

KILLED BY FEAR

OF HYDROPHOBIA.

Glenn's Dread Produced Every Symptom of the Awful Disease.

HAD BECOME HIS MANIA.

Talked of It, Dreamed of It, Awoke Each Morning in Deadly Terror of It.

A DOG HAD TWICE BITTEN HIM.

After Six Weeks His Horror Mastered Him and He Died Frothing and Barking—A Very Rare Affection.

Thomas Glenn, of William street, Belleville, N. J., died in St. Michael's Hospital, Newark, last Friday. It was reported that he was the victim of hydrophobia.

But he was not. This man of tremendous physical strength literally frightened himself to death. A dog had bitten him; the fear of hydrophobia completely possessed his mind. He talked of hydrophobia, he dreamed of it; the dread of it became his mania. He was the victim, not of the disease, but of his own morbid imagination. He simulated the symptoms of hydrophobia just as an hysterical woman pretends to have this or that disease, and manifests, although the disease does not possess her. Finally Glenn died, because he was hydrophobic, not because he had hydrophobia; died barking to taste water; died barking like a dog.

"Simulated hydrophobia, complicated by pneumonia," is the doctors' final verdict on his case.

Glenn was a Hercules, never knew what illness meant. Six weeks ago he was twice bitten on the hand by a large dog owned by A. Jerolomon, a Belleville butcher. A physician cauterized Glenn's wounds and he continued to work. He complained to Justice Cornell that the dog had rabies, was mad, should be shot. Jerolomon insisted that the dog had not rabies, but the dog was killed.

From the very moment he was bitten, dread of hydrophobia took possession of Glenn. He could talk of nothing else to his friends. If they laughed at his fears, called them childish, he became angry. He pestered his fellow workmen with his forebodings until they lost their patience.

Fear Grew on Him.

Glenn's mania quickly became more acute. If a dog passed him in the street he shuddered. If a dog barked he hurried away. He awoke in the morning trembling, and shouted: "I'm done for, my God, I'm dying. I know I shall have hydrophobia before night."

He often asked concerning the Pasteur treatment for hydrophobia which prevents the full development of the disease, just as vaccination prevents smallpox. At the same time the morbid state of Glenn's mind was proven by the eagerness with which he listened to tales about mad dogs, to stories of men bitten by dogs with rabies. At one moment he wished to know how to cure hydrophobia; at the next, he deliberately excited his own fears that he would die from it.

Glenn was at work as usual last Monday. On Tuesday an unaccustomed draught of air struck him and he began to shiver. This hydrophobic maniac had carefully studied all the symptoms of real hydrophobia. He had learned that hypersensitiveness of the skin is one characteristic of the disease. He began to shiver. He said to himself: "At last, this is the beginning of the end. There can be no longer doubt. I am doomed."

Symptoms Appeared.

He went home, went to bed, sent for Dr. Clark, of Forest Hill. The doctor heard the history of the case, learned of the dog bite, learned that six weeks had elapsed since they were inflicted. Then he examined his patient, whom the lightest breeze threw almost into convulsions, who was beginning to have a rigidity of the jaw and pharynx, who could with difficulty swallow water. But Dr. Clark's patient was cunning, as all such madmen are, as all hysterical women are. Glenn did not tell his physician the facts that had tortured him. Dr. Clark knew that cases of real hydrophobia are infinitely more common than cases of simulated hydrophobia. So Dr. Clark said:

"This looks much like a case of hydrophobia. It has many of the symptoms."

That sounded like a death knell to Glenn. He was that man, or even, he had the hope of living? Next day Glenn called in Dr. P. H. Winans, of Washington avenue, Jersey City. By that time Glenn was frothing at the mouth, and barking like a dog.

Had Not Hydrophobia.

To place a glass of water to his lips was to throw him into a fearful convulsion. Dr. Winans got a complete history of Glenn's illness from his friends. He learned of the man's intense fears and how they grew upon him and mastered him. He found, too, some symptoms of pneumonia that were not serious, and that certainly had nothing to do with hydrophobia, real or simulated.

"This man has not hydrophobia," said Dr. Winans. "But he thinks he has and, in this case, it is as bad. He is in the deepest mental depression. He is sure he will die of hydrophobia, and he will unless the thought can be driven from his mind. Send him to a hospital. The change of scene may act favorably."

Glenn, at first, refused to go to the hospital. But on Wednesday evening he consented and was taken to St. Michael's Hospital. There, for awhile, he showed all the symptoms of the disease that existed only in his mind. As he sank, the symptoms of pneumonia became more plain. But there can be no real doubt that this Hercules frightened himself to death.

There were rumors in Belleville that Jerolomon's dog had bitten a number of persons, and that a rabid dog was loose. As always, that there will be no hydrophobia in Belleville, unless dogs go mad and unless men's fears drive them into a horrible stillitude of the disease.

