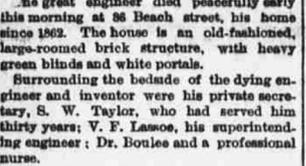


ERICSSON GONE.

End of a Long Life of Incalculable Benefit to Mankind. "Give Me Rest" the Last Words of the Noble Old Inventor.

The Monitor His Great Boon to America! He Died Early This Morning at His Home in Beach Street.



CAPT. JOHN ERICSSON.

The great engineer died peacefully early this morning at 86 Beach street, his home since 1862. The house is an old-fashioned, large-wooded brick structure, with heavy green blinds and white portals.

A PRIZE YEARLING. TO BE HANGED.

He's a Son of Guy Wilkes and Brings a Neat \$5,100.

Robert Bonner Gets Two-Year-Old Catherine for \$3,000.

Another Interesting Day at the Sale of California Colts.

The second and last day of the sale of California trotting stock was begun in the presence of a crowd even larger than that which was present yesterday.

Among those present to-day were J. H. Shultz, Col. Broadhead, representing J. A. Alexander, of the Woodburn Farm, Ky.; J. J. Galway, John Splan, Gen. Turner, C. J. Hamlin, Dr. Fowler, Robert and David Bonner, Mat Burns, Haggin, the trainer, and F. D. Stout.

Mr. Bonner was simply bubbling over with happiness, for the success his colts met with yesterday places the California stock at the top of the horse not harrigan even Kentucky.

The sum total far exceeded Mr. Howe's expectations.

This many of the colts were bought in by Kentuckians added to his gratification.

Today's catalogue included consignments of Messrs. H. M. Johnston, G. Valentin and William Corbett.

Mr. Johnston's stock was chiefly Hambletonian.

Judge Cowing Decides that Method of Execution Still Legal.

Mr. Howe's Plea Does Not Save Nolan from Sentence.

Emma Buch's Murderer to Expiate His Crime April 26.

James Nolan, who was convicted of murder in the first degree in killing Emma Buch on Nov. 20 last, was brought before Judge Cowing in Part II. of the Court of General Sessions to-day for sentence.

Nolan, who is a young man of twenty-four, was neatly dressed, and his clean-shaven face was deathly white.

The usual questions were put to the prisoner and he was asked what he had to say. Lawyer Howe arose, dignified and important. He moved for an arrest of judgment, making an elaborate argument.

He claimed that the amendment of the statute relating to death by electricity, which became a law in June last, provided for no punishment for crimes committed after that time and before Jan. 1, 1889, when the new law went into effect.

Under Sheriff Gillroy Nolan in charge and lodged him again in the Tombs. Lawyer Howe will appeal the case.

ALL PLEADED NOT GUILTY.

Mrs. Olive E. Friend, William E. Howard, Mrs. Emily Howard, George Halstead and Orrin Augustus Halstead, the electric suzer conspirators, were arraigned before Recorder Smyth at General Sessions this afternoon.

They all pleaded not guilty to three indictments each for grand larceny, with leave to withdraw the pleas before next Tuesday.

When the Evening World reporter saw the Chinaman this morning, the latter was very angry, excited and almost livid in color.

He held the reporter in broken English about his trouble with Wechsung, and frequently remarked, "I fix him, I fix him."

"How did you fix him?" the reporter asked at last.

"I know, I know. He sue me for \$2.50. I no care for \$2.50, but he no get it from me. I get a Lawyer Myers to defend me in court, but Wechsung he no there yesterday."

"He was murdered, chopped to pieces with a hatchet," said the reporter.

Who Killed Him?

Was the Wechsung Atrocity the Work of a Chinaman?

Strange Conduct of Sam Wah, the Dead Clerk's Laundryman.

A Man Who Tried to Buy a Hatchet on Wednesday Night.

The Police Think There Is a Woman in the Case.

One of the Most Brutal Crimes Ever Committed in This City.

