PLUNGING INTO THE RIVER.

THE FIRST MORNING TRAIN ON THE GREENWOOD LAKE RAILROAD.

The Locomotive Springs Into an Open Draw—A Passenger Coach Floating in Water Fifty Feet Deep—Passengers Rescued Through Holes Cut in the Roof—The Engineer Killed.

The first train on the New York and Greenwood Lake Railroad yesterday morning was the accommodation that started from Montclair at 5.50 A. M. and was due in Jersey City at 8.28. It consisted of a locomotive, tender, and one passenger coach, and the passengers numbered only eighteen, all of whom were men. When the bridge over the Hackensack River, two miles out from the end of the tunnel, was reached, there was a schooner about going through the draw, which was open, and the customary signals of danger, a great red target and a red light, were both displayed over the centre of the track. The engineer of the train, however, paid no heed to the signals, or at least did not do enough he was so close to the open draw that the momentum of the train was too great to be checked by reversing the locomotive, and the locomotive, tender, and coach plunged into the river. The engineer sought to save himself by leaping out upon the bridge about eighty-five feet from the draw, but struck the huge wooden rail, and his death must have been instantaneous, as when found his neck was broken and his skull crushed. The fireman, too, leaped from the locomotive a minute later, struck the water clear of the falling train, swam out, and walked down the track as far as the station near the mouth of the tunnel, whence he telegraphed to Jersey City for help.

Such was the velocity with which the train was moving at the time of the accident that the locomotive sprang clear across the draw opening, a width of fifty feet, and crushed two of the group piles supporting the draw, which is of the swing or jack-knife pattern, and opens from the southern side. The tender darted down after the engine into the muddy depths of the stream, but, fortunately, its coupling to the passenger coach broke, and to that fact it is account of the lives that nearly every passenger's life was at stake. The channel here is said to be fifty feet deep, and had the coupling held, the coach would have been dragged so far under water that hardly one passenger could have escaped drowning. As it was, the tender sank instantly to a much lower level than the coach at the manner of quitting the rails, while both were still rushing forward, and the coach darting over it dropped almost flat upon the water. Here again a seemingly providential accident befriended the passengers. The truck chains gave way and the heavy trucks sank to the bottom, while the coach, liberated from their weight, floated. It was submerged as far as the edge of the main roof, but the central, raised portion of the roof, beneath which are the ventilating apertures, was still above the surface of the water. The passengers, with the exception of one who scrambled through a door as the coach went down, and another who dashed through a window, perched upon the backs of a few railroad seats and clung to the ventilators and roof braces, managing to keep their heads out of water, while the coach slowly floated up stream with the incoming tide.

Up to this point all accounts of the accident agree, but in the excitement and confusion attendant upon the saving of the passengers different persons had such various impressions that absolute accuracy of detail seems unattainable. As to who rang the alarm bell on the roof of the coach and dragged out its prisoners, for instance, the draw tender is positive that he handed an axe to Billy Dodd, who cut the holes. Mr. D. D. Wood, baggage master, who leaped from the wagon into the river, swam to the partner Mason in got the rowboat, and brought it around alongside of the car, and as the passengers were got out they were taken into the boat and carried over to the other side."

Michael Mannion, Mr. Moore, gives in all particulars the account of Mr. Moore. He saw the train shoot bridge tender; that he was on the bridge when the train arrived, standing as described by Moore, and that the engine came flying across the fifty feet of open draw with a speed with that it struck the piling of the opposite side so violent a blow that the engine fell up on its knees. He is positive that the red target was fully displayed, and in addition thereto the red lantern, which had been placed on it night, during which time no trains arrived and the draw is constantly open, had been not extinguished.

