WOMAN EDITOR IN JAIL FOR LIBEL.

Mrs. Warner, of Willimantic, Conn., Committed in a Police Court.

COULDN'T GET $400 BAIL.

Her Paper Will Come Out as Usual, Unless They Keep Her Locked Up.

HER EDITORIALS TOO SHARP.

Citizens Have Attacked Her in the Street and Are Determined to Drive Her Out of the Town.

Willimantic, Conn., Oct. 19.—Kate G. Warner, the brilliant editor of the Willimantic Sunday Herald, who was arrested yesterday on a charge of criminal libel, was arraigned in the Police Court this forenoon before Judge Bowen and bound over in $400 bail for trial in the Superior Court. She had spent Monday night in jail, being unable to find a bondsman, and at a late hour this afternoon was still unable to get bail. Her husband, the business manager of the paper, was arrested at the same time and is in the same predicament. It is probable that both will be taken to the county seat and held till the day of trial.

The individuality of Mrs. Warner's editorial and journalistic policy has gained her a wide reputation, but it has also lost her almost all her friends.

Nothing daunts the woman. Everybody in Willimantic knows that a number of powerful people, stung by her caustic criticisms, have determined that she shall be disgraced and driven from the town; that even, if possible, she may be sentenced to a term in the penitentiary for libel. Seldom has a woman had to face so hard and pitiless a situation. Yet, as in the courtroom yesterday, she shuts her mouth with determination, and then, with a queer expression, compounded of humor and resolution, says:

"I think I am the first woman ever put under arrest for libel in New England, if not in the United States. But," she adds bravely, "my paper will come out as usual on Sunday morning—unless they keep me in jail." And then follows a little sigh.

Attacked an Excise Officer.

She was arrested on account of an article printed in last Sunady's Herald regarding Prosecuting Agent Leonard, the official to whom is assigned the task of keeping saloons closed on Sundays. Her style of treatment admits of no misunderstanding. This is a part of it:

> There is no denying the fact that rum is sold in Willimantic on Sundays. Mr. Leonard knows that rum sellers in Willimantic are selling on Sunday. Why doesn't he do his duty and stop them?

Then follow several paragraphs of very breezy suggestions as to the cause, and those breezy suggestions caused the warrant and the arrest.

It was only ten months ago that Mrs. Warner took charge of the Herald, as proprietor and editor, yet those months have been a time of constant warfare that has kept the people dodging and guessing. No one knew when his own turn was coming. Almost every one in Willimantic is nursing a wound, for in these ten months she has shot barbed editorial arrows in every direction.

She has supervised and criticised the faults, foibles, weaknesses and wickednesses of the town. It has been her assumption of general espionage that has caused the loss of her friends. The sentiment of the large majority of citizens, as voiced by a number of them, is:

"She has generally been right in her criticisms, but she ought not have made them. And when right she hasn't always had the exact proof of it."

Told of Good Deeds, Too.

In addition to her criticisms, which formed, after all, but a small part of the paper, Mrs. Warner has been eager to chronicle good hearted deeds. For week after week there have been alternations like the following:

> Last month's bill of the Captain of Police for salary, etc., was $83.50. It should have been $75.
>
> A little girl, who has a crippled mother, a sick brother, and a father who does not always work to support his family, has been seen many times eating from the garbage barrels on Main street. She lives in the stone row.
>
> Grocer Trudeau and Marketman Winton have been feeding a poor family for the past four or five weeks. A good example by kind-hearted men.
>
> The shadow detective who drove his tired horse forty-nine miles trying to ascertain "who told you?" is resting on his oars, but he will squirm later.
>
> It is laughable to watch the antics of that young lawyer who spends his evenings wandering over the meadows, near Dog Hill. What is the attraction, Mr. Blackstone?

Veiled hints like this were eagerly looked for, and this being but a small town, pretty nearly every one in it would be in possession of all the actual names and facts within a few hours.

But all the people of the town agree that the paper gradually got into the way of printing too many items with a hint of scandal and with the principals not so veiled as to defy an alert guessing scrutiny. The more conservative believe that this increase of undesirable items was owing to the influence of Mrs. Warner's husband.

Deservedly or otherwise, he is the most unpopular man in Willimantic, and as she, with true wifely spirit, does not try to shield herself by throwing blame on him, she has to suffer odium with him. She admits, however, that there has been somewhat too much of the objectionable matter.

Popular Before Marriage.

The couple was married not much over a year ago, and previous to that, as the Willimantic correspondent of a Middletown paper, Mrs. Warner was highly thought of, both socially and intellectually. Now, although there has never been a whisper against her character, she is socially ostracized, and is, indeed, so unpopular that no one will go on her bail bond.

