HUSBAND OR THE CHURCH.

MRS. EWALD WAS TOLD THAT SHE MUST GIVE UP ONE OR THE OTHER.

She Had Married a Divorced Man and the Priests of St. Patrick's Catholic Church in Jersey City Refused to Administer the Last Rites When She Was Thought to Be Dying.

The case of Mrs. Charles Ewald of 513 Communipaw avenue, Jersey City, has caused a lot of gossip among the parishioners of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church. As told in THE SUN on Sunday, Mrs. Ewald, who was a Catholic, was married to a Protestant, and when she became sick about ten days ago the Rev. Father Kelly and another priest attached to St. Patrick's Church were asked to administer the last rites to her. The request was made by Mrs. Ewald's uncle, John Conway, who is an executor of an estate to which Mrs. Ewald falls heir. The Conways brought Mrs. Ewald up in their home after her father, Michael Conway, died and left her $5,000. She is about to come into possession of the estate. When the priests visited her house last week her husband ordered them out, and sent back the candles and holy water which they had brought. Her aunt and uncle believed that she was dying and wanted to see her die a Catholic, while her husband was opposed to this.

Yesterday people living in the upper part of Jersey City discussed the case in all its details. What seemed to interest them most was the fact that instead of growing worse Mrs. Ewald's condition improved so much that she was able to make a statement of the facts over her own name. She sent a letter to the newspapers in which she said:

"I was taken ill with nervous prostration, and not with heart trouble, as the newspapers have stated. It is true that I was married by a Protestant minister, but I think that when it comes to a wife leaving her husband it is a very hard thing to do on account of religion, especially if they are living very happy together. As for my husband having his eye on the $5,000 inheritance, that is not true. When he married me he did not know that I had as much as 5,000 cents, and furthermore, he did not make any inquiries in that direction. When I became ill the doctor's orders to my husband were that I should be kept perfectly quiet and not to allow me to be bothered by any one, priest or minister, for if I had another relapse it would not be so easy for me to get over it. By publishing this in your paper you will oblige MRS. CHARLES EWALD.

The Rev. Father Carroll, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, said yesterday: "I am glad that the scandal has come out, because it will serve as a warning to other Catholics. This is a very sad affair, and I feel for Mrs. Ewald's soul. I should say, Miss Conway's soul. I call her Miss Conway, because the Church does not recognize her marriage to a divorced man. This young woman has been the cause of much anxiety to the priests of this church. The late Father Hennesey had trouble with her, and about a year ago my attention was called to her case. It was public rumor in this neighborhood at that time that she was to marry Ewald. She was a Sunday school teacher in our church. Policemen speculated about the matter, and so did the neighbors, until the case reached my ears. When I heard of it I sent for the young woman. I asked her if it was true that she was going to marry Ewald. She admitted that she was, whereupon I told her of the danger of her action from a Catholic point of view, and warned her against a continuance of her friendship with the man. She did not heed the warning, so I dismissed her from the Sunday school, but the saddest part of the affair is that she attended church and confession, and received holy communion shortly before she was married. I believe she did this the very same day she went to a Protestant church and was married to Ewald. Under these circumstances accepting holy communion was a sacrilege. By her union with a divorced man she excommunicated herself from the Catholic Church. Hearing that she had gone so far as to announce that she had been married by a priest attached to this church, the Rev. Father Sheehan, I felt it my duty to deny the statement, and in May last at the instruction during a sermon on mismarriages I did so. Regarding the talk concerning the priests' visit to her house last week when she was said to be dying, I have this to say. Word reached the rectory on Thursday that she desired to see a priest. Father Kelly went to the house. Being familiar with all the circumstances surrounding her past, she was told that she would have to repent, and that the priest could not administer the last rites of the Church to her until he first consulted Bishop Wigger. She agreed to abide by the decision of the Bishop.

"Father Kelly called upon the Bishop, who consented to her receiving the last rites of the Church upon two conditions. One of these was that she should make reparation for her sin. The other, that, in the event of her recovering she should leave Mr. Ewald. On Friday night Father Kelly again visited her. He did not bring any candles or holy water. But they were there. If Mr. Ewald objected to his wife seeing the priest it is not likely that he would permit her to keep these in her house. Probably they were brought there by her uncle or her aunt. When Father Kelly got to the house he found Mr. Ewald in the room with his sick wife. He ordered that the sick woman might not be influenced in replying to the questions that Father Kelly was required to put to her, the priest requested her husband to step into an adjoining room. Mr. Ewald refused to do so. The young woman said 'Charley, please go out,' and he walked to the doorway. Father Kelly then turned to the sick woman, saying, 'Is there you get better will you leave this man?' to which she replied 'No.' Father Kelly then said, 'There is nothing further for me to do,' and he left the house. He was not ordered out, nor was he put out, and if the unfortunate woman should again call for a priest, fifty Mr. Ewalds would not keep one out of the house. In such cases the person sending for a priest is protected by our laws. The priest is also protected."

