

# A Tragedy in Slums

Romance in the Low Life of New York

Undoubtedly the marriage of Mary Queen in St. Vincent's Hospital softened the harshness of her death. It taught her there is love and charity in mankind, and bade her hope for a future which in the last few years of her wasted life seemed closed to her. A slimmer, she died rich in the love of an honest man, conscious that he who controls had forgiven. Mary Queen was pretty five years ago. She was what would have been termed a beauty—bright-eyed, red-cheeked, 17 years old, a finely developed specimen of the self-reliant girl of the tenements. There were many young fellows who admired; some of them wished to marry her, among them Timothy Sullivan, a driver of a milk route. "Good, hard-working Sullivan," he parents termed him. He admired and loved her. He didn't care for the East Side dances, but he took her because she insisted on going. If she didn't go with him she would go with some other man. When pressed to marry him she refused. At times she preferred the society of others to him, and on one occasion, when he called at the home, her family told him she wasn't there; she had gone to an excursion the night before and



THE DEATH-BED MARRIAGE.

failed to return. They had a telegram from her which said she had missed the boat and the last train. Then she developed a habit of visiting girl friends in Harlem and not coming home for a week. It was the same old story. Sullivan reasoned with her. Once he saw her coming from an uptown resort, half tipsy, with a flashily dressed man, who handed her into a cab. For a couple of years he heard nothing of her. Meantime she had acquired a taste for liquor and was quarrelsome. In January last she hit a man known as "Foggy" O'Day over the head with a bottle. She was arrested, but "Foggy" refused to prosecute on the ground that he "wasn't going against no woman." She was released and quarreled with the man who was known as her lover. She attempted to hit him with a bottle and he gouged out one of her eyes and beat her into insensibility. After this disgraceful descent was rapid. The sailors and others about the resort she visited cruelly called her "Starboard Mary" because her "port eye" was gone. A little more than a week ago Sullivan met her. She was a wreck. He talked about old times to her, and asked her why she didn't brace up and reform.

"What's the use, Tim?" she said. "You are the only man that ever was really stuck on me, and I threw you over for a lot of nuts that couldn't do nothing but rush the can and spiel at a chowder."

"Mebbe I ain't got over being stuck on you yet," was the reply.

"Cut it out, Tim, for your own good. Everybody knows me, and while you think that way you couldn't stand it for long," was the reply.

The strength of the love that never had died insisted that the woman reform and marry Sullivan. He told her he had money enough to go away from New York, that in some other state there would be nothing to remind her of her past. She thought for a

while and said: "Timmie, I always liked you. I was a fool, but I was young. If I thought you wouldn't regret it I would marry you tomorrow." In this way the affair was fixed up. She visited a few of her friends and confided to them she was going to get married. "Have a ball?" said one.

"No, I've cut it; I'm on the water cart for good," was the reply.

"Clean the pipe, Mary, and take another draw," urged the girl known as her side partner.

Mary hesitated. The temptation was great. She yielded, and in a couple of hours more Mary Queen was herself. She had pummeled a bartender who laughed when she told him she was going to be married and broken a mirror with a whisky glass. When she got sober she went out and bought a bottle of carbolic acid and drank it. It was on Saturday, in St. Vincent's, the doctors told her she could not live, and she sent for Tim. He came and held her hand. She talked a little. She said she was sorry, but after breaking her word with him she didn't care to live. "I'll keep mine with you, Mary," was his reply, and on Sunday morning Father Donohue, of the hospital, married them. The witnesses were the painter of the hospital and the nurse. "May" Queen was just able to murmur the "I wills." The next morning Mrs. Mary Queen Sullivan died.

### FICKLE MAIDENS

Said "No," After Crossing the Ocean to Marry Sultors.

The title of the play of "Love's Labor Lost" could well be applied to a story in real life, the opening scene of which was in Westphalia, Germany, and the final in the office of the United States immigration commissioner at Baltimore, says the Baltimore Sun.

