

AS LIFE EBBED, BARON KONTSKY WROTE FAREWELL TO MOTHER.

Kontsky Turned On the Gas and Described His Feelings.

POVERTY DROVE HIM TO IT.

A Letter Which He Sent to Charles Dana Gibson Saved His Life.

SCION OF A BRAZILIAN FAMILY.

Had Tried in Every Way to Get Work, but Could Find Nothing—Was a Female Impersonator and Artist's Model.

Baron Emanuel Kontsky, who is only twenty-two years old and the last hope of a once powerful Brazilian family, tried to end his life in his lodging, at No. 26 West Fifteenth street, yesterday, by stuffing all the crevices of his room with rags and scraps and then turning on the gas.

That his earthly account is not now closed for good is due to the fact that he had written Monday night to Charles Dana Gibson, the artist, at No. 10 West Thirty-first street, appraising him of the intended suicide.

The letter was among those which William A. Coleman, Mr. Gibson's valet, handed to his master in yesterday morning's mail. Mr. Gibson was at first inclined to regard the letter in the light of a joke, but he nevertheless acted promptly, and thus became the means of saving Kontsky's life.

He instructed Coleman to take a run down to No. 26 West Fifteenth street and learn if anything was wrong. Coleman arrived just in time. Nobody in the house, although it was close to 11 o'clock, had the remotest suspicion that a tragedy was being played in the top floor room.

The house, No. 26 West Fifteenth street, is full of music teachers and musicians. All these were busy with their affairs. The house rang with assorted phrases of the masters of classical music.

Coleman ran up the stairs and knocked at Kontsky's door. Getting no answer, he put his eye to the keyhole and saw that it was plugged with rags. He pulled out the rags and the gas rushing through nearly choked him. He gave the alarm, but the landlady was unable to find duplicate keys to Kontsky's room. Coleman tried to break in the door, which resisted his efforts, and when they did get the door open, Kontsky was almost gone.

Wore Evening Dress.

He had endeavored to die picturesquely. He lay in full evening dress upon a low lounge in the northeastern corner of the large front room. The lounge was draped with a pink comforter, against which the Baron's handsome features were cast in a manner like relief. His feet were covered with worn patent-leather pumps, and his hair was of the faded black.

In one hand he held a photograph, which his friends afterward declared to be that of his father and mother. By his side was a copy of a newspaper of date a couple of months back, which contained a full account of the departed glories of his family, and also told how close at one time was the Baron's father to Dom Pedro, the last Emperor of Brazil.

But most remarkable of all was the discovery of an open letter, which the Baron had written with the grip of death on his arm. This was intended evidently for his mother, or, such, at least, is the theory of Detective Martin. The letter was found in a street Police station, who subsequently placed the Baron under arrest.

Here follows a long blank space, as if the Baron had written a couple of lines and then resigned himself to his fate. Presently he begins again and the handwriting is still firm and strong.

"All what I own shall be paid with the money I expect one of these days."

"BARON KONTSKY." Another long blank space, then comes the last sentence written in a faltering hand: "Six o'clock now and I live still. May I be dead before very long."

Baron Will Recover.

As soon as possible after his discovery the dying man was removed to the New York Hospital, across the street. For a time the physicians despaired of his life, but after working over him for an hour succeeded in restoring him to consciousness. He will recover.

Baron Kontsky had lived in the house, No. 26 West Fifteenth street, only a couple of months. S. Sprague, his friend, said that the young man had been out of work for some time and often spoken of his father's fortune. His father was once wealthy and a favorite of Dom Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil. When the empire fell, the fortunes of the Kontskys departed also. There was enough saved out of the wreck, however, to support the mother in comfort and young Kontsky left home to seek his fortune in foreign countries.

He arrived here last January and, it is said, effected an arrangement with Albert Bial, of Koster & Bial's, to appear at that house as a female impersonator. The death of Mr. Bial, however, ended the Baron's chances in that direction, and ruined him, for he had spent all his savings in costumes for his impersonations.

The handwriting was womanish in its retention, but evidence of the anguish the writer suffered was not apparent until the first few lines, if the penmanship be given almost illegible.

From this letter it would seem that the Baron began his preparations for suicide about four o'clock in the morning. As he says in his letter he had fought to live patiently a life that was obnoxious to him until he could fight no longer. He was the victor of the struggle and determined to die.

The room he occupied as his own was not that in which he was found, but the adjacent hall. The room, however, he had previously shared the larger room with a man named Cleaves, but his room mate left some weeks ago, and Baron Kontsky was obliged to retire to the cheaper room.

