

AWFUL DREAM

Of a Man Leads to His Conviction of Murder.

FUNG MURDERER DMAN

In His Own Barn to Make it Appear That He Had Committed Suicide

and Then Acted Out the Whole Thing in His Sleep

The trial and conviction of Charles R. Roker at Siboy, Iowa, recently for the murder of August Schroeder have revealed a story as strange and dramatic as any that can be discovered in the pages of fiction.

It is so strange and dramatic that it parallels closely, and in many respects surpasses in interest, the famous story of Eugene Aram, which has become a classic in literature, and fascinated the minds of men for many generations.

The history of Eugene Aram was in the first instance an occurrence of real life, like that of Charles Roker. It was made the subject of a novel by Elmer Lytton and of a poem by Tom Hood, which contains some of the most familiar and thrilling lines ever quoted.

Like Eugene Aram, Charles Roker was convicted by his own involuntary confession of crime. Like Eugene Aram, he was a murderer in a dream.

The events in both cases would, in the view of a person of poetical imagination, seem to point to the existence of an evil spirit which pursues a murderer and forces him to give evidence of his own guilt.

August Schroeder was a rich, intelligent and industrious German farmer, having a large farm near Doon, Iowa. He had a young and handsome wife, Dora Schroeder. His affairs were in excellent condition. He had every reason to be pleased with life.

On the night of July 29, 1904, his wife, not knowing why he had not returned to the house, went to her usual room to look for him, and there, to her unlooked-for horror, she found him lying by a rope from a beam. He was dead.

She shrieked for help, and immediately there came to her assistance Charles Roker, principal farm hand and Adolph Schroeder, a brother of the dead man. They carried her half-unconscious back to the house and then they cut down the body.

There were certain circumstances connected with the death that might have aroused suspicion, but there was apparently no one who could have had a motive for committing the crime.

On both sides of the dead man's head, a pipe and under his chin there were bruises of a terrible character, which, it might have been argued, were not caused by the rope with which it was supposed the deceased had hanged himself. In the absence of other evidence than this and of any suspicion against any person, the theory of suicide was generally but not universally, accepted as the true explanation of the tragedy.

Mrs. Schroeder was embarrassed when she found herself left alone to manage the big farm. Roker was a very capable farmer and he was also handsome and of powerful physique. He courted her with great ardor and in a few months became her husband. This proceeding excited severe criticism among the neighbors, those who had entertained suspicions of Roker at the time of Schroeder's death now expressed them openly. In consequence of this Roker sold the farm and took his wife away to South Dakota.

Soon after the marriage the wife discovered that he was selfish, brutal, and of an exceedingly violent temper. She began to look continually for new revelations of his bad character.

At last one night the strange occurrence, that is the key note of this history, happened. Between two and three o'clock in the morning Mrs. Roker was awakened from a deep sleep by the savage shouts and violent actions of her husband.

At first she thought that he was going to attack her, but then she realized that he was enacting a scene of fearful violence in a dream. She lay still, fascinated with horror, unable to speak or move.

"H! August," he yelled. "Now I have come for you. You won't worry me any more with your bullying and meanness. You'll miserably cur."

All the while she uttered this language he was uttering the pillow with terrible fury, as if he were engaged in checking a fit man to death by crushing his neck.

Presently his shouts broke out again. "Stop that horrid noise, curse you," he cried. "Don't look at me. It won't do you any good. I'll kill you if I have to twist your head off."

As he spoke these words his struggles with the pillow increased in fury for some moments, and he grew quieter again.

Now he seemed to be very busy thrusting his hands into imaginary places, as if he were emptying a man's pockets.

less he could get money it meant ruin and exposure. He tried to borrow from Schroeder, but he was very penurious and would not lend a cent.

One day Schroeder took Roker with him to the country town to sell a herd of cattle. After this transaction Schroeder had nearly \$1,000 in cash in his pocket. The idea occurred to Roker to drug him and rob him. He obtained chloral in a drug store, who went to a hotel to celebrate the successful day's business and Roker contrived to put the chloral in Schroeder's whiskey.

Schroeder was a strong man, and although he became dazed under the influence of the drug, he was not unconscious. Roker was too much under observation to attack him in the town, and so he helped him into the buggy and started back to Doon. When they were in a lonely spot he stopped, and throttled the half-conscious man, and struggled fearfully until Roker finally choked him to death. Then Roker took the money from Schroeder's pockets.

