

TRAGIC STORY OF DR. RUSTIN

Happening in Modern Life That
Pales the Wildest Fiction Ever
Evolved from Brain of
Novelist

All the weirdness of fiction has been outdone by the wonderful case of Dr. Frederick T. Rustin, an Omaha physician and former Yale athlete, who was shot down on his own veranda as a result of a triple suicide pact in which the woman he loved was to be one of the participants. Here is a true story of the case in chapters. It is one that surpasses all the inventions of the most cunning mind.

Omaha, Neb.—Most coolly and calmly Mrs. Abbie B. Rice, "the woman in the case" in the Rustin murder mystery, said that Dr. Rustin had trained her up to the point of killing him, first familiarizing her with hospital scenes and then by working on the hero worship and sympathy in her nature had gradually worked toward the point where she could fire the shot which would kill him. Books of fiction in which one man died for another, and books in which great sacrifices were made for friendship's sake were read by Dr. Rustin to Mrs. Rice and commented upon by him until the woman saw the killing of Rustin by herself in a kind of a halo.

"For weeks and weeks Dr. Rustin trained me to murder him," said Mrs. Rice. "First, he trained me to the sight of bloodshed. He used to take me around with him when he performed operations. On these trips I dressed as a nurse in clothing he furnished me. Gradually I got used to seeing the operations, and there was no more nausea on my part. In time an operation did not affect me in the least.

Nobility and Self-Sacrifice.

"After I became well advanced in that portion of his plan, Dr. Rustin began talking to me about the nobleness of self-sacrifice. Books in which one friend sacrificed his life for another were read to me by the doctor, and their beauties pointed out to me. 'A Tale of Two Cities' was one of his favorites, and he read that to me a number of times. The character of Sydney Carton was eulogized and

comer, all right. He is a good fellow, you bet."

And so he was. Almost anybody in Omaha asked casually that night what had told the questioner that Dr. Frederick T. Rustin, ex-Yale athlete, good fellow and one of the rising young surgeons in the west, was a man of whom Omaha was proud. And they were glad to see him marry a leading society girl. It insured him a fine practice, and if he would only stick to business in a few years he would be rich.

A few years after that night Dr. Rustin, established with his wife in a little home of their own, had started in to justify the expectations of his friends. Two children were born, and by that time the young surgeon had become known as one of the best men in his profession throughout the entire west. Only 34 years old, he married and rapidly became lithely, the young doctor apparently had everything to live for.

And then, suddenly, his friends began to notice a slight change.

CHAPTER II.

It was so subtle at first that his friends did not know what to make of it. They first noticed the difference after he had lost a particularly trying case. The doctor could not explain. He became depressed.

"Fred's losing his nerve," his friends said, and in a few weeks the secret was out. Not only was the young doctor losing his nerve, but he had taken to drink.

Rustin saw his practice go; he saw

The wife to whom he owed allegiance was forgotten. The new woman held him in a vise. And then the money went faster than ever and the debts piled higher.

CHAPTER IV.

People had begun to say "What a pity it is about young Rustin." His actions were common gossip and his reputation as a surgeon was blackened. People did not want a man who might come to them with shaking hands and unsteady nerves. And again the idea which had led him to inoculate himself with typhoid and tetanus germs forced itself into his mind. But his two attempts had failed—and still there was the clause in his insurance policy forbidding suicide. He must die by the hand of some one else. Into the half-crazed mind of the physician there slipped as shrewd and diabolical an idea as any one had ever known.

back himself for the barn. The woman started around toward the back, but when she reached the alleyway a man ran out of it, and again she lost her nerve. Jumping on a car, she started down-town.

CHAPTER VII.

Three days later when Abbie Rice saw Dr. Rustin he greeted her gaily. "I have found the man to do it," he said. "His name is Charles Edward Davis and he wants to die, too. He will kill me if I will give him drugs with which he can kill himself. Come down to the office to meet him."

