

THE WHEEL CRUSHED OUT A BABY'S LIFE.

Little Lillie Malis Killed by a Soda Water Wagon in Delancey Street.

She Had Found a Penny and Was Racing with Her Brother to a Candy Dealer's.

CLUTCHED THE COIN AS SHE DIED.

Isaac Brem, Trying to Avoid a Horse Car, Drove His Team Directly Over the Child—Her Parents Are Too Poor to Bury Her.

Four-year-old Lillie Malis, a bright little girl, with light, curly hair and big, blue eyes, was knocked down by a horse at Delancey and Suffolk streets last evening, and her life was crushed out by the heavy wheels of a soda water wagon passing over her neck.

Lillie was next to the youngest in a family of seven, in which pennies for any luxuries are rare. Her father was Morris Malis, a cigarmaker, who earns \$5 a week and has a hard time of it supporting his wife and children.

Lillie was the first to reach it, and while the others looked on eagerly, she and Abe discussed who might have lost it, and what they might do with it. Abe wanted to go at once to buy the candy, but Lillie shook her head wisely and protested that it might belong to some one else.

Apparently he did not notice the little girl, who was then holding the penny up mischievously in her fingers to tempt her brother. She was so much engaged she evidently did not see the team turn.

A woman on the sidewalk cried in horror, and Driver Brem stopped the wagon just in time to prevent the rear wheel from crossing the child's body. She was carried to the drug store across Suffolk street by the candy vendor who was to have got the penny she held in her hand, and when the doctor reached her he was just in time to feel the last pulse beat.

Last night at the home of the Malises the father said he was too poor to pay for a funeral, and that the Hebrew Charity Society would help him.

Driver Brem, who is employed by Moses Horowitz & Son, of 25 Willett street, and who lives at No. 16 Forsyth street, was arrested and will be arraigned in court to-day.

MICKEY, BRIDGE JUMPER.

This Time It Was a Monkey, but He Seemed to Have Good Reason for Doing It.

Seven years ago a Brazilian monkey arrived in New York. It was a case of bustle or go lungry for the poor little beast from the day of his arrival, for he had been consigned to the owner of a dime museum, who insisted in dressing him in clothes that didn't fit him, and making him "do turns" between the half-hourly receptions of the freaks in the main hall.

On Wednesday word was sent to Brooklyn, as the culmination of a deal between the owner of Mickey, alias Charley Mitchell, and the proprietor of a New York city, that he should be brought to this city.

George Brown, of No. 118 East Fourth street, was given the contract for his transportation, together with six other monkeys, which were to be brought over at the same time. Four of the little beasts were placed in one bag and three in another. Mickey was a member of the quartet.

Whether it was that fear entered his little simian head that when he reached New York he would be re-christened Peter Mader, and some larger monkey dubbed Fitzsimmons, and so sought suicide, or whether he suddenly decided to seek stellar honors by the Steve Brodie route, will never be known.

HUHN WARNS MANTELL.

Talks of Mrs. Huhn's Divorce and Threatens Him—His Challenge to Mantell Declined.

Edward E. Huhn, the divorced husband of Charlotte Behrens, who has married Arthur Robert Mantell, was at Kohlman's Hotel, South Beach, last night. He said: "I was married to my wife (Charlotte Behrens) in St. Joseph, Mo., in 1884. I was manager of Harry Miner's 'Silver King' company, and she was the leading lady. We got along together for six years, and then while I was in Mexico she accepted a place as leading lady with the Robert Mantell company. Mantell's wife was then playing a minor part in the company. The first intimation I had of any special acquaintance between Mantell and my wife was when I learned through the press that Mrs. Mantell was suing her husband for divorce, naming my wife as co-respondent, and was properly proved as such. Since that time I have not seen or spoken to her.

"I did enter suit for \$50,000 damages for alienating my wife's affections, but withdrew it as a useless expenditure, as I found Mantell had not paid the \$100 a week alimony awarded to his wife, and for that reason did not return to this State. I also engaged attorneys to proceed in a suit for divorce, but recalled it, as I determined that she should remain in the position in which she had placed herself. On the other hand, she has tried repeatedly in various portions of the United States to obtain a divorce, but I kept myself well posted, and was able upon every occasion to defeat the attempt. A year ago in Chicago she made an attempt to get a divorce. I was served with the papers in Cincinnati, and had a margin of but two days to reach Chicago and defend the proceedings.

which I had thrown out of court. "I am now waiting telegraph advices from Chicago as to the subterfuge they used to gain the divorce said to be granted them, and will take due action and will govern myself accordingly.

