

Bacon, unconsciously writing for the modern man, said: "Riches have wings, and sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more."

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

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The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

LADY MARY'S SPICY LONDON LETTER.

Aristocracy Expects Charming Innovations When Miss Causton Becomes Hostess.

FAMOUS FOR HER ORIGINALITY.

She is a Beautiful Girl and Just Engaged to Capt. Oakes—Made Her Society Debut in a Sedan Chair.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Nov. 3.—Society folk here—particularly the Americans—are looking forward to the debut as a hostess of Miss Queenie Causton, whose engagement has just been announced, for they expect her to introduce many charming innovations into the business of entertaining. This witty and beautiful girl, who is the daughter of George Causton, and who will espouse Capt. Oakes, of the Fifth Royal Irish Lancers, has greatly impressed the fashionable world by her originality. Her coming out ball, two years ago, was one of the really notable events of its season. It occurred at her father's handsome town residence in aristocratic Upper Brook street, and was marked by a charming novelty of Miss Causton's own devising. When the guests had all assembled she was brought into the ballroom in a quaint old sedan chair, of the kind much affected by our fashionable grandmothers. It was decorated inside and out with superb white roses and the arms of the supports were festooned with rings of the same beautiful flowers. Stepping forth from this antique conveyance, the white-robed debutante made her bow to society and distributed the roses as mementos of the occasion. In one of the cotillion figures the girls wore the rose garlands as bracelets on their arms. Ever since this picturesque debut Miss Causton has been one of the reigning favorites in society. At this ball, by the way, some of the cotillion presents consisted of dainty work bags made from costly brocade which, rumor had it, had been looted from the Royal Palace at Pekin.

CUTS BIG FIGURE.

Mr. Causton cuts a considerable figure both in the commercial and social world. He was at one time chairman of the Chartered company, which is just now in such deep water, but severed his connection with it because he would not stand for the Jameson raid. He is now the controlling spirit in the Pekin syndicate, which has valuable Chinese concessions. Besides his town residence, he owns the old family manor at Causton in Norfolk, and another at Kingston Hill on the Thames, which was purchased from the Dowager Lady Weymouth after she had expended \$150,000 in restoring the historic pile. From it she gets a glimpse of one of Lord Dunsany's seats, Kerry House, which has been nicknamed "Honeycomb House" because it is usually occupied by some newly married couple to whom the earl has loaned it. He does the same thing with some of his other houses in a laudable effort to encourage matrimony.

OVERSHADOWED BY AMERICANS.

So much are they overshadowed by the American brand that something of a surprise follows the occasional reminder that England still produces multi-millionaires of her own. Mr. Charles Julius Wernher has recently called attention to his vast wealth by the costly work he has undertaken at Luton Hoo, the fine country seat which he purchased from the executors of the late Madame de Falbe for \$1,000,000. It is a magnificent place, but so much more is to be expended on it to render it a fitting residence for the senior member of the great South African firm of Wernher, Belt & Co. Three hundred men are engaged in carrying out the alterations and additions he has planned. Among them are some scores of Italian stone-workers and French and Belgian plasterers. For Mr. Wernher will employ only the best artists in their respective lines. The huge house is being enlarged by one story, but the massive stone walls and the superb Corinthian pillars at the main entrance are to remain. The interior is to be entirely remodelled with the exception of the chapel in the west wing, which is to be spared on account of its rich oak carvings. The park itself is being greatly changed in accordance with the designs of a distinguished landscape artist. One of the lakes, a mile and a quarter long, has been drained, which has given rise to the rumor that emulating the late Whittaker Wright, of tragic memory.

