MEMPHIS APPEAL

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FRIDAY, : : SEITEMBER 2, 1881

THE St. Louis and New Orleans Railroad is building several important branches in Mississippi and surveying others. A road from Canton to Yazoo City, and one to Greenville, connecting with Arkansas City on the other side of the river, are being surveyed. The Kosciusko branch is to be extended to West Point, besides which there are the important branches to Meridian and Natchez.

THE New York *Herald* asks "What shall we do with Guiteau?" Keep him in prison until the final result of the injuries to President Garfield is known, then try him for murder or assault with intent to kill, as the case may be, and punish him according to the utmost limit of the law. That he can be convicted we do not permit ourselves to doubt, for we do not believe there is a lawyer in the country who would lend himself in this case to thwart the ends of justice.

THE International Medical Congress recently held in London, after careful consideration, passed resolutions approving, under certain restrictions, the habit of experimenting upon living animals in the interest of medical science. This is right. As the New York *Herald* very sensibly and pointedly puts it, "we make the life of animals subservient to our wants in the matter of food and clothing, and we see no reason why we should not make the same use of them in the matter of health."

EASTERN papers are drawing some comfort, in view of President Garfield's condition, from the fact that the Prince of Wales, when he lay sick of typhoid fever ten years ago, began to mend the Sunday on which the doctors declared him as past hope, and which had been selected as a day of prayer in the United Kingdom for his recovery. Charles O'Conor, six years ago, was given up by his doctors, who left his bedside and pronounced him past hope and recovery; but the old man of seventy-four rallied, even after the closing rites of the Church had been peformed and the consecrated wafer had been placed in his mouth, and called for what he had long been begging, a pear, ate it, and is alive to-day.

THE Mexican Republic has announced its readiness to enter into treaties of a commercial nature with the leading powers, our own included. Congress, when it meets in December next, will no doubt have its attention called to this matter. If so, we hope that a reciprocity treaty will be kept prominently in mind. In view of the international railroad system now being pushed so energetically by our capitalists, it would be well, if possible, to establish treaty relations on the basis of the German Zollverein. If this is not done our revenue system along the Rio Grande will become a costly luxury. The opportunities for smuggling both ways are now many, and there is little doubt that they are, and will continue to be, availed of.

IT may ease the minds of constitutional crop-croakers somewhat to know that the wheat crop in this State was not injured by the drought; the average was slightly decreased, but the crop was good and the quality excellent. This is a very important statement, and is very generally overlooked. Then the small grain crops have been good. The crop of clover hay, very important in feeding cattle, was unusually large and fine, and will enable many families to pull through the winter who would otherwise be compelled to sacrifice their cattle now. Then the high price of corn and the prospective scarcity make the farmers much more economical in the use of it, which insures a large saving. Every black cloud has its silver lining.

NEW JERSEY is again suffering from forest fires, resulting from sparks from locomotives. Since Thursday last, in the vicinity of Atsion, fire has raged with unabated fury, and thousands of acres have been burned over. It is reported that the Hammonton cranberry bog, containing several hundred acres, has been burned over, and all efforts to check the flames have hitherto been unavailing, though the farmers from all the surrounding country have been fighting the fire with energy and skill.

SENATOR BUTLER, of South Carolina, has a proper conception of journalism. In a recent letter to a paper in that State he says: "Journalism has become as much a separate and distinct profession as medicine, or law, or engineering, or agriculture, or architecture, or mining, and every family should have a newspaper if they expect or care to keep pace with the current of events in this fast-moving age. Books are not always accessible, but newspapers are, and at a price that places them within the reach of the poor as well as the rich."

A LONDON wag has proposed to compile the health statistics of the various countries where the doctors live who recently deserted their homes to attend the International Medical Congress. In this connection an old anecdote is recalled by the Philadelphia *American*. In a certain hospital, thirty patients suffering from the same disease were put in three separate wards, ten in each. The first ward was treated allopathically, and only a third recovered; the second homeopathically, and half were restored; in the last ward the patients were simply let alone, and they all got well!

A REPORTER of the New York *Commercial Advertiser* tried to interview Uncle Sammy Tilden the other day, but the old man was dumb as an oyster. He looked cunning out of that remarkable eye of his and one corner of his nose was hitched in sympathy with it, but he said never a word. But an old friend who was "hard by" at the time spoke for him and said that his being a candidate for the Governorship of New York was all bosh, that that he would be a candidate for the Presidency. The "sly old coon" is evidently training for 1884, and will, if he lives—he is sixty-eight years of age—make himself felt in the Democratic National Convention.