Continuing, Father Carroll spoke of the laws of the Catholic Church regarding divorce. He said that in the eyes of the Church the bonds of matrimony could be severed only by death, and consequently the Ewald ceremony was not considered a valid marriage as far as the Church was concerned. He said that during the late war many husbands left their wives to enter the conflict and did not return, but their deaths not being recorded, their wives were not permitted to marry again under the laws of the Catholic Church. Only where a husband's death was proven did the Church recognize the wife as a widow.

Mrs. Ewald has fully recovered from her late illness, and one of her neighbors said last night that she would be able to be out in a day or two. The reason that the case has attracted so much attention and caused so much gossip is that the young woman was considered one of the most fervent members of St. Patrick's Church.

THIEF CORRALLED BY WOMEN.

Mrs. Wiley Caught Him Robbing Her Flat and Collared Him.

When Mrs. Sarah Wiley reached her flat on the fourth floor at 488 Second avenue, after spending the afternoon shopping, yesterday, she found a man in her bedroom.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I am—er—your cousin," said the man, who had not known of her presence before she spoke.

"Which one?" asked Mrs. Wiley, taking him by the arm and trying to lead him to the kitchen. Without attempting to answer her, the man broke away and ran through the kitchen to the hall. Mrs. Wiley shouted "Thief!" and, running out of the front door, intercepted the man at the head of the stairs. She caught him by the arm and held him until several other women tenants of the house appeared. A girl was sent for a policeman, and three women shouting at the top of their voices held the man. When Policeman Fick arrived the man had got up to the fifth floor, having dragged the women with him.

The man said he was Alexander Wilson, a barkeeper, of 342 East Thirteenth street. It was found that he had sorted out Mrs. Wiley's clothing and had tried to carry some of it away.

$50,000 Fire in Troy.

TROY, Sept. 13.—A fire started this afternoon on the third floor of the big brick building in Congress street, occupied by W. E. Kerins & Co. and Cyrus Lind, general grocers, and V. Brewster, liquors. The fire was caused by an employee of Kerins & Co., who was trying lard. The flames spread rapidly and many customers who were in the provision stores were thrown into a panic. They rushed madly for the various exits, and, in the heavy black smoke which quickly filled the stores, had much difficulty in escaping to the street. The fire was confined to the third story of the building, but the water, which flooded the stores on the first floor, did the most damage, ruining the big stock of Kerins & Co. and badly damaging that of Cyrus Lind. Brewster's loss will not exceed $500. Kerins & Co.'s loss will reach $25,000 and that of Lind about $5,000. The insurance of both firms is less than $5,000.

Augustin Daly Beats Sir William Jardine.

The application of Sir William Jardine to enjoin Augustin Daly from interfering with him in the production of "The Geisha" outside of this city has been denied by Justice Stover of the Supreme Court. The plaintiff got the right from Mr. Daly to produce the play outside of the city, paying $5,000 down and agreeing to pay 12 per cent. commission. Mr. Daly says he has not been getting all the royalties due him.

LUETGERT JUROR ILL.

Trial Postponed Until To-Morrow Because of the Illness of Juror Fowler.

CHICAGO, Sept. 13.—Adolph Luetgert and his counsel entered the courtroom this morning with a pleased expression on their faces. The reports made by the chemical and medical experts on the results of their Saturday night experiment of boiling another body in the same manner as it has been charged that the sausage maker did that of his wife were apparently satisfactory.

"I learn that the counsel for the State, or at least some one connected with the prosecution, has started the story that the experiment conducted at the factory Saturday night harmed our case," said Attorney Phalen. "Well, let them talk. He who laughs last laughs best, you know.

"The fact is, some very valuable information and evidence for the defence were obtained. We demonstrated that the sesamoid bones of the human body were easily destroyed by the caustic solution. The phalanges were also destroyed, though the larger bones of the feet remained."

The cross-examination of Prof. Bailey, the expert from the Field Columbian Museum, was taken up by Attorney Vincent. Before going on the stand for cross-examination he had said that he knew not only the sesamoid bone was from a human body, but that it was from a foot cramped by tight shoes, and it is known that Mrs. Luetgert had a weakness for tight shoes. In his replies to Mr. Vincent's questions he admitted that he could not have identified the sesamoid bone except in conjunction with the metatarsal bone found with it. The sesamolds of a dog closely resemble those of a human being, the witness said. He also said he had discovered six sesamolds in a human hand, although the authorities knew of only two. He had kept this discovery a secret for private reasons.

Attorney Vincent seemed to realize that unless he could shake the testimony thus far introduced the State could lay claim to having established a corpus delicti. He attacked the witness from every apparently vulnerable point and questioned him for more than two hours without shaking the strength of his assertion that the bones he had examined were human. He questioned the expert on his experience, training, and knowledge of his science, going so far into abstruse subjects that Judge Tuthill had occasion to call a halt.

