CHILD TORTURED BY A STEP-AUNT.

Teachers Found Little Harry Fischer's Body a Mass of Bruises.

He Told Them His Tormentor Beat Him with a Club and a Rawhide.

Said That on One Occasion She Stuffed a Whip Handle Down His Throat.

FEARFULLY CUT AND SCARRED.

His Mother, Too Poor to Support the Little Fellow, Had Left Him Temporarily in an Uncle's Care.

During the music lesson in one of the classes of Primary School No. 87 in Brooklyn on Tuesday afternoon the recitation came to a sudden stop and a silence fell upon the room. Professor Goate looked up and found that the gaze of all his class had centred upon one boy, who sat at his desk with his head upon his arms.

Ere he could ask a single question he heard a sound which made him spring to his feet and stride down the aisle to where the boy was sitting. The little fellow was sobbing in agony and his frame was trembling as if some powerful fear had seized him.

As the teacher looked at the bowed figure of the child he felt a sudden shock of horror which, in a twinkling gave way to a feeling of intense indignation. The boy had been beaten and bruised so cruelly and so heartlessly that he could neither move his arm nor bend his neck and every part of his body that was visible was mottled with bruises.

"What is the matter?" asked the teacher, laying his hand upon the boy's head.

With tears streaming down his face the little fellow answered:

"My aunt whipped me, and—and—and I'm awful sick."

The boy's name is Harry Fischer and he is eight years old. The name of his aunt is Mrs. Lena Kloppenberg.

Professor Goate immediately took the boy in his arms and carried him out into the office of the principal, Miss Kelly. There they asked him to take off his jacket, so they could see his skin. What they saw made them turn pale with indignation.

"You poor, poor boy!" said Miss Kelly. "It's awful!"

The boy's shoulders were one solid mass of bruises and one of his knees was swollen to twice its natural size. There were marks everywhere—on back, breast and arms. Some were red and raw, as if they had been only recently inflicted. Others were but the scars of old bruises.

It was difficult at first to obtain from him any information except that his aunt had beaten him. He was afraid of her and feared she would punish him frightfully if he told any one what she had done to him. It was only when the teachers assured him that he would never again have to return to his aunt that he could be induced to speak, and only then after he had made them repeat their promises several times.

The story that he told revealed the misery of a childish life, whose sufferings were almost beyond belief. His mother was living, he said, but is very poor, and had allowed his uncle to take him and bring him up. This uncle was a kindly man, but weak, and when he married a woman whom he had employed for several years as a servant his nephew's unhappiness began.

After hearing the boy's story Miss Kelly and one of the teachers went to the boy's home at No. 89 Rockaway avenue. The anger of the aunt when she learned that the boy had displayed his bruises to her visitors was so great that they were at once convinced of the truth of all that the boy had said.

Miss Kelly then notified the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, who sent an officer to her house to take the boy. At the rooms of the society the boy repeated his story, and the first thing they did yesterday morning was to arrest Mrs. Kloppenberg.

The boy said it was his shoulders that hurt him, and his neck and elbow. He said his throat hurt him, too, "'specially where the whip went." The child could not hold his head up straight because it hurt his shoulder and neck to do it.

"My aunt," said the boy, "was pretty good to me most of the time, but every little while she got mad. She has a terrible temper. When I've done nothing to make her mad she buys me clothes and nice things, but uncle always pays for them. Every little while, though, she gets mad at me and she never tells me what it's for. Then she will pick up a poker and hit me with it.

"Sometimes she hits me with a big stick that she stirs up the clothes with in the wash tub. Oh, no! It's not a broomstick. It's thicker than a broomstick. Uncle brought home a raw-hide whip one day to use on the dog, but aunt got hold of it and kept it in a closet for me. I was the only one ever hit with the whip. They never touched the dog with it."

"What did she whip you for?"

"Oh, everything. Sometimes I wouldn't do a thing fast enough or I'd do it too fast. She—she always hit me."

"When did she beat you last?"

"Yesterday," replied the boy.

He is a precocious chap and almost made the officers of the society smile to see how well he understood their questions and how intelligently he answered them.

"Yesterday," he went on, "she asked me if I had studied hard in school. I told her I got a mark for whispering to a boy.