Tore Off Gas Fixtures.

The big room, however, remained unlit, and Kontsky determined to die in that, partly because it was large, and partly, no doubt, because there were more gas jets in it. There were two flexible fixtures between the front windows, and also a pipe running along the floor for the purpose of a gas stove, if the tenant so desired. Kontsky tore off one of the flexible fixtures so that the escape of gas would be more copious, and he lit the jet of the other. He also turned on the valve of the pipe designed for the gas stove.

Before doing this, however, he must have written the first sentences of the letter intended for his mother. The letter which grows disjointed toward the last, follows: "It is 4 o'clock in the morning. I can't stand it any longer. The temptation to finish with the terrible life I'm not used to is too great. "So will I be one more killed by gas jets. May God be clement and forgive me. "And my dearest mother. "Ah."

It is four o'clock in the morning. I can't stand it any longer. The temptation to finish with the terrible life I am not used to is too great. So will I be one more killed by gas jets. May God be clement and forgive me. And my dearest mother. Ah.

All what I own shall be paid with the money I expect one of these days. Kontsky.

Six o'clock now and I live still. May I be dead before very soon.

Baron Kontsky's Letter Written as He Inhaled the Deadly Gas.

The above letter was written after the Baron Kontsky had completed all his arrangements for suicide. The first sentences are penned in a firm hand. Then the deadly gas began to numb the senses of the writer. With falling strength he managed to write a few disjointed sentences. The last lines written at 6 o'clock indicate how eagerly he wished for death. They were the last and almost a confused blur on the paper. The letter reads:

"It is 4 o'clock in the morning. I can't stand it any longer. The temptation to finish with the terrible life I am not used to is too great. So will I be one more killed by gas jets. May God be clement and forgive me—and my dearest mother—All what I owe shall be paid with the money I expect one of these days. "BARON KONTSKY. "Six o'clock now and I live still. May I be dead before very soon."

and Kontsky began to show signs of great discouragement. His last attempt to secure work was made in a trip to New Jersey, where an artist named Frost had advertised for a secretary.

Kontsky returned from this quest in disgust and despair. He told his friend Sprague that Mr. Frost had not only wanted him to act as his secretary, but also to teach his two children languages. He declared the work was too hard and that he would never undertake it.

Baron Kontsky is an accomplished linguist, speaking no less than seven languages fluently. He is slender in physique, with delicate features and a complexion of a great white. He is dressed in the most elegant of fashions. His hair, which is abundant and of a wavy brown, he wears the only style that it surrounds his face like a halo.

Had luck? Why that's absurd. As ghosts who homes haunt! Give up belief in fakes. And try a Journal "want."

THEIR MISSION TO SAVE.

Return of the Schooner Volant, Which Sailed North to Educate Natives.

The little three-masted schooner Volant, Captain Hanson, arrived to-day at Port Townsend on the way back from Siberia and the northern coast of Alaska.

She is the vessel that in the latter part of May sailed from this port with three missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Samus, of Los Angeles, and Miss Anna Hunicutt, of New York, to found the northernmost religious station on this coast—if not the most northern mission in the world.

The point to which the missionaries sailed is about two hundred miles north of the nearest white settlement. There the three religious workers were to find means to transport their provisions a couple of hundred miles inland to an Eskimo settlement described by traders and trappers. They took food to last them a year, and the society that is directing them will send the schooner to them next summer with another cargo.

The cold in the region of the new missionary station is said to be quite as severe as at Dawson. The latitude is higher and the Arctic Ocean is nearer. Food is usually very scarce among the natives in winter, and the situation of the three young missionaries, unaccustomed to the Arctic hardships, is not likely to be as pleasant as it would be at Dawson. Not even a salary will be available to the missionaries, so far as financial returns are concerned, and the general education of the natives, as well as religious enlightenment, is required. There is no other missionary station in that section of Alaska.

The Volant, on the same trip, took John W. Kelly and several assistants to the Chignik Bay, Siberia, in the service of the United States Government. He is to study the native food supply, with a view to improving the conditions in Alaska. There was difficulty about getting the consent of the Russian Government, but finally the obstacles thrown in the way of the expedition were removed.—San Francisco Examiner, at any rate.—Chicago Post.

An Honest Compliment.

