WHERE ARE THE BIG FAMILIES?
Has No Mother More Than Fifteen Living Children
TO COMPETE FOR THE
"Evening World's" Maternity Prizes
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The Evening World.

A MIDSUMMER COMPARISON.
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PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1889. PRICE ONE CENT.

EXTRA

2 O'CLOCK.

MURDERED.

A Burg'ar Kills a Brooklyn Grocer This Morning.

A Similar Crime to the Slaying of Lyman S. Weeks.

Almost Hacked to Pieces with a Bowie Knife.

A Terribly Brutal Crime by a Midnight Marauder.

The Murdered Man's Wife Sees Him Stabbed to Death.

A Vigilant Policeman Captured the Murderer as He Ran.

One of His Companions Caught in This City and Confesses.

A murder even more horrible and more brutal than that of Lyman S. Weeks, who was shot dead by a burglar on March 15, 1887, was committed in Brooklyn early this morning.

The victim is Christian Wilhelm Luca, a well-to-do German groceryman, who lives with his family over his store at the corner of Jay and High streets, within three blocks of the Bridge entrance.

The unfortunate man was literally hacked to pieces with a big bowie-knife in the hands of a burglar who had broken into his apartments.

The murderer's name is Charles McElwain, and the people say he had two accomplices.

McIlwain was arrested immediately after the murder as he was leaving the house, and is now locked up in the Second Precinct Police Station.

He is a driver of an ice wagon for Coughlin Bros., of this city, but he lived at 143 High street, Brooklyn, only a few doors from Luca's store.

His two accomplices are said to be professional burglars, and the police give their names as Martie Diveen and Tom Quinlan, both of whom are reported to be well-known criminals.

THE MURDER.

The murder was committed about 3.30 this morning, and ever since daybreak the street in front of the house has been crowded with people, eager to obtain every scrap of news in regard to the terrible tragedy.

THE DEAD MAN'S HOME.

The house is a three-story frame building, in the rear of which is a yard opening on High street, and inclosed by a high board fence.

Mr. Luca occupied the entire second floor with his family. The front room on Jay street was used as a sitting-room, the middle room as a bedroom where Mr. and Mrs. Luca and the two elder children—Harry, nine years old, and Gus, four years old—slept.

The rear room looking out on the yard is a comfortably furnished apartment used as a dining-room, and a small room opening out of it was occupied by the servant, Maida, who also had the baby under her charge.

Two clerks, Henry Beekman and a boy named Dick, slept in the front hall bedroom.

ENTERED THE HOUSE FROM THE REAR.

The burglars entered the yard in the rear of the house, and put a ladder up to the middle second-story window. McElwain was the one selected to go in.

THE MURDERER BUT NINETEEN YEARS OLD.

He is a slightly built young man and only nineteen years old.

He opened the window easily and crawled in and was making his way to the front room, where it was supposed that Mr. Luca kept his money box.

It was quite dark at the time.

HIS VICTIM AWAKENED.

He had reached the passageway leading through the bedroom when Mr. Luca was awakened by the noise, and got up to see what was the matter. He did not wake his wife.

As he entered the dining-room he saw the figure of a man making for the window and grappled him at once.

McIlwain was so frightened that he dropped his hat near the bedroom door, where it was picked up afterwards. He was in his stocking feet

STABBED WITH A BOWIE KNIFE.

Luca was a big, powerful man, weighing over two hundred pounds, and he would have made short work with the intruder had not the latter been armed with a knife, an ugly-looking weapon, with a blade fully six inches long.

As soon as Luca seized him near the window they began to tussle about, knocking the furniture about and making a great noise, which woke up all the rest of the family.

A DEATH STRUGGLE.

Mrs. Luca pushed out of the bedroom, followed by Harry, her nine-year-old son, and the servant came out of the other door.

Luca was down on one knee in front of the window and his assailant stood over him, striking him repeatedly.

"I'M BEING MURDERED."

"Help! Murder! Police!" shouted Luca at the top of his voice. "Help! I'm being murdered."

Mrs. Luca jumped forward and caught the murderer by the arm while the servant grabbed him by the coat, while Luca tried to get up.