Roker drove back to Doon late at night, carried Schroeder's body into the barn and there hanged him in which condition he was found.

Mrs. Roker kept silent about her husband's confession for a long time, but when in a fit of domestic temper he attempted to murder their child by throwing it down a well she could endure things no longer. She gave information to the police and two detectives were sent to arrest Roker, who then, like Eugene Aram, "walked about with gyves upon his wrists."

At first it appeared that the confession could not be used against Roker; at his trial on the ground that the evidence of a wife cannot be admitted against her husband, but then just in the nick of time it was discovered that he was a bigamist, and therefore she was not legally his wife. He was tried and convicted of murder in the first degree in 1904 and sentenced to be hanged.

He secured a new trial on technical grounds and a change of venue was granted from Lyon county to Ocola county, which is the county seat, on the ground of prejudice in the former place.

The natural confession to the wife again formed the evidence. The jury deliberated fifteen hours and finally agreed to a verdict of murder in the first degree, which was followed by a sentence of life imprisonment.

Roker received the sentence with the cautious remark that it was better than the first one. He is now under sentence, but a motion for a new trial will be argued on October 6.

It will be interesting to recall how closely the case of Roker resembles the classical one of Eugene Aram. The latter was an English school teacher in the eighteenth century, who made great and original researches in philology. Being in sore need of money, he murdered an old man for the gold that he carried and hid his body in a cave. After this he used to wander in lonely places and talk to himself. One day in this mood he chanced upon one of his little boys and to him he related that the night before he imagined he was committing the classical murder with great violence, which is portrayed in poem by Thomas Hood which commences:

He told how murderers walk the earth. Beneath the curse of Cain With crimson blood before their eyes And with a lock within their brains; For blood has left upon their souls Its everlasting stain!

The boy was so impressed with the wonderful realism of Eugene Aram's description that he repeated it to others, whose attention was thereby directed to the crime which had been committed, and as the poem concludes:

That very night, while gentle sleep The victim eyelids kiss'd, Two stern faced men set out from Lyon.

Through the cold and heavy mist, And Eugene Aram walk'd between With gyves upon his wrist.

Found Dead. The Columbia Record says Mr. J. J. Gray, of Barton, who went to Columbia to enter his daughter at the Columbia Female College, was found dead in his room at Wink's hotel Thursday morning at 7:40 o'clock. He had been in the room for several days, and the cause of his untimely end, the gas jet near the bed had not been closed, but the flow of gas from it was not sufficient to have produced asphyxiation, even had the room been closed to ventilation. The theory of asphyxiation, either accidental or suicidal, is wholly untenable, as the large transom was wide open; but it is barely possible that Mr. Gray's defective heart was unfavorably affected and his end perhaps hastened by inhaling such gas as escaped into the room during his sleep.

Er. of a Editor. A South Missouri editor says he enjoys watching a citizen read a puff of himself in the paper. "The narrow minded man reads it over seven or eight times and then goes around and begs all the copies he can. The kindhearted one goes home and reads it to his wife and then goes around to the office and puffs what he owes. The successful business man, who advertises regularly and makes money by it immediately starts out to find the editor, and then the two walk silently down the street and the business man takes sugar in his hand and both eat a clove or two and life is sweeter, and peace settles down on their lives for a moment. Such is the experience of a mustard seed that falls on a fertile ground."

Hughes Nominated. The Republican state convention of New York nominated with practical unanimity Charles E. Hughes as the candidate of that party. Odell was supposed of as chairman and boss and Timothy L. Woodruff, of Brooklyn, was chosen in his stead as chairman. Hughes was in command of the life insurance investigating committee that unmasked so much real estate in the management of the insurance companies last year. It is said President Roosevelt bossed the convention from start to finish.

CONVICTED OF MANSLAUGHTER.

Sentenced to Two Years For Killing His Step-Father.

Ubi V. Millican was convicted of manslaughter Thursday night at Spartanburg for killing his step-father P. L. Cannon, in that city several months ago, and was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary. Millican is a native of Orangeburg county and had only removed to Spartanburg with his family a few weeks before the killing, which was caused by Cannon's abuse of the boy's mother and sister. Many portions of the testimony were revolting in the extreme, showing great brutality on the part of the deceased toward his wife, Mrs. P. L. Cannon, and toward his stepdaughter, Miss Gladys Millican, to whom he made repeated advances and on one occasion attempted to force her to surrender her honor.

