

NEGROES ABDUCT A WHITE GIRL.

Kate Clum Dragged, Shrieking, from Her Bed in the Night.

FARMER'S PRETTY CHILD.

Carried Down a Ladder While the Kidnapper Laughed at Her Cries for Help.

REVENGE WAS ONE MOTIVE

But Her Burly Abductor Had Boasted He Would Marry a Wealthy White Woman.

TAKEN AWAY ON A TRAIN.

Scores of People Saw the Pretty Maiden in the Company of Her Disreputable Companions, Two Men and a Negress.

Kingston, N. Y., Oct. 15.—Between dark and dawn this morning Kate Clum, the pretty blue-eyed and golden-haired daughter of Henry Clum, a well-to-do farmer of Prattsville, Greene County, was abducted by three negroes, two men and a woman, who entered her home and stole her while she slept.

Where the girl and her abductors are now is a matter of surmise, but they are thought to be in the vicinity of Teaneck, some miles distant from Hackensack, on the line of the West Shore Railroad, where they formerly lived.

In the gray of the dawn this morning C. C. Moore, who, with the two daughters and a son of Farmer Clum, slept in the farmhouse last night, thought he heard a noise in the room where Kate, the seventeen-year-old daughter, slept. Her father and mother were away from home. He raised himself in bed and listened intently, but heard nothing. Then he went to sleep again. Some time later Moore was again aroused. A startling scream echoed through the house. Frightened, the man shivered, covering down under the bedclothes in his room. Again the scream resounded through the house. It came from Kate's bed-chamber.

Courage Came Back. "Help! save me! oh, save me!" cried a girl's voice in agonized ecstasy. Leaping from his bed Moore threw a blanket about his shoulders and dashed out into the hall. Inside of Kate's room he could hear the sounds of a scuffle and the voices of persons, evidently negroes, from their conversation. He frantically hammered on the door demanding admittance. "You've can't come in here," hissed tones hoarsely. "We're agone to have the girl, anyway."

Putting his shoulder to the door, Moore pressed against it with all his force. The door gave way, precipitating him into the room.

"Stop," he yelled, struggling to his feet, as he saw a burly negro in the act of slipping out of the rear window, but the negro laughed, and before Moore could reach the window had climbed part way down the ladder, throwing a blanket about his shoulders and dashed out into the hall. Inside of Kate's room he could hear the sounds of a scuffle and the voices of persons, evidently negroes, from their conversation. He frantically hammered on the door demanding admittance.