Six weeks ago a man, under cover of darkness, walked up to her and struck her a violent blow in the face with his fist. A week later her windows were smashed with stones, and a shower of glass fell over her as she lay in bed. A few nights later came the crowning atrocity of all. A man seized her by the throat as she was going home from her office, and held her while another man, almost certainly known to be one of the prominent citizens of the town, poured a bucketful of tar over her head.

But even this did not conquer her.

Throwing her into jail for what she wrote is an act, she declares, on a par, in lack of manliness, with actually striking her.

Spinach Whiskered Policemen.

Here is a sample of her newspaper raillery that played a part in the police court hearing yesterday.

> All 8x coppers look alike to me,
> Though some wear spinach on their cheeks, I see.
> Sparrow coppers they must be,
> But they all look alike to me.

The policeman with the "spinach whiskers" was talked of by every household in town on the day that the doggerel appeared, and there was a snicker of amusement when he was yesterday called to the stand as a witness in the case of Leonard against the Warners.

"Are you qualified to give impartial evidence?" demanded Mrs. Warner's counsel, gravely. "Does not the reference to spinach rankle?"

There was a roar of laughter, and the policeman flushed to the roots of his hair.

"If anybody wants this spinach she can come and take it," he blurted out, at which the audience laughed more than ever.

The court room was crowded to the doors when the case was called, but it was noticeable that not a woman, besides Mrs. Warner herself, was present. She was dressed in black, with a black hat. Her forehead is square and straight. Her nose is small and slightly Roman, her eyes are large and brown, her ears are small, and well set. In the twinkle of the eye and the set of the mouth there are a decided suggestion of a sense of humor. Through her hair, in place of a hat pin, a long lead pencil was thrust—but this humorous touch was apparently unconscious.

At times the humors of the hearing, and they were many, made her smile.

Citing the Common Law.

Prosecuting Attorney Bigbee laid the greatest stress of his arguments on the fact that Leonard was a public official, and that, therefore, the ancient common law rulings would apply that made it a heinous offence to speak wrongfully of the king or queen or great nobles. The Judge had him repeat this, and gravely noted it down. Then the attorney quoted Coke and other ancient authorities.

"Going back pretty far to get me into jail," murmured Mrs. Warner.

Then came a deliciously involved argument regarding a newspaper clipping.

"Your Honor, I know that this is so vaguely written that no one can tell to whom it refers—it may have reference to Mr. Leonard—but in any case no one but the one who wrote it, or, perhaps, Mrs. Warner did, can understand its inference, and"——

Here the Judge interrupted with the remark that, as he said, nobody could tell anything about what or whom it referred to.

A circular was shown, stating "There'll be a hot time in this old town to-night. See to-morrow's Herald," and on this Mr. Bigbee grew as eloquent as Mr. Buzfuz.

"Your Honor, this says there'll be a hot time in this old town to-night, and next morning comes out an article regarding Mr. Leonard's career, along with other severe articles as well, on other men. Can any connection be plainer? I demand that this circular be admitted in evidence."

The Judge looked wisely at the circular, now right side up and now wrong, and then admitted it, "subject to future objection."

Leonard a Cautious Witness.

Leonard, the complainant, a round-faced, bullet-headed man, took the stand, and was asked if the article regarding him was correct.

"How much of the article do you mean?" he said, cautiously.

"All of it," said the prosecutor.

"All of it? Then I want to say it's every bit wrong," he declared. If only a part had been referred to, he might have admitted its correctness.

Captain Hillhouse, of the police, who had arrested the Warners and was in charge of them, was a witness in Leonard's behalf. He admitted that he had no love for Mrs. Warner, as her paper had bitterly attacked the police department, but he denied her charge that he had sworn at her and thrown her into the cell.

Throughout the hearing, except for the few minutes that the captain was on the stand, he forgot that he was an executive officer, and, sitting down by the prosecutor, eagerly conferred with him from time to time, took copious notes, and even helped the prosecutor to look up references in his law books.

And when the hearing was over, and the prisoners remanded for trial, the captain again became an executive officer and could not entirely hide a look of satisfaction as he once more marched the prisoners to their cells.

MINNIE SELIGMAN AND HER MARVELLOUS HAT ARE TRIUMPHANT IN COURT.

MINNIE SELIGMAN CUTTING yesterday won in her suit against Henry C. Miner for damages for breach of contract. She sued for $5,000. After fifteen minutes' deliberation the jury gave her a verdict for $3,:45, with interest since May 12, 1894.