The first witness for the defense was the defendant, Ubi V. Millican, who admitted the killing and also that he had started out from his home with Cannon's rifle in his possession for the very purpose of killing Cannon. He testified as to what his mother had told him and as to what his sister had told him in regard to the advances made to her. He said that his mother called upon him to protect his sister, and that the only way that he knew how to do this was to kill Cannon.

Miss Gladys Millican took the stand for the defense and with tears in her eyes gave her testimony in a clear voice. She told of the repeated advances made to her and of the attempt made by Cannon to force her to yield. These, she said, were repeated several times and that on the night of the killing she had sent word down street to her mother to come home and that upon his arrival she related these attempts to him.

Mr. P. L. Cannon testified as to the cruel treatment given her by Cannon. She stated that she had never called on her son for protection from Cannon. She stated that Cannon told her of his intention to ruin her daughter and that she told him she would never do it. She was told by her daughter of actions of killing Cannon and upon the night of the killing she called upon him to protect his sister's honor and that she was told to go to the police station and report the matter to the police.

Several witnesses were introduced by the defense to show the bad character of the dead man and several from his home in Orangeburg testified to the fact that he had told them what he had made a mistake in marrying the old lady and that he was a drunkard and a gambler.

Ubi V. Millican is a young man, 18 years of age; his sister, Gladys, being two years younger. He was calm and collected throughout the trial with the exception of the time he was on the stand and at one point in his testimony tears came to his eyes as he related the troubles of his family. An appeal was taken and Millican was released on bail.

Negro Editor Leaves. After having been mysteriously warned that he must leave Augusta on account of incendiary publications in his paper, a negro journal, The Georgia Baptist, W. J. White, a negro preacher, notified Mayor Allen that he would get out Augusta and never return. He left last week, and his paper is not to be published any more. White went to Aiken with his paper but he was told to move on, and he moved. Such an incendiary should not be allowed to remain in the South anywhere.

Took the Town. A dispatch from Washington says the following telegram was received at the treasury department Thursday from the collector of customs at Eagle Pass, Texas: "Yesterday about 30 bandits and smugglers took possession of Jimmie, a small town in Mexico, 30 miles above Eagle Pass. A fight ensued with Mexican soldiers, several men killed. Sensational reports were sent the press describing it as a revolutionary effort may be made to undo the war department to send troops here. Nothing serious in the situation reported up to the present time."

An Old Man. The death is announced at the age of 124 of Christian Frederick Bier (sample), proprietor of a county inn near Jena, Germany. According to his relatives he was born in 1782, and his participation in 1806 in the battle of Austerlitz. He is believed to have been G-rmany's oldest man, and perhaps one of the oldest in Europe. His youngest son, who is still alive, is 80 years old and the youngest grandson 49.

Serious Charge. Mrs. Clara J. Mahaffy, of Knoxville, Tenn., the widow of the late Judge Mahaffy, has retained counsel to defend her on the charge of murdering her husband five weeks ago. A chemical analysis of Mahaffy's stomach resulted in the finding of strychnine. The state will claim that Mrs. Mahaffy murdered her husband in order to secure his life insurance.

Heavy Sentence. A negro boy 13 years old was tried in the circuit court in Anderson on Friday for gambling. He was convicted and fined \$50 or four months in jail. The two others he gambled with were tried also, on their absence, and a sealed sentence awaits them.

Sent A Good One. Senator Clark of Montana sent a check for \$10,000 on Thursday to his niece, Miss Grace Baker, as a wedding gift. The bride lives at Des Moines, Iowa, and married a local railroad man.

STORM BREAKS

On Gulf Coast and Does Great Deal of Damage.

PENSACOLA SUFFERS

And the Water Front is Lined With Wrecked Ships, Storm Sweeps Up the Gulf Coast, Carrying Destruction in Its Wake.

A message from Pensacola, Fla., says the worst storm and hurricane that the Gulf coast has experienced since the village of Pensacola on San Rosa Island was swept 107 years ago, began Wednesday night of last week and lasted for a day and night. It was reported that many lives have been lost, but as many reports of this character had been current, the report does not obtain credence. It is known, however, that many of the houses in that section were under from five to 10 feet of water, and many women had been taken from second story windows and carried to safety in boats.