A fourth employee of the road says that he saw Jesse Davis, whom he knew formerly as a railroad man, and who is now employed as an engineer in a house in Vesey street, and had been to Belleville that morning. "I was sitting in the last car," said, "and we were going at full speed, when suddenly I felt a jar, and knew that the engine had been reversed. Before I could even get up from my seat, we were in the water. I sprang to the nearest window beside me, and climbed out. The coach was sinking slowly. Presently, as I found myself outside, was a crowd. I was helped into it, and from it helped up upon the roof, where I helped to take the other passengers, out through the holes they had cut through."

Mr. Masker, the fireman, says that he was shoveling coal into the furnace as the train was coming out of the draw, and so, having his head down, did not see whether the danger signal was up or not. The engineer drew out a little, and the first thing he saw was Ira Dexter, the engineer, jumping from the engine. Instantaneously realizing his danger, he also sprang off, taking good care to clear the bridge and train as far as possible. The impetus he had from the moving train, and his desperate leap, carried him far down in the water, and when he rose to the surface he was below the southern side of the bridge, almost across the stream, and the train was out of sight. When he got out he walked and ran as fast as he could to the nearest telegraph station, not far from the end of the tunnel, and sent a despatch for help. Then he got on a train and went down home, looking strained, sore, and very wet and cold.

J. D. Wood, the baggage master, was sitting on the front seat of the passenger coach, and he saw the fireman jump off. He sprang to the platform, which was at that instant going over the edge of the draw, and leaped as far as he could to clear the train into the river. The coach passed him in reaching the water, so that when, after his plunge, he rose to the surface he was at its rear end. The bridge at the northern side of the draw was, however, nearest to him, and he swam to it. Just as he had got his leg over a brace under the water in a position to sustain himself, an old, white-headed man popped up to the surface from the rear end of the coach, crying, "Catch me, catch me! I'm drowning!" Mr. Wood did catch him by the collar, and dragged him to a place of safety on the bridge timbers, whence he was subsequently rescued. Nobody seems to know the name of that old man. Just after dragging him out Mr. Wood saw another man scrambling up the opposite bank, who is supposed to have been the fireman, and then, clutching another bridge timber by the collar, helped to pull him out. No more persons appeared on the water, and he then struggled to get ashore himself, but was so benumbed by the cold that he succeeded only with the greatest difficulty in doing so. He did not, however, quit the place, but had himself put by the boat on top of the floating passenger coach, and worked there in taking persons out through the roof until he felt assured that there were no more left in it.

Superintendent C. W. Douglass reached the draw at a little after 7 o'clock, as soon as Locomotive 451, the only narrow-gauge locomotive on the line this side of the Hackensack River, could be got out. By that time some of the passengers had walked to the county buildings on Snake Hill, which is not more than half a mile from the scene of the accident, to get warmed and dry their clothing. The others were awaiting the arrival of the next inward-bound train, which came a few minutes later, and carried them away to Newark, whence they returned to their homes. There was nobody unable to walk or who seemed to be very seriously hurt. Fearing, however, that somebody might have been overlooked in the coach, he arranged a plan for cutting that beyond question. A great cable was put around the upper part of the car, through opposite windows near one end, and attached to the locomotive on the track. In a few minutes the wrecked car was hauled up high and dry, and everybody breathed freer when it was found to be empty. Superintendent Douglass said yesterday afternoon that, as far as he had been able to learn, whatever blame attached to anybody for the accident rested entirely upon the engineer.

Ira Dexter, the unfortunate man who was the only victim, had been in the employ of the company about a year, and was believed to be a sober and trustworthy man. He lived in Jersey City, and leaves a wife and children. Whether he reversed the engine or not cannot be known until it is dragged from the muddy bed of the river. He certainly did not obey the regulation requiring him to stop before reaching the draw; or even slackened speed, for had he done either he would have reversed the engine, the momentum of the one coach, tender and very light locomotive—only twenty-two tons—would certainly not have been sufficient to hurl the engine fifty feet through space with such terrible force as was shown.

