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A WOMAN ON THE GALLOWS.

THE HANGING OF MARGARET MEIERHOFER AND FRANK LAMMENS.

Accusing One Another with their Last Words—The Woman Led First to the Gibbet—Lammens's Wild Appeal—The Governor's Authority Ready to Save Either at Need.

When Father Gerard quitted Mrs. Meierhofer's room in the jail in Newark on Wednesday night, he obtained from her a promise that she would go to bed and try to sleep. Mlle. De Vallerot, the young French religieuse who has been her constant companion, sat by the side of the doomed woman reading to her from a religious work. This was in the hospital room in the oldest part of the ancient jail. It is a big room with windows on two sides and contains two iron cots, a bureau, a small mirror, a table, and a great tin hot-air pipe that pierces the floor and the ceiling exactly in the middle of the room. The room was lighted by lamps. There were no signs of a woman's wardrobe anywhere about it, not even of an extra pair of shoes. The only things that were not essential parts of the furniture of the room were the books that Mlle. De Vallerot brought. The largest of these was the one that lady was reading from. Its title was "Suffer Little Children to Come unto Me."

Mrs. Meierhofer sat by the bureau, resting her face on one hand. Those who knew her when she lived with her husband on their farm would not have recognized her. She was clad in deep black, relieved with white only at the neck. She had become unnaturally thin, and the bones of her face and hands were outlined in the skin. Her cheeks had sunken, and her mouth was drawn down at the corners, as if from suffering. Deep lines had sunk into her face and given her the appearance of a woman ten or fifteen years older than she was. She muttered words of prayer constantly, conversing only when some prison official visited the room. To those who came she said she was reconciled and had made her peace with God.

At this time, and all through the night, Frank Lammens, in his room at the opposite end of the prison, was pacing to and fro, like a caged animal. He was a short, slender man, clad apparently, just as he was a year ago last autumn, when, in the character of a tramp, he stopped at Meierhofer's farmhouse to obtain a light for his pipe. A pair of old shoes, a pair of faded trousers, a pair of cotton suspenders, and a checked shirt constituted his outfit. His hair was dishevelled, and his full beard of gray and black seemed never to have yielded to a brush. Constables Osborn and Douglas of the death watch spent the night with him, and to them he talked constantly. His subject was the only one upon which he had uttered more than a passing word for days—the theme of his innocence, his misfortune, and his hope of escape. He was sharp and quick that night.

"Who did kill him if you did not?" Deputy Warden Johnson asked him.

"That is not for me to find out," Lammens retorted quickly. "It is for me to prove that I did not kill him, and if that woman told the truth I would be free."

Then he took up the points in the testimony of his accomplice and of other witnesses and used them as a lawyer might have done before a jury.

Before Constable Gilbert quitted the room Lammens whispered, "You were always a good friend; please bring some whiskey in a flask; put it in your coat pocket and hang your coat in the closet. Then I will go in and get it, and no one will know it."

He did not rest; he did not sleep; in fact, he hardly ceased talking and striding up and down the room all night. "I want to talk for a full hour on the gallows to-morrow," said he. In the Warden's room below, the prison officials spoke of much concerning him that had never been published. They said that the physicians, detectives, lawyers, and court officials who had cross-questioned him constantly during his incarceration had been unable to account for a period of at least six years of his life. Whenever he reached that point in his biography he changed the subject, and could not be brought back to it. Once, not long ago, he let slip the fact that he had been in an insane asylum. The leading physicians of the county, by order of the court, examined him daily for several weeks to determine whether he was crazy or not; they declared, after the most minute and delicate instruments known to medical science, that there was an obstruction on the brain, or a disease affecting a portion of it, and this portion they located above the eyes at the base of the brain. They declared his case so remarkable that it would be a matter of interest to science if his brain could be examined after his death. "And," said one official, "those doctors are waiting for it, and would not let the opportunity pass for $1,000 if the man is hanged." The truth about a part of the history of this strange life came out by accident, when the prisoner's wife called to see if he was her husband. "Why did you not come back to me when you got out of jail?" she asked. That was the first that was known of his having been in jail. It was for that. The insane asylum was reached after he quitted the prison. The wife could not be found after her visit to Newark. She had been living in Brooklyn, but had suddenly disappeared. Finally, one day this week, a constable learned that Lammens had lived for several years in a town in Pennsylvania in which he (the constable) was well acquainted. This more of Lammens's history was incidentally learned within a few days of his death than had been gained by long and patient investigation.

When the first light of the early morning glimmered through the covered windows of the corridors, the fifty prisoners in the cells overlooking the gallows were turned out, and sent to the water trough to wash. Afterward they formed a line and marched past the men who dealt out the breakfast. Each man was given half a loaf of bread and a dipper of coffee or tea. With these they marched into the west corridor, where they were put into the cells with the prisoners already there. Each man to reach the west corridor had to pass under the gallows. Kissam, who is charged with murder, looked the gallows over like a mechanic examining a strange machine. Then the floor was scrubbed and sanded, and benches were arranged so as to fence in the little group of spectators limited by the new law. The wash bowls were polished and ranged on edge along the trough, and the screens of black and white cotton, behind which the executioner was to stand, were put in place by the side of the gallows. After the corridor was closed, its only occupants were the sparrows that live in the walls and are the pets of the prisoners.

