"IF YOU SEE IT IN The Sun IT'S SO."

The Sun.

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LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE.

ALL BRITAIN SEIZED WITH THE MISSING WORD CRAZE.

The Latest Advertising Scheme of the Cheap Weeklies Clogs the Post Offices and Forces the Government to Investigate with a View of Stopping the Swindle—France Still Struggling with the Panama Scandal—The Life Story of One of its Most Interesting Figures—Cholera Figures from Russia Showing that the Cholera has not Succumbed to the Frosts.

LONDON, Dec. 3.—Many of her Majesty's Post Offices have displayed signs this week reading, "No More Shilling Postal Orders: All Sold." This is the latest effect of the "missing word craze" which has seized Britain. One pool alone, that managed by *Pearson's Weekly*, received during the week ending on last Tuesday more than 217,000 shillings, each accompanied by a guess as to the missing word in a phrase printed the week before. The sentence occurred at the end of a paragraph describing the practice of the Romans, who, when they invaded Britain, are said to have beaten their bare legs with nettles in order to neutralize the effect of the cold. The closing sentence was: "To our minds such vigorous treatment hardly seems ——" The $54,000 in the pool was divided among the 370 individuals who sent in the word enjoyable, each receiving the snug sum of $145 for one shilling risked. It looks like an easy trick, especially if one makes judicious use of a book of synonyms and sends in fifteen or twenty words with as many shillings. At all events, the little game has captured John Bull's rapacious heart, and from Aberdeen to the Lizard the silver streams are pouring into London. The pool mentioned is but one of a dozen. The amount paid in for the current week will probably exceed half a million shillings, or $125,000 here. Here is a great fad, almost unknown a month or six weeks ago, suddenly developed into national importance, and of all others, slow, conservative John Bull is the victim. With what superior scorn he would look on if France or America should be swept by such a mental contagion! Already public moralists have raised a loud protest, and the big London dailies, which print carefully prepared raves tins every day, have united in condemning the new craze on high moral grounds.

Mr. Gladstone's Government has been compelled to take paternal cognizance of the people's reckless scramble to get something for nothing. The Treasury has summoned one of the pool managers, the publisher of *Pick Me Up*, to answer in the Police Court on Monday for violation of the Lotteries act. All the publishers running word competitions will unite in the defence of the new craze. Their main reliance is that competitions are contests of skill not of chance, and they quote high legal authority in their support. The country is breathlessly awaiting the issue. Mr. Asquith, Home Secretary, says that if the competitions are not pronounced illegal under the existing laws, he will ask Parliament for a special enactment prohibiting all prize competitions which are now the chief features of cheap weeklies.

The mud of corruption in which the Government and the press of France are being dragged has grown deeper and blacker this week. Nobody can yet say what the disgusted nation which is watching the sorry spectacle will do. The charges of wholesale bribery in connection with the Panama enterprise have at length something tangible to rest upon, and most people now believe that the very worst features of the current accusations will be proved. Politically the situation is not encouraging, and guesses upon the outcome are not worth making. Nobody presumes to forecast the *Cabinet d'autopsie*, for as such the new Ministry, owing to the issue which gave it birth, will be known. The Panama scandal itself receives much greater attention than the political complications which have grown out of it. It is a matter of some surprise that any revelations at all have been made before this extra-judicial body. The Committee of Thirty-three of the Chamber, the Judiciary, and Public Prosecutor have prevented the disclosure of the principal part of their evidence, but the fact that much has already appeared leads to the impression that many sensational facts are in reserve.

The most interesting figure that has appeared in the investigation is Arton, the banker, so called. If half that is told of him be true he will take a prominent place among the adventurers of the age. The following sketch of his recent history is printed to-day. For several years he had a commission of 10 per cent. on all dynamite sold in France, and in this manner received annually from the Panama Company $24,000. In June last the directors of the dynamite company accused Arton of speculating extensively in the name of the *Société de Dynamite*. The financier admitted that he had done so. He stated that he intended to repay the company, and asked for three months' grace. The directors replied that a general meeting of the shareholders was at hand, and explanations then become necessary. At the utmost they could only allow twenty-four hours. Arton said that it was impossible to meet the obligations in that limited time. He was then told that law proceedings would be commenced against him. All this took place in the afternoon. Arton went off to amuse himself according to his custom. The next morning he telegraphed for the news to an official of the Société. He was told that a summons had been issued. He went to Voisins and lunched with two friends. He told them that he had a pistol and wanted to know how to kill himself. The friends told him not to think of such a thing, especially as he had so many people in his power. On their advice he left Paris and took private lodgings in London, first securing by some means $30,000 in cash. He gave one of his friends a thick packet on which were words enjoining that it should be burned in case of Arton's death or of his disappearance for two months. In July Arton wrote from London for the envelope, and also asked his friend to get Baron Reinach to use his influence in order that the legal investigations against the fugitive should not be carried to excess. Arton also wrote to a friend, telling him that he himself had asked Reinach by letter to calm the zeal of M. Goron of the detective department, who was on his track in London. Meanwhile one of his friends had visited Reinach, and was told to see Arton regarding the incriminating Panama documents. The friend, carrying the big envelope, went to London and found Arton. The envelope, when opened, contained letters, note books, and an address list of the Deputies. The friend, having conferred with the fugitive, went back to Baron Reinach, and soon afterward Arton was left in peace by the police.