"Then she took the club and hit me over the shoulder, and when I began to cry she stuffed the whip down my throat. It hurted me fearful, too. I thought I was going to choke and die, but aunt doesn't care for me at all."

"When did she hit you with the poker?"

"Last week, because I couldn't spell big words she hit me over the knee with it. She hit me awfully hard, and I couldn't walk for nearly a whole day."

SAFE FROM HIS TORMENTOR.

Seeing the smiling faces around him, the little fellow's eyes suddenly filled with tears.

"I—I mustn't go back, must I?" he pleaded.

"No, my boy," said one of the officers. "You'll never go back to that woman."

Harvey Fischer's mother was found in a little basement store that she is running, at No. 187 Prospect street, Brooklyn. She makes a bare living in the store and is assisted by her daughter, fifteen years old. The father abandoned the family some years ago, but Mrs. Fischer does not put it that way. She says her husband is dead.

When the woman was first informed of the plight of her little son and the arrest of the step-aunt, both Mrs. Fischer and her daughter burst into tears.

"Oh, my poor boy; my poor boy!" the mother cried. "I didn't think I should give him up when I did, and only did it because my girl here had lived with Kloppenberg, and had been well treated. That was when his first wife was alive, and his first wife was my sister.

"I was working out, you see, and had no place for my boy. I could not do anything for him—I was so poor.

NEVER TOLD A LIE.

"Kloppenberg had no children and he wanted to take him. I let him do it, and he promised to bring the boy back to me after he went to Germany. He had had him nine months. I saw the boy last on New Year's Day, but he did not tell me that he was abused.

"I hope the law will make this woman suffer if she has hurt my child. If he says she did, it's true, for Harry never told a lie when I had him."

Mrs. Fischer and her daughter closed the little store and hurried to the office of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. They will apply for the custody of the boy as soon as the case against Mrs. Kloppenberg is ended.

Mrs. Kloppenberg, sister of the boy's stepmother, was found in the kitchen at No. 89 Rockaway avenue last night. Her husband was present. The woman entered into explanations immediately. She went into a closet and found a heavy clothes-wringer, which she carried out into the kitchen.

"The boy is lying if he said I hit him with a club," said Mrs. Kloppenberg. "If he has any marks on his body it is where this clothes-wringer fell on him. It was on the tub, and when I took it off it dropped on his shoulders. Perhaps it hurt him a little."

HIS AUNT'S DENIALS.

"Did it hurt both shoulders or only one?" the woman was asked.

"It hit one of his shoulders, I suppose," she answered.

Both of the boy's shoulders are covered with black-and-blue spots and bruises. One shoulder is fully as black as the other.

Mrs. Kloppenberg said she had never touched the boy with the clothes stick, which she said was too heavy to hit a child with. She declared the statement that she had struck him with the poker, then hanging near the stove, was a falsehood.

She admitted she had "dusted Harry a bit" with the rawhide when he deserved it. Kloppenberg declared his wife had used the little fellow with the greatest kindness, and helped him with his studies until he led his class.

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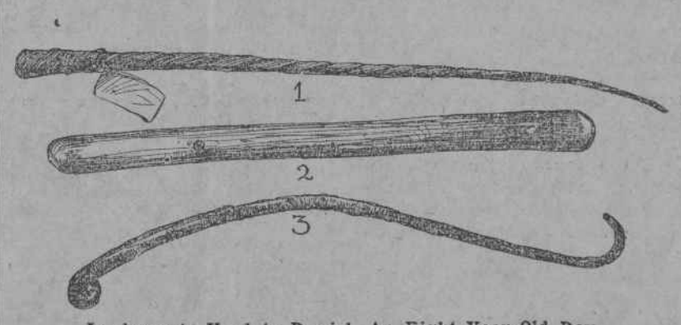
THE BRUISED BODY OF HARRY FISCHER, WHO WAS BRUTALLY BEATEN BY HIS STEP-AUNT.



Implements Used to Punish An Eight-Year-Old Boy.
Heavy Rawhide Whip. 2. Clothes Club. 3. Heavy Iron Poker.

ADRIFT IN ALASKAN WILDS.

Two White Prospectors Believed to Have Perished on the Yukon.

