# A WRONGED GIRL'S REVENGE.

## Her Threats Drove Kemmler to Attempt Suicide.

### Lena Leutz Wrote to His Affianced of His Perfidy.

John Kemmler, the young clerk in Havemeyer's sugar refinery in Brooklyn, to whom death seemed preferable to the vengeance of a woman he had deceived, still lies in a precarious condition in the Eastern District Hospital, where he was removed yesterday after swallowing a dose of Paris green.

Kemmler is only twenty years old and has been in the country but six months. Six weeks ago he went to board at 59 North First street, Williamsburg.

He is of prepossessing appearance, and Mrs. Vanvitch, with whom he boarded, took quite an interest in him. He often talked to her of his home in Germany, and spoke frequently of a certain Christine. He was engaged to Christine, he said, and some day she was coming over here to become his wife.

There was a sensation in the house one night about three weeks ago when a pretty young woman called at Mrs. Vanvitch's and asked to see Kemmler.

The young clerk tried to escape when he saw his visitor, but the girl confronted him and denounced him in bitter terms.

The girl told Mrs. Vanvitch that she was Lena Leutz, and that she lived in West Ninth street, New York. She said Kemmler had betrayed her and then left her to face her trouble alone.

When Kemmler managed to get the girl outside he pleaded a long while with her and finally induced her to go home.

He appeared much worried when he returned to the house, and two weeks later the depression increased. He had received a letter from Christine breaking off the engagement. Lena had written to Christine and told her of her lover's perfidy.

Lena's vengeance was not yet complete. Wednesday night she again visited Kemmler and created another scene. Unless Kemmler married her, she declared she would have him sent to prison.

As if to make good her threat, she reappeared at the North First street house yesterday morning just as Kemmler was preparing to go to his work. A man accompanied her, and he said he was an officer.

Lena upbraided Kemmler, and between her tears and the supposed officer's threats, the young clerk was driven almost to distraction.

His visitors finally departed, vowing that he had not heard the last of them. Kemmler then went to his room to lie down, telling Mrs. Vanvitch that he was not fit to go to work.

Shortly after 11 o'clock, as Mrs. Vanvitch passed Kemmler's door, she heard him moaning, as if in great pain. She entered the room and found him lying on the bed groaning in agony. A green substance covered his lips and had stained the bed-clothing. His mouth was filled with foam.

When taken to the Eastern District Hospital he admitted that he had deliberately swallowed Paris green, but said he was not responsible for his action.

Some one called up the hospital on the telephone this morning and asked what was Kemmler's condition. It was a woman's voice that made the inquiry, and she was informed that Kemmler was still alive.

To an offer to call the house surgeon to the telephone, she replied:

"No, never mind. If he is still alive it's all right."

It is supposed that the inquirer was Lena.

## ABANDONED HER BABIES.

### A Brooklyn Woman Charged with Deserting Her Children.

Delia McGarian, a middle-aged woman, was a prisoner before Justice Tighe, in Brooklyn's Butler street Police Court this morning, on the charge of abandoning her two small children, aged five and seven years respectively.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was the complainant, and the allegation was that the woman left the two children at the home of her mother, Mrs. Mary Gilroy, of 525 Nineteenth street, and refused to provide for them.

The husband of the woman is lying sick at his mother-in-law's home, and is unable to take care of them. Justice Tighe remanded Mrs. McGarian for examination on the 24th.

## CAUGHT A TILL-TAPPER.

### He Robbed Grocer Johack of $3, but Was Caught.

Frank Russell, a well-dressed young man who gave his residence as 353 St. Mark's place, was arraigned before Justice Tighe in Butler Street Court, Brooklyn, this morning, on a charge of petit larceny. The complainant against him was John Johack, a Bergen street grocer, who alleged that Russell entered his store last evening, and while his back was turned took $3 from the money-drawer behind the counter. Russell managed to escape from Johack, who ran after him, but he was afterwards arrested by Detective Graham, of the Tenth Precinct.

Russell pleaded guilty, and was remanded until next Tuesday to enable the police to ascertain if he is a professional till-tapper.

## THORNE HAD A REVOLVER.

### Cochrane Thought He Meant to Kill Him for Visiting Mrs. Thorne.

Weston Thorne, of 22 Ralph street, Brooklyn, was arraigned before Justice Walsh, in the Adams Street Police Court, this morning charged with threatening the life of William Cochrane. Both men are negroes.

Cochrane and Thorne met last night in a saloon at the corner of Myrtle avenue and Washington street. Thorne accused Cochrane of undue intimacy with Mrs. Thorne. Cochrane denied it. The men were about to come to blows when Thorne was arrested. At the station-house a 38-calibre revolver was found in Thorne's possession.

In court this morning the prisoner denied that he had threatened to kill Cochrane, but he was sent to jail for ten days for carrying a revolver.

## HAD HIS WIFE ARRESTED.

### Annie Judge Stichter Remanded as an Habitual Drunkard.

A stylishly dressed young woman, wearing diamond earrings and an elegant black silk dress and tearful eyes, responded to the name of Annie Stichter, which was called on a charge of intoxication before Justice Tighe in the Brooklyn Butler Street Court, this morning.