Superintendent E. O. Hills, of the Eastern Division of the Erie road, promptly put a large force of men and ample supply of materials at the command of Superintendent Douglass for the necessary repairs, and yesterday afternoon the work of placing new timbers under the draw was being prosecuted with such energy that it promised to be completed before dark. The only visible evidence of the accident was the wrecked coach dragged up on the softer grass above the bridge. Its woodwork about the window frames, where the cable had been fastened to drag it out, was very much broken, and three-quarters of the way back a ragged, jagged, splintered line showed where a fearful wreck had almost broken it in two. Two great holes were chopped through its roof—the exit for passengers. Inside, it was a total wreck. Not a single seat frame remained whole, and nearly all were broken to fragments. How they could have been so shattered, while only a few of the windows are cracked, is mysterious. If they were broken by the passengers being hurled against them, it is strange that there were not more broken bones.

So much for the water in which the locomotive lies that a barge dragged by a steam tug, two sloops, and three schooners passed over it without touching; but whether it is, as affirmed, fifty feet in depth, is open to a little question. It is certainly more than thirty. And more prompt and effective was needed in a case of railroad disaster, and the very readiness of the bridge tenders goes to establish the truth of their story, some confirmation of which was also offered yesterday afternoon in the position of the red danger target, still exposed, and the red lantern, still unextinguished, as they averred they were all night and at the time of the accident.

STABBING IN BROOKLYN.

A Laborer Fatally Wounded by a 'Longshoreman in a Political Quarrel.

Patrick McGovern, a 'longshoreman of 72 Tremont street, Brooklyn, fatally stabbed Thos. Thornton, a laborer, opposite the polling place at 251 Van Brunt street, yesterday afternoon. The men had been friends for fourteen years, and their families were intimate. Thornton was in liquor at the time of the assault. McGovern was in Henry Reicher's oyster saloon, opposite the polling place, with a number of friends, and Thornton entered and threatened to thrash McGovern because he had voted for Thomas J. Sheridan for the Assembly. Thornton started toward the longshoreman, but was held back by some friends. McGovern then went out to the sidewalk. He says that Thornton followed him and struck him on the head. Then McGovern stabbed Thornton in the abdomen. Thornton fell to the sidewalk, and an angry crowd at once surrounded McGovern and threatened to handle him roughly, as the quarrel with Thornton was looked upon as a fight between representatives of the Curran and Sheridan factions in the contest for the Assembly in the Fifth District. McGovern was hurried to the Van Brunt street police station. Thornton was carried to St. Peter's Hospital. The surgeons said that his wound is fatal.

The Question Put Direct to Grant.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer's interview with Gen. Granville R. Dodge.

"Now, General, will Grant accept the nomination for President?"

"I had been asked him that question direct in Paris. He said to me: 'General, that is something not proper for me to speak about.' Therefore, I said Gen. Dodge, "I can only give you my opinion. I think that the way the office of President is going to be tendered to Grant will put it out of his power to refuse it. I know, however, that it is not his desire to be President again. He is more desirous of rest and the enjoyment of a quiet independence than of any political responsibility. Our people can not understand a man like Grant. They think his soul is filled with ambition. But that simplicity which is outside of him is inside too. He is perfectly aware that the Presidency is only going to bring him troubles which he has surfeited. Yet, I don't believe that he can help himself."

Masked Burglars in New Jersey.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Nov. 4.—On Sunday night the house of Samuel Hough, a well-to-do farmer who dwells in Dover Mantage township, Sussex County, New Jersey, was entered by three masked burglars, who bound a hired man and girl and covered the other inmates with revolvers, while they robbed Mr. Hough of $275 in money. The three men were arrested in Hackensack, Bergen County, but one escaped. The other two were committed to the Newton jail. They gave the names of William Fredericks and George Johnson.

Fighting at a Ball on Election Morning.