San Francisco, Cal., March 18.—Alaska advices report that L. S. Hodge and William McNeeley, two white men who left Juneau last December, in company with Jimmie Jackson, an Indian, and two half-breed assistants, who carry mail from Juneau to Forty Mile, on the Yukon, have perished. Hodge was formerly employed on the Juneau News, and McNeeley was a Sliver Queen miner. Jackson and his two assistants were met about a month ago by a party at the foot of Lake Le Barge. They had deserted their white companions, and were themselves in desperate circumstances. Their faces were badly frozen. When overtaken Jackson and his fellow travellers had killed and eaten all their dogs, and for several days had had only a spoonful of flour to the man.

Hodge and McNeeley had been left behind at Lake Leslin, nine days previously, with only a half sack of flour and some beans. Their only possible chance of rescue was at the hands of unfriendly Stick Indians, who may have chanced to find them.

AUCTION SALES. Women have the reputation of being persistent bargain hunters, and it is a good thing for husbands and fathers that they are. But there are lots of men also who are bargain hunters. You reach both through an advertisement under the classification of Auction Sales in the Journal at 10 cents per line, and you can get the advertisement repeated in Das Morgen Journal free if you wish it.

NEW WAR CRY FOR THE REPUBLICANS.

Protection and Free Silver Likely to Be Their Slogan at St. Louis.

A New Combination Formed That Threatens to Control the Convention.

Manufacturers and White Metal Men Join Hands and Prepare to State Their Demands.

THEY HOLD THE BALANCE OF POWER.

An Announcemeet of the Ultimatum from the New Organization May Now Be Looked for at Any Moment and Is Expected Soon.

By Julius Chambers.

Washington, March 18.—Protection and free silver! That is the new war cry proposed for the Republican party in the coming campaign. The gentlemen who propose to woo and hope to win under a banner inscribed with this strange new device are the Republican Senators from the silver mining States and certain eminent manufacturers of the Eastern States, good and worthy men, who have been in the habit of rendering to the Caesar of protection some of the things which, if they are not Caesar's, at least enabled him to continue to do business at the old stand, the bargain counter of American politics. Conferences have been had, all earnest and hopeful rather than cheerful, and letters have passed, some long, some short, but all aiming at the same point, a combination of interests whereby success at the polls may be rendered possible, and if had would redound very much to the advantage of those included in the combination.

Developments are confidently looked for within the next twenty-four hours which will put a new face on the political situation, especially from the point of view of the Republican party, the party that is now buoyantly confident of success at the polls next November.

The idea of combining protection and free silver into an alliance, offensive and defensive, for the ends of this campaign originated, so far as known, with Wharton Barker, of Philadelphia, who owns and edits a weekly journal. Mr. aBrker is a protectionist, as are most Philadelphians, and he is also a free silver man, as are not most of the Philadelphians. Moreover, he is a Republican, as are an unwieldy majority of the residents of that city. Mr. Barker conceived the idea of welding protection and free silver into one issue, a sort of political Siamese twins. For many weeks he was alone with his idea, giving it weekly voice in his papes. One day four Republican Senators voted against taking up for consideration the tariff bill that had come over from the House labelled as a Republican party measure. They did this in spite of the fact that it had been transformed into a free silver bill in committee. For a day or two the tariff Republican leaders hugged the belief that this result was unintentional and had no permanent significance. Then the matter came up again, whereupon the same four voted as they had voted before, and were joined by an able-bodied recruit. There these five stood, an impassable obstacle to the consideration of the Tariff bill. More than that, there they propose to stand as long as they shall remain in the Senate, unless with a Tariff bill are coupled provisions that will reestablish the free and unlimited coinage of full legal tender silver dollars at the ratio of 16 to 1, and this stand is not only for this Congress, but for all other Congresses of which they may be members.

This action by the silver men was Barker's opportunity. He had, and has always had, a following of capitalists and manufacturers, the two being practically synonymous in Philadelphia. At once the conferences and the letter writing began. Each side knew exactly what it wanted, and neither had the slightest objection to what the other wanted. Under such conditions the bargain was half made the moment it was suggested. The silver men wanted free coinage. The manufacturers wanted protection. One thing that gave the manufacturers confidence was that they were not dealing with men they did not know. They made Senator Carter's acquaintance during the last campaign, which he managed to such disaster to his party. They had contributed their autographs to his album, and felt they could depend upon him. So the work went on. Now its results are about to be announced to the world.