"You can't expect him to tell all about the derivation of words," said his Honor. "You use everyday terms in the legal profession of which you do not know the derivation."

After the noon recess Judge Tuthill said that he regretted to announce the serious illness of Juror Fowler, who was taken ill on Saturday evening, but was supposed to have quite recovered. The juror, the court said, had suffered a relapse and his temperature during the recess of court had gone to 103. The case was deemed critical, and he felt it advisable to adjourn court until Wednesday morning, when, if Juror Fowler is able, proceedings will be resumed.

A FARMER'S WIFE MURDERED.

Suspicion Directed Toward Her Mute Stepson, Her Husband, and His Demented Sister.

GOUVERNEUR, N. Y., Sept. 13.—A mysterious murder has just come to light near the town of Helena. On a farm near Helena, just back from the Maple Ridge highway, resides Pardon Bell. The family consisted of Bell and his wife; Winfred Bell, a son by a previous marriage, who is a deaf-mute; two younger children, and a half-demented sister of Bell. On Labor Day Bell drove away in his wagon, and later the younger children went berrying. The mute, Winfred, who is 22 years old, went down the road toward the west, and was followed a short time afterward by his stepmother. The nearest neighbor, Joseph Gray, lives a quarter of a mile away, and between the farms and in front of them are stone walls. Gray's orchard is on the left of the junction formed by the walls. When Mrs. Bell was last seen alive she was near this orchard. She did not return to her home that night or on the following day and a search was instituted. It was by no means thorough and resulted in nothing.

As Bell and his brother-in-law were driving by the orchard on Friday night last they noticed a peculiar odor. Investigation revealed the fact that it came from the putrified body of the missing woman. The body lay near the junction of the walls, the head toward the highway. The limbs were rigid and closely locked together. On the head was a stone weighing fifty pounds, so carefully placed that the face was uninjured. Other and smaller stones were placed about the head. The throat plainly showed signs of strangulation.

Coroner Smith and District Attorney Hale of Canton were at the scene of the murder to-day investigating the case. They are all at sea, as there are few clues to work on. The mute stepson, Winfred Bell, was arrested in Malone, at the Northern New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, to which he had returned last week Tuesday. The only thing against him is the finding of a watch, which was worn by the murdered woman, in his possession. Other theories implicate the husband or the demented sister, while many believe the murder to have been the work of tramps, after an attempt at assault or robbery. Mrs. Bell was much younger than her husband and did not live happily with him. She had much trouble with the stepson and the demented sister-in-law.

J. NELSON GOULD'S EDWINA GONE.

The Catboat Stolen from Her Moorings and Seen in the Hands of Strangers.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Sept. 13.—The catboat Edwina, owned by J. Nelson Gould, has been stolen from her moorings in front of the Huguenot Yacht Club house. Neither the janitor at the clubhouse nor Mr. Gould knows when the Edwina was taken. Since yesterday Mr. Gould has inquired at Glen Island, Fort Slocum, and of all the boatmen in New Rochelle, but has been unable to learn anything of her whereabouts. The Captain of the Government tug Hamilton and Charles Webber say they saw the Edwina off Huckleberry Island on last Thursday with two men aboard. The janitor is positive the boat was at her moorings on Saturday. The Edwina is one of the fastest catboats along the Sound. Last year she won a majority of the races in her class. She is valued at $400. The name of D. B. Campbell, Port Jefferson, L. I., is burned into a beam under the deck. Mr. Gould thinks his boat was towed away with a naphtha launch, because the tiller is still in the clubhouse where he left it on Labor Day, the last time he had the boat out.

PICKED UP ONE TRACK; LAID TWO.

Traction Stopped Peremptorily by an Order of Gen. Collis.

Gen. Collis issued an order yesterday preventing the Metropolitan Street Railway Company from laying double tracks in Broome street, between the Bowery and Centre street; in Grand street, between the Bowery and Centre street, and in Centre street, between Broome and Grand streets. Recently the Metropolitan Company obtained a permit for a change of motive power in those thoroughfares, and when the single lines of track were torn up the employees of the company began to lay two tracks in their place. When Gen. Collis heard of this he issued order stopping the work. He says that the original franchise, which was granted in 1830, permits single tracks only. The Metropolitan Company insists that it will be necessary to lay double tracks in order to operate its cars by the underground electric system. An application will probably be made to-day to the Board of Aldermen for a permit to continue the work.

CHINA FOR CHIN SUE KEE.

He Will Be Deported for Trying to Sneak Back Into This Country.

Chin Sue Kee, one of the fifty-two Chinamen arrested at the Grand Central Station by Inspector Scharf some time ago, was held for deportation by Commissioner Alexander yesterday afternoon. He claimed to be a merchant and a member of the firm of Quong Tie Chong & Co. of 32 Pell street. Two agents of the Canadian Pacific Railway identified him as a member of that firm and said that they had sold him tickets as such, but the inspector brought five witnesses from Hackensack, N. J., who swore that Chin Sue Kee had conducted a laundry at 280 Main street in that town until his departure for China in September, 1896.