The White Oak Social Club of the Ninth Ward of Brooklyn gave a ball on Monday night in Gallatin Hall, Fulton street. At 2 o'clock yesterday morning, as the ball was breaking up, George Radford, the Vice President of the club, rebuked Dennis Cain for his drunken and disorderly conduct. From words the men fell to blows, and both drew knives. Cain stabbed Radford in the back, and Radford knocked Cain senseless. Cain also was stabbed in the back. Both were locked up.

A Woman's Mysterious Death.

HUDSON, N. Y., Nov. 4.—The body of an unknown woman was discovered last evening on the Athens road about one mile from Catskill. She was apparently 45 years old, clothed in a black dress and black gaiters, stockings, and low slippers; she was very stout, with dark hair and eyes. The body was put into the vault at Catskill.

Suicide in a Police Station.

Ann Atkinson hanged herself to the grating of her cell door in the Fourth street police station in Brooklyn yesterday. She had been locked up for intoxication. She tore a strip from the bottom of her dress and twisted it into a rope with which she hanged herself. She died soon after she was cut down.

Death in a Ferryboat.

Charles L. Woods, aged 45, of 97 Newell street, Brooklyn, voted at 6 o'clock yesterday morning and then started for his place of business in the city. As he was leaving the ferryboat on the Jersey side he fell, his head dropped to his breast and he fell back dead. He leaves a wife and three children.

Shot in a Drunken Brawl.

PITTSBURGH, Nov. 4.—In a drunken row last night in Allentown, Pa., at about midnight, Brady McCulloch shot Tom Clark. After the shooting neither Clark nor McCulloch could be found. This morning Clark was discovered lying dead in the street. McCulloch has fled.

The New French Cable.

HALIFAX, Nov. 4.—The cable steamer Farradas arrived today. She has had a telegraph cable for the new French company between Brest and St. Pierre, and is now engaged in laying a cable between the latter place and Cape Cod. The Farraday was in the heavy gale of last week but kept steadily at work. The cable was buoyed 200 miles from Cape Cod on Sunday night.

Advance in Miners' Wages.

PITTSBURGH, Nov. 4.—The Coal Operator's and Miners' Board of Arbitration, which has been in session several days, to-day fixed the price of mining in this vicinity at 38½ cents a bushel, the same to be uniform and to last until Dec. 1. This is an advance of half a cent over the present price.

THE RIDDLE EXAMINATION.

TESTIMONY TAKEN CONCERNING THE DEATH OF MRS. RIDDLE.

Prof. Johnson Emphatically Attributing it to Arsenic—The Life that Mr. and Mrs. Riddle Led—A Text that was Changed.

NORWICH, CONN., Nov. 4.—Long before court hour this morning the City Court room was filled with lawyers, who strolled among the benches with hats and overcoats on, and their hands in their pockets. Henry L. Williams, Riddle's herculean colored engineer, who, to gratify a grudge, caused his employer's arrest, sauntered carelessly in and became at once the focus of all eyes. He returned the stare with interest, and to enliven the entertainment threw in a scowl and a sarcastic grin. Joel L. Foster's arrival also interested the spectators. His wife was the sister of Mrs. Riddle, and told Williams the suspicions he breathed to Col. Ripley, that she suspected her brother-in-law of poisoning his wife. It was she who quarrelled with Riddle a few weeks ago, because he married his present wife, Miss Nellie Gristol, against her wishes. It was expected that Mr. Joel L. Foster would tell what his wife had told him about the case.

Riddle came in with a deputy sheriff, and took his seat with an easy, nonchalant air. His face was sallow, and a dark tinge about the eyes bespoke a sleepless night. He was dressed with care and neatness, and wore a gold scarf ring. The wife of Engineer Williams, a white woman, came in soon, and took a chair by her husband's side within the rail. She was attired in the latest style. A blue veil was twined about a high-crowned hat.

It was past 9 o'clock, and the Court was sauntering idly through the various rooms and showing no disposition to begin proceedings. A rumor crept through the audience that the defendant's counsel and some of the State officers were with Prof. Johnson in Yantic cemetery overlooking the second exhumation of Mrs. Riddle's body.

