

BOTH WANTED TO DIE FOR THEIR CHILDREN.

Mrs. Nurnberg Gave Christina Paregoric and Then Inhaled Gas.

Husband Had Died of Consumption, and the Same Fate Threatened Mrs. Nurnberg.

"I Could Not Leave Baby Alone," She Wrote on a Newspaper Found Near the Little One's Bed.

MADE PREPARATIONS FOR DEATH.

Bought New Underclothing and Shoes, Which Were Put on Before She Prepared Herself with Sherry for Murder and Suicide.

Some time after 10 p. m. Friday Mrs. Mary Nurnberg gave her six-year-old daughter, Christina, an overdose of paregoric, and when the child died she killed herself by inhaling illuminating gas. The bodies were found early yesterday morning in the rooms back of Mrs. Nurnberg's shop, No. 628 Seventh avenue, Brooklyn.

Mrs. Nurnberg was a comely woman of thirty-two years. When she married Herman Nurnberg, twelve years ago, shortly after her arrival in America, she was described as extremely pretty, with dark hair, deep blue eyes, a fair complexion and a graceful, rounded figure. She and Nurnberg had been sweethearts in Alsace, and she had journeyed from Metz to become the

new underclothes, which Mrs. Niejahr brought with her when she emigrated. She also purchased new shoes during the day. She seemed very much depressed during the evening, but she bade her visitors good-night, as usual, when they departed. It was 6:45 o'clock yesterday morning that a gentleman called at the store to buy a paper. The store was closed, which was unusual, and as he peered into the store he detected a strong odor of gas. He went into Niejahr's shop and communicated to the proprietor his fears. The two men went to the rear door of Mrs. Nurnberg's apartments, but repeated knocking failed to elicit any response. Mr. Niejahr placed his shoulder against the door, bursting it open. As this was done the two were nearly overpowered by the escaping gas. When they had recovered they saw the body of Mrs. Nurnberg in the middle of the room in a chair, one arm resting on a table. Between her lips was a cloth-wound gas pipe, connected with a jet above her head. The gas was turned on full force and the woman had apparently been dead several hours. She was dressed in her best gown, and also wore the new corsets, underwear and shoes she had purchased Thursday. Mrs. Niejahr ran into the room, and Christina, she said, was dead.

LITTLE CHRISTINA'S DEATH.

She did not have to search long, for in the adjoining room, asleep in death, was the fair haired child.

The little form lay on the bed gowned in her night clothes, and upon the breast of Mrs. Nurnberg lay a small doll, which bore the odor of paregoric. Lying upon the breast was a single white carnation, while at the foot of the bed was the baby's best clothes, arranged carefully, as if for the undertaker.

In the room where the mother lay there were found upon the centre table two empty ounce bottles of paregoric and a half filled quart bottle of sherry wine. Beside these lay three envelopes, sealed. One was addressed "To the Coroner," the second to Mrs. W. Peas, of No. 221 East Twelfth street, New York, a cousin, and the third to Mrs. Louis E. Hanch, Coblenz, Germany, a sister-in-law. On the margin of a newspaper were scrawled the words, "I could not leave baby alone."

When Coroner Coombs arrived an hour or two later he took possession of the letters. The one addressed to himself he opened, it follows:

Dear Sir—Don't cut up my body, or Christina's, please. We have taken paregoric. I did it because I am broken down in health. I am all alone in the world, and our condition has broken my little girl's heart. We will sleep together in Greenwood now. The world looks dark. Good-bye. M. NURNBERG.

But it did not require this letter to tell the Coroner the sad story. The empty paregoric bottles and the stain on the white gown of the child told as plainly as written words that the mother had killed the little one with the drug, and the sherry bottle told its story of the method employed by the poor woman to find courage for the deed.

The sum of \$9.20 was found in a desk in

Fearing She Would Lose a Child, Mrs. Toye Tried Suicide.

One Infant Recently Died, and She Would Not Believe the Other Was Out of Danger.

Found by a Neighbor, Whose Attention Was Attracted by the Little One's Cries.

CUT HER THROAT WITH A RAZOR.

Under Arrest for Attempted Suicide, but Her Mind is Undoubtedly Affected—Her Life Not Despaired Of.