The brutal and unparalleled butchery of Guenther Wechsung, the drug clerk employed in Otto Doepfner's drug store, at 937 Third avenue, between 7 and 7.10 o'clock yesterday morning, has horrified the entire city.

Nothing to equal it in savagery has ever before occupied the attention of the police.

Who killed him? What was the motive? are questions which Capt. Wanta, of the fifty-first street police station, and a corps of Inspector Byrne's trained detectives are doing their utmost to solve.

Wechsung was a single man. His friends never heard that he had an enemy.

An Evening World reporter, investigating the case this morning, heard that the only person with whom he was at variance is a Chinaman named Sam Wah, who keeps a laundry at 137 East Fifty-seventh street.

Sam Wah says he has been sixteen years in the country.

The Chinaman also said Wechsung used to have his linen washed and ironed there until six weeks ago, when he quarrelled with Sam.

Their trouble arose over a white shirt, the hood of which Wechsung said had been ruined by the Chinaman in ironing.

Sam Wah said the stains complained of were made by medicine, and were on the shirt when sent to him, and that he could not get them out.

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"He was murdered, chopped to pieces with a hatchet," said the reporter.

"Yes, I know, but he no come to court. He dead. He no get \$2.50 from me," responded the Chinaman.

"Did you see him yesterday?" asked the reporter.

"Me? No."

"When did you see him last?"

William of Germany, at which Wechsung took umbrage.

WOULD'NT HEAR HIS EMPEROR INSULTED.

"We are German soldiers, and I will not stay silent to my Emperor insulted."

He walked out with Paulsen and Lentz. The latter went up First avenue.

Wechsung started for his drug store, and went to his room on the corner.

While unlocking the door the stranger came up to him and said:

"Good-morning. How many degrees is it?" he cried cheerily.

"About thirty below," said the boy. This was a standing weather joke between them every morning.

The stranger wore a gray shirt and derby hat.

At 6.58 o'clock yesterday morning, William Krulisch, the errand boy, arrived at the store. He saw the time by the clock in the window.

When Wechsung was found he only had a few minutes left to live.

Wechsung wore his trousers, white shirt, and was in his stocking feet. The boy is sure he had no more clothing on.

He looked at the clock and said, "It is 7 o'clock. How many degrees is it?" he cried cheerily.

"About thirty below," said the boy. This was a standing weather joke between them every morning.

Krulisch went in and shut the stove, to get the fire going well. Then the boy started for Lotter's bakery, on Third avenue, between Fifty-second and Fifty-third streets, to get two loaves of bread for his breakfast.

He looked at the clock and said, "It is 7 o'clock. How many degrees is it?" he cried cheerily.

"About thirty below," said the boy. This was a standing weather joke between them every morning.

Plumber McCreery, who lives two flights above the drug store, has a shop in the basement.

He opened up he thinks at 6.50 yesterday morning. He sent two of his men away and a boy, and then went upstairs to see if there were any packages for him.

The druggie went to receive goods for him that came at night.

He thinks it was about 7.30 when he went into the drug store. The front door was open a little way. He walked in but could see no one.

"Anything here for me?" he shouted, and heard a faint murmur come from behind the prescription counter.

Thinking it came from Wechsung, telling him to wait, he stood for a few minutes drumming on a shoe case.

While there another man went in, looked through the Directory, and went out.

Fifteen minutes later Mr. Owens, foreman in Mr. Ellis's bakery, left the shop to go to breakfast and he saw a man answering the same description trying the door again.

Mr. Owens did not notice him long enough to see whether he was going in or coming out of the store at the time.

Fifteen minutes later Mr. Owens, foreman in Mr. Ellis's bakery, left the shop to go to breakfast and he saw a man answering the same description trying the door again.

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was bent where it had come into collision with the unhappy man's skull.

When the doctor came he ordered an ambulance sent for. While awaiting its arrival he counted eight deep cuts from the full edge of the hatchet on the man's head and neck.

