

INSURANCE SWINDLE

A SCHEME SIMILAR TO THE MEYER CASE UNEARTHED.

All Persons Connected With Collection of the Insurance on the Life of H. F. Pittell, Under Arrest—Conflicting Theories as to Whether Pittell Was Murdered or Only Expatriated.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 30.—The grand jury has found a true bill against Mudgett, alias H. F. Pittell, now a prisoner in Boston; Jephtha B. Howe, the St. Louis lawyer, who collected the insurance money on B. F. Pittell's policy for the latter's widow and the widow herself. The indictment reads "for conspiracy to cheat and defraud."

Coroner Ashbridge and President Fournier of the Fidelity Mutual company gave the necessary evidence for the finding of the indictment.

Alexander McKnight, vice president of the Fidelity Mutual company, made the following statement:

"While the suspicion has grown until we are nearly positive that Benjamin F. Pittell was murdered, the only charge made before the grand jury was a conspiracy to defraud."

"I am positive that the body found on Sept. 4 at 1316 Callowhill street, on which an inquest was held the next day, as that of B. F. Pittell is none other than that of B. F. Pittell," said Coroner Ashbridge. "I am not at liberty at present to disclose my reasons for this assertion, but if I were and pointed them out you would be convinced, notwithstanding the stories as to the wrecked man's expatriation in South America or elsewhere, that he met his fate right here in Philadelphia."

The detectives have practically abandoned the murder theory and now think they are on the track of Pittell in the person of a man calling himself B. F. Lynian whose whereabouts they refuse to divulge.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 21.—Archonspolator H. H. Holmes, accompanied by Mrs. Pittell and a pretty woman who calls herself Mrs. Holmes, arrived in this city in the custody of Detective Crawford and Special Agent Perry of the Fidelity Mutual Life Association. Mrs. Pittell's 16-year-old daughter, Mada, and her 1-year-old boy were also with the party.

Holmes sat beside the detective with handcuffs on and the train had scarcely emerged from the Boston depot before the prisoner tried to bribe his captor.

He offered the detective \$500 if he would allow him to hypnotize him so that he could escape. He said he had frequently hypnotized persons, having acquired the art from a college professor in the West. He said he could get the money at once from his wife and Mrs. Pittell.

When he saw that his words had no effect, Holmes entered into general conversation and then told the story of his life. He said he was raised in Burlington, Vt., and so well educated in school there, that at 16 years he was teaching. For some time afterwards he went to college there and later in Detroit, Mich. He formed the acquaintance of a medical student, who, he said, furnished the body in New York in the present case. He refused to divulge his name. During vacations they worked on farms to raise their college expenses, but one summer they found themselves without money, and it was then that the medical man suggested the idea of getting a body and beating an insurance company. The doctor got his life insured for \$12,500; they obtained a body in Chicago, took it east, arranged the details of identification and successfully got the money, with which they continued their studies. He refused to name the company, thus swindled.

They worked the scheme afterward with success. Holmes continued—obtaining sums ranging from \$10,000 to \$20,000. Once Holmes got his own life insured for \$50,000, he got a body in Rhode Island. At this time he got a boarder. He secured a corpse in Chicago, changed the head and took the body to a lonely spot not far from the hotel. Then he shaved off his beard, returned to the hotel, asked for Holmes, and engaged a room to wait for him. He had brought the head with him and buried it beyond recognition in the fireplace of the hotel.

The scheme, however, fell through, the mother of his wife, when she discovered it, threatening to tell the police, and Holmes fled to the West.

Resuming his story, Holmes said that while living in Chicago about 18 months ago, he fell in love with a typewriter girl and furnished a house on the outskirts where they lived together. A younger sister came to visit them and the woman grew so jealous of her that in a quarrel one day she struck her over the head with a stool and killed her.

To save the woman with whom he was living, Holmes said he put the body in a trunk, loaded it with stones, and sunk it in the lake.