The complainant against the woman was her husband, George A. Stichter, Superintendent of a bonded warehouse in New York, and in his affidavit he alleged that his wife was hopelessly addicted to the drink habit. Stichter appeared against his wife, who pleaded not guilty, and was remanded until next Tuesday for examination.

The court attaches knew her as a daughter of a well-known liquor dealer of South Brooklyn named Judge.

### Swindled by an Ancient Game.

William B. Goldsmith, of 213 Fulton street, Brooklyn, complained to the police to-day that he had been swindled by an unknown man, who visited his store yesterday and purchased $5 worth of goods. The articles were to be delivered to 184 Concord street. When the messenger reached the corner of Concord and Adams street the customer met him and took the goods, telling the boy to go to the house and collect the money. When the messenger reached the house he was told the man was a swindler.

## BROOKLYN GOSSIP.

Ex-Senator Carlyle, of New York, is a guest at the Hotel Boswyck, Bedford avenue, Williamsburg. Mr. Carlyle is a Brooklyn man and one who is very popular in this district. He has just returned from a long and pleasant sojourn in Europe, and will now again settle down to live at home in Williamsburg. On the evening of the day he arrived he was most warmly welcomed and tendered a quiet but none the less pleasing banquet by his many friends.

Police Sergeant John W. Hamilton, of the Nineteenth Precinct Police Station, is a man who is said to have many friends in the Eastern District. It is only just that he should. He is one of those characters who manages to make himself pleasant to every one, and his efforts are not fruitless.

Mr. James A. Ridden, of the firm of Ridden & Thomas, real estate agents, is another prominent Brooklynite who invites the friendship and good will of all those who come in contact with him. For ten years he has been located in the same store and transacting the same business. He is also a popular clubman, although noted for strict and personal attention to his and his partner's business affairs.

Mr. Joseph W. White, the energetic manager of the Westchester Fire Insurance Company, is said to be contemplating a hand in Brooklyn politics. He is a very distinguished citizen.

The new Seventh Ward political organization, the Andrew Jackson Democratic Club, of which Mr. Thomas A. Kerrigan has been unanimously elected President, is booming into favor with a large and growing list of members. The regular meetings are held Tuesday evenings at their rooms, 809 Kent avenue, when the occasion represents a brilliant reception. Speeches are made and new brethren introduced.

When Brooklyn builds another police court, and it needs some new ones, it would do well to take the Lee Avenue Police Court for a model. The people of the Eastern District are very proud of that structure, and none more so than Janitors Frank Eugle and Louis Uim, who manage to keep it as wholesome as a tidy housewife's best room, despite the heterogeneous gathering there every morning.

No one was more pleased at reading that Gov. Flower had signed the new Bridge bill than T. S. Cooper, of T. S. Cooper & Sons, of Broadway. He has been ardent in his advocacy of a bridge for the Eastern District, and is not at all afraid that it will take the centre of trade further away from the river.

A progressive citizen of the Eastern District is B. G. Lattimer, the founder of the big furniture establishment on Broadway. He is always found in the front rank of any movement to benefit Williamsburg.

Owing to the illness of "Barney" Degnan, Clerk of the Third District Police Court, all the onerous duties of this busy Mill of Justice fall upon Assistant Clerk Charles M. Hartman. "Charley," as the big and handsome Assistant Clerk is known to his intimate friends, is fully capable of doing two men's work, however, and loses none of his good nature, even with the courtroom full of complainants to draw up papers for.

John S. McKeon, the Broadway clothier, is one of those enterprising people who admire enterprise in others. He is one of the Eastern District's representative business men, and has a host of friends.

Among the old volunteer firemen in Brooklyn whose love for the "machine" kept them in the ranks when the city instituted the paid department is Foreman Maguire, of Engine Company No. 11, on Clymer street, near Bedford avenue. He has seen twenty years' service, and, although time has whitened his locks, he is just as active as the youngest man in his company. The spick and span condition of his engine-house and apparatus speak volumes for his efficiency as a commanding officer.

Police Justice Goetting has an able staff of court officers in the veteran, James Kelly, Robert Dunn, Adolf Myer and John Toney. Policeman Will Roter, who has been on the sick list for the past two weeks, is expected to return to duty soon.

Henry A. Meyer, the Republican opponent of Mayor Boody in the last municipal campaign, is very popular among the Germans of the Eastern District. He is attending strictly to his prosperous grocery business on Wythe avenue just now, but it will not be a surprise if his friends insist upon placing him in nomination for a high political office again.

Warden Peter Doyle, of the Raymond Street Jail, enjoys the reputation of being the handsomest man in Brooklyn public life. He merits the distinction.

Mayor Boody is the most unconventional and informal Chief Executive that Brooklyn has had for a good many years.

If Jerry Wernberg's head was as large as his legal experience he would be a great sufferer from megalocephalitis. But he only wears a seven tile.

Manager Jack Holmes is very much pleased with the reception which is being accorded the new Columbia Theatre by the public.

Bootblacks are jubilant over the fact that it is impossible to cross the streets in the neighborhood of the City Hall without needing a new shine.

