The Sun.

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DECISION AGAINST SHARON.

MISS HILL DECLARED TO BE THE LEGAL WIFE OF THE SENATOR.

And as Such Entitled to a Divorce on the Ground of Desertion and a Division of the Common Property—Sharon to Appeal.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 24.—The celebrated Sharon divorce suit has been decided in favor of the plaintiff. The suit, as brought by the plaintiff, Miss Sarah Althea Hill, claiming to be the wife of Senator Sharon, was for a divorce and division of the common property. Judge Sullivan's decision is very comprehensive, containing 26,000 words. After reviewing the testimony, he concludes by declaring that, under the laws of California, the plaintiff is the legal wife of Sharon, and as such, on the ground of wilful desertion, is entitled to a divorce and division of the community property. The latter is estimated to be worth $10,000,000. The verdict is a great surprise to the public, it having been generally supposed, from the contradictory character of the testimony, that the plaintiff would have been non-suited.

W. H. L. Barnes, the leading counsel for Mr. Sharon, says of Judge Sullivan's decision: "It is an entire surprise to the profession, both as to law and fact. The judgment, if it stands, will not be a serious pecuniary injury to Mr. Sharon. I don't think he has $10,000 worth of property which could be made subject to the decision. Mr. Sharon is greatly annoyed by the decision, but has not the slightest idea of submission, and of course will appeal, and we are confident of reversing the decision. The suit brought by Mr. Sharon in the United States Circuit Court to have the marriage contract declared invalid will be prosecuted."

The plaintiff's counsel will make application for counsel fees and $5,000 per month alimony for fourteen months, or since the beginning of the case.

The trial just brought to a close was begun early in the spring of this year, and on the Pacific coast created one of the greatest sensations ever produced by any cause that has come before the courts. There is, in fact, hardly a sensational feature that has ever appeared in any trial that has not been developed in this during the many months it has been in progress. Attempts to shoot lawyers in the court room, beating of witnesses in court, necromancy, deathbed confessions, comical Chinese witnesses, weird negro voudoo witnesses, fierce disputes, searchings for concealed weapons, skulking detectives, fist fights, and perjury in endless variety have pranced through the dizzying scenes of the drama in bewildering confusion.

Miss Hill was never a wealthy woman, and the mystery of how she employed four lawyers, at regular salaries, and incurred an average expense of about $1,000 per day, was explained by the statement that a regular stock company had been formed to back her suit, and that the pool was a wealthy widow and half a dozen or more of wealthy men who expected to make a handsome profit if she won her cause. On the other hand, Senator Sharon had said he would fight the case through if he had to spend a million dollars. So the lawyers flourished and fought on with ardor.

Miss Hill herself, or Mrs. Sharon, as Judge Sullivan now decides her to be, is one of a type of adventurous women who have managed in one way and another to have their names get into print pretty regularly in connection with those of men conspicuous for wealth and social standing. Young, handsome, dashing, and reckless, their game has always been a high one, and they have played it with extraordinary nerve and desperation. Miss Hill, in her first testimony on the witness stand, said that her first conversation with Senator Sharon was in 1880, when he told her he had heard she was one of the "stock sharps," and wanted to know if she did not want him to give her a tip. He then, according to Miss Hill, proposed to give her $1,000 per month if she would live with him without the formality of marriage. This she spurned with indignation, whereupon the smitten Senator declared to her that he was only testing her, and wanted her to become his wife by a secret marriage. This, too, she at that time refused. Afterward she proved that she and the Senator had lived together as man and wife, and letters from him to her, in which the relationship was inferentially acknowledged, were produced as evidence in court. But the great point on which Miss Hill hung her case was a certain document which she called her certificate of marriage. It read as follows:

"In the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 25th day of August A. D. 1880: I, Sarah Althea Hill, of the City and County of San Francisco State of California, being of the age of twenty-seven years, in the presence of Almighty God, take Senator William Sharon of the state of Nevada, to be my lawful and wedded husband, and do here acknowledge and declare myself to be the wife of Senator William Sharon of the state of Nevada. SARAH ALTHEA HILL.

I agree not to make known the contents of this paper or its existence for two years unless Mr. Sharon himself see fit to make it known.

In the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 25th day of August, A. D. 1880: I, Senator William Sharon of the State of Nevada, aged 50 years, do here in the presence of Almighty God, take Sarah Althea Hill of the city of San Francisco, Cal., to be my lawful and wedded wife, and do here acknowledge myself to be the husband of Sarah Althea Hill. WM. SHARON, Nevada.