The Chinaman is held to be illegally in this country because he failed to get the proper return papers at the Custom House before his departure for China, and for the further reason that he attempted to come back by falsely representing himself as a merchant.

Italian Robbed of $800 and a Watch.

Joseph Antiquiani, a shoemaker at 1671 Fulton street, Brooklyn, notified the police of the Gates avenue station last night that he had been robbed of $800 in cash. The money, $200 of which was in Italian bills, was hidden away in a drawer in a room in the rear of the store. While Antiquiani was absent yesterday the money disappeared, and a journeyman shoemaker, Vancesco Debaiman, who had been left in charge of the store, has not been seen since. A gold watch and chain were also stolen from the drawer. A general alarm was sent out for the arrest of Debaiman.

VOICI CLEO DE MERODE.

IN A SHABBY GOWN THE PARIS BEAUTY INTERVIEWS REPORTERS.

Asks, Right Off, Where the King Is and Is Depressed on Learning That There Isn't a King—Going to Dance Here for About Five Hundred Times Her Paris Salary—Has a Dog

Mlle. Cleo de Merode of the ballet reached New York yesterday morning on the Spree. She has left the back row of the Opéra at Paris at $40 a month to stand on her toes in the middle of Koster & Bial's stage at a price large enough to console her. In Paris there were visiting royalties to look out for her *bandeaux* and applaud her graciously. There is none of them here, and there had to be something in the salary to make up for such a deficiency in a ballerina's life. So Mlle. de Merode comes to New York for about one month to make as much as it would have taken three years to earn in Paris.

She was divulged in the roof garden of Koster & Bial's yesterday afternoon. She is slender and youthful. There were no shaded lights about her. The afternoon glare was mitigated by nothing but the clouds. She wore no veil and her color came and went in a way that no expert in make-up has ever been able to reproduce. Her eyebrows, arched and black, were indeed stationary, although there were indications that they might not always be just as marked. Her lips were red with something that never came out of a box or a bottle, and her blue eyes were bright.

Cleo is serious. She never said that she loved America or that New York was the most beautiful city she had ever seen. No such superficial observations escaped her. She was interested in deeper questions of our institutions. She wanted to learn about the Government.

And where is the King?" was the first thing she asked.

Somebody told her that we had no King—that like her own country we had only a President. She shrugged her shoulders and looked for a moment as though she regretted having accepted five hundred times as much as she had ever before been paid to dance.

"But it's so large, your country," she said in French, "there must be a King somewhere. Are there no countries near your own that have Kings—something besides only Presidents?"

Mlle. de Merode had her first lesson in our administrative affairs when she was told that we have no kings of any kind, barring those that never count much unless from two to four of them happen to be together. She looked reproachfully at her manager and refused to notice a suggestion to the effect that we had many millionaires. She was interested more in our Government.

The Paris newspapers say that Mlle. de Merode has come to New York to dance because a young girl is better paid for her art here than she is abroad. She brought a mother along with her, but Madame—not de Merode, for that is only the dancer's family name, not her mother's—strayed behind to unpack the trunks while Mlle. Cleo received the reporters. It looked as though Madame had not got far down into the contents of the trunks before it was time for Mlle. Cleo to keep her engagement. She is the first visiting ballerina who has looked positively shabby when she was put on view for the first time. He gown was an openwork affair of coffee-colored silk and linen that had done valiant service before. It was trimmed with white silk that was distressingly bedraggled. Her high collar was loosely caught by hooks and eyes that were more fetching when one another, and the De Merode hat was badly faded. It was a Panama straw that might have seen three months' hard service on the beach at Asbury Park. About it was a white velvet ribbon punctured with the black souvenirs of bygone hat pins. Cleo's classic plaits looked mussy and her jewels suggested the Falsa Royal. There were two three pins perfunctorily stuck in her *café au lait* frock. Somebody with Otero in mind asked her how many diamonds she had. She started suddenly and repeated, "Diamonds!"

"Yes, diamonds," said her manager significantly. Then Cleo looked at him gratefully and rattled off a list of bracelets, pins, and necklaces.

But if her plaits were a little bit out of order, her *bandeaux* were smoothly brushed down over her ears, her skin was beautifully and delicately colored, and her delicate features were perfect in their regularity. The difficulty was to reconcile her present life with her reputation, and her opportunities with the modest, almost shabby clothes she wore. But the French are resourceful and maybe she devised a *coup* that no press agent would ever have thought of. Whoever heard before of a favorite of European royalty that was not respectable at least when the reporters called? There was a new field for Cleo, and she may have put on her old clothes for that reason, and not because her mother hadn't the time to take the new ones out of the trunk.

Mlle. de Merode is so slender that thin ballet girls may yet have their vogue. Her figure is slight and girlish, and beautifully proportioned. After a while she was willing to tell something about the European Governments, when she was satisfied that there really were no kings in New York, or for that matter anywhere in reach.

