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LAST EDITION

EXTRA

MURDERED.

A Burglar Kills a Brooklyn Grocer This Morning.

CHRISTIAN W. LUCA, THE MURDERED MAN.

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 McIlwain, 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.

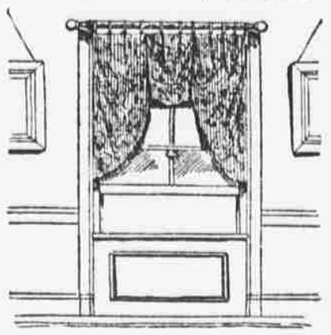
ENTERED THE HOUSE FROM THE REAR.

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



THE WINDOW THROUGH WHICH THE BURGLAR CLIMBED.

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 murderer 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 rushed 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 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

THE ROOM IN WHICH THE MURDER TOOK PLACE.

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 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 a terwards."

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 on a block away from the store on High street, and they were all with the bereaved wife this morning.

REAR VIEW OF LUCA'S HOUSE.

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 Ivory 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 entirely 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 McEvoe, 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.

Meanwhile 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 in 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.

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 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 proved the tight at a birthday party at 241 Cherry street some months ago, a which he was nearly lost his life. Quinlan was arrested, but got out of it all right.

Detective Leary is confident 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 Mehans, 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 Lansey 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 heard 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.

FIVE FATALLY BURNED.

A Gas Explosion Follows a Cave-In at a Coal Mine.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

SCRANTON, Pa., Aug. 22.—Gas that accumulated after a cave-in at No. 2 Mine, of the Delaware and Hudson Company, in Olyphant this morning, exploded when a party of workmen, headed by Gen. Supt. Andrew Nicol, jr., went to ascertain the extent of the convulsion.

Mr. Nicol and four others—John Jones, Richard Mason, Daniel Williams and John Laver—were fatally burned.

YELLOW FEVER ON THE SHIP.

The Captain's Young Wife a Victim to the Disease.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 22.—On the ship John A. Briggs, Capt. Balch, commander, lying at the Breakwater since Tuesday, is the body of the captain's young wife, to whom he was married only little more than a year ago.

She was stricken with yellow fever on the journey from Rio Janeiro and died within a week.

The captain determined, in spite of the pestilential character of her fatal illness, to bring her body home to her relatives in Machias, Me., shrinking from giving her over to the sea.

The ship's carpenter made a wooden case. Her body was placed in it. The box was covered with canvas, and coated over thickly with tar. This was given temporary burial in the sand ballast in the hold, the ship being without cargo, until the vessel should make port.

It is now necessary, before the body can be shipped by rail to Maine, to secure the consent of the health authorities of each state through which it must have to pass.

The report that there were ten other cases of yellow fever on the ship is denied by Capt. Hudson, of the tug E. V. Macaulley, which came up from the Breakwater.

The Quotations.

	Open.	High.	Low.
American Cotton Oil	30¾	31	—
Atch., Top. & Santa Fe	36¾	36¾	35¾
Canada Southern	53	53	52¾
Cent., Cin., Chic. & St. Louis	70¼	70¼	70¼
Chesapeake, Ohio & St. Louis pfd	19¼	19¼	19¼
Chesapeake & Ohio	24¼	24¼	23¾
Chesapeake & Ohio 2d pfd	46¾	46¾	46¾
Consolidated Gas	75¼	75¼	75¼
Chicago Gas	40¾	40¾	40¾
Chic., Burl. & Quincy	104¾	104	103¾
Chicago & Northwest	110¾	110¾	110¾
Chicago, Mil. & St. Paul	71¼	71¼	71¼
Chicago, Mil. & St. Paul pfd	141¼	141¼	141¼
Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific	105¾	106	105¾
Chicago & Eastern Illinois	45¾	46	45¾
Cleveland Coal & Iron	25¼	25¼	25¼
Columbia Coal	14¾	14¾	14¾
Del., Lack. & Western	141	141¼	141¼
Lake Shore	107¾	108¼	107¾
Lead	19¾	19¾	19¾
Louisville & Nashville	49¾	49¾	49¾
Manhattan Elevated	107	107	107
Mich. Cent. & Western	91	91	91
Missouri Pacific	74¾	75	74¾
National Lead Trust	37¾	37¾	37¾
New Jersey Central	11¾	11¾	11¾
New York Central	106¾	106¾	106¾
N. Y. & New England	40¾	40¾	40¾
N. Y., Lake Erie & Western	27¾	27¾	27¾
Norfolk & Western pfd	59¾	59¾	59¾
Northern Pacific	26¾	26¾	26¾
Northern Pacific pfd	62¾	62¾	62¾
Ohio & Mississippi	32¾	32¾	32¾
Ontario & Western	18	18¼	18
Oregon Transcontinental	34¾	34¾	34¾
Pacific Mail	50¼	50¼	50¼
Pullman Palace Car Co.	188¾	188¾	188¾
Philadelphia & Reading	23¾	23¾	23¾
Pacific Express	73	73	73
Western Union Telegraph	84¾	84¾	84¾
Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific	15	15¼	15
Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific pfd	33¾	33¾	33
Western Union Telegraph	84	84	83¾
Wheeling & Lake Erie	10¾	10¾	10

