

MUST HANG

Dastardly Murders of the Far North

WILL BE AVENGED

Murderer Hardy of Unimak Island to Die on September 19.

(Journal Special Service.) SEATTLE, July 30.—News has been received here that Fred Hardy, the Unimak Island murderer, has been sentenced to be hanged at Nome, Friday, September 19, between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m. Judge Moore of the Federal Court passed the sentence upon him July 28.

Hardy would have hanged a year ago but for the fact that Judge Wickensham stayed the execution for 12 months, pending the hearing of an appeal in the United States recently determined against Hardy, and now only the interference of President Roosevelt can save his neck. There is practically no possibility even that the President will do anything for him, since the crime for which he was convicted was brutal in the extreme.

Hardy shot down in cold blood and robbed Con and Florence Sullivan and F. J. Rooney, who were on a prospecting expedition to Unimak Island.

Hardy showed the white feather when sentenced, and in a faltering voice protested his innocence.

HER FIRST VOYAGE

New Hawaiian Liner Leaves for San Francisco.

(Journal Special Service.) NEW YORK, July 30.—With a full cargo the new twin screw steamship Nebraska sailed today on her maiden deep sea voyage to San Francisco. The Nebraska is one of the three sister ships which have been built at Camden, N. J., for the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company. All three vessels are fitted with furnaces in which either oil or coal can be used as fuel.

OHIO BUILDERS

(Journal Special Service.) PUT-IN-BAY, O., July 30.—Prominent builders from all over the state are attending the second annual meeting of the Ohio State Association of Builders' Exchanges in session at the Hotel Victory. At the opening session today there were reports from officers and addresses by J. M. Carter, secretary of the New York association, and John A. King, president of the Interstate Supply Association. Officers for the year will be chosen tomorrow.

MANY WANT ANNEXATION

Cuban Planters Start a Movement to Come Under the Wing of Uncle Sam.

(Journal Special Service.) HAVANA, July 30.—Though the Cuban Republic is but a few months old the annexationists have already come out in the open and that they mean to pursue a lively campaign from now on was evidenced by a large and enthusiastic meeting held here today.

BURIED ALIVE IN THE RUINS OF ST. PIERRE

(Special Correspondence.) KANSAS CITY, July 23.—Frank R. Roberson of Walden, N. Y., who spent two days in the ruins of St. Pierre, and who, on the occasion of the third eruption of Mt. Pelée, had to run into the ocean to save his life, arrived in New York a week ago yesterday on the steamer Dixie, and came directly to Kansas City, stopping a day and a night in Chicago. "I have traveled in many lands and have seen many sights," he said, "but the destruction wrought by that terrible eruption will live in my memory more vividly than anything else the balance of my life. I talked with the only survivor of the disaster. He was a criminal, confined in the St. Pierre prison, and sentenced to the gallows for murder. Three days before the eruption he had knocked his keeper down and attempted to escape. For this he was sentenced to the subdungeon three tiers below the basement of the prison where he was kept in solitary confinement. I did not learn the date set for the man's execution, but read of his crime and sentence from the files of the newspapers in France, 18 miles away. "I was present when rescuers dug the poor fellow out of the dungeon. He was very weak and pale from lack of nourishment, and when brought to the surface where the sun was shining was scarcely able to stand alone. He seemed to be perfectly rational at first, and there was, under the scowd and hunted expression on his face, something intelligent looking. He looked at those about him and did not speak for some minutes. Finally he said, speaking in French: "Say, am I not in hell?" "The surroundings and the sight of the hundreds of dead bodies within a stone's throw of where our party stood on the old prison ruins were enough to appeal to the sensitive feelings of any man, but when it finally dawned upon us that the poor wretch there was losing his reason, thinking that he had been put to death and was in the lower regions, I can not find words to express my own impressions, and the looks of my companions told me that they felt as I did. "The French Government immediately pardoned the condemned criminal, and he was that day removed to Fort de France, where he was put in a sanitarium. He wore the grinning face of an imbecile afterward and within a few days died a raving maniac. He certainly suffered a thousand deaths for his crime."

denced by a large and enthusiastic meeting held here today. The meeting was under the auspices of the Circulo de Hacendados, a society of Cuban planters which has for its avowed object the fostering of the annexation movement. The sudden activity of the annexationists is causing much feeling among those Cubans who want the island to have a fair chance in trying to solve the problem of self-government.