This girl had property in Texas and he and Pittell took it off her hands and sent her abroad. It was worth, he said, \$40,000, and after getting it in their hands they went through Texas, buying carloads of horses on notes on this property, but as they never had legal title to the property, the notes were worthless, and it is for this affair that they are wanted in Fort Worth, Tex.

To save this property, Holmes said, he and Pittell formed the scheme of swindling the Fidelity company. He told the detective that for the crimes he has committed he deserves to be hanged a dozen times.

Holmes is not looking for money, as he himself said that at the present time he is supporting nearly two dozen persons, including the girl murderer, her mother and an imbecile brother, two nephews in Chicago, who live in all of his properties, three separate alleged wives and their children and his own mother and father in Kankakee. He would not give the names of the women.

He firmly maintains that Pittell is alive in San Salvador and that he will hear from him through the personal column of a certain New York newspaper.

A telegram was received by President Fournier of the Fidelity company to the effect that Howe, the St. Louis lawyer, was en route to this city with McDonald in the capacity of his "advisor."

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—Mrs. Croly (Jenny Jones) was elected president of the state association of women.

BRAZIL'S NEW PRESIDENT.

Peixoto Surrenders the Chair to Prudente de Moraes.

RIO JANEIRO, Nov. 15.—Prudente de Moraes was today inaugurated president of the Brazilian republic, succeeding General Peixoto, who today retires to private life.

The inaugural ceremonies passed off quietly and without disorder. The city has been thronged for several days with people in anticipation of the event. Although Peixoto has retired from the presidency it is said his power in public affairs will remain undiminished, he having placed his followers in all departments of the government before Moraes' accession.

Moraes is a man of conciliatory disposition and is not disposed to continue the existing troubles between the republic and the late rebel leaders, De Gama and Mello.

The latter, it is believed, have been keeping the lower provinces in a ferment with a view to obtaining better terms from Peixoto's successor.

It will be within the power of Moraes to grant amnesty not only to Da Gama and Mello, but also to their followers.

MRS. PEYTON'S WILL.

Leaves an Immense Fortune and Disregards Her Husband.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—The will of Josephine L. Peyton, who leaves \$1,000,000 and disregards her husband, has been filed with the probate clerk.

Her will was executed on Feb. 2, 1888, and the codicil March 1890, Aug. 31, 1896, and Sept. 19, 1897. She leaves \$100,000 to different institutions in small amounts.

The clause cutting off her husband reads: "Inasmuch as my husband, William A. K. Peyton, has not acted in a manner befitting a husband, I hereby revoke and declare null and void all the provisions made in my will and the codicils thereto in favor of him and his appointment as executor and trustee of my estate and guardian of my daughter, Mabel R. Sherman."

Lawyer Edward P. Schell was substituted for Mr. Peyton.

FAMOUS EDUCATOR DEAD.

Dr. McCosh, Ex-President of Princeton University, Deceases This Life.

PRINCETON, N. J., Nov. 17.—Dr. James McCosh, the venerable ex-president of Princeton university and a leading educator of the age, died here at 10 o'clock last night.

He had been conscious nearly all day and died in that condition. His son, Dr. Andrew J. McCosh, his daughters, Mrs. David Magie and Mrs. Alexander Maitland, and his wife, Mrs. Isabella McCosh, were at his deathbed.

He has suffered no physical pain, and aside from weakness brought on by old age has been in perfect health. His physicians attribute his death to heart failure induced by old age.

Concerning the Missing Kerngood.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—Nothing has been heard of Jacob S. Kerngood of this city since his sudden disappearance from a Michigan Central train a week ago Saturday. Everything has been done to locate the man, but all efforts have been in vain. The relatives of the missing man, while they have not given up all hope of seeing him again, fear that he is murdered. Mr. Kerngood is a commercial traveling salesman and for a number of years was in the employ of Harmons, T. Price & Co., wholesale clothiers. Broker Eugene S. Sonnenborn, a brother-in-law of Kerngood, in an interview said that he thought Kerngood had been drugged at the depot and lured away, otherwise there should have been discovered a trace of the man. But not a clue remains.

