

A VANDERBILT'S LOVE

CORNELIUS, JR., HAS FOUND AFFINITY IN GRACE WILSON.

It is held that the Wifal Youth Will Be Disinherited—The Young Woman Is Wealthy in Her Own Right—How Are New in Spain.

WHEN A YOUNG man of 21 has his heart fixed on a handsome woman of 30 it is pretty hard to convince him that his judgment is wrong. Cornelius Vanderbilt has found out the force of this truth in his recent attempt to separate his son, Cornelius, Jr., from Miss Grace Wilson, to whom, so report says, young Vanderbilt is engaged. Miss Wilson and young Mr. Vanderbilt are now in Paris, cooling, driving and enjoying all the dear little nothings of courtship. Only the other day did Worthington Whitehouse, a confidential agent of the elder Vanderbilt, return to New York after a futile mission to Paris designed by the father for the separation of the loving pair. Having tried every possible effort of persuasion, it is now asserted, Mr. Vanderbilt may soon announce the marriage of his son to Miss Wilson;



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR., although there are those who forcibly assert that no such possibility exists, and that Mr. Vanderbilt will simply disinherit his son from any share in the \$100,000,000 fortune. All this is very pretty gossip, but it is gossip, purely. The solid facts in the case are these: When Miss Wilson went to New York Mr. Vanderbilt sent his son to Paris. Then Miss Wilson and her family sailed for Paris, and were there joined by Cornelius, Jr. Next Mr. Vanderbilt sent his trusted agent, Mr. Whitehouse across the sea, and an effort was made to induce the young man to return and resume his prosaic duties as railroad clerk. But the young man has preferred the beauties of the Bois to the stupidities of Broadway, and so remains in Paris with his lady love. His attachment for Miss Wilson is a romantic one, and the sympathies of most people will be with the lovers. It is said that Mr. Vanderbilt's unbounded affection has completely won the lady's heart, and why should it not? Sympathizers with them will be pleased to learn that even if the young lover is cut off without three ha'pence by his father he will not have to work to support himself and his family. Young Cornelius has an independent income of his own of \$20,000 a year, and if he marries Miss Wilson that young wom-



GRACE WILSON. Her father will present the couple with \$2,000,000.

KILLED HIS SWEETHEART.

A Cramer Man Then Took His Own Life Too.

Near Johnstone the other night Daniel Reesler shot Miss Ella Reesler, his sweetheart, and then committed suicide. The two dead people were cousins and lived at Cramer, about seven miles from the city. Daniel had repeatedly asked Ella to marry him. In company with the young woman's mother they started to walk to Johnstone and had gone but a short distance when Daniel abruptly said: "Ella, will you marry me?" The girl replied that she would not, and almost immediately fell dead, for her cousin, expecting again to be refused, was prepared to kill her and shot her down where she stood. Before the horrified mother of the girl fully realized what had happened another pistol shot rang out and Daniel fell beside his sweetheart, mortally wounded. He died after saying to his aunt: "I got square with your daughter, anyhow."

William Jams Fatally Shot. William Jams, who was struck up by his thumbs by Colonel Streater during the Homestead riots, was shot and probably fatally injured in a quarrel with Charles Arndt, at Baltimore, the other morning. Arndt is a musician, 65 years old, and the shooting was done at the boarding house of the men during an altercation which grew out of Jams' alleged habit of coming in late and making a noise. The wound is in the abdomen, and at the Maryland hospital, where Jams is lying, it is said his chances of recovery are very slender.

Said He Would Die and Did. An old veteran and a pensioner of the name of Joseph Abbot died a day or two ago at his home in Staunton, Ind., aged 56 years. He returned from a visit in Pennsylvania 10 days before, and told his friends he came home to die; that he would be dead in ten days. He seemed in good health, but Monday, the 10th day, he died of heart disease.

BRAY'S GOLDEN HOLE.

Shares Sold for a Song That Are Worth Thousands To-Day.