Made mad over the fear that her first born would be taken away from her by death, Mrs. Mary Toye, of No. 236 West Sixteenth street, yesterday attempted her own life. The surgeons at the New York Hospital believe that the woman will live, although she is dangerously weak from the loss of blood that flowed from a gash in her throat before aid came to her.

Mrs. Toye is twenty-three years old and remarkably handsome. Her husband is head waiter at Halloran's restaurant, No. 213 West Fourteenth street. Earning good wages, he had made for himself and family a decidedly comfortable home, furnished in excellent taste. Toye is seven years the senior of his wife, and they have been married three years. Two children have been born of the union.

A few weeks ago the second child—then an infant of only three weeks—suddenly died of bronchitis, and a week later the year-old daughter, Mary, was attacked with the same disease. A physician attended the child, and last Wednesday was able to announce that the infant was out of all danger, but this the mother would not believe. Her anxiety was so intense that her mind became affected, it is thought.

"Must Mary go, too?" was her constant cry, and she would catch up the baby in

craving about on the floor, her white robe covered with blood, her hair disheveled and an ugly cut in her throat, was the mother. In her right hand she held a razor, which a few feet away, seated in a pool of blood, was the baby, crying piteously.

Mrs. Beck rapped loudly on the window, but the wounded woman gave no heed, so Mrs. Beck ran into the street and found the policeman in the street. The policeman, when he heard the frightened woman's cries, ran up the stairs, and finding all the doors securely locked, burst in on the front door. The woman looked up at the officer, but there was no intelligence in her eyes.

"Baby will join me in heaven to-night," she said, and kept repeating the phrase until she lapsed into unconsciousness, which was not until a few minutes before the ambulance arrived. In the meantime the policeman did all he could to staunch the flow of blood, and partially succeeded. He wrestled the razor from her grasp, and turned the infant over to Mrs. Beck. Then the husband was summoned. To him the woman said: "What will you do when baby and I are both gone?"

When she finished the hospital she was so weak that for several hours her life was despaired of, but late in the afternoon it was announced that the hospital surgeon that she had a fair chance of recovery.

"It is a simple case enough," said the surgeon, "although a peculiarly sad one, although the mother is under arrest, I do not believe that she was in any way responsible for her deed. Her mind probably became affected, and when her first-born was attacked with the same malady she became affected by a species of melancholia, which finally took the form of suicidal mania. I do not believe that she intended to kill the baby, but being convinced that the child would die from disease, determined to secure her own life. If she recovers I think that her reason will return in the course of time. The gash in the throat is very long and deep, and shows that she was possessed of great strength when it was inflicted."

TEN MEN IN THE MINE.

The Anna Lee Mine in Colorado Caves in Suddenly, Imprisoning Several Miners.

Colorado Springs, Col., Jan. 4.—Ten men were caught in a cave-in in the Anna Lee mine, at Victor, this morning, and it is not thought possible that any of them has escaped death.

The accident occurred at 9:30 this morning. President James Burns, of Colorado Springs, had been down in the mine on a tour of inspection, and had just been hoisted to the surface when Assistant Superintendent Sheldon, accompanied by a miner, entered the cage and was being lowered. They had descended about 280 feet when the engineer in charge of the hoisting machinery, received a signal to draw up the cage rapidly.

The signal came too late. A great mass of rock had begun to settle, crushing the car and its occupants. Eight men were working in the bottom of the shaft driving a level toward the ore chamber, and they were probably crushed to death.

One party of rescuers is driving a drift from the third level of the Scranton mine, and at 6 p. m. it was estimated they were still fifteen feet from the point in the Anna Lee shaft, where the cage is supposed to have been caught by the cave-in.

Among the imprisoned men are General Manager John Harman, Assistant Superintendent Sheldon and George Harman, a nephew of General Manager Harman.

The Anna Lee mine is one of the best equipped mines in the State. Its working shaft, which is down 900 feet, is the deepest in the camp.

SEVEN DEAD IN BATTLE.

An Engagement Reported Between Moonshiners and Revenue Officers.

Knoxville, Tenn., Jan. 4.—Reports reached the United States Revenue Collector's office yesterday which say that in a battle between a posse of officers and moonshiners in North Carolina, near the Tennessee line, seven men were killed and several others hurt.

The scene of the reported battle is several miles from a railroad, and nothing additional can yet be learned.