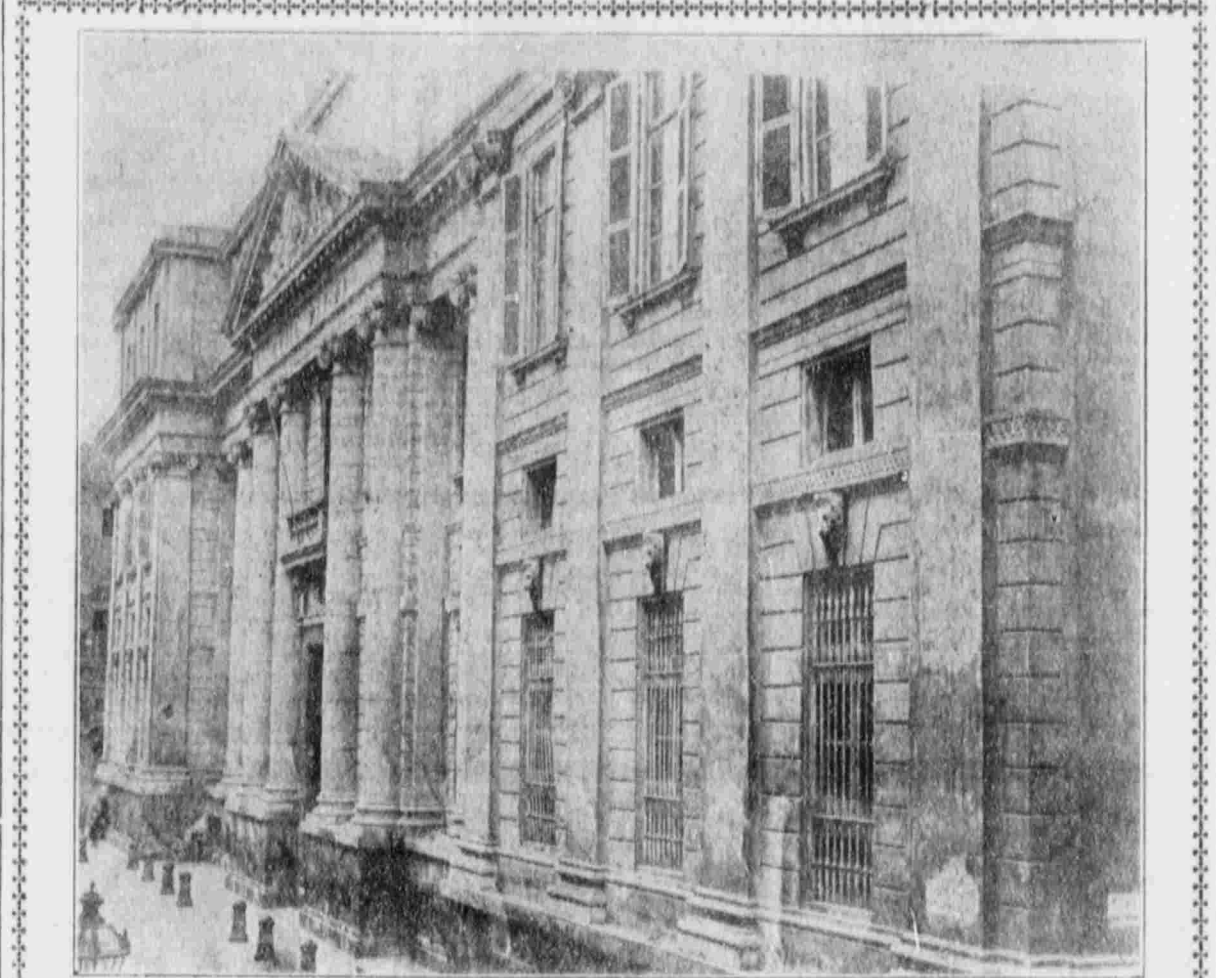
BRINGING IN A RECENTLY CAPTURED TIGER.



Some of the wealthy East Indian princes maintain private zoological gardens of considerable magnitude. The cut represents the bringing in from the jungle of a tiger which has been taken alive for the purpose of furnishing an addition to a native prince's collection. The tiger is being led by ten men, one on each side, who are holding ropes fastened to a band around the beast's body and a collar around his neck. There are numerous spear-men in the rear in case of trouble.