THE devastation which is going on in the forests of the United States and Canada and which is the subject of periodical concern, especially with our Northwestern cotemporaries, is beginning to attract attention on the other side of the Atlantic. A German journal, the *Deutsche Gerber Zeitung*, warns the Americans that "if they reckon upon supplying Europe with tanned leather, they must be more sparing with their bark, not only in the tannery but in the forest." It also reminds us that "in most European States officials are appointed for the especial purpose of seeing to the preservation and maintenance of the forests, and, in many countries, schools even are established for the purpose of training young men in all branches of forestry." The Agricultural Commissioners of the several States should take cognizance of this matter. We do not need to multiply our schools by special seminaries for cultivation in forestry, lessons in that science can be given in our high and the technical schools which are springing up in every part of the country. Besides which our legislatures can provide for tree culture on a scale commensurate with our needs and so help to save us from the consequences which in Central Asia and Africa have resulted in making deserts of immense territories once the seat of great civilizations.

GOVERNOR SHELDON, of New Mexico, formerly a member of Congress from New Orleans, does not propose to allow Nana to work "his own sweet will," as his predecessor, Victoria, did, upon the isolated settlements of that Territory. He has issued a call for volunteers and urges the people everywhere to form companies for their own protection against the savage Apaches. These companies will be paid and equipped by the Territory, and, if necessary, Governor Sheldon will take command of the Territorial troops in person, and co-operate with the military in future campaigns. This is the surest way to put an end to Indian raids. So long as Lo has to contend with the troops alone he can have an occasional good time. He can make his raids and murder every man, woman and child in his way, then run for his lair, and after a while emerge as a good Indian ready to make another treaty and lay up a fresh stock of ammunition, provisions and blankets in readiness for his next foray. With the people of the Territory he can play no such game. They know him, and when they go in pursuit of him will never let up until they make a clean sweep. It will, to use a vulgar phrase, be "rough" on the Indian, but it is the legitimate result of the policy so long pursued by the Government. The tribes have been dealt with as treaty-making independent powers—as such they proclaim war and make peace, and are a continual source of expense, annoyance and trouble, and a menace to peaceable people on the frontiers. Had they been absorbed by the Republic and been taught that there is but one power within the limits of the United States—a power competent to deal with all who rebel against authority and to enforce its laws—we should long since have been done with the Indian question, and the country would not be periodically alarmed by Indian massacres. It is not too late to do this yet. It is not too late to make the Indian understand that he must become peaceable, self-supporting, and amenable to the laws, and that, if he does, his troubles will be at an end. He can no longer live by the chase, and it is a piece of the most egregious folly for the people to be called upon every year to pay for the support of a horde of idle, vagabond and predatory bands ready to spring at the throats of those who are their benefactors. Congress should give this matter its prompt attention. The building of railroads through the Territories, and their rapid settlement by sturdy energetic men, the very flower of the population of the States, make a change in the Indian policy an absolute necessity. If this is not done, and done soon, the country may some day be rudely awakened to the fact that it should have been, by either the massacre of many whites, or the slaughter of a whole tribe of Indians—perhaps both.

A Fortune Awaiting John Duffield's Heirs.

WASHINGTON, August 31.—A communication has been received at the Department of State from Consul Baker, of Buenos Ayres, relative to the search for the heirs of John Duffield, of Goya, Argentine Republic, which says that a letter had been received at the Consulate from J. H. Anderson, dated from the Campbell House, Bay City, Michigan. The writer says that he was well acquainted with Mr. Duffield, that his heirs reside in the State of Maine and that he will look them up. Heretofore, in pursuance of the vague information on hand, the search for the missing heirs was confined to Mobile, Alabama. It is understood by those who were acquainted with John Duffield that he was originally a sailor and was connected with Captain Selfridge's Tehuantepec surveying expedition. He went from Central America down the west coast of Peru, whence he crossed overland to Asuncion, or rather Villa Occidental, Paraguay, where for many years he was engaged in commercial pursuits. Dr. Newkirk, of Goya, the locality where Duffield was murdered, writes to Consul Baker that the assets of the estate have been delivered to the court to be returned into the treasury of the Province of Corrietes. The heirs, however, can by making themselves known institute proceedings to recover the property.

