The Sun.

(Cloudy to-day and to-morrow, with occasional rains.

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MURDER MYSTERY SOLVED:

MRS. BONINE TELLS OF HER PART IN THE WASHINGTON TRAGEDY.

She Says Ayres, to Whom She Had Not Spoken Since March 4, Called Her to His Room to Talk Over Their Differences and Made Insulting Proposals to Her. Holding a Pistol Before Her Face—In the Struggle That Followed the Pistol Was Discharged and She Fell to the Floor Locked in His Embrace—Escaped in Terror by the Window.

WASHINGTON, May 20.—The climax in the Ayres murder mystery was reached late this afternoon when Mrs. Lola Bonine, the woman toward whom suspicion has been directed by the developments of the past few days, broke down and confessed that Ayres had been killed in a struggle with herself. At about 4 o'clock this afternoon Mrs. Bonine, who was waiting in a room on the lower floor of the Sixth precinct station to be summoned to appear before the Coroner's jury, which was in session on the upper floor, sent for Detective Horne. When he arrived Mrs. Bonine, who appeared nervous for the first time since her name has been connected with the case, told him she had decided to confess to her part in the tragedy. A moment later, as the jury in the room overhead was listening with but half hearted interest to the testimony of Dr. Schaffer, a Government chemist, relative to the bloodstains found on the windowsill of Ayres's room, a policeman entered and whispered a few words to District Attorney Gould. With a word of apology to the witness, Mr. Gould arose from his seat, said "The inquest is adjourned until 10 o'clock to-morrow," and left the room, and ran down the stairs. The crowd in the inquest room followed in time to see a closed carriage drive rapidly away from the station.

District Attorney Gould, Detective Horne and Mrs. Bonine were driven directly to police headquarters, where, in the presence of Major Sylvester, the chief of police, Mrs. Bonine, with hardly a suggestion from her listeners and in a calm, even voice, told of her connection with the killing.

Mrs. Bonine said that she and Ayres had been friends until a short time prior to March 4, inauguration day, when they had a disagreement, and that from that time until the evening of the tragedy they had not spoken. On that evening, after a chat with Ayres, she had retired and had been asleep some time when she was awakened by repeated knocking. She arose, and unlocking the door found Ayres without, attired in his coat, trousers and undershirt. He complained of having had a chill and asked Mrs. Bonine to give him some quinine. She made an ineffectual search, Ayres meanwhile remaining without in the hall. When she told him she could find no quinine he threw his arm familiarly about her shoulder and said:

"Well, come over to my room, and we'll talk over our differences."

Mrs. Bonine assented to this, she said, but told Ayres to go to his room until she had dressed. Then she slipped on a dark wrapper, and followed him. When she knocked at Ayres's door it was opened quickly from within, and as she stepped into the room Ayres closed it sharply behind her, and drew the bolt. It was not until then, Mrs. Bonine said, that she noticed that Ayres had removed his clothing and wore only an undershirt, and that he held a revolver in his right hand. He made an insulting proposition to her, she said, and when she grew frightened and ran toward the open window, thinking to escape down the iron ladder without, he threw his left arm about her, held the revolver before her face, and cried: "Now will you listen to me?" From that time on, Mrs. Bonine said, her memory was a blur. She remembered clutching the raised pistol with one hand, hearing the sound of a shot, and feeling the warmth of blood upon her hands. In the further struggle that ensued she managed to clutch the revolver with both hands. It was discharged, she thought, two or three times, but could not remember the exact number, and then she fell to the floor, locked in Ayres's embrace, a crimson stream from his mouth and from the wound in his chest gushing over her shoulders and dyeing her hands and face.

She extricated herself from the dead man's hold and, forgetful of self in her terror of the scene—the disordered room with the pungent smell of powder in the air and the horror of the huddled, blood-stained shape near the window—uttered two faint cries for help and gave way to uncontrolled sobbing. Then fear of the consequences seized her, and placing the revolver on a trunk near the window, she descended the fire escape to the second floor, crossed the parlors to the hall and thence gained her room. Quietly and calmly as if in a daze, she said she washed her wrapper free from all incriminating stains and bathed her reddened face and hands. Then she went to bed and, falling asleep, did not awaken until morning.

Mrs. Bonine said she would have made her confession before, but was deterred through fear of the misconceptions that would be placed upon her conduct in visiting Ayres's room at 2 o'clock in the morning, and the resulting stigma that would be cast upon her honor as a wife and upon the name of her children.

This is the substance of Mrs. Bonine's confession. It was such a strange and remarkable story that the police are inclined not to give it entire credence until they have made further investigations with the knowledge that her confession has given them. They consider it strange that if Ayres had owned a revolver not one of his friends should have known of it, and that the servants who cleaned his room had never seen it.

