

"THE CRADLERS."

The golden wheat stands like a wall— A twenty-acre field. The wavy cradlers—five in all— Bare-breasted, hairy-armed and tall, "Allow that patch much yield?"

Like sons of Anak in their might, They whet their shining blades, Then to the charge—a thrilling sight— Leads up the first, swings to the right

Another, and another sweep— The second man stands in, So waits the third, in-cutting deep, Then fourth and fifth at distance keep,

Five crescents gap the grain a-ear As the five blades swing home, Five golden gavel fall a-ear, And five line-butted swaths appear.

That was one of his out of season quotations, for the dignified old party was no dissimulating Macbeth and showing how poor-

Well along in the season one of the actors was to take a benefit, and as he was not greatly worried about arranging an attractive bill, a couple of weeks before the leading man's benefit there had been several volunteers, among them the manager's young daughter, who sang for him, and in MacIlhenney's presence the worried actor

After mentioning that last name it seems like rank waste of time to say his first name was Sandy. He couldn't help it; his parents couldn't help it; no one could help it; one name follows the other naturally.

Well, then, being Sandy MacIlhenney, of course he was Scotch. I mention it for mere form's sake, as you know it before hand, just as you knew what his first name was.

But, fortunately for us all, he had lived in America so many years that he had lost or thrown away his dialect, and the only thing in his speech that could suggest his native heath was the marked preference for the letter "n" instead of "t" in whisky (and I think myself "whuskey" has a more filling sound) and a "b'r'r" to his "r's," as though a very large bumble bee were blundering about the end of his broad tongue and then bumping back to the roof of his mouth.

Poor MacIlhenney's life was a tragedy, and yet it was played to the very last act, to an accompaniment of jeers and laughter—not malicious, but bitter, but simple thoughtless laughter.

A description of his personal appearance might, I think, go a good way toward explaining the cause of the general laughter. Had he been simply ugly, all had been well—there's nothing injurious in ugliness; it may even be a power. He was worse than that. In our English language there is a word that may have been created at the very moment of Sandy's birth for the express use of those wishing to describe him perfectly but briefly—that word is "grotesque."

He was tall, very tall, with a sudden rounding droop of the shoulders that gave him the look of a button hook or interrogation point, while his thickness through the body was about that of a choice salt cod-fish. If he was furnished with the usual number of internal organs they must have been pressed like autumn leaves in a dictionary, or else he did not wear them all at one time, so thin he was. Then he was the only tall man I ever saw peeing through life on bowed legs. No, not knocked kneed. Sandy's legs were bowed to a roundness that let one see, as a glance just how a picture of certain portions of the landscape would look in a perfectly round form. No man on earth could command respect while standing on a pair of legs like Sandy's unless they were concealed behind a protecting petticoat of Church or college.

He had very high cheek bones, across which the skin was drawn so tightly that they looked like a pair of unexpected knuckles. His chin was long and straight, without the slightest indentation or curve about it. His nose shared in the general lengthiness and was thin and pointed. Each small greenish blue eye turned inwardly and gazed with fixed resentment at the intervening bridge that seemed to be crowding them.

Poor man! In no limb, no feature had he been spared, so that the final touch of coarse ugliness was found in the shining baldness of the top of his head and the little flonoes of his red hair with which he seemed to be modestly trying to cover its startling nudity.

With such a body to dwell in one can hardly wonder that his mind should become distorted and develop in only one direction, as it were. And such a direction! For the ambition of MacIlhenney—this poor, cross eyed, bow legged Scotchman, of the lower laboring class, this excellent outer of stone—was to be the greatest tragic actor of his day.

Nor was his ambition of the mere "I wish I were," or "I would like to be" order; it was a devouring passion. A strong word, "devouring," but since Webster says it means, among other things, "to consume ravenously, to prey upon, to swallow up, to appropriate greedily," it is the right word, for his mad ambition, even in its beginning, appropriated greedily all his small savings, all his spare time. It consumed his sense of duty toward his wife; he had no sense of the ridiculous to consume. It preyed upon his heart as well as his mind, and finally it swallowed up his very life.

Many of the old acting plays he knew by heart, had memorized literally from cover to cover, while his knowledge of Shakespeare's unacted plays was greater than most actors' knowledge of the acting ones. Quite naturally he was given over to the habit of quoting, in season and out of season, and it was an indelible in this habit that brought the stonemason into touch with the actors of the city.