"My dog's name is Leo, yes, and that is the little name for Leopold, and the King of Belgium is named Leopold, she said with the smile of a babe, "but wait of that!

"It may have been chance, or I may have given the name. I don't remember. But that is such nonsense about the dear Leopold. He saw me at the opera. He applauded. He came back to see me during the *entract*. He was late in returning to his *loge*. People asked, 'Ah, why was he late?' That was all. It was nonsense.

"And the statue by Falguière. It was my face, yes, and my bust. It was not a good likeness, even then. But my figure, never in life! I did not pose for him. How could he see me like that? Why, I never even show my ears."

It began to rain after that, and the reporters left while Mlle. Cleo stood under an umbrella and said good-by to them. Nobody could see her ears.

THORN'S TALK WITH O'BRIEN.

Admitted Hiring the Woodside House—Queens County Grand Jury to Proceed To-Morrow.

District Attorney Olcott made public yesterday the full police report of the interviews Capt. O'Brien, former Chief of the Detective Bureau, had with Martin Thorn, after the latter's arrest on July 6 on suspicion of being the accomplice of Mrs. Nack in the murder of William Gieldensuppe, the Turkish bath rubber, at Woodside, L. I. These interviews were held on July 6 and July 8. The reports are in the form of affidavits by Capt. O'Brien. They show that Thorn admitted that he hired the cottage at Woodside, but declined to tell why. He also admitted driving to Astoria with Mrs. Nack, and told briefly of three trips made to the cottage after he had hired it to see about putting down the carpets, which he and Mrs. Nack had had in their apartments in this city. They took the carpets over to the cottage in a surrey, but finding them too small for the floors, started back with them in the surrey. The surrey jolted so, he said, that the carpets were thrown out of the surrey and lost.

It is the theory of the prosecution that this statement is an effort on Thorn's part to upset testimony that he and Mrs. Nack was seen driving away from the cottage with parts of Gieldensuppe's body bound up in oilcloth.

Thorn admitted to Capt. O'Brien that he had a conversation with Mrs. Nack in Central Park about the newspaper stories of the finding of parts of the body in the East River and said that Mrs. Nack told him that they couldn't be Gieldensuppe's remains, because she did not believe that the bath rubber was dead. Thorn told Capt. O'Brien, according to the affidavits, that he was in this city on June 25, the supposed day of the murder, spent much of the day at Merich's barber shop in Eleventh avenue, met Mrs. Nack at Thirty-fourth street and Eighth avenue at 7 P. M., and took a car to Central Park with her and listened to her story of her quarrel with Gieldensuppe. The rest of the statements in the affidavits were published at the time of Thorn's arrest.

The Queens County Grand Jury was sworn in yesterday, and George P. Titus was chosen Chairman. District Attorney William J. Youngs has issued twenty-nine subpœnas to witnesses in the Gieldensuppe case, and it is expected that the Grand Jury will devote about a week to its consideration, beginning Wednesday.

Throwing Away Silver Spoons.

Mrs. Minnie Bell, 34 years old, of 85 Lexington avenue, Brooklyn, was arrested yesterday afternoon in a Fulton street dry goods store, charged with shoplifting. When she was searched at Police Headquarters a silver button hook and a silver shoehorn were found in her possession. Capt. Reynolds said that on her way to headquarters she threw away six solid silver spoons that had been stolen from another store. She was locked up in the Amity street station and will be arraigned before Justice Brenner in the Adams Street Police Court today.

Body Found in the Hoosick River with a Hangman's Noose in One of the Pockets.

HOOSICK FALLS, N. Y., Sept. 13.—Mathew Bowers of this place found the badly decomposed body of a young man in the Hoosick River below Haynes Bridge to-day. The body was floating upright with the head above the water. In the pockets were found a pipe and a piece of clothesline, at the end of which was a hangman's noose. There were absolutely no clues to the man's identity. Coroner Rogers believes it to be a case of suicide.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The increase in the number of concerts to be given during the winter by the Philharmonic Society is probably due to the fact that this organization will give the only evening concerts to be undertaken by any of the orchestral societies of such age and reputation. With all the symphony concerts as afternoon entertainments, the Philharmonic, which has large audiences always, should be able to extend its season very advantageously. But the new departure does not meet a need popularly supposed to exist in New York. One frequently hears the expression of a wonder that New York supports no orchestra that gives popular performances every night. Good music of a kind which would appeal to the large public that would be called upon for its support, with other accompaniments of an equally good character, has often been demanded, but all attempts to supply it have been compelled to struggle along without any very encouraging exhibitions of interest from the persons who were supposed to be waiting for just this style of entertainment. The concerts given on a roof garden this summer met with some degree of support, but there were circumstances connected with the organization of the orchestra that made the scheme somewhat unsatisfactory. It was conducted on a co-operative basis, and when any of the players had an opportunity to get a regular engagement he renounced the less certain profits of the roof garden enterprise. In that way the make-up of the orchestra was frequently subjected to important changes, and the men who retired were in very few cases supplanted by others. Their places were simply left vacant. But there was ample indication that such an enterprise with the additional support that came from two seasons of activity would prove very prosperous. That is more than any previous attempt to give popular orchestral concerts has ever accomplished. Anton Seidl is never able to make more than two or three weeks successful in the early fall, and as soon as the winter season opens any attempt to give such concerts is promptly abandoned, for experience has proved that while the demand is vigorous, the support is unequal to the maintenance of the enterprise.