Senator Hill's Election Expenses.

ALBANY, Nov. 18.—Candidates for office at the last election have filed statements of expenses with the secretary of state as follows: Senator David B. Hill, Democratic candidate for governor, paid to the state committee \$2,500 for transportation, \$100 expenses for himself and secretary on trips through the state \$325, extra typewriting machines \$12.50, postage and telegrams \$35; total, \$3,962.50. Everett P. Wheeler, Democratic Reform candidate for governor, filed a statement to the effect that he had expended no money for election purposes.

All Gambling Must Cease.

THOY, Nov. 19.—The district attorney has issued an order ordering all gambling to cease. As a result there is consternation in the ranks of the fraternity. It has also been a damper on the Albany fraternity which, since the crusade in the capital city, have flocked in numbers to this city and in Greenbush, just south of the city. The grand jury now in session has found six indictments against gambling houses. Three arrests have been made and the indicted were released on bail.

Tragedy in Elmira.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Nov. 17.—Martin V. Strat, a well-known flour and feed dealer, fatally shot his wife, put one bullet in the body of Mrs. William Whitford, which may cause her death, and then turning the revolver on himself tried three times to put a bullet through his own heart, failing to strike that organ, but inflicting a wound which will undoubtedly cause his death. The shooting was the result of domestic difficulties.

Boy's Fatal Caraccident.

SING SING, N. Y., Nov. 15.—Carelessness in the handling of a firearm caused an explosion in the gun store of Captain Abraham Jones, which resulted in the death of a boy, the serious injury of a number of others and the destruction of the Ayler building on Main street.

What the Case's Illness Cost.

LONDON, Nov. 15.—A dispatch from Vienna to The Times says that the papers there state that including the \$90,000 royalties derived among the doctor Cesar Alexander's illness and journey to Laredo cost 10,000,000 roubles.

An Inconceivable Murder.

LANCASTER, Pa., Nov. 19.—John Plank, a farmer near here, went up on his barn to hang a big plank from the roof. A nail in the plank caught in his clothing and pulled him down with it, and he is dying of his injuries.

Breakthrough to Lecture.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Nov. 19.—It leaked out that Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge will go on the lecture platform. No details can be learned other than that he will be under the management of C. D. Hess.

Texas Cotton Planters Meet.

WACO, TEXAS, Nov. 11.—The Texas cotton planters met here today.

RAT CATCHER BILL.

AN ODD NEW YORK CHARACTER TALKS OF HIS PROFESSION.

The Business Man Came to the Dogs, Notably Speaking—In the Good Old Days Before the F. C. A.—The Professor Tells Something of His Methods.

There are but six professional rat catchers in New York city, and only two of these have regular places of business. The profession has gone to the dogs. This statement, while used as a metaphor, is also a paradox. As a matter of fact, the business has not gone to the dogs, but simply declined because the state laws against rat baiting are very severe and are rigidly enforced by the officers of the F. C. A.

In the "good old days" there was a "rat catcher" in the city. He was armed with his lantern and tongs and accompanied by a humble apprentice to "hold the bag," would saunter forth and make an arrangement with some restaurant or stable proprietor to relieve the premises of a portion of its population of rodents at so much per rat, generally "10 cents per." An hour later these same rats would figure in some Center street or Bowery pit as objects of the prowess of some fancy black and tan or rough haired terrier, the admiring owner of it cheerfully paying 25 cents each, or five for \$1, for them.

William A. Heitler, who claims to be "the original Bill the Rat Catcher," a title gained in 18 years' service with Harry Jennings, whose memory is kept green among "the family," said, in discussing the decadence of his profession:

"The business isn't what it used to be. Then we made our own terms and made money at both ends. Then we dealt with the people direct. Now we have got to deal with the agents. If a flat is overrun with rats, the tenant threatens to move. Then the agent writes on a postal card, 'Bill, rid this flat of rats.' That is mostly daylight work. I go up to the flat and set my traps and keep a-setting them until there isn't anything to catch."