She was a playful, vivacious lady, the last of a talented galaxy that had been cast away on the cannibal island. Luckily her trunk came ashore, with her—there being no other means of escape. She had just emerged from her tent attired in her sweetest sermo-comic accordion-spangled, her long black hose, her little Spanish jacket, and her courtly baby cap.

"How do I look, chief?" she queried as she gracefully proffered an one tapered toe.

The great man ran the tip of his tongue along his somewhat bloated lips. "You are dressed all to kill," he smilingly replied as he motioned to the royal cook.

And he meant it.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

BURGLED AND GAGGED TWO WOMEN MURDERED BY A MYSTERIOUS HAND; SON SUSPECTED.

In Broad Day Robbers Enter a Paterson Store and Seize the Clerk.

PUT HIM IN THE CELLAR.

Then They Ransack the Place and Calmly Make Off with the Booty.

UNDER NOSE OF THE POLICE.

Friends Arrive at Last and Find the Victim in the Cellar Covered with Boxes—Police Activity Too Late.

A daring robbery was committed yesterday in Paterson, N. J., while hundreds of people were passing the scene. The thieves entered a haberdashery store in the busiest part of the town, bound and gagged a youth, rifled the safe and money drawer and then escaped with their booty without the slightest interference.

The store entered was that of Edwin Stewart, at No. 120 Market street, directly opposite the Paterson Savings Institution and the City and within a stone's throw of Police Headquarters. The thieves undoubtedly knew their business, for they entered the store when only Charles Dyre, seventeen years old, was in charge, and there was no chance of another arrival for fully an hour. Dyre is a nephew of the proprietor of the place.

The boy reached the store at 7:30 a. m., about the time that working people were on the way to their various places of employment. He opened the front door and just began sweeping when two well-dressed men entered. As far as he can remember, one was tall, the other thick set, and both wore false mustaches. They were kept in position by a piece of thread that ran around over their ears.

The men asked to see handkerchiefs, and they showed them. "Just the thing," said one of the men, "two of them will do. Now show me a felt hat, please."

To get to the case containing the hats the boy had to go from behind the counter. As he did so he was seized and overpowered. While one held him tight and pressed his hand over his mouth to prevent any outcry, the other hurriedly closed and locked the front door. Then Dyre was struck a blow that knocked him to his feet. In falling his head came in contact with the edge of the counter and he was rendered unconscious. His wrists were securely tied with twine, his feet similarly treated, and with a piece of rope his knees and chin were brought close together and securely bound. Handkerchiefs, the thieves had chosen were used by them to gag the boy.

They carried the lad into the cellar, left him in a pile of rubbish, and to make sure that he should not get away put a number of dry goods cases on top of him. Then they proceeded to ransack the store. They had already taken the keys of the safe from the boy, and with little difficulty, they managed to open it, and help themselves to the contents.

In their excitement the robbers overlooked \$250 which was in a bank book in the safe, but the other money, about \$50, they took with them.

When Harry Stewart, son of the proprietor, entered the store about an hour later, he found everything in confusion. The store had not been swept, and he became suspicious that something unusual had happened. One of the cases in which the hats are displayed was standing open. This was the one which Dyre had opened just as the strangers sat upon him. Stewart made his way to the rear of the store he saw the door of the safe standing open and the contents lying on the floor.

At this moment John Greenwood, a tinner in the clothing store of P. H. J. Thelmer, who is situated in the store, entered the rear door and said he thought he heard some one moaning in the cellar. Greenwood and Stewart went to a candle, and when they had the boxes, where they found Dyre under the boxes. The ropes and twine with which he had been bound were severed, and his position for over an hour had been so cramped that he was too stiff to walk or even stand on his feet. He was not much hurt.

The police were notified. Chief Frederick G. Paul, Detectives Titus and Lord and Sergeant Taylor, were sent to the store. Within half an hour they had arrested two men on suspicion. These were brought before the boy, but he could not identify them, and they were released. No other arrests have been made.

AFTER WILD MAN ON BIKE.

West Point Sergeant Has an Exciting Race with a Fleet Freak in Woman's Skirts.

West Point, N. Y., Oct. 12.—Sergeant Loper had an exciting chase last night after the wild man who has been causing so much annoyance to those who walk out after dark in the neighborhood of Highland Falls. The wild man came from Crow Nest, where, according to the sergeant, he has been living since he was so closely pursued by indignant Highland Falls people last week. He ran along the sidewalk near the cemetery and was halted by the sentinel. The fellow had not changed his raiment, and the woman's skirts which he wore were badly tattered. When the sentinel challenged him he darted into the bushes along the roadside and disappeared.