Scrubby Little Room Scene of Grim Tragedy

Cramped Chamber of Justice at Turin, Where the Most Sensational Murder Trial of Modern Times is Being Held—Four Hundred and Thirty-Five Volumes of Testimony—Trial Will Last Three Months.



EXTERIOR OF THE LAW COURTS IN TURIN. Interest in the Trial for Murder of the Countess Bonmartini Which is Taking Place Here Has Led to the Buildings Being Besieged by Such Crowds as No Other Trial Ever Attracted in Italy.

Special Correspondence.

TURIN, Nov. 3.—For years to come, in all probability, the queer-looking Italian courtroom which is shown in one of the accompanying photographs, will be associated with a trial that is no exaggeration to call the most sensational of modern times. This chamber of justice is the little Assize court at Turin, where at this writing the prosecution of the Countess Bonmartini, her brother, her lover, and the two others who are charged with the murder of her husband, is now proceeding under circumstances of particular grimness. This cramped, ill-lighted Assize court is historic in itself. In the days when Turin used to be the capital of the kingdom of Piedmont, this was the senate chamber, wherein many a stirring scene was enacted. None, however, that even approached those that are now of daily occurrence in the terrible drama whose tangled web of love, passion, intrigue, conspiracy and murder the law is engaged in unraveling. The accompanying photograph of the Assize court shows the famous iron cage in which, with a carbine standing guard over them, the wretched countess and her fellow prisoners are confined, as all Italian prisoners must be when appearing before the bar of justice. Just before the proceedings opened, the other day, the foreman of the jury produced a camera, focused it with great deliberation, and took a photograph of the prisoners in their cage. A typical example this incident offered of the contrast between stringency and license in the conduct of Italian criminal cases—medievalism and the twentieth century mixed.

The other photograph that accompanies this article shows the exterior of the law court building in Turin, which since the beginning of the Bonmartini trial has been besieged daily by such crowds as no other criminal action in Italian history has ever attracted.

GREAT LEGAL BATTLE.

Even should the trial be concluded by the time these words appear in print the pictures will not be without their interest, connected, as they are, with a truly remarkable legal battle. The evidence against the Countess Bonmartini and the others took the police two years to gather, and the letters bearing on the plot alone fill 25 folio volumes. Twenty-one lawyers—among them some of the most distinguished counsel of the Italian bar—are fighting on one side or the other, the legal battle of life or death. Nearly 400 witnesses have been subpoenaed, and it is now thought that the trial will last three months.

CONFLICTING VERSIONS.

From all accounts rather conflicting versions have been sent to America of the story of the Bonmartinis. One story is one that appeals strongly to the Italian temperament. It begins with love that found its grave in marriage and was revived with another for its object. But from these commonplace beginnings of tragedy have been evolved a tangled maze of mystery and crime such as only passion and fate, love and hate can weave. It possesses all the elements of a great detective story. It abounds in situations that would have made the fortune of a novelist.

A DRAMA OF BLOOD.

In this drama which culminated in such a piece of human butchery as could hardly be dignified by the name of assassination, one figure stands out in heroic relief. It is that of Dr. Antonio Murri, one of the foremost of Italian physicians and professor of the University of Bologna. A senator at Rome, and possessed of the old Roman spirit of the supreme duty of the citizen to the state, he did not hesitate to denounce to the authorities his son's

only son—as the murderer of Count Bonmartini.

His daughter, Linda, had married the count in 1891. Before that she had had a love affair with Dr. Carlo Secchi, one of her father's favorite pupils, but she appeared to have gotten over that. For some years she and the count seemed to have lived happily together and two children were born to them—a boy and a girl. Then, inexplicably of temperaments and tastes began to chill their affections. Of a high strung, nervous organization she was intellectually much her husband's superior, and he cut a poor figure in the society in which she shone. Urged by her to take up some serious study and make something of himself he went in for medicine, but the result simply demonstrated that his abilities were of a hopelessly mediocre character. The rift between them widened. It is alleged that he consoled himself with other women and treated her cruelly. They separated for a time and then tried the experiment of living together again, but now there was not a vestige of love left on either side and mutual antipathy and contempt had taken its place. Things were ripening for the tragedy.

