COULDN'T ENDURE A WITCH.

ADAM HEIDT HELD FOR THE MURDER OF GEORGE MARKERT.

A Strange Story of Spells, Which Lasted for Years, Under Which Heidt and His Family Suffered and for Which They Held Markert Responsible—Superstition, Almost Incredible, that Followed the Innocent Stroking of an Old Man's Beard and May Account for His Murder—Barn Burnings and Death Attributed to the Murdered Man—Threats Against Him.

CALLICOON, Jan. 27.—In the Empire State of New York, within 140 miles of the great city of New York, in the centre of a prosperous farming community in a county where thousands of dollars are expended annually for the purpose of education and thousands more for the advance of Christianity, there are persons who believe so thoroughly in the ancient bugaboo called witchcraft that they have committed murder to rid the community of a peaceable old man who had lived among them for forty years. He was accused of bewitching a man (filling him with pain and strange sensations by merely stroking his own beard, and by the same means these foolish people say he killed the bewitched one's horses and afflicted his cattle till they died. He was also said to have caused a ruffian to kill the bewitched one's mother-in-law and his son to fall from a load of hay and break his neck. He was also accused of causing the bewitched one's brother to be killed by the cars and of doing other things, all insane twaddle that would fit well the pages of history of the day of witchery.

The witch was met in the night, was shot, and then pounced upon by a man or men armed with heavy clubs. They beat his head in, and when he fell dead they kneeled beside him and fired five shots into him to make sure of their bloody work.

A few facts have been told regarding the murder of old George Markert on Jan 10, two miles outside of the village of Jefferson, and within a stone's throw of his own house. So certain were the people of the town that they knew the murderer, and knew his idiotic motive, that they arrested a man even before the body of Markert was discovered, or before it was known positively that a murder had been committed. This man and his son, a youth of 22 years, whose head had been filled with the twaddle his father had retailed among his neighbors for years, were committed yesterday to the Sullivan county jail. Every bit of evidence points toward them, or one of them, as guilty.

METHODS OF BREAKING THE WITCHES' SPELLS.

The place where this crime was committed is called the Halfway House. It takes its name from a tavern that has stood on the main highway as long as the oldest inhabitant can remember. It is ten miles from Callicoon and eighteen miles from Monticello, the county seat. There are very few poor people there. The farms are large and rich and well stocked. Of the 200 people who form the community there are probably twenty who are believers in witchcraft. When a neighbor's barn burns they say that he has incurred the anger of the witches. When a neighbor's child falls sick they resort to mysterious devices and incantations to get it out of the power of the witch. They cut out of the mud the footprints of the suspected one and roast them and break them up and strew the ashes to the four winds. They put chalk marks on the doors to keep the evil spirits away, and carry charms about their necks. They hang stove pokers up for protection, and do many other strange things that have been handed down as means of preventing evil.

These people are ashamed of their superstitions and only talk about it among themselves, but Adam Heidt was the most superstitious of them all, and didn't hide the fact so much as did the others. It was he who was possessed. He lives on a little mound called Swiss Hill, which is half a mile or more from the Halfway House. He was born in Sullivan county, and has lived there all his life. He is called "Old Man Heidt," though he is only 42 years old. His family, besides himself and his wife Barbara, who is possessed of considerably more sense than her husband, consists of Joseph, 22 years old; John, 18, and a teacher in a public school; Rosie, 14; Anthony, 12, and Mary, 3. Heidt's farm covers 133 acres, most of which is cultivated. It is one of the largest in the community, and his stock is among the best.

George Markert was 72 years old and probably was the poorest man in the community. His farm was only a fifteen-acre plot. He was Heidt's brother-in-law, having married Heidt's sister. His farm was just a niche chopped out of a larger one and it was within hailing distance of Heidt's land. Markert was honest and respected by nearly all of his neighbors. He worked for many of them in odd times, for his own farm wasn't large enough to occupy all his time.

HEIDT BECOMES POSSESSED.

Ever since he was 20 or 22 years old Heidt has been ailing. He says he was possessed. It was twenty years ago, he says, that Markert cast the first spell upon him. For two years he has talked about it constantly. He has threatened, in his neighbors' hearing, to do away with his old brother-in-law. He has visited doctors and fakirs and worn charms and papers, but he grew no better. The last year he has been especially fierce against Markert.

On Tuesday night a week ago Markert spent the evening at the Half Way House, as was his custom three nights every week. He left the tavern at 10 o'clock. He never reached his home. On Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock Casper von Bergen, Bergen's stepson Johnnie, and John Kohler were going through the woods when they came across a bloody cap. There was a bloody trail leading from it and from the highway. A hundred feet further they found a big pool of frozen blood, and the imprint of the back of a man's head in the snow. Beside this imprint was one of the right knee of a man. The blood trail led back again, and there was evidence that a body had been dragged 123 feet back through the brush to the highway and to a bridge that crosses the creek at that point. It had been tossed over into the water. The searchers soon found an overcoat and other articles of clothing. The hat looked like Markert's. They went to Markert's house and found he was not at home. John Kohler exclaimed: "Well, if Markert is dead, Heidt killed him."