After her confession Mrs. Bonine, in response to inquiries, told the detectives that she was familiar with firearms, her husband having accustomed her to the use of a revolver when they lived in Florida. She said she had often practised at a target and had twice used a revolver to frighten burglars away. She admitted having had a revolver, but said she had given it to a colored boy named Walker who worked in the Kenmore. The police have found this boy.

Mrs. Bonine does not look like a woman who would commit murder. She is small, being slightly over five feet in height, and can hardly weigh 120 pounds. Though not pretty, she had a very attractive manner. Her eyes are gray, steady and fearless, and her demeanor quiet and reserved. She is 32 years of age. Her maiden name was Henry and she was born in Macon, Miss. Her husband is a drummer who was absent from Washington when the tragedy occurred. The Bonines have two children, both boys, 12 and 10 years of age.

After making her confession Mrs. Bonine was taken to the House of Detention. To-morrow at the inquest Detective Horne will repeat to the jury the substance of her confession. She will be then held on a charge of murder, the police authorities say, for the action of the Grand Jury.

At the inquest to-day Eliza Gardner, a domestic employed at the Kenmore, was subjected to a severe cross-examination. After denying that she had ever seen Mrs. Bonine visit Ayres's room, she admitted that Mrs. Bonine had often entered Ayres's room while she was there, to borrow "doctor books." She said that on the evening following the murder Miss Minas called her into her room and after discussing the case with her asked how Mrs. Bonine looked. In answer to inquiries, the witness said that though it was her duty to clean Ayres's room every day she had never seen a pistol in his possession.

W. W. Warfield, the proprietor of the Kenmore, testified that Ayres almost two months ago requested him repeatedly to have the lock on his door fixed so that "people" could not get in without his permission.

William M. Pierce, a locksmith, said he had been called three times to attend to the lock on Ayres's room. The first time he was called on to fix it he found the lock smashed. Mrs. Bonine was alone in the room, looking at some books. Several days later, he said, he again went up to Ayres's room to fix the lock and again found Mrs. Bonine within. "Come out and lock the door when you get through," the witness said he told Mrs. Bonine, and he said she replied: "I can get in when I want to." She left the room and said to the witness: "Don't tell anybody you saw me in here." Proprietor Warfield, the witness said, insisted that a lock be put on Ayres's room that could be opened by only one key.

Emma Brown, a nurse employed at the Kenmore, testified to seeing Ayres and Mrs. Bonine coming out of Ayres's room together. Ayres was not fully dressed.

May Grayson, a domestic formerly employed in the Hotel Kenmore, said she had heard of Ayres's relations with a woman in the hotel. She also had seen Mrs. Bonine in Ayres's room. In fact, Mrs. Bonine had walked into Ayres's room one afternoon while she was there cleaning. Ayres was washing his face and hands preparatory to going down to dinner, the witness said, and when he looked up and saw Mrs. Bonine, he grew angry and cried: "You get out of here and stay out." Mrs. Bonine had called her aside later, the witness said, and told her not to mention the occurrence in Ayres's room.

Mrs. Sallie M. Seymour, a boarder at the Kenmore, testified that on the night before the tragedy Ayres told her one of the reasons he intended leaving the Kenmore was that he had a vindictive enemy in the house. He also spoke of his repeated requests that the lock on his door be fixed and of the delay before his wishes were complied with.

A NEW SECT OF AGNOSTICS.

Novel Marriage Pledges Which Do Not Bind Mismated Couples.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, May 20.—A new sect of agnostics, based on Robert G. Ingersoll's teachings, is to be founded, with its central headquarters in Cincinnati. Attorney Charles Sparks has prepared the ritual for agnostic marriage ceremonies and is at work on rituals for the dedication of infants to agnosticism and the confirmation of children in the belief in the non-existence of God.

The marriage pledges administered to agnostic brides and grooms are novel, especially in their provisions on divorce matters. Sparks declares it is the duty of mismated couples to get divorced. In part the pledge is as follows:

"I desire to make said contract, and do hereby solemnly promise that I will do all in my power to make my wife happy, and that when I find that she is irritated from any cause I will not cross or quarrel with her, but will endeavor by tender and loving methods and kind words to soothe and restore her peace of mind; that I will abstain from drunkenness; that within three months, if possible, I will have my life insured, making my wife the beneficiary; and that should our marriage prove to be happy and we are blessed with children, I hereby bind myself to ever treat them with the utmost kindness and consideration and pledge myself to send them to the agnostic Sunday school and to give to them all the educational advantages within my power."

The wife's pledge leaves out all provisions of the husband's which do not properly apply to the wife. It contains the further provision:

"Should I discover that we are uncongenial or mismated, I hereby pledge my sacred word of honor that I will not bring children into the world not born of affection, and I hereby further promise that should I find, after I have exhausted every effort to make it otherwise, that we are uncongenial or mismated, I will not insist upon our living together."

After swearing to these pledges, wife and husband are to sign them, each presenting his pledge to the other before the nuptial knot is tied by a Magistrate.