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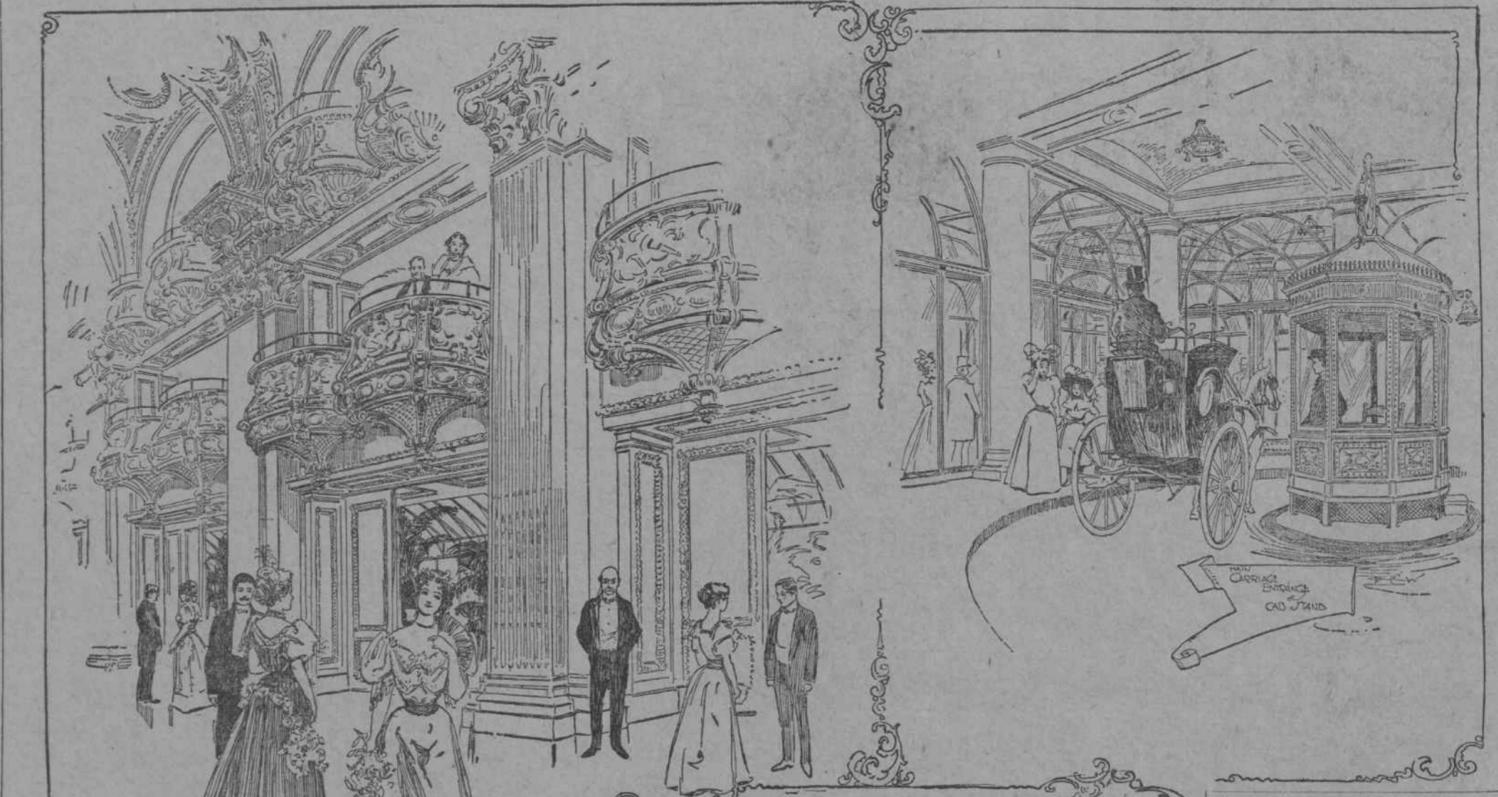
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NEW ASTORIA AN ENCHANTED PALACE, A CITY OF FAIRYLAND, A MAGIC TRIUMPH OF ART AND PLEASURE, A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

A Private View Reveals the Sumptuous Luxury of Its Grand Apartments; Its Ballroom, a Temple of Terpsichore; Its Glazed Parlor, Aglow with the Golden Sunlight; Its Dining Rooms, Fit for Kings; Its Murtle Room, Like Hymen's Bower.



DECIDES AGAINST PROPERTY OWNERS FORGAVE HIS GUILT TO BE HIS WIFE.

State Board Refuses to Open the Amsterdam Avenue Grant. Patient Jennie Bonney Married Young Hansee in the Tombs.

THE WORK MUST PROCEED TWO YEARS OF MISERY. Commissioners Say They Cannot Change a Grant When Once Made. He Had Brought Her from the Country Under Promise of Marriage.

The Board of Railroad Commissioners has denied the application of Commissioner of Public Works Collis, and citizens living on and near Amsterdam avenue for a reopening and rehearing of the application of the Forty-second street, Manhattanville and St. Nicholas Avenue Railway Company for approval of a change of motive power from horses to the underground system of electricity.

On August 18 the Board granted the petition of this company, there being no objection made at the public hearings on the matter, either by the municipality or citizens residing along the avenue. The Metropolitan Street Railway Company was given similar permission on March 18 last.