The officer, quickly notified, ordered Loper to arrest the wild man, and he started after him on his bicycle. He caught up with the man near the cemetery, and then the fun began. Loper pedaled for all he was worth, and the wild man ran for dear life. The hill was against Loper, and he was unable to use his full force until the woods and escaped.

ANGER WAS COSTLY.

A Woman Lost 1,200 Florins by It and a Merchant 2,000 Pounds.

There is a leading Vienna lady of to-day who must regret the excesses to which her temper is addicted, for recently, in an outburst of anger, she destroyed bank notes valued at 1,200 florins.

It appears that her husband, who is a very wealthy man, presented her with a dozen pairs of gloves as a birthday present. The angry man, however, who could not expect an expensive sample of the jeweler's craft, and she threw the gloves into the fire before her husband's eyes. The angry man endeavored to save them in time, but was unsuccessful.

One may imagine the lady's mortification when she was informed that a bank clerk had wrapped up in each pair of the gloves.

A wealthy Manchester man was recently made poorer to the extent of something like \$2,000 indirectly through his temper. Hot-headed and fiery, he flew into a rage over some trivial office mistake, and while venting his wrath in high tones, he accidentally threw a burning match, with which he had lighted his pipe, into the waste paper basket.

The angry man put on his hat and went out. Meanwhile the match had ignited the contents of the basket, and by the time the outbreak was discovered the flames were almost beyond control. The fire quickly spread and before it had been stopped damages estimated at \$2,000 had been done to the premises, which, unfortunately, were not insured.—Pearson's Weekly.

Mrs. Emma Zanes and Mrs. Sarah Shaw, Murdered in Camden, N. J.

LATTER'S SON A SUSPECT.

He Tells a Story About Burglars in Which the Police Pick Flaws.

FOUND WITH EMPTY PISTOL.

Efforts to Clear Up the Mystery by an Ante-Mortem Statement from One of the Victims Unsuccessful.

MRS. EMMA ZANES and her daughter, Mrs. Sarah Shaw, lie dead in their little home at No. 242 Lane



street, Camden, N. J., the victims of one of the foulest and most mysterious of murders.

For many hours yesterday the police accepted the common report that burglars, disturbed in their search for plunder, had committed the murder, but a search of the house showed that this was probably not the case.

The police now hold under practical arrest Eli Shaw, the nineteen-year-old son and grandson of the murdered women. While the authorities do not say that he committed the murders, they suspect him of knowing a great deal more about the case than he has at present told. Last night he underwent rigid examination at the hands of the Camden police, who are being added in their investigations by Detectives Geyer and Crawford, of the Philadelphia force. Geyer and Crawford are the men who were instrumental in bringing H. H. Holmes to the gallows.

Money in the House.

Mrs. Zanes was a widow, seventy-eight years old. Her husband had been a sea captain, and afterwards a stationary engineer. He died a year ago. She lived with her widowed daughter, Mrs. Shaw, and her son, Eli. When Mr. Zanes died he left his widow the house they had passed their lives in, several other rented houses nearby, and the town and a comfortable sum in bank. Monday was rent day, and Mrs. Zanes collected the money as usual.

Ever since the death of her husband, Mrs. Zanes had wanted to erect a handsome monument over his grave. She did not feel justified in drawing the whole of the necessary amount from the bank, so she and her daughter set to work to save up the money. Monday they had in hand nearly \$250, and this fact was perfectly well known to Eli Shaw.

Eli works as a bookkeeper and store boy for Taylor Brothers, flour and feed dealers, at Front and Market streets, in Camden. He had few intimates, and was generally looked upon as a quiet and inefficient fellow, although those who know him say that it was rather lack of money than inclination that kept him quiet. Six weeks ago he was attacked with typhoid fever. The attack was not particularly malignant. Although he returned to work two weeks ago he was still looked upon as a convalescent.

Eli's Story.

Monday night Eli was out on the streets until after 11 o'clock. When he returned his grandmother and his mother had both gone to bed, and he went to his room and slept on the third floor, while Mrs. Zanes slept in the back room on the floor below. What follows is Eli's account of the tragedy, as first told to the police and several times repeated.

