

FOR WIFE'S HONOR HE WENT TO JAIL.

Young College Man, Surprised by Husband, Pleads Guilty and Got a Three Year Term.

SERVANT BLACKMAILS WOMAN. AND, AFTER HUSBAND'S DEATH, HAVING PAID \$86,000, WOMAN TELLS STORY TO FISCHER HANSEN.

New York, Aug. 29.—Stranger than fiction is Lawyer Carl Fischer-Hansen's story of a wealthy young collegeman who went to Sing Sing as a convicted burglar rather than disgrace the beautiful young woman in whose home he was caught one night by her unexpected husband. To save the woman's honor he has worked nearly two years in a convict's stripes while his people among the wealthiest and most prominent in the west, have searched over the whole globe for some trace of their boy who disappeared so mysteriously.

In a few days the courts will be called upon to grant a new trial on the ground that the young man was not a burglar, as he pleaded at the time of his conviction, but was innocent of any wrong doing more serious than an indiscreet flirtation with an old man's young wife. In case Lawyer Fischer-Hansen decides that the courts will be too slow in giving the young convict his release he will apply to Governor Higgins for a pardon.

It is a strange tale that Mr. Fischer-Hansen, the wealthy young lawyer-philanthropist, will have to tell the courts. It will be more like a chapter from a dime novel than like anything that ever occurred in real life.

Mr. Fischer-Hansen says he will not give out the names of the persons involved until he files his appeal for a new trial, or his application for a pardon. He has had the case for several days. He says that this week a woman of great wealth and high social position came to New York from her summer home at Narragansett and told him the romantic story, and engaged him to fight for her young friend's release.

The woman has determined to endure all the shame and disgrace that she feels must inevitably be her lot. Because she dreaded the shame, she let the young man she loved go to jail, saw him, tried as a common malefactor, heard him sentenced to three years at hard labor, and then kept silence for nearly two years while he lived a convict's life.

Now her husband is dead and she is no longer afraid to face the world and its reproaches. Her whole heart is in her determination to see the young man free.

Mr. Fischer-Hansen says that he will soon bring action to prosecute a certain lawyer of New York City, who he says has been associated with one of the woman's servants in blackmailing her out of \$86,000. This money was the price of the servant's silence. He knew the relations that existed between the married woman and the young college man. He knew the man was not a burglar. The woman told Mr. Fischer-Hansen that this servant had made her life a hell ever since the young man's conviction. With threats to tell her husband the truth he had extorted large sums from her and had held the menace above her head like a constant nightmare.

Mr. Fischer-Hansen was disposed at first to regard the woman's story with skepticism. He did not know her personally, but he knew her family as one of the oldest of the ultra-fashionable families of New York. He saw that she was hysterical when she told him her story, and he made the allowance for her excitement and overwrought condition.

Since that day he has made an investigation. He said today that her story was absolutely correct in its essential details.

"I have found that there was a man arrested at that time, just as she states," said Mr. Fischer-Hansen. "I have found that he pleaded guilty to attempted burglary, and that he was sentenced to three years. He was arraigned in the Court of Special Sessions. He is now in one of the state prisons—I will not say whether it is Sing Sing or some other prison. The case did not attract any attention at the time, as there was no lengthy trial. The

young man was simply arraigned and his plea of guilty was taken."

The young man was convicted under a fictitious name. While he was lying in prison his parents were making a worldwide search for him. Up to this day they have never learned that their son is a convict because he chose to save a woman's honor.

The story as told to Mr. Fischer-Hansen, is that the young man came to New York from the West to visit several of his old classmates. He had graduated from one of the big colleges of the East. At a dance he met a beautiful matron, then about twenty-five years old. She was married to a man of prominent name and great wealth, living in New York City, but operating factories in New Jersey. The woman and the young man were attracted to each other. He called to see her. Then there followed other meetings at her home when her husband was absent. The husband was of a violently jealous nature. He had never seen the college man, but had heard rumors and had talked to his wife about the young man.

One day he went to his factories and said he would not be home that night. He changed his mind and returned about 11 o'clock. When he reached his home his wife and the young man were together. Mr. Fischer-Hansen had been told that it was a strictly platonic affair, but the wife knew she could never make her husband believe it. When they heard his footsteps on the stairway they felt they were lost.

The young man decided in a moment. He would hide behind a curtain, and if discovered would impersonate a burglar. There was no time to disclose his plan. He hid, but was seen by the husband. There was a struggle and the athletic young man permitted himself to be overpowered. Then, while the husband pinned him to the floor, the wife was compelled to go to the telephone and call for the police.