Abbie Rice accompanied the doctor to his office. A shaky, nervous wreck of a man was there waiting them. It was evident that he was on the verge of lunacy from shattered nerves. He could scarcely speak coherently. And there between these three the strangest suicide pact in the history of American crime was arranged.



CHAPTER V.

Then Abbie Rice consented. Together they went to a pawnshop and purchased a pistol. They had planned first to do the deed in the office of the doctor, but he was afraid that she would not be able to get away, so they went to the apartment where he had installed her. He loaded the pistol, cocked it, but in his eagerness drew the hammer so far back that he broke the spring. There was no other way of dying at hand. The killing had to be postponed.

She had given her consent, so there was no drawing back. Together, late at night, they went to his office. He showed her where he wanted her to fire the bullet into him.

"When I have fallen," he said, "you must slip away from the house. Get on a car, go to the end of the line, take out the empty cartridge from the pistol and throw it away. Then put in a fresh cartridge and shoot yourself."

"I cannot," she sobbed. "I cannot. I love you and I cannot kill you."

CHAPTER VI.

A wave of rage swept over Rustin. He stepped forward, caught the woman and shook her.

"You have got to do it. You said you would, and you have got to do it!" he cried fiercely.

She tried to plead, to argue, but it was no use.

"I have got to die for the sake of my wife and children. You have agreed to kill me. Now you must do it."

Dr. J. P. Lord had named him before all the world as the man who was

Davis was to do the killing, and for this service the doctor was to give him a bottle of chloride of gold and a bottle of morphine tablets. After shooting the doctor he was to take the morphine, and then next day when she heard the other's attempt had been successful Abbie Rice was to kill herself.

Ten minutes after the time that Dr. Rustin had left Abbie Rice at the corner Mrs. Rustin in her own room was awakened by a shot. She hurried downstairs to find her husband lying on the porch. He had been shot through the stomach.

"A man shot me," he said, and that was all the information they got.

In half an hour he was dead.

The next morning when it was learned that Dr. Rustin had been killed there was tremendous excitement in Omaha.

And following the first excitement came the news that one of Dr. Rustin's patients, Charles Edward Davis, brother of one of the leading bankers in the city, had attempted suicide.

The police arrested the woman with whom it was known Rustin had been friendly, Abbie Rice. She had no chance to carry out her part of the agreement, for they caught her early in the morning following the shooting.

For three days the police were in the air. Then somebody remarked so Abbie Rice could hear:

"The doctor's wife gets her insurance, anyhow."

And then the full story came out.

CHAPTER VIII.

Charles E. Davis was leaving the police station where "the woman in the case" had told her tragic story—the story of the triple death pact. He looked gaunt and pale, and there were hollows under his eyes.

A policeman's hand fell upon his shoulder.

"You are arrested for murder in the first degree," were the words that met his ears.

Dr. J. P. Lord had named him before all the world as the man who was



"I cannot," she sobbed. "I would only lose my nerve again."

The doctor thought. "All right," he said. "I will go out to the barn. You come around the back way. I will stand up and you will shoot me, and they will think that I was killed by a burglar."

Still protesting and half crying, he put her out of the house and started

seen staggering away from the Rustin home, half an hour after the fatal shot was fired.

"Make the ball as high as you wish. We will meet it," said he.

He was admitted to ball and left the court with staggering footsteps.

What will be the outcome of the strange triple murder pact? No man can tell.

STORES OF NATURAL POWER.

Wondrous Possibilities to Be Developed by Scientists.

Wonderful as the advances in our knowledge and use of electricity have been in the last few years, there is reason to believe that we have yet hardly crossed the threshold of discovery in this direction. Hints of what is to come occasionally escape from the laboratories and studios of the men who are now pushing on the outposts of electrical science. These hints are calculated to take away the reader's breath.

Men of science have not yet settled the question of what electricity is, but every new discovery shows more and more plainly that, whatever it may be, there is hardly any natural phenomenon in which it does not play a more or less important part.