This document Senator Sharon declared to be a forgery, though he admitted that the signature to it was genuine. It was written on the second page of an ordinary sheet of commercial note paper, and continued over back to the first page. Senator Sharon's signature was near the top of the first page and the writing above it was strained and cramped as though an error in spacing on the other page had left the writer but little room in which to put the necessary words. The paper was yellow with age, and barely hung together at the creases where it had been folded. It was over this document that the brunt of the legal battle was fought. The theory of the defence was that Miss Hill had secured the signature of Senator Sharon to a paper with no writing on it, and inserted the words above it and on the page opposite to it.

All around this central point of the conflict fierce skirmishes raged, involving testimony as to Miss Hill's relations with other men while associated with the Senator, her consultations with voudoo women and necromancers to get a love charm with which to work upon her venerable Lothario, her visits to the Senator's house and her alleged presentations there by the Senator to his friends as Mrs. Sharon. A dramatic incident in connection with the testimony on this last point was that of the two men, H. M. True and Harry Wells. These two men swore positively that they saw Senator Sharon and Miss Hill together in Suttar street, and that Senator Sharon had introduced Miss Hill to them as Mrs. Sharon. This was one of the strong points in the Hill case. The other testimony as to similar introductions had been riddled under cross-examination until nothing but shreds were left of it. The servants, including the amusing Chinamen, had all deposed that Miss Hill, when at Senator Hill's house, was always treated as a guest, never acted or was recognized or spoken of by Senator Sharon in any other light than as Miss Hill, his guest. But the True and Wells testimony stood out clear and strong, and could not be bowled over.

About two weeks after True testified he died, and just after he died the counsel for the defense thrilled the Court by reading a death bed confession from him, in which he declared that all that he had testified to was false, that he had been hired to commit perjury, and that he could not die with the fact unconfessed. The son of young True had in the mean time hunted Wells up on a distant ranch and so worked on his fears that Wells agreed to go up to court and recant. This he did amid a tremendous sensation, the witness breaking down repeatedly and sobbing bitterly. Young True then went to Sharon and tried to get some money out of him for his services. Sharon kicked him out of his room, and Sharon's friends compromised his bill of $300 for $175.

There was anything but a fervid sympathy for Sharon in the public mind, no matter what people thought as to the merits of the case. There was great contempt for anybody known to be in his employ in the case, except, of course, the lawyers. Any insinuation to that effect was bitterly resented. An instance of this was when Sharon invited all the newspaper reporters to a banquet. Not one of them went or paid any attention to the invitation. The next morning one of the papers said that all the rest of the reporters had accepted the invitation except its own. When the reporter of that paper appeared at court that day the rest of the newspaper fraternity attacked him in a body and pounded him unmercifully.

The most exciting episode of the trial, however, was when Miss Hill, exasperated at one of the attorneys, suddenly drew a pistol in the Court room and attempted to shoot him. In the midst of a scene of wild confusion the pistol was wrenched from her hand and she was hurried from the room. After that every person who entered the room, whether lawyers, witnesses, reporters, or spectators, was rigidly searched for concealed weapons.

One Priest Sues Another for $50,000.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 24.—The Rev. Denis O'Donovan, ex-pastor of the Catholic church at Brownsburg, Hendricks county, has brought suit against Father Herman Aldering of this city for $50,000 for libel. O'Donovan was removed from his charge at Brownsburg by the Bishop, and subsequently Aldering published the history of the Catholic church of the diocese of Vincennes, in which was printed an unpleasant reference to the Rev. O'Donovan.

BUFFALO DEMOCRATS DISGRUNTLED.

Especially Those who were Not Invited to the Reception in Albany.

BUFFALO, Dec. 24.—Gov. Cleveland's supporters in Buffalo do not seem to like his failure to invite them to his reception at the Executive Mansion last night. The wails here to-day have been long and loud, and it is thought that if the reception had occurred just before the election the result in this city would have been worse than it was. The invitations sent to this city included all the mugwumps and their wives, sisters, and aunts, with a few of the highly respectable ancient land marks of the Democratic party. The men who put their money and brains into the canvass were left out in the cold. Whether this be good or bad policy remains to be seen, but sure it is that a madder lot of Bourbons never were seen in Buffalo than have been discussing the matter in twos and threes to-day.

Mayor Scoville, while he was not of the opinion that Cleveland was thick enough to spread over the whole country and had little or no faith in his election, put a great deal of money into the local canvass and worked hard for the party's candidate. The Mayor was seen this morning bobbing about his office like a magnetized wasp. He was asked why it was that he was not hobnobbing with the mugwumps.

