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MONDAY...THE WORLD'S HALF-RATE SITUATION DAYS...SATURDAY.

The EVENING EDITION World.

IN DEADLY PERIL.
HOW WELL-KNOWN NEW YORKERS HAVE CONFRONTED DEATH.
READ THE STORY IN
THE SUNDAY WORLD.

PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1890. PRICE ONE CENT.

EXTRA

2 O'CLOCK.

WAS HE FLEECED TO DEATH?

The Getty House Guest Identified as James A. Edgar.

He was an Englishman Worth $90,000—Hints of Foul Play.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

YONKERS, Oct. 31.—There were surprising developments to-day in the case of the mysterious stranger who was found dead in his room in the Getty House here last Monday.

This body was identified late last night as that of James A. Edgar, a wealthy Englishman who came to this country three years ago with $90,000 upon his person.

The theory that he was "George Smith," a physician, is utterly exploded, and doubt is now expressed as to whether he wrote the letter stating that he had taken his life.

Where his money has gone to is a mystery. His friends told the police that they think he fell into the hands of sharpers who fleeced him and either poisoned him or drove him to suicide.

When the man came to the hotel Saturday afternoon he was registered as "George Smith," New York, but his friends insist that the handwriting is not his.

Edgar was a well-dressed and finely appearing man of about sixty years.

He asked for the best room in the house and told Clerk Hall that he expected some friends.

Room 79 was assigned to him, and he was not seen at the hotel except at nigh.

A bell boy was sent to his room on Monday morning to wake him. He said that he did not wish to be disturbed, as he had been out late the night before and wanted to sleep.

Late in the evening Clerk Hall went to his room and found him lying on the bed fully dressed and unconscious.

The clerk summoned two physicians, but the stranger died soon after their arrival.

There was nothing found on his person which would lead to his identity except some memoranda relating to the College of Physicians and Surgeons on West Fifty-ninth street.

That the suicide was premeditated was proved by this letter, which was found lying on the table of his room:

"*To the Proprietor of the Getty House:*

"I ask pardon for causing you or your guests any trouble. The inhumanity of a few persons has driven me to despair and death."

On the bureau was found a revolver of large calibre, with which, it is supposed, the man intended to shoot himself in case the poison failed to kill him.

THE INDIGNITY RESENTED.

Gov. Campbell Resigns from the Duckworth Club.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 30.—Some ten days ago the directors of the Duckworth Club, of this city, one of the most powerful and prominent Democratic political organizations in the West, adopted resolutions censuring Gov. Campbell for calling an extra session of the Legislature to wipe out the Cincinnati Board of Public Improvements. In the meeting there was much opposition to the resolution. The vote first stood 13 in favor of adoption to 12 against, but after several ballots the anti-Campbellites succeeded in obtaining sixteen votes, and the resolutions were adopted by a vote of sixteen to twelve. The resolutions were mailed to the Governor, and in return the Club has received the following:

Executive Department, Columbus, O, Oct. 24.

GENTLEMEN: I have heard with surprise and sorrow that the Duckworth Club has formally censured me for performing an official duty of the gravest nature. No self-respecting man desires to be affiliated with those who could perpetrate such an indignity upon him. I therefore tender my resignation as a member of the club. Respectfully,

JAMES E. CAMPBELL.

SLASHED WITH A KNIFE.

A Congressional Candidate Fatally Cut While Making a Speech.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

COLUMBUS, S. C., Oct. 30.—Edmond H. Deas, of Darlington, the Republican nominee for Congress from the Fifth District, was seriously and probably fatally cut this afternoon while making a political speech at Timmonsville. Deas is the young negro who in the Republican State Convention sprung the idea of indorsing the Haskell independent ticket. He has been making speeches denunciatory of the Tillman or regular Democratic State ticket. He was speaking in favor of the Haskell ticket to-day and referred to the Tillmanites as "poor buzzards and the understrata of society." Deas's remarks greatly excited some of the Tillmanites and one of them, J. Gully Jackson, drew a knife, rushed upon Deas, plunged it into his cheek and slashed him from mouth to ear.

The infuriated man raised his knife to strike again, when Col. H. L. Morris attempted to pull him off. Jackson turned upon Morris, cut him in the cheek and slashed him across the left breast. I'ea lost a basinful of blood and it is believed that he will die. Jackson was arrested and gave bail.

LABOR'S FORCES JOINED.