There was a saloon not far from the theatre, and MacIlhenney, being at work near by, went in one noon for his midday meal.

There was a party of actors there eagerly discussing the morning news of the death of one of their profession—a very well known and successful actor. Now, as they all knew one of this party had been the envious enemy of the dead man, they were astonished to see him assuming deep grief instead of a respectful silence.

There was a great pulling of mustaches and exchanging of glances, but no one replied and the hypocrite burst out again, first with fulsome praise and then with exaggerated expressions of sorrow. The last word was barely spoken when a voice with a burr in it gravely and most distinctly remarked: "The tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow!"

There was an instant of surprised silence, in which every one recognized the exquisite fitness of the quotation, and then a roar of laughter—another and another. Many beers were thrust upon the Scotch stonemason who knew his Shakespeare so well, and—oh, poor MacIlhenney! Straightway he neglected his work—the loitered too long at his nooning. He could not tear himself away from the actors, who listened to his quotations and laughed at his antics as children might laugh at the capers of a monkey. But MacIlhenney left them with a wild gleam in his poor cross eyes, with jumping, twitching muscles about his thin lips, fairly drunk with excitement.

It was on one of these occasions that he saw his landlord ahead of him in the public street—a round little person who seemed to have had one story left off when he was built. He knew it, too, and tried with puffed up dignity and a high silk hat to make up the missing height. And it was to this dignified, black coated shuffling old gentleman that MacIlhenney roared: "Turn, hell hound, turn! Turn, I say! I want to land you my month's rent and save a trip to your house tomorrow!"

That was one of his out of season quotations, for the dignified old party was no dissimulating Macbeth and showing how poor-

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Those who were fortunate enough to witness his quiet laughter, while those who were near him suffered silently. In that silence the stonemason read dread of a rival, and he hastened to dispel all anxiety by saying soothingly: "Don't misunderstand me, young man. You have nothing to fear. I don't ask to 'play' a part in your play—since the public could then have neither eye for any man but me—and I'd not distinguish any one's light on his benefit—but I'll do a recitation or a reading—so 'Put money in thy purse, Cassio' and not injure your standing as an actor."

It was a trying moment. They liked the funny old chap and did not wish to hurt his feelings—but, good heavens! the idea of turning him loose before an audience! Again came the voice of MacIlhenney, with the inevitable quotation: "Why whisper you, and answer not, my lords?"

A laugh followed, and the tormented actor asked: "Well, Sandy man, what on earth do you purpose to read or recite?"

"Why," answered he, "since you will be doing a tragedy, and I have no wish to outshine you in any way, I'll just give them the trial scene from 'Pickwick.'"

Through the storm of merriment that followed one or two voices cried: "Let him do it; let him do it! It will be great!" and just then at the glass door of the saloon a tall, gaunt woman appeared. She was one of that body of black bombazine women who are never ragged, but are always rusty; who all appear of the same age, as they all seem to have passed with reluctant feet their fortieth birthday. She tapped with a black cotton forefinger on the glass, and MacIlhenney went to her at once and spoke with her a few moments.

And one exclaimed: "The Two Dromios!" For indeed had it not been for her straight eyes she might have been Sandy's twin.

When he returned some one said, "Your wife, MacIlhenney?"

"Aye," he said, "aye, and though I don't claim she's a beauty, yet I'll give no blemish to her honor—none?"

At which they bowed with delight, and when they were tired of pounding one another the voice rose again: "Let him go on! Oh, let him go on!" and another added, "Yes, let him go on, just to see how many he'll kill before he gets off at all."

And so it happened that Sandy MacIlhenney, stonemason, by the grace of God, became by the cruel whim of an actor, and was duly announced on the benefit bill to read the trial scene from "Pickwick."

Alas! "whom the gods would destroy they first make mad!" It is a very ancient promise, and so truly was it kept with this hell-chosen victim that on the dark and fatal night that was the beginning of the end for him, poor MacIlhenney said the radiant dawn of a superb success. The night came, and a fairly good sized audience was present. Sandy's reading was placed between the first and second plays, and a more ludicrous figure never appeared before a public. By some mysterious process he had tucked his widely bowed legs into a pair of very narrow, straight cut trousers. They were of an unsympathetic nature, and as he wore low cut shoes they barely betrayed about two inches of white, womanish looking stockings, thus giving a strong suggestion of impropriety to his whole make-up.