Stanley.

New York Times.

A brief dispatch from England a few days ago announced that Mr. Stanley was, at the date of the last news received from the Congo, lying at the point of death. It is earnestly to be hoped that we shall before long hear of his recovery; but a man with a constitution already shattered by the hardships of African travel can hardly be expected to brave with impunity the deadly climate of the West Coast of Africa.

Whether Stanley lives or dies, he deserves to be honored by all brave men, and above all by Americans. The American newspaper reporter has won for himself a name brighter than those of Livingstone, Burton, Cameron, Speke, or Baker. While other explorers have been welcomed home with enthusiasm and their stories accepted without hesitation, Stanley's countrymen treated him with coldness and incredulity, and were only too ready to call measures which were essential to his success and the preservation of the lives of his followers acts of wanton barbarity. We have not done our whole duty to this noble man, and if he dies in the wilds of Africa the recollection cannot be other than painful to us.

The Strength of Methodism.

Edinburg Review.

Methodism has in its constitution a principle of strength and authority far surpassing the more lax and tolerant rule of the Anglican Church; it is one of the great benefits of the faith among the middle classes in this country, opposed alike to the secularism of one party and the Romanizing tendencies of another party; and we are thankful that a movement which has so impressed the religious life of the country, is true to the fundamentals of Christian conduct, renders valuable services to the cause of virtue at considerable personal sacrifices, and deserves well of the commonwealth from its loyal adherence to counsels of justice and moderation in times of national disturbance.

Wilbor's Compound of Pure Cod-Liver Oil and Lime.

The advantage of this compound over the plain oil is that the nauseating taste of the oil is entirely removed, and the whole rendered palatable. The offensive taste of the oil has long acted as a great objection to its use; but in this form the trouble is obviated. A host of certificates might be given here to testify to the excellence and success of Wilbor's Cod-Liver Oil and Lime; but the fact that it is regularly prescribed by the medical faculty is sufficient. For sale by A. B. Wilbor, chemist, Boston, and by all druggists.

Will Southern Girls Work?

Charleston News and Courier.

It has been said Southern girls will not work, and that they prefer idleness and dependence on others; but it is only necessary to look at Columbus or Augusta, in Georgia, or at Greenville or Spartanburg, in this State, or wherever manufactures are established in the South, to prove the falsity of this charge. Charleston will be no exception to the rule, now that favorable opportunities are given to the people.

Explosion with Fatal Results.

DETROIT, September 1.—An explosion in the gashouse of the Cutter House at Grand Haven, this forenoon, tore the building to atoms, and probably fatally injured Charles Cutter, a brother of D. Cutter, the owner of the hotel. J. H. Spiers was badly hurt, and will probably lose an arm, if not his life, and injured, not seriously, Howard Roseburn. The damage and loss was slight.

Forger Arrested.

ST. LOUIS, September 1.—C. H. Keeler, Treasurer of the St. Louis Carbon Works, was arrested in East St. Louis last evening and taken to Belleville, the county seat of St. Clair county, on a charge of fraudulently drawing drafts and issuing notes to the amount of about $12,000.

Knights of the Pencil in Convention.

CHICAGO, September 1.—The International Convention of short-hand writers began its session here this morning. Fifty delegates, of both sexes, were present. Addresses, communications, papers, etc., of interest to the craft, are in the programme.

Receipts and Shipments of Cotton in St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, September 1.—The receipts and shipments of cotton to and from this city for the year ending yesterday, as furnished by the Secretary of the Cotton Exchange, are as follows: Receipts, 398,589 bales; shipments, 411,077 bales.

THE METHODISTS

Of Europe and America, Australia and the Isles at the Mecca of Their Denomination.

List of the Delegates from the United States to the Ecumenical Council—Reminiscences.

Baltimore Sun, Aug. 28th.