That awful jam which occurs nightly at the Bridge street station of the Union Elevated Railroad still continues, and nothing will be done to remedy it until somebody is pushed off the platform and killed. Perhaps not then.

Policeman Creighton, of the Tenth Precinct, has fully exonerated himself in connection with the charge of robbery which was made against him by a drunken man whom he arrested. Capt. Early says Creighton is an honest, faithful and efficient officer.

Every time Senator McCarren comes down to New York with the Senate Investigating Committee he crosses over to Brooklyn to say "how-d'-ye-do" to his constituents.

Health Commissioner Griffin daily congratulates himself on the fact that the dreaded typhus has given Brooklyn a wide berth.

Walter Riggs is so much opposed to annexation with New York that he has conceived the somewhat novel idea of building a skyscraping bridge from Brooklyn to Jersey, leaving the big metropolis out.

### A Bar to Matrimony.

[From Truth.]

"What did Neighbob say when you told him you wanted to marry his daughter?"

"He didn't absolutely refuse, but he imposed a very serious condition."

"What was it?"

"He said he would see me hanged first."

# ALL BROOKLYN WELCOMES IT.

## Praise for "The Evening World's" Two Cities Edition.

### Expressions from Many Business Men and Politicians.

THE EVENING WORLD'S Brooklyn Edition is warmly welcomed by citizens of all sections of the City of Churches. Following are expressions of many people to whom yesterday's paper was a revelation:

COL. SINN, of the Park Theatre, said he believed there was a good field for THE EVENING WORLD to work in in Brooklyn, and he thought that the enterprise should and would be encouraged.

DANIEL D. WHITNEY, grocer at 20 Fulton street, said: "I think that THE EVENING WORLD shows a great deal of aggressive enterprise in coming over to Brooklyn in a special form. Such progressive spirit ought to succeed, and I have no doubt that it will."

ALBERT SMITH, wine merchant at 145 Fulton street, said he was "glad to see that THE EVENING WORLD had started a Brooklyn edition, and looked forward to its great success."

J. E. DOUGHERTY, cigar manufacturer at 245 Washington street—I am glad to see that THE EVENING WORLD has come to us in the shape of a special Brooklyn edition. The idea is a very good one, and doubtless the field is sufficiently large for such an enterprising paper.

FRANK MCCUTCHEON—If the Brooklyn EVENING WORLD jumps in and continues with the same degree of life and interest manifested in its first issue, I predict for it a glorious future.

DISTRICT-ATTORNEY RIDGWAY—It is a very enterprising move and worthy of every encouragement.

BUILDING COMMISSIONER CAHILL—AS THE EVENING WORLD has a habit of being successful in everything it undertakes, I cannot help feeling that its Brooklyn edition will be a go from the start.

PROPRIETOR TUMBRIDGE, St. George Hotel—I see that THE EVENING WORLD has directed its search-light on Brooklyn, and found it to be a land of promise. There is lots of room in Brooklyn for the new edition.

CITY TREASURER ADAMS—Great scheme! Let 'er go for all she's worth!

T. S. COOPER, senior member of the firm of T. S. Cooper & Son, 109 Broadway—It is an enterprising journalistic enterprise that, in my opinion, cannot avoid the greatest attention and produce the most favorable praise among all Brooklynites. We have long needed some such advantages in journalism as this project will serve. I give it a hearty welcome.

JAMES W. WHITE, manager of the Westchester Fire Insurance Company, at 60 Broadway—Brooklyn folks should take advantage of the fact that they will now have a bright, newsy and interesting evening newspaper, that will not only contain the news and gossip of their own city, but will also have the doings of the day across the big bridge. Hereafter they need not buy two papers, as THE EVENING WORLD will contain all the news of both cities. It is as two papers put into one without extra charge.

CHARLES JACOBS, of Jacobs Brothers, pianomakers and music dealers at 105 Broadway—"I welcome it into our city with cheers. We have been sadly in need of such an organ as THE EVENING WORLD has proven itself to New York, and I am sure the enterprising act will not be passed without drawing much praise from the people of such a rapidly-growing metropolis as Brooklyn now represents."

JAMES A. RIDDEN, of Ridden & Thomas, 76 Broadway—What a great advantage it will be to those who live in Brooklyn and go to business in New York to be able to buy one paper containing the happenings of both cities in a bright and interesting form. It is sure to be favored by the people here.

G. A. RANDOLPH, of Smith, Gray & Co., at Bedford avenue and Broadway—THE EVENING WORLD'S Brooklyn Edition will rapidly boom into a rattling success.

James Healy, corner of Flushing avenue and Broadway—We need something bright and firm in the way of a newspaper in Brooklyn, and THE EVENING WORLD is just the organ that, by its late edition, can serve to fill this so far neglected field. Every one I have seen is enthusiastic in praising the newcomer, and the successful career of our new friend is assured.

H. Battermann, dry goods dealer, on Broadway, joined hands with the rest of Brooklyn's prominent business men in praise of THE EVENING WORLD'S newest enterprise.

John S. McKeon, Broadway and Bedford avenue—Everybody knows that THE EVENING WORLD is the greatest hustler on earth. I admire its enterprise. THE EVENING WORLD forces its way to the front by its energy. Its Brooklyn Edition ought to be a success, and I believe it will be. The push, snap and enterprise of its proprietor would make a success of anything.