The Woman's Last Sacrament—The Gathering at the Gallows.

At half past 6 o'clock, Father Gerard, and Father Walter, Prior of the Benedictines, visited Mrs. Meierhofer, who had been up and about her room more than two hours. The priests brought some bouquets and other ornaments for a tiny altar that had been erected on the table in her room. They celebrated mass and administered the sacrament. Warden Johnson sent up to see whether she would have breakfast, and she replied that she did not care to eat. The Warden was in the kitchen, in his shirt sleeves, ready to compound almost any ordinary dish at command, for he is something of a cook, and he always sends his wife and children out of town when there is to be a hanging in the prison. As Lammens ordered a hearty meal the Warden went to work. He made a pot of strong coffee, broiled a thick steak, and, cutting a French roll in half, buttered both pieces, and was about to send the articles up on a tray when word came that Fathers Zilliox and Frederick were with Lammens. Father Zilliox came down and talked to the officials soon afterward.

"I never saw such a change in a man in my life," said he. "Indeed, I would not have believed it if I had not seen it. He is calm, peaceful, gentle, and willing to do anything we ask of him. He has made his religious confession and conformed to all the requirements of the Church. He knows he must die in a few hours."

A prison attendant at the same time brought other news from a different standpoint.

"Frank spent a quarter of an hour washing his neck," said he, "and gave his hair an extra brushing. He is going to be hung in a clean white shirt. He is quicker'n lightning. When he asked about the funeral arrangements we told him that was all fixed, and he says, 'Yes, I know how it is fixed. My body is to be given to the doctors for scientific purposes.'"

The keepers bade Lammens good-by during an intermission in the religious exercises. He said to them "Good-by," with a clear voice and a firm grasp of their hands. His breakfast was sent to him at 8½ o'clock. He drank the coffee, but did not touch the food. There was another test of the gallows at this time, and the heavy sound of the weight as it fell rolled through the prison. Deputy Sheriff Van Rensselaer took charge of the prison gate, and ropes were stretched across the streets leading to the jail, to be guarded during the forenoon by forty policemen under the command of Captain Beyer. This force of policemen soon attracted a great throng.

There came to the prison at this time Dr. Smith, the County Clerk; Counsellor Borchelling, Lammens's counsel; Mayor Fiedler, Sheriff Van Rensselaer, Dr. Kornemann, jail physician; Sheriff Calhoun of Camden County, who officiated at the Hunter hanging, and a throng of those who were appointed to witness the double execution. The new law, under which yesterday's hangings were the second that have taken place, limits the spectators to a court jury of twelve, a Sheriff's jury of twelve, spiritual advisers for each culprit, and two members of their families. The court jury yesterday had those members: Director Elias O. Doremus of the Board of Freeholders, ex-Sheriff Elias N. Miller, Mayor Fiedler, Dr. P. V. P. Hewlett, Dr. Alex. N. Dougherty, who attended Gen. Hancock when the General fell wounded at Gettysburg; Dr. David S. Smith, M. H. C. Vail, proprietor of the *Register*; James A. Williams of the Newark *Daily Advertiser*, Joseph Atkinson, editor of the *Journal*; W. H. Ure, proprietor of the *Sunday Call*; E. Seeger of the *Freie Zeitung*, and C. Volker of the *Deutsche Zeitung*. The Sheriff appointed Col. E. W. Davis his first deputy; A. G. Baldwin, Lewis Hallgring, R. Long, James Van Hise, janitor of the Court House, famed for his knowledge of hangings; Isaac Wood, W. B. Douglas, C. Benedict, A. S. Cobb, Elvin W. Crane, Henry Hill, and Moses Osborn. Then the Sheriff added three experts—Sheriff Calhoun of Camden, Sheriff Toffey of Hudson, and James R. Smith, Superintendent of repairs of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who was chosen on account of his knowledge of bridge building. Mrs. Meierhofer's brother was dissuaded from coming, and Lammens had neither friends nor relations. Sheriff Toffey did not come, and Chief of Police Meidrum took his place.

At 9 o'clock, the east corridor containing the gallows was thrown open, and the sixty people in the jail were admitted. Mr. Van Hise pronounced the gallows the best one in New Jersey. Sheriff Van Rensselaer waited for word from Gov. McClellan. He had not made up his mind which to hang first. Prosecutor Abeel came, presently, with power to act for the Governor in case either culprit confessed and exculpated the other. It was resolved that Mrs. Meierhofer should be hanged first, because she was guilty as an accessory by her own testimony. Should she confess, the Prosecutor would be able to stay the hanging of Lammens. He had documents ready to meet the case of either prisoner. As the law made no provision for his presence in the corridor, he stayed out.