THE VILLAIN REAPPEARS.

About this time Dr. Secchi again came into the countess's life. He would appear to be a villain of the type made familiar in modern melodrama, to whom a woman in distress appealed merely as an easy prey. He had little difficulty

in rekindling the old flame and soon he held the place that should have been his husband's. He was a friend of her brother, Tullio Murri, who had become a barrister and filled the position of a magistrate and municipal councilor at Bologna. It throws a queer light on Italian society that this brother, instead of rounding on Secchi, warmly espoused his cause. Italian ways are not as American ways, and the fact that Secchi already had a mistress and was a notoriously immoral man, made no difference to Tullio.

THREE PLOTTED TOGETHER.

According to the prosecution the three plotted together to get rid of the count. Tullio induced his mistress, Rosina Bonetti, to take part in the evil game, and found another ally in his friend, Dr. Pio Naldi, who was hard up and willing to risk his neck for money. Tullio, it is alleged, conceived the idea of murdering the count by pricking him with a hypodermic syringe containing a poison with which certain tribes of Indians tip their arrows when they go on the war path, but Secchi argued that it could not be depended on to do its fatal work quickly enough and proved it by an experiment of which a lamb was the victim.

When the count was discovered dead in his palace there were no less than 13 stab wounds on his body. Some of the most pitiful figure of the five. In court her eyes are ever fixed on Tullio, her lover, hoping that he will bestow on her some glance of affection which he never does. Her attitude suggests that of a faithful dog towards an indifferent master. What she has done she has done simply because he told her to do it. That was enough for her.

For Secchi and Naldi no sympathy whatever is felt. The former was arrested long after the other four, when he must have thought all danger for him had passed. The greater, therefore, was the blow to him. He is hardly recognizable as the spruce, alert, well-groomed man he was before the prison gates opened for him. His attitude is one of complete dejection. It is not the bearing that one associates with conscious innocence.

LUGI VALLETTA.

IS BEAUTIFUL FLORENCE NESBITT ENGAGED TO THAW?



Rumor says that Harry Thaw, brother of the Countess of Yarmouth, is engaged to wed the beautiful Florence Nesbitt. Part of the romance is to the effect that young Thaw fell in love with a picture of the actress and never until he won the fair original. Mr. Thaw's family deny all the rumors. But Thaw does not, though.

woman's hand on the wall, and a letter in a woman's handwriting was found in the room, making an appointment with him. That letter, the police declare, was written by Rosina Bonetti, at Tullio's dictation and with the feminine apparel had been placed in the count's room, to throw them off the scent, by creating the impression that his murder was the sequel to a vulgar intrigue with an abandoned woman in league with thieves and cut-throats. Tullio and Naldi are accused of actually killing the count, and the other three prisoners of being accessories. Not the least striking of the many dramatic situations in which the gruesome story abounds is that which reveals Tullio, in his capacity of magistrate, leading the police into the chamber of death and taking an inventory of its contents.

FATE AND CIRCUMSTANCES.

It is a strange blending of fate and circumstances that brought these five people together and landed them in the grim iron cage. The countess and her brother are the chief objects of popular interest and speculation. It is one of the puzzles of heredity that Dr. Antonio Murri, a model of rectitude, well-balanced, a vigorous man both bodily and mentally, should be the father of two such erratic and avowed children. The countess owes nothing of her powers of fascination to beauty. She is a little woman with swarthy features, and has lost the sight of one eye. When the police, accompanied by a lot of journalists, came to her father's house to arrest her, she took the matter very calmly.