Some fifteen Natalians formed a syndicate to "exploit" this country on their own account, says Chamber's Journal. Some were storekeepers in the colony, some wagon traders and some merely waiters on fortune. Only eleven of them had any money and they supplied the wherewithal for the other four, who were sent up to prospect and dig. After six months of fruitless toil the money was all gone, and word was sent to the four that no more aid could be sent to them. They were "down on their luck," when, as they returned to camp on what was intended to be their last evening there, one Edwin Bray savagely dug his pick into the rock as they walked gloomily along. But with the one swing he made came a turn in the fortunes of the band and of the land, for he knocked off a bit of quartz so richly veined with gold as to betoken the existence of something superexcellent in the way of a "reef." All now turned on the rock with passionate eagerness and in a very short time pegged out what was destined to be known as "Bray's golden hole."

But the syndicate was by this time pretty well cleaned out, and capital was needed to work the reef and provide machinery, etc. So a small company was formed in Natal under the name of the Sheba Reef Gold Mining company, divided into 15,000 shares of 1 pound each, the capital of 15,000 pounds being equitably allotted among the fifteen members of the syndicate. Upon these shares they raised money enough money on loan to pay for the crushing of 200 tons of quartz, which yielded eight ounces of gold to the ton and at once provided them with working capital. Within a very few months the mine yielded 10,000 ounces of gold and the original shares of 1 pound each ran up by leaps and bounds until they were eagerly competed for at 100 pounds each. Within a year the small share capital (15,000 pounds) of the original syndicate was worth in the market a million and a half sterling. This wonderful success led to the floating of a number of hopeless or bogus enterprises and worthless properties were landed on the shoulders of the British public at fabulous prices. Yet, surrounded as it was by a crowd of fraudulent imitators, the great Sheba mine has continued as one of the most wonderfully productive mines in South Africa. Millions have been lost in swindling and impossible undertakings in De Kaap, but the Sheba mountain, in which was "Bray's golden hole," has really proved a mountain of gold.

The Tongue. The best cure for an inflammable tongue is the water bucket of absolute silence. Hasty speech is explosive; silence is cooling. The talking tongue is more dangerous than the angry tongue. A hasty word may be excused, but a tattling tongue never. The tattler is just like sin—its foreign substance here is for no other purpose than to annoy and irritate.—Rev. Fuller Bergstresser.

A View of Heaven. I doubt whether there is any popular idea of heaven now prevalent among the people. I know scarcely two persons that have the same conception of heaven.—Rev. B. Fay Mills.

PAPER. Paper is made out of almost everything which can be pounded into a pulp. It is said that at present over fifty kinds of bark are used. Among the incongruous substances which have been used for pulp may be mentioned banana skins, bean stalks, pea vines, clover, timothy hay, straw, weeds, hair, fur, wool, asbestos and husks of every kind of grain.

Leaves make strong paper and nearly every kind of moss can be utilized. There are patents for making paper from shavings and sawdust, from thistles and tan bark.

Nothing comes amiss to the paper-maker, although vegetable fiber is the nearest ideal material. By way of experiment the proprietors of a newspaper recently undertook to find the length of time necessary to make the paper and put it to use. A poplar tree was selected and to chop, strip and load on a boat took three hours; manufacturing the pulp, twelve hours; making the pulp into paper, five hours; taking the paper to the newspaper office, eighty minutes, and to print 10,000 copies of the paper ten minutes, making a total of twenty-two hours.

NOTES OF THE DAY. The Lewiston Sun bears of a man who has made \$50,000 from the liquor business in Maine during the last twelve years.

The horses which are used on the Konnebeck ice field are so accustomed to dropping through the ice that they don't seem to mind it.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, whose eightieth birthday was publicly celebrated a few months ago, has decided to take music lessons.

A woman in South Kingston, R. I., who is just 20 years old, is the mother of six children. Two pairs of twins were born to her before she was 16.

