

A TRAGIC VOYAGE AT AN END.

THIRTY SURVIVORS OF THE SCHOLTEN DISASTER ARRIVE IN PORT.

Storage Passengers Land from the P. Caland with Only \$10 Each in Their Pockets—The Story of the Wreck as Told by Three of the Survivors—Praise for the Ship's Officers and Blame for the Crew.

Thirty passengers of the ill-fated steamer Scholten, wrecked in the English Channel on the night of Nov. 19, were landed at pier C, Jersey City, this morning, having been taken from Rotterdam by the Netherlands American Steamship Company's P. Caland, Capt. Bonjer. Twenty-seven were storage and the remainder cabin passengers, Henry R. Kenyon, Charles Miles and C. Bromowaky.

The scene about the dock from 8 o'clock this morning, when the vessel was due, was a picturesque one, the unfortunate foreigners evidently having plenty of friends in America.

The P. Caland reached Quarantine at about 6 o'clock last night. This morning she steamed slowly up the bay, but, owing to the fog, made poor headway. She reached the pier at about 9 o'clock, and her passengers were allowed ashore immediately.

All of the survivors of the Scholten were nearly penniless. They saved no baggage or personal effects. Each of the storage passengers, however, carried a few dollars, which Agent Van Dantorn paid on presentation, and with this they started afresh in the battle of life.

From the stories told by the Scholten's passengers, it would seem that had the crew of the wrecked steamer been less anxious to save themselves the loss of life would not have been so great.

Henry R. Kenyon, who was saved, is a young artist who makes frequent visits to Europe. His story of the disaster is interesting. "It was about 11 o'clock," he said, "when the collision occurred. The fog the time was intense. Following the crash the vessel rebounded with the pitiful appeals from men and women alike who seemed to have lost all self-control."

"When the vessel sank I went down with her, but slowly rose to the surface. For an hour I drifted about with scores of struggling women and children. I was very weak. Frequently I barely escaped being dragged to the bottom by their frantic efforts for succor.

"At last, when it seemed as though my strength was failing, I saw a light. A boat, manned by a crew of six, came alongside, and I was rescued. She was the bark Ebro, lumber laden, and I made for her. As she approached her crew cast overboard lumber and ropes to the struggling ones in the water.

"A plank floated to me, and, grabbing it, I propelled myself alongside. Here strong hands pulled me aboard. When I was saved that could be the Ebro sailed to Dover. Reaching there we were taken to the Sailors' Home and thence via Ostend to Rotterdam.

"The pier was thronged with people, and the dogs in search of friends. We were taken outside the city given excellent accommodations and when the P. Caland sailed we came with us. I had a pleasant experience, which I pray God that I may never meet again."

C. Bromowaky, another cabin passenger, was not on the wrecked steamer. He was on the Ebro, and when the vessel was struck, he was thrown into the sea. He was rescued by a boat, and when he was taken aboard the Ebro, he was found to be in a state of collapse.

"How long I was in this predicament I don't know. It seemed ages. Finally the Ebro rescued in, ropes were thrown out, and fastened on about my waist. I was hoisted up to the deck. The sight of the helpless ones sinking before my eyes was one that will never be forgotten, and their death cries—ever now I can hear them ringing in my ears."

Charles Miles was coming to America for work. He lives in Red Hill, Surrey, England. He is about nineteen years old, tall, slender and wiry. He was traveling with his mother and sister. When the vessel was struck, he was thrown into the sea. He was rescued by a boat, and when he was taken aboard the Ebro, he was found to be in a state of collapse.

"The members of the crew were unruly. Indeed I saw them in life-rafts from the officers' cabin, and although the officers attempted to maintain order, their efforts were practically fruitless.

"The first boat that was lowered contained only the captain and two crew members. In a brief moment it seemed to me, the vessel sank. Pieces of wreckage were scattered about, and swimming to the surface, I kept my head above water. For an hour I floated about and was finally taken aboard the Ebro.

"It was an awful night, with not even a star to be seen. I kept my head above water, and when I was rescued, I was found to be in a state of collapse. I was taken to the hospital, and when I was discharged, I was found to be in a state of collapse.

"Among the storage passengers few could be found by their names. English, Barbara Schwartz, Hart, Reister, and Barbara King, through an interpreter, recounted the dismal story of the wreck.

"They told how they were awakened by the shock, went under the sinking ship, came to the surface and floated about on mattresses, planks, chairs, anything that could be laid hands on until saved. They give the officers much credit for their efforts.