For the past few days I have peered in and around the region of London least known to Americans and rarely visited by tourists of any nationality. This may be correctly called Finsbury. Once it was known by and still has a local name of Moorfields. Great moors formed this outer part of London on the north by west, and on these moors two windmills, which gave a part of the locality the name of Windmill Hill, and what is now known as Windmill street. From Moorfields the southern part of the great city road-entered London wall by the then opening called Moor Gate, and now known as Moorgate street. To-day the only remains of the old Roman London wall can be seen in a little avenue intersecting Moorgate street in this very Finsbury zone. In this locality of Moorfields you can find Roman, Greek, Russian, Scotch, Welsh, Quaker and Wesleyan places of worship in close proximity, and, too, you can find here Israel's synagogues growing up with a historic wealth of past ages and present power never dreamed of one hundred years ago by the simplest of Christians or the most zealous of faith factionists. But at this moment the greatest interest hovers around what I have been pleased to style the Methodists' Mecca. This is the Wesleyan Chapel, situated about three-quarters of a mile due north on this city road from the Bank of England. It was founded on the very rainy Monday morning of April 21, 1777, and on the moist and dismal Sunday afternoon of November 1, 1778, it was completed and opened for dedicatory services. John Wesley was at this time in his seventy-fifth year, hale, hearty and holy. He preached a sermon on that day from part of Solomon's prayer, and I have just finished reading it in the very room wherein he composed it, at the very table whereon he wrote it, and in the chair wherein he sat and studied it in the Wesley House, adjoining this chapel. That part of the city road whereon the Wesleyan Chapel, or the Methodist Mecca, is situated is called Royal Row. The ground leased for the graveyard and the site of the chapel was originally skirted on the front by little houses, designated as Royal Row. But after giving John Wesley his lease, the city authorities, claiming territorial right of way, pulled down this row of houses, and opened up to the front the Wesley lot. This lot was 118 feet from north to south, or front, and 314 feet deep. On it was built the present chapel, which duly becomes larger by alterations, and is now big enough to hold comfortably the coming Ecumenical Conference delegates to the number over the stipulated 400, and twice as many more. It is a square-built structure, solemn and solid-looking. Within it is more imposing than without. A fine, lofty, flat ceiling sheds a single gas "sunlight" of great power over the rectangular pews and the great galleries. The pulpit stands out prominently in front of the recessed sanctuary, which is a sort of added alcove to the chancels, effectively lit up by three very large windows. I noticed some twenty-four or twenty-five monumental tablets in this chapel. Six or seven are in the communion rails, affixed to the walls. They are to the memory of Rev. John Wesley, Rev. John Fletcher, Rev. Joseph Benson, on the north side, and on the south to Rev. Charles Wesley, Rev. Dr. Thomas Coke and Rev. Adam Clarke. Outside the communion rails two monumental pillars to the memory of Rev. Jabez Bunting, D.D., and Rev. Richard Watson are very effective to the visitor taking a *coup d'oeil* of this interesting chapel from the entrance door. Between the windows of the main walls other monuments can be seen. One attracted my attention, and I may be allowed to describe it. I believe the inscription is attributed to one of Wesley's own trustees, Dr. Whitehead. On the top of the tablet is a marble design typical of a globe and exhibiting Europe, Asia, Africa and America. This signifies the expanse of Methodism, I suppose, all over the world. This globe is upheld by a Bible and Liturgy, and the backs of two other books can be seen, marked "Sermons" and "Minutes." Then in suitable juxtaposition are a shepherd's crook and winged trumpet, typical of gathering in of the flock and the final summons of the angel of the Lord. Above all is a white floating cloud, through which the rays of "light" to enlighten the world glint. Then comes the inscription, which at this season of Methodists' meeting I may give from my note-book, as I stopped to copy it. It commences with one of John Wesley's own sentences:

"The best of all is, God is with us."
Sacred to the memory of
Rev. John Wesley, M.A.

"A man in learning and sincere piety scarcely inferior to any; in zeal, ministerial labors and extensive usefulness superior, perhaps, to all men since the days of St. Paul. Regardless of fatigue, personal danger and disgrace, he went out into the highways and hedges, calling sinners to repentance and publishing the gospel of peace. He was the founder of the Methodist Societies and the chief promoter and patron of the plan of itinerant preaching, which has extended through Great Britain and Ireland, the West Indies and America with unexampled success. He was born the 17th of June, 1703, and died the 24 of March, 1791, in sure and certain hope of eternal life through the atonement and mediation of a crucified Savior."