The others agreed. They went and arrested Heidt. They aroused the community and then searched for the body. There were seventy-five in this party. They patrolled the creek for a mile and then went back again. On the return trip one of the party saw a coat caught on a root of a tree in the water, and then made out the form of a man. They hauled it out. It was Markert. Heidt's house was searched. Two revolvers were found. The family told a straight story of their movements on Tuesday and on Tuesday night. The only one of the family who had been out was the young man Joseph, who had gone to Kanoza Lake early in the evening and returned about 10 o'clock. He was arrested, as well as his younger brother, John.

Joseph was in bed and said he was sick. The doctor said he wasn't. After his arrest he said: "Well, if I killed Markert, my father is responsible for it. But I didn't kill him."

In John's pocket there was found a piece of paper, on which was written just about the same story that was told by the family as to its movements. An autopsy was performed and the physician extracted five bullets from Markert's head. None of them would fit the revolvers found in Heidt's house. The prosecutors were in a predicament. They asked Heidt if he had any more revolvers. He said he had one which he found, and he would go with them and get it. It was tied up in rags and was in a haymow. They went with him and he got it. Though he said it had been there three months and that nobody but himself knew that it was in the haymow, there was evidence that it had been recently fired. It was a 32-calibre weapon. The constables searched the barn, and on the other side from that where the revolver was hidden they found a box of cartridges that the men said were identical with the bullets taken from the head of Markert. They searched the woodshed and found a fourth revolver. It was an old-fashioned weapon. Two hardware dealers who sold revolvers and cartridges remembered that some of the Heidt boys had inquired for 32-calibre cartridges, and one dealer said he had sold them a box. A third search was made of Heidt's house, and a pair of drawers the right knee of which was blood stained was found. This, together with two letters found in Markert's coat pocket, constituted the evidence against the Heidts. One letter was written in German, the other in English. Following is the copy of the one in English:

GEORGE MARKERT,
Notis:

If you will not stob troubling me or Torting me which I Positely beleat that you are in Side of two weeks I will go to Montisello and see that I agreed that I hold. You came to me an' demanded a receed that I can pay and I gave it to you on Sunday that you can take and — with now do not delay and time and take them worts back as I mean just what I say.

A. HEIDT.

On the other side of the single sheet of paper was the following:

Now you are afecting my hard my trouble has changed every time I minded to you about it that I can swear to if you will kill me with it my wife must give the jugment to the herb to collect as I have given her all power of my property.

A. HEIDT.

and I furdermore ferbid you my premises and my flesh and blood and my body in the name of God. I keep a copy of each letter that I have ridden to you.

The letter in German was dated March 9, and was almost a copy of this one.

The matter of the receipt referred to in the letter was explained by Heidt himself when he was examined yesterday before the Coroner's jury. On the stand he exposed his folly and superstition of years, although he didn't tell all. He wouldn't start with his tale of witchcraft. He must repeat the story of his family's doings as written in the memoranda found in his son's pocket.

HEIDT'S STORY AT THE INQUEST.

Here is his story:

"I am 42 years old, and live with my family on Swiss Hill. My son Joseph went to Kanoza Lake on Tuesday night. He left the house about 6¾ o'clock in the evening, and was to see a blacksmith and find out when he could get the horses sharp shod. He went on foot and alone. My other son, John, was in the house, as well as the other children. We all went to bed between 9¾ and 9:45 o'clock. Myself, my wife, and little Mary slept down stairs, and the rest of the family slept on the floor above. Joseph had not got home at 9:45 o'clock. But we hadn't been in bed long when he came in. He had to pass through our room to reach his own. His mother asked him what time it was, and he said a few minutes past 10 o'clock. Then he said that he was not feeling well, that he had a headache and ached all over. We didn't get up. He put out the lights and went to his room. He was not sweaty or tired that night," said the old man, sharply, though how he knew that he did not say. "He did not get up the next morning at the usual hour, and I called him. I looked into his room about 10 o'clock, and still he wasn't up. He said he had a headache. He was hot and feverish and we gave him quinine pills. He was in bed all day and that night we had the doctor. He was in bed when the constable came and took me up, and he heard of the murder in bed. He didn't move a muscle and he didn't flush when he heard it, either." The old man said this savagely, and he added: "Them as says he did is damn liars, an' don't you furgit it. You hear me a-talkin'.

"Joe didn't have no pistol, either, an' I never seen him have one in his hand 'ceptin' Sunday afternoon, Jan. 10, when he an' some of the other boys of my family were out in the yard under the old apple tree, pluggin' holes in a target with a 22-calibre. He wan't accustom to carry a pistol, an' he didn't have none of a Tuesday night. There wasn't but one pistol around the house, and that one I bought from Herman Doetsch. Doetsch told me it was a 32 and I bought 32 cartridges for it. I didn't try the thing till I got home, and then I fired it on the chain, to chain the dog, but it didn't work well, and I put it away until the next time I went in to town. That was about a year. Doetsch said it was the cartridges, and he changed them for a new box, which worked all right, and that is all the pistol business, 'ceptin' the little one and the blunderbuss and the one I told 'em where to find in the haymow."