Shabby Gentility Stares Syracuse's "400" in the Face.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 30.—Every branch of organized labor in Syracuse took up today the cause of the tailors here who have been on strike about three weeks. The local union has sent nearly a hundred tailors back to New York after they had come here to take the places of the strikers. This is the first time in years that all branches of organized labor, the trades unions and the Knights of Labor, have joined hands in supporting the individual trouble of a union or assembly. Up to a few days ago the tailors fought single-handed and did not ask for assistance. But the other branches of organized labor have made the cause of the strikers their own. The strong opposition of the employers to organized labor has brought the trades unions and the Knights to harmony in standing by the strikers. It is almost impossible to get a garment promised by the merchant tailors here and Syracuse's "400" may have to go without their clothing or order in New York or other cities.

POINTERS ON THE RACES.

Tipsters' Opinions as to the Various Winners To-Day.

Programme of the Several Events to Be Run Off.

The card at Linden to-day is the best that has been presented during the meeting. There are six races to be decided, and there is just enough uncertainty about the winner of each to make the sport thoroughly enjoyable. A large crowd ought to visit the course, for the weather is perfect and the track is bound to be in good condition.

In the first race some high-class sprinters are named to start. Cousin Jeems is undoubtedly the best of the lot, and if his people send him out for the purse he should romp in ahead of the others. Eolo should be good enough to get the place, and Mabel Glenn, notwithstanding the poor showing she made in her last race, ought to be no worse than third.

The second race is composed of a number of evenly matched cracks of fair quality. Masterlode, with his light impost, looks the most tempting of the lot, and his allowance from the others will, no doubt, enable him to beat them out. Jack Rose, despite his propensity to bolting, ought to beat Text for the place.

The third race ought to be the most interesting event of the day. Just an even dozen are named to start, but only half of them appear to have a chance. They are Madstone, Cassius, Badge, Reporter, Stockton and Al Farrow. Stockton defeated Badge and Cassius easily on Wednesday, and he looks able to repeat that performance today.

Madstone does not seem able to give Reporter three pounds or Stockton and Al Farrow four pounds, so he may be set aside also. Of the three left Al Farrow's performance on Wednesday, when he ran a mile and a sixteenth in the fast time (for Linden's track) of 1.50 appears to be more meritorious than that Stockton mile and an eighth in 1.57¾, more especially as the latter carried 104 and Al Farrow 112 pounds.

Unless Reporter has improved wonderfully he cannot beat either of the above, and therefore Al Farrow is selected as the winner. Stockton ought to be a close second and Reporter third.

Of the two-year-olds named to go in the fourth Ketchum is undoubtedly the best, if form counts for anything. The Trellis colt is his most dangerous competitor, but when it is considered that the latter only beat Ketchum a head in their last race and that Ketchum got away nearly last in a field of twenty while the Trellis colt was well up in front, the odds seem in favor of Ketchum. He should win and the Trellis colt ought to beat the rest for the place. St. Patrick with a good boy up ought to be third.

The fifth race should go to Lynn. This colt ran a very fine race on Wednesday, getting off poorly and finishing a strong fourth. He ought to win. Kern may be second, and Little Jim ought to beat the others.

The sixth race will probably be won by that little streak of lightning, Punster, jr. There does not seem to be anything in the race that can approach him. Renounce ought to be second and Autocrat third.

Referee in the race *Sporting World* makes the following selections:

First Race—Cousin Jeems, Mabel Glenn, Second Race—Masterlode, Text.
Third Race—My Fellow, Reporter.
Fourth Race—Mr. Sass, Trellis colt.
Fifth Race—Blackthorn, Guarantee.
Sixth Race—Autocrat, Punster, jr.

From Other Morning Papers.

First Race—Nellie Bly, Zenobia.
Second Race—Text, Drizzle.
Third Race—Stockton, Cassius.
Fourth Race—Trellis colt, St. Patrick.
Fifth Race—Salute, Lynn.
Sixth Race—Punster, jr., Lord Harry.

First Race—Eolo, Cousin Jeems.
Second Race—Major Daly, Drizzle.
Third Race—Stockton, Reporter.
Fourth Race—Trellis colt, Ketchum.
Fifth Race—Guarantee, Kern.
Sixth Race—My Fellow, Punster, jr.
Should Reporter start in this race he ought to win.

First Race—Nellie Bly, Glory.
Second Race—Lord of the Harem, Major Daly.
Third Race—Stockton, Badge.
Fourth Race—Trellis colt, Ketchum.
Fifth Race—Kern, Little Jim.
Sixth Race—Punster, jr., My Fellow.

LINDEN ENTRIES.

First Race.—Handicap at $20 each, with $500 added; five and a half furlongs.

Index.	Ds.	Index.	Ds.
314 Madstone	118	308 Leo H.	102
315 Cousin Jeems	108	307 Hub S.	94
307* Eolo	108	290* Glory	90
308 Mabile Glenn	108	314* Early Blossom	88
315* Nellie Bly	107	321 Zenobia	80

Second Race.—Sweepstakes at $10 each, with $500 added, for three-year-olds that have not won $1,000 in 1890; seven furlongs.