"The reason I didn't go," his Honor replied crispiy, "was the very best I know of, and the only one that could have excused my absence. I wasn't invited."

"That's Cleveland from the ground up," exclaimed an Alderman. "That man put up more money to elect Grove than any other two men in the county, and wasn't invited to the first blowout he gives to his friends. It'll be that way right along gentlemen. He's no good. We'll be sick and tired of him long before he gets out of the Presidency. Scoville doesn't want anything in the office line from the Administration, but as an ex-Congressman, one of our solidest Democrats, and Mayor of Buffalo, he's entitled to common courtesy, and that he did expect."

There was trouble all around, and before noon Chairman Warren of the Republican State Committee had his reporters out fishing up the muss for the *Tiger*. In his last edition he published an interview with one of the solid men, who was evidently willing to give up anything he knew.

"Your paper," he said, "has been conveying the idea that Cleveland would adhere strictly to civil service reform. In doing so you are following the lead of the Democratic papers that are on the inside and the men who are managing affairs for Cleveland, but can't you see what they are at? They are trying to discourage Democrats from applying for office. If they can make people believe that every man who wants a place will have to pass a civil service examination and wait his turn, not one man would be an applicant for office to fifty under the old order of things. If Cleveland's managers can by this means prevent a rush for office they will have matters just as they want them. They will be able to quietly fill the places from among Cleveland's warm adherents without causing much commotion. They are going to make that law answer a double purpose. To give it prominence will strengthen Cleveland with the mugwumps and the non-active element of the Democratic party, while it will discourage active and expectant Democrats from pressing their claims. So far as the appointment of Cleveland people is concerned the law can be got along with very easily, providing the clamor is not too strong. You mark what I tell you, the patronage will be used to build up what for a better term may be called a Cleveland party."

THEY ALL INSURE THEIR LIVES.

Merchants, Bankers, and Railroad Men Insured for Immense Amounts.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 24.—A *Times* reporter, who has been looking up the figures, finds that nearly all the prominent men of Philadelphia, New York, and the other big cities, have their lives insured for immense sums. Several pay premiums on $500,000, and a number go beyond that figure. John B. Stetson, the hat manufacturer at Fourth and Montgomery avenue, is one of the largest policy holders in the world. He pays premiums on $720,000. He has $360,000 on his own life. Theodore B. Peterson and Richard Peterson, the booksellers, each have policies for $100,000. Franklin B. Gowen, ex-President of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, carries a $125,000 policy. Thomas Dolan, the carpet manufacturer, pays premiums on $100,000; Hamilton Disston has in the vault of a well-known safe deposit company policies for $510,000; John Wanamaker pays premiums on $250,000; B. B. Comegys, President of the Philadelphia National Bank, has a policy for $75,000; John S. Clark, Charles C. Cassidy is insured for $100,000; Benjamin H. Shoemaker and Winchester Barker for $100,000 each; Richard J. Dobbins, the builder, $100,000; George Harding, the patent lawyer, $100,000; W. M. Runk, of Darlington, Runk & Co., $88,000; President Willport of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, $100,000; and George H. Stuart, President of the Merchants' National Bank, $100,000. The dry goods firm of Hood, Bonbright & Co. have $250,000 insurance on their lives. Charles Hartshorne, Vice-President of the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company, has a $75,000 policy, and Richard H. Sears of the same company is insured for $100,000. Mackellar, Smith & Jordan, the type founders, are insured for nearly a quarter of a million. W. R. Clyde is insured for $150,000. There are at least 200 others who have policies of from $25,000 to $50,000.

In New York the reporter finds that William H. Vanderbilt is insured for $620,000. Every policy he owns has been issued within the last five years. Jay Gould made up his mind a dozen years ago to insure his life, and year by year has added to the amount until he can produce policies for $400,000, which he calls his emergency fund. Pierre Lorillard has $255,000 on his life. F. W. Devoe, the New York paint manufacturer, carries policies for $250,000. Cyrus W. Field's life is insured for $240,000. Alexander Barrett and F. B. Roberts of New York each have $200,000 on their lives. John Gibb, the spool silk man, has policies for $170,000. Charles Pratt and H. B. Hyde of New York are each insured for $165,000. Uncle Rufus Hatch is insured for $76,000, Judge Fullerton for $75,000, and H. B. Claflin for $125,000.

Senator Don Cameron of Pennsylvania has an insurance of $100,000, and W. L. Scott of Erie $58,000.