"Among the many pathetic scenes was that of young lady, rich apparently, and pretty, who was being lowered into the life boat. She was swung over the side, and when she was in her hands and arms shining brightly in the darkness.

"In mid-air she was suspended, and, was about to drop to the sea, when a cry was raised. 'She's sinking!' Instead the lifeboat was rowed away, in another moment the Scholten sank and the poor girl was lost. Her name was Miss Torrence.

Baron Fernando De Cles, from Italy, came from his stateroom with his satchel containing \$500. He reached the dock, where one of the crew, he says, grabbed the bag and threw it overboard. The Baron has gone back to Italy.

All the survivors will be taken care of today by the steamship company. They will start for their different destinations at their pleasure.

JANSEN SENT TO THE ISLAND.

He Will Not Anxiously Miss Annie Duncan for a Year at Least.

August Jansen, John P. Duncan's amorous and ambitious ex-coachman, was sent to Blackwell's Island for a year by Police Justice Weldin in the Harlem Police Court this morning in default of \$1,000 bonds guaranteeing that he would stop making love to Miss Annie Duncan, daughter of Jansen's former employer.

Miss Duncan, a handsome, round-faced brunette, with flashing black eyes, obon hair and a deliciously aristocratically aspirated nose of the first declension, appeared as a witness against her unrequited lover.

Her petite, although plump, well-rounded form was clad in a seakink saque, under which was a red jacket trimmed fantastically with black braid, and a black skirt.

Her soul-awakening eyes flashed from under a black velvet bonnet trimmed with light blue ribbons. The thoroughly angry little beauty was supported by two young ladies, her father and Assistant District Attorney Douras.

The object of Jansen's unwelcome suit was the only witness examined. She testified that Jansen had been her father's coachman, and that he had been dismissed because he was too attentive to her in the spring of 1884, since which time, save for a short time spent in Europe, she had been the victim of frequent annoyances from him.

She had written notes to her full of endearing phrases. He had lain in wait near her father's house, 9 East Sixty-fourth street, and had accosted or followed her through the streets, until she feared to go upon the streets unaccompanied, and life was becoming a burden.

H. M. Douras submitted two letters to Justice Weldin, purporting to have been written by Jansen and Miss Annie Garnett, of Hoboken, but too evidently written by the same person, and that person very illiterate.

These letters were found upon the person of Jansen when arrested in Madison Square. Following is a copy of the letter purporting to have been written by Miss Garnett:

DEAR FRIEND AUGUST: I hope you forgive me for the trouble I caused you, but I had no intention and I would not have had it done for a thousand dollars but I could not help it. I got angry and that was not my will and as I see you will not see me any more, I will write you and I hope you will see me as soon as possible for I am very anxious to hear from you. I always failed so now I trust you will stay at home and I can see you as I see you will not call. Yours truly,

MISS M. GARNETT.

The letter purporting to have been written by Miss Duncan was even worse. It is as follows:

DEAR FRIEND AUGUST: I hope you forgive me for the trouble I caused you, but I had no intention and I would not have had it done for a thousand dollars but I could not help it. I got angry and that was not my will and as I see you will not see me any more, I will write you and I hope you will see me as soon as possible for I am very anxious to hear from you. I always failed so now I trust you will stay at home and I can see you as I see you will not call. Yours truly,

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DEAR SIR: I should be pleased, to have you call, early this afternoon, and I hope you haven't forgotten that pleasant time, when I had said to you that I am sorry, that you are left here. I am yours truly,

JANSEN STATED IN A dull fashion at the object of his love during the giving of her testimony, and pulled at a dirty yellow mustache which bristles on his lip.

Justice Weldin asked him if he had any defense to make, and Jansen mumbled something about being unable to notify his lawyer, Gabriel Levy.

"Don't you know me?" asked Justice Weldin. Jansen shook his head, and the Justice added: "Why, yes you do. I sent you to prison once for the same offense. You had been bothering a Jersey girl."

Justice Weldin then ordered Mrs. Stevens, of Castle Point. You don't seem to be able to tell the young ladies alone. I will send you to Blackwell's Island for twelve months with \$1,000 bonds to behave yourself."

August Jansen is a Swede, forty years of age, dull and unimpressive in appearance. One of the court clerks, who had no reason why the young women whom he admires should not fall on his neck. He is prudent in his love, however, for he always sets his heart on a girl with a "gentleman's name" and a family of his own.

