SAID "LIAR!" AND WAS HIT.

NO DUEL YET, BUT PEACE MAY BE BROKEN AT ANY TIME.

Both Are Young Louisianans, and One Is Particularly Hot of Blood—It All Came of a Discussion of That Poker Game When a Player Was Caught Cheating.

The account of a well-known Southerner having been caught cheating at cards in a resort not far from the home of the Southern Society, which was published in THE SUN several weeks ago, has been, among the members of the Southern colony, the subject of much talk and of various conjectures as to the identity of the guilty person. Those who know the secret have kept their mouths closely shut, in accordance with their agreement not to reveal the culprit's name provided he stuck to his part of the contract, never again to indulge in the great American game of draw.

Discussion of this interesting topic has on several occasions given rise to hot words, and more than once interference has been necessary in places where Southerners congregate to prevent a serious breach of the peace. Such interference has as a rule been effective in preventing an outbreak, but as a result of a meeting between two young Louisianians in a well-known café up town last week, peace was not restored until the lie had been passed, several blows had been struck, and a challenge had been given. In spite of the present truce, the friends of the two young men are watching them both closely.

One of the young Louisianians is employed in a down-town office, and the other lives in Louisiana, but is spending a few weeks in New York, which, to the people of the far South, is the most pleasant summer resort on the continent. The two had been friends in Louisiana when they were boys. About a week after the visitor's arrival the two were sitting in a café—it was pretty late, and they had been doing the town—exchanging reminiscences, as brotherly and affectionate as comrades ought to be under the influence of a cold bottle and good cigars.

But whenever two Southerners have met in the last few weeks the story of that game of cards has been discussed. It is a painful subject to men from the south of Mason and Dixon's line, yet they talk it over in all its bearings.

"That was a most unfortunate affair," said the visitor. "It is almost beyond my belief. Just who that man was ought to be made public. I have heard the charge laid at the door of several men, and I don't believe any of them is the guilty person. It is most lamentable, and for the sake of all Southern men in New York the culprit should be exposed."

"Don't let that worry you," said the other. "We all know who he is, and I believe you have ceased to worry about it. Of course I don't like to name him. He was a good fellow, and I hope this will teach him a lesson and that he will be able to live it down. I don't mind telling you, however, in confidence, of course, who it was."

The visitor expressed great eagerness to know the name of the cheat, and after a promise of secrecy had been exacted his friend said:

"Well, it was —— of Georgia."

The visiting Louisianian was horrified. Then indignation and anger overpowered him. For a moment he did not speak and turned pale and red in turn. Then gathering himself together he jumped to his feet and shouted:

"You lie, you scoundrel! and you know it! You wouldn't dare say that to that man's face. He is one of the most honorable men in this country, and you are uttering a vile and malicious scandal, which you know is a lie when you say it."

The words came so thick and fast that they had been spoken before the surprised New York-Louisianian could reply or remonstrate. Then he jumped up and struck straight out from the shoulder across the onyx table. The blow landed squarely on the left cheek of the swarthy Louisianian, and he staggered back against another table, and was caught in the arms of a waiter. He quickly regained his feet and dashed at the other with an undercut which smashed a stud button into smithereens. They clinched, and each reached for the other's hair, but the waiters interfered and the two friends were persuaded to cease active operations while in the café. Both were groomed up, after which they took their departure with the declaration from each, "You will hear from me in the morning."

The resident Louisianian did not sleep well that night for pondering over the reason which caused the outbreak on the part of his friend. To his discomfiture he learned the next morning that the man he had charged with being a cheat was engaged to marry the sister of the fiery Louisianian, who had known and esteemed the Georgian for years. The Georgian's defender, knowing that a challenge would not be tolerated in New York, sent an acquaintance to his former friend and present enemy with this brief message written on his card: "I leave this afternoon for Bristol, Tenn."

The acquaintance, with two or three others, who knew both the Louisianians, found their man still in bed. A few hours had cleared his brain, and he was now conscious that he had asserted as a fact what he had heard as a rumor. He was stinging under the insult of having been called a liar, however, and said that though he had been too hasty, he was unwilling to retract anything he had said. The party of friends then and for hour or two prevailed upon him to sign a paper acknowledging that he did not know what he was talking about, and that all the information he had was a vague rumor. Armed with this paper the friends succeeded in smoothing matters over to some extent and preventing immediate meeting. The trouble was revived a day or two later by the story of the meeting in the café coming to the ears of the Georgian who had been accused. The pipe of peace was broken, and he started off on the warpath. His war howls were heard by some members of the volunteer peace commission before active hostilities had begun, and couriers were immediately sent out with news of the treaty of peace. They found the Georgian with hair dishevelled and fire in his eye preparing a missive, and he sent to his accuser, denouncing him as all sorts of scoundrels, and calling on him for that sort of satisfaction which brings only ridicule now in the South as well as in the rest of the country. The treaty of peace made him still more furious.

