gave Hel-

added Mrs. Townsend. Everybody at once concluded that Frank Rivers was the murderer and arrest him. On reaching the lodgings of Rivers, or rather Robinson, in Dev street, the watchman found him undeniably fast asleep. On Robinson's being told what he was wanted for, the watchman, already puzzled to find him | nished the first surprise by declaring sleeping, was the more puzzled to see that Robinson was really dazed by the information. dressed himself in order to accompany the officer of the law, who was once more puzzled to see him put over his a cloak as was found, the defence dress a camlet cloak. Next examining the bedroom the watchman discovered that he at once reasoned had been made by whitewash from the fence; slow place!" said the Chicago stove and on the bureau he found the miniature missing from Helen Jewett's bedroom. Robinson stoutly denied that he had been in the Thomas street house on the preceding Saturday evening. To all his statements the officer listened with incredulity and cautioned his prisoner not to talk, because whatever he said might be used in evidence concerning the charge; so Robinson remained silent, but seemed to be more and more affected at the narrative of A fellow lodger at Robinson's Dey the girl's wound and death, and the

When on Monday the news of the murder, the fire, and the arrest became public, nothing else was talked about throughout the New York of that day lying between Twenty-third street and the Battery, with its twelve wards and 400,000 inhabitants. Robinson's ployer and friends claimed that the young clerk was incapable of such The believers in his guilt pointed to the mass of evidence against him, and their belief was strengthened when at the coroner's inquisition the porter of the store where the accused was employed identified the hatchet as one belonging to it. He identified the hatchet by marks and by the twine fastened to its handle, and this same kind of twine he further identified on the buttonhole of the discovered cloak. Ball was refused, and forthwith relatives of Robinson, at his old country home in Connecticut started a fund for the employment of counsel, and Robinin his clerk's innocence by a subscrip-

At once the three most eminent criminal law advocates were secured, in Ogden Hoffman, a former district attorney: in William M. Price, who was President Jackson's federal district atorney, and in Hugh Maxwell, who was later county district attorney. Public opinion was too exacting for official lelays and Robinson was soon indicted. and at the first term of the over and terminer his trial was called. Leading citizens, preceiving the strong array of counsel for the defense, and having little confidence in District Attorney Phoenix, whose selection by a friend ly board of supervisors had surprised the bar, asked the governor to detail the attorney-general for the prosecution, but Phoenix opposed the request, I neight

and he and his assistant, Mr. Morris, tock charge of the prosecution. The presiding judge was an able suprems justice named Edwards. The law then gave him as assistant judges the recorder- the Richard Riker, who had long served as district attorney-and three aldermen, who were the learned Egbert Benson, David Banks, the law publisher and Daniel P. Ingraham, later judge of the present common pleas, and father of the supreme court justice. The court was then held in the large room at the northeast corner of the city hall, afterward divided, and now used by two terms of the city court. It would contain at most about 500 auditors, but fully 5,000 persons were in and around the buildingsuch was the public excitement-when the trial began, clamoring for admittance. Such was the confusion on the opening day that the court of common pleas and the supreme court, then held in the city hall, were compelled to adjourn, because lawyers and witnesses, and even judges, found it impossible to enter the building. Two whole days were exhausted in

obtaining a jury. At that time, when the regular panel was exhausted, the court ordered the sheriff to summon talesmen at his discretion from spectators, and the presence of so large a crowd gave the sheriff great scope. As the first juror was called the presiding judge selected two gentlemen from bystanders in the court room, customar ily lawyers, to serve as triers of the competency of the juror. These were duly sworn to impartiality, and took the first two seats in the jury box and there listened to the counsel examining the juror simply as to his eligibility and bias. Questions were confined to those points and did not, as now, roam, over a juror's biography. Counsel on each side addressed the triers according to their professional views of eligibility; then the judge briefly charged the triers and they decided. If the two disagreed the juror was set aside, but he was sworn if they agreed that he would be a fair juror. If sworn the first juror now became a trier in place of the bystander in the first seat, and, of course, foreman of the panel. When a second juror was obtained these two jurors became triers over the ten to follow. It was observable during the challenging that at first the triers were particular; but after a while, seemingly wearled, they would accept almost anyone called in order to facilitate business. If the lawyer for the defence did not like the decision of the triers he could take exception, which would serve on a writ of error. No juror in the Jewett case came from the regular names in the box and the jury impanelled was entirely made up of these summoned by the sheriff, and i was afterward complained of him that sympathizing with Robinson, he had used his discretion in summoning tales-

men in accordance with his sentiments Assistant District Attorney Morris pened for the prosecution very timldly, and was evidently embarrassed by the crowd and the tumults without and by the presence of distinguished counsel against him, in the midst of whom Robinson sat in rather juvenile attire (evidently a dramatic idea of counsel) and wearing an air of wondering innocence, devoid of the slightest the first witness and gave testimony identifying Robinson and also the fore the fire, and to finding Helen room near to the door into the yard, without her knowledge On amination she could not ascribe any er men in the house at the time of the done the deed and have placed the cloak and hatchet where they were He compared the edge of the hatchet found in order to throw suspicion on GUILT ESTABLISHED.