MOODY ASSISTS In Celebrating the 200th Birthday of Byfield, Mass.

(Journal Special Service.) BYFIELD, Mass., July 30.—Secretary of the Navy Moody was the principal speaker at the exercises held here today in celebration of the 200th anniversary of the founding of the town. Byfield was the first town settled north of Salem, and William Moody, an ancestor of the Secretary, was one of the original settlers.

SPENCER TO WIN.

(Journal Special Service.) BOONVILLE, Ind., July 30.—From present indications the Democratic convention of the First Congressional district in session here today will result in the nomination of J. W. Spencer of Evansville. The only other aspirant is Thomas H. Dillon of Petersburg. Spencer represents the conservative element in his party, while Dillon has the backing of the Bryan men.

NOMINATED FOR CONGRESS.

(Journal Special Service.) ONEONTA, N. Y., July 30.—Republicans of the new Twenty-fourth Congressional district met in convention here today and nominated George J. Smith for Congressman. The nominee is a resident of Kingston and a personal friend of Governor Odell.

OVER THE WIRES.

The report that a tornado passed over the Gulf of California last Thursday is denied.

Twenty-three natives of Mindoro are on trial for the butchery of four Americans, who are unknown.

King Victor Emmanuel of Italy will start for Berlin on August 22 to visit Emperor William of Germany.

General Lucas Meyer, former commander in chief for the Orange Free State, is being wine and dined by London society.

Lord Kitchener, according to the official gazette, is now Viscount Kitchener, of Khartoum, of the Vaal, and of Asphall of County Suffolk.

Rowland Barren, Liberal, has been elected in North Leeds, England. His election is regarded as a bad thing for the new Balfour ministry.

The new commercial treaty between Great Britain and China has been approved by the London foreign office. It will be concluded at once.

Cardinal Gottl, of Rome, has been appointed prefect of the propaganda of the Roman Catholic Church. He is regarded as a probable successor to Pope Leo XIII.

Vice Admiral Beaumont and Rear Admiral Sevran of the French Navy, have been summarily retired by President Loubet as the result of scandals in their private lives.

Joe Goddard, the Philadelphia pugilat who was shot on Monday at the New Jersey primaries, is still lying between life and death at the Cooper Hospital in Camden, N. J.

The inquest on the bodies of nine girls who perished in a recent fire has brought forth a strong criticism on the London fire systems. They are said to be incompetent.

The officers who recently assaulted Second Lieutenant Gregson, of the Second Life Guards, at Windsor because he was "socially undesirable" will be cashiered by a military court martial.

Herr Lohning, a German privy councillor, has been asked to resign because he married the daughter of an ex-sergeant of the German army. The case has created a great stir in Germany.

BESTIAL NEGROES

Charged with Inhuman Murder of Wife and Mother.

(Journal Special Service.) CAIRO, Ill., July 30.—States Attorney Wilson and Coroner McManus have returned from Dog Fork Bend, bringing with them a negro and his two daughters, who are suspected of the crime of killing the wife and mother of the family. The woman has been missing for two weeks and the neighbors became suspicious, as there had been evidence of trouble in the family.

Two axes stained with blood were found by the Coroner and were brought to this city. The stains will be analyzed to ascertain if the blood is that of a human being. Another suspicious feature in the case is a plot of newly-dug ground near the house, about the size of a grave. It is the theory of the residents of that vicinity that the remains of the woman have been exhumed and burned, as the negro has had brush fires burning on his premises for several days.

The man and his daughters deny all knowledge of the whereabouts of the missing woman, and say that she ran away from home.

The prisoners are in the County Jail here pending a further investigation of the evidence.

TO KILL THE SULTAN

Palace Eunuchs Were Responsible for the Latest Plot.

(Journal Special Service.) LONDON, July 30.—A dispatch to the Times from Constantinople says that spies of the Sultan have denounced a plot against His Majesty's life, which is supposed to have been hatched in the Palace by eunuchs. The government is investigating.

J. W. GATES' NEXT MOVE.

Wall Street Magnate Who Realized a Fortune in the Recent Corn Corner Will Make Another Big Coup in September.