If the agreement informally arrived at be ratified it is understood that the combination will make an effort to control the St. Lous convention, to write its platform as to the tariff and financial planks and to name the man who is to stand thereon. The manufacturers will prepare the tariff plank; the silver the financial. There will be no strandling in either. They will go as straight as ever Robin Hood's arrow speed to target. The combination has faith in its ability to control events at St. Louis. The silver men would in any case be formidable in numbers, and when to them are joined by the manufacturers, the contributing members of the party, it will be very promising of success. A Republican campaign without money would be a dismal prospect. Yet where are they to get the money if the manufacturers hold back their gifts?

The manufacturers are genuinely alarmed at the prospect of competition from the Orient. The Japanese are beating their swords into manufactured articles and propose to invade the Western world. The American manufacturer who wans protection against European competition, is doubly insistent upon it from the almond-eyed races of men. They fear a bolt at St. Louis and the success o fthe ticket to be nominated at Chicago unless the silver interests can be held fast in party lines.

It is possible that this combination may fail through, but from what has been seen, which cannot be revealed, it is believed it will be made and announced with a statement of demands, as the price of its support of the St. Louis ticket, and that this announcement wil lfollow hard upon this dispatch.

BLUE LAWS FOR STUDENTS.

Boston's Prim Regulations for the Pupils in Her High Schools.

Boston, Mass., March 18.—Boston's sense of propriety does not allow its young men and women to go to school together. Hence there is a separate high school for each sex. During the lunch hour, however, the boys got into the habit of going over to visit until somebody held up shocked hands and exclaimed: "How improper!" Then it was discovered that some of the boys and girls even walked to and from school together. This was too much for the good people, who had been badly enough shocked already, and they declared such "promiscuous" mingling must be stopped.

Principal Tetlow is a sensible man, but he has been obliged to revive a long obsolete rule, which prohibits the girls being accompanied to school by the boys and puts an embargo upon any communication between them. Hereafter any young woman who wishes to come to school accompanied by a male companion must bring from her parents a letter giving her permission to do so.

"Special Order" Tailors Go Out.

Chicago, March 18.—About 1,000 tailors—men, women and girls—struck to-day in support of the lockout inaugurated some time ago by the clothing cutters and trimmers. To-day's strikers are known as "special order" tailors, employed mainly by contractors who manufacture cheap clothing for custom tailors. These strikers also have grievances. They claim that their wages have been reduced until it is impossible for them to live on the money received for their work.

GOV. BAADLEY IN EFFIGY.

Danville Citizens Resent His Action by Hanging a Grotesque Figure Made to Look Like Him.

Danville, Ky., March 18.—Governor Bradley was hanged in effigy here last night in condemnation of his action in calling out the State militia to protect the Legislature. The work was quietly done, in order that the grotesque figure might be witnessed by the townspeople when they awoke to-day.

The policemen on duty last night knew nothing of it, or at least if they did, they made no effort to tear the effigy down.

The figure was skillfully, though wonderfully, made up. It had the brown beard and was topped with an exact counterpart of the famous white felt hat which the Governor always wears. Across the breast on a large card were these words, in large letters: "Riot Alarm Bradley."

The effigy was hung from a telephone wire which crosses Main street at a point in the most central part of the city. Hundreds saw it before it was cut down. Some said the insult was merited, but many, on the other hand, condemned such action.

It was first thought that it was the work of toughs, but the make-up of the effigy, and the fact that no demonstration was made, causes many to doubt that theory. The opinion is general that the act was perpetrated by students of Centre College, who would be most likely to go about such an exploit secretly on account of the strict rules of discipline maintained at the college.

No Bayonets Left at Frankfort.

Frankfort, Ky., March 18.—All the troops have been withdrawn. Attorney-General Collier and one policeman are the only ones left in charge of Capitol Square. Senator Blackburn has gone to his home at Versailles. His Lexington admirers gave a banquet in his honor to-night.

GENERAL FROST'S GRANDSON.

Society in Two Cities Agitated by the Contest of Relatives to Get the Boy.

St. Louis, Mo., March 18.—Eleven-year-old Barrett Frost, son of Jack Frost, of Bardstown, Ky., grandson on the paternal side of General D. M. Frost and, through his mother, of Mrs. M. J. Sweringen, of Vendeventer Place, has caused an acrimonious difference between two of the most aristocratic families of St. Louis, as both are striving to get possession of him.