DROPPED DEAD IN A FLAT.

Erastus S. Foster Fell While Greeting Miss Florence E. Reynolds.

Erastus S. Foster, aged fifty-five, connected with the Metropolitan Rubber Company, at No. 676 Broadway, dropped dead at 10 o'clock last night in the flat of Miss Florence E. Reynolds, No. 44 West Sixty-fourth street. Mr. Foster had just arrived in Miss Reynolds's apartments and was about to greet her, when he staggered and fell to the floor unconscious. Some of the friends of the woman in the adjoining flats summoned Dr. Charles H. Walker, of No. 137 West Sixty-fourth street, and on his arrival he pronounced the man dead.

Miss Reynolds said that Mr. Foster had been suffering for some time from heart trouble, and was being treated by Dr. Root, whose address she did not know.

The dead man was a widower and boarded with Mrs. Sheffield, at No. 108 West Seventy-eighth street. She was informed of his death, and at a late hour her husband tried to find out some of Mr. Foster's friends, who live in the city, but whose address Mrs. Sheffield did not know.

HARRY STIVERS MARRIED.

He and His Bride, Formerly Miss Sawyer, Are Each Seventeen Years Old.

Harry Stivers, son of Jerome Stivers, the carriage builder of Twenty-fourth street, and Miss Elizabeth Sawyer, daughter of an ex-hotel keeper, of New Rochelle, were married there on New Year's Day. They are both about seventeen years of age.

It is said the marriage was the outcome of an elopement. This, however, is denied. They are now at the home of Mr. Stivers.

This Mother Killed This Child and Herself.

She was dying of consumption, the disease which killed her husband, and she could not leave her little one alone in the world. The chair marked with the cross was occupied by the dead woman when the door was burst open, and the tube hanging from the chandelier was in her mouth.

MARRIAGE OF MISS TILTON.

Wedding Among Flowers at the Bride's Home in Holmdel.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. S. Tilton, Sr., of Holmdel, near Red Bank, N. J., was handsomely decorated with palms and flowers on Tuesday last for the wedding of their daughter Doris to Minor Brown. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. Wyckoff, of Holmdel.

Gold

Is death. There can be no life without heat. The weak and debilitated cannot endure the frost and ice of winter. The blood must be made rich and pure and the circulation good, by

Hood's Pills are gentle, mild, effective. All druggists, 25c.

Intendant Pierce refused permission to allow him to see Harry after his return to the Home except on the condition that he should be accompanied by a physician. He was taken out of bed Monday night when he had been asleep with his chains on.

The Board of Managers voted without dissent to liberate Harry. Judge Robertson notified Superintendent Pierce to deliver him to his father whenever he should make formal demand for him. Mr. Weeks, overjoyed by the final success of his efforts, started at once for the Home. Before he got there a party of ladies drove into the grounds, and when his formal demand was made to the Superintendent in the presence of this authoritative audience that official did not venture to argue, but produced the boy. Harry and his father dined at the Home. Their walk to the railroad station in White Plains was interrupted by the congratulations of many people, whose sympathies were for the boy.

Justice Dykman, in Supreme Court, Chambers, at White Plains, on Tuesday issued writ of habeas corpus for the boy, returnable yesterday, and a committee of citizens got the formal demand against Superintendent Pierce into the form of a writ, to be presented to both the Grand Jury and the State Board of Charities.

The Journal's discovery on New Year's Day that the boy had been regularly committed to the Home in 1892, and the fact that the proceedings had not been authorized by any relative or guardian of the boy, made the issue of the habeas corpus proceedings doubtful. In the Journal's investigation into the history of the Weeks family it was discovered that William H. Weeks, father of Harry, was generally supposed. The Journal found him at South Norwalk, Conn. He is a laborer employed at small wages by the Connecticut Iron Company. When he learned of Harry's unfortunate condition he came at once to New York, where the Journal employed a reporter to procure for him the release of the boy.