Harrison and the Soldiers' Monument.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 22.—The city is beautifully decorated in honor both of President Harrison's visit and the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument. A brilliant parade preceded the exercises at the monument.

JILTED AT 65.

Widow Noonan Sues Young Meenahan for Breach of Promise.

Her Lover, Now Grown Cold, Raises Frivolous Objections.

Doesn't Like Her Seven Children or Her Calling as a Washerwoman.

[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 reared her babies with the proceeds of her toil as a washerwoman.

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 Kingsley, and it has long been a subject of village gossip that Dan and Katie were sweet upon each other.

Now Catherine 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 "resigns" the suit, and says their marriage can't be.

Oh, perfidious man!

Such reasons as this monster gives are enough to make the heart of every respectable unbetrothed 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 no 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.

WOMAN BURNED TO DEATH.

MRS. SCHOEN A VICTIM TO FLAMES IN HER HOME THIS MORNING.

Mrs. Barbara Schoen, a German woman, sixty-six years old, living at 989 East One Hundred and Sixty-first street, was severely burned about the head and body in a fire in her home at 10 o'clock this morning.

She died in great agony before an ambulance could arrive from the Harlem Hospital.

BUD RENAUD FINED $500.

HIS TRIAL AT PURVIS RESULTED IN A SPEEDY CONVICTION.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

PURVIS, Miss., Aug. 22.—Renaud's trial for his connection with the fight at Richburg, resulted in a verdict of guilty, and a fine of $500.

THE LONDON DOCKMEN'S STRIKE.

It Begins to Assume Formidable Proportions.

[BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.]

LONDON, Aug. 22.—The strike of the dock laborers of this port grows constantly further away from settlement, and is beginning to assume formidable proportions.

The men employed by the export shippers now threaten to join the movement, and should they do so the ranks of the strikers would be increased to a hundred thousand men.

Fast Time at Saratoga.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

SARATOGA RACE TRACK, Aug. 21.—The air was delightfully cool this morning and drew out another large crowd to the track, who witnessed some of the best racing ever run.

Prodigal Son was a big favorite for the first race and won easily.

Jim Barrison ran a mile in 1.46¼ in the second race, which is the fastest ever made on this track.

First Race—For two-year-olds that have not won since July 20 at five furlongs.—Prodigal Son lay back until the last turning, when he came from fourth place and won easily by two lengths from Cecil. In a neck before Little Creole. Time—1.02¾. Mutuels paid $14.60.

Second Race—For three-year-olds and upward; one mile.—Only three horses were entered, and the race was hotly contested from the start, with Ben Harrison finally winning by a length and a half from Bellevoir, who beat Leo B. by a neck. The time, 1.40¾, is the fastest ever run on this track. Mutuels paid $7.80.

Third Race—The Riverside Stakes for three-year-olds and upward, at one mile and 500 yards.—Lacinia Belle won easily by a length and a half from Gypsy Queen, with Brown Princess six lengths back. Time—2.12¾. Mutuels paid $7.

Fourth Race—Handicap sweepstakes, for all ages; mile and a sixteenth.—Vosburg made all the running and won by a length from Vermont, who was two lengths before Bravo. Time—1.49. Mutuels paid $11.40.

Washington Relics Stolen.

[BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.]

LONDON, Aug. 22.—Two memorial brasses belonging to the Washington family have been stolen from the walls of Sulgrave Church, near Banbury.

The church is frequently visited by tourists, and it is believed that the tablets have been carried on by some outlin in the rail hunter.

Congressman Scott and His Employees.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

SPRING VALLEY, Ill., Aug. 22.—Congressman W. L. Scott, who withdrew from the Northern Illinois Coal Operators' Association, has offered his miners 10 cents per ton. This is two and a half cents more than the operators' final offer at the conference.

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

LAST EDITION

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 inocent; 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.

I 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 inocent, 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 under 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 Franklin 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 day light 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 on 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 shout 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 Seaton, 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 his afternoon.

With this assurance Carolin subsided.

PACKENHAM SAID NOTHING.

Packenham said nothing. He became very quiet, but puffed his cigar in a quick, ner-

(Continued on fourth page.)