R. M. Howe's Son, 191-195 Broadway—Everything that THE EVENING WORLD attempts appears to be a success. I think its Brooklyn Edition is a great thing. I like the idea. People in this section of the city ought to appreciate it. Bright and snappy as it is, there appears to me to be a field for it, and I believe it will be a success.

Capt. Maguire, the veteran fireman—THE EVENING WORLD ought to make things lively with its Brooklyn Edition. I am glad to see it started.

Police Court Clerk Hartman—A Brooklyn edition of THE EVENING WORLD, eh? Well, that ought to be a go.

C. E. Davis, South Third street and Bedford avenue: "That's a great paper! Six pages for one cent. A whole page of Brooklyn news, all the local news of New York and the news of the whole world thrown in! It's just the thing for a man who does business in New York, lives in Brooklyn and hardly knows to which one he owes allegiance, his sympathies being with both. I wish it all success."

## STRUCK HER WITH AN AXE.

### Junkman Quinn's Murderous Assault on His Daughter.

John Quinn was arraigned before Justice Connolly in the Gates avenue Court, Brooklyn, this morning, charged with assaulting his daughter, Mrs. Catherine Hogan, with an axe. Justice Connolly held him to await the result of the woman's injuries.

Quinn is a junkman, and lives at 403 Belmont avenue. When he came home to supper last night, he was drunk. His supper was not ready, and he found fault with his daughter. When she remonstrated he struck her and chased her out of the house with an axe.

He aimed a blow at the woman's head which would certainly have killed her if it had hit her. She dodged, however, but not in time to save herself wholly, for the axe came down with terrific force and glanced against her nose and cheek.

She attempted to get away from her infuriated father, but he held her by the hair, and, throwing her to the ground, struck her again, inflicting a deep scalp wound.

The woman was rescued by two officers and Quinn was locked up. A surgeon dressed her wounds.

### Events to Come in Brooklyn.

The Hawthorne Circle, C. L. and S. C., will hold a public meeting to-morrow night at the Marcy Avenue Baptist Church. Mrs. Mary W. Straley, M. D., will deliver an address.

A benefit performance will be given Tuesday evening, March 22, at the Bedford Avenue Theatre by the Williamsburg and Greenpoint Letter-Carriers' Association.

The twenty-fourth annual ball of the Hebrew Benevolent Association will be held in Saengerbund Hall Monday evening, March 14.

On Wednesday evening, March 23, Ruby Brooks and Harry Deaton, banjo artists, will give a concert in Association Hall.

The Fulton Temperance Club's entertainment will be given next Tuesday evening at Arcanum Hall on Bedford avenue.

A sociable will be held to-night in Robertson's Hall by the Young Men's Channing Society.

Rev. L. H. Cobb, D. D., will take part in the exercises of the Central Congregational Church to-night.

President Charles Kendall, of Cornell University, will talk on "Some Recent Discoveries Concerning Columbus," before the members of the Long Island Historical Society next Monday evening.

Lecture by Daniel Greenleaf Thompson on "The Evolutionary Significance of Our Political Development" before the Brooklyn Ethical Association next Sunday evening at the Second Unitarian Church, Clinton and Congress streets, Brooklyn.

# DAY'S DOINGS IN BROOKLYN.

## A Leaf from the History of the City of Churches.

### Incidents of Minor Interest Told in Terse Style.

**Firemen Back from New Orleans.**

Brooklyn's Veteran Firemen have returned from New Orleans, where they went to attend the Mardi Gras festivities.

**Small Blaze on Broadway.**

Fire at 438 Broadway, Brooklyn, this morning, caused a damage of $100. The building is owned by Henry B. Scholes, of 575 Bedford avenue.

**Defective Flue; $1,000 Flame.**

A defective flue at 323 Monroe street, Brooklyn, last night caused a fire which damaged the building to the extent of $1,000. The house is owned and occupied by Mrs. Kate Mitchell.

**Spilled Hot Tar Over Himself.**

William Lamberson, of 54 Fulton street, Brooklyn, while carrying a pail of boiling tar, slipped and fell at the corner of Franklin and Gates avenues this evening. The tar fell over him, inflicting severe burns.

**A Burglar Is Wearing Her Watch.**

The apartments of Mrs. Mary Fish, at 393 Stockton street, Brooklyn, were entered by a burglar early this morning and robbed of a gold watch and chain and $30 in money.

**Got a Verdict for His Horses.**

Charles M. Washburn has recovered, in the Brooklyn City Court, a verdict for $6,000 from Undertaker George F. Corlis for horses and carriages sold to the latter and not paid for.

**Honors to a Brooklyn Priest.**

Rev. Father Vincent Brombowski, of St. Casimir's Polish Catholic Church, Brooklyn, has been appointed a domestic prelate of the Pope's household.

**Babe Abandoned in a Hallway.**

A live, blue-eyed girl baby only three or four hours old, was found early this morning by Policeman Lutz, of Brooklyn's Nineteenth Precinct, in a hallway at 231 Frost street, Williamsburg. The babe was sent to the City Hall Nursery.