J. A. E. Malone, the guardian of the Gaiety company, now in New York, and the man who attends to the production of all these successful London burlesques from the time the manuscript leaves the author's hands until the curtain falls on the first performance, has had excellent training for the grave responsibilities of his post. He was an officer in the English army until a few years ago. After having served for several years in Africa, he decided that the profession of his fathers was less suited to his taste than some other might be. Both his father and his grandfather had been officers in the English service, but the present representative of the family thought that he would prefer the stage. His grandfather was one of two men personally decorated by Queen Victoria for bravery at the battle of Balaklava. Later, Mr. Malone went to London, acted for a while, but developed so much greater promise as a stage manager that he ultimately became the valued coadjutor of George Edwardes in the production of Gaiety burlesques, which, indeed, comprise the entire care of the productions with which he is associated. The failure of the members of the present company to take an immediate fancy to New York has made his present troubles somewhat greater than usual.

Mrs. Antonio Terry who died the other day in Paris, is related to the former Miss Edith Collins, who is now the wife of a Polish Count in the Turkish diplomatic service, and is at present in Rome. One of Mrs. Terry's sisters lived in Paris for many years and was at one time employed there in one of the large department stores. Mrs. Terry's uncle, William H. Secor, with whom she was living at the time of her marriage, shot himself in a cab several years ago.

This is the season in which most of the New York physicians take their vacations, and about three-fourths of the best-known men in medicine are out of New York with no probability of their return for some days. Anybody who doubted this would have only to observe the residences of some of these men. Most of them are securely boarded up with painted signs announcing the dates of the return of the doctors and the name of the men who are to look after their patients. Any persons who came to New York now in search of treatment from the eminent specialists would find their visits rather fruitless, and to follow the doctors into their resting places would be of little more avail. One of the best-known physicians of this city has lately been in the Adirondacks, and it happened that an invalid was stopping in the hotel near his cottage. One day the sick man grew suddenly worse, and, as his malady was of the kind in which the New York doctor had won his chief distinction, appeal was immediately made to him. But he firmly declined to visit the patient, and no amount of persuasion could induce him to do it. So the invalid had to be brought down to the city for treatment. The explanation made by the doctor was that if he treated one case he would be unable to refuse some of the other applications that were often made to him in the summer and his vacation would be made useless to him. This sounded plausible enough, but an incident that happened on the day after the invalid was taken back to New York proved that the famous physician was not always so inexorable. A request came from one of the highest officials of the Government, who was stopping at a hotel not a great distance away, that the doctor should visit the child of his private secretary. It was a personal request from the great man. So the doctor acceded to it immediately, passed a day or two at the hotel and then secured another physician for the child. In New York at that time—it was only a week or two ago—that the incident took place—a doctor so well known could not have been secured even by that influential letter, and there are very few among the men conspicuous in medicine here who would be tempted back to town by requests from anybody before the terms of their vacations ended. But the plan has its advantages—especially to the younger men who happen to be put in charge of the absentee's work.

READING BOND STOLEN.

Taken by Burglars from Levering & Garrigues's Safe.

Burglars effected an entrance into the office of Levering & Garrigues, engineers and contractors at 552 West Twenty-third street, some time Saturday night, and stole a Reading general mortgage 4 per cent. coupon bond for $1,000 which was in the safe. The bond was the only thing of value in the office besides books and papers, which were of no use to the thieves.

The robbery was not discovered until yesterday morning. The police were immediately notified, and detectives are now looking for the thieves. Wall street was warned yesterday to look out for the bond, which is No. 47,984, by Wood, Huestis & Co. of 31 Pine street.

Business Troubles.

Jacob Ostheimer and Meyer Schwartzreich (Ostheimer & Schwartzreich), manufacturers of ladies' shoes and welts at 320 East Houston street, made an assignment yesterday to Henry Levin.

Edward B. and William S. Cooke (E. B. & W. S. Cooke), dealers in groceries and provisions at 49 to 55 Gansevoort street, made an assignment yesterday to Charles S. Hayes without preference.

Deputy Sheriff Loub received yesterday an attachment against Louis Loges, wholesale and retail dealer in butter and eggs in Washington Market, for $490 in favor of Jacob Knight. He was informed that Loges had given a bill of sale to his son.