The Commissioner of Public Works avers that the construction of the massive surface mechanism for the conduits, electric conductors and tracks necessary for these two railway lines, parallel and close together, on the tracks, will offer great obstacles to the alteration, reopening or replacement of the six large 50-inch water mains which underlie the surface of the avenue side by side, and which will result in danger to the city's water supply will result therefrom, and that the operation of four tracks by electricity with rapidly moving cars will imperil life and limb.

The Metropolitan Street Railway Company, under permission of the Board and the authority of the Commissioner of Public Works, has advanced far in the work of its sub-surface construction. The Commissioner of Public Works, however, has refused to grant a like permit to the Forty-second Street company, and the company has now a proceeding in court to compel the Commissioner to give it that permission.

The Board says: The Board cannot act in this matter, for section 10 of the Board's law limits the consideration of the kind of motive power to be used, and so far as the use of the underground current of electricity. The tracks of both companies, so far as the grade is concerned, are on the same level. The Board has been able to ascertain, as legally in Amsterdam avenue, that the Corporation Council of the City of New York by action can compel either or both to vacate. For the purpose of this proceeding they must be considered as legally there. It is not for this Board to determine the right to be given to either of them.

In the event of the ultimate failure to obtain other than the underground system, the operation of these two lines of railroad in grade, side by side, is a matter of public safety. The speed of the cars can be absolutely controlled and kept down over the horse cars of four miles an hour, and all other features of the operation restrained within the bounds of safety.

King's Price List To-Day. Great bargain offering to-day in men's clothing at King's. Men's all wool suits at \$4.95, single and double breasted, twenty-five styles. Men's full Overcoats, silk lined, at \$8.50, all shades. Any house gets \$14 for these Overcoats, we sell at \$8.50. Men's all wool pants, \$1.25 and \$1.50, worth \$3. To-day at King's, the great clothing store, corner Broadway and Park place. Our only store.

Lord Kelvin to Sail To-day. Lord and Lady Kelvin will sail for home to-day, after a visit embracing Toronto, Vancouver and Yellowstone Park. Lord Kelvin visited Princeton University, from which he holds an honorary degree. Their party spent yesterday in sightseeing and last night went to a theatre.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient, the beauty and strength of woman's devotion.

These lines from Longfellow express the mainspring of action in a story that, beginning in Sullivan County and continuing through two heart-breaking years of desertion, had its principal development in the gloomy old Tombs.

The groom was Frederick Hansee, a Hoboken salesman, a good-looking, well-dressed young man, twenty-four years of age. The bride, Jennie Bonney, was blonde in appearance as well as name, being slender and trim, with big brown eyes, brown hair, a small mouth and shapely nose.

Hansee met her a couple of years ago when on a vacation at the town of Liberty, in Sullivan County. Her father was a prosperous farmer and the young man made ardent love. She was impressed by his dash and energy, and she yielded to his importunities to elope to New York.

They arrived at 10 o'clock at night, on October 17, 1895. He said that it was too late to get married that night, and they remained at a boarding house on West Fifth street till morning. Then he declared that he had not money enough to marry, and insisted that she send back to Liberty for \$75 that she had saved. The poor girl, in his power, and without friends, did so. In a couple of days the money came and then Hansee disappeared.

She Went Bravely to Work. From that time, until last Wednesday night, she never saw or heard from him. Left alone in the great city, and ashamed to return to her old home, her plight was a desperate one, but she bravely and honestly faced it. She would not let her life go to waste. She secured a position as a bookkeeper in a small office, and she worked hard; she gained the respect of her employer and all whom she met.

None knew of the tragedy of her life. For eight months past she has lived at No. 222 East Forty-fifth street, and the landlady, having heard of how a handsome clerk wanted her to marry him, and she refused his offer. They did not know that Jennie Bonney had the same problem to face as had Hardy's "Tess" when the second lover came.