Index.	Ds.	Index.	Ds.
300 Major Daly	122	319 Masterlode	104
319* Text	122	317 Lord of the Harem	97
270 Drizzle	122		
300* Jack Rose	122	291 Spanland	87

Third Race.—Handicap at $20 each, for all ages, with $1,000 added; mile and a sixteenth.

Index.	Ds.	Index.	Ds.
314 Madstone	111	(300) Charley Post	100
318 Badge	112	316 Flynn	99
316* Cassius	110	313* My Fellow	97
298 Reporter	110	317 Gunwad	92
(316) Stockton	109	312 Forest King	90
(313) Al Farrow	106	(315) Woodcraft	90

Fourth Race.—Sweepstakes at $10 each, for two-year-olds, with $500 added; selling allowances; six furlongs.

Index.	Ds.	Index.	Ds.
305* St. Patrick	108	315 Mr. Sass	99
— Robin Adair	108	318 Grey Lock	99
267 Commodore	108	315* Uncle colt	99
305 Vandyke	105	305 Pine Ridge	96
305 Romeoite	105	305* Ketchum	96
307 Judge	105	315 Contessa silly	90
318 Kate Clark	102		

Fifth Race.—Sweepstakes at $10 each, for all ages, with $500 added; one mile and a quarter.

Index.	Ds.	Index.	Ds.
(18) Guarantee	118	313 Joe Blackburn	103
300* Little Jim	112		Wilfred Jay	102
304 Quotation	112	90 Superstor	107
318 Middlestone	111	318 Lynn	107
318* Kern	111	288* Jennie	105
318 Blackthorn	111	317 Admiral	104
318 Walter Handicap, at $20 each, for all ages, with $600 added; six furlongs.

Index.	Ds.	Index.	Ds.
266 Reporter	122	324 Whitenose	104
312* Autocrat	116	308 Leo H	102
302 Ballston	110	307 Hub S	102
318* Restless	110	318 Ketchum	100
(317) Renounce	108	314 X	100
(313) My Fellow	108	318 Little Addie	100
154* Lord Harry	108	300 J. B.	98

Pool Selling at Louisville.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 30.—Pools were sold at Bourlier & Co.'s Turf Exchange to-night on the races at Linden as follows:

First Race—Nellie Bly, $45; Madstone, $27; Eolo, $20; Cousin Jeems, Mabel Glenn and Glory, $20 each; Early Blossom, $15; Leo H., $6; others, $3 each.

Second Race—Drizzle, $15; Text, Jack Rose and Masterlode, $12 each; Major Daly, $10; Lord of the Harem, $9; Zenobia, $6.

Third Race—Stockton, Badge and Reporter, $15 each; My Fellow and Cassius, $12 each; Stockton and Al Farrow, $9 each; Charley Post, Gunwad, Forest King, Woodcraft, Flynn and Charley Post, $3 each.

Fourth Race—Trellis colt, $15; Mr. Sass, $10; Judge, $8; Kate Clarke, Contessa Silly and Ketchum, $6 each; others, $3 each.

Fifth Race—Guarantee, $15; Little Jim, $12; Kern, $10; Superstor, $8; others, $3 each.

Sixth Race—Reporter, $15; My Fellow, Punster, jr., and Autocrat, $10 each; Renounce, Ballston and Whitenose, $6 each; others, $3 each.

DEATH TOOK THE GROOM.

Houghwort Howe's Funeral To-Day Ends a Sad Romance.

May Butterworth a Bride on Wednesday, Widowed on Thursday.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

WASHINGTON, Oct. 31.—With the funeral of Houghwort Howe occurring this morning, there ended one of the saddest combinations of romance and bereavement ever recorded.

Had all things gone as man had proposed there would be to-day, in place of the grieving young widow who stood by Mr. Howe's casket, a bright and joyful bride, happy in her new-found wifely estate; and instead of one lying cold and dead on his last couch there would have been the husband, warm and living and proud in his treasure of love.

Yesterday was to have been the wedding day for Houghwort Howe and Mary Butterworth. In preparation for that day, the then prospective bridegroom was bustling about New York only a short week ago, making final purchases, while words of congratulation were trembling, ready for utterance upon the lips of the young couple's many friends.

But those words have never been utterd. There was a wedding, true. But it took place beside a sick bed and it was performed a day ahead of the previously fixed time in order that the sick man's nurse might be his own wife.

Mr. Howe caught cold in New York a week ago yesterday. He came back to Washington, sick and suffering, a week ago to-day. Despite skilful attendance he sank rapidly. Inflammatory rheumatism stopped him in its torturesome bonds and would not loosen them under all the urging of known remedies.