In 1882 he was dismissed from his service by Mrs. E. C. Lewis, of Hoboken. He immediately began the series of attentions to Miss Annie Duncan, who was then a young girl. He was arrested in October, 1885, he was arrested and held for trial in the Court of General Sessions in 1890 last, recorder Henry tried him, he was convicted and sentenced to two months' imprisonment.

In December, 1886, Jansen was again arrested for molesting lady at Sixty and Fourteenth street, and then it was that Justice Weldin sent him to the island for three months.

Justice Weldin took his sentence in the same stolid, dull way which characterized him throughout the proceedings.

A HIGHWAYMAN CAUGHT.

John Walsh, a Member of the Notorious Tunnel Gang, Held for Trial.

Capt. Ryan has arrested another member of the Tunnel Gang for highway robbery. On Wednesday at 6 o'clock p. m., while Miss Julia V. Willis, of 227 West Thirteenth street, was boarding a car at Second avenue and Thirty-third street, in company with her aunt, she was jostled by a young man who made a grab at her pocket book, which was in her left hand.

She resisted the thief and a violent struggle ensued. The robber twisted her wrist until it was black and blue, seized her by the arm and threatened personal violence unless she yielded the portemonnaie and its contents. Smarting with pain, and nearly overcome with the exciting struggle, Miss Willis let go of the pocketbook, which contained \$5.

The ladies gave an excellent description of the highwayman to Capt. Ryan. At roll-call the next day he was instructed to look for John Walsh, a seventeen-year-old thief, and Detective Mullarkey started out on the search.

Last night Walsh was arrested. He said that he was William Walsh, twenty years old. He was recognized as John Walsh, seventeen years old, who was convicted of larceny on Nov. 27, and was sent to the island for one month. He had a "pull" and was named. This morning Miss Willis and her aunt called at the station and identified Walsh as the thief who stole the pocketbook. Walsh is the young man who robbed Miss Bruce Torrence in the Thirty-fourth street railroad tunnel last week. Miss Torrence will visit the station this morning.

HUSTED'S CALL ON THE BOSS.

THE BALD EAGLE READY TO MAKE UP WITH EX-SENATOR PLATT.

A Meeting at the latter's Office Which Has Not Resulted in a Fictitious Trial, Was the First Time They Spoke to Each Other in Years—Westchester Statesman Said to be Frightened by the Outlook.

The Republican statesmen who were congregated at the Fifth Avenue Hotel last evening discussed the meeting which took place yesterday morning between ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt and Gen. James W. Husted.

The ex-Senator and the redoubtable Westchester legislator have not been speaking in terms since the memorable step-ladder incident at the Delavan House, Albany, in the Senatorial fight of 1881.

Neither had spoken to the other from that time up to yesterday, although they frequently met in conferences and campaigns.

Gen. Husted called upon ex-Senator Platt yesterday just as the clock in Trinity Church was striking the hour of 11 a. m. The ex-Senator was in the office of the Assembly, and Husted called upon him in the Eagle of Westchester hat in hand, approaching him.

It is said that the ex-Senator was taken completely by surprise when he saw the Bald Eagle of Westchester hat in hand, approaching him.

Gen. Husted proffered his right hand and the ex-Senator extended his dexter paw, as if an orchard tree had been present it would no doubt have played slow music.

The office boy and two clerks were ordered out of the private office and the ex-Senator and the general speaker of the Assembly held a secret confab for more than an hour. It is understood that when they parted they separated as friends and that "Jimmy" had succeeded in explaining a thousand and one things to the boss of the machine in the State.

At 3 p. m. the Republican politicians who generally assemble every afternoon at the Astor House had heard of the meeting. Husted had met and settled their personal and political hatred of each other, and were wondering what the effect of the meeting would be. Last night the discussion of the make-up was transferred to the uptown hotels.

A well-known Republican politician said: "I am told on the best of authority that Husted called upon Platt at the earnest solicitation of Husted's friends."

"Platt received him rather coldly, and Husted at once began to explain matters to Platt. He talked for an hour, and Husted had conspired to keep them apart these many years and vowed that his acts and motives had been misconstrued."

Bald Eagle's story and then recounted what he knew of Husted's animosity to him and his faction of the party in the State.

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RAILROAD MEN PRIMED FOR WAR.

A Lively Meeting of Richmond Terminal Directors Now in Progress.

The directors of the Richmond Terminal Company are holding a lively meeting this afternoon on the top floor of the United Bank.