George M. Pullman of Chicago, of Pullman car fame, has his life insured for $100,000. J. H. McVicker, the theatrical manager and father-in-law of Edwin Booth, has a policy for $50,000. Few men are insured after they are 65, and doctors and actors are as a rule poor customers of life insurance companies.

A LAWYER IN CONTEMPT.

Saved from Going to Jail by a Flaw in the Mittimus and Suing for Damages.

WATERBURY, Dec. 24.—An important case has just been decided by the Supreme Court of Errors. Some months ago Deputy Judge E. C. Cole was witness before the Probate Court in in investigation into the affairs of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Association, which was in insolvency, held before Judge Albert P. Bradstreet of the District Court. Judge Cole refused to tell on the witness stand where a certain important note was, on the ground that by doing so he would be damaging the interests of his clients. Judge Bradstreet differed with him, and, after consulting all the leading judges in this State, sentenced him to jail for contempt until he should answer the question. Judge Cole was saved from jail by a flaw in the mittimus, and the case was carried up to the Supreme Court by the request of ex-Gov. Andrews, before whom the question of Judge Bradstreet's right to take this step was to have been argued. The decision received to-day supports Judge Bradstreet, but says that the commitment should have been for five days only. Judge Cole has entered suit for $10,000 damages for false imprisonment.

PRETTY SURE OF QUICK TIME.

A New Pattern of Ice Boat to Appear and to Be the Subject of Dispute.

After the trip of the Red Bank ice boatmen up the Hudson last year, it was decided to if possible devise an ice yacht which should be faster than any heretofore made. For that purpose Mr. James Weaver employed Mr. Robert Chandler of Fair Haven, an inventive genius, who is the builder of nearly all the Shrewsbury boats, to make experiments. The outcome of Chandler's efforts is a yacht complete in all its parts, and only waiting for the ice to make its appearance to test its speed.

The Shrewsbury boys meant to try their new yacht in private before they entered it in a race, and supposed they would make a sensation with it at Poughkeepsie later on. But the Jerseymen are now worried by a suspicion that the secrets of the devising of their yacht have leaked out and been taken advantage of by the Hudson River men, who are alleged to be going to produce a rival craft and claim priority of invention. The Shrewsbury men say they can prove their craft was modelled a year ago. So this year the meet of the two clubs will be doubly interesting. Undoubtedly the fastest boats in the world will be matched, and besides the question of speed, the question of the date of invention will have to be decided.

ACCUSED BY HER BROTHER.

HERMAN VOSS SAYS HIS SISTER HAS TAKEN ALL HIS MONEY.

A Serious Ending to a Family Quarrel—The Coolness and Reticence of the Young Woman and the Grief of the Young Man.

In 1866 Andrew Voss, an old New Yorker, gave up his tailor shop at Fulton and Cliff streets, after having been in business twenty years, and took his youngest son, Herman E., a boy of 10 years, to Europe. Mrs. Voss was on the Continent at the time with an elder son and three daughters. Herman had been a delicate child, and a stroke of paralysis crippled his left leg so that he had to wear an iron support under the foot. His father was greatly attached to him. They went together to Magdeburg and through Austria, and Herman was subsequently placed in a school at Magdeburg, where he remained till 1875. For a year he studied bookkeeping, and then entered the banking house of Ziegler & Koch, at Magdeburg, as an assistant bookkeeper, where he remained two years. When the Russo-Turkish war broke out his employer, Mr. Ziegler, had confidence in the sudden rise of stocks in a Roumania railroad which had paid no interest for several years before the war, and invested 80,000 marks in shares of this company. Voss, who was then only eighteen years old, placed great reliance in Ziegler's judgment, and induced his father to loan him $5,000. He invested this as Mr. Ziegler directed, and in a short time was worth $34,000. He afterward speculated with further success. His younger sister, Annie, now sixteen years old, to whom he had always been devoted, he had previously sent to a musical school in Milan.

When he came here he rented a flat at 312 East Sixteenth street, furnished it, and lived there with his sister Amelia. Last December he engaged a box in the Mercantile Safe Deposit Company, and put in it the sum of $24,500 in money, a $10,000 mortgage on European real estate, and a number of receipts and deeds. As he was frequently confined to the house for a month at a time, he rented the box jointly in his own and his sister Amelia's name, so that she could act for him should he be ill. He intended to use his money in a week or so to purchase two houses in Seventy-eighth street, near Madison, right he was discussing his plans with his sister, and announced that he intended to buy the houses partly in his sister Annie's name. Amelia became angry, and tried to persuade him to substitute her name for Annie's. They had an animated discussion, and Herman left the house. When he came back the doors of his flat were bolted, and he found his sister sitting alone in her bedroom. Again she begged him not to slight her by putting Annie, so much younger than herself, forward as a part owner of the property he intended to buy.