Portugal will celebrate next year the four hundredth anniversary of Vasco de Gama's setting out on his voyage around the Cape of Good Hope to India.

The mammoth steamship on the stocks in Harland & Wolff's yard at Belfast is to be called the Pennsylvania, in point of size it will eclipse anything now afloat.

THE AMATEUR PLAY.

SARCASTIC COMMENT BY A NEW YORK CRITIC.

Presents an Interesting View of the Average Private Performance by Focusing for One Night as the Author of a Comedy.



I GAVE a theatrical performance the other day, to which I invited a select number of friends. The cast was composed of some of my fellow workers in the scribbling profession, and the play was my own composition. For three months or more we had been preparing the play. As is always the case with private theatricals, the cast had been altered five or six times and rehearsals had been casual and badly attended. At last I decided that we had better fix upon a date for the performance, and that would probably make the company hustle over the costumes, but as for worrying over its individual lines—well, I suppose that is too much to expect of amateurs, writes a New York theatrical critic. They are always perfectly forgetful at rehearsals will—by some magic power—come to their letter perfect on the great night.



SARAH BERNHARDT AS IZEYL, NOW PLAYING IN NEW YORK.

they discuss the merits of the trimming on mice and the second-floor-back's respective garments. We are all excited when the front parlor has theater tickets. As a matter of boarding house etiquette, we read each other's post cards. To read a man's post card and learn that his younger brother can't pay him that \$5, and then to watch his face as he reads it afterwards, is intensely interesting. This often happens at the breakfast table at our boarding house. We keep careful note of the parcels that come C. O. D. for the third floor back, conscious that she gives the same kind interest to ours. We never take refuge in that selfish theory, "It's no business of mine." What kind of a human oyster bed would a boarding house be where



THE SOUBRETTE FORGETS HER LINES.

they lived up to that cold, egotistical theory? All this seems very irrelevant, but I merely state it to explain the great interest taken in my mail the days preceding the theatricals. My mail on those days consisted of polite letters of acceptance of my kind invitation, etc., etc., or regrets. I said not a word of my projected plan of entertainment in the boarding-house. I was testing boarding-house fortitude. They repressed their feelings and did not ask me what all my pile of mail was about. One young lady remarked that my mail was increasing, but the rest merely looked.

Most of my letters were from people who stated on violet, pink and monogrammed paper that they would be very pleased to come.

Conscious that I should have a large, distinguished and critical crowd to view my private theatricals, I awoke that morning too much excited to eat or follow the ordinary commonplace routine of work-a-day life. Fancy writing articles when I was to be a star that night! Impossible!

The final rehearsal that afternoon in my den was on an entirely new and original order. The company ran in when they could find time, and said their lines to whomsoever they could find to listen and hurried out again to get their costumes ready for the evening. One young woman reporter had a lecture to report at 5 o'clock that evening (when we ought to have been at the hall where we were to act), and as she had to buy slippers in which to act her part she wrote out her newspaper report at the shoe shop while the salesman frayed on her slippers. Such are the stratagems that the workingwoman who strives after pleasure is reduced to!

The coupe that had been hired to take us to the scene of action was about half an hour late, and when it came was found to be about large enough to comfortably hold the performers' hats. However, the costumes were stowed in the boxes of "make-up" wedged between them, and a good deal of stage

property occupied remaining space. Incidentally, the star and the sourette were added. It was then discovered that there was no room left for the "walking lady." She looked into the coupe dubiously, remarked that our gowns would be rather smashed, and then, being a woman of great daring and of country habits, she mounted the box and rode down Broadway by the side of the driver. Theater-goers and Broadway loungers looked, gasped and ejaculated, but we heeded not.