"Stand back!" cried McIlwain, to the two women flourishing his knife, which they then saw for the first time. "Stand back and let go of me, or I'll cut you open as I did him."

THEN HE JUMPED FROM THE WINDOW.

Both women shrank back in horror, and and McIlwain jumped out of the window, and grabbing up his shoes ran out of the yard down High street.

Luca meanwhile had struggled to his feet and had staggered to the sink in the corner of the room.

"FOR GOD'S SAKE GET ME SOME HELP!"

"For God's sake, Mary, get me some help," he groaned. "I believe I am killed," and with that he sank down in a heap in the corner of the room.

The shrieks of the woman aroused the whole neighborhood, and a few seconds afterward Dr. Stone, who lives on the opposite side of Jay street, came running in.

It was too late, however, to do anything for the wounded man. He was fast dying.

LITERALLY HACKED TO DEATH.

There were three or four deep gashes on his right shoulder and arm, and a horrible cut in the breast right under the heart from which his life-blood was pouring in a stream. Within ten minutes he had breathed his last, and a sheet was spread over his body just where he fell to await the coming of the Coroner.

DRENCHED WITH BLOOD.

The carpet of the room near the window was drenched with blood, and on the sill of the window and all down the side of the house there was a stain which looked as if a torrent of blood had been poured down there.

CROWDS ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Hundreds of people stood in the street this morning and eyed the horrible spectacle curiously.

THE MAN WHO CAUGHT THE MURDERER.

Policeman Kennedy, who has the post on High street, was the officer who captured the murderer. He said to an EVENING WORLD reporter this morning:

"I was standing at the corner of Bridge and High streets about 3.40 A. M., when I heard a man yelling 'Murder! police!' up the street.

"I started on a run and hadn't gone half a block when I saw a man running towards me with his shoes in his hand on the other side of the street.

"I ran over and grabbed him. He had blood on his clothes, and would at first give no account of himself.

PUT THE NIPPERS ON HIM.

"Officer Cassidy of the next post came up and we put the nippers on him and searched him. We found a big, wicked-looking knife with a blade six inches long and covered with blood in his pocket.

"We took him up to the corner and found that Mr. Luca had been stabbed by a burglar, so we took the fellow in.

"Mr. Luca was so far gone that he couldn't talk and he died a minute afterwards.

RECOGNIZED AS THE MURDERER.

"Both Mrs. Luca and the servant recognized him as the man who had stabbed Mr. Luca, and the little boy Harry also identified him as the man he saw running out the gate.

M'ILWAIN OWNS UP.

"McIlwain then confessed that it was he who stabbed Luca, and told where he lived, at 143 High street.

"I asked him where the other man was and he said there was no other at first, and then told me that he had a companion, but he didn't know where he had gone.

"I sent him to the station-house, and then went around to the house where he said he lived.

"I met a young woman there who said she was McIlwain's wife. They had only been married a week, and had taken rooms at the house last Saturday.

"They occupied the back parlor. The woman was very tough looking, and McIlwain himself had a desperate appearance.

WHAT M'ILWAIN'S WIFE SAYS.

"When I asked her where her husband was last night, she said that he had been home all the evening. He had two friends from New York with him, and they went to bed after working the growler till about midnight.

"At 2 o'clock she said her husband and his two friends went out and she had not seen them since. I immediately placed her under arrest as an important witness in the case."

SHE TOLD THE DETAILS OF THE PLOT.

It is said that after a private examination at the police station the McIlwain woman gave away to the police the details of the whole plot to rob Mr. Luca, who was supposed to have a large sum of money always in the house with him.

She also gave the names of McIlwain's accomplices. She is said to be a native of Cherry Hill and well known to all the desperate characters of that neighborhood.

LUCA WELL KNOWN AND LIKED.

The murdered groceryman was well known in the locality, where he has kept his store for the past seven years.

He was forty years old and lived in this country fifteen years. His wife is considerably younger. Her parents and sisters live only a block away from the store on High street, and they were all with the bereaved wife this morning.

ALMOST CRAZED WITH GRIEF.

She is almost crazed with grief, and the shock which she received from the sight of her husband murdered before her eyes has completely prostrated her.