This little talk, which was permitted without interruption, had warmed up the old man, and he was ready to go ahead and talk about Markert. "I've known him," he said, "ever since I was a boy, and we were always good friends." This he emphasized. "Yes, ever since he was a boy, and we was always good friends until a year ago last summer or thereabouts. He was my brother-in-law. He married my sister and she died about eight years ago. Markert confessed judgment to me in 1888 for $600. That was to avoid complications with some other people, which were avoided, and a year ago last summer I gave him a satisfaction piece. I wrote letters about that piece in March and April last year, and it was them letters which was found in his pocket."

WHEN THE SPELLS BEGAN.

"What trouble did I have with him? Well, now, I'll tell you. He didn't strike me, but he patted me three times on the shoulder and said, 'You're good—a right good brother-in-law,' repeating it three times." The old man paused to see the effect of this declaration. "That was twenty-two years ago," he went on. "From that time I was ailing all the time. I did not know what was the matter. No doctor could tell me. I didn't know the spell, and after this we were as good friends as before, visiting back and forth. I went to Dr. Bennin, thirteen years ago. He said my condition was healthy, and he could not tell me what made me ailing. He gave me medicine which did me no good, but made me much worse. I took half of it and stopped. Another year I went to Dr. Kemp. His medicine did me no good, but hurt me. I lived then in the Beech Wood. I had pains all over. Nothing would cure or help them, and my stomach beat like my heart. Gradually I grew worse, and in March, twelve years ago, I went to Jefferson to see Dr. Wolfreen. He gave me medicine, and said he knew what ailed me. At first I thought it did me good, but after taking a bottle of it I got down sick. Markert then lived in the Gannpler place. Dr. Wolfreen came to my house, and was surprised to see how bad I was. It was reported around then that I would die—starve to death. I had pains like filling teeth. All at once I got better. Two weeks after I got better I met Markert. He said he had heard that I was awful sick. I said I had been. He said he had met the Doctor and had asked him if I was dangerously sick, and the doctor said I was. I went to Jeffersonville with Markert that time, but he did not touch me on the way, and I continued getting better. He moved away to Rockville, Conn., the year after.

"I was getting better every year then until Markert came back to our house. I first saw him at our house, and there we shook hands. After that I had worse pains than I ever had before. They were in my head and legs and in my side. If I bought patent medicine the first bottle did me good, but the next made me worse than I had been. Then I let go of that and took the pills, with no better luck. Markert visited me two or three times a year till a year ago last spring. A year ago last spring he came to my house and we shook hands, and I took him in the cellar and treated him to cider. I got at once strange feelings in my eyes. We went up stairs and sat down, he opposite me. He stroked his whiskers."

THE EFFECT OF STROKING HIS BEARD.

Here old man Heidt leaned forward and pulled his own grizzled beard. His eyes stared into those of the Coroner. "He stroked his whiskers and twisted his hand at the end of each stroke as if he was throwing something from them at me. He saw that I noticed it and he stopped. When I turned my head he did the same thing again. I went and looked in the glass. My face was yellow, with a blue rim around my eyes. He then went home. I told my wife to look at my face, and that Markert was a witch and had cast a spell upon me. She told me she couldn't believe that he would do such a thing because he talked so much religion. I told her I thought he had done it.

"The next Sunday he came again and did the same thing. Again my face turned yellow and blue and I had pains all over. Then he came the third Sunday and I wasn't home. I had been to church in the morning and had walked to Jeffersonville. At just the time Markert called at the house and stroked his beard the thing came upon me in Jeffersonville, and when I got home I said to my wife that Markert had been here. She asked me why, and I told her. She didn't believe it. From that time I had pain three days in the week, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, until in July, when he came to my place again and asked me how I was. I asked him how a man who was sick all the time would be. He came the next Sunday and wanted a satisfaction piece on the judgment. I gave it to him. From that time my trouble changed, and the pains would begin any day in the week and last three successive days. It was in my eyes and brain, and when it went off I had a peculiar feeling in my breast.

MARKERT'S LAST VISIT TO HEIDT'S HOUSE.

"The last time Markert came to my house was in December, 1890. A month later he wanted me to file a saw for him. I wouldn't do it, for to look at it gave me pain. I went to Dr. Hazio after that. He prescribed vapor baths. I took the baths, and then he prescribed medicine. I took it, and it made me a great deal worse. I had pains in my face every day and all the time. Then I went to a hospital. I was there two weeks and got no relief. They gave me medicine three times daily, which I couldn't take, and they said they didn't know what ailed me. The professor examined me and found me sound, but he shook his head afraid like, and seemed glad when I went away.