Since then, the story goes on to say, Arton is a new man. He has changed not only his name, but his personal appearance. Before the final transformation scene was effected the financier paid a furtive flying visit to Paris in order to see a lawyer. Latterly he was in Cologne, but is now in a city where he is endeavoring to rebuild his fallen fortunes.

There is great anxiety in financial London over the condition of the Trustees' and Executors' Corporation, which is the largest trust company in England. Its capital is $20,000,000. Its founder's shares of a nominal value of £10 have sold as high as £10,000 each. The price of ordinary shares, on which £5 have been paid in, have within a day or two fallen to £1. The corporation is heavily loaded with the stock and bonds of American breweries, which were floated here three years ago, and which are now non-dividend paying.

Great interest in the religious world attaches to the publication in Paris of a translation of the recently discovered manuscript of the Apocryphal Gospel of Peter. It is a document of the early half of the second century, and the copy discovered in an Egyptian tomb is judged to have been made in the eighth century. This new account of the resurrection is given: "There was a great voice from heaven, and the soldiers saw the heavens open and two men descending thence with a great light and approaching the tomb, and the stone which was put at the door rolled away of itself, and departed on one side, and the tomb was opened and both the young men entered it. When, therefore, the soldiers saw it they awakened the centurion and the elders, for they, too, were hard by keeping watch, and as they declared what things they had seen, again they see coming forth from the tomb three men, and the two supporting the one, and a cross following them. And of the two the heads reached unto the heavens, but the head of him that was led overpassed the heavens, and they heard a voice from the heavens saying, 'Hast thou preached to them that sleep?' and an answer was heard from the cross, 'Yea.'" There was also found a copy of the lost Apocalypse of Peter. This is a most valuable discovery, for, as the translator indicates, it furnishes the origin of most of the early Christian ideas of hell. Much of the later literature on the subject is traceable to this now restored document. A single quotation shows its nature: "And I saw also another place over against that other, and it was a place of chastisement, and those that were being chastised, and the angels, that were chastising, had their raiment dark according to the atmosphere of that place, and there were some there hanging by their tongues, and these were they that blaspheme the way of righteousness. And I saw the murderers and them that had conspired with them cast into a certain narrow place, full of evil reptiles, and being smitten by those beasts and wallowing there thus in that torment, and there were set upon them, as it were, clouds of darkness, and the souls of them that had been murdered were standing and looking upon the punishment of those murderers and saying: 'O God, righteous is Thy judgment.'" In the same strain the punishments of adulterers, persecutors, blasphemers, false witnesses, and usurers are described.

It is again insisted that the marriage of Princess May and the Duke of York has been decided upon. There is no better authority for the announcement than the inherent probability of such a denouement. It has been discussed and expected ever since the Duke of Clarence was buried, but we may be sure that it will not be announced, or admitted, before the anniversary of the latter's death.

Scandalous rumors have for a few days been in circulation about the name of an occupant of Windsor Castle whose rank in the Queen's household is not humble. The story deals with certain frequent visits paid by the noble gentleman to a young woman of unsatisfactory antecedents who lives at St. John's wood, London. The most remarkable part of the report is to the effect that after there had been an exposure and a domestic scene, the Queen herself endeavored to prevent the scandal becoming public. It may safely be denied that her Majesty would consent to condone improper conduct on the part of any member of her household. The rumors are, however, gaining such wide circulation that some facts are pretty sure to become known.

The Duke of Edinburgh played the violin in an amateur performance of Mackenzie's "Dream of Jubal," in Guildhall, Plymouth, on Wednesday evening, and naturally there was a big audience, the royal fiddler being an unique attraction in the country town. The Duke played on his own favorite Stradivarius, which has been on show at the Vienna Music Exhibition recently, and is said to be worth several hundred pounds. People who have no music in their souls think that it is undignified for a Prince of the blood to fiddle in public, and they are especially indignant in common with naval and military martinets over this Plymouth business. The Duke is the naval Commander-in-Chief of the Plymouth district, and he must have appeared anything but awe-inspiring to the blue jackets who, from the Guild hall gallery, watched him in the orchestra with his violin tucked under his chin, and with his bow wobbling about in the energetic manner peculiar to fiddlers royal and plebeian alike. But after all, fiddling is a very harmless pursuit compared with the amusements of some members of the British royal family, and the Duke of Edinburgh is really a very good musician. Since he assumed command of the Plymouth naval station the Duke has shown that he possesses many amiable qualities previously unsuspected, and the west country people have had a good time because he and his wife, the Czar's sister, have established quite a miniature court, admission to which is not unduly difficult.