The fair plaintiff was one of the first to arrive yesterday morning in Part IX. of the Supreme Court, where the case was tried before Justice Bischoff. Following her traditions so far she appeared in a new gown, a charming tailor-made affair of grayish blue whipcord of glove-like fit. Her little coat was of boyish suggestion, thrown open at the throat to display a blue and white striped silk shirt waist, fastened with white studs that were set with emeralds. From her black leather belt dangled a gold coin purse, the only feature of her costume that has not undergone a daily change since the trial began—except her hat.

A Millinery Marvel.

This marvellous product of the milliner's art is composed of dust-colored velvet and is nearer a turban in shape than anything else, with one side—the left, built up enormously high, like a steep gable roof. Running in every angle and at cross purposes, the velvet is gored and tucked, crumped and puckered, crushed and folded into Alpine ridges. Perpendicular flutes are massed around the face, and from there, following a circuitous route, cover the whole structure.

Perched on the right side of the gable roof is an impossible bird, a brown speckled combination affair—a partridge, with a tail built on the lines of a bird of Paradise. It has a long, graceful tail, that curls over her chignon and flutters about her back hair, responding to every motion of the wearer's head. It is a bird that would defy naturalists to classify. Those who saw it will never forget it.

Robert L. Cutting was the first witness called. He took up the thread of his testimony of the day before. He reiterated his statement that he wasn't aware of his wife procuring the terms she wanted until after the interview with Colonel Morton. He told of his visit to Cononel Morton on the memorable night in Newark, when his wife stated she was willing and eager to appear as "Lady Gladys," but was not allowed to do so.

Tragedy Behind the Scenes.

"I went to his office with Mr. Borgmyer, my wife's lawyer," he said. "Mr. Frank Murray, her stage manager; Mr. Glendenning and Mr. Pitt, members of her company were present. Mr. Borgmyer told Colonel Morton that he had come to demand that the dressing rooms be opened. Colonel Morton said, 'You cannot go on with the production until you cancel your contract with Mr. Miner and make a new one with me.' Mr. Borgmyer then asked to have the rooms opened so the people might move their effects. Colonel Morton said that could not be done until the Springer Lithograph Company's bill was paid, as well as the bill for the dress rehearsal.

"Without any attachment do you mean to hold these things by force?" asked Brogmyer. Morton replied that he did. 'Then I told Morton that he was a —— scoundrel. He took off his coat and made a rush toward me. I prepared to meet him, but somebody came between us. Colonel Morton went downstairs and announced from the stage that owing to a disagreement between Miss Seligman and the management there would be no performance."

Mr. Cutting denied having advised his wife not to play and saying that they could make more money by suing Mr. Miner.

Mr. Cutting stated that he met Mr. Miner the following day at Mr. Hummel's office, where his wife, her lawyer, Mr. Miner, Mr. Untermyer and Mr. Hummel were present.

"Mr. Miner told my wife," said the witness, "that it was foolish of her not to have gone on with the performance, and not to have made a new contract. He offered her 50 per cent if she would finish the engagement."

The testimony ended, the lawyers summed up, and the Judge charged the jury. Upon the return of the latter with the verdict Mrs. Cutting thanked each member as he filed out of the box.

YACHT BELLE WENT DOWN IN A STORM.

Struck a Log in the Sound and Sank in a Few Minutes.

CREW TOOK TO A BOAT.

Captain Sillman, Mr. Martinson and Yacht Broker Damers Had a Narrow Escape.

South Norwalk, Conn., Oct. 19.—The schooner yacht Belle, owned by Mr. Edward Coles, of New York, srtuck some obstruction in the Long Island Sound in a storm last night and sank in ten minutes.

Captain Fred Sillman, N. Martinson and John Damers, a ship and yacht broker, at No. 83 Wall street, New York City, were on board at the time.

They left New York on the yacht Sunday afternoon, and proceeded as far as Huntington, L. I., where they were weatherbound for several hours. Captain Sillman determined to leave that anchorage late yesterday, but when the vessel got out into the open water of the Sound he found it so rough that after consultation with the other two they undertook to put back.

Could Not Put Back.

This they were unable to do, and it was decided to continue on to Bridgeport. The sails were closely reefed, and the wind blew a gale all the afternoon and evening.

When the yacht was about midway between Huntington Harbor and Sheffield Island Light, which is off Norwalk Harbor, she struck some obstacle, probably a log or piece of wreckage. A large hole was stove in her starboard bow, and she filled rapidly. Attempts to repair the break were futile, and it became necessary to cut loose a small boat.