Sir Oliver Lodge thinks that electricity is a mode of manifestation of the ether, that strange medium which is supposed to pervade all space and to carry light from sun to planet and from star to star.

In an address to the Royal Society at London it was pointed out by Prof. Crookes that in our continued acquisition of knowledge as to electrical phenomena some marvelous possibilities are apparent. For instance, man is constantly searching for new and cheaper sources of energy by which he may drive his engines and carry on, in its fast multiplying forms, the work that civilization demands to have done. But men of science like Crookes have said that in a single cubic foot of the ether in which the earth is submerged there is enough to lift 10,000 tons one foot. He imprisoned, only awaiting the magic touch of science to be loosed for the service of man.

They tell us, also, that the latest researches give us reason to hope that these stores of power may actually be opened and drawn upon.

Volcano Not Extinct.

Mount Cameroon, on the west coast of Africa long regarded as an extinct volcano, was found by a party of German explorers recently to be still alive and in danger of eruption.

WHO MAY SECURE A HOMESTEAD

Laws That Govern Settlement of the Public Lands.

Under the homestead laws of the United States, a person who is not the owner of more than 160 acres of land in any state or territory, who is a native born citizen of the United States, or has been naturalized, or declared his intention to become a naturalized citizen of the United States, who is over the age of 21 years or the head of a family, may make a homestead entry of not exceeding 160 acres of any of the unoccupied public lands of the United States.

A single woman 21 years of age or over has the right to make a homestead entry. Marriage after filing does not invalidate her claim, provided she continues to reside on it and makes proper improvements. A widow may enter, but a married woman cannot enter land unless she has been deserted by her husband.

Soldiers and sailors, or, if dead, their dependents and orphans, have the privilege of filing through an agent. All

other applicants must make their filing in person. The period of service in the army up to four years is deducted from the required five years' residence.

Swans Officially Marked.

The swans on the upper Thames the London Times says: "Mr. T. Abbott of East Molesey, the king's swan master, on Saturday completed the marking of the young swans on the Thames between Southwark bridge and Henley. There are between 500 and 600 swans on the Thames and in the course of the swan marking about 200 cygnets were discovered, each of which had a mark placed on its beak to denote ownership. Those belonging to the king, who owns about a third of the swans on the Thames, have a diamond-shaped mark scratched on the upper beak with a knife. Those belonging to the Vintners and the Dyers companies, who own the other two-thirds, have been respectively marked. In November a number of these cygnets will be fattened for the king's table at Christmas."

MANY DIE IN WRECK

NEW YORK VILLAGE BURNED

FOREST FIRES WIPE OUT LONG LAKE WEST.

Flames in the Adirondacks Beyond Control, Though Hundreds of Men Fighting Them.

Between Thirty and Forty Passengers Killed and Injured—Bodies of the Victims Shockingly Mangled.

Butte, Mont.—Nineteen persons were killed, 11 seriously injured, several fatal, and about 30 more or less hurt in a collision between passenger train No. 16, known as the east-bound Burlington, and a west-bound freight train at 8:10 o'clock Friday morning at a siding known as Young's Point, about 30 miles west of Billings, on the Northern Pacific railroad.

The passenger, running about 50 miles an hour, crashed into the freight just entering on the siding during a blinding snowstorm, the engineer of the passenger failing to see the signal flag of the brakeman of the freight train in time to avert the collision.

Smoker Is Telecoped.

The express car telescoped with the smoker and a majority of the fatalities and injuries were in this car. The express car was raised over the platform of the smoker, the superstructure sweeping the seats and not a passenger in this car escaped death or injury. The other passengers escaped with cuts and bruises.

On the train was the Spokane delegation to the National Irrigation congress at Albuquerque. None of these was injured.

Fireman Ora Babcock jumped and was killed, striking on his head. Milo Holloway, a brakeman of the Milwaukee, was killed. The scenes around the smoker were horrible, heads, bodies, legs and arms being interwoven with broken seats and equipment. In one place seven bodies were so tightly wedged together that they were only separated with difficulty. It was almost impossible to succor the injured without trampling on the dead.