The agitation in favor of the abolition of the royal buckhounds has been greatly strengthened this week by a cruel hunt which took place on Tuesday. A couple of deer were carted from Windsor to Marlow, twenty miles away, and one of them was let loose. It proved to be a poor-spirited animal, however, and after trotting aimlessly about for awhile with a crowd of small boys and ruffianly men at its heels it took refuge, dead beat, in a farmyard shed. The other deer was then uncarted and turned out even less satisfactory from a sportsman's point of view. Instead of taking to the open country, as any well-conditioned animal should have done, it ran in to the outskirts of the town, and finally got entangled in a barbed wire fence. There it hung for a time with the hounds close behind, and when it extricated itself it ran around the field with blood pouring from its mouth. Finally it fell down in a dying condition, and the nearest butcher came and drove a knife into its heart. This is misnamed royal sport, for the continuance of which aristocrats and Windsor tradesmen recently petitioned the Queen, as recorded in THE SUN.

The Government pretence of making inquiries before finally deciding upon the retention of Uganda has been disposed of by the decision to send Sir Gerald Portal to report upon the country. Portal is a thoroughgoing annexationist, and the character of his report is a foregone conclusion, but his mission will necessitate grievous delays and considerable expense, which, under the circumstances, it seems scarcely worth incurring.

Cecil Rhodes, Premier of Cape Colony and managing director in Africa of the British South Africa Company, made a stirring speech at the annual meeting of that company on Tuesday. Mr. Rhodes is a man who has absolute confidence in himself, and has the gift of inspiring others with the same quality. He believes that he has a mission to found a great empire in Africa, and has no doubt that he will succeed. He talked airily of running a line of telegraph from Cape Town to Cairo, and a railroad to keep it company in the not distant future. He will bribe the great Mahdi into peacefulness, as he has already bribed the lesser potentates, and tap the riches of Central Africa without firing a shot or paying its native possessors other than a nominal toll. If people will not trust him with their money to carry out these great enterprises and thereby to grow rich, he will find the cash himself. A big audience of city traders, merchants, and bankers cheered the sanguine Cecil Rhodes with remarkable enthusiasm, and there is little doubt that if he wanted to raise a quarter of a million sterling to-morrow he would get it, notwithstanding that the British South Africa Company is still a long way from a dividend paying day.

The national conference of agriculturists has assumed such large proportions that two days, Wednesday and Thursday, of next week will have to be given up to it. The protectionists are sanguine of moulding the conference to their will, and the bimetallists are equally confident that they will induce the great gathering to pronounce in favor of the double standard as the best remedy for the depression which it is the fashion to say is crushing the life out of British agriculture. An attempt has been made to lure the present free trade Minister of Agriculture into the protectionist parlor, but Mr. Gardner has declined the spider's invitation to step in. His letter declining the invitation is, however, very polite, and shows that he fully appreciates the importance of the conference. After carefully considering the matter he has, he says, come to the conclusion, although with some regret, that the official post which he holds precludes him from being present in an independent capacity, but the proceedings of the conference "will be watched by the Board of Agriculture with sympathetic expectation, and suggestions will be considered in the respectful spirit which such a meeting deserves."

Preliminary steps are, it is said, being taken toward the formation of an independent farmers' party, but inquiries warrant the belief that the bimetallists are at the back of this movement, and that it will have no practical result.

The prospectus of a joint stock company to take over the business of the Leyland steamship line, referred to in THE SUN a fortnight ago, has been issued this week. The capital of the company is £800,000, of which £770,000 are to be paid for the twenty-three steamers of the fleet and other plant and the good will of the business. The impression among business men is that a working capital of £30,000 will be quite inadequate. The affair has been promoted by a syndicate which expects to make a profit of £60,000 out of the transaction.

Mr. Gladstone took tea the other day with Mrs. Labouchere, and utilized the occasion to talk politics with her husband, from which facts it is assumed that Mr. Labouchere has been induced to promise to obey dutifully the crack of the party whip next session; but the assumption is quite wrong. Mr. Labouchere will duly play the part of the candid friend, which he has created for himself, and, among other things, he will make a determined attack upon the Government's policy in Uganda and in Egypt.

A well-founded impression prevails in Manchester that the cotton spinners' lockout will not last much longer. The failure to secure the coöperation of the east and northeast Lancashire spinners, or even that of two-thirds of their own body, has set the southeastern masters thinking hard, and their cogitations cannot be pleasant, seeing that their policy is simply driving their business into the hands of the other Lancashire employers, whose well-paid, fully employed operatives are thereby enabled generously to assist the locked-out men.

There were 700 deaths from cholera last week in Russian districts where the temperatures averaged 5° below freezing. These figures show how impossible it is to avoid some recurrence of the epidemic next summer. Systematic local precautions are being quite extensively taken throughout Europe.