Superintendent Pierce refused on Thursday night to let Harry's father see him. RELEASE ON HABEAS CORPUS REMOVED. The hearing of the habeas corpus proceedings before Justice Dykman, yesterday took place in the courtroom of the County of Westchester, where five members of the Board of Managers, including Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. MacLean, of White Plains; Mr. and Mrs. Richard M. Ho, of Irvington; Miss H. C. Brinckerhoff, of Sing Sing; Mrs. Emily C. Burr, of Yonkers; Mrs. James S. Haviland, of River A. B. Crane, of Scarsdale; Mrs. C. W. Whitman, of White Plains; Miss Bertina J. Beckers, of Scarborough; Mrs. John R. and Mrs. William F. Cochran, of Yonkers; Mrs. Whitehead Field, Mrs. H. Walter Webb, of Scarborough, and Charles Edisson, of Scarborough, were present.

All argument on the writ was prohibited by Justice Dykman. After Lawyer Van Vleet had presented his side of the case, Lawyer Emmert, for the Home, presented the writ of habeas corpus, signed and returned by Justice Dykman, which was declared by the Justice to be sufficient evidence for the dismissal of the habeas corpus proceedings.

Justice Dykman, of Westchester County, on behalf of members of the Board of Managers, informed the Justice that in view of the scandals in circulation about the institution, those interested in its management would invite a public investigation. He asked Justice Dykman to name a referee to conduct such an investigation, with the full powers of an officer of the Supreme Court.

A DEMAND FOR INVESTIGATION. He then read the following resolution, adopted by the Board of Managers of the institution at an executive meeting held Friday:

Resolved, That we accept the advice of counsel in the law that a proper and sufficient answer to the writ of habeas corpus relating to Harry Weeks is a return showing that the boy has been duly committed to and is now legally in the Home.

Inasmuch as the reports, tales and rumors recently put into circulation by irresponsible persons may, if not immediately suppressed, create prejudice and impair the usefulness of our asylum, be it further Resolved, That a full and complete investigation of the conduct and management of the Home in all its details be secured by and before a competent referee, to be named by the institution, and that the attendance of all persons, and that it is the desire of the managers that such proceedings be had forthwith and it possible before the Justice who has cognizance of the case of the boy.

RIVAL INVESTIGATIONS. Justice Dykman argued that the appointment of a referee of the Supreme Court would be the best way to assure the completion of an investigation at the Home, as such a referee would have power to examine the inmates and books of the place, and punish the management for dereliction in duty, if any was found. He declared that a referee's powers would be greater than those of any investigating committee the State Board of Charities could appoint. Supreme Court decisions sustaining the Justice's authority to appoint a referee were cited.

Justice Dykman agreed to the proposition. He will appoint a referee on Monday. The Westchester County Board of Supervisors will on the same day pass a resolution asking the State Board of Charities to investigate the Home. Superintendent Davenport, who favors the State Board investigation, opposed the request of the Home for a Supreme Court referee.

At the last meeting of the Board of Supervisors it was unofficially agreed to ask of the State Board of Charities the appointment of a committee to investigate the Westchester Home. That body, if any, is qualified to go deep into the affairs of the institution and pass judgment on its management, without letting any of the facts escape or be covered up. The people of Westchester County will be better satisfied with the result.

THE DEMAND OF THE FATHER. When the habeas corpus proceedings were dismissed, Frederick B. Home, the Journal's attorney for the father, notified members of the Board of Managers that he would require the immediate release of Harry Weeks. The news of the demand lay around the courtroom among the members of the Board of Managers, who are decided to bear Mr. Home's arguments for the boy's release. They assembled in the office of Judge Robertson, counsel for the institution, with Superintendent Pierce waiting in some anxiety in an adjoining room for their decision. When Pierce left the courtroom he was elated at the outcome of the habeas corpus proceedings.

Harry Weeks sat beside him, somewhat bewildered to find himself the object of so much attention. Mr. Home stated that William H. Weeks has unquestionably entitled to the custody of his boy, but did not want to wait the issue of legal proceedings. The Board of Managers inquired minutely into the ability of the boy's father to care for him, and finally sent a message to Mr. Weeks. He appeared before them and responded to many questions about his employment, income and probable disposition of the boy.

THE ESCAPE FROM PIERCE. The Board of Managers voted without dissent to liberate Harry. Judge Robertson notified Superintendent Pierce to deliver him to his father whenever he should make formal demand for him. Mr. Weeks, overjoyed by the final success of his efforts, started at once for the Home. Before he got there a party of ladies drove into the grounds, and when his formal demand was made to the Superintendent in the presence of this authoritative audience that official did not venture to argue, but produced the boy. Harry and his father dined at the Home. Their walk to the railroad station in White Plains was interrupted by the congratulations of many people, whose sympathies were for the boy.