After the wedding, Wednesday, the sufferer seemed to rest more easily for a few hours, but then he became delirious and had to be closely watched to prevent his doing himself harm. Later yet, his delirium took a new form and he fondly imagined himself away with his bride on a happy wedding tour.

Finally heart failure set in, and shortly after the hour of noon, on what was to have been his marriage day, he died.

The bride whom he left to mourn him is the daughter of Congressman Ben Butterworth, of Ohio. She is tall and handsome, accomplished and a favorite in society. Mrs. Harrison and several of the Cabinet families were to have been guests at the wedding and at the breakfast which was to have followed.

Mr. Howe was the son of the late Col. Frank E. Howe, of New York, and was a despatch agent at New York for the State Department.

Rev. Dr. Bartlett, of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, whom Miss Butterworth herself announced on Wednesday to perform the marriage ceremony, today officiated at the funeral. The services this morning were private.

The body of the dead man will rest in Woodlawn Cemetery, New York.

MAY BUTTERWORTH'S ROMANCE.

Crape Covers the Orange Blossoms of This Brave Young Bride.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—Houghwort Howe was to have been married to Miss Mary Butterworth at 12 o'clock to-day. At 12.15 he was dead. The marriage actually did take place at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon in a room in the Metropolitan Club, where Mr. Howe lay sick with rheumatic fever. The doctors hoped that the marriage would relieve the mental agony he was suffering, but unfortunately the case was too serious to be cured.

For several hours after the wedding yesterday Mr. Howe rested easily, but towards night he became delirious, and those in attendance were obliged to use force to prevent him from doing harm. This continued through the night. At times the sick man fancied he was on his wedding trip. This morning an attempt was made to quiet him by an injection of morphine, and this operation was accomplished only after a struggle. Mrs. Howe, who, with Mrs. Roosa, Mr. Howe's mother, and Dr. Mayrader, had remained with him during the night, went to her home for breakfast, after her husband had become quiet. She returned at about 9.30 and remained at his bedside until the end.

During her absence he had grown much worse and his heart was failing rapidly. During the early morning the beating of his heart was so strong that it could be heard all over the room in which he lay and his breathing was stertorous and heavy. About 10 o'clock the physicians became convinced that he could only live a few hours, and Mrs. Howe was so informed. From this time he grew gradually weaker. The action of the heart became less regular, and at 12.15 death came to him calmly and quietly. Mrs. Howe, Mr. Roosa, Mr. Howe's stepfather; Mrs. Roosa, his mother, and Dr. Mayrader were at the bedside when he died.

The funeral will take place from the headquarters of the International American Union, 1015 Vermont avenue, to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock. The body will be taken to New York for interment. The dead man was well known both in this city and New York. He was a son of Col. Frank E. Howe, an eminent soldier and New York politician. Col. Howe was a special agent in the customs service and afterwards pension agent for the State of New York. He died in this city about six years ago.

The son whose sad death has just occurred acted for some years as private secretary to his father and afterwards held the same position under Postmasters James, of the New York Post-Office. President Arthur appointed young Howe despatch agent at New York, representing the state, War and Navy Departments. During Cleveland's administration he was appointed a representative of the United States at the Cincinnati and Marietta Exposition. Last fall Mr. Howe was appointed Disbursing Officer to the International American Conference, and since that time has divided his time between his duties in this city and in New York.

The young lady who thus becomes a widow so soon after becoming a wife is the charming daughter of Congressman Ben Butterworth, of Ohio, and is one of the beauties of Washington and a universal favorite.

An Explanation by Mr. Blaine.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—Secretary Blaine desires the statement made that he did not request the recall of Senor Muruaga as Minister of Spain to the United States. He says it is not true that the relations between himself and the late Minister had become strained, and that, on the contrary, their relations were friendly and pleasant. The Minister's recall, Mr. Blaine says, was due solely to the change of administration in the Spanish Government.

Jack Deploying His Skirmishers.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 30.—A heavy snowstorm was in progress yesterday all through the northern counties of the State. A heavy snow fall is reported from Eau Claire, Portage and Wausau.

QUEBEC, Oct. 30.—The first snow of the season here fell this morning, but soon disappeared. The Laurentian Heights are covered with snow.

THE COLONEL DIDN'T WRITE IT.

The Letter to Birchall Undoubtedly a Fake.

Col. Lewis's Own Story of His Acquaintanceship with Benwell's Murderer.

London advices to THE WORLD this morning conveyed the news that "The Colonel," who figures as the alleged writer of the letter from Jackson, Mich., of Oct. 5, to Reginald Birchall, now in Woodstock, Ont., jail awaiting hanging for the murder of F. C. Benwell, in which it is implied that he, "The Colonel," was the slayer of young Benwell, is J. E. Lewis, of 11 Wall street, this city.