The positive announcement, published exclusively in THE WORLD, that Mr. John H. Inman would not accept the Presidency of the Richmond and Danville Company, and the rumor that the directors of the Richmond Terminal, but that of its collateral companies, which was caused in a measure by the selling out of the large holdings of Roswell F. Flower, and the Standard Oil people, were not conducive of a peaceful gathering.

It was understood, previous to the meeting, that Mr. Rutherford, one of the heaviest shareholders, had primed himself to make some disclosures.

From the feeling Mr. Rutherford expressed to Mr. Edward Lauterbach, also a director, while the elevator cars were taking them to the directors' room, it would seem that he had not changed his determination at that hour at least.

Mr. Lauterbach said: "How do you feel to-day, Mr. Rutherford?" "I'm not feeling in the pleasantest mood," the latter responded ominously. I think that there will be some trouble before this meeting is over."

Statesmen who are celebrated as story-tellers and conversationalists described in the Sunday World.

A TRUCE FOR MRS. PARAN STEVENS.

LAWYERS THINK THAT THEY CAN SETTLE THE LITIGATION THEMSELVES.

A ray of hope came this morning to Surrogate Rollins and others who had looked forward to weeks of interminable argument in the case of Mrs. Paron Stevens against the executors of her late husband's will.

A letter was read from Mr. John E. Parsons, counsel for Mrs. Stevens, stating his willingness to confer with Mr. John E. Burrill, who acts for Trustees J. L. Melcher, Charles G. Stevens and George F. Richardson, as to a proposition which will prevent further litigation.

This offer may bear good fruit in the near future, but the threatened flood of oratory went on nevertheless.

Mrs. Paron Stevens was the only lady in the court-room, with her face averted from the lawyers and the audience.

She wore a rich black satin and lace dress, jacket of black corded cloth and long undressed kid gloves.

She looked pale as lace before her face and did not make a perceptible motion throughout the long proceedings.

Ex-Surrogate Calvin, on behalf of Mrs. Stevens and her lawyer, Lewis F. Forst, made a vigorous arraignment of the trustees.

"They have not carried out the intentions of the testator," he said, "and no amount of corroborating accounts and book-keeping the issue by making foolish changes against the widow will relieve them of the charge of having defrauded her of her rights."

Their attempt to cheat her out of part of her legacy shows that the trustees are hostile to her rights and traitors to their trust, and they should be removed.

Through the forbearance of Mrs. Stevens she has realized large fortunes, and it is a most flagrant outrage for them to try to avoid their responsibility on a bare technicality.

Mr. Burrill here tried to set Judge Calvin right on a question of fact, and a brisk exchange of compliments followed.

If the gentleman thinks he can win his case by arguing, he will win it, said Judge Calvin finally. I am quite willing that he shall lay the pleasing unctious to his soul.

"Flattering unctious," suggested Mr. Burrill.

George Noah Davis followed, also in behalf of Mrs. Stevens.

Mr. John E. Burrill, for the trustees, made a very earnest and somewhat heated reply to Mrs. Stevens' charges.

On the stand Mrs. Stevens swore that Trustee Melcher used language to her which she could not repeat in court.

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DETECTIVES IN WITH BUGGLARS.

A Pinkerton Man Arrested in Montreal—A Mystery Solved.

MONTREAL, Que., Dec. 10.—This morning was discovered the real reason why so many daring burglaries have gone unpunished in this city. All confidence had been lost in the ability of the city force to ferret matters out, and some detectives from New York, Boston and Detroit were quietly imported.

They have been working silently for some time past, and this morning startled the community by arresting John Fahey, a well-known detective and agent for Pinkerton in Montreal. Detective Auguste of the Montreal civil detective force, was also locked up, as well as Constable Burgess.

It appears that at the time of the recent Grand Trunk robbery there had a confederate, who was not other than the Montreal detective force, was also locked up, as well as Constable Burgess.

There was recent investigation of police force in respect to the Montreal detectives as far back as the jewelry robbery on Notre Dame street over three years ago.

FERRY SHOT.

Attempt to Assassinate Him To-Day in Paris.

A Mad Man Named Aubertin the Assassin.

Scenes of Unprecedented Excitement in the Streets.

The Shooting Took Place in the Chamber of Deputies.

The Wounded Statesman Taken to a Hospital, Where His Injuries are Being Dressing—The Would-Be Assassin Arrested in Time to Save Him from the Anger of an Incensed Mob—Did He Intend to Shoot Other Politicians—Sketch of M. Ferry's Life and Public Career.

(SPECIAL CABLE TO THE WORLD.)