An elopement in a London suburb on Wednesday had a most amusing sequel. A young man smartly dressed and a young woman closely veiled were hurrying together toward a railroad station. Suddenly a wagon drove up from behind, and three chimney sweeps alighted in front of the couple. They seized the young man. One stripped him of his coat and waistcoat, while the other poured over his head the contents of a large can containing an oily liquid, while the man who directed the operations threw into his face about a bushel of soot which he took from a bag in the cart. The latter completed the assault by horsewhipping the unhappy youth, and advising him to rehearse the Tenth Commandment without delay. Then, turning to the crowd, which had assembled, he gave his name and address, and informed his hearers that the young man had robbed him of his wife. He directed the woman, who had been crying for mercy, to mount the cart, and she obeying with alacrity, the party drove off, leaving behind them a howling creature of hideous appearance, who, catching up his coat and waistcoat from the ground, darted down a by street into the first open door, which happened to be that of a house in which a number of Salvationists were engaged in devotional exercises. The sudden appearance of such an object naturally suggested the presence of the evil one, but an explanation having been vouchsafed, the young man was allowed to rearrange to some extent his toilet.

The penny-in-the-slot machine has been adapted to the use of the elephants at the Manchester Zoo. When a visitor gives an elephant a penny the animal drops it in a slot and gets a biscuit. There is no use to try to deceive the animals with half pennies. Those despised coins are always flung in the face of the giver. The other day a visitor gave the baby elephant a number of half pennies in succession. All were thrown back. Then two half pennies were given to the animal at the same time. The creature's demeanor changed. For more than five minutes he held the two coins in his trunk rubbing them together and seeming to be pondering deeply. At last it dropped the two halfpence in the box together with the result that the combined weight gave him the desired biscuit, at which he gambolled about in a manner which exhibited extravagant delight.

The famous cat and dog asylum, to which Carlyle's old house is devoted, will probably soon be abolished. For the second time Mrs. Cottill, the eccentric old woman who keeps the menagerie, has been fined for maintaining a nuisance. A sanitary inspector was sent to make a census of the animals yesterday. When by stratagem he gained admission to the dining room he found eleven dogs and six cats. To count these was comparatively plain sailing, but the door of the apartment suddenly opened and in rushed mongrels and tabbies from upstairs and down stairs with a velocity that almost made the inspector's head turn. He manfully tried to continue the census, but the animals refused to stand still. They ran in and out, barking, howling, yelping, mewing, and miaulling in such an inextricable confusion that the enumeration broke down, and neither the police magistrate at Westminster nor the admirers of Thomas Carlyle will ever know the exact number of dogs and cats lodged under the roof of Teufelstroeckh.

All fashionable London this evening attended the first public display of the Montana jewels, made by Streeter, the Bond street jeweller. The Grand Duke Sergius of Russia, the Duchess of Albany, Lord Playfair, and scores of others of the nobility admired the American precious stones, which certainly made a magnificent show, even by the side of the best jewels from other parts of the world. Many large sales were made.

There is a good deal of surprise over William Astor's leasing of the Duke of Westminster's estate at Cliveden for the winter. Cliveden is a beautiful country seat up the Thames, about twenty-five miles from London. It has been used only as a place of summer entertainment by the Duke, and nobody has thought of it as a winter residence. Mr. Astor himself says nothing about his plans. A few weeks ago the Associated Press sent to America an unfounded report that Mr. Astor was insane. In answer to inquiries at that time the Astor family denied the rumor, but at the same time announced that never again would they answer any inquiry or make any communication to a representative of the press.

Paderewski arrived in London to-night to fill next week's engagements before sailing for America on Dec. 14. The great player has quite recovered his health.

"Y. & S." Stick Licorice.
Its increasing sale the test of popularity.—*Adv.*

ANOTHER DOTTIE CROUSE.

IS THIS LITTLE GIRL THE MILLIONAIRE'S NEXT OF KIN?

Her Mother Says So—The Mother Was Once Known as Mrs. D. Edgar Wilson and Is Now the Widow of Siegbert Kosterlitz—The Father's Address Was "D. E. Wilson, Care of Mr. Richards, with D. Edgar Crouse, Esq., Syracuse"—Dorothea Edgarita Crouse Wilson Was Born in England on Sept. 17, 1887, and a Photograph of Her Was Sent to Her Father.

The young woman who calls herself Dottie Crouse, and whose story of her relations with David Edgar Crouse, the Syracuse millionaire, was told in THE SUN yesterday, admitted that she had no legal claim to his name. But there is a Dottie Crouse, a child 5 years old, living with her mother in this city, whose guardians are not at all likely to make a similar admission on her behalf.

Mr. Crouse left an estate computed to be worth $20,000,000, the major part of which he left by will to his "next of kin." The Dottie of to-day's story is alleged to be that next of kin.