"I'm new at this business," the young man said when the police came and handcuffed him. "This is my first try at big game and I made a botch of it."

The terrified wife would have protested against his arrest, but he talked away as a captive burglar might talk and he showed not the slightest sign of recognition as he looked in her face. The wife was so afraid of her husband's wrath and of the disgrace that would surely come out of a disclosure of truth she kept silent until this week.

After her husband died she thought of telling the truth and freeing the young man, but it took her a long time to make up her mind. She knew of Mr. Fischer-Hansen, who so she went to see him. She burst into hysterical weeping as she entered his office. She told him her story between sobs. When she was done she fainted.

"I told her to go home and write me out a full statement," said Mr. Fischer-Hansen. "She promised to be here Monday morning with the written statement. I shall compare it with the records in the case and then visit the young man in prison. I have not yet decided whether to ask for a new trial, or to ask for a pardon. I shall take some action next week and, of course, the names of all parties will have to be made public when the papers are filed. My client dreads the publicity more than anything else, but she is willing to stand it in order to secure freedom for the young man. She told me he was deeply in love with her. The young man was not in a New York college. He was from Yale, Harvard, or Princeton—I don't say which."

Mr. Fischer-Hansen believes the boy was deeply in love with the woman who was a little older than himself, and that he was at that sentimental age when a sacrifice such as he made appealed to him as the most noble act he could do.

things she could not buy, the chances are that she would have broken down when arrested, cried, confided her sorrows to the detectives and begged them to let her go, as the police say most such women do.

She was booked as "Mary Smith." After being placed in a cell at the Tombs the woman broke down and cried until she fell asleep. She will be arraigned in court this morning.

A SLICK ONE WORKS IN CALAIS

Look Out For the Brother (?) of an English Earl Who Left Town Owing.

Calais, Aug. 28.—A slick confidence man has entered into the best society of our peaceful community and suddenly left them minus large sums of their good money. His mode of operations was as follows: A two or three days' stay at one of our leading hotels, hired stable teams with which he selected and probably laid plans to fleece his victims. Next he hired out on Mr. Gardner's farm, which is situated near the summer cottages.

Of course it was an unusual sight to some of our city people to see such a nice looking young man pitching hay and doing other work around a farm, and some of them got bold enough to speak to him and as making acquaintances was right in his line, also his nice plausible story about himself being a brother of an English earl and how he was robbed of his allowance while travelling.

Of course after this the cottagers thought that farm work was, unbecoming to the brother (?) of an earl and the slick individual was taken around, introduced and feasted in a royal manner and after getting fully established in the good graces of the ladies, he laid his plans to get the good money of their husbands; and while waiting for his long-expected allowance he borrowed small sums from the men folks and in the meantime getting them interested in a proposed furniture polish company which he was going to start, and oh! he was certainly a smooth talker and aided by a liberal distribution of stationery and printed cards which he "did" one of our local printing offices out of, and which read as follows:

The Glittering Furniture Polish Co., Calais, Maine.

Presented by John Manners Temple, General Manager.

He being such a favorite with the gentler sex the men folks did not hesitate to cash the slick one's check for \$48, \$50 and other larger sums and as all the checks were cashed in one afternoon, the furniture polish man and alleged brother of an English earl took French leave before his checks were found to be valueless.

CANADIANS IN RUSSIAN PRISON

They Were Sealers on a Japanese Ship Captured by the Gromobi.

London, Aug. 29.—Capt. Anderson who commanded the Sadu Maru Japanese vessel, captured by Russians last year, stated that in prison at Medwed are two Canadians, R. Finlay of Victoria, B. C., and C. Grant of Pictou, Nova Scotia, seal hunters, who were aboard a Japanese sailing schooner captured by the Gromobi, 250 miles east of Vladivostok. The Russians took the vessel in tow for some hours, but receiving a wireless message that the Japanese squadron was approaching, they blew up the vessel. The men were sealers, and had nothing whatever to do with the war. Nothing is known in this country of the continued imprisonment of the Canadians; their case not having been reported to the foreign office, nor to Lord Strathcona. Medwed is an extensive military station not far from St. Petersburg.

IS YOUR CATARRH ANY BETTER

Probably getting worse all the time. Why not give up that snuff and stop dosing your stomach? The one sure treatment is "Catarrhazone," sure to cure because it goes where the disease really is. Certain to cure in your case because it has restored tens of thousands worse than you are. Catarrhazone is a thorough cure because it destroys the causes as well as the effects of the disease. Relief is prompt, cure is quick with this powerful remedy which is guaranteed to cure Catarrh in any part of the nose, throat, bronchial tubes or lungs.