William Tempelmeier and Christopher Niermann, both of Indianapolis, Ind., recently visited Westphalia, and while there met Minnie Stein, aged 20 years, and Minnie Fiesgrabe, aged 16. The young men fell in love and paid most devoted attention to the young ladies, telling them of life in the great United States. The girls concluded that they would come to this country, and with the consent of their parents, each purchased a ticket for Indianapolis, and with about \$35 in money, they started. All the way over the suitors pressed their claims with all ardor, but the girls declared that the nearer they came to America the greater their desire became to be free and untrammelled. These thoughts were not made known to the two lovers, who, as soon as landed in Baltimore on Saturday, set off in posthaste in search of a minister and the required license. The licenses were issued on Monday. Rev. Otto Aplitz of Christ German Evangelical church was engaged to perform the nuptial ceremony, which was to take place at the emigrant pier. On the return of the would-be grooms-men and minister to the steamer they were informed that the maidens had changed their minds and would not be married. The two suitors argued and pleaded, but discovered that the two German maidens were very much "set" in their minds. The lovers appealed to Mr. Lou Robinson, deputy commissioner of immigration, who told the men that in this country "when a woman will, she will, and when she won't, she won't," and that there was no legal remedy. The young men went home and the two maidens took another train for Texas.

### A Muscular Minister.

The Rev. John McD. Hervey, pastor of the United Presbyterian church at Richmond, Va., dealt out summary punishment to a stranger who insulted his wife. Mrs. Hervey, while returning home alone, was accosted by a man who caught her by the arm. She broke away, and on reaching home notified her husband. The Rev. Mr. Hervey hunted up the insulted and whipped him without mercy.

## IS A GAY SWINDLER.

CHARLES LEIGHTON'S SUCCESS WITH FAIR WOMEN.

He Always Has an Eye to Business and Wheelies Cash Out of His Dupes—Said to Be Possessor of Many Wives—Story of a Victim.

Charles M. Leighton of New York is either a remarkable man or his wife believes him. Leighton has been missing from home for several days, and it is believed that he is attending to a little business in a line peculiarly his own. The story told by the deserted wife is unique. Leighton is a handsome fellow and it is said that he always had women by the dozen falling in love with him. "I believe," said Mrs. Leighton, "that if he has one wife in this country he has many. He regards it as mere sport to marry a woman, wheelie her out of her money, and



CHARLES M. LEIGHTON.

then leave her, as he has now twice left me."

"My dear," he said to me once in a story, when I was there trying to bring him back to our home, which he had deserted. "My dear, in that house lives a woman from whom I got \$3,000 in less than three months," and he pointed to a mansion on one of the fashionable avenues of that city.

"There is one woman living in this city who thought she was the real wife of Mr. Leighton. She had twice gone through the marriage ceremony with him. That woman told me that when Leighton deserted her and she applied to a lawyer to institute proceedings for divorce, the lawyer told her there was no necessity for going through the form, as she had never been married to Leighton, as he had already several wives living, and a dozen of his marriages could be found on the records.

"The only thing we ever quarreled about," she said, "was a proposition that he made to me to go West, or, at least, take a room to myself in another house, so that he could marry other women and get hold of their money. He was astonished when I indignantly refused. Women, he declared, were running after him to such an extent that it was fun getting money from them, and that he could soon pick up several thousand dollars. I refused to take part in any such miserable plot, and he ran away from me."

### AGED 108 YEARS.

Mrs. Hunt of Long Island City Yet Enjoys Good Health.

Mrs. Elinda Bonner Hunt, colored, living at No. 84 Marlon street, Long Island City, L. I., was 108 years old a few days ago. Mrs. Hunt's family and friends allege that she is the oldest woman in the world and that if her present health continues she will live several years yet. Mrs. Hunt lives with her son, and takes as much interest in the events of the day as she did fifty years ago. She has a very clear memory, and has frequently told of the excitement that the presence of Gen. George Washington caused when she was a young girl. She, however, never saw him. Mrs. Hunt was born in Virginia, and lived there nearly all her life. She remembers clearly the visit paid her native village by Gen. Lafayette, and how the people decorated their houses and put on their best clothes to pay homage to him. Mrs. Hunt has been married twice, and children by both husbands are living. One son disappeared many years ago and has never been heard from since. She has always hoped that she would hear from the missing boy. He must be now more than sixty years old if alive.

### A Real Sea Serpent.

Coast Guard Martin and Policeman Frank Marsh of Atlantic City, N. J., report having killed a marine monster, which looked to them like a sea serpent, after a hard fight. While walking along the beach in Chelsea, Marsh saw the fish caught in the surf and went after it with a club. Nash, upon seeing the struggle, went to his assistance. The two men finally succeeded in killing an ugly looking thing. It had an elongated body about 12 feet in length and was probably two feet thick. The head was flat, and the jaws were set with two rows of fangs. The tide carried the body out to sea before the men could rescue it.