"Why, the scoundrel," he said "acknowledges that he didn't know what he was talking about. That makes it worse, and he shall not escape my chastisement." However, the Georgian needed only a little wheedling. He consented to let the matter drop "for the present."

His friends do not fear any unseemly action from him. It is that young Louisiana tiger that makes them uneasy, and they anxiously await his return to his lair in the canebrakes of the Mississippi. Yet no one is willing to suggest to him that his presence anywhere else than in New York would be most agreeable to his friends.

SUSIE MURRAY'S DISAPPEARANCE.

She Dropped Out of Sight While Visiting New York With Her Sister and a Friend.

Susie Murray and her sister Anna, who live in Albany, and Etta Spaulding, who lives at 924 Twenty-fifth street, West Troy, came to New York Monday to visit Mrs. John Smith of 173 Bleecker street, a cousin of the Murray girls. Mrs. Smith introduced them to several young men who aided her in making their stay a pleasant one. Last Tuesday evening one of the young men, a good-looking Italian named Joseph Russo, who is 19 years old and lives at 175 Bleecker street, took Susie out to buy her ice cream. The girl has not been seen by her friends since.

When questioned the next day Russo said that he didn't know what had become of Susie. When it got around to Wednesday night, and still no trace of the girl had been found, Anna Murray returned to Albany, thinking her sister might have gone home. On Thursday Mrs. Smith received word from Anna that Susie had not reappeared. Then Miss Spaulding went around to the Mercer street police station and told the story of Susie's disappearance to Detective Caddell. Caddell arrested young Russo. Yesterday the Italian was arraigned in the Jefferson Market Police Court. After being sharply questioned by Justice Hogan he admitted that he spent Tuesday night with Susie at the Rochester Hotel in Bleecker street. The next morning, he said, she told him that she was tired of New York and wanted to go home. So he gave her $1.50 and put her on a horse car. That was the last he saw of her.

During the proceedings Mrs. Smith eyed Russo fiercely. Russo seemed to take offence at this, and he turned to the Justice and said:

"Why, when I went out with the girl on Tuesday night that woman knew just where we were going, for she said: 'Well, I suppose you'll be out all night?' I said 'Yes,' and she laughed."

Mrs. Smith looked indignant at this, and said it was a lie.

"What I said, Judge," she continued, "was 'I suppose you'll be back after you have your ice cream?'"

Justice Hogan discharged Russo from custody.

"If the girl doesn't turn up soon, however," he added, "it will go hard with you."

The prisoner then walked out of the court room. Justice Hogan ordered that Etta Spaulding be kept in custody until her parents had been notified.

Susie is 17 years old, and is described as black eyed and pretty. Anna is two years older.

ENDORSED HOME CO-OP.

A Check to the Home Insurance Co. that the "Co-op." Tried to Cash.

In the suit of the Home Insurance Company against the Home Coöperative Insurance of New York and Kings Counties Justice O'Brien, in the Supreme Court, yesterday adjourned to Aug. 4 the argument on a motion to continue a temporary injunction. Secretary Blatt of the defendant company, after calling on Lawyer William Ives Washburn, attorney for the plaintiff, and asking for time, appeared in court without a lawyer and said that his company had not yet authorized him to employ counsel.

Isaac Nagel of the firm of Nazel & Chopkowsky, clothing manufacturers of 26 Walker street, told the reporter yesterday this story of his experience with the defendant company:

"An acquaintance of mine named Jacobs, who said he was an agent of the company, asked me to help him along by taking out a policy. We were fully insured at the time, but, purely out of personal friendship to him, I agreed to take out a policy for $3,000, provided it was the real Home Insurance Company. He assured me it was the original company. He produced a card like the one printed in THE SUN. The word 'coöperative' was not visible to the naked eye. I asked him a second time, however, in order to be doubly sure. He assured me that to the best of his knowledge and belief he was representing the Home Insurance Company. My partner and I then applied for a policy of $3,000. The next day a collector of the company called with the policy and asked for $90. I told him 2 per cent. was enough to pay for a policy. He finally agreed to take $60. He insisted, however, on having the money before he delivered the policy. I refused to pay him until I had had an opportunity to see if the policy was all right. He went away. The next day a third man called and gave me the policy, saying that Mr. Jacobs vouched for me. A few days later the collector called again. He asked for the $60. I asked him if he represented the original Home Insurance Company. He said that he did. I asked him three times, in order that there might be no mistake. He assured me it was the original company. Then I gave him a check on the Bowery Bank for $60.

"That was on June 28. The check was payable to the Home Insurance Company. After the collector had gone an insurance agent, with offices in Cedar street, dropped in. I showed him the policy. He said it was in another company, and not on the Home Insurance Company. I was too late to go to the bank that day, but the next morning I called at the bank, and found that a representative of the Home Coöperative Insurance Company had called as soon as the bank opened and got the checks certified. When it came back to the bank it was endorsed, 'Home Co-Op. Insurance Company.' The bank threw it out on account of improper endorsement.