**Set on Fire by Children.**

Children playing with matches in the apartments of Mrs. Susanna Weber, 582 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, last night, set fire to the premises. Policeman Scanlon, of the Bergen street police station, extinguished the flames before the engines arrived.

**Careless Legislation Detected.**

Mayor Boody, of Brooklyn, to-day sent back to Albany Assemblyman Cahill's act passed by the Legislature providing for the appointment of new assessors. One section of the act provided for two new assessors and another for four.

**For Poor Negroes' Education.**

A public meeting to promote negro education in the South will be held in the Second Unitarian Church, corner Clinton and Congress streets, Brooklyn, next Monday evening at 8 o'clock. A quartet of negro students from the Tuskegee Institute will sing.

**Some Kicking Republicans.**

A protest signed by about fifty Republicans of the Tenth Ward, Brooklyn, against the refusal of the leaders of the party in that ward, Jacob Brenner and John F. Henry, to call a special meeting of the organization at their request, will be taken to-day by a committee appointed for that purpose, to the Kings County General Committee.

**This Thief Was Expecting a Blizzard.**

As Dr. Dickinson, of 148 Clinton street, Brooklyn, stepped from his carriage into his house this morning to get something he had forgotten, some thief came along and stole his valuable lap robes.

**Brooklyn Democrats at a Banquet.**

Democrats of the Eighth Ward Association, Brooklyn, had a feast last night in Centennial Hall, corner of Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street. Boss Hugh McLaughlin, Senator John McCarty, ex-Judge John Delmar, Police Commissioner Hayden, James Shevlin, Alderman Michael Coffey, Commissioner Ryan, of Flatbush, and Supervisor John Y. McKane, of Gravesend, were among the invited guests.

**Four Young Till-Tappers.**

Some boys, whose names are unknown, are wanted by the Brooklyn police to-day for till-tapping. The youngsters went into John Waldbusser's bakery, 1727 Fulton street, last night, and while three of them engaged Mrs. Waldbusser in conversation the other boy hid himself under the counter. When Mrs. Waldbusser went into the back room the boy came out of hiding and stole $7 from the money-drawer.

**"The Hustler" at Holmes' Star.**

Holmes' Star Theatre Brooklyn, has had its share of the first-class theatrical attractions of the season and its patrons have been satisfied every time. This week it presents a laugh-maker in the farce-comedy entitled "The Hustler" in which John Kernell is a shining central figure, supported by the original New York cast. Next week Miss Katie Emmett in "The Waifs of New York" will be the attraction, with realistic dock scenery and picturesque bits of darker New York.

## DEATHS IN BROOKLYN.

The following is the official list containing the name of every person in Brooklyn over ten years old whose death was reported to the Department of Health yesterday:

**Charles A. Babcock**, 47, No. 57 Middagh st.; printer.
**Emily L. Becker**, 66, No. 744 President st.
**Zebulon Clayton**, 72, No. 150 St. Mark's ave.; produce.
**Joseph Cooney**, 41, No. 287 Quincy st.; salesman.
**John Joseph Dunn**, 30, No. 30 Emmett st.; laborer.
**Augusta Esau**, 80, No. 101 Ralph st.
**Paul Fellman**, 41, St. Catharine's Hospital; laborer.
**Adeline Langdon Ferris**, 46, No. 161 Rogers ave.
**Owen Fitzsimmons**, 75, No. 520 Leonard st.
**Joseph Fiesel**, 78, No. 192 Kent ave.
**Patrick Gilhooley**, 32, No. 309 Bedford ave.; laborer.
**John Grady**, 27, St. Catharine's Hospital; laborer.
**John H. Griffin**, 58, 266 Navy st.; papers.
**Joseph Gruber**, 17, No. 77 Hamburg ave.; laborer.
**Katharine Hickey**, 28, No. 553 Warren st.
**Jarvis Johnson**, 74, No. 399 McDonough st.; merchant (retired).
**Frank A. Kampfer**, 13, St. Peter's Hospital; schoolboy.
**Katie Kirwin**, 35, No. 154 Eckford st.
**Charles Bradley Lockwood**, 19, No. 406 Pacific st.; clerk.
**Merick Nelson**, 79, No. 635 Bedford ave.; salesman.
**Mary Noon**, 33, No. 194 Green st.
**Annie Parvis**, 21, No. 112 North 8th st.
**Kate Purkes**, 36, No. 55 South 2d st.
**Thomas Quinn**, 31, No. 1950 Bergen st.; bricklayer.
**Conrad Schauz**, 56, No. 804 Bergen st.; block-cutter.
**James Rooney**, 23, No. 298 Water st.; conductor.
**Laura Maynard Shaw**, 79, No. 414 Quincy st.
**Clara Stach**, 22, No. 68 Deborolse st.
**Ariana McElfresh Trail**, 63, Marseilles, France; died Jan. 8, 1892, of pleuro-pneumonia; arrived by steamer Neustria at Mediterranean pier for interment at Fredericksburg, Md.
**William H. Williams**, 78, Aged Home Church Charity Foundation.
**Joseph Williamson**, 42, Home for Consumptives; jobber.
**Joseph G. Willett**, 51, Long Island College Hospital; clerk.
**Ida Wohlers**, 20, No. 108 Wyckoff st.
**Edwin Star Zobic**, 50, No. 105 India st.; truckman.