### Refused the Salary.

Acting Governor Johnson of New Jersey has refused to accept the \$27 a day to which he is entitled while acting as governor during Governor Voorhees' absence. He says that Mr. Voorhees needed a vacation and he is willing to perform Mr. Voorhees' duties without compensation during the time the governor is away.

## A FRIGHTFUL COMBAT.

A Woman Mangled by a Jaguar at Newark.

A fierce Jaguar that has been in captivity only a few months almost killed Mme. Louise Maurelle, an animal tamer, in Frank H. Bostock's show, at Newark, N. J., the other day.

The woman fought for her life, while the jaguar bit her and tore her shoulders and arms with his terrible claws. Other trainers and circus men ran to Mme. Maurelle's aid and beat off the great cat-like beast that seemed determined to take her life. Being a woman, as well as an animal trainer, Mme. Maurelle fainted as soon as she found herself safe. Weeks will pass before she recovers, but the wounds will not be fatal unless blood poisoning results. Mme. Maurelle exhibits herself and four jaguars and leopards in a large circular cage. These four beasts she has reduced to almost complete docility and, at her orders and the threatening of a rawhide whip she carries, they jump through hoops, pile themselves in pyramids and do various other tricks. A few days ago another jaguar was added to the collection. Although this beast is lean it weighs 200 pounds, its short captivity has not tamed its ferocity, but Mme. Maurelle determined to begin its education. With the other jaguars and leopards she drove the new jaguar from its wagon cage into the exhibition cage. After a half hour of lashing and loud commands she succeeded in making the new jaguar obey her so far as to lie down and arise when she so ordered. But it was obstinate, surly, slinking. Never for an instant did the woman dance away from it, for it constantly watched her as if waiting its opportunity to attack her.

After thirty minutes of such practice Mme. Maurelle dismissed the five tamer animals to their wagons. It came the new jaguar's turn to leave the exhibition cage. Striking it with the rawhide, the woman drove it toward the door. Crouching, always eyeing her, it took two or three sneaking steps, then turned and sprang on her. Its forepaws, the claws distended, struck her on the shoulder; the brute's force and weight bore her to the ground. Instantly it bit her, sinking its teeth in her right side and back, while its claws kept deeply lacerating her arms and shoulders. The woman shrieked for help, shouted commands, to which the beast was deaf, beat it with all her strength with her whip. The beast, becoming even angrier, more excited, released its hold of Mme. Maurelle's body and seemed about to seize her throat, when Matthew Johnson, an experienced animal trainer, and other men connected with the show ran into the cage. With the butts of heavy whips, with clubs and pitchforks, they beat from Mme. Maurelle the jaguar, which, as it slowly retreated, kept snarling, showing its teeth, feinting to spring. When the woman was released, badly and painfully wounded as she was, she staggered to her feet and weakly struck at the jaguar. Only when it was safely locked in its cage did she faint.

### The Costliest Feast.

The Worshipful company of Girdlers estimates that the luncheon given by them to the secretary of state and members of the council of India recently works out at something over £2,000,000 a head. The history of this remarkable feast is absolutely unique. In 1634 a Robert Bell, then master of the company, ordered from the East India company a Persian carpet at a cost of £150. For this carpet the East India company, now represented by the council of India, never received payment. It was only recently that the present master of the Girdlers, the lord mayor, discovered that at the ordinary rate of compound interest the sum they now owed amounted to no less than £167,000,000! The Girdlers, realizing the situation and came to the natural conclusion that they could not meet their obligations. Not wishing, however, to appear dishonorable, they suggested that they should entertain the council of India at a luncheon, which should wipe off the score. The council agreed, and the Girdlers, as a result, entertained them at a lunch, over which the lord mayor presided. There were seventy-five guests present, so that each one, so to speak, consumed a meal costing over £2,000,000.—London Mail.