PLATTDEUTSCHE VOLKSFEST.

Jolly North Germans of New York and Vicinity Have Their Annual Fun.

The twenty-third annual Plattdeutsche Volksfest, under the auspices of the North German Festival Association, of New York and vicinity, was begun yesterday in Schuetzen Park, North Bergen, N. J., and will continue to-day, to-morrow, Wednesday and next Sunday. The attendance yesterday was over 15,000.

At 1 o'clock the members of the Verein paraded around the park, and then President Beviz delivered a speech of welcome. Later there was an instrumental concert and the direction of Professor Lederhaus. In the evening there were a balloon ascension, an acrobatic and gymnastic exhibition, a fantastic ballet. The festivities concluded with a display of fireworks and illumination of the park.

"If you don't advertise in the JOURNAL you don't get results."

READ THIS! Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 18, 1897. Publisher New York Journal, N. Y.

I have inserted advertisement under "Help Wanted" column of the Journal to be the BEST PAYING OF ANY PAPER WE USE. Yours truly, E. EVERETT SMITH & CO.

MADE A TOOL TO PUNCTURE TIRES.

Boy Terror of Coney Island Wheelmen Caught in the Very Act.

SHARPENED A BUTTONHOOK

Would Follow Inadvertent Cyclist For Love of Hearing the Tubes "Pop."

JAMES HOUSEWITCH IS HIS NAME.

His Serious Profession of Gum Peddler on the Bowery Lacked the Excitement That He Thought He Required.

Peddling chewing gum on the Bowery at Coney Island would be an occupation exciting enough for the average boy, but it was too tame for little Jimmie Housewitch, whose parents live at No. 235



Constantine P. Ralli, Banker and Society Man, in Secular Attire.

Rivington street. To vary the monotony, Jimmy went into the business of systematically puncturing bicycle tires. He was caught at it yesterday afternoon, and locked up in the Coney Island Police Station.

Little Jimmy did his puncturing with an instrument of his own manufacture. He took a steel buttonhook, bent the hook end out straight and filed it to a sharp point. This instrument he carried in his pocket, and he found frequent opportunities to use it in the crowds along the Bowery. Many a bicyclist who has felt his trusty wheel lag pitifully right after a miniature explosion in the vicinity of Sutherland's Hotel, will learn when they read this of the cause.

Yesterday afternoon Nelson Reber, of No. 344 Lafayette avenue, Brooklyn, a member of the Greater New York Wheelmen, was trundling his wheel through the throng on the Bowery, when he heard a sharp pop. At once his wheel dragged, and he knew his tire had been punctured. He turned around quickly, just in time to see little Jimmy, laughing joyously, putting something that looked like a knife into his pocket. He turned his wheel over to a friend and went after Jimmy. A search brought to light the little instrument of the boy had been using in his puncturing exploits, and Jimmy was turned over to a policeman.

The boy was sullen when first arrested, refusing to admit or deny his guilt. But when Mr. Reber examined his tire, the wheelmen who said positively that they had seen him inserting his sharpened buttonhook into pneumatic tires, he weakened. He said he had been doing it for fun, to hear the tires pop, and then to notice the dismay of the riders when they discovered the punctures.

Inquiry among bicycle repairers last night brought out that a great number of tires had been punctured recently on Coney Island, nearly all along the Bowery. In all cases the punctures were the same, seemingly the effect of wheeling over tacks. When Mr. Reber examined his tire he found five punctures. It seems that Jimmy followed a wheel up, jabbing at it until the final pop told him he had been successful.

BANKER RALL ACTS AS RECTOR.

NEW JERSEY BEAR HUNT.

Will Be Organized at May's Landing To-day to Find the "Crittter" That Scared Carr.

May's Landing, N. J., Aug. 15.—While out huckleberrying in a dense swamp near this place yesterday Samuel Carr ran across a large black bear. Carr had picked a number of quarts of berries, and was working his way further into the swamp when he saw the bear crouched behind a thick clump of bushes.

The man dropped his berries and ran for some distance, and then finding that he was not pursued, ventured back, armed with a large club. The bear, upon his reappearance, gave chase, and Carr lost no time in getting out of the swamp.

A hunting party will endeavor to capture the bear to-morrow.

"COME SEVEN" FOR A GIRL.

Odd Crap Game in Which the Winner Must Wear a Misfit Suit of Clothes and Take a Colored Belle to Church.

Pittsburg, Aug. 15.—Residents of the little suburb of Homewood to-day asked the police to stop a crap game that runs every Sunday in the old race track stables. Several hundred negroes gather every Sunday to play.