The three men took to the boat, and ten minutes later, at 11 o'clock at night, the yacht sank. The party then began a fight for their lives.

Neearly Swamped the Boat.

The rough water nearly swamped the small boat many times, and for six hours the men were kept busy bailing her out, their only implements being their hats. At 5 a. m. they reached this city and came ashore, exhausted. They left for New York this forenoon.

The yacht Belle was sixty feet in length, twenty-six tons burden and carried twenty tons of ballast. It is said an attempt will be made to raise her. The vessel was valued at $10,000.

> "He that will not when he may,
> When he would he shall have nay;"
> Thus a poet old doth say.
> Try a Journal "want" to-day.
> Ere your chance shall slip away.

HE WAS AWAY 48 YEARS.

'Forty-Niner Left His Wife to Seek Gold, Dropped Out of Sight, and Came Back a Poor Man.

Schenectady, N. Y., Oct. 19.—"Well, I'm back," said Nicholas Ven Vranken, in the tremulous voice of an old man eighty-one years old, yesterday to the wife he had not seen for forty-eight years.

"I'd hardly know you. Did you have a good time?" asked the aged wife as she opened her arms and gave him a kiss as warm as any he had received in his honeymoon days. She took him in, and the two are making their home together, and probably will continue to do so until they die. Both are poor, but the old man, despite his advanced age, says he'll work for her support.

When the California gold fever struck the East in '49 Van Vranken was a prosperous farmer, and he was among the adventurers who went from this vicinity. He left behind a wife and young son.

For two or three years the husband and wife corresponded. Then the letters ceased. Fifteen years after her husband's departure, and supposing him dead, Mrs. Van Vranken married again. Her second husband died a few years later. Since then she has had a hard struggle for existence.

Unannounced and unexpected, the husband who had left her forty-eight years ago walked into her home. He is no better off than when he went West in 1849.

Take the D., L. & W. R. R. to Cleveland, Ft. Wayne or Chicago. Through vestibule day coaches and buffet sleeping cars without change.

COAL MINERS STILL IDLE.

Five Thousand Suffering in the Northern Fields While Waiting for the Advanced Scale of Wages.

Spring Valley, Ill., Oct. 19.—This is the fifteenth week of the big coal strike on the Northern Illinois coal fields, with half the miners in this district still idle and waiting for the adoption of the Columbus scale, which many of the operators refuse to grant.

Yesterday A. L. Sweet, of the Chicago, Wilmington & Vermillion Coal Company; T. T. Bent, of the Oglesby Coal Company, and S. M. Dalsell, of the Spring Valley Coal Company, formulated a scale of their own making and submitted it to their miners. It is 6½ cents per ton below the scale made at Columbus, and is rejected by the men, who claim they are entitled to every cent of the advance orderel by the convention. In Spring Valley a thousand miners are still holding out, and in the La Salle, Streator and Braidwood fields as many more are idle, calling for the advance.

It is estimated that there are over 5,000 miners idle in the northern field. Great suffering exists, but the miners will not work under the scale price.

ALL NEWPORT SAW A PRETTY WEDDING.

Mr. Grenville B. Winthrop Weds Miss Arazelia Van Zandt Potter.

NO CHURCH DECORATIONS.

Bridesmaids and Society Folk Beautifies All Saints Chapel for the Ceremony.

Newport, R. I., Oct. 19.—Miss Arazelia Van Zandt Potter, daughter of Mrs. Charles Potter, and Mr. Grenville B. Winthrop were married at All Saints' Chapel at noon to-day. The chapel was well filled with society people. No decorations were attempted, the rich costumes of the ladies, the bright sun and the handsome bride and her five pretty bridesmaids being all that was needed. The bride is a grand-daughter of the wife of Governor C. C. Van Zandt, and the bridegroom belongs to one of the leading Knickerbocker families of New York.

But for the fact that Bishop Potter, of New York, was indisposed that distinguished prelate, a relative of the bride's family, would have officiated at the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Arthur Rogers.

The bride, leaning on the arm of her uncle, Lieutenant Alexander B. Dyer, U. S. A., was attired in white satin, en train, trimmed with rare old lace. She wore a long tulle veil, delicately trimmed with orange blossoms, and carried an ivory-bound prayer book.

The maid of honor was Miss Potter, the bride's sister. The bridesmaids were Miss Frances Theobold and Miss Lily Blackwood, of Baltimore; Miss Frances La Farge, of this city, and Miss Marian Duncan, of Boston. They wore yellow silk under white chiffon, with black hats trimmed with ostrich feathers.

