

JENNIE CRAMER'S BROTHER.

His Opinion of the Malley Trial and His Plans for the Future.

New Haven Palladium.

The brother of Jennie Cramer visited his mother yesterday at her house, 179 1/2 Grand street, in order to consult as to the propriety of having the family removed from this city. He came up on the boat which left New York on Saturday morning. He left for New York on the boat New Haven at 10:30 last evening. He is a stalwart young fellow of pleasing features, and talks in an intelligent and dignified manner. He is about five feet ten inches in height, rather short and active in his movements and conversation. He is now an operator in the employ of the Rapid Telegraph company at No. 187 Broadway, having left the Western Union company some months since. He said that he had come up to pay a visit to his mother and little sister, and to arrange for their removal from the city, as they did not desire to live in a place surrounded with so many unpleasant associations. He intended to arrange for them to go into some place in the country for the summer—where, they had not yet fully decided. Owing to the trouble and worry that they had endured for nearly a year, their health was impaired and they needed recreation and rest. After they had spent a few weeks in the country, he would have them come to New York City, where they would keep house and he would live with them. He did not want to be separated from his family any longer, and they would be better contented to be in the city with him.

Upon being asked if he was disappointed in the result of the trial, he said that he did not expect a conviction for murder in the first degree, but he thought from the evidence that was before the jury it would not have been too much to expect that a disagreement would occur. He thought that the state had made a mistake in relying upon the single count in the indictment for murder by poisoning by arsenic, and that charges of perjury and seduction should have been also made, as it must be apparent to every thinking man that the Malley was clearly guilty of those crimes, for they had by their conduct admitted as much. He said that notwithstanding the verdict of the jury he believed the Malley and the Douglas woman were guilty and that it would in time be made clear to the public. He said that if the state relied on a charge of poisoning by arsenic the case would turn out very much as the Hayden case did. He had, during the Hayden trial, many of the dispatches pass through his hands; he had read that case pretty thoroughly as reports appeared in the papers and the cases were somewhat similar. There was a failure to a certain extent on the part of the state to connect the Malley with the crime, but he thought it a strong case of circumstantial evidence in some respects. If the state had used greater diligence to secure the attendance of the witness Gilchrist, it would have put the case on a different footing. "But," he added, "I have not yet ceased in my efforts to have justice done. I do not think that the case is at an end." At one time he felt like taking the law into his own hands. Here Mrs. Cramer interrupted by saying: "That would not have brought poor Jennie back to life." "But," he continued, "it is now too late, and it would do no good and would only bring me into life-long trouble. They have got a terrible load to carry for the rest of their days, and it is not too late yet to punish them for what they are guilty of."

As the young man talked in a serious and apparently unimpassioned manner, there was a strange glitter in his dark eyes that would not have impressed the Malley's pleasantly if they had met him. He looks like a man who would never forgive a condone so great an injury as he has suffered at their hands, and they may be sure that if sleepless and untiring vigilance can do anything toward ferreting out the crime or endeavoring to punish the authors, he will do everything that can be done to accomplish that object.

Mrs. Cramer spoke in a voice broken by emotion, and looks as if a decade of sorrow had passed over her head, instead of one short year, since her husband and favorite daughter were with her in the full enjoyment of life and domestic happiness. Jacob Cramer has followed his daughter to the grave, and the industrious and respected family will soon be away from the city where lie entombed ones that can never be forgotten. The room was very neatly furnished, and the piano that had frequently felt the touch of the girl now dead occupied one corner of the room from which she went out never more to return in life. On the mantel were large photographs of the father and daughter surrounded by black bordering. Upon the windows and center tables were choice

flowers and a few books were placed in various parts of the room. A neat carpet was on the floor and a few pictures adorned the walls. Mrs. Cramer was dressed in black. She said that she would be very glad to leave the city, and Edward said he felt that enough had been said on the subject at present, as he felt that if he said everything he thought it might work to his disadvantage. The case had caused more newspaper comment than any other that had ever been known, and he was quite sure that he hoped a similar one would never occur. He remained in the house nearly all day, as he did not feel like walking around the streets, preferring to be with his mother and Minnie in the hort time he had to stay.

Beginning Early.

They are traditional. They walk out of the station hand in hand, and they stop at the first confectioner's and buy soda water and red balls of popcorn and a quart of peanuts. They ride on the street cars and squeeze. They wander through the corridors of the city hall and squeeze harder. They sit on a bench in the grand circus park and yearn, and sigh, and lock fingers and look as foolish as two boys caught in a melon patch.

Just such a couple left the train at the Union depot, and walked up Jefferson avenue yesterday. She had long curls and a pink dress and a yellow sash, and he had a standing collar sawing his ears off, a button-hole bouquet and a pair of new boots freshly greased and one size too small. They hadn't walked two blocks, when they came to a man sitting on a box in front of a store, and as he caught sight of them a grin crept over his face like molasses spreading over a shingle.