"Then I hunted up Jacobs, who told me that it was represented to him that he was employed by the Home Insurance Company. Next I went to the office of the Coöperative Company. It is a dingy place on the fourth floor of the *World* building. I had to go to the superintendent of the building before I could find it. I found Secretary Blatt in the office. I told him that I had been imposed upon. He looked at me, and said: 'Mr. Nagel, you have kept that policy several days, haven't you?' I said that I had. 'That settles it,' he said. 'It doesn't matter what you say, you cannot have your money.' I remonstrated. Then Mr. Blatt jumped up and said: 'If you don't get out of this office I will call one of the watchmen to throw you out. He will do it, too.' I tried to explain. 'Get out,' said Mr. Blatt. 'If you don't, I will have you thrown out.'

"I went away, as I didn't want to get into any row. The Coöperative Company, I suppose, still has the check for $60. They cannot cash it unless they forge the endorsement of the Home Insurance Company, for I drew the check to the order of the latter company. They are simply causing the Bowery Bank to hold $60 of my account, because the check is certified. Suit has been brought, and on Aug. 1, in the City Court, the whole matter will be sifted."

THEIR $10 A DAY.

Mr. Myers in Doubt About Paying Engineer Birdsall and Postmaster Dayton.

Comptroller Myers asked the Corporation Counsel yesterday for an opinion involving the right of Postmaster Dayton and Chief Engineer Birdsall of the Department of Public Works to receive pay for their services as members of the Commission for the improvement of Park avenue by the raising of the tracks of the New York and Harlem Railroad from 106th street to the Harlem River. The law requires the city to pay one half the expenses, not to exceed in the aggregate $750,000. The railroad company foots the bills and calls upon the city to reimburse it one half. The claim before the Comptroller for settlement shows that a part of the railroad company's outlay is represented by salary at the rate of $10 a day paid to each of the four Commissioners. The Comptroller refused to pay the claim because part of it represented money paid to Mr. Birdsall, who has a salary as Chief Engineer of the Croton Aqueduct. Section 59 of the Consolidation act says:

> No officer of the Corporation shall be or become, directly or indirectly, interested in or in the performance of any contract, work or business, or the sale of any article, the expense, price, or consideration of which is payable from the city treasury.
>
> No payments to Commissioner Dayton since he became Postmaster are represented in the claim under consideration, but the Comptroller asked for an opinion which might control him with regard to future payments. The Comptroller refers to section 1,763 of the United States Revised Statutes, which is as follows:
>
> No person who holds an office, the salary or annual compensation of which amounts to the sum of $2,500, shall receive compensation for discharging the duties of any other office, unless expressly provided by law.

Postmaster Dayton said yesterday that the matter of compensation bothers him very little, and that he is most interested in seeing the improvement completed for the benefit of the people and property of Harlem.

No Mercy for Blanckensee.

Among the prisoners sentenced by Recorder Smyth in General Sessions yesterday was Julius Blanckensee, who had been convicted of appropriating $11,000 belonging to the widow of Capt. Wiltse of the United States war vessel Boston. Blanckensee was Capt. Wiltse's confidential man. In passing sentence Recorder Smyth referred to a petition asking him to deal leniently with the prisoner; why he could not conceive, as Blanckensee was a scoundrel who had robbed his benefactress. He sentenced Blanckensee to five and a half years in Sing Sing.

Congressman Warner and Lieut. Barnett of the United States Navy were among those who petitioned for mercy for Blanckensee.

Suing the City for $350,000.

The West Shore and Ontario Terminal Company, through its counsel, Ashbel Green, has brought suit in the Supreme Court against the Mayor and the Dock Commissioners to compel them to perform a contract for the purchase of all the right, title, and interest of the company in the northerly side of old Pier 33, at the foot of Jay street, and the southerly half of old Pier 34, at the foot of Harrison street, including the bulkhead and wharf property on West street between the two piers, together with all the easements and privileges thereto. The company says that the city agreed to buy for $350,000 and has taken possession, but declines to pay.

Miss Dauvray Disobeys a Court Order.

Helen Dauvray, the actress, was served with an order to appear before Justice O'Brien, in Supreme Court, Chambers, yesterday for examination in supplementary proceedings. She did not appear, and her default was noted. The proceedings were brought by Manager Henry C. Miner on a judgment obtained by default for $501.53 for money lent to Miss Dauvray a year ago.

Miss Dauvray is now acting in "The Prodigal Daughter" at the American Theatre. Mr. Miner's attorneys can, if they choose, apply for an order for her arrest for contempt.

Have Paid Rent Ahead, but Must Go To-day.

All the tenants in the four-story tenement house 661 First avenue will be evicted at 9 o'clock this morning by order of the Board of Health. The owner was notified a month ago to put the house into good condition, but nothing was done. The tenants complain that a day or two ago the owner compelled them to pay the rent for August in advance.

Club for Enlisted Men of the Navy.