Before our stage was arranged or our scenery was ready, the guests began to arrive. To receive your guests with cordiality and composure, while your company is quarreling at the back of the stage and the mother of the ballet

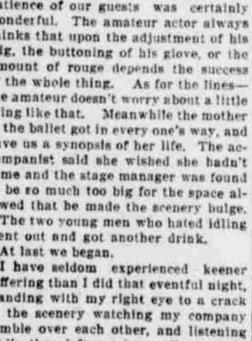


I WATCH WITH ANGUISH. is audibly grumbling at the want of space, is a difficult thing to do. The mother of the ballet (which consisted of two east side juvenile maidens engaged by me gratis) had not been invited, but she came to dress the ballet.



OTIS HARLAN.

"A Hole in the Ground," in which he and in "Gloriana." He joined "Africa" on June 12, 1893, opening at the California theater, San Francisco. He was sub-starring in this production, but, having finally disagreed with the management, he left the company and joined Thomas G. Seabrook, in "Tambora," with which he remained four weeks. He then joined "A Black Sheep," opening at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., on Sept. 10, 1891, and has since remained with that attraction, which is now playing at Hoyt's theater, New York. Mr. Harlan is a remarkably unctious comedian, whose acting is exceedingly droll and whose humor is contagious. He has met with



OTIS HARLAN.

much success thus far in his career, and being a young man, he should win many triumphs in the future.

The Milk in the Coconut. It is said that President Kerr, of the Pittsburgh, is in favor of returning to the old \$150 guarantee.—Pittsburgh Telegraph.

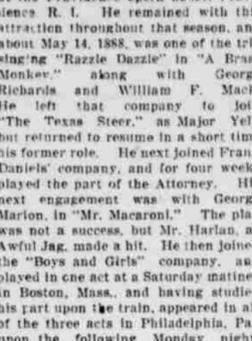
Of course he is; and so doubtless are Philadelphia, Boston and New York. And this question, so discreetly kept in the background, had more influence on the attempt to create a combine of the clubs named at the recent league meeting than the ridiculous Sunday-playing question. And, furthermore, this is the question, and the only question, that will cause disruption of the twelve-club organization, if such disruption should occur before the natural termination of the ten-year compact.

But such a return to old conditions will never be made without a complete smashup of the National League. The founders of the twelve-club league took good care to make the organization solid on this point by making the percentage feature the fundamental principle of the reorganized and consolidated National League and American Association of Professional Base Ball Clubs.—Sporting Life.

THE TRIGGER. Dr. E. M. Cundall outshot A. H. King in the third and last contest of their match, each for \$100 a side, one hundred birds each, at Braddock, Pa., the other day. Score, 85 to 84. Cundall has now won three of the four matches in which they have engaged.

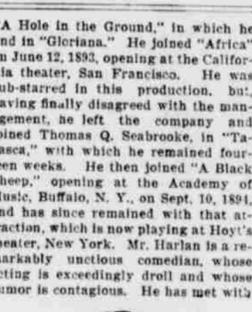
"Had you ever gone through it before?" "Who was the girl who kept her back to the audience all the time?" "Homely set of women in the audience. Guess the best-looking one stayed away."

Can you wonder that I have given up play-writing and retired from social life, and taken once again to space writing?



OTIS HARLAN. A Popular Actor Who Has Forged His Way to Complete Success.

Olis Harlan, the well-known actor, was born Dec. 29, 1865, in Zanesville, Ohio. After having received a collegiate education he met Charles H. Hoyt, who, having heard him sing, engaged him for the role of the lover in made his professional debut on Aug. 29, at the Providence opera house. Providence R. I. He remained with this attraction throughout that season, and about May 14, 1888, was one of the trio singing "Razzle Dazzle" in "A Brass Monkey" along with George Richards and William F. Mack. He left that company to join "The Texas Steer," as Major Yell, but returned to resume in a short time his former role. He next joined Frank Daniels' company, and for four weeks played the part of the Attorney. His next engagement was with George Marion, in "Mr. Macaroni." The play was not a success, but Mr. Harlan, as Awful Jag, made a hit. He then joined the "Boys and Girls" company, and played in one act at a Saturday matinee in Boston, Mass., and having studied his part upon the train, appeared in all of the three acts in Philadelphia, Pa., upon the following Monday night. While playing with this company his salary was three times increased without solicitation on his part, and in spite of the fact that he had a written contract. Following this engagement he successfully played in "The Isle of Champagne," Henderson's "All Baba"



