

YOUR SOURCE EXPECT TWO OF THEIR AGE

To Appear in Public on Life's Stage as Desperate Safe-Breakers.

But Michael and Christie, Aged Seven and Ten, Are Caught Red-Handed

Three Brave Men Entered a Building with Drawn Clubs Expecting a Battle

LITTLE TOTS WIELDING HAMMERS.

"We Were Trying to Break into the Big Bank to Get Money to Buy Candies and Go to Dime Museums."

Little more than babies in appearance were the two boys charged with the full crime of burglary, in Centre Street Police Court, yesterday morning.

Although Michael Reslano is only seven years old, and his accomplice, Christie Murray, only ten, both were caught "red-handed," attempting to force the doors of a big safe in the private office of a downtown store during the broad day light of Labor Day.

The establishment of Damon & Peets, dealers in printers' supplies, at No. 44 Beekman street, was closed on Monday for the general holiday. In front of the place is a grating over an area. When John Pierson, the night watchman, arrived on Monday afternoon about 5:30 o'clock, he saw a boy's peaked cap, filled with lead type, lying in this area. He also noticed that an upright iron spike, one of a row that filled in the space between the sidewalk and the grating on the east side, had been bent aside.

The watchman entered the store and proceeded to make a tour of the place, beginning at the carpenter's stores, on the fifth floor.

As he descended he found the whole place in disorder. Not caring to tackle desperadoes single-handed, Pierson stole out again to the street. As he emerged he saw a boy of about seven years peering through the hole in the grating and dart down the street. Calling Policeman Clark, of the Oak Street Station, he started in pursuit, but the lad escaped.

At Their Evil Work.

Detective Armstrong, also of the Oak Street Station, joined the pair, and together the store was re-entered. With beating hearts and with clubs and revolvers ready for a desperate encounter, the three men advanced toward the manager's office in the rear of the store.

As they approached the plate-glass partition they saw that all the desks and nests of file-boxes and drawers had been broken open, and the contents scattered in confusion about the office. In the drawer of the secretary's desk, fully exposed to view, lay a six-cent nickel.

Sounds of blows from iron instruments upon the massive doors of the safe alone broke the silence. When they had tried to within a safe distance to pounce upon their prey, the men were astonished to find the bolts of the door.

They took in short trousers they were, who, with such improvised implements as they could dig up on their knees, were busily tinkering at the doors and combination knob of the big safe.

When the boys were asked they began to cry and said the big fellow, whose name, however, they refused to reveal, had induced them to attempt the "job." When asked what they were trying to do, they said:

"We were just trying to break into the great big bank to get some money to buy candies, and go to dime museums."

Investigation of the door had broken into the place after climbing down to the area through the grating by skillfully removing a pane of glass from the ceiling.

Again they had forced the door at the head of the cellar steps, after which they had free run of the establishment.

Hardly a minute in Court.

Captain Grant, of the Oak Street Station, to which they were taken, severely questioned the boys, and eventually learned that the elder companion, who had assumed the name of "Jack" Dalton, who lives at No. 28 Mulberry street, had been a tenant in the home of the two baby burglars also lived with their parents. Dalton has thus far eluded the police.

When the boys were arraigned before Magistrate Crane yesterday they had to be lifted in the arms of the big policeman before the Magistrate's ward when it was his desk. They were remanded until tomorrow at 2 o'clock.

Murray's father, a longshoreman, and Reslano's father peddles fruit. Both are said to be respectable citizens.

SHE POSED FOR JUSTICE.

Mrs. Catherine L. Beach, Disowned by Her Father, is a Prisoner in Bellevue's Alcoholic Ward.

Mrs. Catherine L. Beach, thirty-three years old, of No. 243 West Thirty-eighth street, is a prisoner in the Bellevue Hospital alcoholic ward. She was the model for Montana's silver statue of Justice. She is the daughter of wealthy Major Larson, of Lincoln, Ill.

When Mrs. Beach was arrested by the police and taken to Bellevue it was at first thought she was insane, but she was transferred to the alcoholic ward when it was found she was suffering from hysteria brought on by excessive drink.