The chief attraction is a pot in which the stakes are a suit of black clothes and

Faultlessly dressed in dark coat and trousers, white vest, white shirt and string tie, light spats and patent leather shoes, Constantine P. Ralli, banker, business man and society leader, yesterday morning walked from his home to the Episcopal Church nearby. A few minutes later, robed in a black cassock and with a cape of white about his shoulders, Mr. Ralli assumed the leadership of the services of the church, taking the place of the absent pastor.

Mr. Ralli delights in contradictions. It was only two years ago that, in the Music Hall at Plainfield, he took the part of the villain in the "Russian Honey-moon," for the benefit of the Muhlenberg Hospital, and he played the role so well that his success was the talk of the town. He himself smiles at the incongruity of the contrast between his public appearance on the stage and his public appearance as a pastoral substitute.

"I didn't feel at home officiating in the church," he said, at the conclusion of the service yesterday. "As a layman, I felt altogether out of place there. For as though were taking up a part that I had no right to, and, although I had been specially requested to take the place, by the rector, and accepted it only to oblige him, I felt that I had no business there. It doesn't seem natural for a layman to assume clerical functions."

Many Eager to Hear Him.

The church was crowded by people eager to hear him. It is the Church of St. Stephen, in Netherwood, the aristocratic and exclusive suburb of Plainfield, N. J. It is a quaintly attractive church, built of brick. It stands upon a slight rise of ground from the street, and is surrounded by a large grove of maples, birch, chestnut and evergreen trees. Diagonally across the road from the stables, in the midst of finely laid out grounds, the beautiful home of the man who yesterday officiated.

The church is small, but the congregation makes up in exclusiveness what it lacks in numbers, as the members are mostly wealthy business and professional men of Plainfield and New York who live in the handsome homes scattered about in the park-like suburb.

Mr. Ralli was graduated from Oxford, and afterward specially educated for the army; but while he was awaiting his commission, a fine business opportunity presented itself, and he decided to change the plan of his life career. He is a cousin of the Ralli Brothers, the famous bankers of London, and some years ago came to New York to represent the American branch of that house. Later, he became manager of a New York banking house, and in that position he was vice-president of a leading clothing company.

The rector of St. Stephen's Church in Rev. S. P. Simpson, who a few days ago left for a vacation, to be absent for four Sundays. He knew that Mr. Ralli, who has for years been a member of the church, was an amateur actor and a fine elocutionist, and therefore asked him to assume his place during his absence.

He Was Plainly Nervous.

At 11 o'clock the sound of a processional hymn came from the vestry, and into the church filed the surpliced choir of men and boys, clad in black cassocks and white breeches, and bringing up the end of the line was Mr. Ralli. Sedately he marched with the choir to their position at the side of the chancel and stood until the hymn was finished. Then he stepped forward in front of the chancel rail and began to read the morning lesson. He was plainly nervous.

In appearance he is very striking. He is forty-three years old, but seems younger. He is tall, well-built and muscular. His features are of a determined cast. He seems to be more naturally fitted for the army than for business or the church. His hair is black, thick and curly. His mustache is black and high-arched. His moustache is black and heavy and completely covers an exceptionally broad upper lip. His nose is large and straight, and his face long and rather narrow.

He at first read quietly, and in a tone as low as though reading in a parlor, but his voice rose out into clearness as he came to the words that seemed to remind him of his earlier ambition: "Then brake he the arrows, the shields, the swords and the buckles."

The responses he read in evenly modulated tones and with an absence of the high-pitched monotone that some rector affect, and the result was very pleasing. The entire service was gone through with except the prayer of absolution, which none but an ordained pastor can offer. As a layman, too, Mr. Ralli will not be allowed to administer the Holy Communion on any of the Sundays that he officiates, nor can he at any time pass behind the chancel rail.

From time to time his nervousness showed itself in jerky turns of the head, and in absent-minded storkings of his hair with his left hand, but with the beginning of the sermon more ease came to him.

Sermon Prepared by the Pastor.

Rev. Mr. Simpson, before his departure, prepared four sermons, and it was the first of these that was delivered. It was an exhortation to aim toward perfection, and Mr. Ralli's delivery was effective and full of grace and earnestness. His voice was under perfect control, and he seldom

Takes the Absent Minister's Place Before an Exclusive Congregation.

ST. STEPHEN'S, PLAINFIELD.

Delivers a Sermon Prepared by the Rev. S. P. Simpson, Who is on a Vacation.

FAME AS AN AMATEUR ACTOR.

Played the Villain for Charity and Acquitted Himself with the Same Merit He Showed at the Chancel.

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raised it more than slightly, even when most emphatic. He had an odd trick, however, of frequently raising his eyebrows to emphasize special points. He stood easily, with his left hand laid lightly upon the reading desk.