"I couldn't eat or sleep then. I came out of the hospital then and I had a conversation with a woman. She asked me why I went to the hospital. I told her I was to get relief from my troubles. She said medicine would not help me. She told me a man had put the trouble on me. She said I should not shake hands with any man. She wrote something for me on a piece of paper. She said I should not look at it, but I should carry it all the time and that I if I did I would get better. I saw her again six weeks later, in March, 1891. Before I saw her I got pains in my stomach. After the second visit the pain left my stomach and went to my limbs."

This woman's name, the old man said, was Mrs. Stein, and she had a place in Eighty-fifth street in New York city. He couldn't tell the number. He was at her house two hours and had to wait his turn to see her. He continued:

"After seeing Mrs. Stein the second time I came back home, and then I went to see Markert. We were alone. I told him he was the man who had patted me on the shoulder and said, 'You are a good, a right good brother-in-law,' and I tried to make him take the words back, but he only laughed. At that time I had a feeling in my legs as if ants were crawling up and down. This continued until November, 1891. Then I went to see my brother in Bradford, Pa. I stayed there five weeks, and he took me to see the travelling Dr. Clark in Towanda. That doctor gave me two glass bulbs, with a glass tube connecting, and told me to hold them in my hands. The liquid in one was forced over to the other. He told me this indicated heart disease, liver disease, kidney disease, and some other diseases. He was going to fix medicines, but I said I didn't want any.

"I did not tell him I was bewitched. I left Bradford, and went to Pittsburgh, and saw Father Mollinger. He gave me a blessing, and said that I needed no medicine. I did not tell him what ailed me. I expected the blessing would take me off. It didn't. I was there eight days, and I came directly home to Callicoon. I walked from Callicoon depot, and under the railroad bridge I found a revolver and a box of cartridges. I brought it home. The next morning I wrapped it up in rags and hid it away in the haymow. I did not tell any one I had found it. The last time I saw Markert alive was the night of the first Saturday in January. I was down by his house, and saw him through a window at his table."

MARKERT'S DEATH DIDN'T HELP HIM.

The old man stopped talking and sat back in his chair. The Coroner and the lawyers and the jury asked questions. He did not answer them for several minutes. The question, "Are you better than before Markert was killed?" started him again.

"Not a bit," he declared. "There is pain in me now. I saw Markert dead, and saw Dr. Kent extract the bullets from his head. The sight of him dead gave me no relief."

In answer to more questions, the old man said that he had often talked with his oldest son, about being bewitched. He said he had never told Joe that Markert's death would relieve him. The old man said he did not know that it was Markert's habit to visit Hembdt's Half Way House, and that he had never said to Markert that if he came on his place he would never leave it. He denied that he had recently purchased any cartridges or had given money to his boys to purchase any. He knew absolutely nothing about the murder.

MRS. OLERICH'S MURDER.

In the statement the old man did not refer to the loss of his cattle or to the misfortune in his family, and he was asked nothing about them. These are told by his neighbors. His family misfortunes began with the murder of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Olerich. She lived near Jefferson, and one night, five or six years ago, Jack Allen, a tough, broke into her house and murdered her for her little stock of money. The twenty witch believers whispered mysteriously and chalked crosses on their doors. They argued that Jack Allen was no witch, but he must have been possessed of one. They looked suspiciously at Markert. It wasn't long after that that one of Heidt's boys fell from the load of hay and broke his neck. The whispers and the suspicious looks were louder, and then Heidt's two horses, the finest in the community, died of some malady that the local horse doctor couldn't find a name for. Heidt came out plainly and said that Markert had afflicted them. Following on the heels of this came the accidental killing of Adam Heidt's brother. Again it was Markert. He had possessed him to go on the track in front of a train and be killed. Then Heidt's cows didn't give as rich milk as his neighbors' cows did, and one or two dried up. Markert again.

The witch in Eighty-fifth street who had assured Heidt that he was possessed, told him to break the spell he must get Markert's hat and boil it, and then he must with his own hand take the brain from the skull of a dead man and boil it. Heidt told his neighbors about this, but whether he followed the instructions is not known. Heidt had many encounters with Markert. Heidt told of them, and the twenty witch-stricken citizens shook their heads and chalked more crosses on their doors and hung up extra pokers for fear the wicked witch would possess them, too. Some of them burned fires and put them out with water that made an offensive odor. This caused protection for a time. Others looked to a bald mountain that stands off against the sky miles away. If the witch had dared come around the mountain, the mountain would have managed in some way to fall on it, according to these dullards. The barn of a man who thus chalked figures on blocks of wood was burned. The neighbors fought the fire as long as they could. When the heat became too great for them they backed away. The owner only remained. He stood with his back to the blaze bending forward, and mechanically crossing himself and sweeping his hands back and forth in regular time. That was to drive the witch into flames, and compel it to put out the flames or else be destroyed. He held his place till there was nothing left to burn. He went into his house with a neighbor who noticed the chalked-marked block lying on the floor and remarked it. "Oh," exclaimed the unfortunate man, "I had I but had that block I would have cast it into flames and quenched them." The neighbor wasn't superstitious. He seized the block and cast it into the kitchen stove. It burned up. To this day the men haven't spoken, the yarn runs.