Mrs. Beach is a very beautiful woman, and since the death of her husband, a contractor of Lincoln, has been on the stage. She married against the wishes of her father, and it is said he has refused to aid her. Since her first venture in the theatrical line with Lillian Lewis she has played minor parts in George C. Minn's company, has posed as a "living picture" at Koster & Bial's, and has been in the chorus of several comic operas.

Since January last she has lived at Mrs. Howe's boarding house, at No. 243 West Thirty-eighth street. Mrs. Howe says that until last week she did not know Mrs. Beach drank intoxicants. She added:

"Mrs. Beach failed to get an engagement this season, she is a trifle under the very dependent. One night she returned home intoxicated, on Saturday she became wildly jealous, and Monday afternoon a policeman brought her home, and as she was perfectly wild, my husband refused to allow her to enter, and the policeman took her to the station."

Mrs. Beach had not entirely recovered yesterday, and had the hallucination that a woman was trying to kill her with an axe. She will be permitted to leave in a few days.

Fireman Hurt While on Duty.

While going to a fire yesterday afternoon at Nos. 135 and 137 Mulberry street, Fireman George Halloran, of No. 415 East Twenty-second street, of Engine Company No. 29, was thrown from his engine in front of No. 133 Mulberry street. Halloran received a severe scalp wound, and after being attended by an ambulance surgeon from St. Vincent's Hospital, went home.

The fire, which was in the six-story brick building occupied by James Holmer, manufacturer of cigars, had done for the extent of \$1,000. The cause of the fire is not known.



Catherine Beach, of Silver Statue Fame. Now a prisoner in Bellevue's alcoholic ward, she posed for the figure of Justice in Montana's display at the Chicago Exposition.

ELOPE TO BOSTON ON A TANDEM WHEEL.

Rev. Charles Jones's Daughter and Stewardess Bent's Husband Have Flown.

Wronged Wife Believes the Bicycle Is Demoralizing and Her Story Is Her Reason.

FOLLOWS HER MAN FOR REVENGE. He Is Said to Have Married the Girl, but Will Be Confronted by an Angry Woman, on a Marriage Certificate and a Witness.

Charles Bent, of No. 188 Wyckoff street, Brooklyn, and Miss Kate Jones, the Rev. Charles Jones's daughter, of Port Richmond, S. L., rode from Brooklyn to Boston on a tandem bicycle. They left Wednesday, and no details of their journey are known. Yesterday the young woman's father found them at No. 33 Winchester street, in Boston, and telegraphed the young man's wife. He said the tandem riders had been married, and that Bent claimed to be free to wed Miss Jones.

When Mrs. Bent read that message she dried her tears and got a warrant for her husband's arrest at the Butler Avenue Court, and last night, with no forgiveness in her heart, started for Boston. She had her marriage certificate in her bosom and a friend who had seen her married went with her.

Mrs. Bent does not ride a bicycle. She thinks that very demoralizing. "I know that something would happen to Charles when he got the bicycle craze," she said. "We were getting along too nice for anything. He was steward and I was stewardess on the Iron Steamboat Company's Cygnus. We have had the positions seven years, ever since we were married. He got \$45 a month and I got \$29, and we got as much more in tips. In the winter he was a club steward, and I got work, and we always put away money."

"When he said to me he wanted to get a bicycle, I said he was a fool to put so much money into a wheel, and I asked him didn't he just remember the kind of folks we saw that rode wheels. I don't say that lots of nice ladies and gentlemen don't ride, but we had both seen lots that weren't nice. But he said it was just like anything else—had people made everything they touched look bad. He talked about the fine tours he would take, and so I let him put his month's wages in a wheel, and he took money to pay the rent. He didn't pay the rent, but he came to see me, and he told me that yellow girl from Port Richmond, never heard of her till her poor old father died, and she had a long time and she had taught him to ride the wheel."

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They would have been buried in Potter's field, but their neighbors, all poor people, had been nearly enough to pay all expenses. The body of the girl was found floating in the river, and her mother was also very sick. Rooms were secured on Niles avenue, and Mrs. Meyer was taken to St. Mary's Hospital, Hoboken. She died there Saturday night. Her body followed her on Monday. Both were buried yesterday in one coffin.