"Don't you use ferrets?" "Yes, I use ferrets in my business, but not in flat houses. Don't you know that a rat killed by a ferret is just the same as a poisoned rat under the floor or in the wall? I sell ferrets, but what good are they? Now, when we clean out a flat, why, then, we sell the lady some stuff to keep them out. It does the work all right, only it drives them into some other flat."

"The real art in this here profession is night work. It ain't really what you would call artistic, but it is more like sleight of hand. In the daytime you go to the place and go all over the rats and nail pieces of tin over most of the holes. A house is to the rats just like a town is to people. There are avenues and alleys."

"Now, just imagine that some night a lot of policemen would start from the North river and the East river, simultaneously, and chase everybody into Broadway, and then set 'em all going to the Battery. Well, that's the way we do with rats. We plug up all the ends of the side streets, you might say, and get them on to a Broadway."

"We do this by turning several ferrets loose to stir them up. The cellar is where I want them. There I am with my little hallways lantern and my long tongue. The rat starts across the floor. I hear him and flash the lantern. The minute the round light spots him he comes for a dead end. He seems paralyzed, and he won't move under five seconds. Then is my chance."

"If I want to save him to try a dog with, I reach forward, and with my tongue grab him by the tail. If I don't want a live rat and there ain't much call for them now—I break his back with the tongue."

"The biggest night's work I ever done was killing 980 rats at Willard's hotel in Washington. When I got through that job, I felt like proposing to the government to rid the wharves and docks of the country of rats. Now, that is all there is to rat catching. The work isn't dangerous, except when you tackle the rats on a ship. When the Spanish training ship was here, I took 156 rats off her. They were not like the house rats we have here. They were slim and gray, with tails twice as long as their bodies. They were as active as monkeys."

"To give you an idea, I have a little dog that has killed 50 rats in 18 minutes. I put 30 of these ship rats into a pit with him, and at the end of 50 minutes he had only killed seven. They did not fight him, but they simply kept out of his way, jumping over him when he would rush."

"But, as I was a-saying, the time was when a rat catcher had money to burn. It was a dull night that he didn't clear his \$25 or \$35. Now he can't make that in a week in the busy season, including what he gets for trimming dogs' ears, selling ferrets and things like that. When you have to deal with real estate agents, you ain't going to get none the best of it."

"Did you ever try the scheme of baiting a rat? They say that will scare all the other rats away?"

"I only know this: If you put a bait on a rat, he will be found dead in the walls inside of two days. It is my belief that the other rats kill him; but say, if you ever want to stir up a rat, catch one old fellow, smear him with phosphorus paste and send him on his travels."

"In the winter I sell a great many live rats to the medical colleges. They use them in experiments. There is a big tannery over in Newark that gives 8 cents apiece for rat hides. The skins must be perfect, however."

"The best tear makes it no good, and it is hard to tear while skinning them, so many are rejected. They tan the skin soft, like kid, and tan it with the hair on. The skins are not used to make kid gloves. They sold the best ones for 10 cents apiece."

HOW BULLETS ARE CAUGHT.

Use of the Most Mysterious Conjuring Tricks Nearly Explained.

Speaking of the bullet catching trick in particular, Professor F. D. Howe, who is also a dealer in the art mystic, said:

"There are literally but few tricks in magic. The so called new ones presented to the public from time to time by our leading magicians, conjurers or whatever they call themselves, are simply the revival of some old experiments clothed in new form. The catching of bullets is not by any means a new trick, for it is almost as old as magic itself. I remember seeing the old 'Fakir of Ava' perform the same trick, only in a different manner, when I was a small boy. The catching of the bullet is easily explained. In the first place, to accomplish it the conjurer must procure an old style caplock, smooth bore musket, some powder, caps and a leaden bullet. All these must be perfectly free from any deception. Now we come to the rained. Therein lies the whole mystery of the trick. It is constructed with a small metallic tube closed at one end and so arranged as to become detached from the end of the ramrod at will."

