HER WIFE WAS A DOCTOR,

AND, LIKE MURRAY HAMILTON HALL, SHE DIED OF CANCER.

The Woman Who Was Married to Cecilia Florence Lowe on Dec. 24, 1872, by the Rev. Dr. Deems, Officiating Undertaker Porter Was Present at Her Burial.

Murray Hall, of 1st Hall avenue, the politician, who, as announced, died after last Sunday, was a woman, and married another woman in Mount Olivet Cemetery at Newtown, L. I. There were only two witnesses to the ceremony. One was the Rev. Dr. Deems, who was then a clergyman of the Methodist church, and the other was the undertaker, who was then a young man just around the corner from Murray Hall's employment agency. The other witness was Cecilia Hall, who died. Murray's death believed that Murray Hall was her father. The undertaker had put a wooden frame on the body. The coffin plate was engraved "Murray Hamilton Hall, aged 70 years. Died Jan. 16, 1901."

Just how many of the secrets were Murray Hall impersonated as a man has not been learned yet. Half a dozen persons were found on the West Side of the city who had known her for thirty years as a man. It had been her request that no one but the daughter should know where she was to be buried and also that a grave should be bought as cheaply as possible, she did not believe in spending money in funerals. Two days ago she went to the office of Cooper, Ehrich and Hall. Mr. Hall's wife is dead, but I want to help her remains to be laid in Westerville, Me. "But I don't want the man to be over $50 at most." The undertaker's bill was $50.50. Murray Hall wanted her own funeral to be equally cheap. So it was in accordance with her wishes that the adopted daughter purchased a grave for $12 yesterday. As the coffin was lowered into the grave Mrs. Meyers sprinkled a basketful of earth upon it. So was the coffin covered.

After the funeral Mrs. Meyers assisted Cecilia Hall to pack up the house of 1st avenue. The girl will move out of the Sixth avenue house as soon as possible. After she got home she learned that Murray Hall, who posed as her father, had really been married to a woman who posed as her mother, and that the marriage occurred in this city. The marriage of Murray Hamilton Hall and Miss Cecilia Florence Lowe took place on Dec. 24, 1872, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Deems, pastor of the Church of the Strangers in Mercer street. The record is on file at the Bureau of Vital Statistics.

Another thing that came out yesterday was that Cecilia Florence Lowe was a medical student, graduating as M. D. and that she died, like Murray Hall, of cancer. She was born in that part of Newtown, Long Island, known now as Sunnyside. Her maiden name was Cecilia Lowe, and was educated in the schools of her native town and at the Waterville, Me., Liberal Institute. She began the study of medicine in Waterville. After two years' study with Dr. Reynolds, Miss Lowe went to Boston, Baltimore and New York, where she studied in such colleges as they admitted women, as well as in the leading hospitals. In 1871, hard work and study had so undermined her health that she was obliged to give up her studies and return to her home a short time before she was to have been graduated with the degree of M. D. In Boston she became acquainted with Hall, who began a correspondence with her as soon as she had returned to her home. Later Murray Hall visited at the home of Miss Lowe and passed some time there. In the summer of 1872 she went again and remained for some time, being looked upon as an eccentric character by the townfolk.

To the Lowe family she represented herself to be a Scottish nobleman and told them that she had been disinherited for her crime and title in the old country, but that she had learned the profession of a detective and would soon have all restored again and would be in possession of a fabulous sum of money. The family of Miss Lowe were all much opposed to the marriage. At Waterville, Me., yesterday Mrs. Robert Hobbs, a sister of Mrs. Hall, said to a New Yorker that Hall's jealous nature and miserly ways as well as general ugliness made the life of Mrs. Hall a hard one. Frequently her folks asked her to leave Hall and return to her home, but she feared that he would kill her if she went away from him. All the jewelry, wedding presents and personal property, even to clothing of Mrs. Hall, were kept locked in a room of the house, the key to which was always in Hall's possession. At the time of Mrs. Hall's last illness with cancer Mrs. Hobbs went to New York, so she told, but she was told Hall would soon be better and was sent home again. In a few days she was again called to New York to find that Mrs. Hall was dead and that her body had been shipped by express to Maine. Murray Hall did not accompany the body as is the wont of Mr. Hall, but she should not be surprised if Mrs. Hall was buried in the family lot in Pine Grove Cemetery, Waterville.