The portrait which is given of her is from a photograph which her mother says was taken when the child was three months old. Although the little girl's life has not been a long one, the story which connects her with D. Edgar Crouse and the millions is long enough.

DOROTHEA EDGARITA CROUSE WILSON.

It was in June, 1887, that an advertisement appeared in one of the daily papers of New York announcing that a lady in delicate health, who was going abroad, desired the services of a maid who spoke French, to accompany her and act as a companion. The best of references were required.

One of the women who answered this advertisement, which directed the applicant to apply at a flat between Sixtieth and Seventieth streets, was Mme. Anna Leon. Mme. Leon had been Adelaide Neilson's maid for four years prior to the celebrated actress's death, and her references were so good that she was engaged at once. She found her employer to be a very handsome and interesting woman about 27 years old, who said that she was Mrs. D. Edgar Wilson. Mrs. Wilson explained that she had been living with her husband at a hotel, where he still was. She was ill and expecting in a few months to become a mother, and had left the hotel for the more quiet life of a flat. Her husband had remained at the hotel because he also was ill. Mme. Leon did not see Mr. Wilson, but went with Mrs. Wilson to the hotel, the lady saying that she desired to bid her husband good-by before leaving for England. They took passage that same month, booking with Edwin H. Low, the steamship agent. They were accompanied by a young physician named Brown, who was employed by Mr. Wilson to look after his wife's comfort on the voyage.

On their arrival in London Dr. Brown relinquished his charge to an English physician, who had treated Mrs. Wilson on a trip abroad taken the year previous. This physician ordered her retirement to the quiet little village of St. Leonard-on-Sea, a watering place in Sussex, near Hastings. It was there, on Sept. 17, 1887, that the baby girl whose portrait is published herewith was born, and it was in the parish church of the little village that she was christened Dorothea Edgarita Crouse Wilson, as her baptismal certificate and the parish register of births show. The lace gown which was worn at the ceremony of christening is the same worn by the baby when, three months after her birth, she had her photograph taken by the local photographer, Henry Knight, to send to Papa Wilson in America.

It will be noticed that in christening the child its mother preserved the initials of the father, substituting Dorothea (the gift of God) for David (beloved), and giving a feminine diminutive ending to Edgar. The Crouse family name is also used, the explanation made by Mrs. Wilson being that the child's father had worthy relatives of that name.

During the London season of 1888 Mrs. Wilson was established at 71 Oakley street, Chelsea, S. W., with her maid and companion, Mme. Leon, a nurse, two other servants, and the child Dorothea Edgarita. She was a beautiful woman, and attracted a great deal of attention. Mr Wilson supplied her with a monthly allowance of $500, with which she kept up her establishment in Oakley street, and a hired brougham. She went into society in a small way, and was graciously received. Among others who received her, it is said, were Sir Reginald and Lady Macdonald, and Lady Aylmer of 9 Young street, South Kensington. She was at the Henley regatta; was one of the most noticeable women at the lawn party of the Lyric Club on the Thames, and was also one of the guests at a lawn party given that year by Mrs. Stannard (John Strange Winter) at Putney. She gave an afternoon tea and a little supper to ladies only, during the season.

Mrs. Wilson entertained and was entertained only by ladies. Her beauty is described as remarkable. To a perfect figure were added the attractions of a face almost perfect, from the artist's standpoint, as to every feature. Her eyes were of a deep hazel and her nose small and straight. Her head was crowned by a mass of light brown hair. The only defect of feature was a small scar on the bridge of the nose, which was scarcely discernible and was wholly hidden when Mrs. Wilson wore eyeglasses, which she affected for the purpose. There was no other necessity for their use, for her eyesight was unimpaired. This scar, she explained, was the result of a fall which she had had when a girl in Kentucky, where she was born. She was a daring equestrienne, as are most of the blue-grass belles, but she was thrown and badly injured one day. A skilful surgeon saved her face from permanent disfigurement. She was apparently of gentle breeding, although not highly educated. She was also said to be a very devout woman, and always insisted on daily prayers and Bible reading in her house.

At this period Mrs. Wilson was receiving letters constantly from her husband, whom she always called "Ed," as she explained that she did not like his first name, David. She used to speak of Mr. Wilson frequently, and said that he would probably remain in England a year; that she expected him to come to her within that time, or if he did not she said that she would go to him. She said that he was the son of a millionaire, and that his father did not know of his marriage; that the old gentleman was ill, and that "Ed" wanted to keep the marriage a secret from him.

In speaking of her husband and his letters to her friends, Mrs. Wilson said that he frequently commissioned her to make purchases for him, and that she hated to make them because "Ed" was "so fussy and hard to please." She knew that he would never be satisfied with what she did. Among the purchases which he asked her to make for him were some of silk underclothing of a particular quality. She said, too, that "Ed" complained in his letters that she wrote of nothing but the baby, and that she did not love him any more.