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POVERTY AND FIRE DROVE TWO TO DEATH.

Unfortunate Mother and Babe Buried in One Coffin and Two Other Children Dying.

While Fighting to Keep the Wolf Away Fire Destroyed Meyer's Home and They Lived in the Woods.

EXPOSURE LAID THE POOR WIFE LOW. There was a double funeral yesterday on Niles avenue, West New York, a mother and her five-month-old baby being carried to their last resting place. Exposure killed both.

The majority of West New Yorkers are not possessed of much worldly goods, but the family in which the double funeral occurred was in wretched straits. Charles Meyer, with his wife and eight children, for some time occupied a small dilapidated shanty near the river's edge. The eldest child was a boy, fourteen years old, the youngest the baby, buried yesterday.

Meyer managed to keep his family from starving by collecting driftwood along the shore, cutting it into kindling, and then selling it. His wife kept chickens and sold the eggs. From a goat enough milk for the younger children was secured. At one time they kept a cow, but it died suddenly. Meyer thought it must have eaten some poisonous plant, and bewailed his misfortune.

Worse than this, however, was in store for the wretched family. Two months ago the big Peter Cooper Glue Works that adjoined the hotel they called home was destroyed by fire. A flying spark set fire to the shanty, and the family, leaving behind their few belongings, barely escaped with their lives. Too proud to tell any one of their plight, for two weeks they lived in the woods near the river, subsisting on what little they could gather. Exposure brought on typhoid fever, and when neighbors found them, the mother was raving in delirium. The baby and two other children were also very sick. Rooms were secured on Niles avenue, and Mrs. Meyer was taken to St. Mary's Hospital, Hoboken. She died there Saturday night. Her body followed her on Monday. Both were buried yesterday in one coffin.

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"YOU HAVE DAMNED ME EVERLASTINGLY."

Colonel Hayward Accused the Asylum Physician of Ruining His Happiness.

Continuance of the Hearing in the Proceedings for the Old Soldier's Release.

WIFE AND DAUGHTER TESTIFIED. Declared the Colonel Had Threatened to Shoot Mrs. Hayward on Several Occasions—An Asylum Attache Said He Believed the Man Was Sane.

The hearing in the case of Colonel William A. Hayward, an inmate of the Amityville Asylum, was continued in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, yesterday, and it will be finished to-day.

Hayward maintains that he is sane. Mrs. Hayward, who is the Colonel's fourth wife, resumed her testimony. She is a handsome woman, twenty years younger than her husband.

Frequently the couple went out for a walk, and there were times when men threw admiring glances at Mrs. Hayward. The Colonel regarded these unbecomingly as the indications of a secret intrigue. He was wont to take a notebook, she said, and jot down the appearance of men who looked at his wife, and say to her: "I'll kill you if you ever flirt with that man."

Some time ago Mrs. Hayward opened a restaurant for her husband at No. 231 Broadway, New York. Life became almost unbearable for Mrs. Hayward after that, as the Colonel accused her of flirting with patrons, leeches and the janitor. Once, in a jealous rage, she alleged, he threatened to cut her throat and shoot her.

The Colonel's daughter Hattie said she had forced Mrs. Hayward to take an oath that she had not left her maid's company while she was out for a walk. Sometimes he followed his wife with a pistol in his coat pocket, she said, threatening to shoot any man who spoke to her.

Charles M. Greene, an asylum attache, testified that Colonel Hayward never acted like an insane man.

"I have heard him say," the witness stated, "that if he saw his wife with a man he would shoot him."

Colonel Hayward then testified in his own behalf. He said he adored his wife, and was most wretched when she had him everlastingly. "You've done it, and you know you did it. You and Wilsey are in league together. Yet, wronged by you as I am, I would not hurt a hair of your head."

He admitted having, when young, been everlastingly wronged by a woman, whom he called "Wilsey," and that she was cold and cruel to him.

"I was sent to the asylum," he said, "so that my wife might get a separation and the asylum get \$100 a month out of me."

He admitted having, when young, been everlastingly wronged by a woman, whom he called "Wilsey," and that she was cold and cruel to him.