Since the boy was six years old he has resided with F. D. Hirschberg and wife, the latter a daughter of General Frost and a sister of the boy's father. The little fellow has recently recovered from an attack of grip, and, on the advice of his physicians, was taken South with a party of prominent society people, who had organized a trip. Mrs. Hirschberg's maid, Nellie Fahey, accompanied the boy as nurse. The trip was made by boat and New Orleans was reached on March 11. Mrs. King met them at the boat, saying that she had just arrived by rail, and she insisted that Barrett and the maid accompany her to the St. Charles Hotel. There they were met by Mrs. James Barrett, the boy's aunt. Mrs. Barrett is said to have engaged the maid in conversation while Mrs. King took the boy out of the room. Later, it is said, Mrs. Barrett informed the maid that Mrs. King had taken the boy away. The maid at once telegraphed to Mr. Hirschberg, who told the boy's father. The latter promptly answered, giving Attorney Lee legal power and parental authority to recover the boy.

The Frosts are immensely wealthy and boast the bluest blood of St. Louis. Mrs. Barrett is the widow of ex-Mayor Barrett.

NEXT SUNDAY'S JOURNAL

Will describe a marvellous surgical operation and its astonishing results.

MACEO WINS AN IMPORTANT BATTLE.

Insurgents Again Vanquish a Large Body of Government Troops.

Spanish Forces Were Driven from Their Position with Great Loss.

A Deadly Hand-to-Hand Engagement Followed the First Attack of the Cubans.

THE FIGHT LASTED TWO HOURS.

Took Place in the Vicinity of Candelaria, Province of Pinar del Rio and Said to Be One of the Fiercest In a Long Time.

Havana, March 18.—News has been received here of an important battle which was fought on Monday in the vicinity of Candelaria, in the Province of Pinar del Rio. The Government troops were unable to drive the insurgents back and retired from their position with considerable loss.

The Spanish forces were commanded by General Linaras and Colonels Inclan and Hernandez, and the insurgents by Maceo and Bandera. The fight was begun on a line parallel with the roadway. The Spanish forces deployed, the Tarifa battalion, a section of the Victoria Cavalry and a detachmentof artillery forming the vanguard, and opened fire upon the enemy.

The insurgents returned this fire and at the same time made an attack upon the rearguard of the Spaniards, completely encircling their column. Having entirely surrounded the Government troops, the insurgents advanced upon the artillerymen with machetes.

The latter made a vigorous resistance, using muskets and grenades with such effect as to check for a time the enemy's advance; but, with reinforcements, a second charge was made by the insurgents and a hand-to-hand engagement ensued. The battle terminated with a bayonet charge.

After a hot fight, lasting two hours, the Spaniards were defeated, losing many killed and wounded. It was the intention of the enemy to prevent Colonel Inolan from proceeding to Candelaria.

The official report of the fight says the insurgents suffered a tremendous loss. The Spaniards, according to the same report, lost two captains and five privates killed, and one lieutenant, four sergeants and fifty-four soldiers wounded.

General Linares arrived at Candelaria an hour after the conclusion of the engagement, when he reported his share in the battle.

Hellographic communication was interrupted yesterday.

The insurgents have burned all but fifteen houses in San Antonio de las Vegas, in the province of Havana.

Madrid Hears of thet Big Battle.

Madrid, March 18.—A special dispatch to the Imparcial from Havana says that the fight near Candelaria, in the Western province, was the most severe that has taken place for some time. The insurgents, 4,000 strong, made a dashing attack upon the Spanish artillery, completely surrounding them, and maintaining their position until their lines were broken by volleys of grape shot. They were eventually dislodged at the point of the bayonet. The rebels, who were commanded by Maceo, suffered heavy losses. The Government troops lost eleven killed and sixty-two wounded. Spanish troops are pursuing the rebels.

THE PRESIDENT ATTACKED BY VEST.

Cleveland's Speech at Carnegie Hall Bitterly Denounced by the Senator.

He Calls It a Slander on the Men Who Blazed the Western Pathway of Civilization.

THE SPEECH STOPPED BY A MESSAGE.

The Missouri Senator Advises the Executive to Cease Hunting Ducks and Silver Democrats Long Enough to Go West on a Visit.