On Wednesday evening Hansee was walking on West Fifth street, humming to himself the words of a song that had long been familiar to him. Last night as I lay on my pillow, I dreamed that my bonnie was dead. Bring back, O, bring back to me. But his "bonnie" was not dead, and suddenly, very pale, and with a renewed tremor about her lips, she stood before him. She had haunted Fifth street ever since the desertion, in the hope that the street that saw the beginning of her misery would see also the end of it.

Handed Him to a Policeman. Hansee was taken aback, and when, after a brief talk, he showed no disposition to right her wrongs, she came with a breaking heart, handed him over to a policeman on the double charge of abduction and theft, and in City Court Thursday morning he was bound over for trial. As he was being led away he asked to speak to her, and once more begged her to be his wife. She consented and he handed her \$10 and asked her to have a minister and a wedding ring at the Tombs yesterday morning. With the warden and keepers for witnesses the knot was yesterday tied by Rev. H. K. Sanford, pastor of the People's Church.

When seen after the ceremony, Hansee declared that he was perfectly happy, and glad that he was married. His wife went back to the Railroad Men's Building, at Madison avenue and Forty-fifth street, where she has worked for months past, and donning her waitress' gown, with its big white collar and cuffs, went about serving hungry men at the tables as calmly as if nothing had occurred. She said that she was perfectly happy.

On Monday Hansee will face Judge Court, and both he and his wife hope that he will be discharged. And thus this modern "old" well that ends well, which is like that of Shakespeare and in that its principal characters are an unwilling groom and a deserted bride, will end, it is hoped, in final happiness.

What Do You Want? An advertisement for it in the Sunday Journal's "Want" supplement to-morrow. Quick results. Picture of the first Mayor of Greater New York FREE with each "Want."

THE Waldorf, with its state apartments, gorgeous furnishings, carved furniture and priceless tapestries and bric-a-brac, will be wholly eclipsed after November 1 by its next-door neighbor, the new Astoria Hotel, a private view of which was given to the press yesterday by the architect, J. Hardenbergh, and the proprietor, George C. Boldt.

The new hotel represents the apotheosis of the de luxe luxury. It is so immense as a whole, yet so perfect down to the smallest detail, that the mind grows weary in summing up its qualities.

The skill of the architect and those who labored with him has made the roof of this modern hostelry almost as poetic and attractive as the magnificent ballroom; has gifted the kitchens with attractions that excite the envy of those who shall be called to work in them; has surrounded the most prosaic details of daily life with the glamour of magic; has created an earthly paradise, to enter which is to leave care and pocketbook behind.

The modern conveniences have placed kitchens on almost every floor, servants' hospitals, provided over by two experienced physicians; bachelor apartments, where the selfish misogynist may live and dream alone without fear of invasion by the gentler sex; clubrooms, billiard rooms, smoking parlors, reading rooms and libraries, sun parlors, roof gardens and observatories; a smaller ballroom, known as the English one, with Flemish decorations in color of flowers and fruit.

Opposite the entrance driveway is the handsome office of the hotel. There is a hundred men to register at once. West of the driveway entrance is the men's waiting room, luxuriously fitted up and adjoining it is Mr. Boldt's private office. Then follows the private ballroom entrance and beyond that is the cafe, a resort to dress away a lifetime. Bordered in English oak with Flemish decorations in color of flowers and fruit.

Ascending to the first floor by the east main staircase the eye is greeted with new beauties at every step. In the mezzanine floor is a landing where the orchestra will be placed, and at the head of the stairs you enter the smaller ballroom, known as the Astor gallery, with windows twenty-six feet high, fronting on Thirty-fourth street. This magnificent room has already been described in the Journal.

The Myrtle room, which follows next with its suite, is specially designed for the accommodation of wedding parties. This room is in the style of Louis XV., and is finished and furnished in delicate green and white.

The fourteenth and fifteenth floors are devoted to club rooms and bachelors' apartments. The fifteenth floor, at the west end of the building, is the great sun parlor, or summer dining room, furnished with every appliance for comfort and enjoyment. The roof is of glass, the windows innumerable, and there is a place for an orchestra.