Pointing at Dr. Fitch, Hayward said: "You are the cause of my domestic happiness by sending me to the asylum and putting a wretched, battle-scarred man like me in a prison. You, Dr. Fitch, have damned me everlastingly. You've done it, and you know you did it. You and Wilsey are in league together. Yet, wronged by you as I am, I would not hurt a hair of your head."

Dr. John C. Shaw, who has been watching Hayward since the latter began, expressed the opinion that Hayward was afflicted with "delusions as to marital infidelity."

The hearing will be continued to-day.

GRAND JURY BEGINS WORK. Two Men Indicted for the Theft of \$150,000 Worth of Diamonds.

Among the first indictments found by the September Grand Jury, which was sworn in yesterday by Judge Fitzgerald in Part I. General Sessions, were two against Julius Steinhilber and Henry Robinson, charged with the theft of \$150,000 worth of diamonds from Julius M. Lyon, the Maiden Lane jeweller. Robinson is out on bail, but Steinhilber, who confessed, is in the Tombs.

There are 123 prisoners in the Tombs to await Grand Jury action. This was the smallest number ever within the walls of the Court. There are only 137 prisoners in the Tombs under indictment and awaiting trial.

ONE DOLLAR PER WEEK.

Everything for housekeeping. Make your own terms. The best assorted stock in the city. We never take advantage of customers who get in arrears through no fault of theirs. Call and see for yourself.

LONG ISLAND FURNURE CO.

46 TO 48 MYRTLE AVE., 2 doors from BROOKLYN, N. Y. Pearl St. Open Until 10 P. M. Saturdays.

CONJUGAL B. GORMAN DEAD.

Was the Representative of This Country at Matamoros, Mexico.

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THE TREATMENT THAT CURES.

How Doctor Copeland's Wonderful Medication Does Its Beneficent Work for Suffering Humanity.

It Reaches, Soothes and Heals Every Part of the Mucous Membrane, Curing Invariably All Forms of Catarrhal Disease of the Nose, Throat, Vocal Cords, Bronchial Tubes, Lungs and Deafness—Doctor Copeland Gives His Famous Symptom Questions, Describing Disease in Its Different Forms, and Cites Instances of Notable Cures.

THE TREATMENT THAT CURES. THE PROPER COURSE FOR SUFFERERS. THE SYMPTOMS OF EAR TROUBLES.

Doctor Copeland's new treatment, which has lifted the darkness and blight of the word "incurable" from hundreds of thousands of these cases of Catarrh in the Ears, Bronchial Tubes and Lungs, works its curative action for two reasons:

- (1) It reaches every sore spot, from the office of the nose to the deepest part of the lungs, to the innermost recesses of the middle ear. (2) Instead of irritating, inflaming and feeding the fires of the disease, it soothes, quiets, heals and cures.

What is this treatment that cures these conditions, on so regarded incurable? By what process does it restore the diseased membrane, remove the poison and relieve the patient of disease? Let the experience of patients cured and being cured tell.

HOW IT CURES COMMON CATARRH.

Here is a patient taking treatment for Catarrh of the Head. He breathes the soothing medication through his nostrils, and the nasal channels open, the stuffed-up feeling in the head leaves, and he can breathe naturally through the nose again. The dull pains across the front of the head fade away, and the nasal membrane is soothed until the inflammation and soreness are all gone. The bad odor of the breath passes away, and the hoarseness of the voice ceases. The ringing in the throat is checked, the nose does not stop up toward night any more, the sneezing and watery discharge from the eyes ceases, and the discharge from the nose grows less and less, and finally stops altogether. The disease has been checked and eradicated from the system before it even reached his throat. It has not been driven down into his throat into his lungs or into his ears, as so often is done by other treatments.

HOW IT CURES CATARRH IN THE THROAT.

Here is another patient who had Catarrh in the Head. He caught cold after cold, and the disease spread down into his throat. He breathes and drinks in the disease-banishing medication. It bathes the entire surface of the head and throat. The soreness of the head and throat becomes less and the desire to hawk and spit is disappearing, the sense of the head and throat is relieved, and the patient feels better and better. There is no more sneezing and vomiting in the morning. No longer does every exposure to the weather result in a stuffed-up throat that becomes sore and inflamed, and no longer does he find his throat and tongue dry, or his voice hoarse when he wakes from an unrefreshing sleep.