I want to thank the Journal for taking me away from the Home.

Harry Weeks.

Harry Weeks's Letter of Thanks to the Journal.

pathless the distress of the child in chains had aroused. At the Journal office last night Harry told the whole story of his wrongs at the hands of Pierce. He said he never stole or committed any crime. He was harshly punished by chaining, flogging and confinement in a cage for his desire to escape the evils of the place. Other children were treated the same way, he said.

THE STORY OF HARRY WEEKS. "I ran away the first time about the 1st of September, 1892. I wanted to see my father at Cross River."

"Did Pierce put chains on you then?" "Yes. The chain was heavy and had ten links. I could not walk without dragging my feet on the ground. It was the same kind of a chain he used on me the other times. It was locked with a padlock."

"How long did you have the chain on?" "Four months." "Did he take it off at night?" "No. I slept with it on."

"Did he whip you?" "Yes. He whipped me on my naked body with a cat-o-nine-tails soaked in water. I don't know whether there was salt in it or not. It smelt like gunpowder."

"Did it leave marks on your body?" "Yes, it made red welts. They lasted about two weeks. When I was chained that time he made me stand with my fingers touching the floor. He struck me about twenty-five times."

"When were you taken away from the Home first?" "In the Spring of 1896, Mr. Pierce took me to Peekskill, where I lived with Dean Ferris, a market gardener."

"Why were you taken back to the Home?" "Because I ran away once."

"When did you run away from the Home the second time?" "I think it was some time last year. When I was taken back I was whipped harder than the first time, and he put me in chains. He took the chains off in about two weeks."

"When did you run away the third time?" "In August, last year, when George Patterson, another boy, went with me."

"How long were you away?" "Five months. After that I got a job at Post Chester. After that I got a job at John Gleason's place, about a mile from Greenwich. Sheriff Fitzroy caught me and took me to Mr. Pierce again."

HANDCUFFS ADDED TO CHAINS. "How were you treated after Pierce got you?" "The same way. I was whipped and chained to George Patterson. He put handcuffs on me, too."

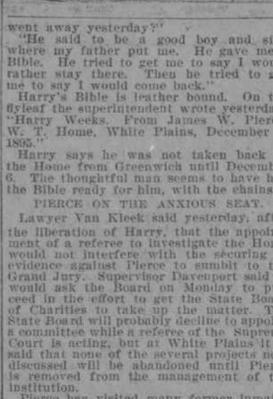
"What did he say to you?" "He said he was going to give us enough of it this time."

"By what made you run away Christmas day?" "I didn't want to be chained Christmas day. Harry then told the story of his Christmas escape and capture. He said:

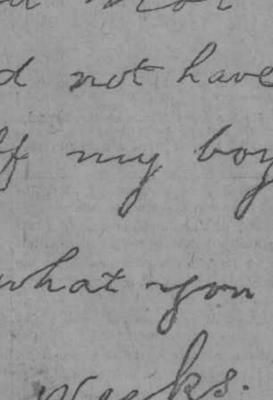
"I ran away about 6 o'clock. When I got out I broke the padlock on the chain with a big stone. Then I pulled the chain up through my pants and tied it."



Mrs. Mary Nurnberg.



Room where the tragedy took place.



Christina Nurnberg.

each hand. When they stole they would get whipped and handcuffed. One boy, Willie Adams, took a two-dollar bill from a man. He was whipped and had handcuffs on two weeks. He had to eat that way. "Did anybody else but Pierce ever whip you or the other boys?" "Nobody but Miss McDonald. Sometimes she whipped the children on the hands. She didn't strike hard."

"What did Pierce say to you when you went away yesterday?"

"He said to be a good boy and star where my father put me. He gave me a Bible. He tried to get me to say I would rather stay there. Then he tried to get me to say I would come back."

Harry's Bible is leather bound. On the flyleaf the superintendent wrote yesterday: "Harry Weeks. From James W. Pierce, W. T. Home, White Plains, December 4, 1895."