"Annie," he said, "is a little angel. She has always stood by me, attended me when I was ill, gone about with me when others of my family were ashamed to walk with a cripple, and I will not forget her."

This ended the discussion. On Tuesday morning he went out for two hours, and when he returned Amelia came out and he found a note on the table informing him that she was making some purchases. He had had a suspicion that she might attempt to take possession of his property in the safe deposit vault, and hurried down town.

"Didn't you meet your sister?" the Clerk asked him as he entered the office. "She has just left, taking your property from the box."

A search of the compartment showed that everything had been taken out except a few worthless bonds. Then Herman hurried to the Police Headquarters and told his story. He was deeply affected.

"No man could have been kinder to his sister," he said to Inspector Byrnes, "and this is her gratitude to me. Sad! sad! I don't wish her punished, but she must return my property for little Annie's sake. It not for mine."

The Inspector sent for Detectives Mangin and Maguire to Mr. Voss's house. Herman led the detectives into his parlor. Amelia was there in conversation with an elder brother. The brother was very indignant, and was about to strike Herman, but the detectives stopped him.

"Come, gentlemen, please," Amelia said to the detectives. "Go away and this matter will be all right. We can settle it right here."

"You keep still," shouted Herman's brother, shaking his finger threateningly at the frightened woman. "Say nothing and they will be powerless. They can do nothing." Then he turned to Herman and said: "You shouldn't make all this fuss. Your property will be back in its box by to-morrow."

Herman suggested that the detectives let the matter rest till to-day, and Inspector Byrnes, thinking it was a family matter that would be amicably settled, left the case in charge of more than watch the house all night to see that Amelia did not escape. The young woman made no attempt to go away. Yesterday Herman made several visits to the Mercantile Safe Deposit Company's office, the last one at 4 o'clock, just as the office was closing, and was told that his property had not been returned. Then he told the detectives to act as they thought proper. The officers went back to the house and told Amelia that she was a prisoner. She bowed, and after dressing herself in dark clothing went with them to Police Headquarters. She is a slender woman of medium height, with a pale face and blue eyes. She was perfectly collected when she met her brother in the Inspector's office. He burst into tears.

"Oh, Amelia," he cried, holding out his arms to her, "why have you been so cruel? Why have you treated me so cruelly? I have always been a kind brother, willing to do anything in my power for you."

The young woman did not move a muscle, but looked stolidly at Herman, down whose cheeks the tears were coursing. "I'm sorry," she said, "but I know nothing about this robbery. I can say nothing more about it." Then she turned her head away, and offered no objection when the Inspector ordered the doorman to put her in a cell.

THE PAPER WAS NOT OLD ENOUGH.

Startling Testimony in a Suit to Set Aside the Mayers' Assignment.

After the big woollen house of Ferdinand and Benjamin Mayer of 32 White street, which failed for $2,400,000, made an assignment on Sept. 24 to Simon Danzig, James T. Swift & Co. of 59 Worth street brought suit to have the assignment set aside. Swift & Co. were heavy creditors, and with the other creditors suspected that the assignment was made with a design of defrauding those who had just claims on the $1,800,000 nominal assets left by the firm. It was found that the firm had made a preferred creditor of Martin Clayburgh of Chicago for $11,000, the amount of a promissory note dated July 18, 1881. When the case came to trial some days ago before Judge Ingraham, in the Superior Court, both the Mayers swore that the note represented a bona fide debt for loans advanced by Clayburgh.

James T. Swift insisted that the note was fraudulent, and called Messrs. Arthur & Bonnell, the stationers who printed it, to prove their assertion. The margin of the note bore the stationers' imprint in tiny letters, with the address, 64 Nassau street. They testified that on July 18, 1881, the date of the note, they did not occupy the premises 64 Nassau street, and that the paper on which they printed the note could not possibly have been delivered by them to any order until after May 1, 1882, when they took possession of the office at 64 Nassau street.

This testimony created a genuine sensation in the court, but it was not made public until yesterday that it was the basis of the indictment for perjury that the Grand Jury found against the Mayers on Monday morning, under which Judge Gildersleeve required them to furnish $10,000 bail. The Court displaced Simon Danzig on the testimony in the same suit, and appointed Thomas L. James in his stead.