One by one the counsel straggled in, and each one brought an armful of legal and toxicological books. The tables were piled high with them. At 10 o'clock the marble-faced clock on the wall was the only thing in the court room that displayed any business activity. At a little past 10 Judge Kellogg took his seat. Several fashionably-dressed ladies sat among the witnesses. One of them was the wife of Mr. H. E. Haskell, a well-known local hatter, and another was the sister of Mrs. Haskell.

Mrs. Augusta H. Haskell was the first witness called. She is a pleasant, fresh-faced lady, with a pleasing expression and bearing. She told her story in a clear, straightforward manner. She knew Mr. Riddle and his wife well while they lived in the city. Mr. and Mrs. Riddle were at the Edgecomb House in the summer of 1877. It was in August. They had come from Watch Hill. Mr. Riddle returned to Norwich the next day. His wife remained at the hotel. "Mrs. Riddle, myself, and others," she continued, "rode over to Pine Island Beach on the day that Mr. Riddle left. Mrs. Riddle was very much frightened, and we were thrown out. Mrs. Riddle was badly frightened by the accident, but was otherwise in her usual health. She went back to the Edgecomb House to dinner. I asked her to go with her and take supper, but I did not go. In the afternoon I was called to the Edgecomb to attend Mrs. Riddle, who had been taken ill. She was in the private room of the hotel, lying on the lounge. She was profound, but in great pain. She complained of her stomach, and said that she thought she was going to die. She kept her eyes closed. She thought that her jaws were going to set. She remained in much the same condition, and a telegram was sent to her husband. She said she felt better after drinking some wine, and with the wine she had taken. My husband and other gentlemen carried her up to her room. McClintock was summoned at about 5 o'clock by telegraph, but Lionell came in the early morning. I saw Mrs. Riddle then. Went back to Mrs. Riddle's room as soon as the physicians had arrived. Her husband was there. She was better. She told us that she thought she had been made sick by the wine she had drunk at Watch Hill. I taken the wine from home, she said. It was brought over from Watch Hill in her husband's valise. I think she told us that her husband had drunk from the bottle on the trip from Watch Hill. I didn't see any of the wine. Mrs. Riddle said that she brought up stairs the sediment of the wine she had drunk, in the tumbler she had drunk out of. I think that Mr. Riddle threw away the rest of the wine in the bottle on his arrival. Dr. Lionell came in the morning. He felt very badly, and he wished me to taste it as he said it tasted strongly of laudanum. I did not taste like any wine I had ever drunk before. Mrs. Riddle lay sick about a week."

The cross-examination by Col. Wait drew forth the statements that Mrs. Riddle was in failing health in 1872, and she went to Eastern Point for physical benefit. She was badly shaken by the fall from the carriage on the drive from Watch Hill. At the Edgecomb House, after Mr. Riddle's sudden illness, she was first attended by a medical man from New York or New Jersey. Mr. Riddle came on the same train with Dr. Lionell. The relations between Mr. Riddle and his wife, as far as witness knew, were the best. The witness, Mrs. Augusta H. Haskell. The illness at the Edgecomb House was the first violent attack Mrs. Riddle had ever suffered.

Mr. H. E. Haskell, a spare, tall man, with thin hair and a long, pointed beard, corroborated substantially to the details of Mrs. Riddle's illness at Eastern Point as given by Mrs. Haskell. He added: "I helped to carry her up stairs. She was very nervous, and anxious to see Mr. Riddle. She was alarmed at her condition. When he arrived. After 10 o'clock I saw Mrs. Riddle again. Her husband was with her. I learned that Mr. Riddle destroyed the wine, and that he had got there before the physician. I saw the portion left in the tumbler. It had drunk from. The Doctor thought it contained laudanum, and said he couldn't imagine how the laudanum got into the wine. Mr. Riddle said he bought the wine flask new at Lee & Osgood's, and that he had drunk the wine at home. He said that he thought the wine might have been poured into the flask on the boat, and laudanum poured back into it.