Frederick Federle, aged 24, of 1206 West Front street and Martha E. L. Seaman, aged 17, of 1208 West Front street, will be the first to take these pledges. They will be married at College Hall, in the Mercantile Library Building, on June 2. Federle is an employee of the Pittsburg Coal Company.

POPE HONORS THE KLONDIKE KING.

Alexander McDonald Made a Knight of St. Gregory for Gifts to the Church.

TACOMA, Wash., May 20.—Kneeling before the railing of the chancel at St. Mary's Catholic Church in Dawson three weeks ago, Alexander McDonald, a king of the Klondike, was made a Knight of St. Gregory. His wife, kneeling beside him, pinned the insignia upon his breast.

This honor comes direct from the Pope at Rome. It has been conferred upon only two other Canadians, former Governor Chapleau and former Prime Minister Mercier of Quebec, both dead.

The ceremony by which Father Gendreau conferred the honor upon Mr. McDonald was witnessed by the largest congregation ever gathered in Yukon Territory. During the winter of 1898 McDonald founded a Catholic hospital at Dawson and gave $25,000 toward the Catholic church. Father Gendreau brought these benefactions to the notice of the Pope and in Rome last summer he received the insignia and a Papal letter addressed to McDonald.

CLEVELAND CHILD HAS DIPHTHERIA.

Ex-President's Nine-Year-Old Daughter Ill With a Mild Attack.

PRINCETON, N. J., May 20.—Grover Cleveland's nine-year-old daughter Esther is ill with a mild attack of diphtheria. She was taken sick last Friday and it is said that the critical stage of the disease is past. The other Cleveland children, Ruth, Marion and Richard, are well.

Last Saturday the five-year-old daughter of Prof. John H. Finley of the university died of diphtheria after an illness of a few days. Now Prof. Finley's little boy is ill with it. Prof. Finley's children were playmates of the Cleveland children, so that it is thought that Esther caught the disease from them. The Board of Health has closed Miss Fine's private school, which the Cleveland and Finley children attended.

Ivers & Pond Pianos.

"Congregrets it you choose this make." They last a lifetime. At Chandler's, 159 Fulton St., Brooklyn.—Adv.

Rosth Lucca Olive Oil.

A pure Italian olive oil. Thomas McMullen & Co., sole importers.—Adv.

EX-MAYOR GLEASON DEAD.

HEART DISEASE CARRIES OFF THE BATTLE-AXE POLITICIAN.

He Had Been Ill a Long Time and Lived in Daily Dread of Dying—Made Fortune in Early Life and Then Went in for Public Affairs—As Mayor of Long Island City He Was Famous for Using the Axe—A Picturesque Career.

While the politicians of Long Island City were discussing last night what P. J. Gleason, the former Mayor of the Battle Axe, would do in the next primaries, Gleason was dying of the heart disease which he had fought successfully with drugs for the last five years. His end came just before 11 o'clock in the house at 112 Front street which he had used as his home and office for the last thirty years. The persons at the deathbed were Jessie Gleason, the ex-Mayor's only child and only relative in this country; his physician, Dr. Neil O. Fitch; his lawyer, Thomas P. Burke, and Hugh McAlarney, his secretary.

Patrick Jerome Gleason was born in Tipperary, Ireland, on April 25, 1844. He was one of eight brothers, three of whom had preceeded him in coming to America, when Patrick arrived in New York at the age of 15. He drifted up Broadway and was standing on the steps of the Astor House wondering what he would do for a living, when the smoke of a big fire attracted him to Brooklyn. He got a job there in a brewery at $5 a month and his board. He stayed in Brooklyn till the war broke out, when he enlisted in the Ninety-ninth New York Volunteers. Afterward he joined the Sixty-third New York, of which his brother was Colonel, and the latter appointed him Lieutenant.

Gleason's war record was a good one. His giant form was always to be seen in the thickest of the fight, and his mighty voice was ever heard urging his comrades on. At the close of the war he engaged in the distillery business in Flushing and prospered so well that in 1869 he retired from the business with an independent fortune.

It was about this time he entered politics. In 1872 he was a candidate for member of Assembly of the Seventh Kings county district. He was defeated by fifteen votes. Just before this he had secured a franchise for a street railroad between Long Island City and Calvary Cemetery, but he took his defeat so greatly to heart that he started for San Francisco, vowing that he would never return. He stayed six months on the Pacific Coast.

Hearing that another company had obtained a franchise in Long Island City to supersede his he returned, fought the other company and won. Then he began to build his railroad, working with the laborers who constructed the road bed, and afterward when it was completed becoming driver, conductor superintendent, Treasurer and President all combined. By degrees he got hold of other street railroads until he controlled nearly all the lines in Long Island City.