"It was a striking circumstantial proof," Mr. Swift said yesterday, alluding to the imprint on the note. "I have heard of only two cases of a similar nature. One was a historical instance in England, where a fraudulent deed that was designed to be introduced as a genuine ancient document was proven a forgery because of the printer's ink, which set forth that it was executed during the reign of King George I. It was argued that the King could never have been mentioned during his reign by such a title. He did not become known in history as George I. till George II. ascended the throne. The other case was one in Massachusetts several years ago, where a forged will offered for probate was proven a forgery by the water mark of the paper, which clearly demonstrated that it was not manufactured until after the date when it purported to have been signed."

Dr. William Darling Very Ill.

Dr. William Darling, Professor of Anatomy in the University Medical College, is very ill with pneumonia and is also suffering from the effects of a fall, in his rooms in the college. He was believed to be at the point of death on Tuesday night, and although he was better yesterday, his advanced aged of 78 years renders his recovery doubtful.

The safe belonging to the Actors' Fund, which was in the second story of the Theatre Comique when the fire broke out, has been dug from the centre of the ruins and opened. It was one of Herring & Co.'s make, and preserved everything in perfect order.—Adv.

SHE SAID SHE'D DROWN HERSELF.

Rescued by a Life Boat in North River Only to Die Soon After on Shore.

Henry Cook of 432 Pearl street, this city, was locked up in the Second precinct police station in Jersey City last night because the police suspected him of having thrown an unknown woman from the ferryboat Pavonia while it was in midstream on its 9 o'clock trip to Jersey City.

Cook told the police that he met the woman in M. J. Doyle's saloon, 147 Chatham street, in this city, early last evening. Fred Wagner, the bartender, he says, asked him to escort the woman to the ferry, and he consented. He wanted to leave her when they reached the ferry, but she persuaded him to cross the river with her. They sat together in the ladies' cabin until the boat reached midstream, when, he says, she suddenly got up and went out on the rear end of the boat. He followed, and was just in time to see her hurl herself over the rail. He gave an alarm.

Thomas Cleary and Mike Murphy, two passengers, sprang nimbly to the upper deck and cut away one of the lifeboats. The ferryboat stopped and the two men rowed about in search of the woman for five minutes before they found her. They lifted her back to the ferryboat, and when it reached Jersey City she was removed to the waiting room of the ferry house. She died there soon afterward. Her body was removed to the Morgue. Cook said that he did not know what her name was, and the police could not ascertain it.

The bartender in Doyle's saloon said this morning:

"The woman, whose name is Lizzie Stevens, was employed in August Plath's concert saloon, 141 Chatham street, for some months. She came in here just before 9 o'clock, and asked Cook to take her to the Pavonia ferry. At first Cook said he didn't care to go. She said she would pay him for his trouble. She only wanted him to escort her to the ferry. Then Cook reluctantly consented to go. Some of the fellows saw him beau her off and jeered them."

Mme. Smith, in August Plath's saloon, said: "Lizzie Stevens kicked up a row here tonight, and then said she was going to leave. She went. As she was going out the door she cried out:

"'Farewell. This is the last you'll ever see of me alive. I'm going to throw myself off the ferryboat going to Jersey.'"

Mme. Smith said that Lizzie Stevens came to August Plath's about six months ago. She then said she was from New England and had respectable parents living there. She was about 32 years old. She was very drunk when she left for the ferry. Cook is a truck driver.

Mme. Smith said last night, before learning of Lizzie Stevens's death:

"Lizzie is a good girl, but a little foolish at times. When she got drunk she did right, the best thing you can do is to send her around here again. There's plenty of room for her."

PASSENGERS TUMBLED TOGETHER.

Several Men and Women Injured in a Singular Railroad Accident.

Trains of the Northern Railroad of New Jersey and of the New Jersey and New York Railroad, bound for Jersey City, are run on one track from Spring Valley to Nanuet. There they are switched to separate tracks, which, branching from the single track, form a Y. The tracks that constitute the arms of the Y are built on embankments about fifteen feet high, thus forming a V-shaped gully between them. The New Jersey and New York train of two passenger cars and an engine that left Stony Point at 10:38 o'clock yesterday morning got to Spring Valley at 11:11, where it took the single track to Nanuet. Frank Murphy, the switchman at Nanuet, had the switch set so the train would run on to the track forming an arm of the Y.

