

STRANGE CASE OF AGGIE MYERS; STORY OF A WIFE'S AWFUL CRIME

Kansas City, Mo.—In Mrs. Aggie Myers to be the first woman hanged in Missouri, or will Gov. Folk commute her sentence of death to one of life imprisonment? These questions are being asked by many everyone in Missouri. Mrs. Myers was sentenced to be hanged June 29. The supreme court had refused her a new trial. But the governor granted her a respite until September 3.

Mrs. Myers was convicted of the murder of her husband, Clarence Myers. Her motive was that she might be free to marry Frank Hottman. Hottman held the husband while the faithful wife cut nine great gashes in his throat, face and chest with his own razor.

The supreme court in passing upon the case pronounced it the most atrocious murder ever committed within the state.

Frank Hottman was sentenced to be hanged the same day as Mrs. Myers, June 29. The governor's respite extended to him also, and if neither a respite nor a commutation is granted September 3 the guilty wife and her paramour will both be hanged on the same day and hour.

History of the Murder. The murder of Clarence Myers was the most cruel deed ever done in this city. He was a pleasant, an industrious, clean-living young man, and he married his wife. They lived in a cozy cottage and seemed to be happy.

One morning in May, two years ago, the neighbors were aroused at daylight by a woman's scream. They went out and saw Mrs. Myers lying in the doorway of her cottage home. Her head and shoulders were upon the porch outside the door. She wore her nightgown and was barefooted.

Mrs. Myers told that a little after midnight she was awakened by a noise and saw two negroes standing at the foot of the bed. One of them she said, caught her husband by the feet and dragged him out over the footboard. The other, she said, grasped her. She struggled with him awhile, then fainted, and did not regain consciousness until five hours afterward, when it was daylight.

to her first story about the negroes. She was not arrested, but was watched closely by the detectives. For a month the murder was a mystery. Mrs. Myers stuck to her first story. The police believed that there was a man somewhere, a lover of hers, who had helped in the murder, but there was not the slightest clue to show where he was.

Mat Gives the Clue. Then one day, as a detective was examining the man's bloody hat found in the closet, he saw inside the crown a label with a name upon it; but it was so smeared with dried blood it could not be read. He carefully washed the blood away, and there came out in bold relief the name of a merchant in Higginville, Mo. To a clever detective the rest was easy. With the hat and shirt he went to Higginville, called upon the merchant and showed him the hat and shirt.

"I suppose I sold that hat and the shirt, too. I have some here exactly like them," said the merchant, and he took down a box of shirts exactly like the one found in the Myers home. For nearly two hours the merchant walked up and down behind his counter, his chin in his hand, trying to think to whom he had sold that hat and shirt, the detective waiting for the result. At last the merchant exclaimed:

"Frank Hottman! I sold him that shirt and hat!" "And who is Frank Hottman?" asked the detective. "He was a young man here who went away just a month ago. I sold him those things the day before he left."

The detective found that Mrs. Myers had visited Hottman in Higginville shortly before the murder. The records of the post office showed that a registered letter had been received by Hottman in Higginville from Mrs. Myers in Kansas City two days before the murder.

How Hottman Was Found. The next thing to do was to find Frank Hottman. His parents said he had gone away to look for work shortly before the murder of Clarence Myers in Kansas City. The detective thought it likely that Hottman would write to his folks. The postmaster promised to hold any letter that might come to the Hottman family, and to notify the detective, who returned to Kansas City and waited.

Within a week a letter came from Walla Walla, Wash. The postmaster sent for the detective. Together they opened the letter. It was from Hottman, who was living there under an assumed name. Armed with requisition papers the detective went to Walla Walla and arrested Hottman. "How did you find out where I was?" was the first question Hottman asked the detective.

"We discovered you through Mrs. Myers," said the detective. "She has confessed all and is in jail in Kansas City. She says that you were in love with her and that you sneaked into the house with your face blackened like a negro and that you murdered her husband so she would be free to marry you."

"She puts it all on me, does she?" asked Hottman. "Yes, she will turn state's evidence and hang you and go free herself," answered the detective. "She's a liar, she did it herself!" Hottman exclaimed, and then he told the whole horrible story. The truth of every detail of it has been proven since by circumstances.