The best man was Mr. Frederick Winthrop, brother of the groom, and the ushers were Mr. Charles Potter, brother of the bride; Mr. John Van Schaack Oddie, Mr. George Watts, Mr. Charles Leland, and Mr. Montgomery Story, of New York, and Mr. Howard Cushing, of Boston.

As the bridal party entered the church the Wedding March from Lohengrin was played, and Mendelssohn's Wedding March as the party left. The bride was in receipt of hundreds of presents, which were not shown. A wedding breakfast followed at the residence of the bride's mother, on Sunnyside place. After a wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop wil lreside in New York.

SHEEDY'S PRETTY DIVE.

From a Height of One Hundred Feet He Launched Himself, Head First, Into the Ohio River.

Louisville, Ky., Oct. 19.—One of the most beautiful high dives on record, and at the same time a daring one, was made to-day, by K. P. Sheedy, who leaped from the Louisville and Jeffersonville bridge into the Ohio river, a distance of 108 feet. He made the jump at the request of a number of friends. He was not injured in the least, and when pulled into a boat that was waiting said that he would leap from the tallest tower on the bridge Saturday. His descent was perfect. Instead of going feet first, he literally dove. He went down in a horizontal position until with 30 feet of the water, and the witnesses believed he would strike the water flatly on his stomach and be killed, but at the right moment his position was changed to the vertical, his hands were clasped over his head and he cut the water almost without a splash. He reappeared at the surface the next instant, for as he touched the water he threw his hands out, changed his downward course, and skimmed along for 20 feet, not 3 feet under.

Hat Factory Burned.

Danbury, Conn., Oct. 19.—The Bethel Hat Forming Company's factory, a co-operative concern, located in Bethel, about three miles south of this city, was burned to the ground this evening with a loss of $30,000. The employes, including several girls, barely escaped. Most of them had to leave their coats and hats behind.

MOTHER AND SON IN DOUBLE WEDDING.

Mrs. Julia B. Sterling the Former, Charles B. Sterling the Latter.

SOME ODD RELATIONSHIPS.

One Bride Is Mother-in-Law of the Other; Bridegroom Becomes a Stepson, Etc.

Of four radiantly happy people who stood before the altar in the Dutch Reformed Church, Fifty-seventh street and Madison avenue, yesterday, at noon, one bride became the mother-in-law of the other bride, one bridegroom became the stepson of the other bridegroom; the second bride became the stepdaughter-in-law to the first bridegroom, and——

However, one would need to draw a diagram in order to arrive at the number of charming relationships that were established by the double wedding of Mrs. Julia B. Sterling, of this city, to former Judge Howard Thornton, of Newburg, N. Y., and of Charles B. Sterling to Miss Julia Lindsay Morris.

As may be seen at a glance, the key to the riddle is that one of the brides was a widow, and one of the bridegrooms her son. Such a matrimonial complication is very unusual, possibly because young people have an awkward habit of objecting to the acquisition of step-parents. Hence it was that the guests at this double wedding were fervid in their expressions of delight at the harmony which had made it possible.

And even to the mere spectator it was obvious, from the beaming faces of the four principals, that Charles B. Sterling was delighted with his mother's choice of a second husband, that she was delighted with his choice of a bride, and that the other two were delighted to become members of such a united family.

Beyond most intimate friends, however, there were very few to enjoy an opportunity of noting this happy combination of circumstances. Seldom has a quieter wedding been seen. There was no music, and even the front doors of the church were kept shut. In fact, there were not more than twenty-five people in the church, all told.

The older couple, as seemed right, led the way to the altar. The matronly bride wore a travelling costue of brown cloth and silk, with a toque to match, trimmed with white plumes. On the corsage she wore a cluster of American Beauty roses.

The younger bride was also in brown, with a blouse of rich silk. She wore a big picture hat, nodding with plumes, and at her waist were white roses.

All four stood in line at the railing, and the Rev. Abbott E. Kittredge, rector of the church, made them two. That is, he performed the ceremony, first with the older couple and then with the younger. The nuptial blessing, however, was expanded to include the quartette.

A collation was served in the church parlors, where the two brides and two bridegrooms received the congratulation of their friends, and—more significant and charming still—of one another.

Calhoun—Ormiston.

The wedding of Miss Jessie Louise Ormiston and John Dudley Calhoun took place last night in St. Luke's Methodist Episcopal Church, Forty-first street, near Sixth avenue. Rev. Charles S. Harrower, the pastor, performed the ceremony at 8:30 o'clock. Miss Mabel Williams was the maid of honor, and Miss Frances Barnes, Miss Eleanor Osborn, Miss Carolyn Barnes and Miss Edna Calhoun, sister of the bridegroom, were the bridesmaids. Samuel A. Klein, of Brooklyn, assisted as best man, and the Messrs. Percy H. Williams, William Klipstein, Thomas Markillie and Byrd Walker were the ushers. After the church ceremony there was a large reception at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Warren Ormiston, No. 39 West Eighty-fourth street.