The estimated property damage is \$3,000,000. Every house in Pensacola suffered damage and many roofs are blown off. Telephone and telegraph and electric light wires are strewn with wreckage for miles on either side of the city, and vessels are wrecked on the wharves, or where the waves once were, in utter ruin. Big steamers and many lighter sailing ships are lying high and dry up the city, where the tide has never been known to reach. Everywhere for miles around wharves have been swept away or are damaged beyond repair.

The electric power was shut off at 1 o'clock that morning. There is no street car traffic and communication with the outside world is practically cut off. The streets of Pensacola are strewn with lumber, tin roofing and other glass. The dispatch with other telegraphic matter, is being carried to Flomaton, Ala., by the Western Union manager, who makes the trip by train to ascertain the extent of damage done here and elsewhere. It is feared great havoc and loss of life will be shown when reports from the entire section along the coast can be gathered.

Worst Ever Known. Later dispatches from Pensacola say the hurricane was the worst that ever visited that city, and almost equals the Galveston storm so far as the property loss is concerned. The loss of life will be heavy, but not as bad as Galveston. Many dead bodies have been recovered and others are reported along the shore. The property loss is now put at \$5,000,000. The tides from the bay backed into the city for blocks, destroying houses and making rivers out of the streets.

When the gale was at its highest Thursday morning men, women and children were running frantic about the streets in darkness, the alarm of fire was sounded and this added to the confusion. The fire started in the Pitt mill, near the business district, and horses of the fire department refused to go out in the weather. With the tin roof flying about them, the firemen took their hose wagons by hand and rushed down the streets to the scene and after hours of work controlled the blaze.

An Indescribable Scene. This afternoon the water front and business district present an almost indescribable scene. Of the 50 or 60 big steamers at sailing wharves lying in the harbor, only five or six are there now. They have been driven ashore and along the water front is a mass of wreckage of steamers, tow boats, launches and sailing craft of all descriptions.

Thirty fishing vessels in port have been destroyed and the three big fish houses with their wharves are gone. Muscogee wharf and the Commodore and Tarragon wharves of the Louisville and Nashville railroad are badly damaged. Great iron strips of two and three thousand tons have been driven, not only ashore, but have gone through houses, a block from the water front.

Every house along the water front for a distance of ten miles has been destroyed and the wonder is that the loss of life is not greater. The tracks of the terminal railway to the navy yard and Barrancas have all been destroyed as also the trestles and bridges.

Acting Mayor Maura ordered every saloon closed this morning, and 50 extra police officers have been sworn in. The homeless families are housed in all portions of the city, but many will walk the streets without food or a place to sleep without something like order can be brought out of the chaos now existing.

Added to the horror of the situation is the thieves who are breaking open trunks all along the beach, entering unoccupied houses and stealing everything in sight. Several arrests have been made, but it is impossible to protect property under such conditions.

Monse Kills Cat. It is not often that a mouse kills a cat. Such a death, however, was meted out last month to a fine black cat in a Cape May hotel. The cat caught the mouse and began, as cats will, to play with it, to tease it. For some ten minutes this went on. And then all of a sudden the cat found herself struggling for her life in mauling the mouse, without destroying it. There was a half swallowed it. For three or four minutes the cat choked and gasped. Then it all over dead. And the mouse, old enough, was disgorged at the moment the cat died. The mouse was alive. It lay on the floor a moment resting. Then it stole away, after one triumphant look at the dead body of the cat, which it had killed.

Atlantic division has been washed up to 30 miles and two engines and cars sent out to the quarantine station have been destroyed.

Eighty sailors from the British steamer were in the place and as it went over they clung to the roof and five were washed ashore on this side this morning, the other three being drowned.

While the storm was at its height Wednesday, a steamer barkentine and schooner were wrecked in the Gulf, but no tug would venture to them. Waves were running moon high and broke entirely over Sassa Rook island into the bay. Five fishing schooners anchored in the bay broke their cables and drifted seaward, nothing having since been heard from them.

In the city the tide backed up two and three blocks in the western part, coming as high as a Government street and completely inundating that territory.