He was in his five-and-fifty years in the ministry, and fifty-two an itinerant preacher. He lived to see in three kingdoms only about 300 itinerant and 1000 local preachers raised up from the midst of his own people, and 80,000 persons in the societies under his care. His name will be ever held in grateful remembrance by all who rejoice in the universal spread of the gospel of Christ. *Soli Deo Gloria.* I am told the original lines have been altered from "the patron and friend of the lay preachers, by whose aid he extended the plan of itinerant preaching," to "was the chief promoter and patron of the plan of itinerant preaching." Otherwise the foregoing is as Dr. Whitehead wrote it, and it has been my pleasure to see the original draft, now in the possession of a Dr. Whitehead, living at Gravesend, and who is the descendant of Wesley's trustee. Close to this monument is that of John Wesley's most potent defender, the renowned John Fletcher. I am told he is not buried here. Appropriate is the design of this tablet. It represents the ark of the covenant, typical of Fletcher's evangelical thoughtful zeal and his constant communing with his Maker. I can recollect one of the finest tributes to this divine given by a popular Methodist in Petersburg, Virginia, some twenty-five years ago, when Fletcher's combat on the "Antinomian" heresy created a revived sensation in those Virginia days. He was born at Nyon, in Switzerland, but became Vicar of Madly, in Shropshire, where he died and is buried. He was the meekness, and the wisdom indeed, in the coadjutor of John Wesley. Benson's tablet is a pediment of scroll-work, the center encircling a butterfly. A zealous practical commentator, laborious and consistent, was this orthodox Benson. I was struck with the tablet to Jabez Bunting. It carries a profile likeness of this divine. Great force of individual character is indicated, and withal, a powerful, broad, catholic spirit pervades the expression. Eloquent, intrepid and persistent in religious thought and feeling was this man. A glance across at Mrs. Mortimer's memorial tablet. It is very attractive. I am told she was one of the "first ladies of Methodism." Certainly her career made her a Christian example well worthy of emulation by less lovely women. She was the most exemplary and earnest of Christian women in her day. To her John Wesley gave the only portrait of himself by Sir Joshua Reynolds, as a gift to accompany his gold seal bearing his initials. I may here mention that Mrs. Mortimer was a Miss Ritchie, and where the Sea circulates across the Potomac there can be found scions of her ancestral stock. I look at another interesting tablet. It is to the memory of the Rev. Robert Newton. Two weeks ago I read his life, written by Mr. Thomas Jackson, and I never was more charmed with a career and character of untiring energy, boundless fidelity, and earnest faith. Perhaps there is no book in the English tongue more touchingly beautiful in style and purity of diction than this of Jackson's. I look at the monumental offering to the memory of Charles Wesley. And this is the poet, preacher and churchman whom Oxford dons first signalized by giving him the sobriquet "Methodist." He was the first man ever so designated. I have read his poems and psalms often, and always with delight. He is symbolized in this chapel with emblems on the pediment of his monument, signifying the sacramental cup and bread, with the lyre close by; thus preacher and poet are combined. What a fine line is this above the insignia: "God buries His workmen, but carries on His work." I omit the long tribute to Charles Wesley, however beautifully composed. I never felt so much desire to die and have a decent epitath before now. Posthumous praise is very nice for your rich relations. I pass over the tablets to Rev. Thomas Cooke, as "he that winneth souls is wise," is alone a volume of tribute. And this is Adam Clarke's monument before me now. Adam Clarke! What an infinite roll of recollections does not this name arouse in the merest of schoolboys even. A white marble tablet, with a freshly ornamented pediment in the center whereof is an eagle, reminds me of the greatness "our bird" is typical of. Two scrolls are partly open, and on them are written Hebrew and Greek lines, indicating Adam Clarke's mental vigor, varied learning and Christian zeal. But, indeed, "his praise is in all Christian churches," and I need say no more of his character. Looking at his portrait yesterday, I was struck with his mouth. It is large and loosely formed, yet indicating generous expression. His eyes are of a laughing, somewhat slyly critical cast, and his long, curly hair serves to make a pleasing picture, be it a portrait or not. He was an *extempore* preacher, and made points telling and truthful—a very prominent feature in his eloquent addresses. He looks like a dramatic courtier, with a three-cornered cocked hat on. In fact, it is one of our colonial revolutionary hats, and John Wesley was favorable to this headgear, which gave a Napoleonic style to some, and sedan chair carrier's mode to others. A face like Adam Clarke's became this style of hat, and he seems to have been very fond of it, for he had his portraits always painted with his hat on. The plain white marble slab with its inscription to Lady Mary Fitzgerald, also interests me. This lady left the fashionable world "and joined the faith" by the exertions of a noble relative. She was brought to death's door by being set on fire in a carriage on the night of Friday, August 5th, with a young man whom he did not know, but whom he could recognize should he see him again. Allen went out of town and was not expected back for several days, but this afternoon he was found through the enterprise of a reporter and told his story. He said he was riding down Chapel street—on which street is the Malley store and the Redcliff restaurant—on a horse-car on the night in question, and he saw Jennie Cramer with the young man in a carriage. He was positive of the girl's identity. He was willing to accompany Coroner Bollman to the jail where the Malleys are confined, to see if either of the Malleys was the man he saw. He said that he had lived in this city about five months. He came here from Northford, about six miles from this city, early last April. Jennie Cramer had visited a family in Northford with whom he was well acquainted, and he knew her name and features well before he came to this city. She was so handsome as to make him take special notice of her. After Mr. Allen had outlined his story in this way, he went to the jail with Coroner Bollman. Glancing in at the long line of iron cell doors, in two of which were fastened bouquets, indicating where the Malleys were, Coroner Bollman said that he did not wish to go in. He said that he preferred to have Mr. Allen go in with the assistant jailer, Tibell, and see if he could identify the man he saw with Jennie without official help. Most of the prisoners were in their cells. There are eight alleged murderers in the same tier with the Malleys, and the tier has thereby gained the name already of Murderers' Row. Edward Malley, the dry goods dealer, father of Walter Malley, stood in front of Walter's cell door, talking with him. Tibell escorted Allen down past the cells and Allen looked in without seeing any one whom he could identify as the person he saw with Jennie Cramer. James Malley, jr.'s cell was vacant, as he was being shaved in the barber shop attached to the jail.