In the mean time, while Mrs. Meierhofer was at prayer, Counsellor Borchelling had paid a farewell visit to Lammens. The Counsellor came back with dampened eyes and uncertain voice. Lammens was feeling a great deal better than I am," said he.

"Lammens adheres to his original story," he said, adding, "He did not deviate a particle, though he went over the whole ground. There is a whisper here that he has confessed or will do so. I tell you, on my honor, he says that he did not commit the murder, did not see it done, and did not know of it, but believed Mrs. Meierhofer when she told him her husband had gone away to buy clothing for one of the children. He made one statement that he never made before, which was that on one occasion Mrs. Meierhofer in his presence attempted to poison her husband. I cannot tell you any more of my opinion than that it is true that everything he ever told me, except the facts of the murder, I corroborated by witnesses."

Led Out to Die—Mrs. Meierhofer Upon the Scaffold.

Sheriff Van Rensselaer was handed a letter addressed to Mrs. Meierhofer. He opened and read it. It was from "An Anxious Stranger," beseeching her to make her peace with God. The County Clerk swore in the jurors. The east corridor was cleared of all occupants except the jurors, and the others huddled in the Warden's office, through which Mrs. Meierhofer was to pass on her way to death. The Sheriff and his first deputy, with Special Deputies Long and Benedict, mounted the stairs to Mrs. Meierhofer's room, and remained there ten minutes. In that time the Sheriff read the death warrant, and his assistants pinioned the woman with a stout strap passed around her elbows and buckled tight. The use of the strap in place of a rope is regarded as an innovation, but an improvement. The woman trembled but showed no other sign of emotion. The black cap was put on her head and the noose was slipped round her neck. When the Sheriff asked her if she had anything to say, she replied in a low voice, and without raising her eyes, that she was perfectly satisfied with all that had been done; she had freed her mind to her Father and was prepared to die.

"As to the crime I am charged with," said she in conclusion, "I have nothing further to say."

The priests were by her side, praying audibly. Her lips moved in concert with theirs, but she uttered no audible sound. She held a crucifix in her hand. With the other hand she pressed the hands of the two women who had been with her. When she reached the foot of the stairs she turned and faced the struggling throng in the Warden's room for an instant. The faces she turned toward them were horrified them, for it was as white as chalk, and the sunken eyes and cheeks made it appear deathlike. She was a very tall woman, lacking only two inches of being six feet in height. She wore a plain black merino dress. The handmade lace dangled from her neck, and the black cap, an enormous one, of paper muslin, was adjusted so as to leave her face exposed. As she turned and faced the gallows she swayed to and fro in the doorway for an instant; then, seeming to gather firmness, strode on. Almost before it seemed possible for her to have reached the gallows the hollow sound of the great iron weight proclaimed the execution of the death sentence. Prosecutor Abeel had discovered a little door in the wall. He opened it in time to see the woman's body leap three feet in air. About half a dozen persons embraced this opportunity to see the hanging, and after that there was a continuous struggle for places within line of the Prosecutor's head. Thus those who were debarred by law saw nearly as much as those whom the law favored.

The jurors afterward reported that Mrs. Meierhofer strode to the gallows and took her place beneath it without appearing conscious of their presence. Her lips followed the motion of those of the priests. The noose was at once caught in the hook that swung over her head, and after the cap was drawn over her face and a strap passed around her skirts so as to pinion her ankles, the executioner released the weight and the body shot upward. The priests fell upon their knees and continued their prayer.

This was at 32 minutes past 10 o'clock. Mrs. Meierhofer's hands were raised when the weight dropped, but thirty seconds later she slowly strapped them as far as the strap that pinioned them would permit. Her head hung to one side and exposed much of the back of her neck. Nine minutes afterward her pulse beat at 160 and a shiver passed over her body. Seven minutes later the action of the heart was not apparent. She was dead a minute afterward, and her body was cut down two minutes later.

While she hung in midair the prison officials sent the news by telephone all over Newark, and the newspaper men inside sent constant despatches to the newspaper men without. A telegraph operator rattled away at his instrument in the Warden's window, and messenger boys pushed and scrambled from one part of the room to another.

After Mrs. Meierhofer's body was lowered into the coffin that had been placed beneath it, two men carried the coffin around an angle of the corridor, and left it behind the wall beneath an archway leading to the west corridor, so that there was no sign that a hanging had taken place in the main hall.

At a quarter past 11 o'clock, the Sheriff and the deputies visited Lammens in his room at the end of the front wing of the jail. He was at his devotions with Fathers Zilliox and Frederick, and could not be disturbed. The officials waited, and when the man rose to his feet the Sheriff informed him that his last few minutes on earth were reached, and that if he had anything to say the time to say it was at hand.

The wretched man talked rapidly, and sometimes incoherently, in reply. He asserted his innocence again and again, and went over the points in the testimony that seemed to him in his favor. The Sheriff warned him to tell all he knew.