She sits over her husband's body stretched out upon the floor, with its bloodstained covering, and weeps and moans continually, refusing to be comforted.

FRIGHTENED, WHITE-FACED CHILDREN.

The little children go about with white, scared faces, and the servant who, with Mrs. Luca, was a witness of the horrible spectacle, is almost as much affected as the wife.

One of the members of the family said that Mr. Luca never kept a large sum of money in the house unless it was in the safe downstairs in the store, and all that he had with him last night was a few dollars in change in his pocket.

According to one story Mr. Luca had thrown the burglar upon the floor, and was kneeling upon him when the latter drew his knife and stabbed him.

STRIKING RIGHT AND LEFT.

The servant says, however, that when she first caught sight of Mr. Luca he was down on one knee trying to hold on to the murderer, who was striking him right and left in the neck and breast.

"Mr. Luca was shouting as hard as he could, and I did not see the blood at first," she said "but as soon as I caught him by the coat-tail he turned around and raised his knife at me. I saw that blood was running down Mr. Luca's shirt and out of his mouth.

IT WAS AN AWFUL SIGHT.

"It was an awful sight, and I shall never forget it. I almost fainted away. I was so frightened, and as soon as I let go of the man he jumped out of the window. I don't think he went down the ladder at all, he disappeared so quickly.

MRS. LUCA'S SCREAM.

"Then I heard Mrs. Luca give an awful scream when her husband fell down near the sink after he had asked her for God's sake to get a doctor.

"The children were all screaming, and then the two clerks came running in, and after them the neighbors and the police. But it was too late."

THE MURDERED MAN'S LITTLE SON'S STORY.

Harry Luca is a bright little fellow and remembered all the circumstances of the tragedy. His story tallied with that of the servant.

"When I waked up," he said, "I heard a great noise in the other room, of some one tussling and knocking the furniture about.

"Then I heard papa holler out, 'Help! Police! They are murdering me!' I saw papa and a man wrestling each other all over the room. Mamma and Maida caught hold of him, and the man turned around and said he would stab them if they didn't let go, and the next minute he jumped right out of the window.

SAW HIM RUNNING AWAY.

"I went to the window and saw him running away with his shoes in his hand. I didn't see any one else. I found the man's hat on the floor."

The ladder was thrown down, and it lay under the window this morning just where it had been left by the burglars.

TELL-TALE BLOOD MARKS.

That Luca was stabbed near the window is evident from the fact that there is more blood there than anywhere else. It looks as if Luca must have stood against the sill when he received the blow in the breast, for the casement is saturated, and the blood stain down the side of the house is over a foot wide, and the ladder lying on the ground even is covered with blood, showing that it must have been standing at the time.

LUCA DID A PROSPEROUS BUSINESS.

Luca did a prosperous business and had the best trade in the locality in which he lived. He is reported to be worth considerable money, which he has invested in real estate and other property.

AFTER DINNER.

From the information given by McIlwain's wife Roundsman Ivory, with Officers McCarthy and Long, of the Seventh Precinct, this city, went to 85 Pike street, where Martin Dineen lives. It was then about 4.30 o'clock. The officers surrounded the block and Ivory entered the house.

Dineen lives with his father, sister and a seventeen-year-old brother on the second floor.

Ivory cautiously approached the door of their apartments and peeped into the rooms through the transom.

He did not see Dineen. The latter's father saw the officer and demanded his business.

"I am looking for a strange man who has got in here," replied Ivory.

The old man cursed him roundly and told him to get out.

GIVING A WARNING.

Just then Dineen's sister came from an inner room. As soon as she saw Ivory, whom she recognized, she gave a cry of alarm and dashed into the rear room.

There was a conversation. Ivory heard a window open and cutely surmising that Dineen, if he was there, would escape by the rear window, rushed downstairs into the yard.

DINEEN SCALED THE FENCE.

He got there just in time to see Dineen scale the fence in the direction of Water street and he sounded an alarm.

Dineen kept on and finally scaled the last fence, only to drop in the outstretched arms of Policeman McCarthy.

TAKEN TO THE LOCK-UP.

He was taken to the station. Just as the party arrived an alarm came in from Headquarters. It was then 4.45 o'clock, and a remarkably clever piece of work had been done.