"Grinning at us, I 'spose?" queried the young man as he came to a halt.

"Yes," frankly replied the sifter. "Tingles you most to death to see us take hold of hands, don't it?"

"It does."

"And you imagine you can see us feeding each other caramels, can't you?"

"I can."

"And you shake all over at the way we gawp around and keep our mouth open?"

"That's me."

"Well, this is me! I'm not purty and I haven't been cultivated between the rows, nor hilled up, nor fertilized I ain't what you call stall fed, and the old woman looks twenty per cent worse than I do, but it won't take me over a minute to jam you seven feet into the ground! I told Lucy I was going to begin on the first man that looked cross-eyed at us, and you are the chap. Prepare to be pulverized!"

"I beg pardon, but I didn't mean—"

"Yes, you did! Lucy, hold my hat while I mop him!"

"Say—hold on—say—"

He took up the middle of the street like a runaway horse, and the young man took after him, but it was no use. After a race of a block, the man who grinned gained so fast that the other stopped short and went back to his girl and his hat. Stretching forth his hand to the innocent maiden, he remarked:

"Lucy, clasp on that, and if you let go for the next two hours, even to wipe your nose, I'll never call you by the sacred name of wife!"—Detroit Free Press

A Republican on the South.

A prominent republican member of the Michigan legislature has been South, and on his return is interviewed by a correspondent of the Detroit Free Press. This gentleman is honest enough to tell the truth, even if it does impeach his party. The following extract is interesting:

"Now, then, what do you think of these people? You have seen them with their coats off and can judge them as they are."

"I tell you, I'm ashamed of myself!" was his instant reply. "When I think how we have lied about them and their institutions I am ashamed to look them in the face."

"Have they treated you well?"

"Splendid."

"And they knew you were from the North?"

"Yes."

"And that you were a strong republican?"

"Yes."

"And what do you think of the darkey?"

"D—n him, sir, d—n him!" was the hearty exclamation. "We wouldn't stand the half from him that the South does. He is lazy, shiftless, thievish and a general nuisance. I've talked with a score of 'em, and they are as ignorant as our horses. They vote my ticket, but they can't tell me why. They have no reason, no argument, no principle, and so little sense that I wonder how they get through the week."

MISSING MACBETH.

A Reward of \$500 to be Offered for Information Leading to His Discovery.

"This horrible suspense is killing me," said Mrs. Fannie Macbeth, as she walked into her parlor at 1505 Chestnut street, yesterday evening, clad in somber apparel.

"Have you heard nothing of your husband?"

"Nothing; it is over two weeks now, and I feel sure that he is dead—probably in the river. He was so well known and his jewelry was all of the secret order kind that even had he become insane and wandered off a thousand miles he could still be identified in any village or hamlet where there is a lodge. Frank was a member of nearly all the secret orders in the state of Missouri, and was a charter member of half a dozen of them."

"What marks were there to serve for identification besides his outward appearance and the emblematic jewelry?" asked the reporter.

"His left arm had been broken and twisted, and there was a 'wen' about the size of a marble on the left side of his head. There was engraved upon the key-check his name and address, and his name was upon his vest strap and inside the coat collar."

"Why did you not announce his disappearance earlier?"

"Mr. Macbeth was a man who went for months and even years without drinking, and if he took two drinks it made him crazy, and some weeks ago he got off on a little spree and slept at the Planters' house. He came home next day and was very sick. He went to the Sweet Springs and then returned to St. Louis. All the time we were there he was sick and for two days after our return. The third day he got out of bed, ate breakfast and went down to the office, accompanied by me. He looked very ill, but had not had anything to drink for many days. He told me to do my shopping while he looked over his letters and business and went to the bank, and he would come home to dinner as soon as he could. At five o'clock he had not come, and I became alarmed and sent for our neighbor, Gov. Johnson, who with several other friends commenced a search for him. Then the members of the orders began to search for him, and Gov. Johnson put two private detectives to work, and I felt sure that he would be found without making the thing public. To-morrow the secret societies will meet and arrange to offer a reward of perhaps \$500 for his body, dead or alive. Frank is dead or he would not remain silent and absent from his home and children, whom he loved so well."—Globe-Democrat.

A Case of Immersion.

I heard yesterday from unquestionable authority a good story of the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, which is quite too good for private circulation. When he first went to Elmira, a good many years ago, he was somewhat free and easy in his theology, holding, as he still holds, that life was more than the creed, and the department more than the dogma. One day a woman called and said she wanted to join his church.

"Very well," he said, "come in; glad to see you."

"But," she said, "I must be immersed."

"I can't duck you all over," he exclaimed; "no dish big enough."

"Well," she repeated, in a troubled frame of mind, "I must be immersed all over; I have been reading the Bible and I am sure the teaching is that we must be entirely immersed."

"Then go and join Brother Hodgson's church," he suggested, "they have a baptistry up there, and there isn't any vital difference between us and the Baptists."

"No," she said, "my friends are here in your church; I want to be with them."