"My God!" cried Lammens. "Is it possible—is it possible that you would hang an innocent man?"

He begged to be permitted to speak from the gallows, but the Sheriff said firmly, though kindly, that that could not be, that his only opportunity was quickly passing away. Then the man entreated the officials to send the jurors to him that he might show them the falsity of their conclusions, for he believed that the jurors who were to witness his death were the same men who convicted him. When this was explained to him, he rambled on again in a manner at once senseless and pitiful, asserting and reasserting his guiltlessness. The priests quieted him, and he took his place in the solemn procession to the scaffold. He was obliged to go out of doors, and by passing along an alleyway, enter the building again by means of a long hallway leading to the Warden's office. An extra force of men was in line, for it had been expected that force would be necessary in pinioning him, and that he would have to be carried to the rope. On this account the fence along the alleyway was lined with men of all sorts of excuses and pursuits who wished to witness the procession. Lammens walked along quietly, and when he reached the alleyway and saw the row of heads about him he looked up, started, hesitated, and then bowing his head passed on feebly with the step and carriage of an infirm and aged man.

It was evident that he was friendless. His shoes were thin and old, and he wore his only pair of trousers, faded and ragged, and somewhat too short for him. The spliced cotton suspenders were now passed over a clean but cheap white shirt. He wore no cuffs, collar, necktie, studs, or sleeve buttons, but his rough hands were held up to his chest, and between them the end of the noose swayed, and above them hung his long, wide, grizzled beard, still unkempt. His long hair was tucked up behind, under the hangman's voluminous cap. There was color in his face, but no life in his hollow eyes. He did not seem to hear the faithful priests at his side. He passed more spectators in the various doorways, but found the Warden's room empty. He walked to the scaffold without faltering, but a constable held him up by one of his manacled elbows. He stood beneath the gallows beam ten seconds, looking like a man in a trance until the cap shut out the view of his face. He uttered no word or sound. Suddenly, at twenty-eight minutes past 11 o'clock, the weight fell, and Lammens's body sprang from the floor. It fell back with a cruel wrench and swung rapidly half around and back again. He gasped. His pulse went from 100 to 168 and back again, and he trembled and again gasped. Thirteen minutes after the weight was released he appeared to be dead. He was cut down twelve minutes later. In the mean time there was the same bustle just without the chamber of death. The messenger boys scrambled to and fro, the operator rattled his key, the officials shouted their messages into the telephone, and the jurors sent out their despatches to the reporters with loud calls and a frequent banging of the iron doors.

John Klemm, the brother of Mrs. Meierhofer, came to claim the body, but was told that he could not have it. He demanded the reason, and was told that by order of the Court both bodies were to be delivered to Coroner Woodruff at his establishment in Broad street. He was not told about the post-mortem examination by the physicians. He grew insolent, saying that he had resolved that the body of his sister should not be carried out of the jail in company with Lammens's remains. Only the firmest stand by the Warden prevented a row in the jail. After a warning Klemm quieted down, and waited for news of the disposition of the remains. In the mean time the gallows was taken apart and stored in the garret, and the prisoners who had been removed from that corridor were brought back. It is the custom to march the prisoners in this jail past the bodies of those who suffer capital punishment there, but this ceremony was omitted yesterday.

Both bodies were removed to the laundry of the jail shortly after the hanging, and a post-mortem examination was made by County Physician Hewlett and other surgeons. Mrs. Meierhofer's skull was found to be unusually thick. Her brain weighed 44¾ ounces, and did not indicate intellectual power. Lammens's brain was small, weighing only 41¼ ounces. A small bony tumor was found under the medulla oblongata. The surgeons concluded that neither Lammens nor Mrs. Meierhofer had been insane. The necks of both were broken. The fact was made public yesterday for the first time that after Lammens's first conviction Judge Depue requested Dr. Edward R. Hun, Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, and Dr. Wm. A. Smith to study the man and ascertain the condition of his mind. Each of the three physicians did as desired, without knowing that the same request had been made of the others, and all agreed that he was morally responsible.

The Story of the Murder—Convicted on Circumstantial Evidence.

On Oct. 19, 1879, John Meierhofer, a demented farmer, was murdered in his house, a plain, one-and-a-half-story frame building, on the Northfield road, four miles west of Orange. He was shot in the back of the head when at the top of the stairs leading to his cellar, and was kicked down the stairs. This was at 11¾ o'clock in the morning. The body lay at the foot of the stairs from fifteen to thirty minutes, and was then secreted behind a barrel under the stairs, where it was found by officers about 11 o'clock at night. Mrs. Meierhofer and Lammens were immediately arrested for the murder. Lammens was found sleeping in a bed which Mrs. Meierhofer had just left to admit the officers to the house.