Markert maintained his even and inoffensive disposition in the witch's hell until his murder. After the Coroner's jury had rendered its verdict yesterday, and Heidt and his son Joe had been locked up over the saloon in which the inquest was held until they could be taken to Monticello, Joseph was questioned. He believed in witches, he said. He believed they could possess man or beast, and that Witch Markert had possessed his father. "But I didn't kill him," he added.

HE SHOT HIS SWEETHEART.

ANGRY BECAUSE SHE WOULD NOT MARRY HIM AT ONCE.

With Blood Flowing from Her Wound, She Walked with Him to the Priest's House—She is Dying and He is in Jail.

Mary C. J. Brown, a handsome blond young woman, employed by Dr. Charles H. Shelton of Grove street, Montclair, was shot and hurt mortally yesterday afternoon by her lover, Joseph N. Ryan of this city. Mary was maid of all work at Dr. Shelton's home in Montclair. She left this city a year ago. Ryan, who knew her here, loved her and made several visits to Montclair to urge the girl to give up housework and be his wife. She invariably told him that she would be ready to marry him when he quit drinking and gave her some assurance that he would support her properly. Ryan is a house painter, 23 years old, and Mary one year older. She evidently liked him, but had sense enough to refuse to marry a man of his habits. Each time Ryan called upon her he went away angry.

Yesterday Dr. Shelton and his wife went to Brooklyn to attend a wedding, leaving their four children in Mary's care. Michael Coffey, the coachman, was in the house just after dinner and had the youngest child in his arms when Ryan appeared at the kitchen door and asked for Mary. The door between the kitchen and the dining room was open and Mary was busy clearing the dinner table. Ryan saw her from the door step and crossed the kitchen to the dining room. He closed the door between the two rooms and began a conversation with Mary while two of the children were playing on the floor. He was in the room half an hour before Coffey's attention was attracted by angry words. He knew that Ryan was reproaching the girl, but couldn't distinctly hear what he said. Then a shot was fired, and an instant later the girl opened the door and ran into the kitchen, crying. She ran out the kitchen door to the street, and a moment later Ryan came out and started after her. The girl ran along the sidewalk with blood dripping from her dress. She crossed the railroad tracks with Ryan close behind her, and ran up to two men who were standing near Harrison's feed mill.

"Get me a doctor, quick!" she said, but the men turned away without paying any attention to her. Ryan caught up with her at this moment and said:

"Mary, we will settle this at the priest's house."

The girl staggered along at his side until they reached the residence of the Rev. Father Morgan, which was not at home, and then went to the Ssisters' house next door. The Sisters instantly saw the condition of the fainting woman, and sent for Dr. J. Spencer Brown. After examining the young woman he sent for an ambulance and had her removed to the Mountainside Hospital. Ryan rode on the step of the ambulance, and on reaching the hospital he was arrested. He was perfectly calm and gave up a huge bulldog revolver with which he shot the woman. Last night Justice Milligan committed him to await the result of the woman's injuries.

The doctors said last night that the young woman had scarcely any chance of recovery. She was wounded in the abdomen with a 44-calibre bullet, which lodged in her back. An operation was performed at 9 o'clock last night and the ball was extracted. After the operation the young woman rested quietly. She has no relatives in this country. Her parents are in Dublin, and she has been away from home two or three years. Ryan was taken to her bedside last night by Chief of Police Pier, and the girl identified him as the man who shot her. He was then handcuffed and taken to the county jail in Newark.

Ryan told Chief Pier that he was sorry that he had not shot himself after shooting the girl. He was slightly under the influence of liquor when he reached Montclair yesterday, and, it is believed, had purchased the pistol for the express purpose of killing himself. He said the last time she refused to marry him that she would be sorry some day for jilting him. There was considerable excitement around the Montclair police station while he was there yesterday, and threats of lynching were heard, but when the crowd got too large the police dispersed it.

THE PEARY RELIEF PARTY.

Prof. Hellprin Mapping Out the Work for the Expedition.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 27.—Prof. Angelo Hellprin, who has been selected to head the expedition which the Academy of Natural Science will send to the relief of Lieut. Peary, accompanied the original expedition to McCormick Bay, and is regarded by a majority of the members as a man preëminently qualified to command the expedition. Prof. Hellprin is engaged in drawing up the preliminary plans to be submitted to his committee. He said:

"As to the plans for the expedition, they are not as yet in any shape as to details. I have simply formulated the general plan.