IN HER DRESSING GOWN she opened the door of her room and invited them all to enter. "We all wept," wrote one of the Italian reporters, describing the scene in his paper, but Linda calmly dressed, brushed her hair and with indolent cynicism cleaned her teeth. During the two years that she has apparently spent in prison her thoughts, apparently have all been for her lover, Secchi. She wrote letters to him whenever she got a chance, but sent no messages to her father, who adored her, or to her two innocent children. In court, at times, she has presented a pitiable figure of a woman overwhelmed by sorrow and trouble, seeking relief in tears. Her brother declared that she is innocent of all complicity in her husband's murder. "I yearn for more than you can give me," she wrote in one of her letters to her husband, which the police have obtained. "I sometimes fear that I shall succumb to a great passion." As one who has accumulated whatever may be the verdict of the jury, she will emerge from the trial with her reputation gone.

MURRI LEAST CONCERNED.

Of all the prisoners Tullio Murri shows the least concern in the proceedings. He is either absolutely shameless or possessed of superb courage. Professor Lombroso, the great Italian criminologist, says that the formation of his skull alone suffices to classify him among the "irresponsible." He declares that he is "neurotic" and tainted with "that latent hysteria that is often met with in persons of homicidal tendencies." He reasons that Tullio was the slave of an "ungovernable impulse," generated by the conviction, well founded or otherwise, that his sister had long been the victim of the count's brutality. Though his mind may be of the abnormal type, Tullio certainly possesses much energy and ability. Passing through the various stages of Socialism he finally adopted the political creed of the anarchist. That he felt suited him may be inferred from the fact that when he composed a tragedy in verse in which all the characters kill one another in the last act.

CALLS HER IRRESPONSIBLE.

Rosina Bonetti is also regarded by Lombroso as an irresponsible. He says she is hysterical, epileptic, neurotic, and half paralyzed. There is no doubt of her complicity in the crime. She is the most pitiful figure of the five. In court her eyes are ever fixed on Tullio, her lover, hoping that he will bestow on her some glance of affection which he never does. Her attitude suggests that of a faithful dog towards an indifferent master. What she has done she has done simply because he told her to do it. That was enough for her.

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LUGI VALLETTA.

REV. R. J. CAMPBELL SCORES WORKMEN.

Faces Hostile British Laborers And Tells Them Some Facts.

PLUCKY CONGREGATIONALIST.

Worthy Successor of the Late Dr. Joseph Parker Arouses Ire of the London Masses.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Nov. 3.—Of course something has been telegraphed to the U. S. about the uncommonly plucky thing that the Rev. R. J. Campbell did the other night. This young Brighton clergyman who succeeded the famous Dr. Parker at the City Temple and who recently visited the United States, contributed to the National Review, not long ago, a scathing attack on the character of British working men. He said they were addicted to drunkenness, laziness, and improvidence, and, as Americans will have heard, the attack aroused a storm of wrath on the part of its subjects. When Mr. Campbell went to the City Temple, on the following Sunday morning, an angry mob was waiting for him, and though he was not actually molested, he was in imminent peril every moment, as he walked unflinchingly through the crowd of malevolent angry men. Soon afterward the clergyman was challenged to repeat his charges against British laborers before a gathering of them, but without any idea, of course, that he would do it. The unexpected happened, however, when the dauntless "Little Minister," as he has since been dubbed, faced a hostile audience of hard-fisted sons of toil at Ladbroke Grove chapel, the other night, repeated to their faces all the hard things he had written of their class, and did it in such fashion that his foes became his friends, and cheered him and thanked him.