Partial List of the Dead.

A partial list of the dead follows:

Col. Bonson of Utah, John Cawlan, Hardin, Mont.; Lon Anderson, Hardy, Mont.; Lorren A. Stewart, Dean, Mont.; H. C. Gomble, Minot, Ia.; E. L. Eymock, Denver, Col.; D. H. Barnes, Seattle, Wash.; G. M. Konick, Anaconda, Mont.; Ora Babcock, Billings, Mont.; S. Chingdon, Chico Springs, Mont.; Charles E. Johnson, Denver, Col.; district passenger agent, Nickel Plate railway; George Battelle, Anaconda, Mont.; John Ryan, Cushing, Okla.; Milo Holloway, Billings, Mont.; —Sichemram, address unknown; two unidentified coal miners, en route from Anaconda, Mont., to Kirby, Wyo.

ARREST BROWN AND PARTNERS.

New York Detectives Nab Members of Failed Brokerage Firm.

New York—Detectives from police headquarters appeared in the A. O. Brown & Co. case Friday giving it a sensational turn when they arrested five members of the failed stock exchange firm as they emerged from the federal building, where a hearing into the affairs of the firm has been going on for some days before United States Commissioner Gilchrist. A sixth arrest would have been made if sickness had not detained still another member of the firm in a New Jersey hospital, beyond the jurisdiction.

The charge against them was that of grand larceny and it was preferred by a former client of the firm, Miss Helen S. Abernethy of this city, who alleges the loss at their hands of 20 shares of Missouri, Kansas & Texas railway common stock valued at about \$600, and 25 shares of United States Steel preferred stock valued at \$1,184, on or about August 21 last.

BURIED IN RED-HOT BRICKS.

Tragic Fate of Two Men at Kenmare, North Dakota.

Minot, N. D.—Slowly roasting to death under tons of red-hot bricks, in plain view of their comrades, who were unable to assist them, E. W. Drake, Sr., and Clarence Bailey met a tragic death at Kenmare Wednesday. The big kiln of the Kenmare Brick & Coal Company burst when but ten hours from completion. Drake, who was the manager of the plant, was buried up to his arms in the red-hot pile, and it was not for over 30 minutes that he could be reached by the rescuers. Bailey, the 17-year-old son of a prominent farmer, was completely entombed and was not found for an hour. His body was roasted to a crisp.

WASHINGON LIFE IS SOLD.

Pittsburg Syndicate Gets Morton's Old Insurance Company.

New York—The control of the Washington Life Insurance Company Thursday passed from the hands of Levi P. Morton, Thomas F. Ryan and Harry Payne Whitney, to a Pittsburg syndicate headed by William C. Baldwin, president of the Pittsburg Life and Trust Company.

The deal was completed late Thursday afternoon, and Mr. Baldwin was elected president of the Washington Life Insurance Company to succeed John Tatlock. In retiring from the Washington Life former Gov. Morton severs a connection with the company which has continued for almost 50 years, he having been one of the charter members of the company, one of the oldest in the country.

Steamer Erik Hits Iceberg.

St. Johns, N. F.—With her hull damaged by collision with an iceberg, the steamer Erik, which accompanied the Peary expedition to the north, is reported on her way to this port. The damage to the vessel is said to be all above the waterline.

Rebels' Warehouse Raided.

Tiflis—A warehouse stocked with arms for the revolutionaries has been located in a subterranean passage on the edge of the town. The police who raided the place seized several tons of explosives, stacks and cases of rifles and pistols and 150 primed bombs.

Expllosion in Tunnel Kills Five.

Seranton, Pa.—Five men were killed Sunday by an explosion in the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad tunnel at Toleyanna.

Funeral of Lieut. Selfridge.

Washington—The funeral of Lieut. Selfridge, who was killed in the fall of the Wright airplane at Fort Myer a few days ago, was held at Arlington National cemetery Friday. The Episcopalian burial rite was observed at the grave and troopers from