HOW IT CURES CATARRH OF VOCAL CORDS.

Here is another patient who contracted Catarrh that extended from the throat into the glottis, the gateway that opens to the windpipe and lungs. The disease attacks the vocal cords, this sensitive instrument of the human voice, and soon loses its sweet tones of melody. Here sits a lady, unable to utter a word, and her throat is so sore that she cannot swallow. She had been ten months silent, and the treatment had nearly restored her voice. Who can say what joy she feels in being restored to the usefulness and the pleasure of conversation?

HOW IT CURES CATARRHAL DEAFNESS.

Here is another patient who for years had been a sufferer. Every fresh cold seemed to stay longer than former colds, and he noticed that his ears got stopped up, and his hearing became duller and duller, and there were ringing and buzzing noises in his ears. The Catarrh was passed upward from the throat, and the throat along the Eustachian tube leading from the throat into the ear. He had tried the best doctors and ear doctors and Catarrh doctors without relief. In this condition he was still taking the medication. He had been ten months silent, and the treatment had nearly restored her voice. Who can say what joy she feels in being restored to the usefulness and the pleasure of conversation?

HOW IT CURES BRONCHIAL CATARRH.

Here is another patient who was always sensitive to the weather. He contracted Catarrh of the Head, and it passed to his throat, then down the windpipe and into the bronchial tubes. He coughed at night so that he could not sleep; there was pain behind his breast bone and under the shoulder blades. When he coughed he brought up a frothy, grayish material streaked with blood. He lost appetite and strength. He tried cough syrups and different medicines to no avail. He now breathes in with full inspirations the restoring and soothing medicine. The sore spots along the bronchial tubes heal, and cough ceases, the pain ceases, the appetite and strength return. He is again a well and happy man.

HOW IT CURES CATARRH OF THE LUNGS.

Here is another pitiful case. He had all the history of colds and catarrh, extending downward from the nose to throat, to glottis, to windpipe, to the bronchial tubes, and then into the small tubes. He raised large quantities of vile looking material, and he had fever every afternoon and could not sleep at night. He had no appetite, and his strength and ambition failed. He had night sweats every once in awhile, and feared that his end was near. See him after four months of treatment! A new man. The healing and soothing medication has time after time sought out every nook of the disease, even to the extreme depth of the lung cells, and bathed and cooled and healed the membranes. There is no more of the nasty discharges, no more cough, no more fever, no more pain, no more night sweats. The appetite returns, and with it comes back strength and ambition. The checks fall out and regain their color. The strength becomes buoyant. He has been saved from a lingering but absolutely sure death.



John Winner, 1118 Third Avenue, City, cured of Catarrh of Head, Throat and Stomach.



Wilber F. Eble, 164 Wright Street, Newark, New Jersey. Cured of Roaring Noises in the Ears and Partial Deafness.

- "Is your hearing falling?" "Do your ears discharge?" "Do your ears itch and burn?" "Are the ears dry and scaly?" "Have you pain behind the ears?" "Is there a throbbing in the ears?" "Is there a buzzing sound heard?" "Do you have ringing in the ears?" "Are there crackling sounds heard?" "Is your hearing bad cloudy days?" "Do you have earache occasionally?" "Are there sounds like steam escaping?" "Do ears hurt when you blow your nose?" "Do you constantly hear noises in ears?" "Clear better some days than others?" "Do noises in your ears keep you awake?" "When you blow nose do the ears 'rattle'?" "Is hearing worse when you have a cold?" "Is roaring like a waterfall in the head?"

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH OF THE KIDNEYS.

This condition results either from colds or from overwork of the kidneys in separating from the blood the poisons that have been absorbed from catarrh.



Hiram Sherman, North Long Branch, New Jersey, cured of Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes and Stomach.

- "Is the skin pale and dry?" "Do your eyes get watery?" "Has the skin a waxy