His "was out," as he called it, he had brought, as he proudly declared, from Scotland, and the actors as with one voice had cried: "It looks the part, Sandy; it looks it!"

It was a short waisted, low necked vest of a plaid (of course) of red and green and blue and yellow, and the greatest of these was red, and it was velvet, and it had two crowded rows of shining brass buttons. With quite unnecessary candor his shirt proclaimed, through dragging wrinkle and straggling band, that it was of domestic manufacture, while an ancient black satin stock nearly choked the life out of him. And his hair—oh, Sandy! Sandy!—his wife had curled it on a very small iron, and had then drawn the comb through it, thus setting it a-flying in a wild, red fuzz, on whose edges the gaslight glittered, until he looked like some absurd old saint with his halo falling off backward.

As this figure of fun appeared there was a ripple of laughter, and in a few minutes—in the expressive slang of today—the audience was "on" to him. The laughter grew and grew, and then the strange strain of cruelty that has come down to us from

our ancient barbaric forefathers and is so much easier to arouse in a crowd than in a single individual was all alive. They thought they recognized a victim, and they rose to the occasion. They baited him; they bombarded him with satirical applause; they demanded certain passages over again; they addressed him as Mr. Bunzuf, and they had just reached the point of throwing things when the reading ended.

As MacIlhenney had no sense of the ridiculous he could not distinguish the difference between being laughed at and being laughed with, so it was all like fragrant incense to him, and he came off the stage, his nose, on each cheek bone a spot of sweat and a burr on his tongue that had his first words of triumph utterly incomprehensible to those about him. Two of us there were who drew him aside, and pitying him, spoke him fair and respectfully, but the others, meaning no harm, carrying on a jest, congratulated him extravagantly, and when he went out from the theatre that night the promise of the gods had been fulfilled, for MacIlhenney was literally mad.

He never did another stroke of work. His kit of tools became a stranger to him. He touched chisel and mallet but once more, and that was when he pawed them that he might buy a play book and a little treat with which to quiet for a moment the two devils that tormented him, one gnawing in his brain, the other at his stomach.

In going to and from the theatre I passed the tiny three roomed cottage the MacIlhenneys occupied, and morning and evening I could hear his high, rasping voice declaiming, ranting, pouring forth pages of old plays, while through the window I could see him brandishing a poker for a sword and wildly rumpling his little flounce of red hair whenever he pronounced a curse—whether he was Lear or Richelieu or Sir Giles it mattered not; he dragged all curses from the roots of his thin red hair.

Poor Mrs. Sandy had descended from her former state of bombazine, and was daily seen in black going out to jobs of office cleaning and washing, so hard work office told me. And once, when they missed her comfortable blanket shawl, and noticed that she shivered through the streets in an old Stella one which was a creation of thin cashmere meant for summer only, they rashly spoke the sympathy they felt and their condemnation of MacIlhenney's course.

It was the first time and likewise it was every other time, including the last time, they so presumed. She listened in stony silence, and then, with bitter pride and icy resentment in every look and word, she demanded, "What else shall my man do! Is it for the likes of him to be pounding stones forever, and he the finest actor chap in all the world?"

Now Mrs. MacIlhenney was a Presbyterian of a blueness like unto indigo and of a narrowness inconceivable, who had never in her life entered a theatre, therefore it was natural that one of the surprised women should ask, "But how do ye know that?" and she made answer—O loving, loyal, old Scotch wife, with withering scorn and conviction, "Why, has the man nae telled me so hisel? or so went her hard way, for many weeks MacIlhenney had telled the manager's life a burden to him—asking praying, demanding an engagement. 'Why man,' he would say, 'did ye not see the public at my very best! Did ye not hear their acclamations, and ye know right well in the absence of garlands and flowers they all called for his man, nae telled their hands came upon? What are ye afraid of?—the emmy of your wee bit stars? I'll see that you suffer no loss!'"

Then steady disappointment told upon him. His temper began to change; he grew sullen, suspicious, and began to tell strange tales of being followed at night by certain sandy-colored stars. No man could tell Sandy or his wife, for he had the habit of when he reached the point where he could not extend a general invitation to those present to drink he ceased to share the general invitation of others, and when he could no longer pay his own footing he no longer entered the saloon, but loitered outside to talk to the actors.