The police of the Fifty-first street station found fourteen other games in the breast, back and collar of his overcoat.

A STRANGE PROCEEDING.

The murderer may have thrown the coat over the man's head and back before beginning his bloody work, probably to prevent his screams being heard.

An ambulance from Bellevue Hospital arrived and took Wechsung to that institution, where he died at 5 p. m. yesterday.

How the murderer got in and left the store in the fifteen minutes intervening between the departure of the boy Krulisch and his return has not been elucidated.

The drug store runs parallel with a curious hallway.

In this hallway a flight of stairs runs up to the first floor, both from the front and rear.

At the foot of the stairs in the rear are two doors. One leads into the anteroom behind the prescription counter, the other into a narrow court-yard between the anteroom and Mr. Doepfner's sleeping apartment.

How the murderer got in and left the store in the fifteen minutes intervening between the departure of the boy Krulisch and his return has not been elucidated.

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OSCEOLA WINS.

The Hunterdon Handicap at Clifton To-Day.

Top Sawyer Laid Aside His Roguish Tricks and Took the First Purse.

A Large Attendance Witnessed Some Excellent Racing.

CLIFTON RACE TRACK, N. J., March 8. The meeting of the Passaic County Agricultural Association was continued as usual at Clifton to a very large attendance.

The weather was threatening, but the track was in good condition and the racing excellent.

The regus Top Sawyer was installed a favorite for the first race, and as he ran kind he had no trouble in winning.

Singletone was the favorite for the second race, but had to be contented with second place to John Arkins.

The third race saw Carnegie the favorite, with Chancellor second choice. They were the only horses in it, and after a good race Carnegie won by a neck.

FIRST RACE. Purses \$250, for beaten horses; selling allowances: one mile and a sixteenth.

Top Sawyer, 115.00; Singletone, 115.00; Carnegie, 100.00; Palaska, 100.00; Belmont, 100.00.

Second RACE. Purses \$250, for three-year-olds; selling allowances: seven furlongs.

John Arkins, 120.00; Singletone, 120.00; Belmont, 120.00; Carnegie, 120.00; Palaska, 120.00.

Third RACE. Purses \$250, for three-year-olds; selling allowances: seven furlongs.

John Arkins, 120.00; Singletone, 120.00; Belmont, 120.00; Carnegie, 120.00; Palaska, 120.00.

Fourth RACE. Purses \$500, for three-year-olds; selling allowances: seven furlongs.

John Arkins, 120.00; Singletone, 120.00; Belmont, 120.00; Carnegie, 120.00; Palaska, 120.00.

Fifth RACE. Purses \$250, for beaten horses; selling allowances: one mile.

Chancellor, 120.00; Singletone, 120.00; Belmont, 120.00; Carnegie, 120.00; Palaska, 120.00.

Sixth RACE. Purses \$250, for beaten horses; selling allowances: one mile.

Chancellor, 120.00; Singletone, 120.00; Belmont, 120.00; Carnegie, 120.00; Palaska, 120.00.

Seventh RACE. Purses \$250, for beaten horses; selling allowances: one mile.

Chancellor, 120.00; Singletone, 120.00; Belmont, 120.00; Carnegie, 120.00; Palaska, 120.00.

Eighth RACE. Purses \$250, for beaten horses; selling allowances: one mile.

Chancellor, 120.00; Singletone, 120.00; Belmont, 120.00; Carnegie, 120.00; Palaska, 120.00.

Ninth RACE. Purses \$250, for beaten horses; selling allowances: one mile.

Chancellor, 120.00; Singletone, 120.00; Belmont, 120.00; Carnegie, 120.00; Palaska, 120.00.

Tenth RACE. Purses \$250, for beaten horses; selling allowances: one mile.

Chancellor, 120.00; Singletone, 120.00; Belmont, 120.00; Carnegie, 120.00; Palaska, 120.00.