STRIKES NEW ORLEANS. A dispatch from New Orleans on Thursday said a tropical hurricane has been driving the water of the Gulf of Mexico in shore for the past 18 hours with winds of 45 to 60 miles an hour. The storm had not abated early this afternoon.

Great loss of property, but no loss of life, had been reported up to this afternoon. Nevertheless, great apprehension is felt for the towns along the Gulf coast, which are out of communication with New Orleans.

This apprehension was increased by several narrow escapes from drowning reported during the day.

The first meagre details to reach the city from outlying districts told of havoc wrought by the Lake Pontchartrain on the outlying portion of New Orleans, the lake having risen about five feet because of the incoming water. All railroad, telegraph and telephone communication was cut off. The roads of the different railroads were under water.

LEAVES WASTE IN WAKE. A dispatch from Louisville, Ky., says the tropical hurricane, which for 24 hours has been churning the waters of the Gulf of Mexico and doing much damage on the coast and far inland, is whipping through north Alabama in a northeasterly direction at a velocity but slightly less than the 48 miles an hour recorded in New Orleans during the day. Reports received by the Associated Press do not indicate any loss of life, but the damage is enormous. All telegraphic communication is seriously disrupted and in some instances has resulted in cutting off cities completely. Mobile, Ala., not having been heard from for nearly 24 hours. Numerous washouts have occurred, and interruption from this cause in one case extending 30 miles.

May Accept. Governor H. Howard has received replies from Governors Glenn of North Carolina and Terrell of Georgia to his invitations to them to use Charleston harbor for christening the battleship Georgia. Carolina has accepted the invitation. Georgia, though the invitations are not accepted both governors indicate that they might be accepted in a certain circumstance. They say that if it is found to be impracticable to christen the vessels in the waters of the states after which they are named, that they will be glad to look into the matter of having the ceremonies in Charleston. Appreciation is expressed for the cordial spirit shown in Governor Howard's invitation.

BLIND TIGER'S NUMEROUS. What a Spartanburg Paper Says About That County. The Woodruff News and Review says: "We are strongly in favor of prohibition, have always been, providing the law can and will be enforced. But the question is, is it? Take Spartanburg county for example—a prohibition county where liquor can be bought on its highways and by ways. Not long since one of our farmers went into Woodruff with a quart flask full of liquor when asked to sell it to every passer-by nothing was sold." Again we are told out side of the blind tiger there is a place in the city of Spartanburg called the club, which is more or less, if all that is said is true, than a license barroom. Any one (except the working man when we say anyone) can become a member can carry a friend in at any time, call for drinks, and drink all they want. No money is passed out, but a check is placed in a box by the member for the liquor, and when pay day comes, who pays for it? It is surely paid for, or they could not exist. Now the question is, is this (if such exists) a perfect place? If it is, then probably the authorities break it up? Then if it is legal, it is class prohibition. The man who has the influence and money can have an open place where he can get his liquor and the poor devil who has not the influence and very little money is deprived of his drink. We see no difference between this club and a blind tiger, and we are going to have prohibition and truly want it is the duty of our people to shut up all dens of iniquity.

Some enraged citizens of Toccoa, Ga., last Sunday morning flogged Bill Sadler, a negro, for slapping the little daughter of J. M. Hogan, superintendent of the Capps Cotton Mills. For this offense the negro was arrested and lodged in the calaboose for the night, and during the night he was quietly taken out and given a sound thrashing on his bare back with a buggy trace. The last is said to have been laid on by strong hands and with telling effect. Sadler is a mulatto of the self-important or "oultig" type. He had not lived in Toccoa very long and reports that he stipulated for and in consideration of the discontinuance of the buggy trace performance that his residence in that time, or so soon thereafter as he could drag himself away.

Five Killed. Five persons were killed and 15 injured by the collision of a passenger train and a switch engine in the railroad yards of New Prague, Minn., on Monday.

THE COTTON BOLL WEEVIL.

Traveling Fifteen Miles a Week in This Direction.

So alarming have recent attacks of the cotton boll weevil become in some parts of Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana to the cotton crop of this year, that L. C. Howard, head of the bureau of entomology, Department of Agriculture, has decided to leave Washington, October 2, for those States, determined to remain there until some definite steps are taken for the eradication of the havoc playing weevil.