Miss Sarah J. Haskell, a young lady with a lively blue eye and modest air, said she lived with her brother, H. E. Haskell, there, about the summer of 1877 at the Eastern Point shore. She reiterated the previous testimony concerning Mrs. Riddle's first attack. The young lady was alone with Mrs. Riddle in the evening just before the first attack of Mrs. Riddle and the physician. "I saw the bottle of wine," said the witness; "it stood on a small table near me; it was a black bottle. I did not disturb it. Mrs. Riddle told me that the wine had caused her sickness. Six o'clock came and the boat had crossed the ferry, but Mr. Riddle did not come. Soon I looked out and I saw him hastening across the lots as if he was on a mission of life and death. He brushed past me without a word, and rushed into the room. He hurried to the bedside and spoke, and she answered, but what they said I could distinctly hear. He then caught up the bottle and was going to the sink. But she called out and said, 'Don't drink it, it was what made me sick.' Then he set it back on the table. I went into another room to get a fan, and when I came back I saw Mr. Riddle with the bottle in his hand, and he was shaking the last drops from it out the window. He said that Dr. Lionell would be there in a moment, that he was coming on the next boat."

To Col. Wait: Witness never knew any relations between Riddle and his wife that were not of the kindest mutual nature. Riddle said next day that he thought there had been laudanum in the flask, and that the wine, being the first that had ever entered it, had soaked the drug out. His wife said she could not understand it.

Dr. J. E. Lionell was sworn. He is an elderly man, with a cloud of white, silky hair and snowy whiskers, and a face strongly resembling that of John B. Gough. The Doctor is a skilful homeopathic physician. He was called to the Edgecomb House on the 22d August, in response to a telegram saying that Mrs. Riddle was very ill. Mr. Riddle was on the train, and had not heard of the illness of his wife. The Doctor called to him and showed him the telegram. They took seats, and Riddle said: "We shall be late for the Cerlis, which crosses the harbor to Eastern Point." At New London Mr. Riddle hired a sailboat to cross. On board was H. V. Edmonds, Col. Tenney, Riddle, and the Doctor. At a landing Riddle got ashore and went across lots to the hotel. The others kept on to the usual wharf of the boat, and when they got ashore Riddle came down to meet them and said cheerfully: "My wife is better." At the hotel Mrs. Riddle related the incident of the wine bottle. She described the unmanned condition, but she had recovered from the direct effects of the illness. Riddle had emptied the contents of the flask. The physician tasted of the contents of the tumbler the wine had been drunk from. It tasted strongly of laudanum. The witness, Dr. Lionell.

The defence elicited the statement that Mrs. Riddle had said she had been attended by Dr. Mason of this city and another physician. "I understood that the prescriptions she had taken," said the witness, "was opium in some combination, perhaps, with spirits of lavender or some other volatile nervous stimulant. After her illness at the Edgecomb House she was never quite well. She was nervous and constantly thought she was going to die. She lost her cheerfulness, and, though robust at first, gradually became attenuated, pale and weak. She at length became a confirmed invalid."

Mr. Riddle dined with his keeper at a downtown restaurant and returned to the court room half an hour before the afternoon session began. His face wore a sad and weary look. Dr. Paddock testified that the effects of poisoning by impure bismuth are totally different from symptoms of arsenic poisoning. In some specimens of impure bismuth arsenic is said to have been found to the amount of one-sixth of one per cent. This figure is the maximum. The prescription of bismuth that Mrs. Riddle took while ill was handed to witness, who said that it was a harmless medicine. It contained one-eighth of a grain of arsenic in forty doses, or to the entire prescription. The prescription is in the handwriting of Douglass Smith of the firm of Lamman & Bevin, this city. It is

Fox. Iavender, 1 drachm.
Bismuth, 1 drachm.
Aqua cinnamomi, 3 ounces.
Five and one-half teaspoonfuls every two hours.