The United States Navy Club has been incorporated, and will establish a club house in this city for men serving on United States ships. The trustees are Charles H. Broome, Charles T. Chase, Patrick Herlihy, John Winn, W. L. Luce, Charles B. Graves, George W. Bice, Ralph Harlington, A. F. Perkins, and William Lynott.

Ex-Sheriff's Shortage Over $40,000.

WHEELING, July 28.—Ex-Sheriff Curtis of Brooke county was brought here and lodged in jail this morning. Investigation shows the amount of Curtis's shortage in State and county funds will be over $40,000.

World's Fair Excursion.

Fast time to Chicago, via West Shore Railroad, $17 for return ticket; 10 A. M. Aug. 1, 7, and 19.—Ads.

IMPRISONED IN A CELLAR.

POLICE CALLED UPON TO PROTECT AN EPILEPTIC GIRL.

Her Mother Shut Her in the Cellar When She Was Violent and Her Twin Brother Doused Her There With Cold Water.

Mamie Dunk, an epileptic, 10 years old, was taken to the Flatbush Hospital from her home at 391 Grand street, Williamsburgh, last night, in consequence of a complaint made by neighbors that she was being treated cruelly. It is alleged that she was imprisoned in a dark cellar, and that her twin brother doused her with pailfuls of cold water.

The neighbors have been talking of the case for some time. The girl's mother, Mrs. J. Dunk, keeps a second-hand clothing store. William Strauss, the owner of the house, went there on Thursday afternoon, and discovered that the young woman was in the cellar. He went to the Bedford avenue police station, and told Sergeant Kieran about the case.

Policeman Thomas Tracy was sent to the house. He saw Mrs. Dunk, who told him that her daughter was so violent at times that it was necessary to put her into the cellar for safe keeping. She added that at night her daughter screamed and kept the neighborhood awake, while in the daytime the girl was so violent at times that the six dressmakers employed in the store were afraid for their lives.

When the policeman asked Mrs. Dunk where her daughter was, the woman promptly replied, "In the cellar." While she was showing Tracy the way into the hall, he heard moaning in the cellar and asked Mrs. Dunk if that was the girl.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dunk, "that's her. She had a pretty bad spell and tried to kill us with an axe. Then we put her down there until she got over it."

When the policeman got to the cellar door in the hall he found the twin brother there with a big pail of water beside him.

"She's down there," said the twin brother to Tracy. "Don't go down, for she'll brain you. She's got an axe."

Just then the policeman heard a weak voice saying, "Oh, help me; I'm dying."

"Come here; I won't hurt you. I want to help you," called Tracy.

The cellar was pitch dark. After listening a moment Tracy heard footsteps.

"Come," he said again. "I want to help you. Don't be afraid."

"Please don't throw any more water upon me; oh, don't kill me that way," sobbed the young woman.

Slowly she came to the cellar stairs. By a light from windows in the rear Tracy saw a tiny, emaciated woman. She looked appealingly at him for a moment and then lifted her arms and said:

"Please don't hurt me; please don't throw water over me."

As the woman said this the twin brother raised the pail of water and asked the policeman to step aside.

"What are you going to do?" asked Tracy.

"I'm going to throw this over her so that she gets out of her fit," replied the young man.

The girl had seen the pail of water raised and had disappeared in the darkness. The policeman ordered young Dunk to put the pail down. It was fully three minutes before he succeeded in inducing the woman to come to the stairs again. She was continually saying:

"You want to kill me! You are killing me!"

Not until Tracy told her that he was a policeman did she come to the stairs again. He went part of the way down and led her up into the hall. She was drenched from head to foot and was shivering.

"Oh, how cold I am," she said, feebly. "Take me away from here. They are killing me."

Mrs. Dunk appeared, and the young woman shrunk from her and begged the policeman again to take her away.

The policeman upbraided Mrs. Dunk for her treatment of her daughter, and the woman promised to call in a doctor with a view of having the girl removed to a hospital. Mrs. Dunk did call in a doctor and last evening Mamie was taken to the hospital.

Tracy went into the cellar and found several inches of water on the floor. Mrs. Dunk denied last evening a story that she sometimes kept her daughter in the cellar for a long time. She said she simply put the girl down the cellar stairs until she got over her violent spells.

JANE PRIMROSE'S LETTER.

She Lost It, and Had to Go to Court Before She Got It Back.

The trouble all grew out of the fact that Jane Primrose would not trust the letter to anybody. She determined to mail it herself, and she dropped it on the stairs when she was going to the letter box. To understand why the letter caused trouble it is necessary to know who live on the third floor of the flat house at 102 West Fifty-eighth street.

In the western flat lives Mrs. C. M. Parker. She is a daughter of the late Judge Maynard of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. She has nothing to do with the story, except through her son and her housekeeper. Her son is James A. Parker, who is good looking, 24 years old, and a student at the Columbia Law School. Her housekeeper is Mrs. Margaret Ann Evans, a widow with six children, and the daughter of a Methodist minister in England. The six children have nothing to do with the story. In the eastern flat lives Miss Emily Hanson, an artist. She is the employer of Jane Primrose. Jane has blue eyes and auburn hair.