Washington, March 18.—Senator Vest today made a vigorous attack on the President and some of the Cbinet officers. The occsion was a debate upon a joint resolution directing the Secretary of the Interior to execute the law for opening to settlement some two million acres of land in the eastern part of Utah, which have been part of the Uncompahgre reservation.

Mr. Vest began by aying that there had been a time when a Cabinet officer who deliberately disobeyed the law would be brought before the bar of the Senate, but that it was now quit common for such officers to refuse to carry out the law.

"There seems," Mr. Vest continued, "to be a disposition on the part of the Administration to treat the Western people as if they were in a condition of pupillage, as if they do not know their own rights or their own interests, and as if they must be informed ex cathedra from the East in reference to what is best for them and what should be done for them. Even the President of the United States lately, on a missionary occasion, spoke of the West as a land of immorality and crime. He stood with the light—the ghastly light—of the hell holes and rum cellars of New York blazing upon him, and cautiugly said that home missions must be used to civilize; to Christianize the men who have left their homes in the civilized East and gone out among the mountains and valleys of the wild and woolly West.

"Our President stood, with Dr. Talmadge on the one side and the Rev. Sheldon Jackson on the other, and gave us a new version of that beloved old missionary hymn:

'From Montana's sinful mountains,
From Utah's wicked plains,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chains.'

"We are told upon high ecclesiastical authority that His Excellency has lately laid down his honor sat the feet of the Divine Master. I am glad to know it. It has been the general impression of Democrats that the Mugwumps and incense burners had got those honors and intended to keep them. I have great respect for the Christian religion and for missions at home and abroad, but this was a slander upon the men who, with rifle in one hand axe in the other, have gone out and blazed that pathway of civilization in the Western wilds.

"I went to Missouri when it was a frontier State, roamed by the Indian and the buffalo. I have lived with those people nearly fifty years, and I say to our President now that if he will cease hunting ducks in North Carolina and silver Democrats in Kentucky long enough to come out West, we will show him a God-fearing, self-respecting, law-abiding people. We will show him churches in which there is real and unaffected piety; we will show him happy and Christian homes, where the sons, the husbands and the fathers pray. Our spires may not go as near Heaven as those in Eastern cities, we may not have organs that roll dolorous tones along fretted tisles, but we have a people who fear God and observe the law and the Commandments.

"In connection with this humble but real religion, I am tempted to quote those beautiful lines of the Scotch poet:

'Compared with this, how poor religious pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart.'

"This, Mr. President, is what we have come to at last—that the President of the United States, in his official capacity, says to the people of the whole world that, in one portion of this country, the surroundings are such that missions, home missions, are necessary in order to bring the people to the proper knowledge of what is right and true."

At this point the Vice-President asked Mr. Vest to suspend his speech until a message should be received from the President of the United States. Mr. Vest stopped and the message was delivered, general laughter being excited at the incident, and being continued when Mr. Vest remarked with assumed gravity, that he would be glad if the presiding officer would examine the message and see if it was in response to anything which had occurred in the Senate to-day.

The Dupont election emase was then taken up and the discussion was thus cut off short.

CADETS ROUTED A MOB.

They Formed a Hollow Square and Rescued a Church Janitor at the Bayonet's Point.

Chicago, March 18.—While services were being held in the upper portion of the Ninth Presbyterian Church last night and the cadets were engaged in their regular weekly drill in the classrooms in the basement, a shower of bricks and stones fell against the church doors, startling the cadets below and the worshippers above.

A watchman found a crowd of men and boys on the sidewalk in front of the church, and when he remonstrated he was quickly surrounded and dragged down the steps. He fought hard, but the ringleaders were strong, and they buffeted him about, kicking and cuffing him at will. Then the watchman cried for help. In an instant the cadet company had scaled the short stairway leading to the street. The gleam of the bayonets struck terror into the mob for a moment. Then a fresh supply of missiles was obtained, and the crowd rushed against the bayonets and surrounded the company.

The cadet captain formed his men into a hollow square, and into this one of the bravest of the company dragged the bruised and frightened watchman. Then each side of the square was sent forward, and this movement put the mob to flight. The police were called from the Maxwell Station, and order was preserved until the church services were concinded and the night drill of the cadets was over.

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