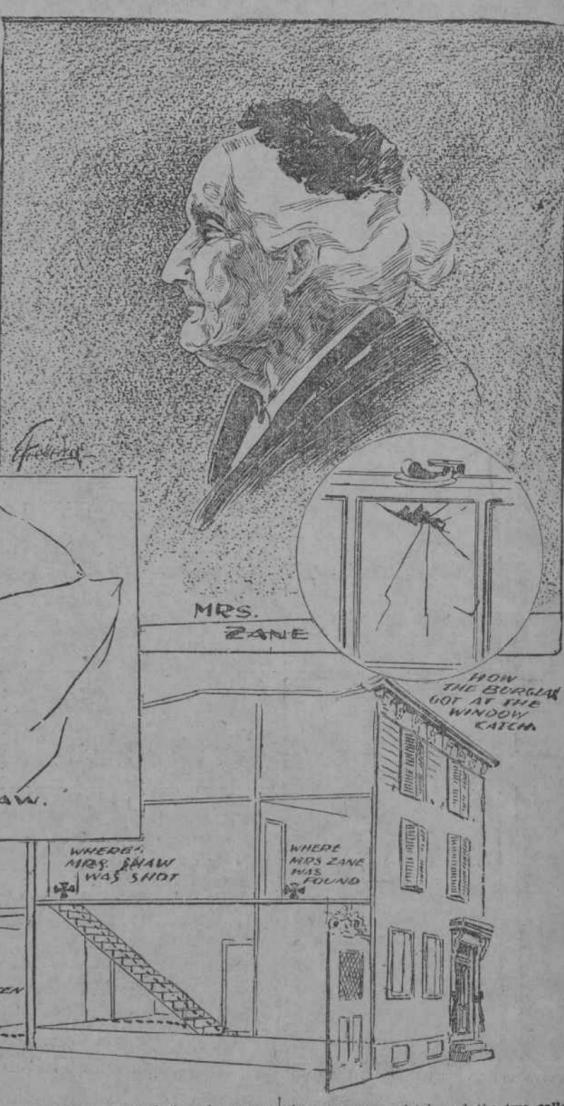
At about ten minutes to 5 o'clock yesterday morning he got up to get a drink of water. As he returned to his bed he heard a slight noise at the back of the house. He says that he went into his mother's room and, awakening her, told her to keep still, as he thought that burglars were in the house. Then he started to go down stairs to make an investigation. He carried no weapon and was in his night clothes. He walked as far as the hall, when he was joined by his mother, and in spite of his protests she accompanied him down stairs. Eli pushed open the door of the back room on the second floor and was about to enter, when his mother went in ahead of him.

Hardly had she entered the room, he says, than there was a flash and a report from his mother fell. By the flash of light, Eli says, he saw two men crouched in the room, both holding revolvers. Too terrified to do anything, Eli drew back and the two men rushed by him, ran downstairs and left the house by the back window.

His Pistol Empty.

Eli ran into the front room, and opening a window, called for help. A faint cry of "Murder" and "Help" was heard at 4:55 o'clock by Alonzo Lane, a neighbor, and he hastened to the house. When he reached the door he found Eli Shaw clad in his night clothes, standing on the doorstep. Eli said: "I guess somebody's hurt."

Lane asked what was the matter, and was told that somebody had been in the house. He asked Eli if he had a gun or a club and the youth, re-entering the house, returned with a pistol, which he gave to Lane. The pistol was of 22 calibre and had been emptied of its bullets. It still contained seven empty shells. Lane refused to enter the house with no better weapon



than an empty pistol, and the two called again for help.

According to the investigation of the police the burglars must have forced open the kitchen window without leaving a mark upon the sash and without tearing the muslin mosquito netting. The police also found that when these mysterious burglars broke the window between the back parlor and the kitchen they did it so that the glass fell on their side instead of upon the other. In other words, the glass fell just as it would have done had it been broken by some one who was inside the parlor instead of in the kitchen.

Another point seems strange to the police. Inside the window, which opened on the garden, and resting upon a rickety table, was a gasoline stove. That stove was piled high with kettles, saucepans and the general utensils of the kitchen. It formed a barricade which would have puzzled a cat, but those agile burglars climbed over it without disturbing a thing.

There was little doubt that Mrs. Shaw had been shot, but one physician who examined the body of Mrs. Zanes said he thought she had been struck with a hammer and her skull fractured. The autopsy was performed by Coroner Lippincott.

CATS!

LOUIS WAIN, the famous London artist, whose

CAT PICTURES

Have made Harlemites, Hindoos, Hottentots laugh, begins the greatest funny series of his life. The first picture will depict

A WEDDING IN CATLAND!

Here comes the Bride, With stately stride! Who is that Duffer That walks by her side? Wedding Song from Lohengrin.