TATTERSALL ROMANCE.

Where Fine Horses Are Sold—Once a Betting Resort.

Tattersall's, New York, where a big sale is held every Monday, and which during the season is a fashionable rendezvous for all who are interested in horsemanship, is the greatest and most famous horse mart in the world, and in some respects is also regarded as the headquarters of racing. Any kind of horse, from the most celebrated racers like Ormonde and Flying Fox down to the humblest cab horse, may from time to time be bought at Tattersall's, and the auctioneer has a hammer which is said to have knocked down over £1,000,000 worth of horses. There was much that was romantic about the beginning of Tattersall's nearly a century and a half ago. In 1766 a certain Richard Tattersall, a Yorkshire wool comb, who had lost his fortune during the Jacobite rebellion, obtained a 99 years lease from Lord Grosvenor, one of the ancestors of the present Duke of Westminster, of a plot of land near to St. George's Hospital, where he built an establishment for the sale of horses and hounds.

Tattersall had many influential connections and was on friendly terms with the Prince Regent, Lord Bolingbroke and others whose patronage

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and good word greatly helped to make his business a huge success from the beginning. Such was the friendship between him and the Prince that the bust of George IV on the top of the fountain in the present sale yard was placed in the original yard at the Prince's own request.

The Prince constantly sat at Tattersall's table, and such was the horse vendor's deference on these occasions, that, notwithstanding the Prince's protests, he always refused to sit down at the table until the arrival of the port. However, it is said that when driving back to Newmarket after one of these functions, when the post boys had had too much to drink, the Prince and a friend would ride postilion with Tattersall and a guest inside.

In due course a huge slice of luck came the way of Tattersall. Lord Bolingbroke fell heavily into his debt, and by way of settlement pass-

ed on to Tattersall his famous racer Highflyer, which became the father of three Derby winners, and whose progeny in eighteen years won races to the value of no less than £170,000. Tattersall built himself a palatial country residence near Ely and called it Highflyer Hall after this wonderful horse.

The city of Tokio is one hundred years older than St. Petersburg.

Exclusive of the polar regions there remains unexplored, it is estimated, about one-fiftieth of the land surface of the globe. Fifteen years ago the unknown portions were about one-eighth of the world's total.

In fixing the course of study for two of his sons Emperor William of Germany has prescribed a study of railway progress and problems in the United States.

G. T. WHELPLEY.

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The only safe effectual monthly medicine on which women can depend. Sold in two degrees of strength—No. 1, for ordinary cases, 61 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger for Special Cases, 83 per box. Sold by all druggists. Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound; take no substitute.

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The Evidence

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MYSTERY IN ARREST.

Woman Young, Handsome, Refined Looking Accused of Shoplifting.

Boston, Aug. 30.—A great deal of mystery is attached to the arrest yesterday in the shopping district of a refined looking young woman dressed in the height of fashion, charged with shoplifting in department stores. Inspector Knox made the arrest, but neither he nor any of the police could learn anything about the woman. They are convinced she is not a professional shoplifter, but of some well-to-do family, and yielded to a momentary attack of kleptomania.

The woman was first seen about the department stores yesterday afternoon, but excited no suspicion, as her appearance was anything but that of a thief. She is a handsome woman, about thirty years of age, with dark complexion and a refined, rather haughty, countenance. Her gown was of fine silk, and she wore several apparently costly rings on her fingers. Her hands were delicate and well-cared for.

She went from one counter to another examining goods, but not buy-

ing anything. A woman store detective thought she noticed a silk handkerchief being slid into the woman's bag while a clerk's back was turned. The detective notified Inspector Knox and they kept watch of the woman as she passed to different counters, following her from one store to another. During that time they saw her, the police state, secrete collars, handkerchiefs, laces and other goods in her bag and the pockets of her dress.

Finally Inspector Knox tapped her on the shoulder: "Come this way please," he said quietly. The woman flushed, and then trembled violently, for she realized she had been observed. She followed the inspector to a room in the store. There a woman detective searched her, and found the police state, more than twelve dollars worth of goods.

Then they asked her name and address, but the woman, keeping back the tears, replied firmly: "I won't tell." No amount of questioning could induce her to give the slightest information about herself. Her manner of refusing was polite, but firm. Had she been an old hand at shoplifting, or a woman accustomed to having dealings with the police, she would probably have given a fictitious name, and, on the other hand, has she been a member of some ordinarily respectable family, who had yielded to a temptation to take