Imagining things were not well with him, the actor for whom MacIlhenney had read asked him to accept some money, but with ever ready quotation Sandy refused, gravely repeating, "There's none can truly say he gives, if he receives."

Then the outside visits grew far apart, and through my passing of his door I was the only one who knew anything of him, and I knew so little, read heaven so little—oh, that he had, released, declared! I did not know how many days passed without bringing Mr. Sandy any job of work, and their pride sealed lips made no complaint. The old Scotch couple were not unlike a pair of sharp old razers, perfectly harmless if left alone in their own case, but very unsafe things for general use, and in the midst of plenty they suffered from hunger, the gnawing pang of hunger for weary days and wearier nights, and no one knew!

One springlike day as I passed the cottage, the window being raised, I heard MacIlhenney's voice at some distance, and recognized the lines of Wolsey in "Henry VIII.": "Had I not served my God with half the zeal I served—"

He stopped—so did I. Some change in his voice held me. What was it? It was weak and husky, to be sure, but there was something else—some force, some thrill, some strange quality.

Again the voice rose: "Had I not served by God with half the zeal I served—"

Almost unconsciously I gave the words, "My king," and he, without even turning his face, took it up, saying, "Aye, aye, my king, he would not in mine age have left me asked to mine enemies!" and he laughed.

As I hurried on in all my nerves there was a creeping fear, for in his voice I had felt the subtle difference between ranting and raving—had felt the man was mad. And that very morning an actor mentioned him, saying he had seen him in liquor. "Oh, no," I answered, "MacIlhenney never drinks!"

"Well," insisted the actor, "when a man staggers in his walk and talks to himself on the public street it looks as if he had been drinking too much rye."

And another, standing by, laughingly said, "Perhaps the old chap has been eating too little instead of drinking too much."

Such cruel truths are sometimes said in jest. A few days later, having some to appear in the farce, I was quite late in getting to the theatre, and as I neared the cottage I saw lamplight streaming from its window, and heard Sandy reciting as usual. But there was some other noise. His words, came in gasps, and I said to myself, "Why that sounds exactly like two men rehearsing the combat scene of Richard or Macbeth."

The cottage was flush with the sidewalk, and as I came opposite the window I could not help looking in, and there I stood and stared, for in the centre of the room old Sandy and his wife were struggling desper-

ately for the possession of a hatchet which he held.

"Sandy! Sandy!" she cried. And all the time Macbeth's lines poured from his lips, "They have tied me to a stake!" "I cannot fly, but here I lie, I must fight the course!"

At that moment his wife tore the hatchet from his hand and dashed it across the room. He plunged forward to recover it, but in a twinkling she had a grip upon his arms just above each elbow, and the next moment she had shoved him into the chair close to the window, and leaning over him, in spite of his writhings, held him tight.

She must have felt my gaze, for suddenly she turned white as death, and saw me. Into her eyes there came both fear and furious anger, and then without losing her hold for one moment on Sandy's arms she thrust her face forward and catching the shade between her teeth she fiercely dragged it down. And though the rebuff was sharp as a blow in the face, yet for a moment more I stood staring, and saw on the white shade a black shadow woman bending over and holding fast a shadow man, and as a kaleidoscope responds to a touch, at a single movement these shadows blurred, parted, joined again, and this time, though she still held him close, the shadow woman was on her knees and her head was on the breast of the shadow man.

And ashamed to have watched so long I hurried away and said to myself, "To-morrow I will go there, and sharp words shall not drive me away until I learn by what route help can reach them."

Next day I stood and rapped and rapped, but no one answered to my rapping. The house was very quiet, the room seemed empty, but when I carefully looked I saw a little smoke rising from the chimney. The following day the shade was down and saw no smoke, but I was obstinate, and I went around to the back door and knocked there, and was instantly met by a white-faced fury.

"So," she cried, "you have come to spy for them. Well, take the news—the news is done! They have no one now to fear—he's gone!—but there's greater than them all. Come!" She dragged me by main force to the bed room door and into the room. "See for yourself!" how he lies there, dead of slow starvation!"

One forced glance I gave at the long, rigid outline on the bed, but even that forced glance caught, mockingly peeping from under the dead man's pillow, a yellow covered play book.

Wrenching myself away from the sight, I turned and putting my arms about the trembling old body I held her close and said: "Oh, you poor wife! you poor wife!"