### Countess Sofie Chotek.

Countess Sofie Chotek, for whose love the heir-presumptive to the throne of Austria will sacrifice the succession of his children to the crown, is one of the most beautiful and fascinating of the women of the Austrian nobility. She is in every way but one worthy to be the wife of a prince. And that is no fault of hers, for she could not help having been born outside the sacred sphere of royalty. The countess is thirty-one years old. She is very popular in Bohemia, where her father is the owner of large estates, and in Vienna. Franz Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, her husband, is the son of the late Archduke Karl Ludwig. Archduke Franz visited Chicago during the World's Fair on his tour around the world. He has been somewhat wayward and never a source of joy to his imperial uncle. This has been especially seen in his late secret marriage to the Countess, against the express prohibition of the emperor. Franz is thirty-seven years old.

### Curious Paper Weight.

The most curious paper weight in the world is said to belong to the Prince of Wales. It is the mummified hand of one of the daughters of Pharaoh.

## THEY NEVER WEEP.

BOER WOMEN NOT LIKE OTHER WOMEN.

Heroically Send Their Men to the Front Without Tears—A Heroism With Few Parallels in the World's History.

Mrs. Luise DeLassom of San Francisco returned from a tour of South Africa a short while ago and relates some interesting impressions of the Boers. "The Boers impressed me as being a very uncouth sort of people," she says, "although those that we met were pleasant enough. It is easy to see that they are required to pay little attention to the courtesies of life while young, so that their manners are devoid of polish, and they frequently have a surly air, which does not by any means create a favorable impression upon strangers. But of their fighting qualities there can be no question, and England need not expect to subdue them until their last shot has been fired and their last ounce of strength is exhausted. There is no more determined and stubborn race of people on earth than the Boers. The children, both boys and girls are taught the use of firearms as soon as they are old enough to hold a gun. They practice constantly. From one generation to another the Boers have been preparing for war, until to fight is now their natural instinct. The women are as courageous and as combative as the men. A Boer woman is never too old to shoot straight. You should see them as I have seen them coming in the station to say good-by to husbands, fathers, brothers and sweethearts on their way to the front. Such stoicism is astonishing. Not a

tear does a Boer woman shed when she sends a son away from her to fight for his country. Not a tear does she shed when he falls in battle. Fighting to them is a business, a duty—anything but a matter of sentiment. My opinion is that when there are no more Boer men left on the field the Boer women will take their places and give desperate battle to the English foe, whom they hate with all their hearts. These African women are better soldiers than most men. Life in the Transvaal for Boer women is very pleasant. In Johannesburg I saw more bicycles than in any other city and I have visited all the large cities of the world."

### OLD WARLIKE STICKS.

Grotesque Staffs That Were Formerly Carried in England.

In former times in England walking sticks were commonly carried by both male and female heads of families. Queen Elizabeth carried one of these toward the end of her life. Sticks were then used chiefly as emblems of authority. The monstrous sticks shown in the engraving are drawn from specimens which have been preserved by dealers in London. These a century ago were common and might have been seen by the thousand, borne by tall footmen behind ladies dressed in old hooped dresses, the fashion of those days. At that time, also, there was a taste for various kinds of monsters, in china, wood and other materials. Monkeys and pet dogs were made pets of and the sticks of the footmen were fashioned into grotesque forms. These sticks were about six feet high and were in parts painted and gilt. Dr. Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith and a host of other literary lights and celebrities considered a good stick as necessary as a coat.

## The Natives of Bohol

The Rev. Dr. J. H. Cissel, of Crawfordsville, Ind., has received an interesting letter from his son, First Sergeant E. W. Cissel, of Company G, Forty-fourth infantry, Sergeant Cissel served through the Cuban campaign, and then enlisting with the forty-fourth went to the Philippines. He is now at Bacayan, Bohol, and writes that Bohol is radically different from the other islands he has visited. The natives were frightened half to death when the United States soldiers came, as they had for ages suffered terrible indignities from the Spanish people, but in less than a month they were thoroughly reassured. So intensely do they hate the Spaniards, however, that the better educated people, who understand the Spanish language, refuse to make use of it. The population of Bohol is devotedly Roman Catholic, but Sergeant Cissel writes that the religion there is much more given to form, and is much more exacting than in this country. The cathedral at Bacayan is a magnificent building, with a chime of sixteen bells.