The confession of Hottman is a document in human ferocity scarcely equalled in criminal annals. He told of his early friendship for the slain man, the development of love between him and the wife and how together they planned the removal of the innocent barrier to that love. Had not Myers awakened, as Hottman crept upon him, armed with a billiard cue, the wife might have been but a tacit accessory to the murder. As it transpired she became the more guilty, for on seeing her husband struggling for assistance and mercifully attacked him first with a bed sheet, then with a pair of scissors, and finally and successfully with his own razor.

Her Remarkable Nerve. She then turned up the flame of the lamp. She gave Hottman one of her husband's clean shirts and a pair of cuffs from a drawer, and her husband's hat. He wore these away, and was wearing them when the detectives arrested him in Washington. He washed the blood from his hands. She gave him \$10 and he slipped out into the night, leaving her alone in the house with all its ghastliness.

That is the one almost incomprehensible thing about this whole horrible affair. It is difficult to believe that a frail woman of 20 would stay there alone from midnight until daylight. But she did. And she probably worked hard most of the time. She washed the blood from her arms and feet, burned her bloody nightdress and put on a fresh one, and was then ready to be discovered.

TINDER BOXES STILL IN FAVOR.

Old-Fashioned and Cumbersome, But Always Reliable.

A man was buying a camping outfit. The dealer, as he packed the camp stove, said: "And shall I add a tinder box as well?" "A tinder box?" exclaimed the camper. "Of course not. I am after camp things, not curios." "Campers, explorers and big game hunters, nevertheless, often include a tinder box among their luggage," said the dealer. "A tinder box is cumbersome, troublesome, old-fashioned—that can't be denied—but it is reliable. In a damp climate, in a flood, where matches may go back on you, a tinder box will never fail."

RUSSELL SAGE CASHED CHECK.

Just Like Finding Money," Said Wall Street Financier.

Russell Sage once cashed a check for four cents, and as he did so it is said that he remarked: "It was just like finding money, just like picking it up from the sidewalk." The check came in a letter. It was from a theatrical firm, calling his attention to their new play then running at the theater, and enclosing this check to pay for the time used in reading the letter. This was the note: "Assuming that your income is \$15,000 a year, and that you appreciate the fact that time is money, we are enclosing four cents in payment of two minutes of your time at that rate, to be employed in carefully reading a brief and honest statement of the novel, applause-winning features in our new musical farce."

Such letters were sent to many wealthy New Yorkers, but it is said that Mr. Sage was about the only one who cashed the check.

He Knew Father. The focusing of the spotlight upon ex-Senator William E. Chandler recalls an incident that took place in one of the committee rooms of the national capitol. There were present a number of men of note, among whom were the ex-senator and his son, the noted torpedo expert, Lieutenant Commander Lloyd Chandler. The conversation was general, and the brilliant sallies and caustic comment of the ex-senator were enjoyed by all. After a particularly bright and pertinent observation he arose and departed. In the quiet that followed his departure his son was heard to observe: "There goes an honest, earnest-seeker after trouble."

Plea for the Alligator.

It is a shame that that noble animal, the American alligator, is being exterminated, says the Springfield Republican. Of course, our old friend, "pocket greed," is responsible. The demand for alligator leather cannot be met entirely by the manufacturers of the bogus article and the result is that 250,000 real alligators hides now disappear annually in the great maw of commerce. The number of alligators in Louisiana is 30 per cent. less than 25 years ago. Unless the alligators form a union and regulate the output they are doomed.

"Sunbursty."

The late Michael Davitt coined a new word, "sunbursty." His speeches were always couched in terse and practical language, and he had an intense dislike and an unconcealed contempt for that grandiloquent species of Irish oratory which consisted of long sentences full of rolling and reverberating adjectives. This style of speaking he called "sunbursty." From an allegorical picture to be found in many Hibernian homes, showing Erin emerging into freedom and prosperity with the sun bursting from the clouds behind her.