She stood within my circling arms quite still for an instant; then suddenly her hard face broke into convulsive weeping. She thrust me from her, gasping, "Don't, don't! I say!" and fled to him, while I rushed from the house bearing my ill news.

Every one was shocked and one was wounded—that Sandy had not asked his help. He did not understand the sturdy pride of the old pair who accepted nothing they had not earned, and asked of the dead but one thing, and that was a decent privacy in which to suffer.

Three of the actors went at once to the house, the one who had felt him, a gentle, kindly soul, acting as spokesman. They offered help to her and burial for Sandy, but they were met with such invective and imprecation as fairly stunned them, and though by their secret help they later on saved poor MacIlhenney from the Potter's Field they were compelled to heat a retreat before his frenzied widow.

With bitter sarcasm she invited one to enter and "bring a brush and see if he could find in that house one crumb of bread." She told them exactly "how many weeks a man could live on a list of tools pawned one by one;" she reviled them as "all sorts of things," her husband's "great thoughts and ideas of acting;" jeered at them for "cowards" that they had not "dared to stab him," though they had dangled his steps many a dark night; hailed them as "hypocrites," because they hid their joy, and, pretending grief, came here and offered "decent burial," and as they slowly withdrew she stood upon her doorstep and called after them, "Hypocrites! hypocrites! you starved him to slow death—and he was broken hearted."

The words seemed to catch her own ear. She paused; slowly she repeated, "Brokenhearted!" Then suddenly she caught the clue and flung her gaunt arms wide. She lifted her tortured eyes to the sky, and with a bitter triumph cried: "But a broken heart and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

And hearing that splendid declaration that so thrills with hope, those who all unintentionally worked her we bowed their heads and breathed a quick Amen!—By Clara Morris in *The Cosmopolitan* for September.

**Rich Gift for Theology.** Princeton Seminary's Winthrop Bequest May Amount to \$1,000,000.

An officer of Princeton Theological Seminary has given out the information that the bequests by the late Mrs. Winthrop, of New York city, will amount to very much more than \$500,000, the estimate put on it at first. It is he said, impossible now to determine the exact amount of the bequest, on account of the unsettled condition of the estate, but it is definitely known that it will exceed \$1,000,000 and may possibly amount to \$1,500,000.

In addition, the seminary officers announced that \$100,000 has been raised for founding a chair in Semitic languages. The endowment was raised by subscriptions.

The new funds will be used, it is said, in enlarging the library facilities, in improving the dormitory accommodations, in adding advanced courses to the several departments and in strengthening the corps of instructors.

Now that former President Patton, of the university, has consented to accept the presidency and the endowment fund has been so largely increased, it is believed that the seminary will resume its foremost position among similar institutions in the country.

**Dry Days in Chile.** No Rain Has Fallen There in the Last Three Years.

The British steamer Pretoria, from Tocopilla, Pisagua and Caleta Buena Vista, is discharging a big shipment of nitrates of soda at Lombard street wharf. The cargo will be largely used by powder manufacturers in the United States. When the Pretoria left Tocopilla the country was very dry, there having been no rain for the last three years. Things were different when she reached the lower Chilean coast, an unusually cold wave having spread over that section of South America. The Cordilleras were snow-clad to the base. Rather than risk the fierce storms in the Strait of Magellan the Pretoria rounded Cape Horn.

**"Morally Insane."** District Attorney Jerome Says This is the Case With Young—Clues to Another Murder—Mrs. Feely Lured from a Flat and Killed—Fight For Life to Be Made in Court.

A speedy trial for William Hooper Young accused of murdering Mrs. Anna Pulitzer, is predicted by District Attorney Jerome. The county prosecutor considers it possible to have Young in a death cell at Sing Sing within 30 days.

A great battle of alienists will be fought before the grandson of Brigham Young goes to the electric chair. His father, the wealthy promoter, John W. Young, will return from Paris within two weeks, and no expense will be spared to secure mental experts to demonstrate to the jury that vices and dissipation had so impaired Young's mentality that he was irresponsible when he killed Mrs. Pulitzer. The district attorney declares that Young is only morally insane, and this will not protect him from responsibility for his crime.

Young's confession, the evidence found in the trunk he shipped to Chicago, and subsequent investigation was declared by the police to reveal the accused as a moral monster. "He is one of the most depraved human beings ever charged with crime in my experience," said Captain Titus. "The evidence against him is so revolting that it cannot be hinted at except in the trial room."