The letter was written because Mrs. Parker has gone with her son to spend the summer with her mother at Rhinebeck. Jane wrote it. It was addressed to Mrs. Parker's son.

It is uncertain who found the letter. Whoever did read it and enclosed it in another envelope, with the latter addressed to "Mrs. Parker's Hired Girl:"

> I have read this letter, and will inform Miss Hanson by 12 A. M. to-day. I found it on the mantel, at the mat, and thought you ought to know. It is addressed to Mr. Parker. I would call on Mrs. Parker if she were at home, but I send it to you and you must send it to her. A FRIEND.

Mrs. Evans read the letter, was shocked, and made copies of it. The people in the house gradually learned about the letter. Jane demanded its back, but Mrs. Evans refused to surrender it, on the ground that it was "compromising to her young gentleman." Miss Hanson also tried to get it back, but could not. Then Lawyer Edward Kissam of 258 Broadway was called in, and he had Mrs. Evans summoned to the Yorkville Police Court yesterday, when, by direction of Mrs. Evans, the letter was surrendered to its rightful owner. Then the proceedings in court were dismissed.

The letter, which was shown to Justice Koch, was as follows:

"MR. PARKER: I reed your letter this morning. I can thoroughly assure you I am not angry. It was only right you should know, but I had nothing to tell you, and I did not want any one to see me standing there with you. Miss Hanson knew I was down stairs, so I could not stay any longer. Mr. Parker as I have told you I could not leave Miss Hanson now if you will give me $40 a month in place of $20. I think you are right. If she got a girl for $6 a month less than she gives me and could do more work I think she would take her.

"If you told me this the time Mr. Jones was making trouble, I'm sure I would leave. But I think I can leave in the fall. They may not want me and I may not want to stay.

"I will let you know some time when you can come. I will be glad to see you Aug. 5, say some place near Sixth avenue and Fifty-seventh street.

"I do miss Sunday nights. There is no one waiting to take me to church. I go to the first church I come to. I hope you will have a pleasant time in the mountains.

"Mr. Travers I know quite well, and I'm sure he remembers me. Your friend,

"JANE PRIMROSE."

The letter was addressed in care of the Rev. C. W. Travers, Rhinebeck, Dutchess county.

COULDN'T BACK MER ENGINES.

The Ferryboat South Brooklyn Smashes Into Her New York Slip.

The ferryboat South Brooklyn, plying between Pier 2, East River, and Thirty-ninth street, South Brooklyn, ran into her New York slip at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon with such force that half her passengers were thrown on the deck and the bulkhead of the slip was broken. Her engines had got stuck on the centre and she couldn't back. Some of the planking of the bridge, as well as the bulkhead, was torn up. The ferryboat and her passengers were not hurt.

Tearing Up Tracks and Capturing Rolling Stock.

BRISTOL, Tenn., July 28.—Dr. J. M. Bailey, on the one side, and Messrs. Haskell and Conklin, on the other, who were appointed receivers for the South Atlantic and Ohio Railroad by different Judges, were discharged last week by the court. There has been a controversy pending in the courts for three years between the two sets of receivers.

This morning Dr. Bailey took possession of the shops and rolling stock of the road while the Haskell faction held possession of the road's offices. When Dr. Bailey left an armed party recaptured the shops and engines. The track was torn up to prevent the return of Dr. Bailey and his party. The city police are on hand to prevent bloodshed.

INSANE WHEN SHE KILLED HER GIRL.

Mrs. Korn Found Not Responsible for Her Threefold Crime of May 5.

Mrs. Frances Korn, who on May 5 killed her little daughter Florence, tried to kill her young son Edwin, and then shot herself, was put on trial before Recorder Smyth in General Sessions yesterday. The indictments charged her with murder, with felonious assault, and with attempted suicide.

The Korns lived on the second floor at 101 West Sixty-eighth street. Mrs. Korn is believed to have made her children swallow flour in which she had grated the heads of matches before shooting them. Before trying to commit murder and suicide Mrs. Korn wrote a letter, in which she complained of pains in her head and said she loved her children so dearly that she could not leave them behind her. She also declared she was afraid of her husband because he acted so queerly. Mrs. Korn's husband is a salesman in a coffee house in Duane street. Her children were by her first husband, William Waring, a diamond cutter of Hoboken.

During yesterday's proceeding Mrs. Korn, dressed in black, sat beside her husband. She wept continually.

The first witness against her was her little son Edwin. Crying, he told of her giving him some nasty tasting stuff which she said was medicine, and subsequently shooting him. He also told of her having previously wandered with him and his little sister from place to place in Connecticut and on Long Island.