The cables further say that Col. Lewis met Birchall and Benwell in Morley's Hotel, London, and that he had invited Birchall to dine with him.

An EVENING WORLD reporter found J. E. Lewis at his office room, 43 Mortimer Building, 11 Wall street, this morning. Mr. Lewis is a man of imposing personality, and was attired in the most fashionable apparel. He is perhaps forty-five years old, stout and rosey-cheeked.

Divining the reporter's mission instantly, Mr. Lewis exclaimed, with a pleasing smile: "This is utterly absurd—my writing such a letter as Birchall is said to have received. It is true I did meet the fellow at Morley's Hotel in London, but it was only a smoking-room acquaintance.

"I did not meet Benwell or if I did it has passed entirely from my mind. So little impression did my casual meeting with Birchall make on me that I cannot recall now who it was that introduced us.

"I remember that he was presented to me as the son-in-law of Mr. Stephenson, of the London and Northwestern Railway, and beyond the fact that I remember him as an intelligent young Englishman, socially inclined, there is nothing I know of him at all that would be interesting in the slighest degree to the public.

"You see the smoking-room at Morley's was the common resort of all the gentlemen guests of the hotel after dinner to enjoy their cigars. Birchall was simply an acquaintance like a hundred others I have made and which are made by all travellers.

"Had it not been for this Benwell murder I should never probably have thought or heard of Birchall after I left London.

"It was in January last that I was stopping at Morley's and I remained abroad six months, returning then to America. I was called 'Col. Lewis' in London, and the title is only one by courtesy, as they have a habit in London of prefixing Americans 'Col.,' 'Major' or 'Judge.' However, I served in the Rebellion, but had hardly reached the colonel's epaulettes.

"I dislike the notoriety which has brought my name before the public in this way, but my standing in the community I know cannot be impaired in the slightest by the fanciful and absurd story of my letter-writing. I can't conceive how or why Birchall should have brought me into this affair, for, as I understand it, the letter is now said to be in his own handwriting.

"We were never intimate, only, as I say, on pleasant speaking terms and it is incorrect to say I ever invited him to dine with me.

"My business is the promotion of various engineering enterprises, water-works and the like, and it was in furtherance of such projects that sent me to London last winter."

SEPARATE SCHOOLS OR—WHAT?

Does Archbishop Cleary, of Canada, Mean Revolution?

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

KINGSTON, Ont., Oct. 30.—Archbishop Cleary, who has just received the pallium, in his reply to-night to an address from the school children, referred to the recent election, which was run on the "separate school" question, and denounced the Protestant ministers who took part in the equal rights movement as pernicious pastors who lead forces of atheists, bigots and infidels against the Roman Catholic Church. He charged them with being on the platform at meetings and urging and encouraging bad men in their assaults on the true faith.

"Poor little wretched ministers!" he said. "The right to control the education of youth will never be surrendered to any men; to Premier, to Governor-General, to Queen, to any one. Never! Never! No surrender!"

He denied the charge that he was working in behalf of the Mowat Government and declared that he never took part in politics. The newspapers, he said, confounded religion with politics and seemed to rule the world, but he did not care a button what they said.

The Archbishop then pointed out that despite the fact that a law had been passed in Manitoba doing away with separate schools, such were still in full blast; not one had been closed. The Church simply sent out instructions to the people not to pay any attention to the new law, and they didn't. In Ontario the situation was different. "Separate schools were in the constitution, and the constitution must go; the confederation must go; the Dominion of Canada must go before we will give up separate schools."

Punished for His Politics.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 30.—Some three weeks ago John T. Field accepted a nomination for Congress from the Prohibitionists, and a few days after his Campaign Committee began sending circulars throughout the district. The circular asked the voters to support Mr. Field on the ground that he was not the candidate of "Fillerism, Butlerism, bossism and boodlumism.

The friends of Seth W. Cobb, the Democratic nominee, took violent exception to the wording of that circular. It was taken to mean that Broeser was the choice of "Fillerism," and his Democratic opponent the representative of Butlerism. There was also, it appears, much objection to Mr. Field's campaigning among his Democratic friends, the fear being expressed that if he was given many complimentary votes the Democratic candidate's chances of election would be very slim.

Mr. Field, it is claimed, was asked to gracefully step down and out of the race, but he politely refused. Mr. Field says that he was given his option to withdraw in Cobb's favor or resign his position. He resigned.

Rhode Island's New Capitol.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 30.—The State House Commission has decided that Rhode Island needs a $1,000,000 Capitol. A prize of $500 is offered for each of the best three designs received from Rhode Island architects. These three architects will compete with not more than six architects outside of the State. Then the best plan of a kind will be accepted. Alfred Stone, William R. Walker and Howard Hopson will arrange the conditions of competition.