Darmstadt—Gitz.

Miss Marie Gitz and Charles H. Darmstadt were married last evening at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Gitz, No. 368 East Sixty-ninth street. Rev. Nicholas Bjerring performed the ceremony at 6:30 o'clock. Miss Lillian Gitz was her sister's maid of honor. Louis Darmstadt attended his brother as best man. The Messrs. Frederic C. Gitz and Edward Rattey were the ushers. Only relatives and a few intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, which was followed by a small reception.

Heilbroner—Aarons.

Miss Blanche Aarons, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. David Aarons, and Albert M. Heilbroner were married yesterday at noon. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Silverman at the home of the bride's brother, Joseph Aarons, No. 67 East Sixty-eighth street. There were no bridesmaids. The Messrs. Joseph Aarons and Milton D. Heilbroner acted as ushers. Owing to a somewhat recent family bereavement only sixty people, all relatives or intimate friends, attended the wedding. An elaborate bridal breakfast was served by Sherry afterward.

Mable—Kennedy.

Miss Louise Kennedy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Kennedy, was married last evening to Webster Boutelle Mable at the Second Collegiate Reformed Church, Lenox avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-third street. Rev. Dr. William Justin Harsha, the pastor, performed the ceremony at 8 o'clock. Miss Violet Adam was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Ethel Stillwell and Miss Alte. Worthington Graves acted as best man. The ushers were the Messrs. Frank T. Tansley, George Adam, John E. Roesser and Lewis C. Freeman. A reception followed at the home of the bride's parents.

Cahn—Herrman.

The wedding of Miss Minnie Herrman and James M. Cahn took place last night at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. G. M. Herrman, No. 135 East Sixtieth street. Rev. Dr. Kaufman Kohler performed the ceremony at 6:30 o'clock. The bride was given away by her brother, ex-Assemblyman Moses Herrman. The Messrs. Henry M. Herrman, Charles Herrman and Louis Herrman, all brothers of the bride, and David B. Cahn, brother of the bridegroom, were the ushers. A reception followed the ceremony.

Williams—Johnson.

Sing Sing, N. Y., Oct. 19.—A pretty home wedding took place this evening at No. 105 Croton avenue, the home of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Johnson, when their daughter, Miss Grace Estelle, was married to Irving Robert Williams, also of this village. The Rev. J. A. McWilliams, of the Presbyterian Church, officiated, and the Rev. William H. Johnson assisted. The maid of honor was Miss Harriet P. Johnson, a sister of the bride. The bridesmaids were Miss Edgarda Williams, a sister of the bridegroom, and Miss Helen A. Brown. The best man was Percy W. Rice, and the ushers John E. Johnson, Jr., and Walter L. Johnson, brothers of the bride, and Dr. William H. Park and Frederick M. Johnson, Jr., cousins.

"SOFT DRINKS" ONLY.

Chicago, Oct. 19.—John A. Logan and his associates cannot sell "refreshments" at the coming Horse Show. Citizens of Hyde Park have won out in their fight to prevent the sale of anything stronger than pop or circus lemonade at the show to be held in the Coliseum.

Secretary John A. Logan, of the Bit and Spur Club, has unequivocally declared that this auxiliary of the Horse Show will not violate the law: it will not sell liquor at the Coliseum. In a communication to Mayor Harrison to-day this fact is set forth.

The officials of the club and general manager of the Horse Show declare that the club never had any intention of violating the law by the sale of liquor in the prohibition district of Hyde Park.

VICTORIOUS VITALITY!

Dr. Greene's Great Illustrated Free Lecture to Men Last Night at Chickering Hall.

An Overflowing Audience Listens to the Renowned Physician and Specialist.

MAN'S DESTINY IS NOT DESPAIR.

The Glorious Birthright of Manly Vigor Restored to All Who Seek It Understandingly.

Searchlight of Truth Thrown on a Subject of Which Most Men Are Densely Ignorant.

"AS THY YEARS SO SHALL THY STRENGTH BE."

The Promise of Vigorous Manhood Is Held Out to All Men by Dr. Greene.

That Dr. Greene's free illustrated lectures are appreciated by the New York public is clearly shown by the dense crowd that listened to him last night at Chickering Hall and the many who were turned away, unable to gain admittance.