Exactly how much John W. Gates realized by the recent attempt to corner the corn market is not yet known. It is estimated, however, that he and his syndicate netted a cool \$4,000,000. The syndicate proposes to transfer its operations from July to September, and another big Gates coup may be expected in the latter month.



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VETERANS OF PHILIPPINES

Will Hold Great Reunion at Council Bluffs—Their Third Annual Gathering.

(Journal Special Service.) COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia., July 30.—Plans for the third annual reunion of the National Society Army of the Philippines, which convenes in this city two weeks from today, have been perfected and the veterans of the last war and other military men also are taking a lively interest in what promises to be a great National occasion. Participating in the program, which will extend over a period of three days, will be many distinguished military men, orators and statesmen. Included among those from whom acceptances have already been received are General Arthur MacArthur, General Frederick Funston and General Irving Hale.

MOSBY'S RAIDERS

Meet Today in Annual Reunion at Leesburg, Virginia.

(Journal Special Service.) LEESBURG, Va., July 30.—Survivors of Colonel John S. Mosby's famous band of Confederate fighters met in annual reunion in Leesburg today. The town was decorated in their honor and the citizens kept open house. The Court-house green was the scene of the day's festivities. The formal exercises included a cordial address of greeting from Colonel E. V. White, to which response was made by Colonel John H. Alexander, president of the veterans' association. The ranks of the veterans are being rapidly thinned by death and scarcely a handful remain to take part in the annual reunions.

FAME'S PATHWAY.

It was told that an enterprising magazine manager offered Stockton \$10,000 if he would reveal the true end of the famous "Lady or Tiger" tale, but he declined the offer. Charles Tennyson, a grandson of the late poet laureate, won distinction at Cambridge university this year. His father was the late Lionel Tennyson, third son of the poet.

Great Bucking Contest.

Denver is to have a rough-riding contest this fall for the world's championship, which will be larger and livelier even than the great show of bucking horses and gallant riders which was the most popular feature of last fall's carnival.

Corset War in Roumania.

The outbreak which threatens Roumania has been caused by the Minister of Public Instruction forbidding girls in the higher and secondary schools to wear corsets, and, in case of refusal, directing the forcible removal of the offending article. The future mothers of Roumania, remembering that the ancient Romans, from whom they claim indirect descent, wore a kind of stay (does not martial make fun of fat women, and does not Ovid tell us that a big waist kills love?) and that the corset, with a short interval, has been worn ever since, are naturally in arms against the arbitrary decree. It is a case of war to the hilt, and that the schoolgirls will win.

Slight Variation.

Stubb—When you proposed I suppose she sprang that old gas: "This is so sudden!" Penn—Nothing of the kind. She said: "You silly thing! Why didn't you say the word sooner and save gas bills?"—Topeka Capital.

Crush Made Kin.

Mrs. Seldom Holme—Mrs. Chinkapin is telling all around that you and she had a heart-to-heart talk in one of the big dry goods stores the other day. Mrs. Jenner Lee Ondego—All the foundation there is for that is that she and I were caught in the crush at the same bargain counter one morning and grumbled in concert.—Chicago Tribune.

JAIL FOR HOTEL

Havana's Spanish Presidio Bought by Yankees.

THEY PAID ABOUT \$600,000

The Company Is Headed by Sir William Van Horn.

(Journal Special Service.) HAVANA, July 30.—An Anglo-American syndicate, headed by Sir William Van Horn of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, has secured an option on the old Spanish Presidio, or State Penitentiary building, the finest edifice in Havana, and located at the entrance to the harbor just opposite Moro Castle, and will turn it into a modern hotel. The figures mentioned are \$600,000. Some surprise is expressed that the public should be willing to dispose of the building, but it is explained that the new regime needs money + worse than jails.

SHORT PERSONAL STORIES

William Gillette, the author-actor and playwright, who returned from Europe not long ago, is an enthusiastic boatman. When he was a boy in Hartford, Conn., where his father was the founder of the suburb of Glenwood, he spent almost all his leisure constructing paddle-boats on the Farmington River, right at the foot of the hill from Mark Twain's house. When Gillette had made his mark in New York and got rich he built a roomy houseboat called the "Holy Terror."

It had bedrooms, so that Gillette could entertain company on board, also a smoking parlor, and a billiard room. Cumbersome as the craft was, she had her own motive power, so that her owner could move from one point to another at will, without depending on the exertions of a tugboat captain.