The Mormon doctrine of blood atonement may figure in the trial if Young's mother may figure in the trial if Young's mother is brought to New York to testify. She is now Mrs. William J. Milard, and is visiting a brother in Philadelphia. Seen there she is quoted as saying:

"My son, of susceptible moral nature, inclined to evil, was driven to crime by Mormonism, which first made him an outcast and a vagabond. The doctrine of 'blood atonement' is a doctrine of the real Mormons. It was preached, practiced and sanctioned by the church during the lifetime of Joseph Smith."

"I do not know whether it was belief in the doctrine of 'blood atonement' that caused my son to murder Mrs. Pulitzer or whether the church in Utah still believes in the doctrine. But it is a matter of record that Brigham Young and other leaders of the church in Utah publicly taught the doctrine."

When the first Mrs. Young, who was Miss Elizabeth Canfield, of a wealthy family, with their home at 1903 Brown street, Philadelphia, was divorced from her husband, she took the three girls and Mr. Young the two sons.

"My husband was infatuated with his fifth wife," she said. "There was no place for William in the home of the favorite wife and he was sent first to a cattle ranch owned by his father in Northern Arizona, and then was brought North again to work on the railway. He was then 17 or 18 years old. William Hooper was turned from his father's employ, and when about 21 years old began a career of wandering. His present condition is due to Mormonism, lack of good moral teaching and a weak nature."

**TRACING A SIMILAR CRIME.** The police are now trying to fasten another crime on Young. Police Captain Schmitzberger said:

"I must admit that there are many circumstances which seemingly connect Hooper Young with the Feely mystery. I am hard at work with the record of the Feely case, and the bearings of it that point towards Young as the murderer."

"There are strong points of resemblance between the descriptions of Young and the man who killed Mrs. Feely. Both were dark, both were Westerners, both were of same height and age. The Feely murderer was described as a man of strong physique, which Young is not, but it is known that not long ago Young, debilitated by his excesses, was a well set-up man, an athlete."

Mrs. Johanna Lucie, 154 West 17th street, whence she had addressed an advertisement for work, by a man who came there to get her to go around the corner to "attend his sick wife." She left the house to go to her death. Her head was never found.

Captain Schmitzberger regards the mutilation of the body in each case as an important fact, possibly bearing out the theory that the murderer in each case may have been afflicted with blood mania.

**A CLUE TO "EILING" FOUND.** Detectives have succeeded in finding the store where Young purchased the trunk in which he took the body of Mrs. Pulitzer from his apartments to the Morris canal. In this investigation the police encountered the first evidence that tends in any manner to indicate that there ever existed the "C. S. Eiling" declared by Young to be the actual murderer of Mrs. Pulitzer. This is all the more remarkable because of the fact that in his confession Young admitted that he had purchased the trunk after "Eiling" had disappeared.

The boy who delivered the trunk at Young's rooms said that the man who purchased it and who walked with him when he took it home had no moustache. He gave a description which tallies more exactly than it does with the description of the man now under arrest.

Something of a sensation was caused by the announcement that a man answering the description of "Eiling" had attempted suicide in the Mount Morris hotel, and that in his agony he had told a Harlem hospital surgeon he deserved death, which he hoped would come to him for the reason that it would save him from electrocution. The man gave the name of Charles Gannett. Detectives are now investigating this peculiar incident.

**CORONER'S INQUEST BEGINS.** Coroner Parslow and a jury at the Hudson county almshouse, at Jersey City, began an inquest into the death of Mrs. Pulitzer. Lawyer Hart was present to look after Young's interests, and the district attorney office was represented by C. H. Sandick.

Joseph J. Johnson, tender at the Hackensack river bridge, testified that he saw a buggy with a trunk fastened to the rear pass over the bridge Wednesday night of last week, when the body was thrown into the Morris canal.

David Powell, motorman of a trolley car, testified that he saw the body in the canal the next afternoon, and sent word to the police.

Frank Newkirk, an employe at the morgue described the body and the iron weight fastened about the waist with a hitobing strap.

Charles K. Evans, a Hoboken liverman, testified to hiring the buggy to Young, and to having identified the iron weight and straps as his property.

There being no further witnesses present the inquiry was adjourned until October 8, when Coroner Parslow expects to have Joseph Pulitzer, the woman's husband, and a number of other important witnesses present.