Policeman McGrath of the West Sixty-eighth street station said that when he arrived at the scene of the shooting Mrs. Korn was standing in the middle of the room, while the little girl lay on the sofa.

"Who shot your boy?" the policeman asked.

"I did," Mrs. Korn replied. "Will he die?"

"I think not."

"I am sorry he won't, but my little Florence will die."

"Who shot her?"

"I did. I shot myself, too."

She showed the policeman the bullet holes in her dress.

"Why did you shoot your children?" McGrath asked.

"I didn't want them to live after me."

She gave the policeman the rest of the poison she had prepared for the children, saying that she shot them afterward, thinking the poison wouldn't kill them fast enough.

After the prosecution had rested, Mrs. Korn's counsel, Wm. Travers Jerome, announced that he expected to prove her not responsible for her acts. She was his first witness. She described at length pains she had felt in her head, her fears of becoming insane, and her vainly seeking relief from physicians. She remembered, she said, nothing that happened on the afternoon she killed her child.

She read once of an actor having paresis, and thought she had the same symptoms. She feared, in consequence, that she would be placed in an asylum and thus separated from her children, whom she loved better than her life. She finally became filled with strange fancies. She thought her husband had a horse's tail. Whenever she saw him she seemed to see a horse's tail affixed to him.

Mrs. Korn cried at times while giving her testimony, especially when she referred to her children. She described her mental symptoms very glibly.

Evidence indicating that she was insane was given by Dr. John C. Shaw of Brooklyn, Dr. J. Arthur Brooks, and Dr. Carlos F. Macdonald, President of the State Lunacy Commission.

Neither side summed up, and, after being out of the room scarcely a minute, the jury found that she was insane. She will be taken to the Matteawan Asylum for Criminals.

WOODSIDE'S GHOST NOT YET CAUGHT.

Supposed to be William Weber, Whose Successful Rival It Chased.

Woodside's ghost didn't walk Thursday night, and the band of valiant residents of that place who sallied out to hold him up, returned yesterday morning covered with mosquito bites, and in no mood for joking. From 11 o'clock Thursday night until 3 o'clock yesterday morning they scoured the woods in search of the mystery. John Dietrich led the expedition. He carried a double-barrelled shotgun, a bulldog revolver, a carving knife, and a loaded cane. Three or four dogs tagged at his heels. The other members of the expedition were similarly equipped.

But the ghost lay low. Perhaps it was well for him that he did, for had the expedition come across him in their wild chase, and had not shot one another in their excitement, they would probably have filled his ghostship with lead enough to start a mine.

The villagers think they have located the ghost in the person of William Weber of Winfield, a village about two miles further east. For two years young Weber was Miss Josie Caton's steady company. Miss Caton lives in Cleveland avenue. Once during that period a young man named John Pohlman, who lives in Greenpoint avenue, danced with her at the Brewery, a picnic resort. The next day Mrs. Pohlman found a letter tacked to the window of her home. It warned her that if her son John ever attempted to dance with Miss Caton again the White Caps would attend to him. Weber was accused of writing the letter.

Recently he was supplanted in Miss Caton's affections by Thomas Robinson, the young man who had such a thrilling adventure with the ghost. Weird tales began to haunt the place. He and members of the Caton family were among those who came in contact with the apparition before the other portion of the village became interested in the ghost's antics. The villagers now profess to believe that the ghost is young Weber, who thought to scare away young Robinson from his girl, and, finding the scaring process good sport, concluded to play the ghost indiscriminately. The ghost hunters concluded yesterday to place a watch on Weber at night and see what becomes of him.

Weber works at the butcher trade in this city. When seen in Winfield last night he scorned the idea that he was playing ghost.

"Naw," he said. "I'm not de ghost. What'd tink I want? Me hide plugged wid buckshot? Not much."

The scouting party was out again last night with their guns and pistols and dogs and lanterns.

MOLTEN IRON FLUNG OVER HIM.

A Workman in a Foundry Shockingly Burned by a Furious Fellow Moulder.

The workmen in Hitching's iron foundry, on Garfield avenue, Greenville, Jersey City, were startled last Tuesday by a cry of pain. Turning, they saw one of the moulders, Bernard Wittnebert, lying on the ground, his body almost wrapped in flames and the muscles of his body drawn tight with pain. Geo. Smith, another moulder, was standing astride him with his arm raised to strike Wittnebert with a heavy iron ladle. The ladle was still glowing from recent contact with the melted iron.

A moment before Smith had dipped up a ladleful of molten iron from a crucible and dashed it upon Wittnebert. Smith was dragged away from his victim before he could strike him. Other workmen tore the burning clothing from Wittnebert's body.

Wittnebert was so badly wounded that he was unable at first to rise. He was peppered from head to foot on the right side. Each place the little iron pellets struck they bored through the clothing and made great burns on the body. He was stripped and bathed in sweet oil until Dr. Stegmair of Linden avenue arrived. The Doctor superintended his removal home to 14½ Van Nostrand place, where he is now being treated. Dr. Stegmair said yesterday that the burns were very deep. Each one will leave a scar, and there are over 100, ranging in size from a pea to a half dollar.