The family of Mrs. Hall were most bitter in their feelings toward Hall. Mrs. Hobbs related instances when Mrs. Hall had been subjected to abuse by her husband. At one time while living in a village in New York Mrs. Hobbs wished Mrs. Hall to return home with her, to which Hall objected. Upon Mrs. Hall's insisting that she would go, Hall got a revolver and rushed from off to another room. There Mrs. Hall promised on bended knees not to go, and told Mrs. Hobbs that she didn't dare to leave the house for fear of her husband.

Mrs. Hobbs was asked if she had ever been told by her sister that Hall was a woman, or if any of her family ever knew it, to which she said:

"Never, until we read in the newspapers of Hall's death and the discovery of facts. I did we know a thing of it. I think it was from fear of Hell that my sister never told us about it. He had a remarkable power over her and that must have been why she never spoke of it, unless her pride prevented her from doing it."

In regard to any estate left by Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Hobbs said that all that she left to Hall was $1,000 cash in a savings bank in New York with several years' interest, besides some personal property of hers which Hall had locked up. The adopted daughter of Hall is a complete mystery to the Hobbs family. Mrs. Hobbs said: "We know nothing of her or who her people are." The family of Mrs. Hall, the Maine reporter says, is an old and highly respected one, and Mrs. Hall was looked on as being one of the brightest young women in Maine in her early life.

Murray Hall seems to have made her mark in the sporting world. She attended the baseball games on the old Polo Grounds, visited the local racetracks and saw many of the big prize fights. Her favorite amusements were card playing, pool and billiards. But she was particularly fond of prizefights, and she was in the habit of telling her fellow members of the West Side political clubs that she would have been a pugilist if she had weighed enough. Of course the persons to whom she said this believed her to be a man.

John C. Hackett, of the Tammany Hall General Committee, one of the lieutenants of Peter F. Dooling, the Tammany leader of the Thirteenth Assembly district, said yesterday that he had known Murray Hall many years.

"Hall," he said, "won considerable money betting on himself in billiards and pool games. I consider myself as good a pool player as there is on the upper West side but Hall frequently beat me. But he was an awful kicker. He growled every time he made a poor shot, and swore like a trooper. I remember the last time I played pool with him. We had a row. It was in Jack Oram's pool parlors in Eighth avenue. Hall had been losing every game. As he continued to make poor shots he became sulky and quarrelsome. I finally threw down my cue and said: 'See here, Hall, if you don't quit in a little while I'd punch your head.' He said I wasn't big enough to do it, and that made me angry. We swore at each other and finally friends interfered, and we resumed the game. Hall said: 'I'll play you one more for $10.' I made it pretty soon, so picked up a hard cue and threatened to stick it into me. I took my coat off.

"Then I refused to play the game to a finish. We went out and had a drink and parted friends. It's hardly possible to believe he was a woman. Why he went to the Dixon-Lyman fight in Boston with a crowd of the boys and bet his money on Lyman. Dixon beat Lyman in the fight. All the way home Hall growled over his loss of the bet he had made. But he spent money freely and kept boys buying drinks for the crowd until they got back to New York. The crowd stayed in Boston two days. Contrary to thinks of it, Hall left the crowd one night to hope and did not tell them where he had been. When he got back they jolled him and asked him if he had been off to see his best girl. I met him at the Coney Island Athletic Club when this fight took place in Madison Square Garden. He was in the West End in March, 1897. I think he saw Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight in Carson City. I don't know whether he went there to see the fight, but I think he did, for he was certain to be interested in it as well as any one who did see it. But he was at almost all of the fights that occurred at the Coney Island Athletic Club, and he was at the bike races at Madison Square Garden a few years ago, for I went there with him."

From another source it was learned that Murray Hall got down with a crowd who attended the Sharkey-Ruhlin fight at Coney Island in June, 1896. When the fight was over the crowd paid visits to the numerous halls and finally someone suggested that go back for a midnight bath in the surf. Murray Hall refused to go. He said he had a horror of being drowned, and was for the a man to learn how to swim.