JAMES MALLEY IDENTIFIED

Mr. Allen was escorted into the room and seeing James Malley, jr., at once said: "That is the man I saw with Jennie Cramer." Then he was taken back to the main office of the jail to Coroner Bollman. Mr. Allen had hardly begun to talk when he began to shed tears.

"That was the man," he said.

Coroner Bollman saw the man's emotion and said to him, gently: "You needn't feel it so keenly."

"I do feel it; I'm sorry for those boys."

The new witness against the Malleys, whose thread is the strongest yet, gave way to tears without saying more. Edward Malley looked anxiously from the jail door his son's cell out through the grated entrance-door through which his son must pass to trial. He had surmised what the visit of Allen meant. Everyone in the main office was visibly affected. Coroner Bollman said: "I know how you feel, for I shall cry myself." Among those who had gathered at this time was Jailer George Stevens.

"That's a clincher," he said.

It was arranged that as Mr. Allen goes to New York in a few days to engage in business and might find it inconvenient to be here when the case comes up, his testimony. Though reluctant to injure the boys, he said he would go to West Haven and Coroner Bollman took him there.

THE NEW WITNESS'S STORY.

At 6 p.m. a secret session of the jury was held in Thompson's Hall. All the jury were present except Dr. Painter. Allen deposed before them as follows: "I reside at No. 129 Freight street, New Haven, and am intending to remove to Reade street, New York; have resided here since May 1st. I lived in Northford, Connecticut, for nine years. I have known Jennie Cramer by sight for some time. She used to visit in Northford. I saw her there a number of times, and she attracted my particular attention. I don't remember having seen her in New Haven but once, and that was the Friday before the finding of the body. I was then riding up Chapel street in a horse-car, standing on the left-hand side of the rear platform, and as the car on which I was passed the Redcliffe building, on the corner of Chapel and Temple streets, a buggy with red running-gear came down Chapel street and passed between the car on which I was riding and the Redcliffe building. It was drawn by a dark-colored horse, I think. I did not notice the team much, my attention being powerfully attracted by the lady in the buggy. It was Jennie Cramer, the same girl I had seen several times in Northford. According to my belief this large picture by Moulthrop now shown me is the photograph of Jennie Cramer, the girl I saw in Northford and in the buggy on Chapel street that Friday night. After I first saw her in the buggy I turned and looked at her again and was then sure, and am now sure, she was Jennie Cramer. As to her dress, I think she had on a light dress and a light hat with broad brim, but am not sure. With her in the same buggy was a young man apparently about twenty-two years old, with a small white straw hat, whom I had met in Chapel street a good many times and also in Malley's store, where I had bought a neck-tie of him, I think, the day before, and he had put the neck-tie on my collar. Since that Friday I have seen that young man only once, and that was today in the barber-shop of the New Haven county jail. He was in the barber's chair. The only man besides him in that room was the barber. I stood in the doorway and an official of the jail was with me. He was not pointed out to me in any. Before going to the barber-shop I went down the whole length of the jail and looked at all the men I had a chance to look at. I am sure the man who was in the barber's chair and turned around and looked me square in the face was the same man I saw in the buggy with Jennie Cramer on the Friday night previous to the finding of Jennie Cramer's body. The time I saw them in the buggy was between 6 and 8 o'clock in the evening, and my impression is that it was a little after 7 o'clock. My impression is, I saw them turn round the Redcliffe corner into Temple street. When they were passing me I think they walked their horse, and the horse-car also was going slowly. I know it was that Friday night, because when I heard of Jennie Cramer's death on the next day (Saturday) I said at once, in the presence of my wife and brother, that I had seen Jennie Cramer the night before. I have no doubt that the couple in that buggy were Jennie Cramer and the man whom I saw in the barber's chair to-day."