David Levy, wholesale butcher, of West Fortieth street and North River, confessed judgment yesterday for $11,893 in favor of McPherson & Co. of Jersey City.

H. I. Gilbert, dealer in shoes at 295 Grand street, has given a bill of sale for $1,500 to A. Gluck.

A Child Scalded to Death.

Cancetta Campanano, the eighteen months' old daughter of Nicolo Campanano, who keeps a little grocery at 167 Elizabeth street, was scalded to death yesterday. Mrs. Campanano, after boiling some hot corn which was intended for sale in the grocery, left the baby alone in the kitchen.

While her mother was away Cancetta toddled over to where the pot of hot corn was and made a grab for one of the ears. In doing this she lost her balance and fell head foremost into the boiling water.

Extending the Mail Carrier Service.

A carrier service from the branch Post Office station in the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's building, at Madison avenue and Twenty-third street, will be instituted on Thursday next. Twenty carriers will be employed, and they will deliver mail in the district bounded by Third and Sixth avenues and Twentieth and Twenty-sixth streets. Hitherto this branch has been a box delivery station and a depot for the transaction of registry business and the sale of money orders, stamps, and other postal stationery.

"MISS WARNER" A SUICIDE.

"M. G. W." OF NEW YORK KILLS HERSELF IN A MONTREAL HOTEL.

Only Her Name on the Register and the Laundry Marks on Her Collar and Cuffs to Identify Her—She Was Petite, Pretty, Well Kept, Well Dressed, Young, and Shamed.

MONTREAL, Sept. 13.—The Montreal authorities are seeking to ascertain the identity of a young woman, who gave her name as "Miss Warner of New York," who committed suicide at the Cadillac Hotel yesterday by taking carbolic acid. From what can be found out about her, from what the Coroners' physician says, and from what belongings she had with her, it seems that in a fit of despair at her condition, without friends or money, she concluded that it would be better for her to end it all. The body lies at the Morgue dressed just as she was found in bed. Her immaculate underclothing, part of which was of silk, would go to show that her condition in life was not lowly. But every mark that could identify her was taken off this and the other underclothing that was found in her valise. She may have been anywhere from 23 to 30 years old and is 4 feet 8½ inches tall. Her face is oval, with small, delicate mouth, dark brown hair, streaked lightly with gray, put up in a knot at the back, and dark, straight, delicate eyebrows. Her hands and feet are small. She had no jewelry of any kind, though her ears were pierced for rings.

The only identification marks that promise anything are the printed letters "M. G. W.," made with ink on the inside of her collar and cuffs. In her satchel was a small red notebook, with a pencil attached. Some leaves were torn out. Outside it had in gold letters, "Underberg Boonekamp." At the bottom of the pages was "Luyties Brothers, New York, sole agents." There are also in the satchel a number of sheets of writing paper and envelopes. The paper bore the water mark, "The New North Mill, Superfine." Several of the sheets showed that she had started to write on them and then had torn off the written part. On one, however, near the top she had written the word "Schenectady." There were two kid gloves, No. 6, with blue embroidered stripes on the back and a small feather boa. There was a large pocket flask half filled with port wine. She had erased the label of the bottle that had contained the carbolic acid. There was a scrap of paper about four by five that looked like part of a New York newspaper, and contained a little rouge. There also were a black ribbon watch chain, with a bow and a gold swivel to hold the watch; a black comb, cheap and much-burned curling irons, a little silver stick pin, heart shaped; a pair of common scissors, and a red mercantile pencil, No. 2, Eagle Pencil Company.

Her dress was a light blue diagonal skirt and zouave jacket, with black braid and buttons, lined with electric blue silk. She wore black ribbed cotton stockings and black garters, and good cover-ten shoes, with cloth uppers. She had two $1 United States bills, $1.10 in United States silver, and nine coppers in her valise.

She arrived in town on Saturday evening on the Central Vermont train from New York, which is due about 10 o'clock. The first person who noticed her, as far as is known, was C. B. Hearn, the porter for the Cadillac Hotel. She was then accompanied by a tall young man of dark complexion. The young man came up to Mr. Hearn and said:

"You are the porter for the Cadillac?"

When Mr. Hearn replied in the affirmative he said:

"I have advised this lady to go to the Cadillac, as she wants a quiet, respectable hotel. Will you look after her?"

Mr. Hearn agreed, and the young man went away after lifting his hat and saying "Good night." Mr. Hearn suggested a cab, but the young lady replied that if it was not too far she preferred to walk. When they arrived at the hotel she asked him how much she owed him, and being told "Nothing," signed the register in a nervous manner, and was shown up to her room by a bellboy. Mr. Hearn said she looked and acted a lady in every way.

On Sunday morning one of the chambermaids tried the door but found it bolted, and no attempt was made to open it till about supper time, when they became anxious. After the door had been opened they found her apparently asleep on the bed with her face turned to the wall. When they approached her they saw she was dead. On the table were two half-empty carbolic acid bottles, and her lips showed that she had committed suicide with part of the contents.