This bismuth prescription will be one of the battle grounds of the case in the trial before the Superior Court, as the defence will endeavor to show that the arsenic was administered in the bismuth drops.

Prof. Johnson was called, but not examined, to allow him to take an early train. He disinterred the body this morning, and carried away portions of the muscles and other parts.

Dr. Perkins was severely handled by Col. Wait on cross-examination after his direct testimony as to the constituents of bismuth. Col. Wait read a paper read by a distinguished physician before the New York College of Pharmacy, in which the writer said that French bismuth contained so much arsenic that it is unsafe for use; that the breath of patients taking this kind of bismuth is very offensive by reason of the arsenical properties. The Doctor thought that in this statement the writer was in error.

Dr. Otis L. Bailey, attending physician of Mrs. Riddle in her later sickness, said that up to the 30th of March she was simply weak and nervous. On March 31 she was taken with severe cramps and vomiting. During the first part of April she was at times very much troubled. He visited her frequently through the first part of May. Some of the symptoms in April were cramps, pains, excessive burning thirst, and acute inflammation. She could only allay the intense burning by holding lumps of ice in her mouth. She complained that even then the ice was not cold enough. She became better, rallied a little, and the excessive pains, burning, and vomiting were allayed. She was better up to May 21. On that day she was taken violently ill—vomiting, suffering from cramps, and similar symptoms as accompanied her April attacks. These symptoms continued up to her death, May 22. "The bismuth that I ordered," said the Doctor, "never caused her illness. The remedies I gave tended to allay irritation. Her symptoms were those of acute gastritis, and such as are marked features in arsenical poisoning."

"After hearing Prof. Johnson's testimony," said Prosecutor Ripley, "what should you attribute Mrs. Riddle's death?"

"To arsenic," tersely replied the Doctor.

"That's all," said the Prosecutor.

"That's all," repeated Col. Wait.

"Have you read Dr. Bradley's Bitters?" suddenly asked Col. Ripley of Dr. Bailey before he had reached his seat.

"No, sir," was the reply; "I wouldn't be accused of the act."

Mrs. Martha Bronch, a nurse who attended Mrs. Riddle on April 11, gave the same symptoms as peculiar to her sickness that the physicians had done. Nothing relieved her thirst except ice, and that only for a moment. The nurse remained until May 4, when Mrs. Riddle was better, and left her in charge of her husband. The thirst was nearly gone, but numbness of the arms and jaws continued. Mr. Riddle was generally kind and attentive to his wife, but sometimes he was irritable and fractious. The nurse continued: "I once heard him say, 'Sometimes I wish I had never seen you.' That was while she was recovering. I don't know why he said it. I was in an adjoining room, and Mr. Riddle did not know I was there. I never heard Mrs. Riddle express any desire to leave her husband. Her sickness was very strong, and I was afraid of it.

Mrs. Prudy Moseley, a bowed and trembling lady, robed in dark, was assisted to the stand. She told a story of long, dreary years of sickness, suffering, and misery, caused by her sixth husband, Mr. Moseley, who died, she said, with whom she lived up to the time of death.

"What was Mr. Riddle's conduct toward his wife?" was asked.

"Pretty bad," was the agitated reply; "he never spoke a cross word to him in her life. This was after the Edgecomb House affair. In the winter before her death she told him if he expected her to live any longer he must treat her more kindly. From first to last he was married to her about 12 or 13 years. He failed. She said kindly to him, and he promised that he would never speak to her except to answer her. He went away at the time, and she wondered what he would speak to her when he came home. He came home, and she was afraid of him, feeling sure that he was so mad that he never spoke to him on the subject again. He talked to her so bad one day that he threw her into a fit. He was planning for her, and said he hated her. He chased all ministers and churches where she went to church. He resumed his pleasant manner just before her illness in April, when she had vomiting and cramps. Her last attack of Jersey cramps, pains, and vomiting, caused by eating some tongue that he had brought her in the morning. Her arms were benumbed and she was in a cold sweat. She could not move. She was dying, I thought. She lived until Wednesday. Her sister girl, a sister of Riddle's presented wife, was sent to tell my other daughter of the death of her sister."

