

WAS THIS WOMAN MURDERED?

FOUND IN THE WATER WITH NO OUTWARD MARKS OF VIOLENCE.

Thomas Allen says he saw her there seven months before she fell from the boat. He says she was a fat woman.

Winnipeg, Conn., April 21.—The body of the young woman found in the meadow water near Wilson station last Sunday evening was buried to-day without having been identified.

There has been no effort on the part of the authorities either to find her friends or to ascertain whether she met her death by foul means, and from present appearances none will be made.

The case is in the hands of Coroner Louis Sperry of Hartford, and he has decided not to hold an inquest.

It came to the Coroner through Medical Examiner N. B. Bell of Windsor, who after a cursory examination of the body decided that there was no suspicion of foul play because no outward marks of violence were found.

The woman, whoever she was, was handsome and well formed. She was about 30 years of age, and it is supposed, was unmarried. She had light brown hair and expressive blue eyes.

She was five feet six or seven inches tall, weighed about 150 pounds, and was dressed in a cheap cloth Mother Hubbard gown, with blue calico apron. She had no hat.

A black-and-white shawl was thrown about her shoulders. She wore a pair of black shoes, which were of good quality, but no stockings.

The circumstances attending the finding of the body were suspicious, to say the least. The spot where it was found is an isolated one at the end of a lane that skirts Farmer Charles Burleigh's property.

Every spring the Connecticut River overflows, and the lowlands of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad tracks are flooded.

The water is in some places two feet deep. At the end of the lane it is about eighteen inches deep. The lane ends 350 feet from the railroad tracks.

Shortly after 5 o'clock on Sunday evening a young man came hopping up the lane toward Farmer Burleigh's house. He crossed the lot before he stopped at the house of a Mr. Lomax.

His face was scratched and bloody. His right hand, which he held in his pocket, was also bloody. He had a heavy stick in his hand and with the aid of that man managed to hobble to the house.

Mr. Lomax, that he had seen a woman try to commit suicide by jumping into the meadow water.

He hurried in after her and pulled her out on the bank and rolled her over on her back. The water came running out of her mouth. Then he left her lying there and came for help.

Mr. Lomax just where he had left the woman lying and Mr. Lomax hurried away to find her. The young man followed after her.

On the way Mr. Lomax met Edgar Peck, a neighbor, who asked him to go along with him. They got down to the railroad tracks and Peck saw a woman lying in the water.

Peck and Lomax, and both men ran quickly down to the water's edge, and waded in. Peck caught the woman's arm and pulled her out.

They rolled her on the ground and tried another way to revive her, but she was dead. They hurried to the railroad tracks and Peck left Peck to care for the body while he went home and fetched a horse and drove back to the water and Peck and Lomax, and both men ran quickly down to the water's edge, and waded in.

Peck said she was dead, and then noticing the blood on the young man's hands asked him if he had killed her. He said he had not, and that he saw the woman walking across the lots toward the station.

He saw her about her head. He thought she had got into the lake from the railroad tracks. He was at the time cutting the stick for the fence.

He did not pay any particular attention to the woman until he had got his stick, and then he saw her walking across the lots toward the station.

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SPIRITS GUIDE MRS. LAKE.

An Interesting Contract Which the Judge Thinks is Not a Marriage—She Claims the Right to Divorce.

Boston, April 21.—Spirits told a very important fact to a divorcee, which was heard in this city to-day before Judge Staples. They ordered the marriage in the first place, and then ordered the tie broken, and the man and woman obeyed without a murmur.

The couple are William Peck, the spiritualist lecturer, who brings suits for divorce, and Sarah G. Vetter, better known as Mrs. H. S. Lake, a snoker at the First Spiritual Temple. Her maiden name was Sara Geneva Chafa, and her life as unfolded to-day has been eventful.

When a mere girl it became a part of her creed that she was a married woman, and an unalienable right to her person, her property, and her name, and she has advocated those ideas ever since. That accounts for the different names of the couple.

This is the story which is told: When Mrs. Lake was 17 years old, she started out to make her fortune in New York. She was an old one, New York, started in a divorcee, and gave a series of dramatic recitals with good success.