While Mr. Howard has been aware for some time that the weevil was attacking the cotton plant in some of the Southwestern States with fearful results, he did not until a day or two ago, have any idea of the damage that had been done during the present year.

He has been informed during the last few days by Congressman Wallace of Lafayette, Columbia county, Ark., that in one week's trip recently when an actual count was kept, the weevil traveled fifteen miles in one week. That convinced Mr. Wallace that if the crop in his State was to be saved, steps should be taken at once in the matter. He then informed Mr. Howard of the conditions existing in his State as well as in some parts of Texas and Louisiana. The result of the correspondence is that Mr. Howard will start to the Southwest at the same time indicated prepared to remain in the enemy's territory until he has either conquered them or until he has given up the fight.

When Mr. Howard arrives in Texas his first stop will probably be at Dallas or Austin. There he will join the special train that will be made up of planters who desire to visit the infested districts. The train will be in charge of Mr. Howard, though the itinerary will be in the hands of local cotton planters and the railroad people in the sections visited. The party will consist of Mr. Howard, railroad officials, cotton planters and possibly several men from the bureau of entomology, Department of Agriculture. The officials of the roads in the infested territory have given every encouragement to the efforts made. Mr. Howard is making no determination upon any effective means for the destruction of the weevil.

After all the infested districts in Texas have been visited and talks had with farmers interested in the extermination of the weevil, the train will then be sent into Arkansas or Louisiana and the same routine will probably be followed.

This will be a campaign of education and extermination," Mr. Howard said recently, "because we want to educate the farmers of Texas, Louisiana and Arkansas—the territory into which we are going—in the science of dealing with the pest that is doing thousands of dollars damage to the cotton growers of the country annually, and also because we propose to exterminate the weevil in every possible way."

Congressman Wallace is possibly more alarmed than even Mr. Howard and his assistants over the rapidly with which the weevil is traveling. The calculations recently made by him when it was found that the weevil was traveling at the rate of fifteen miles per week—and in his discussion—causes him to believe that in six weeks something is done in his locality at an early date it will only a short time until the great cotton growing areas of Texas and other southwestern States will be given over entirely to the ravages of the weevil.

Mr. Howard does not know how long he will be in the southwest, though he will probably remain there until some results are secured.

Ordered To Leave. M. J. Taylor, a cemented negro living near Holly Hill, came near being killed the other night. Mr. A. B. Bennett's home being open, Taylor entered unnoticed, and going up stairs went into one of the rooms and proceeded to make himself comfortable. He ransacked a trunk and bureau drawers until he found a gown which he tore down the front and put on; over this he put a dressing sack, cutting two holes in it and drawing the ends through to fasten it. Then pulling bedding to the floor he went to sleep. About 2 a. m. Mr. W. D. Bennett, who was visiting at his brother's home, was awakened by hearing some one in his room. It was Taylor. Mr. Bennett would have shot the man, but his pistol was not catching the man and pinning his arms to his side he said: "I've a mind to blow your brains out," to which Taylor replied "All right, if it is God's will I'll go to heaven." After a light had been made and it was found to be poor, demented Taylor in such fantastic gear, he was taken to the guard house, where he remained until Sunday, when he was sent out of town with the admonition not to return.

Served Him Right. Some enraged citizens of Toccoa, Ga., last Sunday morning flogged Bill Sadler, a negro, for slapping the little daughter of J. M. Hogan, superintendent of the Capps Cotton Mills. For this offense the negro was arrested and lodged in the calaboose for the night, and during the night he was quietly taken out and given a sound thrashing on his bare back with a buggy trace. The last is said to have been laid on by strong hands and with telling effect. Sadler is a mulatto of the self-important or "oultig" type. He had not lived in Toccoa very long and reports that he stipulated for and in consideration of the discontinuance of the buggy trace performance that his residence in that time, or so soon thereafter as he could drag himself away.

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SERVED HIM RIGHT.

PROSPECTIVE BRIDE DUMFOUNDS THE BRIDEGROOM

By Falsely Intending for Himself the Young Woman Whom Would-be Groom Had Wronged

Mary McDonald is the daughter of a Brooklyn workman. She is 19 years of age and lives simply with her loving parents in a rented home in a side street.

Mary is not a great beauty, though nature has endowed her with a thoughtful face, a shining mass of golden hair and wide open eyes that bespeak modesty and simple sweetness.