ALL HALLOWEEN'S DELIGHTS.

Ducking for Apples and Other Sports of the Occasion.

Propose Marriage To-Night if You Would Be Lucky in Love.

To-night will be Halloween, or All-Hallow Eve, during which, according to the time-honored traditions of the Old World, graveyards yawn between midnight and 1 o'clock and the wraiths of saints return for sixty minutes to visit the scenes of their earthly pilgrimage. So to-morrow is known to the faithful as All Saints Day.

In olden times the superstition of the annual return of the spirits was firmly believed in, and the occasion was one of fasting and prayer, but in course of time Halloween became desecrated by the small boy, inasmuch as he considers it a night on which he can give free vent to his mischievous spirit.

The boys of New York have a variety of irritating pranks which they will make free use of to-night. One of the common ones is to walk up behind a particularly well-dressed man and bang him between the shoulders with a thin stocking full of flour. Before he realizes that he has not been struck with a sand-bag the imps will have disappeared.

Another popular form of amusement with the boys is to travel in bands armed with potatoes and cabbage stalks, and selecting a promising front door pelt all their ammunition at it and fly.

Ringing doorbells, playing tick-tack on the window panes, dumping ash barrels and removing gates and signs, is horse play with which all men who have ever been real boys are thoroughly familiar.

Then there is more innocent amusement which the "perfect little gentleman" may enjoy with his sisters and friends at home.

Ducking for apples or pieces of silver in a large washtub is the most popular of the indoor amusements.

It is great fun, too, to get a rosy-cheeked boy or girl plunging head first into the tub after the elusive apple or the heavier ten-cent piece. It is no common feat to pick a ten-cent piece from the bottom of a tub of water with the teeth.

After an apple is captured the proper thing to do is to pare it round without breaking the skin, and after it is peeled throw the paring over the right shoulder. Whatever semblance of a letter it forms as it drops on the ground is the initial of a future husband or wife.

A girl who wishes to really and truly dream of her life's mate that is to be should bake a nice cake this afternoon and precisely at 9 o'clock to-night cut it seven times. Then, taking the smallest piece, she must put it under her pillow and sleep on it, after eating the other six pieces. The cake may be as small as she likes.

Another custom is to be blindfolded and then pick one of three plates containing earth, water and a ring. Should Fate direct one's hand to the first it means death within the year; the second represents exile or travel, and the third means marriage surely.

In many families a big cake is cut at supper time in which a ring has been concealed by the hostess. Whichever one of the young people gets the piece of cake with the ring, may keep the trinkle, and rest assured that before next Halloween she will be a miss no longer.

There are many other diversions suitable to the occasion, and no doubt they will all be gone over again as they were last year and probably will be again next year. Halloween is an event that bids fair to be observed annually, for years and years to come.

It is considered the luckiest night of the year on which to propose marriage. The couple becoming engaged to-night will have the saints to protect them and give them long life, happiness and healthy children ad libitum.

The custom of observing Halloween was first observed in Scotland, it is believed, but it has spread until now it is known in every land where civilization has obtained any foothold.

RAUM AT WORK.

Using the Pension Office to Defeat Congressman Cooper.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

COLUMBUS, Ind., Oct. 30.—From the very commencement of Congressman Cooper's campaign for re-election Pension Commissioner Raum has been active in his efforts to secure the defeat of the man who started the investigation of the Pension Office and so exposed the scandalous refrigerator and other schemes carried on in connection with that office. Mr Raum has not left a stone unturned to compass Mr. Cooper's defeat. To cap the climax of his efforts in this direction he has now pledged the services of his high office to those who will vote for John G. Dunbar, Mr. Cooper's opponent.

He has secured a complete list of all pending pension claims in Congressman Cooper's district, and the mails are now burdened with letters to them from him announcing that at the special request of Mr. Dunbar, he is anxious to answer that their claims will be allowed in a very few days.

Republicans are now openly boasting that they have Cooper beaten. Two years ago he carried a number of Republican and soldier votes, and was only elected by a plurality of 704. This, it is claimed, will be taken from him because of the bitter warfare between him and Raum. The contest is very bitter, the Democrats and Republicans looking for every vote they can get.

Mr. Cooper closes the campaign with a speech here Saturday night.

EVEN HIS POND PREACHES.

How Mr. Wanamaker Inculcates Piety by Means of a Board Fence.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

NORTHFIELD, Mass., Oct. 30.—It may not be generally known that the Postmaster-General owns a pond in the outskirts of this town. It is not a very large body of water, perhaps not more than an acre in extent, but it is fed by a brook which emerges from a wooded dell and tumbles by a miniature cascade into "Wanamaker's Pond," for so it is known.