Mrs. Meierhofer and her husband had lived unhappily for years. He was a cross and decrepit man of 50 years, and she was 40. He accused her of the love of other men, and slept in the barn rather than share her bed. Her reputation in the neighborhood was bad. Five weeks before the murder, Lammens, a middle-aged Dutchman, while tramping along the Northfield road, stopped at Mrs. Meierhofer's house and asked for a light for his pipe. She offered him work on the farm. He accepted it and became a member of the household. Meierhofer growled at Lammens, as at everybody else, and the latter once said he would shoot the old man for a paper of tobacco. However, they got along pretty well together. Lammens was genial and polite. He received a good education at a monastery near Brussels, and, though a tramp in appearance, showed intelligence and gentlemanly instincts. For twelve years he had been leading a roving life. A week before the murder he became restless and wanted to quit Mrs. Meierhofer's house, but she persuaded him to remain. According to a theory which two juries accepted, she intended to use Lammens in getting rid of her crazy husband. She at once made the man her confidant, and gave him to understand, it is believed, that with Meierhofer out of the way he could become her husband and own the farm. Lammens, it is believed, conspired with her in murdering the old man, and fell into a death trap. While urging Lammens to do the deed she was contriving to throw the crime entirely upon him. She did not want him, but only his aid in freeing herself from her troublesome husband. The night before the shooting she told Mr. Pierson, the district school teacher, who boarded in her house, that Lammens had said he would kill her husband, have her body alive or dead, and blow up the house if resisted. Early the next morning she repeated this story to Pierson, and had him write a letter to her friend, Mr. Jacqui of Orange, telling him to come up and arrest a man in the house who had threatened to blow up the place. She said she believed Jacqui was a constable; in fact, he was not. She sent her boy to deliver the letter, and told him to give it to the Orange police should Jacqui not be at home. Not finding the man, the boy took the letter to the police station, but, as the envelope was addressed to Jacqui, the police would not open it. The boy returned home with it, arriving there at 10 o'clock, and, after telling his mother the result of his errand, carried the letter to school with him. He left his books in the schoolhouse and started home.

During the morning Lammens raked leaves about the house. The woman worked in her kitchen, and Meierhofer carried potatoes from the barn to the cellar of the house. According to Mrs. Meierhofer, Lammens came into the house and showed her a revolver. She says she was afraid of him. She believed he was going to kill her husband, and was coming toward the house with a box of potatoes. She says she went out to warn him, and saw him enter the rear door of the house. She followed him, and got to the door in time to see Lammens, standing behind her husband in the hall, shoot him and kick him down the cellar stairs. She was half paralyzed, according to her story, and could not speak. But soon she sent Lammens to buy liquor, and, after looking into the cellar, returned to the kitchen and awaited his return.

The Northfield road is a much-travelled highway. Several men passed the house just before and after the murder. Five persons entered it within half an hour after the shooting. Calvin Clayton saw Mrs. Meierhofer and Lammens in front of the house about five minutes after the tragedy. Five minutes later the grocer found the woman peeling potatoes in the kitchen. As he passed out three sportsmen went in to ask for milk to drink. Mrs. Meierhofer saw them coming with their guns, recognized one as a friend, and then hid herself, allowing Lammens to receive them. The baker came in while the hunters were there. To none of these five persons did the woman appeal for protection or speak of the murder. Later in the day Miss Fanny Taylor was in the house, and Mrs. Meierhofer talked with her, away from Lammens, but said nothing of the shooting. The State held up the trinket that it was complicity in the crime that kept her silent. She said it was fear of Lammens.

At 3¼ o'clock Pierson returned from school, and Mrs. Meierhofer told him that Lammens had killed her husband. She said the corpse was in the cellar. Half an hour later the woman, Pierson, Lammens, and young Theodore Meierhofer sat down at the dinner table and ate heartily. Afterward Pierson told neighbors that Meierhofer had been shot, and tried to get them to go to Orange for the police. No one would go. Finally Pierson went himself, at the woman's request. When the police arrived, at 11 o'clock, she charged the murder upon Lammens, and said he had compelled her to go to bed with him. Lammens was asleep. He denied all knowledge of the murder, and said Mrs. Meierhofer had invited him to her room. The pistol with which the deed was done was found in his satchel, up stairs with one chamber empty.

On the trial Lammens's defence was an alibi. About 11 o'clock, he said, Mrs. Meierhofer sent him to Mme. Jaillette's saloon, a quarter of a mile away, to get whiskey. The alibi broke down. Mme. Jaillette and Jackson Hopkins testified that Lammens got the whiskey before 7 o'clock in the morning, and was not in the saloon again that day. The case was one of the most peculiar ever tried in the Essex County courts. It was a triangular contest, Lammens and Mrs. Meierhofer endeavoring to convict each other, and the State seeking to convict both. It was also an exceedingly difficult case for the Judge and jury. A good argument could be made in support of the three different theories. Mrs. Meierhofer had made the case perplexing by manufacturing testimony beforehand against Lammens in order to shield herself. It was concluded that her letter to Jacqui was meant to deceive; that she did not expect it to bring officers, or else she hoped to have the murder committed before they could arrive. Her failure to inform the armed hunters and others at her house of the murder led to the conviction in the minds of the jury that she was a partner in the crime.