"Yes, it is true I challenged Mantell to a duel in Kentucky, but it seems the only courage he possesses is that manifested on the stage. He and my wife have the upper hand at present, but if my life is spared they will hear from me. My time will come later. I have made certain remarks, they know what they are, and they will find I was sincere when I made them. Wait developments."

started for their homes for lunch, but stopped on the way to watch Hugh Apgar, who was cleaning out a ditch in the rear of a row of houses facing Cedar street.

The ditch follows the course of a brook, sometimes dry in the summer months, but in winter always running through that part of town. Apgar had a spade and with it cut off the overhanging turf and threw it back from the brook. Along where he dug several sewers from the houses nearby.

AT THE WHITE ROOT. The children, ranging in age from five years to nine years or more, played along the banks. Edna Van Ness, one of the older ones, found the white roots.

"I've found some horseradish," she cried, holding up a piece of the root. "Come here and I'll give you some."

The little ones gathered around the child and Edna gave them most of what she had and then went to dig for more. Annie Van Ness, four years old, ate four pieces. "It's lots better'n potatoes," she said.

Bessie Mathews, eight years old, enjoyed the taste wonderfully, and swallowed all of the root she could get. Leon Van Ness, six years old, ate two or three bits of root. Willie Mathews, six years old, swallowed just a little of it.

In the whole group of children Johnny Mathews, a cousin of the other Mathews children, was the only one who did not think the roots were fully as good as a dinner. He took one bite of his root and then threw it away. "Tain't good," he cried. "It don't taste like horseradish."

An hour later every child that had eaten any of the root was in terrible pain. Not one of them escaped the effects of the poisoning.

Bessie Mathews had eaten more of the herb than any of the others. The little girl took dinner after that, though, but when she finished the meal she suddenly went off into violent spasms. In one of the convulsions she threw back her arms with such force that she wounded the back of one of her hands. Two doctors were summoned, but they could do nothing for her. Emetics did not seem to do any good. It took three women to hold the eight-year-old child. In two hours after she was taken sick the child died in one of the convulsions.

The root had an almost similar effect on Annie Van Ness. The child had fearful spasms. Emetics in this case, however, seemed to give some relief. She was sick all Friday night. Four persons watched by the bedside all night long, and it took much of their strength to keep the child in bed when the spasms came upon her. At noon yesterday Annie Van Ness was very much better.

OTHER CHILDREN IMPROVING. The other children were very much better yesterday and were pronounced out of danger.

Another large root of the kind the chil-

CHILDREN POISONED BY A STRANGE ROOT.

Little Ones in South Bound Brook Eat What They Think Is Horseradish.

Bessie Matthews Soon Dies in Violent Convulsions, and All the Others Are Ill.

THE PHYSICIANS ARE MYSTIFIED. Unable to Give a Name to the Root Which the Children Swallowed—Specimen to Be Sent to Learned Botanists.

All the doctors, the druggists and the wise men of Bound Brook, N. J., are mystified by a strange root which has played havoc with the children of the town. The root does not look unlike horseradish, but it has already poisoned six children and killed one. The new root-for it is supposed to be a new one by the local authorities-will be sent to learned botanists to see if they can name it and prescribe an antidote.

The children who were poisoned live in South Bound Brook, across the river from the main town, in the part of the village known throughout the county as "Dublin." They were pupils in the South Bound Brook school. At noon Thursday the children

dren ate was found beside the ditch yesterday. The doctors thought at first that the children had eaten wild parsnip, but after examining it yesterday and reading up in botanics, materia medica and encyclopedias, the authorities agreed that the root, which the children identified as the kind that poisoned them, was not the wild parsnip, or pastinaca sativa, as the physicians called it. No one in the town could say positively what the stuff is.

JOKED ON THE GALLOWS. Matt Mootrey Made Four Thousand Spectators Laugh While He Was Being Hanged.