Knowing that Dineen and another tough named Thomas Quinlan were pals, Ivory told Dineen that McIlwain, or McEvoy, as Dineen calls him, had confessed and asked: "Where did you leave Tom Quinlan?"

"On the corner of Gouverneur and Cherry about an hour ago," answered Dineen.

QUINLAN GOT OFF.

Quinlan did live at 60 Gouverneur street, but a search of the premises made by Detective Leary and a squad of men failed to find him.

Dineen was taken before Inspector Byrnes at 7 o'clock this morning.

He is a youthful-looking fellow and is only twenty-three years old. His face was clean shaven, as was also his skull. The latter bore numerous marks of encounters with policemen's clubs.

He was very cool, and while the Inspector was talking to him, he kept his eyes on the floor and nervously beat time with his left foot.

CONCLUDED TO TELL THE TRUTH.

Finally he blurted out:

"Well, I suppose I might just as well tell the truth about the matter," and then he made the following confession:

THE CONFESSION.

Tom Quinlan and me were standing at the corner of Cherry and Rutgers street when Charlie McIlwain and his wife came along, and Mac asked us to go to Brooklyn with him and rob a place he had selected. We went over to his house in High street, arriving there about 10.30 o'clock.

We were tired and lay down to sleep, and he went out to take observations and fix the preliminaries. About 2 o'clock McIlwain awoke us and told us to get up and go and rob a place.

We walked two or three blocks and came to a halt at Jay and High streets in front of Luca's grocery store.

"I know that they keep money here," said McIlwain, "and while I go in you keep watch on each street, and give a signal if any one comes."

McIlwain scaled the rear fence, but we heard nothing from him, and we stood beneath the shadow of the electric light, so as to escape observation.

We had been there ten minutes when a citizen came along and eyed us suspiciously. We made our escape to a doorway across the street, when the citizen whistled and two policemen who were a block away came along.

By this time we were standing in McEvoy's doorway, unable to get in, as he had the key, and the policemen arrested us.

Meantime a succession of whistles, cries of "watch," "murder," "burglars," sounded on the air; windows were thrown up in every direction, and people gathered in the streets.

Presently I saw McIlwain come out either from a window or door of Luca's place. He was bleeding, and people in the windows hallooed: "There goes the murderer! Lynch him! Hang him!"

The police then let Quinlan and I go, and both seized hold of McIlwain. He was bleeding and said he was stabbed in the back.

I escaped over home and went to bed. Then I was arrested by the policemen.

I do not know anything about what occurred in the house, and did not see McEvoy from the time he scaled the back fence to commit the robbery while we were watching, until he came out bleeding, and saying he had been stabbed. This is all I know about it.

TAKEN TO ESSEX MARKET.

Detective Leary and Roundsman Ivory then took Dineen to the Essex Market Police Court and arraigned him before Justice Power.

The latter turned him over to Officers Carney and Noonan, of the Second Precinct Brooklyn police, who took him to their station.

DINEEN A HARD CASE.

Dineen is a hard case and has served nearly half his life in a prison cell. Inspector Byrnes knew him at once.

Seven years ago he was tried and convicted of grand larceny and was sent to State prison for three years.

He served the term and was only out a few days when he was caught in the act of committing a burglary.

For this he served four years, and only came out about five months ago.

After being out a short while he was arrested with Quinlan for assaulting Officer Lang on pier 43 East River. He and Quinlan were in jail until two days ago, when they were discharged.

QUINLAN A HARDENED CRIMINAL, TOO.

Quinlan is a hard character, and has also done time. He was the one who provoked the fight at a birthday party at 221 Cherry street some months ago, at which Thomas Scully lost his life. Quinlan was arrested, but got out of it all right.

Detective Leary is confident that the third man of the trio will be in jail before night.

DINEEN'S SECOND CONFESSION.

Dineen made a second confession to Capt. Eason, of the Second Brooklyn Precinct. In it he said that the knife with which McIlwain killed Luca was his knife and that he loaned it to McIlwain when they set out on their burglarious tour.

They had intended to crack the big grocery at Bridge and High streets, but were frightened away, and the burglary of Luca's house was unpremeditated.

M'ILWAIN'S PRETTY WIFE.