Lammens was given a new trial, and William Crosby then testified that he met him on the road between Meierhofer's and the saloon about 11 o'clock. Lammens was carrying a bottle containing liquor. But new witnesses for the State saw Lammens and Meierhofer on the farm after 11 o'clock, so that if he went for liquor he got back before the murder. He was again convicted. Remarkable scientific evidence was used against him. He said he knew nothing of the murder until the officers told him of it. The sportsmen sent him into the cellar to get them milk. This was about twenty minutes after the murder. If the body then lay at the bottom of the stairs he must have stepped over it, but if it had been put under the stairs he might not have seen it. The length of time the corpse was at the foot of the stairs was ascertained approximately. Though the wound was in the back of the head, the blood flowed over the top of the head. There was not a drop on the shoulders. This proved that, so long as the blood flowed, the body was in a prostrate position, and not in the sitting posture in which it was found. Dr. P. V. P. Hewlett testified that the blood ran from fifteen to thirty minutes. If fifteen, then the body was on the stairs until 11:45 at least; if thirty minutes, then until 12 o'clock. The sportsmen sent Lammens into the cellar about 11:40 o'clock.

WAS HE HER LOVER?

From the Evening Telegram.

It may be remembered that during the trial Lammens spoke of one John Pfromer, a livery stable keeper and butcher at Orange. Lammens said that this man was the real lover of Mrs. Meierhofer, and was in the habit of visiting her. Strange to say, on Monday last, when it was announced that all hope of escape from death for the woman was gone, this John Pfromer committed suicide. He read the morning paper containing the news of the preparations for the execution, and without saying a word he got up, left the house, went to the barn and hanged himself. It was thought at first that it was on account of business difficulties that this rash deed was perpetrated, but Pfromer is said to have been in unembarrassed circumstances.

FOR MURDERING WOMEN.

Hayes and Sullivan on the Gallows in Moyamensing Prison—Their Crimes.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 6.—Old Moyamensing Prison had the first double hanging in its history to-day. At 10:37 Sheriff Enoch Taylor pulled the lever, and Patrick Hayes, the murderer of his wife, and Daniel F. Sullivan, who took the life of his mistress, paid the death penalty for their crimes.

The murderers passed a very restless night. Fathers Masterson and Kent were with them until nearly midnight. When they withdrew, the prisoners broke down. Hayes, who still declared that he was willing to die, sat in his chair, moaning and holding his head in his hands. The wound inflicted by himself last March, in his efforts at self-destruction, was very painful. Before retiring for his last sleep on earth, he smoked a pipe, and declared that it did him good. He tossed on his couch all through the night. At 6 o'clock this morning he fell into a deep sleep, which lasted for three-quarters of an hour. He knew that efforts were made as late as yesterday to save him from the gallows, but this only angered him. "I want to die," he said. "If I could escape this minute, I wouldn't go." The keeper brought him a substantial breakfast of eggs and milk toast.

There was no levity in the manner of Sullivan. He seemed to realize his position much more forcibly than did the half-demented Hayes. When the priests left him at midnight he broke down and cried bitterly. He told Keeper Eberle that he thought it was very hard to die. He was so young that life was something to cling to. He hoped until the last that a reprieve might come. He knew his friends were doing all in their power to save him, and hoped that they might succeed.

The priests were admitted inside the dark, gloomy walls of Moyamensing at an early hour, and, as soon as the prisoners were ready to receive them, entered the cells. Sullivan listened to their words with eagerness. He had refused anything to eat but a few raw oysters, and gave himself up to devotional exercises. He was so weak last night that it was feared he would have to be carried to the gallows. The presence of the priests seemed to give him new courage, however, and of the two men he was much the calmer this morning. The prison officials took leave of the condemned men shortly after 10 o'clock, and then for a few minutes they were left alone to the fathers. By half past 10 all was in readiness. The Sheriff headed the procession as the men came out of their cells, with the priests on either side. The deputy sheriffs and the jury fell in behind, and the procession moved down the dark corridor, at the end of which the scaffold had been erected. The death walk terminated at the gallows, and the prisoners mounted the steps with much firmer tread than had been anticipated. Hayes glanced at the dangling noose, but did not flinch. Directly under the ropes the prisoners knelt and received the last words from the priests and kissed the crucifix. Then they arose and were asked if they had anything to say.

The solemnity which had marked the proceedings was broken when Hayes opened his lips. He seemed to be half insane and rambled ahead in a rambling incoherent way, which in any other place would have been ludicrous. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am not afraid of that rope, and I thank God for it." One of the priests tried to stop him, but with the remark, "Father, let me have anything worth while ahead: I could talk for an hour about my married life, but my noble priest says I must not talk. I am not afraid of the gallows, only of the God above, and I pray that He will receive me." Hayes continued in this strain for several minutes, in spite of the efforts of the priests to quiet him. "God bless you all," he cried. "I forgive all the world," and he seized a crucifix and, stretching his hands, blessed the assemblage.