Penalty for Thinking. In the town of Bethel, Vt. there lives a French-Canadian named Peter Burrell, who is quite a character and the source of considerable mirth to the townspeople. He had occasion the other day to chastise one of his small boys, and after giving him a thorough whipping noticed that the boy was sullen and ugly. Looking at him, he said: "Now, what yer tink? I know what yer tink—yer tinkt dams, and I lickt yer for dat, too."

Bicycle Frightened Lion.

Rhodesian lions are afraid of bicycles. A prospector from Australia was cycling in that country recently when he suddenly met a full-grown lion. "Whether he thought my bicycle was an infernal machine," he says, "or whether he recognized me as an Australian, and something to be avoided, I don't know, but after I had somewhat overpowered him I was greatly relieved to see him put his tail between his legs and streak for the horizon."

Not Over-Aged.

A mother with her seven children started away on a journey. After entering the car the largest child was laid out flat on the seat, and the remaining six then sat on him in a row. When the conductor came around to collect the fares the mother counted her money, handed it over, smiled, and suavely said: "Sir, the oldest is under six."—Memphis News

DOGS NOW HAVE APPENDICITIS

If He Limp or Has Faraway Look, Send for a Doctor.

Philadelphia.—The quicker your dog can develop a case of appendicitis the quicker will your neighbors be to acknowledge that he belongs to the fashionable canine set. If he has a faraway look in his eyes, or whines continually, or refuses to eat, or, most important of all, if he limps in his right hind leg, he has it, all right. The symptoms mentioned are those given by a prominent veterinarian, and if a dog has one of the habits it is said he may have only a slight attack of the disease, but if he has all four, then nothing but the removal of the offending organ will save his life.

Paratus, the mascot of the torpedo-boat Hopkins, which is now lying at League Island, is the first dog in this city to undergo the operation to have its appendix removed.

The operation on the dog was suggested by one of the surgeons at League Island, who gave the dog a thorough examination, at the request of the jacks, who believed their pet was dying. He suggested a surgeon who would take the case, and with all the care that would be shown to a human being Paratus was removed to the canine hospital. Here the dog was put through another examination by a man versed on the diseases of animals, who agreed with the naval surgeon that Paratus was a sufferer from appendicitis.

BIG ROSE FARM PLANNED.

South Will Supply Flowers and Plants to Cities of the North.

Lula, Miss.—A rose and shrub farm is Mississippi's newest industry and so far as known, the only one in the South. The farm was formerly the property of Gov. Alcorn, and was one of the finest cotton plantations in the Delta. It is about four miles from this city on the Yazoo Pass.

The property, which is in the northeast corner of Coahoma county, lying along the railroad from Helena, Ark., to Jonestown, Miss., is owned by a northern corporation. The soil along the Yazoo Pass, which is an outlet for Moon lake to Coldwater river, is a black, sandy loam, admirably adapted to growing roses and shrubs.

While only a small part of the old Alcorn place is now in cultivation, it is the purpose of the manager of the farm to plant at least 1,000 acres in roses and shrubs. Already there is a good demand for the products of this unique industry. The soft wood rooting process is used and the results are good.

Roses and plants are shipped to the North and West in large quantities, to Boston, New York, Chicago, St. Louis and other large cities, and last year the company could not handle all the orders received for rose plants, yard shrubs and hedge stock. It is said a larger growth of cuttings can be produced here than elsewhere, while the plants mature faster.

FARM HAND STRIKES IT RICH

Connecticut Man Now Making \$5,000 a Day in Alaska.

Derby, Conn.—From a farm hand six years ago to a gold mine owner now making \$5,000 a day is the change in the fortunes of Samuel Swanson, of Naugatuck. Swanson, a street of farming in 1900 and went to Alaska. For a year he worked for day wages in the gold sands of Nome beach. Then he prospected and mined until 1904, when he returned to Naugatuck penniless. He borrowed \$500 from his mother and brother, and early last year returned to Nome, staking out new claims. He was successful, and last November, with a partner, bought the Cyrus Noble claim, which he had abandoned four years before.

After clearing the place of ice and debris Swanson and his partner began drifting, and 16 feet from the starting point they struck pay dirt. For two months, Swanson writes, the mine has been producing \$10,000 a day. The mine has been double shafted and the working force increased. Swanson also has two other rich claims that are turning out gold in large quantities, and the plants will be consolidated.