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THE GALLOW'S HIS END

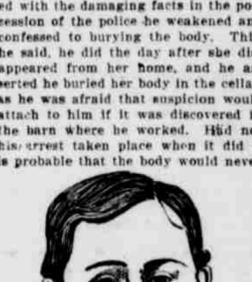
STERN JUSTICE FOR THE SLAYER OF ALICE STERLING.

The Little Girl Had Been Instructed to the Care of Angus Gilbert, Who, Seized by a Friendless Dealer for Crime, Murdered Her.



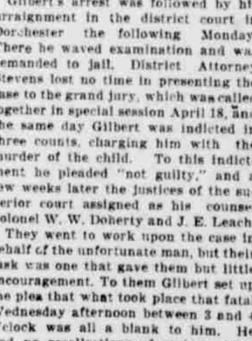
ANGUS D. GILBERT was hanged in the Charles street jail, Boston, the other day, for the murder of Alice Sterling, a child, on April 10, 1896. Alice May Sterling, a bright and loving child of 8 years, disappeared from the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Sterling, highly respectable people, living at 47 Savin Hill avenue, Dorchester. Search was made for her, and after witnesses had come forward and informed the police that Angus D. Gilbert was the last person seen with the little girl his arrest quickly followed. He had been an intimate friend of the family, and they, as well as the neighbors in the vicinity of where they lived, did not for a moment suspect that he would harm a hair of the child's head. It was therefore, hardly to be wondered that they were horrified when, on Saturday afternoon, April 13, the body of little Alice, horribly mutilated, was found buried in the cellar of the Emmons barn, close by, where Gilbert was employed as a man of all work.

The discovery of the body followed within a few hours after the arrest of Gilbert, and there was also discovered in the barn and in Gilbert's room other evidence which convinced the public officials that they had in their custody the man who had murdered the child. At first Gilbert disclaimed any connection with the crime, but when confronted with the damaging facts in the possession of the police he weakened and confessed to burying the body. This, he said, he did the day after she disappeared from her home, and he asserted he buried her body in the cellar, as he was afraid that suspicion would attach to him if it was discovered in the barn where he worked. Had not his arrest taken place when it did it is probable that the body would never



ANGUS D. GILBERT.

have been discovered, for he admitted that it was his intention to have consigned it to a watery grave either in the Charles river or in the water of Dorchester bay, not far distant from the barn. Gilbert's arrest was followed by his arraignment in the district court in Dorchester the following Monday. There he waived examination and was remanded to jail. District Attorney Stevens lost no time in presenting the case to the grand jury, which was called together in special session April 18, and the same day Gilbert was indicted in three counts, charging him with the murder of the child. To this indictment he pleaded "not guilty," and a few weeks later the justices of the superior court assigned as his counsel Colonel W. W. Doherty and J. E. Leach. They went to work upon the case in behalf of the unfortunate man, but their task was one that gave them but little encouragement. To them Gilbert set up the plea that what took place that fatal Wednesday afternoon between 3 and 4 o'clock was all a blank to him. He had no recollections of seeing Alice during that hour, and the government was made fully aware that insanity would be the plea raised by Gilbert. The government did not propose to be caught napping by this man, whose recollection as to everything else that had taken place that day was clear, and the services of three of the best medical experts on insanity to be found were employed to examine into his condition. Drs. Jelly, Cowles and Jordan watched Gilbert closely for a week and after a thorough examination pronounced him perfectly sane.



ELLA EISSING.

His trial in the superior court before Judges Dunbar and Sheldon began Monday, June 24. In three hours, out of 155 jurors, twelve were selected, notwithstanding that it was expected there would be considerable difficulty in securing an unprejudiced jury in view of the widespread interest in the case.

