

ATE SPIDERS TO END HER LIFE. SOLDIERS SLAIN WHILE FIGHTING.

Life Prisoner Plucked Poisonous Insects Off Jail Walls. Tenth Cavalrymen in a Shooting Affray with a Provost Guard.

PEEKSKILL MAN KILLED. Corporal McLaughlin Falls from a Volley Fired by the Negroes.

HAUNTED BY A PARENT'S GHOST. Her Mother is Now in the Penitentiary but Before Her Suicide Confessed the Prisoner Innocent.

Wrote to Attorney-General That She Had Done Her Father to Death with Rat Bane.

Dr. Malnes, Ia., Oct. 11.—Corn Smith McCannely, who was serving a life sentence in the Annapolis Penitentiary for poisoning her father, Michael Smith, committed suicide in the prison yesterday by eating spiders. She left a letter written to Attorney-General Milton Bramley, in which she intimated that she intended to kill herself.

The woman seems to have been thinking for a long time about using them to end her miserable existence, for she gathered in her handkerchief many more than were necessary for her purpose, this overplus being found in her cell after her death still tied up in the handkerchief. What time it took for the poisonous poison to do its work is not known, but it could not have been long, for after death her stomach was found full of undigested spiders.

She had not confided her intention to any living soul, so far as is known. The following is the letter of confession which she sent to Attorney-General Milton Bramley.

CONFESSION OF CORA McCAMLEY. Annapolis, Iowa, Oct. 4, 1893. Dear Sir—I will write you these few lines as I want everything clear. I have repented for all my sins and I feel as if they were forgiven. My best friend is falling so rapidly, I know I am going to see her again. I want to tell you the truth about my father's case as it will go before you. Ellen Smith and myself poisoned my father, Michael Smith. I had made a peach pie for supper and put rat poison in a glass of water and he drank it. All the details of the suicide are not fully known, but the general fact is known that the desperate woman, having no other means at hand, chose this remarkable avenue of escape from a life of mental torture which she could not endure. The woman prisoners are allowed to exercise in a long corridor and yard, the stone walls of which are bare, and on these spiders gather.

Two Suffered for Crime. Michael Smith was a locomotive engineer and he did not live happily with his wife, Betsy Smith. She and her daughter, Cora, were of the most respectable characters, and when he demonstrated that he determined to get rid of her, she fled to the city of New York. She took through the head, the light striking the optic nerves and completely destroying his eyesight. His wife was the only person to see the man at the time she was fined, but it was impossible to convict her of the crime for lack of evidence. About a year later, in May 25, 1888, Smith was convicted of poisoning and his wife, Betsy, was convicted of the murder and sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

HOW TO CARE FOR A PIANO. Instructions for Keeping an Instrument in a Good Condition. It is well to sometimes rub the wires of a piano with camellia or a flannel cloth, and to pass a soft muslin over the sounding board by means of a slender point which will slip between the wires and change the cloth, which may then be carefully moved over the surface, taking off the dust. A steel crockery brush or small knitting needle will answer the purpose.

Cure for Smoking. Mrs. Bushling—Your husband used to smoke a pipe a great deal, didn't he? Mrs. Dupless—Yes. Mrs. Bushling—But I never see him do so any more. How did you get him to quit? I had tried for years, but he claimed that smoking added his digestion and steadied his nerves, and so he kept on.

Advantages of Education. Peggy Patette—I wish I'd paid more attention to this here war. Wayworn Watson—What good would it do you? "Patette"—I'd be sold around right now as a wounded soldier from Cuba, only I'd have a regiment to belong to. It would be the best thing that ever happened to me, that never got away from home.

Field and Patch. He'll seek death upon the field of battle. She cried the unhappy wench. She looked up at him, wondering where they will be shown before, reflecting that probably nobody in Indiana had ever heard of a field.

Special Notices. CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson.

Anything to Sell? Instead of putting out a sign or relying on your friends or consorting the business brokers, use the "Wanted" for Sale "Wanted" a billion people will see it.



ISRAEL ZANGWILL, ENGLISH AUTHOR AND LECTURER. Israel Zangwill, the author, appeared for the first time before a New York audience yesterday. His initial lecture was given at the Lyceum Theatre. Mr. Zangwill took "The Drama" as his subject. His lecture lasted for an hour and a half. The large audience, the majority of which was composed of ladies, gave the young and clever English author a very favorable reception.

WEDDING CLOSES OCEAN ROMANCE. Thomas Wilbur Cridler Married to a Beautiful Prussian by Dr. Morgan.

SLEUTH SEES OLD FRIEND IN TRAVIS. Recognizes Him as the Man Who Injured His Head "on a Job."