The engine got safely over the switch, but one of the wheels of the rear truck of the tender ran off and struck an end of a switch rail so violently that the switch was broken. The coupling connecting the tender and the first passenger car was broken, and the car, containing twenty-five passengers, mostly women, bounded toward the V-shaped hollow. The engine, with the wheels of the rear truck cutting the ties, ran 300 feet along the right arm of the Y before Engineer Doremus could stop it. The second car, in some unexplained way, got on the left arm of the Y and went 400 feet before it was stopped. The first car plunged along and struck a telegraph pole, knocking it across the track on which the second car was running. The wires fell across the front platform of the car, and two more telegraph poles were dragged down.

The first car plunged through dirt and gravel and turned over on its side into the V-shaped hollow. Men, women, and children were tumbled against the seats and sides of the car, and against each other. Conductor Ackerson, Engineer Switchman Murphy, and Eugene Drew, and trackmen of both railroads, with crowbars and pails of water, hurried to the hollow to help get out the wounded, and, as they supposed, the dead.

They were surprised to see passengers getting out at the front door without help, apparently unhurt, save from scratches and bruises. But they found many women inside who could not move without assistance. Mrs. C. V. Wemple, wife of the manager of the Garner Print Works, was cut and unconscious. She was covered with bruises and her nose was broken. Mrs. Vincent had her spine badly injured. Mrs. W. K. Pendleton of 334 East 116th street had her teeth knocked out and her face and head badly cut. Dr. Rogert of Pearl River dressed her wounds, and Miss Cora Demarest, the station agent's daughter, took her to their home. Mrs. Secor of Mount Ivy was injured about the head. Mrs. Stoddard, Miss Nettie Ramsey, and Mrs. Ramsey of Spring Valley were badly bruised. George McCully of Haverstraw had a long cut in his forehead. Nobody escaped without a scratch. Mrs. Wemple died so suddenly that I don't remember even seeing the faces of my assailants, and I can give no description of them whatever. A man whom I don't know found me lying unconscious on the car track. He assisted me, and when I told him where I lived, he assisted me to the house and then went away. I had quite a large sum of money in my pocket that night. When I got home I had only one dollar. I think the men who attacked me came out of a tenement, but of that I am not certain."

Mr. Tate's face is cut and swollen. He did not notify the police because he had to give a description of the robbers. His father did not hear of the occurrence until yesterday. Mr. Tate is 23 years old, and is of wiry build.

Business Troubles.

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Obituary.

Dr. Augustus Van Courtlandt of Mount Vernon died yesterday morning. He was 54 years old.

Major L. H. Sanger of the Seventeenth Infantry, U. S. A., died in Amboy, Ill., on Tuesday of heart disease.

Capt. James H. Deaton, for many years Chief of Police of Lynchburg, Va., died on Tuesday night.

Dr. Grimm, the body physician of Emperor William, is dead. Dr. Grimm was the originator of the sanitary system now in force in the German military authorities.

Mr. R. C. Crompton, the British Vice-Consul at Colon, died on Tuesday of congestion of the brain.

Arrested for Shooting His Father.

ITHACA, Dec. 24.—The Coroner's jury, in the case of the death of Mark A. Blakeley of Lansing, made a verdict that the shot was fired by Blakeley's son Charles, in the heat of passion, and while the son was partly intoxicated. The wound was in the right leg, below the knee, and caused shock and hemorrhage. Death resulted within eight hours. The bullet could not be found. The son died last night while at the supper table at his home, and his examination was set down for 11 A. M. to-day.

She Ate the Plaster.

Mrs. Pauline Linare, the wife of an Italian living at 66 Adams street, Brooklyn, complained of a severe pain in her arm yesterday morning. Her husband went out and bought a porous plaster to apply to the arm. Her daughter, Mrs. Gale, thought the plaster was to be used the woman ate it, and was made so sick that an ambulance surgeon had to be summoned and she was taken to the hospital.

FROM PULPIT TO GRIDIRON.

ADIRONDACK MURRAY COOKING OYSTERS IN A MONTREAL CAFE.

The Latest Freak of the Once Popular Boston Preacher—Tickling the Palates of the Canadians, and Airing Annexation Views.