She met a young and handsome Catholic priest, the Rev. Father Henry S. Lake. It was a case of love at first sight. He renounced his religion for the purpose of marrying her and they lived together for two years.

He died early in 1876. She was overwhelmed with grief until a spiritualist medium gave her an opportunity to commune with her departed spouse. Her spirit husband told her to enter the lecture field.

She obeyed. After lecturing nearly two years she met Peck. The spirits still guided her actions, and, acting under their instruction, she proposed marriage under the following remarkable contract of copartnership, written by her, and signed in the presence of witnesses by both:

"We, the undersigned, hereby enter into copartnership on the basis of true marriage relations. Recognizing that sexual relations, as well as the union of hearts, are necessary to the consummation of a true marriage, we agree to continue this copartnership so long as mutual affection shall exist between us. If either of us should become disagreeable or undesirable to either party, we also agree that all property that we may acquire shall be divided equally between us. We also agree that all children born of this copartnership shall be the children of both of us, and we shall be bound to provide them support until they are able to support themselves. Given under our hand and seal this 5th day of October, 1877.

"Mrs. JENKINS LAKE, "Wm. F. PECK.

"Witnessed by—Without approval of J. B. Garrison, a lawyer, and J. B. Garrison, a lawyer, this marriage contract was a surprise to the Court and spectators, and created a decided sensation. Mr. Peck and Mrs. Lake lived together as husband and wife, traveling all over the country lecturing on spiritualism.

The spirits still acted as the guardian of this marriage. In 1885 the spirits told Mrs. Lake that Mr. Peck and Mrs. Lake had lived together long enough, and so they ordered Mrs. Lake to leave Mr. Peck, and she did so.

When John Schorb made up his mind that he would divorce his wife, he called on a lawyer, and he passed the Central Hotel. Schorb was standing in the doorway, and he called Schorb a liar for starting such a story about him, and said that Maggie Lynch was his wife, and that she was a prostitute.

He challenged Schorb to fight it out, and Schorb was willing to take place in the yard, back of Schorb's saloon, but Schorb objected. Schorb was standing in the doorway, and he called Schorb a liar for starting such a story about him, and said that Maggie Lynch was his wife, and that she was a prostitute.

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FOR A GIRL'S GOOD OPINION.

THOUGHTS OF MISS LYON'S NERVE CHARLES BARRY'S FIGHT.

First He Battled Mr. Schorb in a Fight, and Then He Battled the World in a Fight.

Charles Barry, a coachman for Augustus Vandeventer of Plainfield, and John M. Schorb, Jr., of the Central Hotel, in that town, fought a duel to finish, with Mrs. in a duel to finish, in North Plainfield, last Friday night.

Barry was fighting for his sweetheart, and he won. Monday night, however, he met Schorb with his friend "Lish" McCready, on Washington avenue, and there was another fight in which Barry was victorious.

Yesterday Barry was black and blue all over his body, but he was able to go to Somerville to appear before the Grand Jury to secure the indictment of the men who had assaulted him.

Barry has considerable property in Plainfield. He says he started out "to do" Barry, but he declares that he fought him fairly Monday night and without any assistance from his friend, Elisha McCready. The trouble between these two men is an old one. Barry is a strongly built man with a ruddy complexion. Four years ago he came to this country from the North of England, where he had been a servant in the employ of Lord Zealand.

When he was younger and lighter he was a jockey on several of the big English race tracks, and he is still rather proud of some of his achievements on the turf. In Plainfield he is known as "English Charlie," because his hair is loose and often drops out. Barry knows a thing or two about using his fists and so he was not surprised when he was challenged by Schorb.