Young is a patient in the hospital ward of the Tomb's prison. According to Dr. John Brown, the night physician in the Tombs, he passed a good night. Dr. Brown

said that when Young awoke at 6:45 o'clock he exclaimed: "This is the first night's sleep I've had in weeks."

The man was watched all night by two keepers. He has been supplied with some money by his counsel, Wm. F. S. Hart.

**Balloon Spliffs and Aeronauts is Killed.** The thirty thousand persons who attended the fair of the county agricultural society at Taunton, Mass., on Wednesday saw Louis Girard, one of the aeronauts, fall to death.

On ascension was made safely early in the afternoon by "Professor" Stafford alone. Later a triple ascension by Professor and Mile. Stafford and Girard, their assistant, was planned. No sooner had the balloon been freed, when it was seen that something was wrong. The woman cut loose at once and did not leave the ground. The balloon shot up rapidly to a height of about four hundred feet, when Stafford's parachute was seen to drop. It spread, and Stafford alighted safely.

His parachute had barely left the balloon when the latter tore in halves and collapsed like a paper bag. There was a frantic motion by Girard to cut his parachute loose, but the lines refused to part. He fell to the earth like a shot, striking with awful force. He was unconscious when picked up, but died at the hospital. His spine was broken in two places.

**Pittsburgher Aids Boers.** Simultaneously with the issue of an appeal to the civilized world by the Boer Generals at Amsterdam comes the statement that the Boer funds have received the enormous accession of \$100,000, the gift of Henry Phipps, the well-known Pittsburgh steel man.

This subscription is four times the aggregate of the amount collected by the Dutch press, and coupled with the gift of a similar amount on Saturday by Arthur White, another American, raises the American subscriptions to nearly \$250,000.

The manifesto of the Boer Generals, Botha, DeWet, and Delarey, says that having failed to induce Great Britain to grant further assistance it only remains for them to address themselves to the people of Europe and America.

M. Reitz, formerly State Secretary of the Transvaal, announces that he will sail from England for New York to-day to address the American people on the Boer cause and speak against Secretary Chamberlain. He promises to publish later some sensational war documents.

**Calamity is Feared.** All the Preachers Have Left Jamestown, Mercer County.

A dispatch says there is considerable alarm felt at Jamestown, Mercer county, which is a place of five churches, and it is just now a matter of minutes. Every preacher has left the place and the superstitious are beginning to fear some dire calamity. Such a state of affairs has not existed since the incorporation of the town. The Rev. R. A. Buzza was recently transferred to Chocora by the M. E. conference. He delivered his farewell sermon last Sunday. The Rev. S. Hunter, pastor of the Presbyterian church, left recently to accept a chaplaincy in the regular army. The Rev. Mr. Hadlock, of the Baptist church, preached his farewell sermon and left last Monday to take another charge, and the Rev. M. E. Jamieson has left the place on account of injuries received when the church was partially wrecked by a cyclone last Easter.

**A New Kind of Passenger Car.** The Burlington Falls Into Service Its New Style Parlor—Observation—Dining Cars.

A new style of passenger car has been introduced on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad. It is a combination of parlor, dining and observation car and will be attached to the fast mail train, which leaves Chicago every morning for Omaha and the Northwest. The parlor is in the rear of the car. It is furnished with arm chairs, luxuriously upholstered, and opens onto the observation platform, which is separated from the room by large plate glass windows. Two sleeping berths are provided for invalids.

Off from the parlor is a comfortable smoking room, and toilet rooms for gentlemen and ladies. Beyond is the dining room, a charming affair, holding four tables. The kitchen and pantry are large and very complete. The cars are a distinct advance on anything of the kind yet used in this country, and their use will add greatly to the comfort of passengers.

**Death from a Corn.** Gannegre Followed Paring a Troublesome Corn and Caused Death.

Death caused directly from a corn on the little toe of his right foot, overtook Fidel Heitzman, of Shamokin, on Sunday. Although he had his foot amputated in an effort to save his life, gannegre permeated, his body and he died after much suffering. Heitzman tried all sorts of cures and salves to remove the corn, which caused him much pain. Finally he commenced paring the corn, and from this gannegre developed. The disease soon affected his foot and to an endeavor to prevent it from spreading Dr. Baker last week amputated his foot above the ankle. But the disease had taken