"The expedition will start from this city early in June, and leave St. Johns, N. F., in all probability, in the steam whaler Kite, the same vessel which took Peary and his expedition to McCormick Bay. Peary is expect to reach Ellesmille Bay at about the time of the earliest breaking up of the ice pack. This usually takes place about the third week of July, when a free passage is permitted northwestward to Cape York, in latitude 75 degrees 56 minutes. Beyond Cape York the free north water is reached, and in a day and a half or two days' sail I believe we will reach Peary, whom we hope to find safe at his headquarters, Lieut. Peary and his exploring party expected to return to their headquarters in McCormick Bay after the journey over the inland ice in the last week of July. They will be ready to leave on their return southward between Aug. 1 and Aug. 15. The relief expedition will then reach Peary's headquarters about two weeks in advance of his time of departure. A year's extra provisions will be taken for Peary's party in the event of possible emergencies compelling another year's stay in the Arctic region."

The personnel of the relief party, Prof. Hellprin said, had not been as yet decided upon. That was a matter for the committee to consider, and he had not decided yet as to how many members the relief party would consist of. When asked about what he would do if Peary was not found at McCormick Bay, he replied: "The course of action in that event has not been decided upon. It would be almost useless to push inland across the ice, as we would have nothing to guide us. That we shall find the party at McCormick Bay I am confident."

COLLISIONS ON THE RAIL.

Freight Trains Wrecked on the New York Central and Baltimore and Ohio.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Jan. 27.—Both tracks of the New York Central Railroad were blocked this morning near Hyde Park by the collision of two freight trains, several being derailed. Passenger trains, including the north-bound fast mail, were delayed about three hours. No one was injured.

WILMINGTON, Del., Jan. 27.—A long freight train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad broke in two early this morning while going down a grade in Cecil county, Md. The rear section collided with the foremost one, and ten cars were wrecked. There were three oil-tank cars among those wrecked, which took fire and set fire to the rest of the train. No one was injured.

Partner with a Burglar.

FRANKLIN, Pa., Jan. 27.—The trial of H. H. Winans, the church elder, politician, and agriculturist charged with burglary, was continued to-day. Winans shocked some of his neighbors who had come prepared to give evidence of his good character by testifying that he had served two terms in the penitentiary for burglary and sheep stealing.

He denied having had anything to do with the Rouseville Hotel robbery, but upon cross-examination admitted that he had procured the burglar tools for Robinson after the latter had ordered them made, under the impression that they were models for a patent right which Robinson claimed he had. He said that Robinson told him one day that he was a fool, and urged him to give up work and become his "pal." Winans says he indignantly refused, and Robinson threatened his life. The case is in the hands of the jury.

The Jamesburg Bank All Right Again.

NEW BRUNSWICK, Jan. 27.—Cashier Westervelt of the Jamesburg Bank says the bottom facts have been reached and the Hill defalcation is less than $50,000. By advice of Inspector Stone of the Treasury Department the directors have levied an assessment of $15,000 on the stockholders, a part of which has been paid. This will restore the original capital of $75,000 and put the business on a solid basis.

Suit was begun to-day against the old directors of the bank by Frederick S. Parker and John Ely of Freehold. The charge is criminal negligence in not securing a new bond from Cashier Hill after the death of his bondsman, John T. Hill.

Appointed Coroner of Suffolk County.

ALBANY, Jan. 27.—Gov. Flower to-day appointed Charles W. Gordon Coroner of Suffolk county, resident on Fisher's Island, in the place of Alfred J. Holbrook, who was elected last November but failed to qualify.

'TWAS ZACCHARIUS KURZMAN.

Identity of the Young New Yorker Who Didn't Kill Himself in Paris.

A cable despatch from Paris published yesterday told how a young American of 26, whose name begins with K, had tried to kill himself after a short career of dissipation, but was arrested before he could do it. The young man is Zaccharius Kurzman, and he is the son of M. Kurzman of the dry goods firm of M. Kurzman & Son, Grand and Eldridge streets. The father is a wealthy man. His scapegrace son is more foolish than wicked. His father wanted him to settle down and become a business man, but Zaccharius preferred horse racing and roulette. He fell in with a disreputable lot of men and women, and spent so much time in their company that it was agreed, after a long, friendly family meeting, that he should leave the house.

This was about a year ago, and since then his family have heard but little of him. About six months ago he went to Lippman Tannenbaum, a diamond dealer at 65 Nassau street, and said he wanted a pair of diamond earrings and a diamond ring. Knowing the young man's father, Mr. Tannenbaum gave him a pair of earrings worth $250, and promised to send the ring to his house. The earrings were never paid for, and the ring was returned by Mr. M. Kurzman.

The young man went to several jewellers and obtained diamonds which he did not pay for. It is supposed that he lavished all this jewelry on the women with whom he consorted.

About four months ago the people whom he had swindled began to look him up, and then he went to Europe. In Paris his money was soon spent, and he bought a revolver, with the avowed intention of killing himself. An acquaintance notified the police, who afterward gave it out that they apprehended him in the act of aiming the revolver at his head.

His father does not believe that he wanted to kill himself. He thinks the young man simply wanted to create a sensation.