AN EVENING WORLD reporter found McIlwain's wife to be a prepossessing, brown-haired woman of about eighteen years. She talked frankly. She said she was Carrie Moonus, of Cherry street, till she married McIlwain about a week ago. They moved into Mrs. Rogers's back parlor last Saturday. Last night she was out calling.

On her return at 10.30 she found Dineen and Quinlan with her husband. She was told to awaken them at 2 o'clock, when they went out.

She knew nothing of their plans.

Coroner's Physician A. W. Shepard will hold a post-mortem this afternoon and Coroner Lindsay will hold the prisoners for the inquest, which will be held next Thursday.

HOW LYMAN S. WEEKS WAS KILLED.

A Former Brooklyn Murder to Which To-Day's Crime forms a Parallel.

On March 16, 1887, two years and five months ago, the people of New York and Brooklyn were startled by the news of the murder of Lyman S. Weeks, a salesman in a Brooklyn wholesale house, in his home, No. 1071 De Kalb avenue, by a burglar.

Mr. Weeks had passed the previous evening playing backgammon with his family. About 11 o'clock he went to bed. A few minutes after midnight his wife heard a noise in the basement dining-room.

She called to her mother, Mrs. Ellingham, who was asleep in the next room, and asked her if she was putting coal on the fire. Mrs. Ellingham replied that she was not, and that she feared some one was in the house.

Mrs. Weeks awoke her husband. He arose, put his ear to the speaking-tube leading to the kitchen, was convinced there was some one in the house and then started downstairs, lighting a gas-jet on the first floor on the way.

In a few moments Mrs. Weeks and her mother heard a scuffle and a crash, but no pistol shot. Fearing that something serious had happened they raised the window and shouted "Police! Murder!"

Neighbors came to their assistance. On entering the basement room Mr. Weeks was found lying dead on the floor with a bullet hole in his night-shirt above his right breast. The bullet went through the heart and lungs and passed clear through the body.

He had been shot by a burglar, who was seen leaving the house at the time the alarm was given, and who walked down the street without being arrested.

Inspector Byrnes arrested three men—John Greenwald, "Butch" Miller and Paul Krause. All were indicted, but the indictments against Miller and Krause were quashed.

Greenwald was twice convicted of the murder, the last conviction being obtained Jan. 18 last. Greenwald's case is now before the Court of Appeals.

THEIR LAST DAY.

The Four Murderers Hear the Hammer Strokes on the Scaffold.

They Have All Embraced Religion and Are Resigned.

Carolin Asks Permission to See His Gallows.

They Will Be Hanged Two at a Time in the Tombs Yard To-Morrow.

Carolin Writes a Valedictory Letter to "The Evening World."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

SIR: I have to inform you that I am so far in very good health, and I will keep up my courage till the last minute, when I have to meet this fearful death on the gallows.

I have made up my mind to die, and I be fully prepared to meet my death, in the most unconcerned way. Why? Because I have to go unjustly out of this world without committing such crime as they believed, and thereof I am brought to say, I am innocent, and I must die innocent; and I am sure that my soul will meet in heaven, like other good Christians do.

Then, only our God knows that I am innocent, and he will be the only one, who will give a poor innocent soul as I am, pardon and justice.

For a poor soul no matter who he is, innocent or not, will get never any justice in this country. They get convicted and sentenced to dead, or going for long terms, or life for prison. That is the way how they to act with the poor prisoners.

And the rich, they mostly all go free for committing such crimes, because their money gives him justice. For the money is the law in this country. And that is wrong. Now, I am here in the Tombs for seventeen months, already convicted and sentenced and ready to die to-morrow. There is so far as I know, no help for me. My case was brought up, for the Court of Appeals and they didn't care for me, to give me a newe trial.

By alle them, I had plenty of newe evidences what was forgotten during my trial. And my lawyer, who I had. He was careless for me. Because I had no means to provide my money for him. If I had I would get granted a newe trial. And if it was given to me then I expected for sure that I would be acquitted. So they give me no showe, at all, because I am poor, but innocent, and so I have to go unjustly away outer this world. Very well, I consider myself as a happy man till my last minute should come to me. I will meett dead with firmness. And die as an inocent man. That shall be my last Word, whenever I stay unter the Gallowes. Im inocent, and only my God knows it. City prison Good by to all.

