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Porter and Weiss Beer.

MARTIN THORN'S TRIAL

Brutal Murder With Which He and Mrs. Neck Are Charged.

DETECTIVE WORK OF REPORTERS.

When the Police Were Moving Blindly the Newspaper Men Secured the Identification of Goldenuppe's Remains and the Arrest of His Slayers.

New York, Nov. 8.—A murder as shocking in the fensh details of its execution as ever took place within the confines of a great city was presumably committed on Friday, June 26, in a lonely cottage at Woodside, L. I. William Goldenuppe, a Turkish bath attendant, was the victim, and Martin Thorn, a barber, and Augusta Neck, a midwife, stand accused of being his murderers. Today the trial of Thorn began in Long Island City before Judge Maddox.

No murder was ever more carefully planned, nor did murderers ever take more pains to cover up their tracks by effectually disposing of the remains of their victim. Yet within 24 hours it was known to the world that a murder had been committed, and the pursuit of the butchers had been begun.

Two boys, John McGuire and James McKenna, were preparing for their afternoon "dip" on June 26 at the foot of East Eleventh street, when the sight of a rather strange looking bundle floating with the tide hastened their movements. In a moment they were in the water, and towing the bundle in shore. Once back on the dock the boys lost no time in cutting the stout cord which was wound around their prize and undoing the roll of oilcloth which formed the outer covering. There were other coverings of heavy brown paper and checked cloth, and last of all the mutilated trunk of a man, with the arms folded across the breast. It was the upper portion of the body, from the hips to the throat. The arms, strangely enough, had been allowed to remain, but the cutting of the neck and the hands had been carefully done. From the breast a slice of skin had been removed and over the spot the unfortunate man's arms had been placed as if to conceal it.

On Sunday morning, June 27, a man and two boys while picking berries in Ogden woods, near Washington bridge, too much for the latter also. He would at least tell his wife all he knew. Mrs. Gotha could not and would not rest until the police had also heard it. Her brother was a police officer, and to him she told the story of Thorn's admission. The arrest then followed.

According to the story told by Thorn to Gotha the murder had been committed at a cottage hired by Mrs. Neck in Woodside for the purpose of starting a baby farm. Goldenuppe was invited to the house by Mrs. Neck, and Thorn was hiding in a closet. When Goldenuppe opened the closet door Thorn shot him. Then the body was dismembered, Thorn and Mrs. Neck did up the bundles, and together they disposed of them. The head, Thorn declared, had been enclosed in plaster of paris and sunk in the East river.

Thorn now denies that he ever made the above confession, but there is other incriminating evidence against him and Mrs. Neck, and the police believe they will be convicted.



MARTIN THORN, in the far northern part of the city, many miles from East Eleventh street, found a bundle which was similar to that picked up on the beach in the East river. In oil cloth, brown paper and checked cloth was wrapped a head and a torso of a man. It was the lower half of a man's trunk. It was the half missing from the East river find.

The head and legs were still missing. This morning, when it was impossible to establish the dead man's identity, the head is still missing, but the body has been identified and the mystery unraveled, thanks to the keen and smart work of New York newspaper reporters. A reporter got the idea that the man whose body was found in the East river was supposed to have been murdered, and he started to work out an identification on this basis. At the Murray Hill Turkish baths he learned that one of the attendants, William Goldenuppe, had not been seen since the very day upon which the murder was supposed to have been committed. The reporter also discovered that there was a woman named Mrs. Augusta Neck, who had abandoned her husband for Goldenuppe.