The sermon over, there was more of reading and prayers. Mr. Ralli faced the altar and made the sign of the cross, just as an ordained rector would, and pronounced the benediction. Then he followed the choir, as singing "Hallelujah, O Paradise" they marched from the church. A few minutes later he was again the business and society man.

"No," he said, "I never thought, even in my young days, of taking up either the stage or the ministry as a vocation. I did not practice reading in the church at all before going this morning to lead the service. I do not claim any merit as a reader, and accepted only to oblige Dr. Simpson."

"Some friends," he continued, "thought a couple of years ago that I was drifting toward theology, because numerous meetings were held at my house to discuss the subject. There was never any thought of that, however, as we merely, as friends, looked into theology as a matter of general interest."

Mr. Ralli is a widower, but his two bright children were eager watchers and listeners at the service.

A PHYSICIAN ARRESTED.

Dr. Ward, of Coney Island, Prefers Serious Charges Against Dr. Melike, of Brooklyn.

Upon information furnished by Dr. John

Ward, a Coney Island physician, Dr. Melike, of No. 229 Adams street, Brooklyn, was arrested yesterday and locked up in the Coney Island Police Station on a serious charge. The complainant in the case is Violet Burleigh, an actress, who is the niece of James H. Wallack, "The Cattle King," proprietor of the spectacular production entitled, "When London Sleeps."

In Cincinnati, last February, Mrs. Burleigh was married to Henry Burleigh, a comedian. Both were members of the "When London Sleeps" company, and when Wallack heard of the marriage he discharged them. They made their way back to New York and eventually drifted to Coney Island, where Burleigh, unable to secure employment as an actor, was forced to adopt the occupation of serving beer in a concert hall.

Mrs. Burleigh claims that Dr. Melike, last Saturday afternoon, performed an operation on her under pretense of examining her. Yesterday morning she gave birth to a child. Shortly after Dr. Melike called upon her husband and demanded \$25. Burleigh paid him \$4 and Dr. Melike left. Dr. Ward, who was called to attend the woman, heard the story and reported it to the police.

Mrs. James B. Fry Likely to Die.

Newport, R. I., Aug. 15.—Mrs. James B. Fry, of New York, the aged widow of General Fry, is critically ill at her cottage on May street, and it is announced this evening that it was doubtful if she lived the night out. She was very weak when she arrived here from New York, and has since been afflicted with appendicitis. Her husband, who distinguished himself in the war, and who was well known author and authority on military matters, died here two years ago.

DOG GAVE HIS LIFE FOR HIS MASTER'S.

Faithful Bruno Warned Walker of an Express Train's Approach.

JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME.

Man Jumped and Escaped the Locomotive That Struck the Brute.

WOUNDED SO THAT HE DIED.

The Grateful Walker Buried Bruno and Has Written an Epitaph That Will Adorn His Tombstone.

Here Bruno lies, that saved my life From death by passing train. And gave his own; such faithful love I never shall know again.

This is the epitaph of a dog. Of course

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SEE A GIRL TO-DAY SA "BLUE GRASS"

If She's Very Pretty She'll Understand the Compliment.

KENTUCKY MAIDS HERE.

Fifty of Them Come Up By An Old Dominion Steamer with Their Parents.

FIRE LADDIES ALSO IN TOWN.

They Are From the South and There Are Hundreds of Southern Merchants in Town. Let the Bands Play "Dixie."

New York, at all times rich in attractive girls, was made still richer yesterday afternoon by the arrival of fifty or more beauties from the famous Blue Grass regions of Kentucky. They came here accompanied by their indulgent parents and attentive brothers, and intend to stay on Manhattan Island for four or five days.

During that time they will be joined by others of a party of 275 residents of Kentucky and Tennessee. All of them are bent on enjoying themselves, and few of them have ever been here before.

W. A. Wilgus, a stationer, Kentuckian of genial and gentlemanly mien, assisted by W. F. Cochran, a native of Paducah, Ky., came with the party to see that they are properly cared for. Mr. Wilgus is the Southern passenger agent of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad Company, over the lines of which the excursionists traveled. A number of them registered with Mr. Wilgus and Mr. Cochran, at the Sturtevant House in Broadway.

When the rest of the delegation of sight-seekers arrives from Old Point, a tour of the city and adjacent watering places will be made. The party will then proceed to Washington and afterward return over the Chesapeake & Ohio road to their Kentucky and Tennessee homes.

Apart from the Kentucky beauties at the Sturtevant House, there are two imposing delegations of Southerners at the Gerlach. In West Twenty-seventh street. The first consists of about twenty merchants, representing almost every branch of commerce in Georgia, South Carolina, Virginia and West Virginia, who will remain here for the next ten days or so.

"We are quite pleased with the outlook in the South," said E. J. Willetts, of Macon, Ga., who has charge of the party, and who is one of the biggest merchants in the South. "There