The inspiration of a grand work shone forth in every word the Doctor uttered, while the feeling that they were listening to the truth convincingly told was apparent in the earnest faces that made up the audience.

In these days, when it is the fashion to be pessimistic and cynical, when epigram strives for the mastery with honesty, and enthusiasts are looked upon with a smile of indulgence, Dr. Greene's soul-inspiring words of hope fall like a refreshing shower in the hearts of men eager to believe.

The consciousness of many men that the decay of their vital forces is the legitimate result of a foolish youth, that the whirlwind harvest they are reaping is the fruit to the wind they have sown, leads them to accept despair as their destiny and resign themselves to what they ignorantly believe to be fate. Another numerous class of despondent, hopeless men are those who have apparently inherited less than their share of nerve force and manly vitality; these consider themselves doubly aggrieved, and it is only after a fierce rebellion of soul and spirit that they finally submit and join the hopeless throng who say: "It is 'Kismet;' I struggle no more."

How saddening it is to witness the failure of a promising career! How incomprehensible to many are the lustreless existences due to the sapping of vital strength! Many men start out bravely in life, unaware of the insidious danger in ambush; their early moves are brilliant, their success the envy of their fellows. Suddenly the star wanes, the opportunity passes, the grand career has dwindled to the commonplace or been swallowed up in actual wreck. Nature is exacting the penalty due for the sins of this man or his parents.

The numbers of men who suffer from this demoralizing, desolating, ofttimes deadly impoverishment of nerve and vital force are very great. Many pursue their way in silence, many more become the victims of alluring quackery and find themselves thrust into deeper despair; but Dr. Greene says to the thousands who hear his voice and the hundreds of thousands who read his words in the newspapers: "Come and tell me your trouble and I will help you. My advice will cost you absolutely nothing, and the cost of the remedies and treatment which I will prescribe is insignificant."

It is a perfectly well authenticated fact that Dr. Greene's advice and treatment have restored thousands of men from outer darkness to usefulness and happiness.

Are you among those who are fighting against the tremendous odds which devitalization means? Are you hopeless, degraded in self-esteem, shrinking from the sight of your fellowmen, perhaps contemplating voluntary death? Stay, there is hope; nay, more. There is certain restoration to health! The priceless boon of healthful manhood shall be yours. The consultation rooms of the world-renowned physician and specialist, Dr. Greene, are thrown wide for your entry. Call on him or write, truthfully, the fullest description of your case, and his priceless advice will be furnished you without charge.

Dr. Greene is acknowledged to be the most eminent of any in the medical profession to-day. He has been and still is a profound and penetrating student, and his practical application of his discovery, together with his courage to send forth the message broadcast, is reflected in overwhelming words of gratitude and praise from all corners of the earth; from eminent citizens everywhere, from jurists, statesmen, financiers, prominent people and common people; from the gilded homes of the rich and the humble cottage of the poor; but probably more deep-toned and vibrating with sacred thankfulness than all others is the voice that rises from those men who, out of the sunlight of restored vitality, peer into the darkness from which they have emerged, and turn their thankful eyes toward Dr. Greene.

What, say you, is Dr. Greene stronger than nature? If nature exacts a penalty, can Dr. Greene turn back its hand? Somewhere within nature's storehouse there is a remedy for every ill, and for this ill of men—the exhaustion of physical vigor—Dr. Greene has found the soothing specific. Let the skeptical turn to the glorious testimony of those to whom Dr. Greene's remedies have meant and mean to-day more than life itself, and be convinced.

Not only may all men call upon and write to Dr. Greene without cost and secure his advice absolutely free, but inviolable professional secrecy is pledged to all, a secrecy respected by even the courts, and as sacred as the confessional. No letter is ever published except by consent in writing, and in nearly every case the request for publication comes from the writer, who is humanely desirous of uplifting his voice to assist afflicted manhood.

Inherited constitutional weakness, supplemented by youthful excess and dissipation, brings about old age at thirty and kills the moral sense; but even the strongest constitution breaks under the great strain to which it is subjected by modern business methods and modern adaptations of ancient vice. Devastation comes with crushing force to many who laughed at physical weakness in others. We are going "the pace that kills!" Nervous wrecks and shattered careers abound, and still men will not heed the warnings to "pull up" until they find themselves at the portal of the madhouse or facing the grim destroyer, death. These are they who have left unheeded Dr. Greene's earnest message of hope and promise of certain aid.