MAKING IN FIVE LEAN TIME

The Concert Tells Some of His Experiences at West Point.

CHICAGO, Feb. 10, Jan. 19.—Pittsburgh Law, who is now operated here as commanding general of the Department of the Missouri, was telling the news night about the investigation into hazing at West Point.

"I remember very well when I was a cadet at West Point," said he, "that hazing of the fourth class was one of pleasures and frequently practiced. Nearly every cadet in the three upper classes had at some time been hazed himself or had witnessed it, and therefore felt as if the case was coming in about have the usual experience. A boy who was good-natured, amiable, took everything as he found it, got off easily; but a surly, conceited fellow was sometimes handled a little roughly. I remember one cadet came into our room during one of the examinations in red and smoking soot of the side of the chimney upon which I was lying asleep on the bed. Some pulled me roughly into the corridor, while two cadets standing upon either side of the entrance of the last three buckets of cold water on me as I came out. I took it good naturedly, telling them that were very good to do, they might save me from washing in the morning, but I thought at the time a surprise had struck me.

"I joined, myself, in good-natured hazing. I admit, too, I frequently used goats to the extent of giving them the work of that kind and one night waking up the fourth which I had teased up and put in my bed to represent me while I was absent, and showing some life and a little annoyance when the practicing officer came around about nothing. I had to take the blame for it, and was reprimanded for being out of quarters between taps and reveille, and sentenced to walk ten extra tours of sentinel duty, ten extra hours of Sunday afternoon guard duty, during the time cadets were allowed to be out of barracks and to be confined to the plain of West Point for one year. While I was walking one of these Sunday tours I saw a man in front of the barracks. I saw then it was Mr. Lee, then a captain of engineers and superintendent of the Academy, coming in the direction of my post with his father-in-law, Mr. George Washington Custis, of Arlington. As he passed I brought my gun from a shoulder to carry arms and then to present arms in accordance with the manual of those days. After Gen. Lee had passed a few steps I heard him say to Mr. Custis: 'Do you know that young man is walking extra hours for violation of regulations?' 'No,' quickly responded Mr. Custis. 'He is very polite, though, isn't he?'

"I suppose there will always be more or less hazing at West Point, as long as the institution stands, but I hope it may be kept within the proper bounds, and if any undue cruelty is exercised that it may be promptly met by the punishment of the guilty parties. Among so large a number of boys, always concentrated in companies and barracks, the natural boyish tendencies in some of them cannot be suppressed."

MARK TWAIN DENOUNCES HAZING.

He Says the Men Engaged in It at West Point Are Bullies and Cowards.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—Mark Twain, who is in Washington for a few days with his daughter, denounces the system of hazing at West Point, and declares that the men who engage in it are bullies and cowards.

"Why," he said, "the fourth class man who is compelled to fight a man from the first class has not a show in the world, and it is not intended that he should have. I have read the rules provided to prevent such practices, and they are wholly deficient, because one provision is omitted. I would make it the duty of a cadet to report to the authorities any case of hazing which came to his notice, make such reports a part of the vaunted West Point 'Code of Honor,' and the beating of young boys by upper class men will be stopped. I am not opposed to fights among boys as a general thing. If they are conducted in a spirit of fairness, I think it makes boys manly, but I do oppose compelling a little fellow to fight some man big enough to whip two of him. When I was a boy going to school down in the Mississippi Valley, we used to have our fights, and I remember one occasion on which I got soundly trounced, but we always matched boys as nearly of a size as possible, and there were none of the cowardly methods that seem to prevail at West Point."

HUMAN FINGERS FOR SOUVENIRS.

Members of the Mob That Lynched McKinney in Florida Cut His Hands.

TAMPA, Fla., Jan. 19.—As the details are reported of the recent lynching of Norman McKinney, the negro trainwrecker, at Gulf Junction on Tuesday, it is seen that the Florida mob were bloodthirsty. McKinney was arrested because his shoes fitted the tracks of those seen near where the rails were wrenched off. When being taken to the jail by Deputy Sheriff Frank he said:

"If any men take me away from you will you ask them to give me a chance to pray?"