During the season Mrs. Wilson was not at all well. She made a short trip to Paris in the summer of 1888, and in August returned to England, going to Margate.

It was there at the cottage of Mrs. Tudor Harris that she met Siegbert Kosterlitz, to whom she was afterward married, after having obtained a divorce, as she said, from Mr. Wilson. Before meeting Mr. Kosterlitz she had been complaining of Wilson and said that she must be divorced from him; that she had information to the effect that he had been untrue to his marriage vows and that they must be separated. She confided to her friends that Wilson was a man who drank very heavily, and that drink occasioned his frequent illness. Mrs. Wilson was suffering much physically during her sojourn at Margate, and was apparently also disturbed by the neglect of her husband.

The match with Kosterlitz was the result of love at first sight, at least on the part of the man. He was an Austrian Jew interested in promoting syndicates among English capitalists. He had business relations with Col. North, the Nitrate king. He no sooner met Mrs. Wilson than he fell desperately in love with her, and pressed his suit with such ardor that within a month they were engaged to be married, and in October they were married at the Register's.

Mrs. Wilson said to her friends that the divorce from her first husband had been obtained, and that the child, Dorothea Edgarita, had been handsomely provided for; that Mr. Kosterlitz had been informed of her previous marriage, and that he had had some correspondence with Mr. Wilson.

The letters which Mrs. Wilson sent to America were addressed:

"D. E. Wilson, care of Mr. Richards, with D. Edgar Crouse, Esq., Syracuse, New York."

During Mrs. Wilson's illness cablegrams were sent daily to the husband, advising him of her condition.

Mr. and Mrs. Kosterlitz went to live first at Cowan's Hotel. The child of the first marriage, Dorothea Edgarita Crouse Wilson, lived with them and it was said, had been legally adopted by Kosterlitz. Mrs. Kosterlitz's maid, Mme. Anna Leon, continued in her service.

Mr. Kosterlitz, it is reported, was wealthy and had dealings with the Rothschilds, the Goldsmiths, and other of the Jewish financiers of the metropolis, and Mrs. Kosterlitz became a prominent figure at the receptions given by those nabobs.

Her husband took the furnished residence of the Earl of Landsey, at 72 Queen's Gate, S. W. In the summer of 1889 they resided at "The Limes," Anglesea road, Surbiton-on-Thames. Mr. Kosterlitz's place of business was at 1 and 2 Great Winchester street, London, E. C.

News of the death of the elder Crouse reached the Kosterlitz family, while they were residing in Queen's Gate, through the medium of the London edition of a New York newspaper.

Mrs. Kosterlitz is said to have attracted the attention of the Prince of Wales by her great beauty at Homburg in the season of 1889, and to have been presented to him. Neither her husband nor herself, however, was especially flattered by this mark of favor.

In July, 1890, another child was born to Mrs. Kosterlitz—a boy. Her husband died less than a year ago, and Mme. Bello Cole, the singer, who knew her in London, and, who sailed for England from this port last Tuesday on the steamship Lahn, was one of the singers at the funeral.

A woman, who was known as Mrs. Norris from Ohio, and who was said to be Mrs. Kosterlitz's mother, resided with her in Queen's Gate.

There have already been several stories published of Mr. D. Edgar Crouse's entanglement with or possible marriage to a woman named Wilson, who has been referred to as Grace Wilson. Mrs. Kosterlitz's friends know her not as Grace, but as Edna Henrietta. The Grace Wilson of the stories which have been published in descriptions from Syracuse is supposed to be identical with Mrs. D. Edgar Wilson, who afterward became Mrs. Siegbert Kosterlitz, and who is now Mr. Kosterlitz's widow. Mrs. Wilson said that "Ed" did not like her old-fashioned name and called her Grace. Mr. Crouse is said to have lived at different places in this city with her as Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Wilson. Whether there is any proof of a marriage or not no one who knows will say.

Mr. Crouse is reported as having said that this woman, with whom he had admitted relationship, had married a wealthy man in England, but his friends did not believe him. He exhibited to his friends in Syracuse several articles which he said she had sent him from England. There was also a talk of a $500,000 settlement on the estate which, it has been suggested, might have been made by Mr. Crouse during his lifetime to settle on the child of the marriage.

The baby girl was said by those who saw it last year to be the slightest resemblance to its mother, but Mrs. Wilson evidently thinks it was the perfect image of its father. The little one had black eyes and hair, and was as chubby, healthy, and roguish a little child as the fondest parent could wish.

For some days it has been reported that Grace Wilson, in this city with her child, and will present the baby as the next of kin of Mr. Crouse and entitled to his millions. Efforts to find her failed until a SUN reporter located her on Friday evening in an apartment house near Central Park. She found Mrs. Siegbert Kosterlitz residing there with her two children, the one christened Dorothea Edgarita Crouse Wilson at St. Leonard-on-Sea, and the little boy born of her union with Mr. Kosterlitz in 1890.