IMPERISHABLE PERFUME.

THE IMPERISHABLE PERFUME.

Murray & Lanman's FLORIDA WATER,

Best for TOILET, BATH, and SICK ROOM.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Trustee's Sale,

BY virtue of the provisions of a trust deed executed to me, as trustee, on the 23d day of November, 1877, and duly registered in the Register's office of Fayette county, Tennessee, book 9, pages 501 and 502, to which reference is made, I will on

Thursday, September 1, 1881,

at the southwest corner of Main and Monroe streets, in the city of Memphis, or the Taxing District of Shelby county, Tennessee, proceed to sell, at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described tract of land, lying in the Sixth Civil District of Fayette county, Tennessee, it being a part or tract of land formerly owned by Dr. W. Knight, from whom N. E. McDow purchased, and bounded as follows: Beginning at a stake at the northwest corner of the said Knight tract; running thence east 19.87 chains to a stake; thence south 20.15 chains to a stake in W. A. Cothran's field; thence west 19.87 chains to a stake with whitewak pointers; thence north 20.15 chains to a stake, the point of beginning, containing, by estimation, 40 acres. The title is believed to be good but I shall convey as trustee only. Sale to commence between 12 o'clock m. and 1 o'clock p.m.

W. L. CLAPP, Trustee.

THE MALLEY MUDDLE.

A Swift Witness and Sure Comes to the Front and Recognizes James Malley, Jr., as

The Man Who Was with Jennie Cramer When She is Supposed to Have Been Killed.

The New York *World* of Wednesday publishes a special from New Haven containing the following additional and important facts in the Cramer murder case:

James Malley, jr., had his *alibi* assailed this afternoon by a reluctant witness, who, after making the identification, wept in the excess of his pity for James. "I am so sorry for those boys," he said when the Coroner tried to convince him that he had no interest except that justice be done. This witness is Henry C. Allen, the proprietor of a printing concern in Chapel street. It became known to Coroner Bollman some days ago that Allen had said that he saw Jennie Cramer in a carriage on the night of Friday, August 5th, with a young man whom he did not know, but whom he could recognize should he see him again. Allen went out of town and was not expected back for several days, but this afternoon he was found through the enterprise of a reporter and told his story. He said he was riding down Chapel street—on which street is the Malley store and the Redcliff restaurant—on a horse-car on the night in question, and he saw Jennie Cramer with the young man in a carriage. He was positive of the girl's identity. He was willing to accompany Coroner Bollman to the jail where the Malleys are confined, to see if either of the Malleys was the man he saw. He said that he had lived in this city about five months. He came here from Northford, about six miles from this city, early last April. Jennie Cramer had visited a family in Northford with whom he was well acquainted, and he knew her name and features well before he came to this city. She was so handsome as to make him take special notice of her. After Mr. Allen had outlined his story in this way, he went to the jail with Coroner Bollman. Glancing in at the long line of iron cell doors, in two of which were fastened bouquets, indicating where the Malleys were, Coroner Bollman said that he did not wish to go in. He said that he preferred to have Mr. Allen go in with the assistant jailer, Tibell, and see if he could identify the man he saw with Jennie without official help. Most of the prisoners were in their cells. There are eight alleged murderers in the same tier with the Malleys, and the tier has thereby gained the name already of Murderers' Row. Edward Malley, the dry goods dealer, father of Walter Malley, stood in front of Walter's cell door, talking with him. Tibell escorted Allen down past the cells and Allen looked in without seeing any one whom he could identify as the person he saw with Jennie Cramer. James Malley, jr.'s cell was vacant, as he was being shaved in the barber shop attached to the jail.