The officer assured him that no one would bother him unless he was guilty. He then made a full confession to the officer. He said that he had no grievance against the Pearl System, but any of the employees, but that the idea had come to him that this would be a fine place to wreck a train for the purpose of robbery.

"I expected that such a wreck would kill everybody on the train," said the negro to the officer. "I had to run back to the baggage and express and the dead passengers."

At a distance from the scene of the confession the officer was held up by a mob of about fifty men. Four or five pistols were shoved in his face and the negro taken away. To the mob the negro repeated his confession. It is seen from the reports of the wreck and from the train passed, exactly at the same hour as its predecessor had gone to wreck the night before, the negro was hanged. A rope was strung over a limb of the sacred tree to the track and the victim forced to witness the wreck of the train after the executioners had arrived. As the train thundered by the horse was led from under McKinney.

McKinney frantically wrapped his legs about the trunk of the tree and was pulled loose from his death grip by the leader of the mob. He strongly resisted the struggle after this and one of his fingers were cut off. His hands got ghastly souvenirs of the occasion. One of the lynchers fainted.

DEAD MAN PROVIDES A FEAST.

Friends of Conrad Brinkman Toast His Memory at a Dinner by His Request.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 19.—Conrad Brinkman died at the Alexian Brothers Hospital on Dec. 29. He was a bachelor, fairly well-to-do. Shortly before his death he told Jacob Faust, with whom he had roomed for many years, that his intention was to make him his beneficiary and gave him minute instructions about his funeral. He set aside $100 to be devoted in giving a dinner to his friends after his death. Last night a number of those friends gathered at Wollaha Hall and sat down to the banquet provided by the dead man. There were no funeral trappings. No dirges were played, no crape was worn. Instead, two orchestras played such airs as "There Will Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," and "Ain't Dat Funny?" Guests entered into the jollity with all the zest the dead man could wish.

A place was reserved on the right of the toastmaster for Brinkman. He had assured his friends that he would be with them in spirit and they felt that he was. The priests sat down at the table at 10 P. M. and did not rise until late this morning. Some food refreshments were served, but most of it came on in bottles.

JADE BEAD IN AZTEC RUINS.

Discovery Tending to Show Prehistoric Communication With China.

SANTA FE, N. M., Jan. 19.—L. L. Henry, a local archæologist, has just secured from an Indian trader in San Juan county an oddly shaped bead of jade which was dug up last week in the Aztec ruins on the Chaco River by a member of the Hyde Exploring Expedition. The bead, which is dark green, has a rich deep color. It is of peculiar shape and will cut glass as readily as will a diamond. It was picked up by a Pueblo Indian employed by Hyde and it is not believed that he revealed his find to the others, but sold the bead to the trader who brought it here.

The startling nature of the discovery lies in the fact that jade is only found in China and its possession by the Aztecs shows that it was brought here before Columbus arrived in America. When Cortez conquered Mexico he found jade ornaments and implements in possession of the Indians, who prized them more highly than gold or silver.

STICKING TO POLICE BILL.

GOVERNOR'S POWER OF REMOVAL NOT ELIMINATED.

This End of the State Efforts to Get All Three Extra Commissions Under Reapportionment—Two Four Years Terms Favored—Every Cent to Beat Raines Election Bureau Bill.

ALBANY, Jan. 19.—Senator Brown, Republican, returned morning and I had Senator Platt and Chairman Duryea of the Republican State Committee at the Fifth avenue hotel in Albany in the afternoon. There was a talk for an hour and then I came off to the Capitol to Washington on the night Senator Platt will return to Washington this morning. There isn't any doubt that the Republican State Committee will not give up the fight for the Police Commissioners. Senator Platt said a talk with William Barnes, Jr., chairman of the Executive Committee of the Republican State Committee, and requested him to place a clause of disfranchisement to be attached to a joint committee of the Senate and the assembly consisting either of five or eleven members, with one or two Democrats or minority members.

Mr. Barnes said that he did not care to give anything, but he was rather inclined to believe that the first system appeals directly to the people, which include the Republicans on Long Island, Staten Island, Brooklyn, New York and Westchester, would get the three new Congressmen, which would make the territory now covered by the eleven districts, sixteen districts according to the new apportionment. It was the opinion of Senator Platt and myself that the Republicans would get the three