All this time Sullivan was standing quietly, awaiting the end. When Hayes had finished, the prisoners' hands were strapped behind them. "I will do anything you ask," said Hayes. "I am as humble as a child." The feet were not strapped. It is not customary to do so at Moyamensing. The white caps were drawn down, and all was ready. "Courage, Sullivan," whispered the priest. Both men lifted their heads in prayer. Suddenly the trap fell. The fall was about four feet. Probably no one ever suffered an easier death by hanging than did Hayes. He did not move a muscle. With Sullivan it was different. Although the physicians said that he suffered no pain, the convulsive twitching of his arms and legs were more violent than is usually the case. Both men died of strangulation.

The crime for which Hayes suffered was wife murder. He married a widow, who had three children by her first husband. Of these Kate, about 20 years old, was the oldest. Hayes tried to get hold of what little money his wife had. Kate stood by her mother, and soon there arose a violent antipathy between Hayes and his stepdaughter. Hayes was oftentimes very violent, and once or twice left the house and remained away for several days. The murder was committed on the 23d last March. Hayes had been absent from home about a week. On the morning of the 23d he reappeared. His wife was bending over a washtub in the shed attached to the rear of the house. He stepped up behind her, aimed a revolver of large calibre at her head, and fired. The aim was a true one. The woman wheeled, and, as she fell, he shot her again. Then the murderer turned the revolver to his own head, making a ghastly wound. With the blood streaming from the wound he staggered into the yard, where he met a neighbor who had been alarmed at the firing. Hayes gasped out a few words, staggered back to the shed, glanced down for a second at the dead body of his wife, and fell partially upon the corpse, where he remained until help could be summoned. For days his life was despaired of. After he could talk he at first denied the murder, said that his wife shot herself, and then accused Kate of shooting them both. To the priests before his death he declared that he had no intention of shooting his wife; that it was the act of an insane man, and that he did not consider himself responsible for what he had done.

When Sullivan murdered his mistress in May, 1879, he was only about 21 years of age. Josie Irwin, the woman he killed, was his senior by several years. She was a married woman, and had deserted her husband in Oil City. Sullivan got her to take rooms on Eighth street, between Walnut and Locust, and went to live with her there. On the night of the 5th of May the other occupants of the house were aroused by pistol shots. They found that Sullivan had killed his mistress. The quarrel was over a trivial matter. Sullivan wanted to read and Josie wanted to retire. Several times she turned out the gas, and Sullivan relighted it. Finally he became beside himself with anger, and reaching under the pillow of the bed upon which he was lying, he drew out a revolver and fired twice. The second bullet took effect in the woman's stomach, and was a death wound. Sullivan all along claimed that he had no intention of shooting her, and only wanted to frighten her. One or two lawyers became interested in the young man. They discovered that he really loved the girl; that she had made application for a divorce from her husband, and that Sullivan intended to marry her when it was granted. They did their best for him, but were unsuccessful. The courts refused to grant him a new trial; the Board of Pardons refused to commute his sentence, and the Governor refused to grant a reprieve. There was nothing left to be done but to carry out the law, and the end of it all came to-day.

The public no longer lacks a genuine remedy for skin diseases. The article is Glenn's Sulphur Soap.—Adv.

LOST FROM A PILOT BOAT.

TWO MEN WHO WENT TO RESCUE ANOTHER DROWNED WITH HIM.

Pitching Head Foremost Over the Bowsprit—One Yawl Capsized and the Other Lost—Searching for the Men in Darkness and Fog.

Three men were lost from the pilot boat Caprice early yesterday morning. She went outside from the lower bay on Tuesday afternoon, with Pilots Martin Conner, George F. Metcalf, and David Nickley on board. After dark she reached off and on, waiting for vessels. Soon after midnight she was about sixteen miles southeast of the Highlands, and hove to under double-reefed sails in the trough of the sea. There was a pretty thick fog on the water, and the pilots decided to lay to until daybreak. The jib was hauled down, but it could not be furled immediately because the down-haul caught in the block. One of the deck hands, known as "Fred," who had been on the boat only a few weeks, went out on the bowsprit to clear the down-haul. He had on heavy rubber boots and a big oiled coat, and as it was very dark the task was not an easy one, but he got on the extreme end of the bowsprit and pulled and jerked to get the rope clear. In a few minutes the rope slipped into its place, and he crawled along the bowsprit, slipped down on to the footrope and began to furl the sail. The boat was not driving the bowsprit under, although the sea was rather rough, and the sail was not flapping, but Fred had considerable trouble in hauling it up on to the bowsprit, and he leaned over the bowsprit and reached down to get a better hold. He leaned over too far, and one of the men forward saw him go down head first under the bows. Boatkeeper William Wright, who was at the wheel, and Pilots Conner and Nickley heard the splash, and they ran to the weather quarter to see whether he would come up near the boat. Pilot Conner saw him within a few feet of the boat, and picked up a life buoy and threw it to him, but he did not catch it. All hands were then called up, and one of the yawls was launched a few minutes later. Boatkeeper Wright, who had on heavy rubber boots and an oiled suit, and Moses Smith, a deck hand, who had been below and had on light clothing, jumped into the yawl, and, putting off from the pilotboat, disappeared in the darkness, going in the direction of the cries of Fred, who by that time was calling loudly for help. A torch was lighted and kept burning, so that the yawl could return safely.