The cloak of privacy thrown over the marriage of Third Assistant Secretary of State Thomas Wilbur Cridler and Miss E. Muriel Tellechow, a young Prussian of distinguished family, celebrated in this city yesterday, was not sufficient to hide the pretty romance of the affair.

In the dark, just before daylight, a man, climbing like a gorilla, drew himself up to the top of a balcony in East Seventy-first street, and peering there, looked up and down the deserted street. He saw no one. Kneeling, he peered into the second story window. He placed his eye to the glass. He drew a chair from his pocket, inserted it with infinite patience between the window frame and sill, pressed down upon it with increasing force, and suddenly dropped the instrument as if it had turned to red-hot iron.

Mr. Cridler met his bride on the ocean. He had been to Paris to meet with the Paris Exposition Commissioners, for the purpose of aiding them in the completion of the work interrupted by the death of the late Major Moses P. Handy. Miss Tellechow was on her way to this country to visit relatives. Fate brought them both to the deck of the American liner St. Paul. An introduction was thus open to the gates of mutual and immediate affection.

That was four years ago. Yesterday morning, in the centre street police court, William E. Travis was on trial in his possession. He is a man of massive frame, the great muscles of his back and chest. His biceps were like those of the Amazon.

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SOCIETY WOMEN SAW KLONDIKE.

Mrs. Hitchcock and Miss Van Buren Return from the Land of Gold. WORKED IN THE MINES. They Staked Out Claims, Bought Others and Panned for the Yellow Dust.

Seattle, Oct. 11.—Mrs. Roswell D. Hitchcock of New York City, and Miss Edith M. Van Buren returned today on the steamship City of Tynekin, after a pleasure trip to the Klondike. Mrs. Hitchcock is a cousin of Rhode Island's famous Governor, Elisha Dyer, and the widow of one of America's naval heroes—Captain Roswell D. Hitchcock.

Miss Van Buren, whose home is at Englewood, N. J., is a great-grandniece of President Van Buren and a cousin of William Walter Phelps, late Minister to Australia. Her father was once United States Minister to Japan. Besides a distinguished ancestor, Miss Van Buren is one of the few American women accorded the marked honor of a presentation to England's Queen. The voyage along the Klondike was made without mishap of any kind save a fall, which Mrs. Hitchcock sustained in crossing White Pass, slightly injuring her back.

After the detectives had told of the burglary of Travis's arrest and of the finding of Mrs. Stamer's things in his possession, Lawyer Stephen O'Hara said: "This array of goods in Captain McCluskey's office are only trinkets, such as any innocent man may have in his home."

HEALING WITHOUT MEDICINE. Excitement Spreading Like Wildfire Over the Wonderful Cures by the Laying On of Hands at Scottish Rite Hall, Cor. 29th Street and Madison Avenue.

THE SICK ARE CURED FREE BY PROF. DAMON, THE GREAT HEALER.

DYSPEPSIA. "For six years I was a victim of dyspepsia in its worst form. I could eat nothing but milk and water, and at times my stomach would not retain and digest even that. Last March I began taking CASAREL'S and since then I have steadily improved, until I am as well as I ever was in my life."

GET FLESH. Get Strength, Vigor, Clear Complexion and Good Digestion, Not by Patent Medicines, but in Nature's Own Way.

Any honest physician will tell you that there is but one way to get increased flesh; all the patent medicines and cod liver oils to the contrary notwithstanding. Nature has but one way to increase flesh, strength and vigor, mind and body, and that is through the stomach, by wholesome food, well digested. There is no reason nor common sense in other method whatever.

Dr. Harlandson says the reason is because the stomach lacks certain digestive acids and peptones, and deficient secretion of gastric juice. Nature's remedy in such cases is to supply what the weak stomach lacks. There are several good preparations which will do this, but none so readily as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, which are designed especially for all stomach troubles, and which cure all digestive weakness on the common sense plan of furnishing the digestive principles which the stomach lacks.

Business Notices. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Will cure rapid consumption, bronchitis, grippe, asthma, and all other throat or lung ailments without fail. You can always rely on it. Price only 25 cents.

S. BAUMANN & CO., 46TH ST. AND 8TH AVE. OPEN SATURDAYS UNTIL 10 P. M.

MARY'S URGENT NEED. "I have a bad breath and a coated tongue," writes Mary O'Connor to the Editor of the Medical Advice Column of a New York daily paper. Mary also notices a bad taste in her mouth. What Mary requires is a Ripans Tabule. A single one will banish the bad taste in the mouth, half a dozen will take the coating off the tongue, and then the bad breath will be gone.

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