A Concert in Aid of Holy Trinity.

The Church Choral Society, of which J. Pierpont Morgan is President, and Richard Henry Warren musical director, will have an entertainment for the benefit of Holy Trinity Church this evening. It will be given at the church, Lenox avenue and 122d street, at 8¼ o'clock. The programme includes Schubert's "Song of Miriam," Max Bruch's "Jubilate, Amen," and Saint-Saëns's "The Heavens Declare." Mr. Warren will act as conductor. These soloists will participate:

Mrs. Ella Pfaff and Miss Kathrin Hilke, sopranos; Mrs. Adele Laeis Baldwin, contralto; Mr. J. H. Ricketson, tenor; Messrs. Perry Averill, Frederick Billlard, W. R. Squire, and John B. Shaw baritones. Mr. Frank Frost Southwick will be organist. The full chorus of the society and a grand orchestra of forty-five and organ will also be heard.

Business Troubles.

A. Peabody & Co., wholesale dealers in diamonds at 182 Broadway, have put their affairs into the hands of their creditors. They have given a bill of sale to the creditors, and have, it is said, put their assets in trust for the creditors' benefit. The cause of their trouble is said to be the recent loss of a trunk containing diamonds, which was stolen from one of their travellers in the West. It was reported that their loss was more than $25,000. The liabilities of the firm are estimated at $75,000 and nominal assets at $70,000. An offer has been made for a compromise at sixty-five cents.

The offer of Stites Brothers, wholesale jewelers of 51 Maiden Lane, to compromise at twenty-five cents on the dollar has been increased to thirty-five cents.

Ex-Congressman Robinson's Funeral.

The funeral of the late ex-Congressman William E. Robinson of Brooklyn took place yesterday. Brief services were held at the house, 92 Second place, by the Rev. Dr. John Hall of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, and subsequently the body was taken to the Brooklyn Tabernacle. The pall bearers were Benjamin Silliman, Robert Bonner, the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall, Isaac Dayton, Herbert L. Bridgman, and Bernard Peters.

Change of time, North Shore Limited, next Sunday. See New York Central time table.—Adv.

PENNINGTON'S AIR SHIP.

To Build One That Will Carry Fifty Passengers Across the Ocean in One Night.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27.—Mr. E. J. Pennington, the inventor of the famous air ship that bears his name, is in the city. For the past nine years he has been engaged in studying the problem of aerial navigation, and is confident that he has solved it. Mr. Pennington to-day talked to a *Post* reporter. He said that a company comprising some of the wealthiest and most progressive citizens of Chicago had been organized with a paid-up capital of $30,000,000 to build the air ships.

"We are engaged in constructing several small ones," he said, "at our works at Mount Carmel, Ill., and e'er long will proceed to manufacture a ship with which to cross the Atlantic and capable of carrying fifty passengers. The last will require about a year to complete. As soon as it is finished I will cross the ocean in it. In fact it is perfectly feasible to travel in it all over the globe. We will be able to go through the atmosphere at a rate of 200 miles an hour. A man can go to sleep in New York and wake up in London. There is hardly any limit to the uses to which it can be put. A farmer living 100 miles from a city could load up a lot of garden truck, carry it to market, and fly home—all in two hours' time. The mails would be carried from New York to Chicago in five hours. Freight and all kinds of articles could be let down into buildings by means of chutes connecting with the roofs. Carrying the mails will be one of the prime uses of the air ship."

"And what is your ship to be built of?"

"Aluminium, that marvellous metal whose peculiar properties make it specially adapted to aerial machines. It is as light as water, or nearly so. A sheet of the metal will float, though a solid chunk will sink. The buoyancy chamber, car, propeller, engine, and entire machine will be made of aluminium."

Mr. Pennington's machine will fly against the wind, and thereby solves a problem that has hitherto baffled all inventors. The entire scientific world has become interested in his experiments, and he has had correspondence with several leading European Governments about his air ship. He says that Maxim, the famous inventor of improved guns, is at work on a flying machine, in which he is essaying to imitate nature, taking a bird as his model. Mr. Pennington thinks that Maxim will succeed to a limited extent only, though he does not doubt his ability to produce a machine that will navigate the air. So far from injuring the business of railroads, Mr. Pennington is sure that they will be called on to do more traffic than ever. The telegraph did not cause people to cease writing letters. He contends that his air ship will be infinitely safer from accidents than railroad or steamship locomotion, and travel will be greatly cheapened, seeing that no roadbed will have to be kept up and no wear and tear of machinery.

A WOMAN SWINDLER.

Miss Palmer Found Guilty of Obtaining Money Fraudulently.

TOPEKA, Jan. 27.—The criminal suit against Miss Aloysius Marguerite Palmer for obtaining money fraudulently from E. T. McClelland of this city has been on trial in the District Court for several days. Miss Palmer came here last summer from Wichita, and represented herself to be the agent of an Eastern firm engaged in the sale of silk worm eggs. She represented the business as being an unusually profitable one, and said the goods could be purchased and resold at a big increase in price. She was without money, but succeeded in enlisting the interest of Mr. McClelland, who agreed to advance money and take a share of the profits. In the course of three weeks he had invested about $3,000.