The real beginning of Gleason's political career was in 1880 when he found that the politicians were trying to get the better of him. He decided to run for Alderman, but as he could not get the nomination of either party he nominated himself and received a larger vote than both the other candidates combined. Mayor De Bevoise was then in office, and Alderman Gleason's first move was to demand an investigation of the city's accounts.

This disclosed an oversisue of bonds of $108,000. The Mayor was arrested, and held in civil suits for the amount of the oversisue. Gleason went his bail. As other frauds were developed Gleason became alarmed, and finally surrendered De Bevoise to the Sheriff.

Shortly after Gleason and his investigators discovered a forged check in unpleasant proximity to the office of John P. Morris, the City Treasurer. There were also rumors of taxes having been paid into the pockets of clerks instead of into the city treasury. Morris committed suicide by drowning himself in Hell Gate, and in 1887 Gleason was elected Mayor of Long Island City by a big majority.

The city's affairs were in a wretched condition. Its treasury was empty, its schoolteachers, the police and other city officials were in some cases two years in arrears for salary. There was no fire department, no street or gas fund, and the civic credit was gone. In a short time Mayor Gleason changed all this, he straightened out the tangles in every department of the city's government, and from the verge of bankruptcy the city was restored to a solid financial basis. He established a paid fire department, built schoolhouses and an excellent water supply system, wiped out the floating debt and reduced the tax rate, which was at one time as high as 6 per cent.

Next to Gleason's fight against Mayor De Bevoise the struggle of his life was with the Long Island Railroad Company, which had closed up various city streets with gates and sheds.

It was the big Mayor's custom to sally out axe in hand and chop down this obstruction himself. On one occasion he armed the entire police force with axes, and made a clean sweep of all the railroad property which he thought was on city lands. For five years, too, he fought the Standard Oil Company, and though he made a determined stand he was finally forced to admit that the undertaking was too much even for the champion of fighting Mayors. But he kept right on fighting telephone, telegraph and lumber companies; he fought Union College, which is Protestant, and Calvary Cemetery, which is Catholic, and he fought the ferry companies, reducing the fare from four to three cents.

After being Mayor for two consecutive terms of three years each Gleason was defeated in 1892 by Sanford. He wouldn't admit the defeat, though—that wasn't his way—but remained in possession of City Hall until Jan. 20, 1893, when the police, acting under an order from the Court, ejected him. He was elected again in 1895 and served until consolidation wiped Long Island City, as a separate municipality off the map. In 1897 he came over to Cooper Union and at a Gleason mass meeting nominated himself for Mayor of the Greater City. He was backed up by the signature of 6,000 admiring fellow citizens to a petition that he be considered as their candidate.

But the 6,000 petitioners didn't support him on election day. He had but 600 votes. That was the end of Gleason in politics.

Since then he had devoted himself principally to the interests of the Woodside Water Company. The last time that he was out of his house was on last Wednesday, when he appeared before the Board of Public Improvements and asked that his water company get the contract for supplying Long Island City. He was turned down by the board.

Gleason was one of the most picturesque characters that ever figured in city politics. His axe, by which he was known all over the country, was the real thing long before it became an emblem.

After he had quit hacking down Long Island Railroad property and there was no further need for the Mayor to chop things his followers gave him an axe of gold and diamonds and conferred upon him the title of "Battle Axe Gleason," which no act of consolidation could take away, no matter how the votes ran.

He always had one platform which he would not amend to suit the different issues of different campaigns. It was this: "I always win by just drivin' round and yellin' at me frens, and there's no platform, no nothin—jest me, Paddy." That was the explanation he gave once of his victories.

The big Mayor lived in daily dread of dying. One physician after another had told him that his heart was in such bad shape that he was apt to go at any moment. Finally he came to the conclusion that they were right and that he might as well quit paying doctor's bills. He did so, and got so much better that in the summer of 1899 he went to a life insurance company and applied for a policy. The company's physicians examined him and with their approval he got insured for $20,000 on his life. Then he threatened to sue the other doctors who had told him he couldn't live long.

Four months after getting his life insured Gleason filed a petition in bankruptcy. His debts amounted to $226,894.14 and his assets were $8,938.32. The debts were incurred during the former Mayor's career as a contractor. There were seventy-three unsecured creditors.

His troubles came thick and fast, and they were not all financial. He was arrested in 1899 for assaulting Magistrate Edmund J. Healy of Far Rockaway and fined $100.

Way back in 1896, when he was still Mayor, Gleason's opponents went so far as to declare that he had never been naturalized and instituted court proceedings to make him prove his citizenship. The courts never called upon him to furnish the proofs.

In 1899 Gleason was named as one of the Reception Committee to greet Admiral Dewey, but he couldn't serve, for just at that time he was a prisoner within the jail limits of Queens county on the strength of an unsatisfied judgment which one of his former police captains had secured against him for slander.