PARIS, Dec. 10.—M. Jules Ferry was shot in the lobby of the Chamber of Deputies this morning by a man named Aubertin. Three shots were fired, two of which took effect, but the wounds are not considered serious.

A scene of unprecedented excitement followed. Mr. Ferry was taken to a hospital, where his wounds are being cared for.

There was so much confusion that the would-be assassin was not at first known, and when his identity was discovered the police had him in charge. His motive is not known.

It is reported that he intended to shoot other prominent politicians. There is an uproar on the streets, and many of the people are wild with anger.

LATAS.—Aubertin, it has been ascertained, is a madman. He is small and swarthy and wears a gray beard. His clothes are shabby. After being caught he cried: "I am Lorrain, I am Lorrain."

He says he is a Parisian and has no occupation, but belongs to a band of revolutionaries who have sworn to kill Ferry. Some of the detectives declare that the man's name is Berckin.

The shooting occurred about 4 o'clock. Two of the shots struck M. Ferry in the shoulder, but fortunately he had on a thick overcoat and the bullets caused only slight wounds.

He is now at his residence in Rue Bayard, where he is receiving the congratulations of friends upon his escape.

Jules Francois Camille Ferry was born at St. Die, Vosges, April 5, 1832. After studying at Paris he was admitted to the Bar in 1854. He was in constant opposition to the Empire, and was one of those condemned to the guillotine in 1871. He was elected to the Corps Legislatif from the Sixth Constituency in 1871. He was elected to the Chamber of Deputies in 1876. He was elected to the Chamber of Deputies in 1876. He was elected to the Chamber of Deputies in 1876.

He joined the staff of the Temps in 1865, and made a great stir by his writings. In 1868 he was elected to the Corps Legislatif from the Sixth Constituency in 1871. He was elected to the Chamber of Deputies in 1876. He was elected to the Chamber of Deputies in 1876.

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HOME, CASH AND DIAMONDS GONE.

A Midnight Fire at Gravesend Which Nearly Resulted in Loss of Life.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY, N. Y., Dec. 10.—The residence of S. M. Berry, on Kings highway between the Brighton and Manhattan Beach railways, Gravesend, caught fire at 1.30 a. m. to-day and was burned with its contents. The loss is about \$30,000.

Mrs. Berry and her daughter were alone in the house when the fire occurred. Mrs. Berry had about \$1,200 of money and diamonds. It is said, and \$5,000 worth of diamonds. All was consumed. Mrs. Berry and her daughter had barely time to get out alive.

The fire started in an extension of the house, but the cause is not known. Mrs. Berry and her daughter took refuge in the house of a neighbor, from the windows of which they watched the destruction of their home.

He was elected to the Chamber of Deputies in 1876. He was elected to the Chamber of Deputies in 1876. He was elected to the Chamber of Deputies in 1876.

EXTRA.

MURDERED IN BED.

A Woman Mysteriously Killed on Long Island.

Her Skull Split Open by a Blow from an Axe.

Queer Story of the Crime Told by the Woman's Husband.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)

HEMPSTED, L. I., Dec. 10.—A mysterious murder, which is causing more excitement in this part of Long Island than anything since Bugg's crimes startled the community, took place last night in East Meadow, about two miles from this place.

The victim was Mrs. Louis F. Brower, the wife of an old farmer. Who the murderer is puzzles the whole of Hempstead township.

All that is known of the details of the crime is what Farmer Brower tells. According to his story, his wife was murdered by a strange man, who broke into his house last night.

Mrs. Brower was killed by a blow from an axe. It split her skull and evidently caused instant death. It was a blow delivered with much force and apparently was dealt while the woman slept.

The quest part of the murder is, according to the old farmer's story, that he and his wife were in bed when the murder was committed. The murderer walked into the bedroom, bringing the axe with him. He raised it above his head, aiming his blow at Brower.

Either the dimness of the light or bad aim, Brower says, saved his life, for the axe missed him and struck his wife.

The first news about the tragedy was given out this morning by Brower, who told it to Farmer Merritt, who lives in the neighborhood.

When it became generally known that Mrs. Brower had been killed many persons flocked to the house and looked at the body.

The woman lay upon the bed in a quantity of blood, which soaked the pillow on which her head rested and had trickled down to the floor, where it formed a little pool. The wound in her head was a gaping one and the woman's brains protruded.

There is little doubt about one part of Brower's story. The woman was undoubtedly asleep when killed. Some think, however, that she was first shot, and that the axe was used afterwards.

Coroner Cronin was notified, and took charge of the body this afternoon.