But Mary McDonald has suddenly sprung from her small Brooklyn world to fame. Through on honorable and self-sacrificing act this small girl is now known throughout the length and breadth of the country. Quite without her will or consent, without even her comprehension, the news papers of all the great cities call her a heroine.

It was a strangely romantic story. Last spring Mary met and quickly learned to love Will Thorber, a handsome and athletic young die out, employed in a factory in Newark, N. J.

Thorber took his sweetheart to his home in Newark to visit his parents. She pleased them, and they her. She was very happy. The wedding day was set. It was all happiness with Mary McDonald.

Charlotte Carda, left her needle work to kill the enemy of her country, Mary McDonald, in the midst of her wedding preparations, was suddenly called, a week before the hour set for her nuptials, to plan her act of sacrifice. A young man from Newark, not counting his words, told her father that Will Thorber was engaged to marry Viola Glover the daughter of a Newark baker.

"What is this?" cried Mary McDonald, when the story came to her ears. "I love Will and I trust him, but I must make sure that our marriage is honorable."

With her mother Mary immediately went to Newark. In the shaded parlor of the baker's home she met poor Viola Glover, deep in sorrow and shame. The baker's daughter told her sad story. From the time she had worn her hair down her back she had known Will Thorber, and she had loved him. They were engaged.

Will Thorber deceived and betrayed her. Then the girl was discarded, as a broken toy.

A hot flush of indignation spread over the face of Mary McDonald. "I should and must marry you and save your good name," she cried. Brushing away her own hot tears she sat and planned for the marriage of this girl and her own sweetheart.

"What?" she said, and would have kissed her. "No," she said, and she hid her face. "What is the shadow there?"

Another man might have seen and thus been warned.

There was a lull in the chattering of the guests when an aged woman, bearing upon her arm a girl who staggered as if under a weight of sorrow of illness, entered and quietly took a seat in a corner almost unnoticed. They were heavy veils. Nobody knew them and few noticed.

Presently Mary McDonald entered the room. Will Thorber sat surprised to see her. Now he strode forth to meet his bride.

"Wait," she said, calmly. Turning to her guest Mary McDonald, white face, said in an unquivering voice: "I am sorry, but there must be a change in the wedding plans. I am to be a bridesmaid today and not a bride. My cousin-in-law, Mr. Griffin, and my cousin here, Geo. Casper, are to be the attendants. And this young lady (turning to the swaying figure in black) is to be the bride."

She led Viola Glover to the side of the stammering Thorber, who stood agape.

"You are to marry this girl," said the white-robed girl to him. "She does not want you as a husband, any more than I now do, though we both have loved you, but she needs your name to protect her honor."

Will Thorber glanced about him. The attendants, large, brawny men, stood at windows and doors. There was no escape.

Griffin produced a wedding ring and license. The Rev. A. C. Meyer stepped in from an adjoining room. And so they were wed. Mary McDonald first kissed the bride and swept away her scalding tears.

With the swaying bride upon her arm the bridesmaid led the guest into the dining room where the wedding feast was waiting. Thorber started to follow.

"Not this way," commanded Mary McDonald; "that way," she said, pointing to the door. Sizing his hat the bridegroom, pallid with fright and not in disgrace, fled into the street and disappeared.

MOBILE STRUCK

By the Storm and Badly Hurt by Its Severity.

SMALL LOSS OF LIFE

But the Property Loss is Put at Over Three Million Dollars. The City is Put Under Martial Law by the Governor

Loss of life, variously estimated at from five to 50 persons, many people injured, 5,000 houses damaged, and a property loss of fully \$3,000,000 is the effect of a tropical hurricane which visited Mobile last week.

The storm struck Mobile Wednesday night at midnight and raged for many hours, the wind reaching a velocity of 90 miles an hour. Water from Mobile bay was blown into the city by the gale and for a time stood seven feet deep in the wholesale quarter from Royal street to the Astor river.

The loss of life is believed to be mainly among negroes, although conditions are so chaotic that information is indefinite. Shipping suffered severely. Among the steamers sunk were the J. P. Schuch, Mary E. Staples, Mary S. Blease, Gama, Hattie B. Moore, City of Camden, United States revenue cutter, and many smaller craft. It is feared that the crews of these boats were lost. Mobile has been placed under control of the militia. Nobody is permitted in the streets except newspaper