Physically Mayor Gleason was a giant. He was 6 feet 2 inches tall, fifty-five inches around the chest and weighed about 260 pounds. His strength was tremendous, and his prowess among men won him the respect of the rougher classes with whom he was, during the most of his life, brought in contact, and to whom he owed the greater share of his political influence.

In 1881 he married Miss Belle Bennett of Brooklyn, who died in 1883.

In 1896 when Gleason was right at the top notch of his glory he tried to expand a bit socially and began by engaging a valet.

He didn't send to France for one. He picked out a Long Island stable boy that he had taken a notion to and made him his valet and the plan worked beautifully until Scotty, that was the valet, laid out russet shoes and a four-in-hand tie for the Mayor to wear with his evening clothes. For this Scotty was sent back to the stables.

HACKENSACK MEADOW SOLD?

Henry L. Sprague of This City Said to Have Paid $3,000,000 for It.

It was reported yesterday that the Newark, or Hackensack, Meadow has been sold by the Pike estate for about $3,000,000 to Henry L. Sprague, a lawyer, of 15 Broad street. The meadow lies between Jersey City and Newark and fronts Newark Bay on the south, the Hackensack River on the east and the Passaic on the west. Excepting the roadbeds of several railways, including the Erie, the Pennsylvania, the Jersey Central and the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, the meadow is practically all unreclaimed marsh.

Impressed by its waterfront and its location between two expanding cities many speculators have entertained schemes of laying out the property into building sites. Jim Fiske had a plan for filling in the marsh and selling it off in lots, and it has since been reported time and again as sold for improvement. Yesterday's report says that the meadow contains 4,000 acres, according to which the purchase price would be at the rate of $750 an acre, a price which some of the earlier speculators would probably have been satisfied to obtain for the land after having reclaimed it. Mr. Sprague refused to say anything in reference to the report.

HARVARD STUDENT'S 65-FOOT FALL.

Harold A. Rich Tumbles From Dormitory Window—Probably Fatally Injured.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., May 20.—Harold Allen Rich, a student at Harvard, coming from Dighton, Mass., fell to-night at 6:20 from the fifth floor of Weld Hall, one of the dormitories in the yard.

The window from which he fell was about sixty-five feet from the ground, and as a result of the fall Rich is now at the Cambridge Hospital with a fractured left arm, a compound fracture of the left thigh and concussion of the brain. The physicians are doubtful of his recovery.

Just how the accident happened is not known, but it is thought that Rich fell asleep while sitting in the window. Rich had three times represented his class in debates.

KILLED ON THE STAGE.

W. H. McClung Hit by a Bullet Fired in a Wild West Scene.

CLARKSBURG, W. Va., May 20.—The Traders' Theatre here to-night was the scene of an accidental shooting. The Van Dyke and Eaton stock company was putting on a play in which there was a Wild West scene, and a number of local young men were pressed into service to help in the shooting scene.

While the firing was at its height a bullet from the revolver of Luther Moore struck W. H. McClung in the breast and penetrated his heart, causing instant death. McClung was 22 years old and a popular young fellow. There is no explanation of how the ball cartridge came to be in Moore's revolver. The Coroner viewed the remains and after hearing the stories of eyewitnesses declared an inquest unnecessary. He gave a certificate of accidental death. Moore is deeply affected by the accident. It is the second accidental shooting with which he has been connected. He was a member of the party that killed a man named Young of Buchannon, a year ago.

GOVERNMENT SEIZES COPPER CENTRE.

Alaskan Town Site Taken by Capt. Abercrombie for a Military Reservation.

TACOMA, Wash., May 20.—The town of Copper Centre, a strategic point midway between Valdez and the new gold diggings on Chesna River in the Copper River country, has been seized by Capt. Abercrombie for use as a Government military reservation. His action has caused consternation among the settlers at Copper Centre, who expected to make more money selling lots to prospectors who must pass through going to the placer diggings. Some of these settlers claimed title to the town site by squatters' rights, but had failed to comply with the regulations by which they might acquire good title, and recognizing the strategic location of the town Capt. Abercrombie issued orders to reserve it. He posted his orders on the stakes set by the town site locaters at each corner.

ARAPAHOE INDIANS AROUSED.

Threaten to Hold the Sun Dance, Though the Agent Has Forbidden It.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., May 20.—Serious trouble is feared at Fort Washakie on the Wind River Reservation, where about 600 Arapahoe braves are under charge of Indian Agent Nickerson. Recently the Indians complained because the Government had failed to issue seed grain. Few crops have been put in and the Indians have been idle.

A month ago orders were given that rations would be issued twice a month instead of weekly and this added fuel to the flames.

Last week the Arapahoes asked for permission to hold their annual sun dance and this was denied. The braves have notified the agent that they will hold the dance in spite of his orders, and he is reported to have asked the Department for permission to use troops if necessary to quell any disturbance.

The Halcyon, Millbrook, N. Y.,

delightful during June. Open May 29. Golf, driving, &c.—Adv.

Antediluvian Rye.