Mrs. Kosterlitz came to America a few months ago, lived for a time at the Gerlach, and afterward removed to her present flat. Her husband—she calls him her second husband—is said to have left her very wealthy. He is said to have had his life insured for $10,000.

Mrs. Kosterlitz received THE SUN reporter yesterday morning. The first person to greet the reporter after his admission into the reception room was the little girl. She came and roguishly pulled aside the portiere, laughed, and scampered away. She is a stout little person, with a full, laughing face, black eyes, and dark ringlets clustering on her shoulders. Her little half brother, who was represented by his mother as being ill, began crying dismally and the little girl flew to comfort him.

The mother appeared in a few minutes. She is a trifle less than she has been described—a woman of great personal beauty. There was a worn look about her face, however, which indicated that the lady was not in the best of health. She wore a most alluring gown of black and white striped silk, en train, a sort of half-mourning for the husband not yet a year dead.

The object of the visit was make known to her, and she at first affected to know nothing concerning Grace Wilson. The date of her child's birth, the place, her name, and other facts and incidents connected with her life in England were related by the reporter, and a photograph of the child was shown her as evidence of the fact that her history was known.

"Who gave you this information? Where did you get this picture?" she demanded, and added: "My maid must have furnished all this. Is Mme. Leon in the city?"

Her last question was answered by telling her that Mme. Leon was not in the city, and could probably be found at her address, 28 Everington street, Fulham Palace road, Hammersmith.

Having seen that she had admitted her identity, by the reference to her maid, Mme. Leon, Mrs. Kosterlitz said:

"I really have nothing to say of my intentions. I do not know myself what will be done. What interest can the public have in such private matters?"

"The public is greatly interested, Mrs. Kosterlitz, because of the great fortune at stake and the romance connected with the whole matter. It has been told that Mr. Crouse left a child, and that the fortune will be claimed for that child as 'next of kin' under the terms of his will. Will such a claim be made?"

"I can only say in this regard that Mr. Crouse knew very well when he made his will that our child was his next of kin," was the lady's reply. Then she lapsed into silence, which was broken by her remarking: "Mr. Crouse's death was very sudden."

She refused to answer any queries as to whether she and Mr. Crouse were married; to tell who her legal representatives were, as a fact, to give any information regarding herself or her intention as to a contest for the Crouse millions. She ended the interview by saying that she was too ill to discuss the matter further, and that her little boy, the son of her second husband, was also ill and needed her attention.

It was learned later that Steele & Dickson of 40 Broadway are Mrs. Kosterlitz's representatives, but they would furnish no information yesterday regarding their purpose or that of their client in relation to the probate of the Crouse will.

The right of Mrs. Kosterlitz's little daughter to the estate of D. Edgar Crouse depends on the ability to establish the fact that she was born in lawful wedlock, and that D. E. Wilson and D. Edgar Crouse were one and the same person.

An Every Day Christmas Present.
Do you want to make a Christmas present that will be used every day in the year, in the office, the library, the drawing room, the ballroom, or on the street? If so, a Caw's "Dashaway" notepaper or envelopes will fill the bill. Price, $2.50 to $10. Caw's Ink Pen Co., 104 Broadway.—*Adv.*

Chinese Pirates Suffocate Eighty Women in a Cave.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 3.—Advices from Tonquin, received by the steamer Belgic to-day, give an account of an atrocious crime by Chinese pirates in Tonquin. A band of these desperadoes penned up eighty women and children in the caves at Quanghuyen and smoked them to death. The cause of the act is not given, but it was probably because their relatives refused to give sufficient ransom. These pirates operate on both sides of the border, and the latest exploit has been the capture of a high Chinese officer near Nai Hoa in China, not far from the Tonquin line. They demand 20,000 francs, which the Chinese Government regards as excessive.

"Ubique." E. & W. "Ubique."
Our trade mark on your collars, or cuffs denotes perfect form, also superiority of quality and finish.—*Adv.*

New York Central's Buffalo Special—best evening train for Buffalo and Niagara Falls.—*Adv.*

MRS. PEARSALL DIVORCED NOW.

South Dakota Releases Her Entirely from the Wealthy Broker and Clubman.

SIOUX FALLS, S. D., Dec. 3.—A decree of divorce has just been granted to Pauline Spofford Pearsall from Thomas W. Pearsall. The ground alleged was desertion. The parties to the suit are prominent in New York, where Mr. Pearsall is a wealthy broker. Judge G. S. Palmer, attorney for the plaintiff, refuses to disclose any of the facts in the case. Mrs. Pearsall will leave the city in a few days for Boston.

Mr. Pearsall is the head of the wealthy stock broking firm of T. W. Pearsall & Co., in which James B. Houston of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is his partner, and George S. Scott, a wealthy retired banker, is a special partner.