Mrs. Wittnebert went Thursday to Justice Kimmerly of the Fourth Precinct Court and made a complaint, upon which Smith was arrested. He was arraigned yesterday, when his examination was set down for Aug. 10.

Wittnebert is now out of danger, although it will be some time before he will be able to go about again. Smith's violence was provoked by a quarrel over a skimmer used by both men.

EXECUTOR MELCHER SUES.

Not Content that the City Should Pay Mrs. Paran Stevens Certain Rents.

A disagreement between Mrs. Paran Stevens and Mr. John L. Melcher, one executrix and the other an executor of the will of the late Paran Stevens, about the handling of certain moneys of the estate has resulted in an action against the city. The Ninth Regiment armory belongs to the estate, and the Comptroller used to pay the rent alternately to Mr. Melcher and Mrs. Stevens until a year ago, when Executor Melcher got an injunction restraining him from paying to Mrs. Stevens. Mr. Melcher, with his co-executor, Charles G. Stevens, has now brought action for the rent, making Mrs. Stevens, with the city, a party defendant.

Otto Peterson's Defiance of the Ship Painters' Union.

The strike of the ship painters and caulkers on the ships in the Erie Basin against Otto Peterson, which started two days ago, is likely to be a long fight. It originated in Mr. Peterson's not discharging a man named Miner for not paying a fine levied by the union.

Mr. Peterson is firm in his intention not to discharge Miner, and the strikers say they can hold out as long as they please, and that there is plenty of work for them elsewhere.

Delightful and Refreshing

Bottled at the Apollinaris Spring Rhenish Prussia.

Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

"The leading dietetic Table Water."

NEW YORK TRIBUNE, December 18th, 1892.

NATIONAL GUARD NOTES.

Next week at the camp of instruction, near Peekskill, promises to be one of special interest, as quite a departure will be taken from the usual routine, in that the military post will be utilized by three batteries of artillery, one company of infantry, and an engineer corps, as follows: First Battery, Capt. Wendel, and Second Battery, Capt. Wilson of the New York Guard and Light Battery K, First Artillery, U. S. Army, Capt. Dillenback. The engineer corps of Company B, Seventy-first Regiment, in command of Sergeant Austin, and a volunteer company of infantry from the Thirteenth Regiment, in command of Major George G. Cochran, will be on duty. All the commands will march to camp except the engineer corps. The company from the Thirteenth Regiment will act as an advance guard for the artillery. The men will be fully equipped for field service, including the new Merriam pack, rubber blankets, army felt campaign hats, tents, and a baggage wagon. The company will cook its own rations, as will also the batteries. The entire force left on their march this morning and will camp to-night in Van Cortlandt Park. The line of march will be up the Western Boulevard. The second camping place will be at Croton Landing, on Sunday evening, from which the State camp will be reached Monday about noontime. This practice march is calculated to prove a valuable experience for all concerned, and the participation of a battery of the regular artillery accustomed to varied field service will prove of exceptional advantage to the National Guardsmen. The commands will remain at the State camp until Aug. 5, when march will be taken up for home. The new equipments will be tried the entire week.

The formation of an engineer corps in the Second Brigade has already been commenced, and twenty-five members from the several regiments in the brigade have enrolled. Major Bertram C. Clayton, engineer officer of the brigade, has the matter in charge, and is very sanguine of its success. Major Clayton has thought it wise to limit the membership of the corps to thirty-eight men who have some knowledge of civil engineering and topographical work. The corps will have a distinctive uniform, and will meet weekly for instruction. Later on some practical outdoor work will be undertaken.

The drill of the second battalion, Thirteenth Regiment, under Major Charles H. Luscomb at Prospect Park last Saturday afternoon was not only a very creditable piece of work, but proved the necessity of outdoor drills—on a liberal sized ground—if the extended order drill is to be acquired with anything like the rules laid down in the new drill book. The limited in-door space in the largest armories precludes the taking of proper distances in drilling a battalion in extended order, and it is as much as a medium sized company can accomplish to execute their drill and maintain proper distances and intervals indoors. In the first extension of Major Luscomb's battalion at the parade ground it was apparent to military observers that while officers and men seemed fully acquainted with the full details of the movements ordered, they were at a loss when it came to taking the prescribed distances, which differed from that practised in the armory all winter. So when the firing line should have been reënforced by the supports and the reserve it was found the latter were too far away to be on hand at the right moment. The Major accordingly decided to correct the errors, and called his officers together and explained thoroughly the shortcomings noticed. The result was that on the second extension everything worked smoothly, and the movements all the way through were executed in a manner that was well nigh perfect. The chiefs of platoons and sections and the squad leaders were properly alive in their duties, and the men readily grasped the situation. A feature of the drill was the work of the ambulance corps, in caring for and transporting the numerous supposed killed and wounded. The work was exceptionally well performed throughout, and the military men among the several thousand spectators were much impressed with the excellence of the drill.