"Having explained the construction of all the appliances, we will now proceed to do the trick. The gun, bullet, powder and caps are freely given for examination. The performer requests some one to put the charge of powder into the gun. Next he inserts a small piece of paper and rams it down, and by a twist of the ramrod to the left the small metallic tube is dislodged from the point and remains within the gun barrel. Now the bullet is marked and placed in the gun by one of the audience, again the professor rams it down. Now, by a contrary twist, the metallic tube becomes fast to the ramrod so that in withdrawing it the bullet is removed."

"The performer now palms the marked bullet and all that remains to do is to go through the motions of catching it when the gun is discharged, and the spectators are thoroughly mystified. You see, it is all very simple when you know how."—Boston Post.

Jumping Pills.

A Germantown bachelor of convivial habits, missing his last train, spent the night with a friend in town and met with a harrowing experience. When they awoke in the morning, the Germantown man, to use his own expression, felt like a salesman who had swallowed his samples. He was still a trifle under the influence of the rosy, and his nerves were not in the best possible condition. On the drawing case was an open pill box containing two pills. He was about to take his first pill when he gave a little squirm and turned completely over. The Germantown man rubbed his eyes and stared in amazement. Then the other pill slowly began rolling about the box, and his eyes threatened to bulge out of their sockets. The two pills next began hopping up and down, as though trying to escape from the box. Thoroughly frightened, the Germantown man gave a yell, and jumping into bed pulled the clothes over his head.

"Take 'em away!" he groaned.

"Take 'em away!" asked his very much surprised friend.

"Those pills in that box. Have I got 'em, or are they really jumping about?"

"Pill!" was the laughing reply.

"They're not pills. They're a couple of those jumping beans I bought yesterday and put in the pill box to keep."

Philadelphia Record.

He Stopped Up on Eyes.

Of the glass eye worn by a prominent publisher of New York several amusing tales are told. The artificial orb matches its natural fellow so accurately that the two cannot be distinguished apart. One day the publisher was visited by a man considerably under the influence of liquor. The caller made an objectionable remark to which the only reply vouchsafed was a prolonged stare of indignation. The steady gaze affected the man's shattered nerves, and his self control left him entirely when he saw a fly crawl over the publisher's glass eye without causing him even to wink.

"Have I got 'em again?" cried the inebriate as he fled to the nearest drug store, intent on loading up with aromatic spirits of ammonia and bromide.

While on a yachting trip the publisher suffered for a few hours from seasickness. When he recovered, he noticed that the good eye was bloodshot, while the other retained the brilliancy of apparent health. "Ah," he remarked, cheerfully, "I must stock up on eye so as to be prepared for emergencies." And he did, and he now has on hand orbs of various shadings.—New York World.

Talking Through a Human Body.

To talk through a human body, or a row of human bodies, for the matter of that, is one of the weirdest of the electrician's feats. If a telephone wire be severed and the two ends be held by a person, one in each hand, but far apart, it is quite possible for two individuals to carry on a conversation through the body of the medium as readily and as distinctly as if the line had been properly connected.—Electricity.

Veronice's Big Painting.

Veronice loved to represent festive gatherings on a colossal scale. Her "Marriage of Ouse" is 30 feet long and 30 feet high and contains 120 figures. The most remarkable feature of the painting is the group of musicians in front round a table. Among this party Veronice represents Titian, Tintoretto, himself and other celebrated painters.—Exchange.

Trades unions have existed in China for 4,000 years. The Confucian work ethic has been on every individual since the beginning of time. The Chinese are not used to the idea of a union. They are not used to the idea of a union. They are not used to the idea of a union.

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