Mrs. Neck lived on the second floor of 139 Ninth avenue, and thither the reporter went, go with him Goldenuppe, but she had not seen him for a few days. She was perfectly cool, but there was something about her that aroused the suspicions of her interrogator. He went back to the baths and had the attendants there, who knew Goldenuppe well, go with him to the morgue. These men had no difficulty in identifying the trunk and arms as those of Goldenuppe. They had known him for years, and had had their own strip of the waist at his work. When the skin was cut from the breast Goldenuppe had carried the tattoo marks which would have made identification easy. The reporter then hurried back to Mrs. Neck's house, where he found her preparing to move to another residence. The woman was perfectly cool and answered all questions pleasantly, but a discovered almost immediately, lied unhesitatingly. These lies have helped to weave a network of damning evidence against her. Other reporters kept watch on the house, so that the midwife might be tracked wherever she went, and then the story was given to the police, who were still floundering in the dark.

Mrs. Neck was arrested, and her husband, from whom she was separated, was captured while driving a bread wagon. He, however, established his innocence sufficiently well to procure his discharge. By this time it was learned that Goldenuppe had a rival for the affection of Mrs. Neck in one Martin Thorn, a barber. Both men had quarreled about the woman and had threatened each other's lives. Thorn had disappeared, and it was believed that he had shipped for Germany, and that he would be taken into custody on his arrival there. Meanwhile the missing legs were found close to the navy yard in Brooklyn. They were tied up in oilcloth, paper and checked cloth similar to the wrappings of the two bundles previously found. The bath attendants then made the identification more positive. Nothing was left to perfect the identification but the head.

At last came the arrest of Thorn. The man had never left the city. He had merely shaved off his mustache, and with this simple disguise he rubbed clothes with the officers who were looking for him. Had he held his tongue he could probably have continued to live in this city unmolested. Thorn, however, liked his beer and was fond of company. His terrible secret was too much for him, and so one day he unburdened his mind to an old friend and fellow barber, John Gotha. Gotha swore to secrecy, but the secret was

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

SCHUYLKILL DIVISION.

OCTOBER 1, 1897.

Trains will leave Shenandoah after the above dates for Williams, Gilberton, Frankville, Dark Water, St. Clair, Potomac, Hanbury, Reading, Pottsville, Elizabethtown, Norristown, and Philadelphia. (Broad station) at 5:30 and 11:00 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. on week days, Sundays, 6:00 a. m., 12:01 p. m., 6:00 p. m. For Pottsville and intermediate stations only 9:15 a. m. week days, Sundays, 9:45 a. m.

Trains leave Frankville for Shenandoah at 10:40 a. m. and 12:31, 5:41, 7:52 and 10:17 p. m. Sunday, 11:18 a. m. and 8:11 p. m.

Leave Shenandoah for Philadelphia at 10:18 a. m. and 12:55, 5:15, 7:25 and 10:20 p. m. Sunday at 10:40 a. m., 1:15 p. m.

Trains leave Philadelphia for Shenandoah at 10:40 a. m. and 12:31, 5:41, 7:52 and 10:17 p. m. Sunday, 11:18 a. m. and 8:11 p. m.

Leave Philadelphia for Shenandoah at 10:18 a. m. and 12:55, 5:15, 7:25 and 10:20 p. m. Sunday at 10:40 a. m., 1:15 p. m.

Leave Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, at 11:14 a. m., 8:30 and 4:00 p. m. week days.

A GREAT SURPRISE IS IN STORE

for those who go to-day and get a package of GRAIN-O. It takes the place of coffee at about 1/10 the cost. It is a food drink, full of health, and can be given to the children as well as the adults with great benefit. It is made of pure grains and looks and tastes like the finest grades of Mocha or Java coffee. It satisfies everyone. A cup of Grain-O is better for the system than a tonic, because its benefit is permanent. What coffee breaks down Grain-O builds up. Ask your grocer for Grain-O. 15c and 25c.

PHILA & READING RY

IN EFFECT SEPTEMBER 27, 1897.

Trains leave Shenandoah as follows:
For Philadelphia, week days, 2:10, 8:30, 7:05, 9:54 a. m., 12:35, 3:10 and 6:07 p. m. Sunday, 3:10 p. m.
For Reading, week days, 2:10, 8:30, 7:05, 9:54 a. m., 12:35, 3:10 and 6:07 p. m. Sunday, 3:10 p. m.