Will Play Old Games.

Alloway, N. J.—Some day next week the citizens of this place propose to hold a picnic similar to those held in olden times. The entire county is to be invited, and a feature of the event will be the old-time games, like "drop the handkerchief," "Copenhagen" and other kissing games.

Prima Donna Wars on Tights.

Cleveland, O.—Miss Olga Orloff, prima donna of the comic opera company, has begun a crusade against tights. She says they are insanitary, and it is only a question of time until they will be obsolete. Miss Orloff ought to know. Her acquaintance with tights is intimate and of long standing.

TO GIRLDE THE GLOBE

TWO ILLINOIS BOYS BEGIN LONG TRIP ON BICYCLES.

Expect to Be Gone Three Years on Journey—Will Celebrate New Year in Africa—Speak Five Foreign Languages.

St. Louis.—When George E. Holt and Lester R. Crenz, of Motine, Ill., sailed for Liverpool the other day there was begun one of the most pretentious globe-girdling expeditions ever attempted. These two men propose to literally ride all over the face of earth on bicycles.

There is no object in this long journey, and it is expected that not less than three years will be necessary. The first stage of cycling will begin at Liverpool, from whence they expect to tour England and Scotland, crossing to Ireland, and proceeding southward to the coast, where they will sail for the continent. Belgium, Holland, Denmark and Sweden will be the first countries visited in the order named. From Stockholm they will ride toward St. Petersburg, and from there they will turn southward and pass through Germany, France and Spain. They expect to celebrate New Year's Day of 1907 somewhere in the northern part of Africa, and if revolutionary troubles do not interfere will visit Tripoli, Algeria and Morocco.

That the journey will be no child's play is evidenced by the itinerary from Morocco. From here they will ride over the shifting sands of the great Sahara desert to Timbuctoo. By this time another spring will have come, and the tourists will proceed northward to Sicily, thence up the Italian peninsula, and on up through Europe in a line parallel to that taken on its descent, making a turn eastward to take in Turkey and Greece; thence to Egypt, through the Holy Land and down to the Red sea, and cycling around the Indian peninsula, touching at Ceylon.

From there they intend to go to Malay, Turkey, Siam and Singapore. Sumatra and Borneo are the next stopping places. After studying conditions in the Philippine islands, Japan will be seen, from whence the homeward journey will be undertaken, making a stop at Hawaii, and finally landing at San Francisco.

Crenz and Holt will carry recommendations from the governors of Illinois, Pennsylvania, Louisiana, Oregon, Connecticut, Kansas and Florida, one of the most important of their credentials being from Hon. S. M. Culbertson, chairman of the senate committee on foreign relations, which is sure many favors being extended them by foreign consuls.

SHIP DRIFTED 3,000 MILES.

Derelict Deering Makes This Distance in 140 Days.

Norfolk, Va.—It is not surprising in nightmare circles that the derelict schooner John S. Deering should have drifted to a point 1,000 miles west of Queenstown, Ireland, where she has been reported by the White Star liner Celtic. The Deering was abandoned in a waterlogged condition off Cape Hatteras 140 days ago. Since then she has drifted 3,000 miles, and many a fine vessel has come within an ace of colliding with the obstruction at night, which would have meant disaster to the vessel striking the abandoned craft.

Ship men the world over have heard of the wreck of the Deering; how she fought a fine fight against the elements; how the crew held out against hope of being rescued and how finally they were taken off after suffering untold agonies. The Deering, lumber-laden, was then left to her fate.

Like many of her class, the wreck has drifted with wind and tide and has been buffeted at the will of Boreas and Neptune. Capt. Clarke, of the Celtic, reports that the derelict was low in the water with only the stumps of the fore and mainmast standing. The wreck is directly in the track of navigation. With lumber in her the Deering will drift for an indefinite period, unless destroyed.

Asylum for Old Horses.

Los Angeles, Cal.—It has remained for the women of this city to raise money to provide a porchouse for aged and disfigured horses. The women have organized themselves under the name of the ladies' auxiliary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. A large amount of money has been raised, and more will be secured through a series of bazaars. Thus the society will contribute toward the "Old Horses Home," which will be erected near the city. Animals that are so aged and decrepit that they should not be compelled to work will be purchased or secured in other ways and placed in the "home."