MONTREAL, Dec 24.—In Notre Dame street, in this city, under the shadow of Notre Dame Cathedral, the visitors can find a delightful bit of transplanted New England. Its presiding genius is the Rev. W. H. H. Murray, the hero of the Adirondack tales, and the once popular pastor of the Park Street Church, in Boston. In the window are displayed doughnuts and pies, beans and brown bread of the genuine New England style, but at the door a pair of crossed snow shoes and a sign, "Snow Shoe Café," are very suggestive of Canada. Learning that its proprietor was once the noted pastor of a fashionable Boston church, a reporter took a seat at one of the tables. The café is about 60x15 feet. Its walls are decorated with tobogans, snow shoes, and lacrosse sticks. The back portion is raised about three steps, and is divided from the rest of the room by fresh muslin curtains, tied back with bright ribbons. This portion is reserved for ladies. The table linen is choice, the china unique, and the great tea and coffee kettles of polished brass on the counter complete a picture which is æsthetic and suggestive of comfort. Mr. Murray brought the resources of his intellect to a serious consideration of the problem of oyster fries, and the result not only did him credit, but made the cafe famous. The reporter in consequence ordered a fry, and had the distinguished honor of seeing his oysters cooked by the man whose eloquence of tongue and pen had but a few years ago set staid and critical old Boston in a ferment. The oyster cooking is done in an open brick range in the front part of the café, and as Mr. Murray, in his shirt sleeves, proceeded with the cooking the reporter had an opportunity of noting the changes which time had wrought in him since he was the idol of the Park Street Church. He is heavier than he was, and his hair and moustache are more gray than brown; but his eye is as bright as ever, and his face still beams with kindly good nature.

Mr. Murray arrived in Montreal about a year ago in search of health, suffering at the time from a disordered liver. The preparations for the carnival of 1884 were then in full blast, and he saw a great deal of Canadian sports and became interested in them. He did some literary work for the press during the carnival, and in the early summer conceived the idea of starting a café. In this undertaking he was assisted by a married sister from New England. The idea was to furnish a business café where well-cooked and wholesome meals could be had by ladies and gentlemen without the baleful associations of spirituous liquors. But while the merits of the new café were speedily admitted, the prices were high, and the number of its patrons has necessarily remained limited.

It is understood Mr. Murray intends, before long, to get vigorously at work again, either on the platform or in the press, and it is hinted that there will be a raking up and settling of old scores. It is said some American capitalists have offered to establish him with a daily paper, to be published in Montreal, for the purpose of bringing about the annexation of Canada to the United States. Mr. Murray is said to live in a very quiet and unassuming way, and he goes very little into society. His carefully worded utterances as to divorce, and his unconventional ways, cause some comment, and the story is told that last summer he electrified his friends by appearing in the street at high noon dressed only in boots and trousers and a gray flannel shirt, without coat or vest, and with a Texan sombrero, with a brim fully eighteen inches in width on his head. His explanation was that he wanted to keep cool.

POPE LEO INDIGNANT.

The Proposal to Erect a Statue of the Father of Pantheism in Rome.

LONDON, Dec. 24.—Pope Leo XIII. is indignant over the proposal to erect in Rome a splendid bronze statue of Giordano Bruno, the Italian philosopher and the father of Pantheism, who, after being imprisoned in Rome for two years, was burned as a heretic in 1600. He was revered as a martyr by atheists all over the world, and a committee has just been formed in the University of Rome to raise the proposed monument to his memory. A site has already been secured in the Piazza Campo Difiori, and the subscriptions in Rome amount to 10,000 lire. Charles Bradlaugh, the English freethinker, has issued an appeal to atheists throughout Great Britain to subscribe to the cost, and to erect a statue. The proposal, however, to honor the great Pantheist in defiance of the wishes of the Roman Catholic Church, has horrified his Holiness, and he expressed himself with unusual vehemence in a speech which he made at the Vatican to-day upon the subject.

ROME, Dec. 24.—The Pope, in replying to the Christmas congratulations of the Cardinals today, deplored the abnormal position of the Papal See, vigorously censured the Protestants for their machinations, the general impunity allowed by the present State laws, and the unworthy insinuations of the Liberal press when the foundation of the Santa Lucia hospital by the Vatican was announced, and denounced the divorce law submitted to the Chamber of Deputies.

Marshal Tate's Son Robbed.

Henry M. Tate, the son of United States Marshal Tate, is confined to his residence at 569 Clinton street, Brooklyn. He said yesterday: "I was coming down Huntington street about 12½ o'clock on Sunday morning on my way home from a Court street car, when four men seized me and threw me to the ground. They kicked and beat me until I was almost unconscious. The blows came so fast and so suddenly that I don't remember even seeing the faces of my assailants, and I can give no description of them whatever. A man whom I don't know found me lying unconscious on the car track. He assisted me, and when I told him where I lived, he assisted me to the house and then went away. I had quite a large sum of money in my pocket that night. When I got home I had only one dollar. I think the men who attacked me came out of a tenement, but of that I am not certain."

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