Recent passers-by have been edified to notice that the boards of the fence skirting the pond here are now embellished in all the virginal purity of new white paint with a series of pious mottoes: "Prepare to Meet Thy God." "Are You a Christian?" "God Loves You; Do You Love Him?" etc. The effect is slightly startling, but it is evident that this great man finds time amid the cares of state, the management of his bargain counter and the preservation of the purity of the mails to make even the humble board fence so eloquent with means of practical piety that the wayfaring man though a fool may heed. It has taught them how a ready righteous politician may, in mending after his own fences, invite his irreligious neighbors to clamber down from their sinful seats on the perilous fence of epic but indiscriminate.

"STAND BACK OR I FIRE."

Willie Anido Dying of a Shot from His Elder Brother's Pistol.

Their Statements Agree that the Shooting Was Accidental.

Little hope was expressed by the physician at Mount Sinai Hospital, this morning, for the recovery of pretty, manly little eight-year-old Willie Anido, who was shot in the head by his brother, seven years older, in their home at 594 Park avenue, yesterday afternoon.

These facts led up to the tragedy which has filled a happy household with grief, nearly crazed a doting mother, has made seriously ill a loving father, stretched one child on a bed of pain and probably death, and lodged another behind prison bars.

"Vincie" Anido is fifteen years old. He spent his vacation in the Catskills last Summer, and boy-like, felt that he would be entirely happy if he had something with which to shoot squirrels and birds.

Arrived at his home, in the flat house at 594 Park avenue, he decided to secure a pistol, in preparation for next season's sport.

He had $2.50 of pocket-money, and found at Gunsmith W. Raube's store, 1188 Third avenue, just what he wanted, a seven-shooter revolver, self-cocking, of 22 calibre. Raube, however, knowing the law, refused to sell the pistol to the lad. He suggested, though, that Vincent could get some one older to make the purchase for him.

The boy went out and met a young man in overalls, who, on Vincent's solicitation, agreed to be go-between, and they returned to the gunsmith's, where the stranger laid Vincie's money on the counter, the pistol was produced and Vincie took it.

The money was short 5 cents, but Vincent found the stray nickel in his pocket and gave it to Raube. The other young man never touched the pistol at all, Vincie placing it in his own pocket.

That was three or four days ago. Yesterday afternoon came the tragedy.

The two children, Vincie and Willie were left alone for a short time in their flat, and Vincie made taffy for the entertainment of his little brother.

Willie wanted to eat it while it was hot, but after two or three spoonfuls the older boy said he must eat no more till it was cold and mamma came home.

The brothers had a prolonged contest for the candy, and Vincie placed it in a cupboard, pushed a chair against the door and sat in the chair.

Willie persisted and Vincie, who had been showing his pistol to Jimmie Duffy an hour before, took it from his pocket and, pushing the little brother off to arm's length, pointed the weapon at him and said dramatically:

"Stand back, or I fire!"

The pistol went off and the bullet passed into the head of Willie, just over the left eye.

The pain which followed the shot was not great, and Willie waited while Vincie, white with fear, ran for his mamma.

She, terror-stricken, came back with him, and then she, deeming this the quickest way to get relief, walked the two boys over to Mount Sinai Hospital, where a still older brother had once been a nurse.

Both lads were crying bitterly, Willie saying over and over again, "Vincie didn't mean to; did you, Vincie?"

Dr. Weber found that the bullet had lodged in the brain, and that the chances of saving the lad's life were very slender.

Vincent was arrested and locked in a cell at the Sixty-seventh street station. There he made some false statements to Capt. Gunner, which led the police to the conclusion that the shooting was intentional. In the light of statements made by both boys this would not now appear to be the fact.

With one child dying and another in prison, charged with wilfully causing his death, Francis Anido and his frail little American wife were distracted, and this morning the father was ill in bed, while the mother walked the streets.

The older boy wept and moaned all night, and this morning, when he told how he got the pistol, Capt. Gunner was greatly incensed, and sent Detective Campbell to arrest the gunsmith, Raube.

In the Yorkville Court Justice Taintor held Vincent Anido to await the result of the injuries to Willie, and Raube to answer for selling firearms to a minor.

Dr. Weber says that Willie may recover, but he cannot probe for the bullet in his little brain.

The Anidos are very respectable people. Francis, the father, was born in Cuba, but has lived in New York since early boyhood. He was for a long time a professor of languages, teaching privately. Of late he has been a bookkeeper for a West India importer.

Vincent is a slender, dark-haired, black-eyed boy, with a head that seems too large for his frail body. He has been at school all his life and neighbors say that he was a little Willie's devoted slave, and the affection between them was stronger than that usual between brothers.