The roof proper must furnish one of the most delightful of summer resorts. It will be rendered a fairyland with music, lights and potted plants and flowers. The grand promenade, a marvel of stonemasonry, is 40 by 200 feet, and from it you can see far into the misty limits of the greater city and be fanned by breezes as fresh as those which blow over wave-beaten shores.

and the feet slink almost ankle deep in luxurious carpets. The walls of this room are decorated with a series of mural paintings, the work of Charles Y. Turner. These pictures, twenty-seven in all, represent male and female figures holding in their hands flowers, fruit and birds. Each picture is surrounded by a handsome border of red, green and gold.

Coming from the dining room and on the right of the main corridor is another wonder of the great hotel—the garden court of palms similar to the palm garden of the Waldorf, but much larger and more elaborate. This dining garden rises through three stories to a dome-like roof of amber glass. The walls are of terra cotta and Pavonazzo marble. At the first and second stories are balconies with beautifully decorated balustrades, from which the scenes on the floor of the garden may be viewed by visitors to the hotel.

Mrs. Madeline Becker, of No. 417 Prospect place, Brooklyn, charged with stealing a valuable coat from the store of Frederick Looser & Co., in Brooklyn, was arraigned before Justice Brenner, in the Adams Street Police Court, in that borough, for the third time yesterday. Her case had been continued from day to day, solely on account of her youth and innocent appearance. There was no doubt about her guilt, for she was caught with the stolen coat across her arm, and had a satchel full of other valuable articles.

She admitted that she took the coat, and seemed so far from realizing the gravity of her offence that Justice Brenner found her case an extremely puzzling one. When she denied him yesterday morning he had evidently made up his mind in her favor, for after a few words of admonition he discharged her.

Met a Temptress in the Street. Mrs. Becker was seen at her home shortly after her release. She is an extremely attractive young woman of about twenty-seven, tall, light and graceful, and well formed, with large, expressive eyes. She told her story with the utmost frankness and without the slightest hesitation, although her eyes were full of tears.

"I am glad," she said, "to tell my story to the Journal, because I know that it treats everybody fairly and that everybody justly. I don't wish to deny that I took the coat. But I do want to say that I never did anything of the sort before, and that I committed this offence because I was sorely tempted by a smooth-tongued shoplifter.

Fineary Without Money. "I told her I hadn't the money to buy it, and we left the store together. When we were on the street she told me that I didn't need money to get the things I wanted. Little by little she led up to the point. She urged me to become a shoplifter, like her. She told me how easy it was, and offered to teach me. She flattered me and told me that so young and pretty a woman ought not to be without the good things of life. She said she would never miss the few little things you need so much.

"She finally induced me to make an appointment to meet her the following Monday, and to promise to bring a satchel with me. I met her as I had agreed to do, and she told me to go to the store. I did not, even then, of stealing anything. But her flattery confused and tempted me.

Too Much for Her to Resist. "In the coat department of Looser's I saw a coat that was just the thing I had wanted for a long time. I wanted it so badly that, although I had promised myself a hundred times I would never steal, I picked it up and started out with it. Of course, I had no chance of getting away with it. I was stopped, arrested and locked up.

"I don't know why I did such an awful thing. That woman led me astray, she made me forget the difference between right and wrong; she seemed to hypnotize me.

Mearest Thief Ever Tried. George O. Wallace, whom Recorder Goff has declared to be the meanest thief that has ever been tried, was sentenced yesterday to Sing Sing prison for two years. Wallace, who had been befriended by Mrs. Mary Ryan, of No. 9 Spring street, sent her a telegram announcing that her husband lay dead in Government Hospital. When she went to the hospital he looked her flat.

LOST HIS SIGHT

Randolph Theodore Hill Awoke to Find Himself Blind.

"GOD'S WILL BE DONE."

Those His Words When He Made Known the Affliction to His Daughter.

HIS EYES HIS GREAT DELIGHT.

Spoke of Them the Night Before as His Best Servants—Rupture of a Blood Vessel in the Brain.