His Education Stayed by Him.

In his bathing suit he resembled a young Greek god or an Ohio Cushing drawing. "Is it true, Mr. Mussel?" asked the sunburned girl at his side. "Is it true that a 'varnity man soon forgets all he learned at college'?" "True? Not of course it ain't. Why, I can kick a goal or hold down first in-day as good as I ever could at Harvard."

No Abbreviated Bliss.

He—How do you like to see it—kist or kissed? She—I like the latter best. You can't make it too extended for me.—Yonkers Statesman.

SPEND MILLIONS FOR DISPLAY.

Immense Sum Expended in America for Precious Stones.

While the importations of precious stones and pearls have been increasing by leaps and bounds in the last two years, as indicated by the reports given out at the port of New York from time to time, there will be some surprise at the announcement that the total value of these importations in the past fiscal year, ended June 30, has been far ahead of all preceding records—approximately—\$49,817,500. The June importations at this port exceed in value those of the corresponding month of last year by a margin of nearly \$400,000.

The nearest approach to the splendid total of the fiscal year now closed was made by the figures for the calendar year ended December 31 last, the aggregate for that period being \$37,146,337. It will be seen, therefore, that the fiscal year exceeds the calendar year by over \$3,000,000.

Comparisons with preceding fiscal years will indicate the extent of the increase in the consumption of precious stones by the American dealers. The largest total since the records of the port have been kept until the present year was made by the preceding 12 months, when the figures were \$33,223,164. The year, ended June 30, 1903, was considered marvelous in its day, the value of the imports being \$27,318,642. There was a decline in the year ended June 30, 1904, and then began the upward movement, which has since continued.—Jeweler's Circular-Weekly.

AS THE DOCTOR HAD ORDERED.

Patient Felt Bound to Take Alcoholics Stimulant Directed.

Capt. George H. Knox, the richest officer in the United States army, is an advocate of temperance. At Fort McIntosh, in a talk with some private, he said recently: "Of course, if men want to drink, they can always find some excuse for drinking."

I once knew a New York man who drank coffee too much. His doctor, in order to moderate his tipping a little, ordered him to take more light beer and less strong wine—to every quart of beer not more than a pint of wine at the outside.

The patient said to me one evening a week afterward, as he rang for a bottle of champagne: "What a bore! I've drunk eight glasses of beer to-day, and now I've got to get away with four glasses of wine! Doctor's orders!"

Origin of Word "Dope."

New York.—The origin of the word "dope" is a subject which has given prominence to the term "dope fiend." What is the origin of "dope"? "Dope" is an English dialect word for a simulant, but probably the "dope" in this case is another one altogether, derived from the "doping" of horses, and implying that the man was the victim of a drug habit. In this country "dope" has long signified any thick liquid of semi-liquid, used as food or as a lubricant. The Scientific American says that it once meant a preparation of pitch, tallow and other ingredients, which, being applied to the bottom of the shoes, enables the wearer to glide lightly over the snow softened by the rays of the sun. It is believed to come from the Dutch "doope," dripping, or paste, which is from the verb meaning to dip.

Bathing Dresses Reminded Him.

"Some of these bathing dresses," said Marshall P. Wilder, "make me think of Princess Clementine, the mother of the prince of Bulgaria. The princess said one day to her sailor brother, Duc de Joinville: 'Bring me, on your next trip to the south seas, the complete costume of a king's wife.' 'I will gladly,' the duke answered. 'He returned from the south seas a year later and handed his sister a string of glass beads. 'These are very pretty,' said the princess, 'but you promised me a complete costume.' 'This is a complete costume,' said the duke. 'I've never seen them wear any other.'"

Thumb Prints for Bank Checks.

A new use for the distinguishing thumbmark has been devised by a merchant of Plainfield, N. J. By it he protects his bank checks from the operation of the check-raiser. When this man writes a check, he lightly prints his thumb end over the bank teller, and, as no two thumbprints are alike, a simple and effective protection is afforded.

The merchant keeps on his desk a small steel plate containing a light coating of ink, and dips his thumb in this as an occasion requires.

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