August 22 h 1889 CHAS. F. CAROLIN.

A small man, with a round, red, chubby face, gray hair, and an old straw hat flitted in and out of the Tombs to-day.

Men, women and children stood on the sidewalk on Frank in street, shuddered and moved away every time the little man came near them. And the whisper went around:

"There is Joe Atkinson, the hangman."

And so it was.

At daylight this morning he began to build the scaffolds on which four men will be hanged to-morrow morning.

The gallows tree on the Leonard street side was put up first.

Atkinson and his assistants made as little noise as they could, and the fall of hammers and hatchets were only faintly heard in the murderers' cage, nearly a block away.

Faint as the sounds were the doomed men heard them, though, and understood what the noises meant.

HEARD THE HAMMER BLOWS.

"Humph, they are building the scaffold," said Jack Lewis, and his companions in misery stood around him and listened.

Yes, there was no mistaking the sounds. There was the crash of lumber being thrown about; now and then a saw was heard; the steady strike of the hammer continued regularly, and now and then a hoarse snout from Atkinson could be heard.

The men grew pale and moved uneasily about. All except Giblin.

He sat alone.

Since the good news was carried to him by an EVENING WORLD reporter yesterday that Gov. Hill had respited him for sixty days he has been left to himself.

The other four do not begrudge him his good fortune, but they feel that he is not of them any longer.

The men ate breakfast mechanically, and as the day wore on the sound of hammer and saw came nearer to them. Atkinson was building the second scaffold on the Franklin street side within whispering distance of the men caged in the old prison.

CAROLIN EXCITED.

Carolin became excited.

"Are they doing that right?" he asked Under Sheriff Sexton, who was near him.

"Yes, yes," he answered, nervously.

"Well, I don't know now. You know I want to see that work done properly. Which scaffold am I going to be hanged on, anyhow? I want to see it and test it." Carolin rambled on.

Mr. Sexton could not say which gallows he would be executed on, but he promised him that he would find out and let him examine it this afternoon.

With this assurance Carolin subsided.

PACKENHAM SAID NOTHING.

Packenham said nothing. He became very quiet, but puffed his cigar in a quick, nervous way, which betrayed the excitement he was laboring under.

NOLAN KEEPS HIS NERVE.

Nolan retained his nerve in a remarkable degree.

He laughed and joked with the death-watch, but it was noticed that he was paler than usual and he smoked more.

All the men so soon to die paced up and down their cage like tigers in durance.

They walked rapidly up and down and across, brushed against each other without speaking mutely shook each other's hands at intervals, and meanwhile the ten men of the death-watch sat around and looked at them.

A STARTLING SPECTACLE.

It was a startling spectacle, and one no man could witness without shuddering. As the blows of the hammer and hatchet grew louder the men became more excited until, fortunately, the Catholic fathers, Prendergast and Gelinas, arrived at the Tombs, and also two Sisters of Mercy from the convent at Eighty-first street and Fourth avenue.

ALL HAVE EMBRACED THE CATHOLIC FAITH.

The men have all embraced the Catholic faith within the last ten days.

At first only three of them believed in that religion.

They were Packenham, Nolan and Giblin, the Irishman.

The others had little or no faith, but listened to the exhortation of Dr. Heath, the Protestant minister.

Within the last few days, though, the men have talked more of religion, and last Sunday Lewis said:

LEWIS'S DECISION.

"Well, if the Catholic Church is good enough for three of us it should be good for the five of us, and I propose joining it. What do you say, Carolin?"

"I say yes," the good-natured Carolin promptly responded, and since then all the men have received the consolation of the religion professed by Roman Catholics.

Therefore when the priests and Sisters appeared to-day their presence had a soothing effect on the prisoners, and they did not pay the same attention to the ominous sounds without.

THE HANGMAN VISITS THEM.

Atkinson went in to visit them this morning and sized them up in his mind's eye. He thinks 800 pounds will be plenty of weight with which to hang Packenham and Nolan, and 700 pounds for Lewis and Carolin. The latter two will be hung on the Leonard street gallows and the former two on the Franklin street side.