One Sunday Gillette stopped on the Hudson, just below Grant's tomb, to take on some guests. When he started away the machinery of his "Holy Terror" got away and the houseboat ran amuck through a lot of little catboats and row-boats anchored along shore, tearing away rigging, dories, and everything in sight. Gillette stopped to ascertain the damage and make promises to pay.

"Say," exclaimed one man who rented boats, "if you are going to build another thing like that I wish you'd name her the 'Merry Hell!'"

Senator Quay seldom admits that he has been outwitted, but he was in such good humor after the recent Pennsylvania convention that he told a story on himself.

"When Pattison walloped us," he said, "there were five men contesting for a marshmanship—one of the few plums I had to dispose of. I had really picked the man, and was trying to get the others off the field, when the five came at me. "Gentlemen, the returns speak for themselves," said I. "Losses everywhere! None of you deserves office."

"But I increased the vote in my district 50 per cent," said a Berks County Dutchman.

"If that's so, you can have the office," said I, remembering that the few Berks County Republicans had nearly disappeared under the Pattison landslide.

"We looked at the returns and found his district had cast nine Republican votes. "Isn't that 50 per cent better than six votes?" he asked, pointing to the figures for the previous election, and I had to confess that it was and give him the office.

"The man had married into a Democratic family and had brought his relatives into the fold."

MICHIGAN DEMOCRATS GATHER IN CONVENTION IN THE STRAITS CITY

(Journal Special Service.) DETROIT, Mich., July 30.—While the younger element of the Democrats in attendance on the state convention are busy shouting for their respective choices for places on the ticket, the old wheel horses of the party are quietly pursuing a buttonhole campaign in the interest of harmony. They believe that six years has had the effect of healing the differences that divided the party in '96 and that the so-called split is now more apparent than real. In the hotel lobbies and on the streets as well as in the caucus rooms there are to be heard expressions of opinion full of confidence and hope that a united Democracy, taking advantage of the disaffection of the anti-Bills Republicans, can elect a Governor and other state officers of Michigan in November next.

The address of the temporary chairman will bring the first session to a close and a recess will be taken until 8 o'clock, when the delegates will reassemble to receive the reports of the committees on credentials and permanent organization and to listen to impromptu addresses from the permanent chairman and possibly one or two other prominent Democrats who may be called upon to speak.

This arrangement of the program will throw the nominations over until tomorrow, by which time it is thought some sort of a make-up of the ticket is probable. Of the large field mentioned in connection with the gubernatorial nomination the strongest man apparently is Judge George H. Durand of Flint. Judge Durand, however, is not altogether acceptable to the remnant of the radical silver wing and if they persist in their opposition another candidate may be agreed upon for the sake of harmony. It is believed that little difficulty will be experienced in adopting a platform. The Democrats have decided to fight the coming campaign mainly on state issues and the resolutions will strongly denounce the handling of state affairs under the Bills administration.

AN IOWA MILLIONAIRE RUNS HIS OWN CHARITY

(Journal Special Service.) WAVERLY, Ia., July 30.—Abraham Slimmer, the wealthiest man in this part of Iowa, who will devote the remainder of his life to giving away a fortune of \$100,000, is a remarkable man in many respects. He has pronounced ideas of how his money is to be expended, and will not deviate from a well-defined course in this respect.

While discussing plans for benefiting the needy, he reached from a shelf in his desk a large packet of formidable-looking papers. He gloated over them as a miser would over his deeds, mortgages and bonds. "These are my contracts with hospitals and old people's homes," he said, "and I drive hard bargains with them. My conditions are exacting. I draw my own contracts. I never allow a lawyer to do it. They would fill them with law. I fill them with facts, and often the boards of directors of the institutions I aid employ lawyers to try to break down some of my conditions and fool me into waiving some of my rights, but they never do."

"Now, here is a contract with an old people's home; I gave them \$50,000, and they raised the same amount. Here is a clause that they shall not ask any inmate to attend worship. The reason? Suppose a Catholic priest wants to have worship in the institution; if the old folks are asked to attend they may not like to refuse, and as old folks are often quite bigoted in their religion what is said might offend them. They will know that the service is to be held, and if they desire they will attend. Here is another clause which says that one inmate must not pay more than another. Each is to have what he or she needs, and it shall cost the same for all. I will not have an aristocracy built up among my old friends + which is sure to hurt the feelings of those who can not pay for what some one else gets. Then there is one which provides that no contribution + box shall be placed in or about the institution, or at any other place for its benefit. I will not have my old friends feel that they are dependent on charity. They must feel that there is money there that is theirs, and that they are not dependent on any form of charity."