SHOT HIMSELF IN THE FOOT.

Emigration Commissioner Ulrich Accidentally Wounded.

Friends of Emigration Commissioner Ulrich, who accidentally shot himself in the foot yesterday, while out hunting near Poughkeepsie, received information this morning that he was doing well and it was believed amputation would not be necessary.

Major Ulrich had gone about five miles east of Poughkeepsie with a friend named Cleary. As the Major stooped to go under a fence his gun was accidentally discharged and the contents entered one of his feet. Assistance was procured and he was taken to the Morgan House, in Poughkeepsie, where he will remain until fully recovered.

The Institute Fair.

When the exhibition of the American Institute, which is now open at their exhibition hall on Third avenue shall have closed on Nov. 29, the fifty-ninth annual fair under this veteran and well-known management will have passed into the history of the Institute and into the pleasant memories of those who have visited it. Year after year the American Institute exhibitions come to us and are enjoyed, not only by the old people but by the young people, and when one considers the price charged for admission and so much can be seen and the Fair is open from morning until night, no one can have an excuse for not visiting it. It is well worth seeing and is always interesting, beside the mere sensation of seeing something new. There is a good deal to study, and the many improvements shown in the year's exhibition are notable in every department.

ACTOR CRUMLEY GUILTY.

Manslaughter in the First Degree the Jury's Verdict.

Sentence Suspended for a Week—He May Get from Ten to Twenty Years.

The jury in the case of Charles Crumley or Webster, the aged play actor, who shot and killed Robert McNeill Aug. 19 last, this morning brought in a verdict of manslaughter in the first degree.

Men and women elbowed each other for standing room in Part I. of the Court of General Sessions this morning while waiting the incoming of the jury which had to decide the actor's fate.

Judge Cowing concluded his charge, and the jury retired to deliberate at 4.05 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Nothing was heard heard from the jury room until 9.30 P. M., when a communication was sent to the Judge asking what would be Webster's fate in case they acquitted him on the grounds of insanity.

The Judge said his eventual fate would rest within the discretion of the Court, and at 10.15 P. M. the jury, not being able to agree, was locked up for the night.

The corridors around the jury room were crowded as soon as the building was opened this morning, and speculation was rife as to what the verdict would probably be. It surprised everyone that the jury should be so long in deciding.

Webster was brought down from the Tombs by Deputy Sheriffs Whelan and Burke before 10 o'clock. He seemed utterly broken down.

There was an unhealthy-looking flush on his pock-marked, clean-shaven face. His small eyes flashed brilliantly, and he trembled as if with palsy.

When about half the distance from the Tombs to the Court had been traversed, he asked hesitatingly, as if fearful of the answer:

"Have they brought in a verdict yet?"

The Deputy Sheriff did not know and said so.

"Is it good when they stay out so long?" he inquired again.

"Oh, yes; it looks first rate for you," Burke told him.

"I don't know," he returned hopelessly.

The first man he met in the court-house he asked:

"Is the jury in?"

When he received a negative answer he sighed despairingly, and remarked petulantly: "I don't see what keeps them so long!"

The court-room was crowded when he entered, but he pushed his way through with head and eyes downcast and seemed relieved when he gained the shelter of the prisoner's pen. Then he asked one of his keepers:

"Is my wife in court?"

"No, she is not here yet. Do you want to see her?"

"No; oh, no. I just wished to know if she was here; that's all."

He sat on a bench, buried his face in his hands and worked his frame back and forth. The perspiration stood in big drops on his forehead, and his thin gray hair was damp with it.

Judge Cowing was fifteen minutes late again. He took his seat at 11.15 A.M., and a few minutes later the jury filed in. After their names were called Judge Cowing asked:

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict in the case of the prisoner at the bar?"

Webster stood up and glanced uneasily at the jury.

"We have."

"What is it? Guilty or not guilty?"

Foreman George W. Wiley in a solemn voice answered:

"We find this prisoner guilty of manslaughter in the first degree."

For a moment there was the most intense silence in the room.

Webster cast a look of hopeless despair upon the jury. Then he sank back upon his seat.

It looked for a moment as if he was going to faint. Then there was a faint murmur of surprise in the court-room, quickly subdued by the clerk's gavel.

Lawyer Howe arose and declared that while he still had the utmost respect for the jury and confidence for the opinion of the jury, which he said he considered unusually intelligent, yet he thought that it was a compromise verdict, and that they should either have found his client guilty or not guilty of the crime for which he was indicted, namely, murder in the first degree.

He made a motion asking that sentence should be suspended for one week in order to give him an opportunity of applying for a new trial. Judge Cowing granted the motion.

When the verdict was rendered several women hastened out of court and carried the news to Mrs. Webster, who was waiting