MADE HER TAKE POISON.

A Girl Drinks Carbolic Acid in Obedience to Her Betrayer's Command.

Minnie Sheehan, aged 19 years, who works in a cigar factory, was taken to the Presbyterian Hospital yesterday by the police as a would-be suicide. She had drunk carbolic acid and was under arrest in consequence. Such inquiries as were set on foot to discover her reasons for wishing herself dead seemed to indicate, however, that she was rather the victim of a conspiracy to kill her.

The girl turned up yesterday morning at 8 o'clock in the hall of the house at 333 East Sixty-first street. Mrs. Granger, the housekeeper, hearing steps in the hall, opened the door to see who it was, and saw the girl come in, followed by three men. She stopped at the foot of the stairs and put a bottle to her lips.

"Drink it all," said one of the three men, who was ahead of his companions. The girl seemed to swallow some of the contents; then she put the bottle down and said: "I won't drink it; it is poison."

With that she went out. Two of the three men had gone away before. The third, the one who had told her to drink, lingered in the hall where the bottle stood on the stairs. The housekeeper picked it up and smelled of it.

"What do you mean," she said angrily to the stranger, "by bringing that girl in here to drink that stuff? It is carbolic acid."

The man muttered something unintelligible and went out. Watching him from the door, the housekeeper saw him enter a saloon at First avenue and Sixty-fifth street on the heels of the girl. Five minutes later a man ran out of the saloon to get a policeman. An ambulance came and the girl was lifted into it and taken away to the hospital. The man who had told her to drink the poison stood watching it all from across the way. When the ambulance was driven away he went into the saloon.

In the hospital it was said that the girl had not taken enough of the poison to kill her. Her home is at 323 East Sixtieth street. She lives there with her mother and brother. They could give no reason why she should attempt suicide. She was out with a young man Sunday night, but her people did not know what, if any, relation he held toward her.

Detective McGreevy and Policeman Lynch arrested William Fox yesterday afternoon on suspicion of being the girl's betrayer. He is the man who told her to drink the poison. Fox is ostensibly a brickl yer, and lives at 410 East Sixty-second street. He is an ex-convict, and has spent three and a half years in Sing Sing for burglary.

Mgr. Doane Forty Years a Priest.

The fortieth anniversary of the ordination of Mgr. Doane was celebrated yesterday in St. Patrick's Cathedral at Newark. Mgr. Doane is the oldest son of the Right Rev. George W. Doane, the Episcopal Bishop of New Jersey. He was ordained a deacon of Grace Episcopal Church in Newark, but in 1855 became a Roman Catholic, and was received into the Church by Bishop Bayley. He studied at St. Sulpice, Paris, and at the College Pio, Rome, and was ordained in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Newark, in 1857, acting as Bishop Bayley's secretary.

In 1873 he was appointed by Bishop Corrigan Vicar-General of the diocese, and in 1880 he was made Monsignor of the second order. In 1890 he again visited Rome, and Leo XIII. made him Prothonotary Apostolic.

The Weather.

A storm in the Gulf of Mexico was central yesterday near the west Gulf coast. All reports from southern Texas were missing. The high pressure over the Atlantic States was holding the storm in check. The weather was cloudy and showery in the Atlantic States, the lake regions, and South Dakota; elsewhere fair weather prevailed. The temperature had a decided fall in the States of the Upper Mississippi Valley. In this city the day was cloudy and showery; average humidity 90 per cent.; wind southwest, average velocity eight miles an hour; highest official temperature 85°, lowest 64°; barometer, corrected to read to sea level, at 8 A. M. 30.12, 8 P. M. 29.97.

The thermometer at the United States Weather Bureau registered the temperature yesterday as follows:

	1896.	1897.		1896.	1897.
8 A. M.	68°	71°	6 P. M.	70°	66°
12 M.	70°	73°	9 P. M.	71°	64°
3 P. M.	80°	69°	12 Mid.	73°	61°

WASHINGTON FORECAST FOR TUESDAY.

For New England and eastern New York, fair, preceded by showers in the early morning on the southern coast; southwesterly winds.

For the District of Columbia, eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia, generally fair; westerly winds.

For western New York, fair, except showers on the lakes; light to fresh variable winds.

For western Pennsylvania, generally fair, except showers on the lake; probably cooler in southern portion; light to fresh northerly winds.

THIEVES FROM OVER THE SEA.

An Algerian and Two Hindus, One a Woman, Flim-Flam Jewellers.

Ali Omar, an Algerian, and Ali Ben Kheili and Salla Allie, a young man and young woman from Hindustan, were arrested yesterday by Headquarters detectives. They are accused of working a sort of flim-flam game in this city, by means of which they are said to have been able to rob a number of well-known merchants and others of considerable sums. The three seem to have done ordinary shoplifting also.

The first intimation which the police got of their practices was on Sept. 3, when they robbed William Reiman, a jeweller at 1253 Broadway