ARIZONA ICE MINES —A UNIQUE INDUSTRY

Nowhere in the world does there exist an industry so unique as that just being put in operation in Northern Arizona, where elaborate plans are being laid to utilize the product of the ice caves in existence there. Strange, it seems, too, that in this land of great heat, where in some places ice is a priceless luxury, made so by excessive freight rates which prevail in the Territories, man's ingenuity has not heretofore conceived the idea of the wholesale appropriations of the relief which nature has provided.

Not until very recently has any attempt been made to take away the apparently inexhaustible quantities of ice which have been found in the caves near Flagstaff. Now, however, it is intended to literally mine or quarry the ice, and the promoters of the scheme declare it will prove a great profit producer + even the very outset as they expect to secure ice enough not only to supply the scores of smaller stations, towns and lumber camps in that vicinity, but to provide a supply for the railroads of Northern Arizona and New Mexico, even into California, as in the vast region of what was once the Northern part of the Great American Desert ice factories have not as yet become common. Indeed, the factories at Los Angeles, Phoenix, Albuquerque and Las Vegas have for years supplied most of that district with ice, although at prices that necessarily were prohibitive, made so by the long railway haul.

The main or best known ice cave lies at the head of Clark's Valley, seventeen miles southwest of Flagstaff. Although others may be larger, they are not so accessible. A wagon road leads nearly to the cave, and the Arizona Lumber Company's railroad at one time passed near, but its route has been changed since. The people of the country think the cave was originally what is termed a "blow-out"—that is, a volcano vent made by water gas, during some convulsion of nature. In the early history of our planet, there are many of these "blow-outs" of various sizes and extents scattered over Arizona.

Until last August the main cave had only been penetrated to a depth of 200 feet, and even that distance could only be reached by the possessors of small bodies. At that time E. R. Dulton, a young man from New York, succeeded in creeping and crawling through the narrow crevice at the 200-foot point and over 100 feet further he found the cavity gradually widening until it grew into a cavern much larger than that near the surface. He found several smaller caves leading out of the large one, all in almost solid ice, and he believes that they lead far into the earth.

Up Against a Family Trust.

"Owing to a railroad smash-up I got left in a little Nebraska town one night a year ago," said the drummer, "and the way I came in contact with a trust made my hair stand up. It was a wretched town and a still worse hotel. My room was small and the bed was as hard as a board. I got up feeling mad, and after a miserable breakfast I was ready to bolt over. The boiling came when the landlord presented me with a bill of \$4.

"Is this correct?" I asked as I looked at the figures.

"Entirely so," he replied.

"Then you are a blamed old highway robber."

"The landlord had turned on me when they began to mix in I turned on them and gave 'em some red-hot talk. When I stopped for breath the old man who turned out to be a Justice of the Peace, sat down in a chair and calmly announced:

"Hear ye! Hear ye! I now declare this court fully opened. James, have you any business?"

"I have," replied the eldest son, who announced to me that he was a constable and that I was under arrest. He then made a charge against me, one of the

other brothers testified as to my lane guage, and his Honor fined me \$10. As the third brother hadn't taken any part, I turned to him and sarcastically asked "Where do you come from?"

"Me?" he replied. "Oh, I'm the town Marshal, and as you are evidently a desperate character I shall lock you up for a couple of days and then run you out of town."

"It was a nice little family trust you see," smiled the drummer, "and I couldn't beat it. I was locked up for forty-eight hours, but I had to pay the hotel bill and the fine, and when I was set at liberty and got my mouth open to say something else the jailer laid a hand on my arm and whispered: "Don't do it. I am the old man's son-in-law, and if you kick against my jail he'll make your next stop twenty days."—Detroit Free Press.

Only the Truth.

Employer—So you went to the ball game, eh? Thought you were going to the cemetery?

Office Boy (who saw home team lose)—Well, I just as well hid. I saw so many "dead ones."—Philadelphia Record.