A few minutes after the yawl went astern the men on the pilot boat heard the cry, "Heave out the other yawl!" The yawl could not be seen, but the continued cries for help were heard. The other yawl was lifted on the rail, and the men were waiting to launch it at the first good opportunity, when the boat slipped on the wet rail and fell from their grasp. One of the men held on until he was almost pulled overboard, but he had to let go his hold and see the boat float off. Nobody had hold of the painter, and an attempt to reach the boat with a boathook failed. The cries of the men astern were growing fainter and fainter, but the men on board the pilot boat could only wear round and drive home in the direction of the sounds.

The torch was kept burning, but none of the three men and neither of the yawls could be seen. The pilots tried to keep the boat within hearing distance of the men, but gradually their cries grew fainter, and then stopped. Their cries were heard for about an hour after the first yawl left the pilot boat. The pilots did not give up hope, and they kept off and on until daybreak, looking for the men and the yawls. After daybreak they cruised about for hours, but nothing was seen of them. It is supposed that Fred was picked up by Wright and Smith, but, in trying to pull him in, the yawl was capsized, and their heavy clothing dragged them under. The yawls were frequently launched in a much heavier sea than was running yesterday.

In the afternoon the Caprice came in, and the loss of the three men was reported at the office of the Pilot Commissioners. Boatkeeper Wright was about 25 years of age. He lived in South Brooklyn, and had been boatkeeper of the Caprice about a year and a half. Moses Smith was about 45 years of age. He lived in Madison street, this city, and had been pilot-boats for about twenty years. Fred, whose last name was not known by one of the crew who was found last evening, was about 25 years of age. He boarded in Oliver street.

The Caprice is looked upon as an unlucky boat. Last Christmas, a tug boat man said, she was capsized, and one man was lost, and that once a steamship struck her and sunk her off Bay Ridge.

HOW JOHN GERKEN DIED.

Never Returning Home Alive After Attending an Old Sailor's Burial.

A long funeral procession blocked up Chatham square and New Bowery yesterday afternoon. Three bands of music played a funeral dirge, and Free Masons and other societies in regalia marched in line. It was the funeral of John Gerken, the proprietor of the Atlantic Hotel at Chatham square and Oliver street, one of the Fourth Ward's best known men. Mr. Gerken was a prominent member of the Tammany Hall General Committee of the Second Assembly District, and among those who followed him to the grave were William P. Kirk, Thomas P. Walsh, James Dunphy, Thomas F. Grady, Owen Fallon, Morris Sands, William Smyers, and other men conspicuous in city politics.

Mr. Gerken's death, his friends say, was attributable to his good nature. For many years Anthony Pitts, an old man-of-war's-man, was in the habit of tarrying at the Atlantic Hotel after a cruise. Old age began to tell upon Anthony, and a short time ago he was left ashore, penniless and friendless. He sought out Mr. Gerken, and told him he was in distress. Mr. Gerken told him to come and live at the hotel free of cost. The old sailor made himself generally useful about the place, and soon became known as Gerken's Man Friday. A week ago old Anthony died, and Mr. Gerken had his friend's body buried. Mr. Gerken had an undertaker prepare the body for burial at his expense. Last Friday, a bitter cold day, Mr. Gerken followed the remains to the Lutheran Cemetery, where a grave had been made in his family plot. It was found, it is said, that the grave was too small to admit the coffin. After some delay the old sailor's body was put in a receiving vault, and Mr. Gerken started homeward. At the Grand street ferry he dismissed his carriage, and that was the last seen of him alive.

At a quarter to six that evening Policeman Judson of the Delancey street police found Mr. Gerken unconscious, it is said, from liquor, at Pitt and Grand streets, and locked him up. At 8 o'clock on Saturday morning, when Policeman Judson went to the cell to take his prisoner to court, he found him unconscious. Ambulance Surgeon Ackermann took charge of him, and said that the man was dying of paralysis of the brain. He was taken to Bellevue Hospital, where he died. He was identified after death by his sister, after a long search.

WRESTLING WITH A BURGLAR.

How Mrs. O'Neil Discovered that Something was Wrong in the House.

"My dear, did you put the cat out when you came to bed?" said Mrs. John J. O'Neil to her husband at 3 o'clock yesterday morning, at 30 Carlton avenue, Brooklyn.

"Yes," drowsily responded the husband.

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I am sure. I wouldn't have said yes if I hadn't been sure. What is the matter with you?"

Mrs. O'Neil kept silent, and as soon