Packages of the alleged eggs were received and shipped to various parts of the country, but no money was returned to McClelland. His suspicions were aroused, and upon investigation it was found that the package in transit contained nothing but ordinary mustard seed, which closely resembles the silk worm eggs. To carry her fraudulent schemes into effect she had forged a number of letters purporting to have been received by her in Topeka were shown to be spurious. She induced the operator at the hotel to write the telegrams on the regular blanks under pretense that they were desired as copies of original messages. Her arrest followed this exposure, and she has been in jail several months awaiting trial.

The jury returned a verdict to-day, finding the defendant guilty as charged. She betrayed no emotion on hearing the verdict, and has been apparently indifferent throughout the proceedings. She has not yet been sentenced. The penalty for the offence is imprisonment in the penitentiary at hard labor for one to five years.

Miss Palmer is about 28 years of age, of refined manners, and prepossessing appearance. Her personal deportment has been beyond criticism.

WATCHED HIS SISTER'S GRAVE.

Mr. Benninger Says the Doctors Wanted Mrs. Powell's Body—The Grave is Sunken.

WILKESBARRE, Jan. 27.—The people of Ashley, a small town near here, are greatly excited over what appears to be a grave-robbing case. On Jan. 11 Mrs. Robert Powell died of an attack of black jaundice, a disease very uncommon and which has lately been exciting the attention of many physicians. On Jan. 14 the woman was buried. Her brother, Joseph Benninger, was in the last carriage of the procession and, being ill, did not reach the grave until the coffin was being lowered. Then he noticed that the grave was not more than two feet deep. He spoke to the sexton about it, and told him of the excuse that a large rock had been struck while digging.

After the coffin was lowered the sexton only threw a little dirt on it, saying he would finish the work afterward. Benninger returned to his home, but felt ill at ease, because several physicians had made offers to him for the body. After supper he went toward the graveyard and met a little boy who told him that a couple of strange men had asked him if Mrs. Powell had been buried yet, and then hurried off to the graveyard.

Benninger then resolved to watch the grave all night and armed himself with a pistol. When he reached the cemetery he found the grave had been filled. He watched for three nights, but saw nothing suspicious, after that a snowfall covered the grave. To-day the discovery was made that the earth over the grave had sunk in, as if the coffin had been removed and the grave filled. The woman's husband was consulted, and to-morrow the grave will be opened.

Church and Parsonage Burned.

ALBANY, Jan. 27.—Fire was discovered at 4:15 this morning in the French Church of the Assumption on Hamilton street, and in ten minutes the entire structure, which was a frame one, was wrapped in flames. The priest in charge, Father Lavigne, rushed in to save the sacrament, but he had to turn and flee for his life. In half an hour nothing but bare, blackened posts remained. The flames spread to the pastor's house on the west and to a four-story brick and three two-story frame houses on the east. The entire Fire Department was called out, and for at least five hours there was a hard fight, the firemen gradually getting the better of the fire. The pastor's house was thoroughly wrecked and the frame dwellings occupied by nine colored families, were entirely destroyed. Not a vestige of the church property was saved. The entire loss is about $20,000. The church was valued at $10,000 and was insured for $8,000. The thermometer registered four degrees below zero, and a high wind was blowing. The firemen suffered intensely with cold, some of them being literally encased with ice an inch thick, and which had to be broken by their comrades so that they could walk.

Four alarms were rung in rapid succession until by 2 P. M. to-day several dwellings on Fulton street, a grocery on Green street, three dwellings on Charles street, and the Albany Boys' Academy had all been ablaze and more or less damaged by the flames. By active efforts the firemen succeeded, in spite of the wind and freezing water, in extinguishing the fires before the total damage amounted to much over $50,000.

To Inquire Into Jansen's Sanity.

August Jansen, who was arrested last Thursday on complaint of John P. Duncan of 9 East Sixty-fourth street, who declared that Jansen had annoyed members of his family, especially his daughter Annie, by sending threatening letters and accosting them on the street, was arraigned at Jefferson Market yesterday. Mr. Duncan lodged an additional charge of insanity against the prisoner. He said that Jansen imagines himself a member of the Duncan family. Justice Grady committed Jansen to Bellevue Hospital for examination, specifying that in case he is pronounced to be of sound mind he is to be brought back to court to answer the original charge of disorderly conduct.

"Kill the Traitor."

Michael Conway of 16 Clarkson street says that as he passed the livery stable at 308 West Houston street, last night, he saw a man on the roof, who snarled and cried loudly: "Kill the traitor." Conway started on, was knocked down by a blow on the head, and came to himself in St. Vincent's Hospital. He had been struck by a piece of hardened asphalt thrown from the roof. The police think there was a maniac on the roof.