THEIR LAST NIGHT ON EARTH.

The doomed quartet will be sent to bed at 10 o'clock to-night.

Before going their last confession will be heard by the Catholic priests, and everything possible done for the good of their souls.

The priests will watch with the deputy sheriffs to-night.

THEY WILL BE AWAKENED AT 5 O'CLOCK.

At 5 o'clock in the morning Mr. Sexton will call the men. As they arise they will be given a crucifix and prayer-book.

After washing and dressing they will be surrounded by the terrible death watch and walked to the chapel in the female prison.

Then they will kneel at the altar while Father Prendergast celebrates low mass. In the background Warden Osborne, a few of his keepers and the ten deputy sheriffs will kneel and watch the condemned men.

It is their duty, even in that sacred place.

The men will receive holy communion, and from the moment mass is finished preparations will be hurried for hanging them.

THE FAREWELL.

A few minutes will be given for the four to bid each other good-by.

Then Carolin and Lewis will be taken to a room on the southern side of the Tombs, where they will eat their last breakfast.

By the time they are through the Sheriff and his two juries are expected, and then the last sad, solemn act in vindication of law and order will take place.

Simultaneously Packenham and Nolan will emerge from the cage in the old prison, while the other two will go out of their room on the Leonard street side and walk to their death place.

THE SIGNALS TO FOLLOW EACH OTHER.

Packenham and Nolan will reach their stand about the same time. Joe Atkinson will give the signal for hanging them first and then speed across the yard to give the word for the other two men to be executed.

So it will end, this judicial killing of four men, three of whom are now in the bloom of manhood.

JILTED AT 65.

Widow Noonan Sues Young Meenahan for Breach of Promise.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

KINGSTON, N. Y., Aug. 22.—The fires of love never die and go out forever. They sometimes smoulder and give out some signs of life, but when they are fanned by the breath of the little god they flame up again as fiercely as ever.

That is why this locality is not excited over the suit of the Widow Noonan against Daniel Meenahan for breach of promise of marriage.

The widow is sixty-five years old, and the father of her seven children has reposed under the sod these many months. Thus left alone Mrs. Noonan has fed her babies with the product of her toil as a washer-woman.

Dan is a gay young fascinator of thirty years, and played with the widow's eldest boy when they were children.

They live at the hamlet of Kingsbury, and it has long been a subject of village gossip that Dan and Katie were very sweet upon each other.

Now Catharine sues Daniel for breach of promise and asks the Court for $5,000 as balm of Gilead to her lacerated affections.

She alleges that her Romeo was as amorous as a turtle dove, and that he clinched their engagement by renewing his vows on every possible and impossible occasion, and that they celebrated their engagement and the Fourth of July all together.

And now, alas! Daniel "crawls." He "reneges" the suit, and says their marriage cannot be.

Oh, perfidious man!

Such reasons as this monster gives are enough to make the heart of every respectable unbreathed washerwoman in America turn faint.

He said the engagement must end, because the widow's daily employment detained her over the washtub till after his scheduled courting hour.

He wanted to begin courting every evening not later than 7 o'clock, and Mrs. Noonan's work frequently kept her till 9 o'clock or later. Further he objects to the widow's seven children.

"Now," says the wounded heart of Mrs. Noonan in her complaint, "I have lost much valuable time—wasted in courting this gay deceiver under his promise of marriage, when I might have gone shopping and taken my choice of all the men of marriageable age in the parish."

There are a score of aspirants for her hand, says the widow, and $5,000 isn't a cent too much.

The suit will come to trial next month.

GAMBLING HIS RUIN.

Broker Parker's Trusted Buyer Turns Embezzler.

His Books Found to be Short a Large Amount.

A Constant Visitor at the Races and Admits Heavy Losses.

Yet another example of the terrible danger of gambling with your employer's money.

William Johnson, a trusted employee of Mr. George Parker, a produce commission merchant doing a large business at 227 Washington street, was arraigned at the Jefferson Market Police Court this morning, charged with robbing his employer to the extent of over $6,000, which he is said to have lost at the races.

Johnson is a man of good family and lives on Jersey City Heights.