### Stationary Age.

[From Truth.]

Dix—How old was your wife when you were married?

Hicks—Twenty-six.

Dix—And that was ten years ago; she must be thirty-six now?

Hicks—No; twenty-six.

# LIVED IN SPITE OF DOCTORS.

## Remarkable Case of a Consumptive Many Times Given Up.

### Died at Last at the Ripe Old Age of Sixty-Two.

There died down in the Neosho Valley not long ago a man known for miles and miles around as Old Joe Kimpton, says a Kansas City paper. Old Joe came to Kansas in 1856.

He brought weak lungs with him from the "ager" swamps of Indiana, but he plugged along and was ailing off and on for a number of years, when he was "took down" with lung fever. It went into quick consumption and one of his lungs was gone before he knew it. The doctors gave him up and didn't think he could live through the Winter. But he just plugged along and allowed he'd pull through somehow.

The children were little tots then and Joe bought a bunch of calves that Spring and said he guessed he'd have them any how for the children to go to school on. The doctors told him he couldn't possibly get through the next Winter and he made his will. He hung around the house and coughed most of the time and the children helped him about the chores in the cold weather. He had his spells, and everybody thought he would die, but Joe he just plugged along and allowed he'd pull through somehow.

The next year, and the next, and the next he bought calves and steers and pulled them through somehow. Summer afternoons he used to sit in front of the long, low farm-house, built of addition on to addition, thinking and coughing absent-mindedly. He was a Democrat and his chief dissipation was his attendance on the County Convention every year and the State conventions when they came.

He got to be known as a large cattle-buyer, and strangers who saw him would look and wonder which undertaker would get him. But old Joe used to take a grim delight in counting up the doctors who had given him up and who had since died of natural causes themselves. Every Winter he would have his spells, and every Winter he would tell the doctors between his coughs that he would just plug along and pull through somehow.

He had attended the funerals of ten doctors whose bills he had paid for pronouncing him beyond hope and tip-toeing into the room to tell him they feared the worst. He had a bad spell last Winter. They said it was the grip combined with the old cough, but old Joe Kimpton didn't say anything, though he took their medicine with the old reproachful look, as if to say the old words.

Old Joe was getting along in years when he died. He was sixty-two and most of the time enduring constant physical suffering. Yet he seldom complained. All over Lyon County and Morris County, where the old man was known and lived, he will be missed. His peculiar case may pass into tradition and child stories may grow from it about a kind, grim old man who couldn't die.

## HAD AN INQUISITIVE MIND.

### A Guest Would Learn the Household Secrets of the Administration.

Just now the laugh has not yet died out over a little episode which occurred at one of the recent luncheons at the White House. Among the guests, says a Washington correspondent of the St. Louis *Republic*, was a woman well known in the fashionable world.

It so happened that her neighbor at the table was one whose family is one of the oldest in America. From the beginning of the meal the mind of the newly rich was so absorbed in investigating the table settings and calculating their market value that conversation outside of this object was impossible.

"I wonder where Mrs. Harrison had this china decorated. I heard it came from abroad. Can you tell me?" was the first query, answered politely in the negative.

"Do tell me where Mrs. Harrison markets. I think of changing and would like to patronize the same man. Have you any idea what her bills are every month—just for the family, I mean. Of course, you must know, for I understand you are a distant connection of the family."

Another politely brief answer in the negative, followed by a momentary pause and then, "Oh, what lovely cut-glass. Have you noticed it? This is the service just made especially for the White House. Isn't it beautiful?

I do wonder where it was purchased and what was paid for it. I am quite wild on the subject, as I have just bought a quantity for my house. Have you an idea of what this cost, Mrs. Harrison?"

"No," came the quiet reply. "I never bought a piece of cut-glass in my life. Mine is all inherited from my great-grandfather."

## ANXIOUS TO WED HER.

### A Girl That Notices a Missing Pants Button Isn't Met Every Day.

"I was thinking, sir," he said, as he hesitated at the door of the old gentleman's private office, according to the Chicago *Tribune*, "that perhaps I'd like to marry your daughter."

"A noble girl," said the old gentleman reflectively. "I don't know how I can spare her, but I suppose I'll have to some time."

"Yes, sir; quite right, sir, and I'd like to have her, except—except—you know I'm not rich, sir."

"I know it," replied the old gentleman, "but you are drawing a fair salary and I don't require wealth."

"I am glad of that sir, but I was sort of thinking that—that she isn't experienced in household matters."

"She isn't," said the old gentleman, "but she's a wonderfully observing girl."

"Yes, sir, and I think a great deal of her, but if I take her to a home of her own I'm afraid, sir—I'm afraid it would be hard, very hard. She was educated for a rich man's wife and wouldn't know"——

"You're partly right," interrupted the old gentleman. "But let me tell you something about that girl. She went to my closet a couple of days ago to get something that was there, and there was a pair of trousers hanging near the door."

"Yes; what of it?"

"One of the suspender buttons was gone."

"And she—she"—— The young man was so agitated he could not finish the sentence.