He pondered over it awhile, and then said: "See here, suppose you go up and see Brother Hodgson and tell him to immerse you so that you can come and join us."

So she went and spoke after that manner.

"Did Mr. Beecher tell you to come up here for that?" asked the irate Hodgson in a loud voice.

She affirmed that such was his suggestion.

"Very well!" exclaimed the affronted Baptist, getting warmer and warmer as he thought of the highly audacious proposition. "Very well! Very well! You go back and tell Beecher that he's mistaken if he thinks I am going to do his dirty work."

The lady fled in terror. That evening her husband called on the Rev. Hodgson to demand satisfaction. "No, sir! I won't sit down!" he answered, as he came into the minister's presence; "did you speak of the immersion of my wife as dirty work? That is what I want to know!" and he slammed on the table and doubled up the two fingers of his right hand as if

about to wring the clerical nose with them. Mr. Hodgson backed to the other corner of the room, near the open door, and explained that he meant no offense, he merely meant, etc.; he did not intend, etc.; in a Pickwickian sense, and for the dignity of his denomination, etc.; he would be most happy, etc.

"No! I'll be d—n—hanged if you do!" exclaimed the wrath-stricken visitor, jamming the door with his fist. "You never'll put a teaspoonful of water on any of my family. And you indulge in any more sideways remarks and I'll 'dirty work' you!" and he alarmed his hat down over his eyes, uttered a growl of unsatisfied anguish, went home, and carried all his folks over to Beecher's church, "dip or no dip," as he expressed it.—W. A. Crofut.

Led by the Ear.

Cincinnati Commercial.

There has been considerable commotion raised in this city during the past two weeks, on account of the publication in the Commercial of an incident which happened at the grand opera house two weeks ago to-day, where an exasperated husband led his wife out by the ear. In fact we might say that it caused a sensation throughout this part of the country, for it has been the subject of a great deal of newspaper comment, and opinions of every shade have been freely expressed.

The reporter of the Commercial who happened to witness the "scene" hunted up the gentleman last evening and had a little chat with him in reference to the matter.

He was inquired of whether he had read the comments in the papers regarding his action, and he said he had, that he had been much amused by them, and had started a scrapbook, and hoped the discussion would continue.

He was then asked whether he regretted what he did, when he said:

"No, I do not! It has had a good effect, not only in my own household, but in a good many others. It has forever put a stop to my wife attending matinees and has called public attention to a terrible evil. My wife is not the only woman in Cincinnati who has neglected her children and her household affairs to visit matinees once or twice every week, but are there hundreds of them, and it is time that husbands and fathers enter there protest against such practices, the result of which in many cases, has been the disruption of families. I stood it as long as I could. I bore it uncomplainingly for years, and only when I saw the habit was fastening upon my wife did I ask her to desist; and when I found that argument and entreaty did not avail I threatened to lead her out by the ear. I did not even do that until I saw that our children was allowed to roam the streets, meeting with serious accidents. Then I got angry, and though Mrs. Hayes, of Marysville, who is doubtless a very sweet woman, you may not believe it, I then, for the first time in my life, used harsh language to my wife. In fact, I used cuss words; and where is there a man who would not have done the same under the same provocation? I would have been a sheep to have allowed the occurrence to pass over without an effort to stop the practice, and I only did so as a last resort. I see that one lady correspondent wanted to know if there were no 'men' at the Grand that afternoon, or were they all 'cowards' that they 'permitted' such an outrage. I tell you I would have made it pretty warm for any man or body of men if they had attempted to stop me."

"How does your wife take it?" we next inquired.

"Oh, she is getting along nicely. She never refers to it, and is better than ever."

"Did her attendance upon matinees interfere with her work on other days than those of matinees?"

"I don't know that it did, particularly, but she knew the characters and plot of at least a hundred plays, and was forever talking about them. She gave me no rest in that particular, and was worse than a stage-struck youth, who is eternally quoting from the drama. Nearly every move I made or opinion I expressed, on any subject she likened me to some character she had seen at the theatre. One night I came home and had the toothache like thunder, and was walking up and down the sitting-room floor with my hand to my jaw, when she peered in at me, and after looking a moment said: 'Hello, Hamlet, to pull or not to pull?' At another time she was coming home in a street car and engaged in conversation with a man who said he was a stranger in the city. When she told me of it I expressed surprise that she would converse with a man she did not know. She then went to her bedroom and brought out a pillow, and on handing it to me said: 'See here, Othello, go and rest yourself.' One night I was in market and saw a fellow selling some sort of liquid for silver-plating, and bought a bottle and took it home. My wife took it and called me Toodles. She had everybody she knew likened

to some character in some play, and I tell you I got tired of it."

While the gentleman was talking, his wife was singing out in the dining-room, and after listening a moment, we caught a word or two about "baby farming" and quite alarming, and knew that she was going through "Pinafore."

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

(From the Boston Globe.)



Miss. Editors—The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who shows all other human beings may be truly called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

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