He has been buyer, bookkeeper and confidential right-hand man to Mr. Parker for a number of years, and his honesty was never doubted until a few days ago.

Yesterday afternoon an expert who had been put on the books reported a shortage of $6,000, which may be increased by further investigations.

Mr. Parker, who, aside from his produce business, is the owner of the Bradford House, at Bradford Place, Conn., made a specific charge against the prisoner of stealing a check for $193, received from a customer.

He said Johnson had admitted to him having been a frequent visitor at the race course and having lost large sums.

The accused was held for trial.

M'DONALD'S WRATH

He Threatens to Take the Life of Father Moysant.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

CHICAGO, Aug. 22.—Mike McDonald entered suit for divorce from his runaway wife to-day. He is in receipt of a letter from her last evening, but will not give it for publication.

He swears that he will never forgive her, but intimate friends of his say that he loves the false woman so much that he would pardon her and take her to his home again if she would return.

He has no such kindly feelings for Father Moysant, the young priest who fled with Mrs. McDonald.

He refers to him as a "lecherous leper," and swears he will shoot him if he ever meets him.

Those who know Mike McDonald will readily believe that this is no idle threat.

Additional particulars of the intimacy between Mrs. McDonald and her lover are continually coming to light.

It seems that they first became acquainted in the confessional at the Church of Notre Dame about two years ago.

The woman became completely infatuated with the young clergyman, and he seemed to be equally fond of her.

A year and a half ago he stood up with her before the altar in church and, taking off the wedding ring that Mike McDonald had put on her finger when he married her, he put one of his own on in its place and pronounced her Mrs. Moysant.

At that time she promised never to be anything more to Mike than wife in name only.

Mike admitted this morning that he received a letter from the woman dated at Boston, but says she expressed neither sorrow nor contrition for her crime nor asked forgiveness. She seemed anxious about her children, that was all.

Mrs. McDonald was a beautiful woman, but had a vixenish temper. Some years ago, when Mike was running a game at 178 Clark street, she fired at three policemen and narrowly missed killing one of them.

Mayor Heath was striving to break up the gambling in Chicago, and as Mike was the king-pin of the sports in those days the Mayor ordered his place closed first.

Mike and his wife and family lived in rooms over the Clark street joint, and the entrance to the gaming table was through their living apartments.

When the police effected an entrance Mrs. McDonald picked up a gun and opened fire on them. There were three of them, and they fled. This ended the effort to close Mike's house.

The woman's maiden name was Noonan. Her husband called her "Pussy."

Her brother, Mike Noonan, dealt faro in one of Mike McDonald's houses, and it was through him that she first met Mike. She was a widow then with two children, but Mike married her. She has two grandchildren now.

It is believed that Mrs. McDonald will go with Moysant to Paris and join the Pere Hyacinthe faction, which permits of the marriage of priests.

Moysant was ordained a priest only four years ago and is twenty-seven years of age. His stepfather lives at Aurora, Ill., and is a boiler-maker by trade. He is deeply hurt by his stepson's disgrace.

The young priest officiated in two parishes after his ordination, and was removed from both for cause.

At Dixon, Ill., a widow with six children was one of his victims, and he fled thence to escape lynching.

SERVED THE PAPERS IN COURT.

Mrs. McCloskey Complained of Larceny, but Must Answer a Divorce Libel.

P. Farrell, a painter, living at No. 120 Somers street, Brooklyn, was arrested Monday, charged with stealing a horse, wagon and harness from John Conway. Yesterday morning when the case was called Mrs. Lottie McCloskey, wife of Thomas McCloskey, a wholesale fruit dealer living at No. 531 McDonough street, lodged a complaint against the prisoner charging him with stealing her watch and two diamond rings. Farrell did some painting on McCloskey's house in July, and soon afterwards the jewelry was missed.

As Mrs. McCloskey was about to leave the court-room her husband's counsel served her with a summons in a divorce suit naming Farrell as co-respondent. Farrell says the jewelry was given to him by Mrs. McCloskey while they were drinking in her room; that he wore it away and before he had an opportunity to return it his wife got possession of it. Mrs. McCloskey claims that the story is untrue.

To Regulate the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, take Carter's Little Liver Pills; one pill a dose.