Assistant District Attorney Sughrue in his opening argument forged link by link, a chain of circumstantial evidence about Gilbert which brought him and the little girl to within forty feet of the barn in which the body was afterward found. The defense, while admitting that Gilbert had killed the little girl, held that he did it while in such a mental condition as not to be responsible for the act.

The trial was not without an exciting incident, for on the fourth day, just as the government was about to state its case, Attorney General Knowl-

ton caused a sensation in the courtroom when he said: "Call Mrs. Sterling. Presently the mother of the child, dressed in deep mourning, entered, escorted by a court officer, and as she walked across the room to the witness stand.

Before giving her testimony Mrs. Sterling looked in the direction of the prisoner's pen and fastened her eyes upon Gilbert. His face flushed, and that was the only sign of feeling that he displayed. After she had given her testimony, and while Colonel Doherty was preparing to cross-examine her, there was a lull in the proceedings and a pin could have been heard to drop when the stillness was broken by the voice of the mother of the child, who, as she pointed to Gilbert, exclaimed: "That man there has killed my daughter!"

The scene was dramatic in the extreme and Mrs. Sterling was hurried from the room, but, in passing the prisoner's pen, she pointed to Gilbert, and, repeated her accusation. The defense tried to have the case taken from the jury, in view of the scene made by the mother, but the motion was denied, the court holding that the interest of



MRS. STERLING.

the accused would be protected in the charge to the jury covering the outbreak made by the woman, which was afterwards done by Judge Dunbar. The trial ended June 28, when, in the presence of a vast throng of spectators, Attorney General Knowlton made one of the most masterly arguments ever heard in a murder case. It was a grand effort and several jurors were visibly affected. The jury was out one hour and fifteen minutes and returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree, which carried with it one penalty, hanging. Exceptions were taken, and in November they were overruled by the supreme court. On December 14 Gilbert was brought before Judge Dunbar and Sheldon, and the former, with broken voice and a frame shaking from emotion, sentenced him to be hanged.

Not a muscle moved, not a shadow crossed his countenance, as with his eyes fixed on the judge, Gilbert heard the sentence of the law, which sent him to a murderer's doom and consigned his body to a felon's grave. When the judge had concluded the stoical prisoner bowed his head to the court with the grace of a Chesterfield, smiled and resumed his seat in a box. A moment later he was hustled from the courtroom to the jail and a death watch placed over him.



ELLA EISSING.

The execution of Gilbert recalls the fact that the last hanging in the city of Boston was that of Thomas W. Pinor, May 28, 1876, for the murder of Mabel Young, a little girl he had enticed into the belfry of a church of which he was the janitor. She made an outcry, was Pinor killed her with a baseball bat and cast her body into a corner of the belfry, where it was discovered through the flocking of birds about the spire.

WANTED TO MAKE SURE. Miss Ella Eissing's Peculiar Method of Courtship Becomes Public. Miss Ella Eissing, a prepossessing young woman, lives at Milford, Conn.

He Claims the Trouser. Louis P. Norros, one of the survivors of the Jeannette expedition, whose trousers are said to have been found in Greenland, lives at Fall River, Mass. Mr. Norros states that he believes the trousers are his. He had a pair of silk stockings, which he marked "Louis P. Norros" on the side band. He is not sure whether he added his number or not. His crew number was 4. Norros discarded the trousers when the Jeannette was abandoned in 1881, and says he would like to get possession of the silks.

Deserted His Wife for Riches. Mrs. Hella F. Lovett has commenced suit in the superior court of Los Angeles, Cal., against her father-in-law and mother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Lovett, of Boston, for \$25,000 damages for alienating the affections of her husband, Albert B. Lovett, who is her well known newspaper man. In her complaint, Mrs. Lovett alleges that her husband was told that unless he deserted her he would be disinherited. He therefore acceded to the wishes of his mother, it is alleged, going with her to Boston, and leaving his wife in a destitute condition.