PIERCE ON THE ANXIOUS SEAT. Lawyer Van Kleek said yesterday, after the liberation of Harry, that the appointment of a referee to investigate the Home would not interfere with the securing of evidence against Pierce to submit to the Grand Jury. Superintendent Davenport said he would ask the Board on Monday to proceed in the effort to get the State Board of Charities to take up the matter. The State Board will probably decline to appoint a committee while a referee of the Supreme Court is acting, but at White Plains it is said that none of the several projects now discussed will be abandoned until Pierce is removed from the management of the institution.

Pierce has visited many former inmates of the Home during the past week in the effort to suppress evidence of his past cruelties. He drove to the home of C. S. Lyon, a retired farmer, living at Glenville, Conn., on Thursday, and asked him to take a boy (the real Patterson) for a few weeks. Mr. Lyon declined and went to White Plains yesterday hoping that he might be called upon to tell what he knew.

Six years ago young Patterson was taken from the Home by Mr. Lyon. One day he took him while they did to me and the other boys there. He did not want to take me back, but said he had to."

"I am going to find that boy. When I bring him back he will be in shackles. I'll lock him on his legs and take the key back with me to White Plains. I want you to send him every day to the Post Office and store in the village with his chain on. That will break him of running away."

Pierce did not return the boy to Mr. Lyon, and the latter did not know what had become of Patterson until Pierce's call on Thursday.

Sing Lee Hit a Constable. Constable Conrad Dixel walked into Sing Lee's laundry Long Island city with a dispossess warrant. Lee, who could not understand English, thought that the constable wished his washing, and in his impudence struck the constable with a rolling pin. Justice Ingram fined the laundryman \$10.

blide of her lover. Nurnberg had come here four years previously and had a news stand. He was prosperous in a small way, having managed by economy to add a candy and stationery shop to the rapidly growing business of seventh avenue. The store was not large and the couple lived in two small rooms in the rear, which they furnished comfortably.

They were very popular in the neighborhood, and when the first child was born they were happy and contented. Then came their first sorrow for the little one—Gretchen—died. A second daughter was born six years ago, who was named Christina, after her grandmother across the sea. When Christina was two years old the second great sorrow came into the mother's life, for Nurnberg developed consumption, and in less than three months Christina's mother was a widow.

It was a hard struggle for the mother after that. She lacked her husband's business ability, and had it not been for the support of the woman dragged herself to great difficulty in supporting herself and the baby. But she worked on, and there was always little Christina to live for, and she lived up her courage.

On New Year's Day came the final blow. For several months she had coughed violently. She knew what consumption was, for she had seen her big, handsome husband wither away and die, but for a long time she refused to believe that his fate was to be hers. On New Year's she was forced to realize the truth. The disease had so mastered her that she sank to the floor with exhaustion while preparing the frugal breakfast in the little back room.

HIS FATE FORECAST. "I wish I could afford to see a doctor," she said to Mrs. A. Niejahr, who keeps a dry goods store next door. "I have a money enough to pay the rent."

room. No arrangements for the funeral had been made, but the mother's desire that she be buried with her child in Greenwood will probably be gratified.

WEDDING AMONG FLOWERS AT THE BRIDE'S HOME IN HOLMDEL. The residence of Mr. and Mrs. S. Tilton, Sr., of Holmdel, near Red Bank, N. J., was handsomely decorated with palms and flowers on Tuesday last for the wedding of their daughter Doris to Minor Brown. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. Wyckoff, of Holmdel.

Mr. Toye's work takes him from home very early each morning. When he left the house yesterday his wife was seated beside the infant's crib, calling softly down to it. Two hours later Mrs. A. Beck, who occupies the adjoining flat, heard a baby crying loudly in Mrs. Toye's room. Knocking at the door and receiving no response, Mrs. Beck went out upon a rear balcony, where she could gaze

her arms and see the floor for hours, calling out: "Can't they leave you to me?" In vain did her neighbors, her husband and the physician endeavor to persuade her that the child was in no danger.

"You speak a lie!" she would exclaim in sudden anger. "The angels are calling for Mary, the name as they called for Katie!"

The doctor thinks that if she had slept and eaten as usual she would never have lost her reason, but this she would not do. Instead, she would sit by the child all night, never closing her weary eyes, and she could only be induced to partake most sparingly of food.

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