Cross-examined, the witness said that all partook of the boiled tongue. Riddle cut the meat. He had a good witness kindness, and she lived with him for several months after her daughter's death.

Redirect—"Did Riddle give his wife the tongue?"

"I did," replied witness. "I did not see him give it to her."

At the close of the session Mrs. Joel Foster, who was attired in deep mourning, crossed the dusky room, shook hands with Riddle, and conversed earnestly. Both were embarrassed. The meeting was not cordial.

The Rev. Hugh Montgomery said to-day that he was engaged by Riddle to preach the funeral sermon over his wife's body. Riddle asked him to preach from the text, "He says your wife will die," as she was dying and he had been converted by a sermon based on those words. Before the funeral Riddle had the text changed.

KILLED IN A POLITICAL DISPUTE.

The Fatal Ending of an Argument that was Begun in a Barroom.

John Lynch, a japanner, of 163 Mott street, was stabbed and killed yesterday by Thomas Condon, a truck driver, of 182 Elizabeth street. The men met in a barroom at 11 Spring street at about 5½ in the afternoon. Lynch was with a party of friends, who, like himself, were adherents of Tammany Hall. Condon was drinking at the bar, and his attention was attracted by the conversation of Lynch and his friends. He pushed himself in among them and loudly proclaimed himself a Republican. A dispute followed, which soon became so warm that the party were requested to be quiet or quit the barroom. Lynch and his friends went out. Condon followed them, and came up with them at Spring and Elizabeth streets. He appeared to be under the influence of liquor. The discussion was taken up even more boisterously than before, and Condon's talk was very insulting. The others attacked him, and in the melee he drew his pocketknife and cut Lynch twice—in the thigh near the groin, and in his leg lower down. Condon broke away from the others and ran, followed by Policeman McGuire, who caught him. He was taken to the Mulberry street police station, where he was soon in a deep drunken sleep. His manner before the affair was stupid and unconcerned. He said that the others attacked him, and that he did not know how the stabbing was done.

Lynch was carried on a stretcher to the police station, bleeding freely. When the stretcher was put down he grasped, and in another minute he was dead. He was 31 years old, unmarried, and was known as a steady worker and an inoffensive man. When his sister heard that he was hurt she ran to the police station, but he was dead when she got there.

A LUCKY TRIO OF BRAVE FIREMEN.

How the Good Mrs. O'Hearn Replaced the Dog Major in their Affections.

All the members of Engine Company No. 12 at No. 29 Ludlow street are good fellows, and many have received flying crackers that have been recorded in their credit. The engine house and its appurtenances are in charge of a young lady named Mrs. O'Hearn, who loves on the engine to the best interests of Mr. O'Hearn, the faithful chaperoned of the company. This good lady is the proud possessor of a great mastiff, one of the members of Engine No. 12. Major, the company's dog, who has been in countless fires, used to be the favorite of the company, but a few weeks ago a stranger Major, who strole away to assume new quarters. A special call was sounded yesterday, when a reporter called to see how Mrs. O'Hearn's affections were centered.

"You see, sir," said Patrick A. Delaney, the assistant engineer, "my comrades, Ed. J. Owens, the engineer, and John White, the fireman, and I have been enjoying ourselves for some time past in the Long Branch and Sandy Hook resorts. Now, one of our horses had been invited, and on the day we had passed Miss O'Hearn's house we had a fine time. We had a fine time. We had twenty-five dollars in our pocket, and we had a fine time. We had twenty-five dollars in our pocket, and we had a fine time. We had twenty-five dollars in our pocket, and we