Mr. Pearsall is a member of the Union Club, the Union League Club, the Tuxedo Club, the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, the Down Town Club, and the Riding Club. He has a daughter and two sons, Thomas W. Pearsall, Jr., and Paul Spofford Pearsall. The sons are both members of the Union Club and of several other clubs. Mrs. Pearsall was Miss Pauline Spofford.

Mr. and Mrs. Pearsall obtained a legal separation over a year ago. Mrs. Pearsall went to Europe in July, 1891. She returned in November. That she had gone to South Dakota to obtain a full divorce was not generally known.

SAYS HIS WORDS WERE TRUE.

Father Corrigan Replies to the Archbishop's Secretary.

A SUN reporter called upon Father Corrigan at the rectory in Hoboken last night and asked him if he had anything to say in reference to the statement made by Archbishop Corrigan's Secretary to the effect that it was not true that the Archbishop and Bishop Wigger of the Newark diocese had not been on speaking terms. Father Corrigan furnished this statement for publication:

"The New York *Herald* of to-day quotes the private secretary of Archbishop Corrigan as saying that my statement that 'Archbishop Corrigan and Bishop Wigger were not on speaking terms for years until Cahensiyism united them against Archbishop Ireland and Cardinal Gibbons,' was 'entirely false,' and 'that Bishop Wigger, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland and Archbishop Corrigan have always been of the same mind with regard to what is called Cahensiyism.'

"The young secretary must have thought it unnecessary to ask the Archbishop as to the truth of my assertion, for it was the Archbishop himself who gave me the information on the occasion of the funeral of the Rev. Pierce McCarthy of East Orange several years ago. I was the first priest to leave after the mass, as I was in a hurry to catch a train. I was surprised when, looking back, I saw Archbishop Corrigan walking after me, for it was raining. Archbishop Corrigan had been somewhat late for the service, and it was noticed that neither he nor Bishop Wigger recognized each other as the former entered the sanctuary, and the sudden departure of the Archbishop rendered an interview impossible. I told him how surprised I was that he left so soon, and in such weather, in place of waiting to dine with the Bishop. 'We do not speak, except officially,' said the Archbishop. This emboldened me to say in my old familiar way: 'It serves you right, Archbishop, for it was you that made him what he is.' 'Yes,' said the Archbishop, 'I did some things in New Jersey that I would not do again.'

"There is no secret at all in New Jersey as to the personal relations of the two prelates. Of late, however, there seems to have been a most marked change, and this leads me to the second point of the interview. In my first letter, when speaking of the Cahensiyites, I alluded to the probable source of harmony between the two prelates in these words: 'The Pope is too well acquainted with the state of the country to sanction the policy of those men, or of their few powerful allies, whose pride of their American birth, the cooperation of those allies was not secured through love for Germans or German ideas, nor from opposition to a system of education that exists within their own jurisdictions. The nature of that bond of union has given rise to much conjecture, for it indicated a policy to which the American clergy and laity are opposed. The prelates that favor a compromise, or a modus vivendi, with the public schools represent the true sentiments of the American church. All priests of long experience with the parochial schools favor it.'

"The above was, indeed, a milder way of putting it than the realistic form in which it appeared in the letter of Friday: 'Those men' meant the 'Cahensiyites and their few powerful allies, who boast of their American birth,' included Archbishop Corrigan.

"The term Cahensiyism, it must be remembered, is no longer confined to the mere efforts of Mr. Cahensly toward the appointment of German Bishops in this country, which the Pope has condemned; it has come to mean, also, the outgrowth of that plan, which is being carried out by his followers in this country, who are thoroughly organized as a purely German element, and who, as such, are denouncing the public schools of this country as abominations and endeavoring to Germanize the land by keeping children of German or German-American parents apart from English-speaking Catholics and almost a foreign element in the native land. Cahensyism, then, includes those annual German Catholic congresses that are fomenting discord in the American Church by representing the Church as hostile to its most cherished institutions and by making war on American priests who are honest enough to condemn them.

"That Archbishop Corrigan in the late bitter discussion on education sided with the Germans and with the foreign element generally, and against the public opinion of this country, as expressed by Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland, and encouraged by the Pope himself, there is no doubt; and that this discussion was carried by him and the foreign element to the very verge of great scandal is too well known.

"Mgr. Schroeder in his late address in Germany to the Catholic Congress claimed Archbishop Corrigan as one of their staunchest supporters in America. There is certainly a bond that unites him with Cahensiyites, if not with Cahensiyism, in its strict sense; and the sooner that bond is severed the better will it be for the peace and prosperity of the American Church."

"P. CORRIGAN."

Father Corrigan said last evening that he would probably be defended by the Rev. Dr. Richard Lalor Burtsell of Rondout. Dr. Burtsell is known as one of the most eminent ecclesiastical lawyers in this country. He defended Dr. McGlynn.

Mgr. De Concilio of St. Michael's Church, Jersey City, says that he supposes that he is the "Little Machiavelli" referred to by Father Corrigan in his letter published Friday.