Georgetown, Tex., March 27.-March Mootrey, colored, was hanged here to-day, in the presence of 4,000 people, for the murder of Andrew Pickery, a Bohemian farmer, last May. His confederate, Albert Holly, was executed last Friday.

Mootrey confessed his crime on the scaffold, but did not seem to think it justified hanging. He made the people laugh over his reference to a game of cards with a white man in which he said his hand was stolen. He also laughed heartily himself at the reminiscence. He warned everybody against gambling and horse racing, and said he was going to heaven. The drop fell at noon, and he was dead in twelve minutes.

Abbeville, S. C., March 27.-Richard Washington, colored, was hanged here this forenoon for the murder of Narcisela Bagwell last November, near Cokesbury, throwing her body in a barn, which he fired, hoping to hide his crime. He died apparently without fear, confessing his guilt, and saying he was ready to die.

FREE LUNCH MUST GO. Conlin Orders His Policemen to Notify All Saloon Keepers on Their Posts.

To-day the free lunch will be absent from sideboards in every saloon in this city.

At least Chief Conlin expects this to be the result of his orders, issued yesterday, in compliance with the dictates of the new law.

STRANGLED HER AND BURIED THE BODY.

John Rech of Estellville, N. J., Suspected of a Terrible Crime.

His Wife Disappeared Recently and Her Remains Were Found Buried in the Woods.

THE HUSBAND CANNOT BE FOUND. Rech Had Often Threatened His Wife, and Once Shot Her, Claiming It Was an Accident.

May's Landing, N. J., March 27.-The body of Mrs. Bessie Rech was found buried in a newly made grave, near her home at Estellville, this morning, and every indication points that the husband of the unfortunate woman is the person who committed the deed. About four months ago the couple came to Estellville from Philadelphia and went to live on a small farm. Mr. Rech went to the house of a neighbor last Sunday and showed a note which read as follows: "John, I am going away to leave you. Go your way, and I will go mine. If you like the farm, I don't. BESSIE."

The note was unquestionably in Mrs. Rech's handwriting. This Rech told the neighbors he found on a table Sunday morning, when he awoke. Mrs. Rech had been to the house of Mr. Mischler, a neighbor, at 7 o'clock the night before. Rech left their one-year-old child with a neighbor Monday and drove away. Tuesday night he returned, bringing with him his brother, who lived at Allentown, Pa.

DISAPPEARED THURSDAY NIGHT. Rech came to May's Landing Wednesday, and paid the first deposit on the purchase of the farm, agreeing to pay the balance in July. He showed the real estate agent a power of attorney executed by his wife,

authorizing him to claim all money due her and to fully handle all of her possessions. Wednesday and Thursday the brothers spent plucking up farm implements, and Thursday night they left, taking the child with them.

William Jones, a farm laborer, who had associated with the couple a great deal, and had often been told by Mrs. Rech, as had the Mischlers and other neighbors, that she was in constant fear that her husband would kill her, went to Rech's house yesterday and found it deserted. Determined to clear up, if possible, the woman's mysterious and, to him, suspicious disappearance, accompanied by Leon Mischler, he made a search of the out buildings, but found nothing.

While walking through the field in a small belt of timber, they saw a freshly felled pine tree. The limbs and boughs had been scattered in a small space. They threw them aside, and discovering fresh earth, commenced to dig down, and soon found a sack from which a human foot protruded.

Sheriff Johnson and Magistrate Izard were soon summoned and ordered the body dug up. It was at once identified as that of Mrs. Rech. The body was clothed in a suit of white underclothing and tightly done up in sacks.

Death was caused by strangulation, a handkerchief being used. It was drawn tightly around the neck and tied in three knots. The body was brought to the Court House here, and telegrams sent to Philadelphia and Allentown and other cities, requesting that Rech be arrested.

Sheriff Johnson to-night went to Philadelphia to assist in the search. Mrs. Rech's story, as told by her to her neighbors, is a sad one. The woman met Rech in Philadelphia, where she lived, and much against her relatives' wish, married him. This led to an estrangement that seemed to prey on her mind.

FEARED HER HUSBAND. She several times told the Mischlers that she was in constant fear of her life and often lay awake nights watching Rech, who, she believed, would kill her. Rech summoned a physician in February, saying that he had accidentally shot his wife. The

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MAY SOON BE ABLE TO TALK TO LONDON.