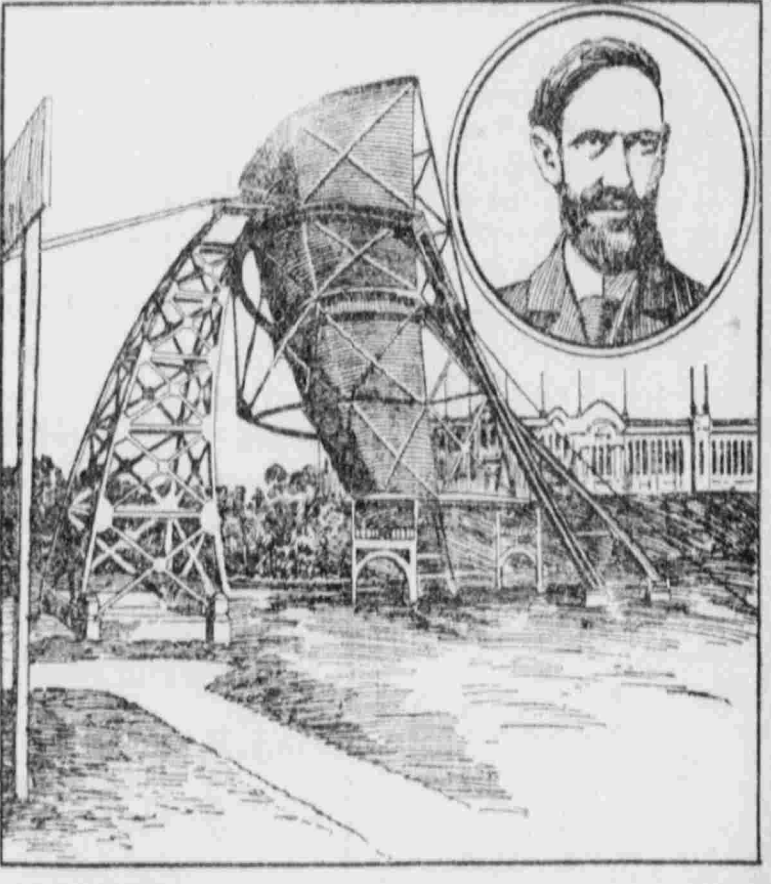
BIG CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

To Americans especially the incident is worth more than brief cable dispatches which may have told about it because it proves that the pulpit of the City Temple—the church so well known to travelers from across the water, and where so many American divines have preached—is filled by a man who is not unworthy of its traditions. Ever since the time Joseph Parker, the famous London clergyman who ventured to criticize the present king, then Prince of Wales, and who called upon him to damn the mitre, Americans in London have looked to the City Temple. Beecher preached at the City Temple, and Parker's old Bible there contains his signature and those of the other American pulpiter-orators who followed his example. It was, of course, expected at first that an American preacher would be chosen as Parker's successor, but once the City Temple congregation had had R. J. Campbell up from Brighton and heard him preach, they made up their minds who their pastor should be if they could get him.

UNDER POLICE PROTECTION.

Campbell dominates by force of personality combined with rare mental powers and it was these qualities that won when the preacher who had ventured to jump on the British laborer with both feet went to justify himself before the Paddington and North Kensington Trade and Labor council. When Mr. Campbell drove up, a crowd of several thousand people were gathered around the doors. Though the day was foggy, more than 7,000 degrees were developed. Iron was melted and magnesium was about to fuse when the sun became obscured, and the trial was postponed. The inventor expects to apply his clever discovery to industrial account.

A NOVEL PORTUGUESE INVENTION AT ST. LOUIS.



The cut illustrates a machine which has attracted much attention at the Louisiana Purchase exposition. It is called a pyrolyphor, or sun machine, and is the invention of the Rev. M. A. G. Himalaya, a young Portuguese priest, who has succeeded in generating more than 7,000 degrees of heat with its use. Father Himalaya and his workmen have for more than five months been constructing the device on the grounds of the exposition, and a trial was made recently of the machine's power to generate heat. Although the day was foggy, more than 7,000 degrees were developed. Iron was melted and magnesium was about to fuse when the sun became obscured, and the trial was postponed. The inventor expects to apply his clever discovery to industrial account.