The fact that a number of substitutes were found among the men of the Eighth Regiment at camp reflects little credit on the organization, especially to the commandant of the company they were found in, viz., Company C, Capt. G. W. Mooney. The only substitutes recognized and sent home were from the Ninth and Sixty-ninth Regiments, but it is said there were also some members of the Twelfth, Thirteenth, Twenty-second, and Seventy-first regiments among them, although this is not yet an established fact. The following are the substitutes known to have been present: Private Cook, Company D, Ninth Regiment; J. McNierny and C. T. Sheehan and M. Clune, Company G; J. Eagan, Company D, and T. Colligan, Company C, Sixty-ninth Regiment. These men will probably be expelled from their organizations, and Capt. Mooney, in the regular course of events, will have to be tried by general court martial.

Company G, Sixty-ninth Regiment, mourns the death of Private Coston, who was drowned at South Beach last Sunday.

An election will soon be held in Company I, Twelfth Regiment, for a Captain, and it is said Lieut. Denny will be the unanimous choice.

The contract for completing the parade ground at Van Cortlandt Park was given out this week, and when completed will fulfil a long-felt want. One hundred and seventy-five working days are allowed to complete the improvements decided upon.

Col. Wm. Seward, Ninth Regiment, has ordered the companies of his regiment to attend supplementary practice at Creedmoor rifle range, as follows: A and B, Aug. 5; C and D, Aug. 12; E and F, Aug. 19; G and H, Aug. 26; I and K, Sept. 2. Lieut. Poole will attend as rifle inspector on Aug. 5, 19, and Sept. 2, and Lieut. Owen on Aug. 12 and 26.

The detailing of the engineer corps of Company B, Seventy-first Regiment, to the camp of instruction, as advocated in this column last Saturday, has been decided upon by the Adjutant-General, who is not slow to know a good thing when he sees it, and he was evidently aware of the capabilities of Company B's engineers, or they would not have been ordered to camp. They have been ordered to make a map of the camp and its surroundings for a radius of five miles. The following members of the company will comprise the corps: Sergeant Austin, Corporals Hill, Hunter, Haskell, and McGaillard; Privates Johns, Tindale, Sweet, and Hanner.

An election for First Lieutenant of Company D, Seventh Regiment, to fill vacancy caused by the resignation of Lieut. J. Watson Cochran, was held at the armory last Wednesday, Col. Appleton presiding, at which Second Lieut. Robert Mazet was unanimously elected. He is an excellent officer and fully worthy of the promotion. First Sergeant Frederick H. Clark will probably be elected Second Lieutenant. Capt. Fisk and a number of members of Company D visited camp last Thursday and presented Capt. N. B. Thurston with an elegant pair of field glasses. The Captain some time ago lectured the company on guard duty and they took this means of showing their appreciation.

Capt. H. C. Everdell, Company A, Twenty-third Regiment, is now spoken of as the next Major.

There is a great deal of dissatisfaction in Company K, Third Battalion of Orange, N. J., because of the delay in getting their uniforms. Although the men of the company were measured last January, only a part of their uniforms have been received. It is also said the cloth is of very poor quality. They do things differently in New York.

I KEEP COOL

inside, outside, and all the way through, by drinking

HIRES' Root Beer

This great Temperance drink; is as healthful as it is pleasant. Try it.

HAD ENOUGH OF THIS LIFE.

SIX RESORT TO SUICIDE, THREE WITH SUCCESS.

A Carving Knife, a Rope, a Pistol, Paris Green, Hydrocyanic Acid, and a Jump From a Window—Four were Early Morning Cases—Lotz was a Medical Student.

Yesterday was a day of suicides. Before midday five persons had decided to put an end to life.

William Hennessy of 444 West Fifty-second street cut his throat in John Braden's restaurant, 484 Eighth avenue. He used a carving knife, and almost severed his head from his body. Hennessy was a cook in the restaurant at $8 a week. His father is said to be a well-to-do farmer in Sullivan county, and his wife's relations are also said to be in good circumstances. The reason assigned for his suicide is that he was unable to provide for his wife in the style to which she was accustomed, and in consequence grew despondent. One of the waiters called down the dumb-waiter shaft at 3¼ o'clock yesterday morning for a dish which had been ordered. Receiving no response, the waiter went down and found Hennessy dead.

Catherine Kretzer, who lived with her husband Casper at 528 East 153d street, slipped out of her room some time before 5 o'clock in the morning and hanged herself to the cellar door. She was 54 years old, and had been sick and despondent for some time.

Armstrong Hutchinson of 508 East Thirteenth street shot himself at 5 A. M. while a prisoner in the Fifth street station house. He had been arrested the night before on a charge of intoxication. The bullet made only a flesh wound in the neck, and Hutchinson will be all right, so far as the wound is concerned, in a day or two. He said that he shot