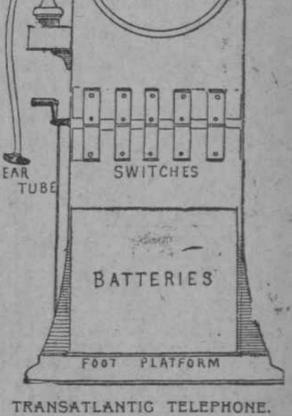
Clark D. Vaughn Says He Has Invented a Transatlantic Telephone.

Greater Power Alone Is Necessary to Overcome Induction and Interference.

EDISON BELIEVES IT POSSIBLE. Inventor Clark Will Make His Experiment in a Few Days—A Description of His New Telephone.

Clark D. Vaughn, the young manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company's station at West Fifth street and North River, has made application for a patent upon an invention which it is said promises to revolutionize telephoning. In a few days he will ask for permission to experiment over the cable company's lines, and is confident that speaking communication can be established between New York and London.

Mr. Vaughn said yesterday: "There is no reason why we should not be able to telephone as far as we telegraph. The whole trouble has heretofore been that not



enough power has been applied to the telephone in the proper place. By that I mean not enough to overcome the induction and foreign interference from other electrical sources. I will overcome this by storing the foreign interferences in a coil and supplying sufficient power to overbalance them. The whole question hinges upon the ability to concentrate power in the proper places."

The telephone used by Mr. Vaughn will somewhat resemble the one in use at present, only it will be in an enlarged form. It will be placed in a cabinet about twenty inches wide and five feet high. The battery power and coils will be concealed in this cabinet. By stepping upon a foot board a connecting rod to the left will put the batteries and coils in connection with the transmitter. This will abolish the switching device now used. The receiver will be located in a projecting shelf and attached to it will be a rubber ear tube similar to that of the phonograph.

Relative to the mode of making connections in the cabinet or the effects produced the inventor said that he did not care at present to speak. The model is about ready and his invention will be given a public test within a few days.

Thomas A. Edison, when asked about Mr. Vaughn's new transatlantic telephone, said: "There is nothing in it. It cannot be done. It is impossible to get more than six waves of sound a second through the water at that distance. When any more than that are put through it runs together at the other end and is unintelligible. A telephone cable from New York to Coney Island is impracticable. I have had experience with it, and have learned through my own failures. If Mr. Vaughn can do what he claims, it is worth \$250,000. But he cannot."

TRYING HARD TO BEAT QUAY. Pittsburg's Election for Delegates To-day Will Be Lively.

Pittsburg, Pa., March 27.-The Republican primary elections for delegates to the convention that will elect State and National Convention delegates will be held to-day.

The Quay leaders claim they will elect at least fifteen of the twenty-seven delegates. The entire county has been carefully canvassed and the issue is well outlined everywhere.

It is stated that a 2 per cent assessment has been made by the combine, on all city and county employes to beat Quay. It is expected the combine will carry the city, while the country districts will go for Quay. One of the combine's circuit riders accuses Quay of being responsible for the Homestead riots.

COLLEGE GYMNASTS COMPETE. Campbell Awarded the "All Around" Medal in N. Y. University Competitions.

The annual gymnastic exhibition of the New York University was held last night in the gymnasium on University Heights. The winners of the events were: Club swinging, St. John, '96; tumbling, Tompkins, '98; rope climb, Remington, '90; parallel bars, Valentine, '98; long horse, St. John, '96; fence vault, Campbell, '98; horizontal bar, Tompkins, '98. Campbell won the medal for best all-around work. A one-mile relay race between freshmen and senior teams was won by the former, Remington doing a quarter mile in 55 seconds.



CHEVALIER, THE COSTER SINGER, HAS WRITTEN A CHARMING NEW SONG OF NEW YORK LIFE FOR TO-MORROW'S SUNDAY JOURNAL.

Bargains on the Hovevers. The London & Liverpool Clothing Co., on the Bowery and Hester street, are making a great display of men's and boys' clothing for their Easter trade. They have many articles in men's wear to show, and their prices almost without a bargain to every buyer.

What Have You Got That You Don't Want? THE JOURNAL FOR SALE Column will find a purchaser. Rate, 10 Cents Per Line.

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