"She noticed it," said the old gentleman.

"Noticed it herself?"

"No one had said a word to her about it."

"But she—she didn't"——

"Yes, she did. She sewed that button on."

"Please, sir, say 'Yes,'" pleaded the young man, "and—and if she'll have me let us name the day in the near future. And may I ask me one other favor?"

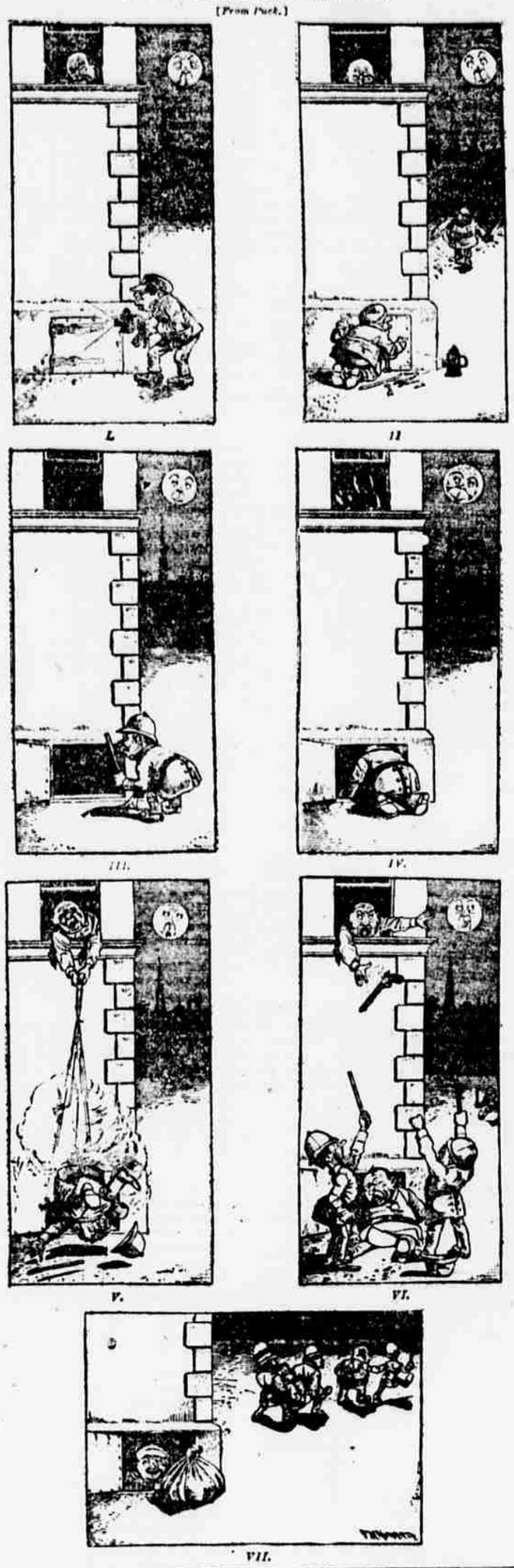
"What is it?"

"Don't, please don't let any other young man know about that button until after the wedding. I don't want to take any chances."

# WIT AND HUMOR.

## A TRAGEDY OF ERRORS.

[From Puck.]




## THE DECEPTIVE HAT.

[From Judge.]

Man in Derby—Whaffo yo' puts on dat style wid dat high hat? You's no taller'n I is.

Man in stove-pipe—Bet you I is, niggah. Le's measuah.

Man in Derby—Fo' de land's sake! I nevah wud a spiciioned it.

### No Encouragement.

[From Judge.]

Ted—You should give up the races, my boy. Why don't you reform and save money?

I hear it went for a song.

Ned—I tried it last week, but was out more than ever.

Ted—Nonsense. How was that?

Ned—I went to all the church fairs.

### Getting Personal.

[From Puck.]

Rivers Id.—This paper says that there was good skating at Central Park last Saturday.

Hickey—Did it skating, eh? Then some reporter must have seen Miss Knowlton and Me doing the outside edge.

### Returning the Compliment.

[From Judge.]

Gentleman—Pardon me; your necktie has been sticking out for some time. I refrained from telling you sooner because those young ladies seemed so much amused.

Farmer—Thankee: an' the oil from that lamp has been droppin' on that light overcoat o' your'n for the last ten minutes, but every one seemed so tickled I hated ter spoil the fun.

### The Mystery Solved.

[From Judge.]

Mr. Wayback—Be yew the waiter?

Waiter—Yes, sah.

Mr. Wayback—Dew yew know, I've been a-wondrin' all along why they called these places chop-houses. I know now. Will yew please bring me an axe? I want tew cut this steak.

### A Sound Base Is Valuable.

[From Puck.]

Old Snaggs—Hain't you ashamed to be at the foot o' yer class, Tommy?

Tommy—I don't know why I should be, Popper; the foot's the foundation, isn't it?

### Advice Is Dear.

[From Puck.]

"What you need," said the doctor, "is change."

"Yes," said the patient, "I'll need lots of it to meet your bill."