Aristocratic, old and fine.—Adv.

New Train for St. Louis

leaves Grand Central Station 5:30 P. M.; reaches St. Louis 9:50 next night. This is the "St. Louis Limited" of the New York Central, Lake Shore and Big Four. No excess fare.—Adv.

DR. BABCOCK'S LAST DAYS.

SUICIDE IN A LOCKED ROOM OF THE NAPLES HOSPITAL.

Verses on Death Signed "M. D. B." Received Here in a Letter From Him the Day He Died—Dr. Webster Cables That He Had Acute Melancholia—He Was Homesick, As Well.

A copy of these verses, signed with the Rev. Dr. Malbie D. Babcock's initials, was received on Saturday by the Rev. Dr. A. F. Beard of Norwalk, Conn., one of the secretaries of the American Missionary Association in a letter from Dr. Babcock. On the same Saturday Dr. Babcock killed himself at Naples, Italy, in an attack of acute melancholia:

Emancipation.

Why be afraid of death as though your life were breath?
Death but anoints your eyes with clay. Oh glad surprise!

Why should you be forlorn? Death only husks the corn.
Why should you fear to meet the thresher of the wheat?

Is sleep a thing to dread? Yet sleeping you are dead.
Till you awake and rise, here, or beyond the skies,

Why should it be a wrench to leave your wooden bench?
Why not with happy shout run home when school is out?

The dear ones left behind! O foolish one and blind,
A day and you will meet—A night and you will greet

This is the death of Death, to breathe away a breath
And know the end of strife, and taste the deathless life,

And joy without a fear, and smile without a tear.
And work, nor care to rest, and find the last the best.

M. D. B.

Dr. Babcock wrote these verses some years ago. He wrote many verses and hymns which have been published from time to time. He also composed music for hymns. One of the tunes is called "Davenport," and is used with the hymn "My Times Are in Thy Hand."

HOW DR. BABCOCK DIED.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

ROME, May 20.—The Rev. Dr. Malbie Davenport Babcock, pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York city, who committed suicide at the International Hospital in Naples on Saturday, had been ill for a long time of gastric fever. He also had fitful attacks of spleen trouble and suffered from homesickness.

For this reason he had been watched with particular care by the hospital attendants. His wife, who was living at the Hotel Britannique, visited Dr. Babcock every day and showed the deepest concern over his illness. The doctor gradually became worse.

On Saturday morning some time before 7 o'clock the head nurse, Tensen, visited Dr. Babcock and found him perfectly calm. Half an hour afterward when the nurse was again passing the clergyman's room he heard prolonged groans.

The nurse tried in vain to open the door, which was locked on the inside. He then gave the alarm and called the hospital chief, who ordered that the door be forced.

Dr. Babcock was found lying on the bed dying. He was bleeding from an artery in one of his wrists, which he had cut with a pocket knife, and there was a pool of blood on the floor at his bedside. The physicians did everything in their power to save his life in the way of tying up the veins, &c., but without effect.

In his last agony, just before he died, Dr. Babcock confessed to the physicians that he had also swallowed corrosive sublimate.

There was a very painful scene when Mrs. Babcock arrived at the hospital and learned that her husband was dead.

The officers of the Brick Church felt all but hopelessly convinced yesterday of the truth of the press cable despatches concerning Dr. Babcock's suicide after they had received this despatch from the Rev. George S. Webster, who is the pastor of the Church of the Covenant, which is one of the churches affiliated with the Brick Church:

"Gastric fever developed acute melancholia, resulting in death. Riggs and the United States Consul arranged all details perfectly. Mrs. Babcock, Mr. Curtis and Miss Robbins left here yesterday and will sail on the Fuerst Bismark on May 24. I sail with the body on the Trave from Naples on May 30."

The despatch was received yesterday morning by W. D. Barbour, and, it is supposed, was sent on Sunday. That would mean that Mrs. Babcock and her friends left Naples on Saturday. If they sail on the Fuerst Bismark from Cherbourg on the 24th, they should arrive in New York at the end of the month. The Mr. Curtis mentioned in the despatch is the Rev. George L. Curtis of Bloomfield, N. J., Presbyterian Church, who was an associate of Dr. Babcock's in Baltimore, and Miss Fannie Robbins is one of Dr. Babcock's Baltimore friends who was in his party of tourists.

The church people are not satisfied to let matters go as they have for the past three days in such uncertainty and incompleteness. They did not know until the receipt of the above despatch that Mr. Webster was at present with the Babcock party. When the despatch was received another cable was immediately sent to Naples, addressed to Mr. Webster, and asking him to cable full information of the circumstances of Dr. Babcock's death so that the church officers might issue an authoritative statement about it. When a reply comes the officers of the church will make a formal statement of the facts. They suppose that either the excitement and shock over there has confused those in the party who should send information to the church here, or that the persons there who possess the facts do not appreciate the situation on this side of the water; and they expect the next cable from Mr. Webster to enable them to speak officially of their pastor's death.