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Head Troubles, Stomach Disorders, System Irregularities

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NINETEEN LIVES LOST

By the Wreck of the Steamer Idaho on Lake Erie.

ONLY TWO SAILORS WERE SAVED.

After Clinging to the Spar For Hours They Are Picked Up by a Passing Steamer and Safely Landed in Buffalo—A Survivor's Story.

Buffalo, Nov. 8.—The following are the names of 18 of the 19 men who lost their lives on the steamer Idaho, which sank during the gale on Saturday morning along Long Point, on Lake Erie: Alexander Gillies, captain; George Gibson, first mate; William Clancy, chief steward; John D. Taylor, steward; Nelson Skinner, first assistant engineer; Louis Gilmore, watchman; Richard McLean, wheelman; Robert Williams, wheelman; A. J. Richard, lookout; Henry Thompson, lookout; Conrad Blanker, fireman; William Gregory, fireman; John Kelly, fireman; Frank Miltord, fireman; Edward Smith, deck hand; M. Bell, deck hand.

The names of three of the men drowned are unknown to the steamship company. One was a fireman, another a deck hand and the third a porter.

The two men saved are Louis Lafore, Jr., second mate, and William Gill, a deck hand.

The Idaho went out of commission three or four years ago, but this summer she was thoroughly overhauled. After overhauling she was placed at the disposal of the Naval Veterans' association and by their organization used as the flagship during the G. A. R. encampment in August. At the close of the encampment she was put in commission again as a freighter.

When the steamer Mariposa arrived in port Saturday midnight with news of the wreck of the Idaho, having on board the two surviving members of the crew, Captain Root had this to say regarding the storm on the lake and the rescue of the two men:

"It was one of the worst gales I ever experienced in all my years on the lake. I thought of the wreck of the Idaho. We sighted a spar off to the north with two men clinging to it. We were running under a good head of steam at the time, and I put on more and headed for the spar.

"When I got near I was puzzled how to get the men, for I could not lower my boat in such a storm. Finally I circled about the spar until I ran alongside, when my men picked the poor fellows off. They had to drag them away from the spar by force, for the men had been there so long that their arms had become numb and they twisted about in some way until they blew overboard. When we got them on board we put them in bunks and gave them some warm food and soup, and had them feeling pretty good physically when we reached harbor."

William Gill, the rescued deck hand, a nearly, well built man 23 years old, has sailed the lakes since he was a youth. He is more intelligent than the average seafaring man, and his story of the disaster is a thrilling one.

"We left here Friday night, bound for Chicago, with a cargo of general merchandise, and had everything seemed all right until we got outside the breakwater, and then we were struck by the worst storm that I ever saw. When the first big breaker struck us we were tossed up in the air like a top, and a second later a big roller came over the bow, and we rolled down amidships a foot deep.

"We were slowly against the heavy wind and sea, and when we were well up the lake we found that the boat was making water. It kept coming faster and faster, and the bilge pumps were put to work, but the water gained, and every minute the ship kept getting less buoyant and the big combers continued breaking over her.

"We were near Long Point at this time, and the captain started to put in there, with the intention of beaching the ship. But the water gained so much that it was impossible to get near the shore, and the two men at the wheel could do nothing with her. Two more men went to work with them, and finally they brought her around and headed her toward land.

"The water gained on the pumps and the men were so exhausted that they were unable to get the anchor and bring her head up to the sea and let her ride out the gale. But the sea was too heavy, and instead of the anchor catching with a firm grip and bringing the ship's head up to the storm with a jerk, went over the side and she tumbled into the trough of the seas, which broke over her in torrents. The load was too much, and after a moment the ship keeled over to starboard and went down, stern first.