# MOCKING BIRDS AS JOKERS.

## Laughable Pranks That Show Almost Human Intelligence.

### Canaries Silenced, a Cat Challenged and Turkey Buzzards Put to Flight.

No one who has studied the ways of birds can doubt that many of them have a strong sense of humor, says the *Youth's Companion*. They play jokes on each other, perhaps even on us, and they "see the point" in an astonishing way. The catbird is a notable example of the feathered joker and the mocking-bird is little, if any, behind him in this regard.

A droll exhibition of his love of fun was once given by a mocking bird confined in a cage that was separated only by a network partition from a large family of canaries. When first placed there he seemed to be struck dumb by his voluble neighbors, while the truth was he was simply biding his time.

Several days he remained silent, taking notes, mastering their song, and suddenly, without, so far as is known, any preliminary rehearsal, burst out into the canary song in a loud, ringing tone that struck every little yellow throat speechless for a time.

After this it was his favorite amusement to keep quiet until half of the 200 canaries were singing at the top of their voices, and then, without warning, break into the melee of music with their own trills and quavers so loudly delivered a completely to eclipse them and compel instant silence. Then he hopped gracefully back and forth on his perch, flirting his tail and jerking his wings to show his relish of the consternation he had caused.

A curious exhibition was given by a free mocking-bird towards a playful kitten on the grass. The bird took his place on a tree directly over puss, leaning far over, jerking his tail and uttering a peculiar sound like the "puff" of an excited cat. This is, in fact, the bird's war-cry, and for the little fellow to declare war upon the hereditary enemy of his race, even in infancy, was very droll, and his manner showed plainly that he intended it as a joke.

On one occasion in the South, when something had attracted to a certain spot beyond the fence a crowd of the enormous turkey-buzzards native to that part of the country, a mocking-bird chanced to notice the unusual gathering. His singing ceased, he flew across the yard and perched on the fence close to where they were busily engaged in the road.

A few moments he stood motionless, looking at them; then suddenly, with a loud war-cry, dropped down among them.

Consternation fell upon the spectators! Would he be killed? They started to go to his assistance, when they were amazed to see the buzzards immediately rise in a panic—twenty of them. The mocking-bird knew them better than we did, and undoubtedly intended a joke, for the next moment he hopped gayly upon the fence and resumed his song, wriggling his little body and flirting his wings in a suggestive way.

## LUCK IN A RABBIT'S FOOT.

### Senator Gibson Attaches No Little Importance to One.

When Gov. Jackson appointed Mr. Gibson Senator, says the Cleveland *Leader*, that was luck, but no one would have felt like placing very heavy odds on his being elected Senator. When it began to look that way everybody said: "Yes, Charley Gibson always was lucky," and a few days before the election, when Gibson himself was asked if he believed in his own luck, he declared a most intense trust in it.

"Do you have a mascot?"

"No, but I carry a rabbit's foot."

The Senator wears a gold chain hanging from the vest pocket on one side to that on the other; on one end is a handsome gold watch; from the other pocket he pulled a bunch of keys, a gold pencil and a little silver tube, from one end of which projected the soft fur of a rabbit's foot.

"That was given to me ten years ago by a little colored chap, who killed the rabbit in a churchyard. I've carried it ever since, and you see I'm called lucky," said the Senator.

"Do you believe in it?"

"Well," with a laugh, "you see I carry it carefully."

In another week Gibson's election to the Senate from the State of Maryland surprised a good many people who had not calculated on it.

When the next Senatorial election is at hand Gibson will be able to lay up a small fortune by leasing that rabbit's foot to quaking candidates and nominees, providing he guarantees Gibson luck with it.

## GREAT BRAIN FOR FIGURES.

### A Piedmontese Boy Who Is Astonishing Paris by His Calculating.

Jacques Inaudi—the new Babbage, whose extraordinary calculating powers have justly astonished the erudite members of the Academy of Sciences—has a curious history, says the Pall-Mall *Budget*.

He came to Paris in 1880, having begged his way from his native Piedmont. At Beziers he astonished a worthy farmer who was sitting outside a cafe trying to make up his accounts after a successful market day.

The agriculturist was baffled by the figures, and Inaudi offered to help him, but his assistance was at first rejected with scorn.

Afterwards the farmer allowed the youth to have a try, and without the help of pencil or paper, Inaudi balanced the complicated accounts to a son.

On arrival in Paris the Piedmontese Babbage was taken in hand by Andre Gill, the caricaturist, and has been able to gain a living since by performing intricate calculations on the boards of music-halls.

Inaudi multiplies from left to right, and in all the difficult arithmetical problems given to him by the Academicians he never made a single error. He gave a seance recently in the great amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, which was crowded with lycee professors and their pupils, and solved the most intricate problems with the same marvellous rapidity as he did a few days previously before the Academy of Sciences.

An hour after the first question was put to him he repeated from memory all the questions he had been asked, giving all the figures (numbering over four hundred) without making a single mistake.

It is a curious fact that M. Inaudi, who is now twenty-four years of age, has no aptitude except for calculation. Inaudi is now appearing at the Concert Parisien, in the Faubourg St. Denis, where he and Yvette Guilbert are the chief attraction.

DON'T MOVE!
Until you have consulted THE WORLD'S Real Estate Index.