Then followed evidence about the

fence, whitewash, cloak, and hatchet, and the escape of the murderer by the back door. As these links of evidence was forged in a circumstantial chain the watchman immediately set out to Robinson preserved the utmost equanimity, and yet the atmosphere of the court room seemed oppressive with the sense of his guilt. This atmosphere, however, cleared when Counsel Maxwell opened for the defense and furthat he would prove for the client a most complete alibi. Of this nothing Robinson arose and had previously been intimated. After introducting testimony tending to show that Robinson had never owned such called the keeper of a saloon on Church street much frequented during evenwhite marks on Robinson's trousers. ings by students of Columbia college, which was then hard by in Park place and by young clerks. He was a wellknown man named Furlong. He swore that Robinson, whose name he then did not know, but whom he identified was often in his saloon and was there on the Saturday evening in question between half past nine and half past ten, and did not leave until near midnight. He fixed the times by-curlous ly enough-an inspection of the watch carried by Robinson, which watch be ing handed him in court, he identified street boarding house testified that Robinson came in before midnight. Upon this alibi Ogdon Hoffman-of whose silvery flow of language, ardent style, and pathetic voice and magnetic eyes no idea can now be given through any comparison with any member of the New York barmainly summed up and in eloquence that charmed into almost breathless silence judge and jury as well as all auditors. He also dilated pathetically upon the absence of any motive in his client-whom at every sentence he mellifluously called "this poor boy"-to kill the girl. And earnestly he argued that jealousy and revenge had instigated either some woman or some man not only to the murder, but to turning suspicion toward his client. Most pathetically he repeated again and again this sentence, "and the stern law has closed this poor boy's speech so that he cannot aid his alibi and deny the story of his presence." During this appeal Robinson broke down and wept. son's employer demonstrated his belief At the close of the speech there was a storm of applause and even cheers were heard. The summing up for the prosecution

was painfully wanting in force and persuasion. Throughout the prosecution's address and the cold perfunctory charge of Judge Edwards, the echoes of the Hoffman eloquence lingered. These echces went into the jury room and in a very short time the jurors returned with a verdict of acquittal.

But later the suicide of Furlong, who had established the alibi, threw a strong doubt upon the verdict and suggested that remorse at perjury impelled the deed. Soon afterward the rush toward Texas set in, and Robinson joined the pligrims. There he married, be successful business man, raised came y, and died respected even by who knew of his past.

A Life Saved.

A FOND DAUGHTER WAS NIGH TO DEATH.

Frank B. Trout Tells a Reporter of How His Daughter's Life Was Saved. All Parents Should be Interested in This Marrative.

Using as a nucleus for his investigation the rumor that the life of the daughter of Frank B. Trout, well known in Detroit, Mich., real estate circles, had been saved, a reporter called on Mr. Trout at his office, 103 Griswold Avenue. Mr. Trout showed some hesitancy in giving his opinion for pablication, but finally said: "Circumstances and a father's love for his child forced me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but not until the whole medical profession had exhausted their skill. At the age of fourteen we had to take our daughter from school owing to her health. Before this she had been in the best of health, happy and in the best of spirits. She began to fall away and became pale and languid. She was so weak that she would fall down in a faint every time she tried to walk unsupported. The best of physicians attended her, but she continued to grow weaker and seemed to be gradually fading away.

"When she was fifteen she weighed only "F. B. Trout."

Subscribed and I bought two more boxes for her.

"When she had taken two boxes she was strong enough to leave her bed, and in less than six months was something like herself. To-day she is entirely cured, and is a big, strong enough to leave her bed, and in less than six months was something like herself. To-day she is entirely cured, and is a big, and has never had a sick day since.

"I do not think she uses them now, though I always keep them in the house. My wife and I have recommended them to cur neighbors, and sent a few to another our neighbors, and sent a few to another the work of the work of the change, and I bought two more boxes for her.

"I do not think she uses them now, though I always keep them in the house. My wife and I have recommended them to cur neighbors, and sent a few to another our neighbors, and sent a few to another the work of the change.

"I do not think she uses them our neighbors, and sent a few to an

Bringing the

Exhibitions

CHANCE.

From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

weaker and seemed to be gradually fading away.

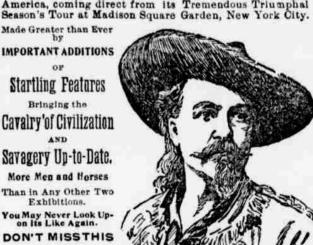
"When she was fifteen she weighed only ninety pounds, and the doctors said it was anæmia. Several physicians said she might outgrow it, but that it would no doubt terminate in consumption. No doctor we had could help her, and we concluded ourselves, we must lose our child, as she was growing weaker every day.

"We had tried all the well-known remedies, and finally about a year ago I bought a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of what-died to give them a trial, though I must confess I did not have much faith. Before she had taken all of the first box we noticed a change for the better. She, however, gained strength daily

SCRANTON, FRIDAY JULY 30. BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST

And Congress of Rough Riders of the World.

Excepting additions, an exact duplicate, man for man and horse for horse, of the exhibitions given at the Columbian World's Fair at Chicago in 1893; all summer in New York in 1894, and in 500 of the principal cities of Europe and America, coming direct from its Tremendous Triumphal Inauguration of this Season's Tour at Madison Square Garden, New York City.



100 Indian Warriors Ogalialia, Brule, Uncapappa. Sieux, Cheyome and Arnaphos

50 American Cowboys. 30 Mexican Vaqueros

and Ruralies. 30 South American

Cauchos. 50 Western Frontiers-

men, Marksmen, etc 25 Ecdouin Arabs.

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