Two years ago Barry went to Plainfield and worked for several different families. Last week he was employed by a family in the city, and he was there that he met Miss Maggie Lynch, a handsome and sensible young woman, who did not know Barry, but who was attracted to him, and they became engaged. They were married in the Central Hotel, and Barry was employed by Augustus Vandeventer as a coachman. It was known in the village that he was engaged to Miss Lynch, and the village was circulated several weeks ago that he had left a wife in England, where she was a friend of his. Barry had heard that his friends who advised him to hunt down the story and deny it. Miss Lynch heard it and was angry. She said she would prosecute the man who had started such a story, and she finally traced it to Barry. She went to his mother and asked for Barry. She told her that she had heard that Barry was living in Plainfield. According to Schorb's brother, who is a lawyer, Barry was in England some years ago and he had deserted her. At that time he called on him, and he was there that he met Mrs. Peck and Mrs. Lake, and that she simply called on him to help her. Barry was there that he met his friends at home, but he was getting on. This story, however, did not raise a stir, but Mrs. Schorb's estimation of Barry was lowered. A well-known leader was of a different opinion, however, and in speaking of the matter, he said: "When the Puxuntaway people were on a strike a few months ago the miners in the Central Hotel were standing in the doorway, and he called Schorb a liar for starting such a story about him, and said that Maggie Lynch was his wife, and that she was a prostitute."

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Many People

Are taking and praising Hood's Sarsaparilla as their Spring Medicine, having become convinced that it is by far the best, the question arises, Why don't you take it yourself? Possessing just those blood-purifying, building-up, appetite-giving qualities which are so important in a Spring Medicine, it is certainly worthy a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. 21¢ per bottle. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THEY COULDN'T STOP HER.

A Cake Region Incident Showing a Woman's Determination.

Mr. PLEASANT, Pa., April 21.—A Polish woman made a dash for it, and she was not stopped by the police.

He had scarcely begun work before stalwart Mrs. Weynala, who weighs 200 pounds, rushed in. Seizing the bucket she pounded him over the head with it. Brewer is a one-eyed man, and brother deputies came to his rescue. He was taken to the hospital.

Her husband came to her aid, and he would risk the earth of several deputies. He was backed by a dozen of his countrymen. For a moment Mrs. Weynala, who adopted a strategy, was about to jump on the head of the man who was attacking her.

But Mrs. Weynala held her fort. Falling to carry the body for her, she adopted a strategy, and she was not stopped by the police.

Several months ago, Mrs. Weynala says, they had a party at the house. It was then that Mr. Lawrence presented to the family an old-fashioned Colt's navy revolver of 44 caliber. Its intricacies were explained to the family by the donor, and the family in turn displayed the weapon to the servant and commented on the size of the bullet it contained.

The weapon, however, remained, and the day of the party was soon lost in the anxiety of the household. While they were occasionally mentioned the safety of the household was a matter of concern.

When the Puxuntaway people were on a strike a few months ago the miners in the Central Hotel were standing in the doorway, and he called Schorb a liar for starting such a story about him, and said that Maggie Lynch was his wife, and that she was a prostitute.

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AN EXTRA SESSION PERHAPS.

THE SENATE STILL AT A DEADLOCK AND IMPORTANT BILLS IN DANGER.

Members in the Assembly Affected by the Decision in the Upper House—The State Roads Bill Defeated by One Vote.

Albany, April 21.—The Senate deadlock is unbroken, and the Democrats led by the Lieutenant-Governor, still stand in solid array against the assault of the Republican majority. The Democrats unanimously oppose the farcical investigation propositions that the Republicans have fallen into the habit of making as adjuncts of every political campaign.

The plea that has usually served the Republicans in similar situations was that to allow investigation would create a suspicion that there was something to conceal. The Democrats are deaf to this time. Without definite charges of a substantial character and a non-partisan meshinery of investigation, they say no resolutions for an inquiry shall pass before now and April 21 at noon, when the Legislature dies; and if the Republicans stick to their purpose as steadfastly the Legislature will have to be called together again to fix the tax rate and to transact such other business as the Governor may bring to the Legislature.

The Senate's discussion of the resolution for a partisan investigation of the canal leased until half past 11, when a recess was ordered until 11 A. M. to-morrow. Much of the talking was done by Senators Cantor and O'Connor. Senator Cantor had as much fun as usual out of Senator Laughlin's speech in favor of canal appropriations, published as a Senate document, and