JAMES MALLEY IDENTIFIED

Mr. Allen was escorted into the room and seeing James Malley, jr., at once said: "That is the man I saw with Jennie Cramer." Then he was taken back to the main office of the jail to Coroner Bollman. Mr. Allen had hardly begun to talk when he began to shed tears.

"That was the man," he said.

Coroner Bollman saw the man's emotion and said to him, gently: "You needn't feel it so keenly."

"I do feel it; I'm sorry for those boys."

The new witness against the Malleys, whose thread is the strongest yet, gave way to tears without saying more. Edward Malley looked anxiously from the jail door his son's cell out through the grated entrance-door through which his son must pass to trial. He had surmised what the visit of Allen meant. Everyone in the main office was visibly affected. Coroner Bollman said: "I know how you feel, for I shall cry myself." Among those who had gathered at this time was Jailer George Stevens.

"That's a clincher," he said.

It was arranged that as Mr. Allen goes to New York in a few days to engage in business and might find it inconvenient to be here when the case comes up, his testimony. Though reluctant to injure the boys, he said he would go to West Haven and Coroner Bollman took him there.

THE NEW WITNESS'S STORY.

At 6 p.m. a secret session of the jury was held in Thompson's Hall. All the jury were present except Dr. Painter. Allen deposed before them as follows: "I reside at No. 129 Freight street, New Haven, and am intending to remove to Reade street, New York; have resided here since May 1st. I lived in Northford, Connecticut, for nine years. I have known Jennie Cramer by sight for some time. She used to visit in Northford. I saw her there a number of times, and she attracted my particular attention. I don't remember having seen her in New Haven but once, and that was the Friday before the finding of the body. I was then riding up Chapel street in a horse-car, standing on the left-hand side of the rear platform, and as the car on which I was passed the Redcliffe building, on the corner of Chapel and Temple streets, a buggy with red running-gear came down Chapel street and passed between the car on which I was riding and the Redcliffe building. It was drawn by a dark-colored horse, I think. I did not notice the team much, my attention being powerfully attracted by the lady in the buggy. It was Jennie Cramer, the same girl I had seen several times in Northford. According to my belief this large picture by Moulthrop now shown me is the photograph of Jennie Cramer, the girl I saw in Northford and in the buggy on Chapel street that Friday night. After I first saw her in the buggy I turned and looked at her again and was then sure, and am now sure, she was Jennie Cramer. As to her dress, I think she had on a light dress and a light hat with broad brim, but am not sure. With her in the same buggy was a young man apparently about twenty-two years old, with a small white straw hat, whom I had met in Chapel street a good many times and also in Malley's store, where I had bought a neck-tie of him, I think, the day before, and he had put the neck-tie on my collar. Since that Friday I have seen that young man only once, and that was today in the barber-shop of the New Haven county jail. He was in the barber's chair. The only man besides him in that room was the barber. I stood in the doorway and an official of the jail was with me. He was not pointed out to me in any. Before going to the barber-shop I went down the whole length of the jail and looked at all the men I had a chance to look at. I am sure the man who was in the barber's chair and turned around and looked me square in the face was the same man I saw in the buggy with Jennie Cramer on the Friday night previous to the finding of Jennie Cramer's body. The time I saw them in the buggy was between 6 and 8 o'clock in the evening, and my impression is that it was a little after 7 o'clock. My impression is, I saw them turn round the Redcliffe corner into Temple street. When they were passing me I think they walked their horse, and the horse-car also was going slowly. I know it was that Friday night, because when I heard of Jennie Cramer's death on the next day (Saturday) I said at once, in the presence of my wife and brother, that I had seen Jennie Cramer the night before. I have no doubt that the couple in that buggy were Jennie Cramer and the man whom I saw in the barber's chair to-day."

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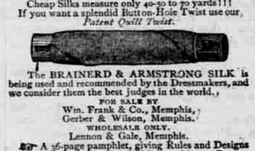

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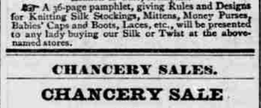

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