Seventy-three years of age and a great-grandfather with a multitude of descendants, Randolph Theodore Hill awoke in the morning in gladness, pushed the shutters of his window to bow to the dawn as was his habit, and in an instant realized that he was blind.

Nothing physical or spiritual had prepared him for this. He is so well known, and so well liked, that from Tottenville, Staten Island, where his misfortune came to him, over the ferry to Port Amboy and in the cars to Mount Taber, N. J., where he lives, one may follow a trail of expressions of grief about him.

He is the least cast down. At Mount Taber, who does not know him? In a vast garden of lawn and large flowers in which is heard the murmur of a brook, young men with broad shoulders are at work with planks and planes. Young women carry pails of water or attend to other labors of housekeeping. Children roll in the grass. The most frequent passer by is attracted by the spectacle.

In the distance, behind trees, is the workshop, the ceiling of which is held by beams painted in all the colors of the rainbow. In the distance, behind trees, is the workshop, the ceiling of which is held by beams painted in all the colors of the rainbow. In the distance, behind trees, is the workshop, the ceiling of which is held by beams painted in all the colors of the rainbow.

Missed by Neighbors. The men and women, the old carpenter's fellow-laborers, his family, were at work as usual in this charming place in Mount Taber yesterday. The children played, the birds sang in the leaves, on tall bushes flowers trembled in the breeze. Randolph Theodore Hill came not out of the workshop.

He had made an excursion to Florida, where one of his sons has a plantation, and of his absence the country for miles around, was aware. But now every one knows that he has returned, and not to see him is shocking.

As he had not seen for a year his daughter, Mrs. E. M. Cooper, who lives at Tottenville, S. I., with her daughter and her husband, and his son, who lives at Mount Taber Saturday night to call on them. He carried a chest of tools, for there were surely repairs to be made to his daughter's house, and none could be glad to see him more than he. Therefore, none would make them better.

He was very, very joyful. There were stories of his habits, bears and alligators which he would tell to his great-grandchildren in the morning before church time. There were descriptions of Southern scenery, which he would make glad to his daughter, his granddaughter and her husband in the drawing room, under the elevated veranda, in the light of the lamp, the shade of which is so cleverly embroidered in the old style of Tottenville.

His Joy in Nature. He thought of these things as he walked up the road from the ferry house in long strides, carrying his chest of tools, bowing to every passer-by. He remarked to himself that his eyes were slowly closing, how it felt, and in the dusk people whom he had not met for a year.

To his daughter he said with a pleasant self-complacency that he had always known how to take care of his eyes. They were the best servants of his mind. He had not heard songs, sermons or speeches as exciting as the spectacles, which he had seen, for his eyes were discerning, his ears were not. He liked "Yankee Doodle" as well as the wedding march of Mendelssohn.

But his eyes were not as easily deceived. As long as Winter lasted it was enchanting to see in Florida the lawns, the green trees, the fields of grain and the purple violets, and the hedges and paths full of roses, and he asked himself there why one should ever quit that paradise. The trees are very green, covered with white flowers and green leaves.

When the first breeze of Spring came, however, he thought of the Florida lawns, which he would tell to his great-grandchildren in the morning before church time. There were descriptions of Southern scenery, which he would make glad to his daughter, his granddaughter and her husband in the drawing room, under the elevated veranda, in the light of the lamp, the shade of which is so cleverly embroidered in the old style of Tottenville.

The Light Failed. At dawn, as usual, he awoke. The room was darker than it should have been, but perhaps the sky was very cloudy. He pushed the shutters, thrust out his head and saw nothing. He lit a match to look at the clock of the mantelpiece. He did not see even the flame of the match.

He rubbed his eyes with his fingers, groped for his clothing, dressed slowly, went down the stairs in the terrible darkness which he felt, now, was in him, knocked at his daughter's door, and when she opened it, said softly, "My eyes will be done, my daughter, I am blind."

He said this with an assurance that made his daughter tremble. But she looked at him and doubted.