"What became of my mates I don't know. I remember that they had been loosened and that some of the men were ready to take them if the vessel went under, but no boat could have lived for a minute in that terrible sea, and if any of them did get in the boats it was simply to be swamped as soon as they were launched. May be they did not leave the ship at all, and near the spar, and when the stern of the vessel began to go under I went for the rigging and went up as fast as I could. Another man went with me—the second mate—and I think the Lord that he was with me, or I would have gone mad during all the long hours that I was up there hanging on and trying to keep off the frightful cold that was slowly killing us both.

"The hail and sleet was coming down in a cutting sheet, and we were covered with ice in a few minutes, for though the top of the spar on which we were hanging was 25 feet above the water, the big waves struck us and broke over us and the hail cut us like shot.

"I knew that it was about 3 o'clock when we went down, and it seemed to me that daylight could never come. For how long I do not know, but I was on to the rigging, and we wistled our arms about the spar and let them freeze in position, for otherwise we would have fallen into the fearful sea.

"When daylight came we could not see a sail anywhere near us, and the sea was as bad as ever. There did not seem to be any chance of it going down. Hour after hour we waited there, and then we saw the Mariposa, coming. When she finally sighted us and we saw her head for us I tried to tell my mate, but I could not, and he looked at me with a happy look on his face. On the third trip around she ran right alongside our spar and as she went past a deck man reached for us. I don't know who got the mate, but Mr. Smith, the engineer, got hold of me, and he dragged me from the spar and over the rail of the Mariposa. An instant later we had passed the little Mariposa, and the Idaho had been

NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

It Comes to the Preacher from Over Study and Brain Tire—It Comes to Any Person, too, who Worries and frets.

From the Haven Tribune, Red Ass, Mich.

A "breaking down of the nervous system" is a modern expression—a modern complaint. It is induced by prolonged strain and the overtaxing of the nervous system, and is a product of over hurry and haste. It afflicts the preacher and the lawyer—the direct result of brain tire. It affects people in any walk of life, too, who worry and fret. It means a depletion of the nerve forces.

It is curable by complete rest and change of scene, also by the use of nerve restoratives and nerve foods. As the first method is not within the reach of all, the latter offers the most universal and practical method of treating the complaint. When it is determined that medicine is to be used, the best medicine is that which restores the most nourishing properties. Do not take nerve tonics. They only stimulate, and the reaction follows you worse than you were before. Select the medicine that goes to the nerve root, not to the body—only that as it builds up the nerves, also increases your weight, the best thing for the purpose. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, the reputation of which is built up by solid and indisputable proof, and which is known in every market in the country, is the best. As a proof of its merits in such cases, read the following letter of a clergyman:

DR. WILLIAMS' MED. CO., Schenectady, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—In April, 1897, I had a hopeless case, owing to a complete breaking down of my nervous system and to a persistent stomach trouble. I had been treated by a great many physicians but received no permanent benefit. I had been down four times with nervous prostration and twice with gastric trouble. These attacks would come with such violence as to throw me into spasms. The time came when physicians said I must stop preaching or die. I would be so exhausted after the last service on Sunday that I could scarcely get from the pulpit. Many a time I have had to sit down and rest before I could leave the church in order to gain a little strength. I could eat neither hanging for almost a day, although it seemed a week.

The second mate, Louis Lafore, told a harrowing story to the crew of the Mariposa. He said that in the rush of the men from the hold one of them, a watchman, was trampled to death. The men were frantic to get out of the place. Six or eight, he said, must have been drowned like rats in the hold. They were not warned of the sinking of the boat. The first long dip of the stern was the first intimation they had of the final danger, and that they made a frantic rush to get on deck. The hatchway was too small to let them through together, and the result was that one of them was trampled to death and several were left to drown.

There is no need of little children being tortured by cold head, croup and skin eruptions. Dewitt's Witch Hazel Salve gives instant relief and cures permanently. C. H. Hagenbach.

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