BALTIMORE, May 20.—The Rev. Dr. John Timothy Stone, who succeeded Dr. Babcock here, received this despatch this afternoon:

"NAPLES, May 20.—Party leaves for home to-day with exception of Mr. B. F. Smith and daughter, who will stop over at Rome. All are well. RIGGS."

It is surmised that some of the party, including Mrs. Babcock, Dr. and Mrs. Riggs, Mrs. B. T. Smith, Miss Julia Smith and Miss Robbins are journeying overland to Paris, from which place they will go to Cherbourg to take the Fuerst Bismarck.

An informal meeting of the directors of Brown Memorial Church was held yesterday, the sentiment of which was to hold a memorial service at Brown Memorial in unison with the Brick Church congregation at a time to be appointed.

Indian Spring Purest Natural Water.

Indian Spring Water Co., Boonton, N. J.—Adv.

MORGAN TO SEE LOUBET.

To Thank Him for a Decoration—Great Financial Enterprise Under W'y.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, May 21.—The Paris correspondent of the *Daily Mail* says that President Loubet will receive Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan on Tuesday. Gen. Horace Porter, the American Ambassador, requested the interview, ostensibly to afford Mr. Morgan an opportunity to thank M. Loubet for the decoration of the Legion of Honor that was recently conferred on him.

It is whispered, however, that the interview will be the first step in the promotion of a great financial enterprise in which American capitalists will figure.

PARIS, May 20.—Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has bought the complete and splendid collection of antique, mediæval and renaissance curiosities formed here by M. Mannheim, a Parisian expert, who was thirty years in getting it together. It is stated that Mr. Morgan will present the collection to the Kensington Museum.

CARNEGIE LIBRARY OFFER DECLINED.

Cumberland, Md., Rejects $25,000 Trefer With Provision of $2,500 Annual Local Tax.

CUMBERLAND, Md., May 20.—The city election to-day resulted in the defeat of the proposition to accept an offer of Andrew Carnegie of $25,000 for a library building provided the city pledged $2,500 annually for its support.

Workingmen were almost solidly arrayed against the offer because of the increase of taxation it involved. Negroes, too, opposed it, alleging that on account of their color they would be deprived of its benefits. To encourage acceptance citizens had given a $3,500 site.

Republicans carried the city by 36 majority, although the Democrats gained one member of the Council.

WOMAN'S BODY IN THE RIVER.

Wore a Tailor-Made Suit—Nothing in Her Pocket Except a Buttonhook.

The body of a woman, 5 feet 6 inches tall, with dark brown hair, and apparently about 30 years old, was found yesterday by James Bogan, a boatman, in the North River at the foot of Grand street, Jersey City. The body was removed to Speer's morgue. The woman wore a black tailor-made suit, a red waist, two black underskirts, polka dot stockings and button shoes. She had an emerald ring on the third finger of the left hand. A buttonhook bearing the stamp "Herman Bros., Men's Outfitters" was found in a pocket of the skirt. Nothing else was discovered on the body which might lead to identification.

ACROSS THE PACIFIC IN A CANOE.

Two Men to Start From Vancouver This Morning to Make the Attempt.

VANCOUVER, B. C., May 20.—John Voss, who has already gained fame by sailing to South America in an open boat, will start to-morrow at daybreak with a companion named Norman Luxton to sail across the Pacific to Australia in a 40-foot Indian war canoe, and after seeking adventures among the Pacific Islands will sail for South Africa in this war canoe and thence to England. They take with them a complete photographic outfit.

Voss is a Victoria, B. C., saloonkeeper and Norman Luxton is a journalist, his father being editor of one of the St. Paul dailies. Luxton will write up his experiences.

BROKE HIS CLUB ON NEGRO'S HEAD.

Negro's a Cripple, Too, and Too Weak to Work, He Says—Head's All Right.

"Champ" Marshall is a negro who wants it understood that he is a cripple and is too weak to do heavy work. For years he has been a familiar figure at Thirty-first street and Sixth avenue, where he sells pencils. Last night Policeman Underhill heard the negro had insulted two women who wouldn't buy of him and he ordered the negro to move.

As he wouldn't, Underhill arrested him, and was promptly knocked down with an iron-knobbed stick the fellow carried. He got up, however, and struck the negro on the head with his club. The club broke in half, and the head is doing very well yet, thank you.

The negro then knocked the cop down a second time. What he would have done after will never be known, for two other cops came up, and among them the negro was hustled to the Tenderloin police station and locked up.

NEW GUN IN KEARSARGE'S TURRET.

Constructor Capps's Work of Replacing Disabled Gun Successfully Completed.

The new 70-ton 13-inch gun for the battleship Kearsarge was placed in position in the turret yesterday under the supervision of Naval Constructor Capps at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. After the gun was lifted to the ways, a steel cable was attached to its muzzle in the shape of a bridle and it was then slowly pulled into the turret, breech foremost.