"Little clothing is worn, except on Sunday," writes Mr. Cissel. "On that day, however, the men wear suits of spotless white, and the women attire themselves in most fetching costumes. They wear a black skirt with a long trail, a cream colored waist of some light material, made in evening dress fashion, and then complete the toilette with a head dress that is stunning. This is a sort of sun-bonnet, made of very thin white material. At the point where it touches the head it is reinforced by ply, which is stiffened with starch, and instead of having strings and being drawn in the back, it is allowed to flow freely over the shoulders to below the waist. Around the edge

of the bonnet is sewed a deep lace, often of various colors. The natives wear this garb gracefully and are really most attractive when so attired. Immediately after church comes the cock-fighting, and this consumes the balance of the day.

"Each evening the natives congregate at a place near our camp to sing for a couple of hours, and this singing is of a most weird and peculiar character. It reminds me of ghost-dance tunes, or the devil-entrance music in opera. If you can recall the music rendered in "Faust," where Marguerite becomes insane, you can get an excellent idea of the popular music of Bohol. Often, late at night, these strange airs come floating in from the ocean, where the natives are bobbing about in their canoes, fishing, and one is forced by some strange spell to stop and listen, for the music, though awfully weird, has a wonderfully soothing effect.

"Here in Bohol the cocoa tree is the staff of life. The nut is used extensively for food and also furnishes immense quantities of oil, excellent both for illuminating and lubricating purposes. The hull about the nut, very thick and fibrous, is used to make rope and fabric. What we have been led to believe is Manila hemp is nothing more than a product from cocoanut hulls. The fiber is pulled apart, soaked in cocoanut oil and then spread out in the sun to bleach. This accomplished, it is twisted into rope and again bleached, making the finest Manila hemp (?) that ever bound sheaves of Indiana wheat. The leaves of the cocoa tree are used to thatch the roofs of all the buildings, and they also furnish the native with clothing and carpets."

found upon the bodies of dead soldiers, and in every case the wishes of the testator have been respected.

### Miss Long's Mission.

Miss Ruth Cordis Long, a niece of the secretary of the navy, John D. Long, intends to be a gospel singer, and is full of enthusiasm about her new work. Two years ago, when in San Diego county, California, Miss Long was asked by the Christian Endeavor society if she would be willing to sing at some services to be held on board the United States steamship Monterey. She gladly consented and sang "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" with so much effect that one of the sailors, a boy of about 20, came forward to her at the conclusion of the services and declared that the song as rendered by her had determined him to lead a different life, and that he intended to write to his mother to that effect on that same night. He gave Miss Long one of his cards, on which he wrote: "May God bless you for showing one sinner the true light." Miss Long carries the card in her purse as a keepsake of her first missionary work. She also sang at a revival service at Worcester, Mass., not long ago, and since her return to Boston from California, Miss Long has been engaged in church singing.

### "What a Memory!"

A schoolmaster, who had been telling of the doings of Caesar, ended up with: "And all this happened over 1,500 years ago." A little boy, his blue eyes wide open with wonder, said after a moment's thought: "Oh, what a memory you've got!"

## In Court Because Cows Came Home...

Father's Will Directed Sons to Pasture the Animals

In the Court of Chancery at Jersey City a case has begun for which, it is said, there is no precedent either in this country or England. An order was obtained from Vice-Chancellor Pitney, requiring Margaret E. Kingsland of Nutley, N. J., executrix of the estate of her husband, Joseph Kingsland, to show cause why she should not be compelled to furnish hay and pasture for two cows. In 1878 Joseph Kingsland of Nutley died, dividing an estate of \$600,000 by will between his daughters Margaret and Martha and his sons Richard and Joseph. The will also provided that so long as the two daughters lived the sons should furnish hay and pasture for a horse and a cow for each. The sons entered into an agreement whereby Richard was to furnish the hay and pasture for the horses, and Joseph was to provide

for the cows. Since 1895 it is charged that Mrs. Margaret Kingsland, administratrix of the estate of her husband, Joseph, has refused to feed the cows as directed by the will. Miss Kingsland then employed counsel to secure the carrying out of the provisions of the will and to recover through the Supreme Court \$1,000, the amount the Kingsland sisters have spent for hay and pasture since 1895. When Miss Kingsland's attorney came to draw his declaration in the Supreme Court suit he could find no form that fitted the case. He wrote to James D. Cockroft, editor of the American and English Encyclopedia of Forms and Precedents, for advice. Mr. Cockroft replied that a careful search failed to disclose a case in any way similar to the one in point. The chancery suit will come before the vice chancellor again on Monday.