In taking out the damaged gun on Wednesday hydraulic jacks were braced against the breech of the gun in the turret and the gun was pushed out onto the ways. The new gun will be bolted to its bed in the turret to-day. The turret will be in first-class condition again within two weeks. The whole cost of taking out the old gun and putting in the new one has been less than $6,000, against an estimate by other naval construction experts of $40,000.

PETTIGREW IN J. J. HILL'S PLACE?

Hill Said to Have Chosen the Former Senator for Great Northern President.

ST. PAUL, Minn., May 20.—Former United States Senator R. F. Pettigrew will undoubtedly be the executive head of the Great Northern road and not the Northern Pacific. This statement is made by railroad men who have a knowledge of President Hill's plans.

An authority whose information has always been reliable said to-day that President Hill long ago would have retired from the presidency of the Great Northern had not the negotiations for the Burlington delayed this action. Now it is stated that it is Mr. Hill's intention to retire and put Pettigrew at the head of his road to represent him officially, becoming himself chairman of the directories of the Great Northern, Burlington and Northern Pacific. Much of his time will be spent in New York.

DIDN'T LIKE HIS THEATRE SEATS

And Was Arrested for Saying So Loud Enough to Disturb the Rest of the Audience.

A man who said he was Morris J. Erlich, a reporter, living at 103 West 110th street, was locked up in the West Forty-seventh street police station last night for alleged disorderly conduct in the New York Theatre. It was said at the theatre that he expressed in a loud voice in the theatre his disapproval of the situation of two seats in which he and a young woman who was with him were sitting. He was escorted to the sidewalk and was there arrested by Detective Fitzgerald. The young woman disappeared.

Every Day in the Year

The "Overland Limited" to California via Chicago & North-Western, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific Rys. Addre s North-Western Line, 461 Broadway.—Adv.

RAINBOW CITY DEDICATED.

THE FORMAL OPENING OF THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

Two Parades From Buffalo's City Hall to the Exposition Grounds—Ceremonies in the Temple of Music—President McKinley Sends Greeting From the Shores of the Pacific—Greetings From Presidents of Other Republics—Addresses by Vice-President Roosevelt and Senator Lodge—Both Declare That the Time Has Arrived for the Whole Western World to Unite in Sustaining the Monroe Doctrine—Lieut.-Gov. Woodruff Speaks for the Empire State.

BUFFALO, May 20.—The dedication ceremonies of the Pan-American Exposition to-day sounded the bugle call of "Forward" to all the nations of the Western Hemisphere. Speaking directly to the representatives of most of those nations who sat before them, eager listeners to every word, and indirectly to all those who were not present in the persons of some of their distinguished citizens, both Vice-President Roosevelt and Senator Lodge voiced the amplification of the doctrine of Monroe, and declared that the time had arrived when all the Western world must stand together for its supremacy, from frozen north to frozen south, united in the slogan, "America for the Americans."

Buffalo had a raw, dark day for the formal opening of the Rainbow City. The clouds that shut out the early sunlight hung ominously overhead all day, with only an occasional rift showing a patch of blue. But in spite of the constant threat of rain the streets were early swarming with people, curious, anxious, hopeful. This was Buffalo's greatest day, and fitting preparations had been made for its celebration. All sorts of buildings all over the city had been decorated with flags and streamers, and along the route of the parade there was a profusion of bunting of varied color and significance.

The ensigns of all the Americas and the standard of all America, as adopted by the directors of the Exposition, hung in lines and festoons along the stores and dwellings and along the line of march. There were two parades, the first representing the serious side of the Exposition and the second composed of the concessionaires of the Midway. Detachments of United States troops and the National Guard of New York, with a Mexican military band and a company of Rurales gave the spectacular element to the first. Indians of many tribes, bull fighters, cowboys, Japanese with rikshas and all sorts of fantastic floats, even to the perambulating advertisement of the peanut and popcorn man, showed the circus characteristics of the second.

Both parades formed near the City Hall at about 10 o'clock. By that time the streets along the roped-in parade grounds were jammed with sight-seers in the fashion familiar to parade-jaded New Yorkers. The distinguished visitors to the Exposition and the official guests were ranged in carriages for the ride to the grounds.

Representatives of foreign governments and the directors of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, to be held in St. Louis, filled more than two scores of carriages. Senator Lodge and Senator Hanna were placed near the head of the column. Lieut.-Gov. Woodruff was attended by the Governor's military staff, gorgeous in plumes and gilt braid. When the soldiers were all in place Vice-President Roosevelt drove up in an open carriage with John G. Milburn, the President of the Exposition company.

It was 12 minutes past 10 when the column began to move. As the soldiers marched in review past the Vice-President he stood up in his carriage to acknowledge their salutes, and it was noticeable that he was