Do not deceive yourself; there is a limit to vital strength, and all men must recognize it. Nature will rebel, and nature's rebellion means disaster and death unless nature's remedies are applied. When you find that you cannot sleep, that you are irritable, incapable of concentration of mind, depressed and weary; that you have headaches and dizziness, impaired memory, a shrinking from companionship and a general consciousness of diminished vigor and ambition; when you have these sensations, you may be sure that your grasp on a place among the world of men is slipping from you, and instant steps must be taken to ward off the worst evil that comes to men.

There is something marvellous about the curative powers of Dr. Greene's wonderful remedies. They build up and soothe, and there is neither excessive stimulus nor reaction. They affect the reasoning faculties very quickly, the mind clears, the blood resumes its "wont and tempered flood," the step becomes elastic, eyes assume their old lustre, the nerves grow steady, and sleep, blessed sleep, adds its natural and soothing influence. Fancy the joy of the man who, after years in which there was not one restful night, to whom the hours allotted for recuperation have been a succession of horrible nightmares, finds himself some memorable morning peacefully waking from an all night's deep, refreshing slumber! With what renewed hope he looks out upon the world! What glorious visions of the future come to him! Gloom and depression have passed; he goes forth a new man.

The influence of Dr. Greene's remedies is so beneficent that there is a complete abatement of the tension under which the entire body and mind of the patient has been suffering, and the sleep which comes to him is as sweet and dreamless as that of a babe. This is of itself the guarantee of the harmlessness of these great remedies; they are not narcotic, they do not enforce sleep, they make the system permit it by simply preparing the system to perform its natural functions. How simple and yet how wonderful! "Bless the man that invented sleep." Deprive a man of healthy slumber, and he soon becomes a nervous wreck; but assure him that a proper amount of refreshing, restful, regular sleep will visit his pillow, and you have nearly guaranteed him permanent happiness.

Dr. Greene's remedies are nature's own remedies, and their most glorious characteristic is the permanence of their effect upon the system.

It is not wonderful that Dr. Greene's reputation has spread far and wide when it is known that he holds the key to unlock the doors of hope to the despairing among men, when it is fully realized that his research and study have discovered that one of nature's secrets most coveted by devitalized and vigorless manhood. His proud record is a record of reunited families, of the dawn of happiness in darkened households, of vigorous health and ambition driving out decay and despair, a record of hope and joy and peace. Bring your case to him at once; state, without fear of compromise, the full truth about yourself, and you will surely be cured.

Advice and treatment by mail are also invited by Dr. Greene. This is a great help to those who live at a distance and cannot bear the expense of a trip to the city, or who, through diffidence, prefer to describe their ills in a letter rather than in person. Consultation either by letter or office call is absolutely free, and the best advice follows without charge. You are, therefore, without excuse if you neglect the opportunity thus freely offered by this eminent physician to secure his purely scientific medical opinion and become once more a useful member of society, a blessing to your family and a comfort to yourself.

Dr. Greene's offices are at No. 35 West 14th street, New York City. Call on him there or write, and remember, whether you call in person or write a letter, consultation and advice are absolutely free.

To-night at 8 o'clock Dr. Greene will repeat in Chickering Hall this grand free private illustrated lecture to men only. No man should miss this lecture on account of the valuable advice and information given by the Doctor.

This (Wednesday) afternoon, in Chickering Hall, at 3 o'clock, Dr. Greene gives a free private lecture to women only, perfectly and completely illustrated by dissolving views. Admission to all lectures is free.

PANG YU TAI LUNG KEE CO.

Our tea plants we planted on the highest mountain in the country, so our teas are the most delicious and strongest in flavor, and we select and pack all the tea ourselves. We are registered in the Supreme Court of Hong Kong, and use the "Lion Playing with the Gold Coin" as our trade mark. Beware of imitations. Some people imitate our name and tea, but they have not the trade mark, and the teas are mostly common and of inferior quality. Beware of imitations and carefully look for the trade mark.

PANG YU TAI LUNG KEE CO., HONG KONG, CHINA.

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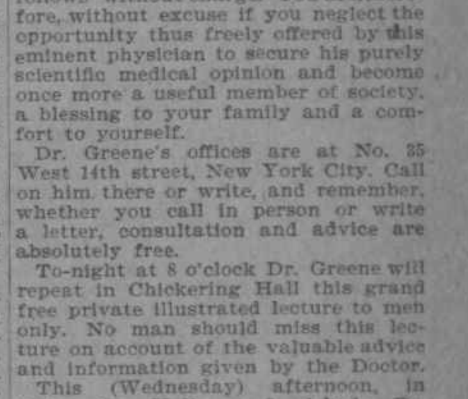
Kwong Wah Tai & Co., 14 Mott St., N. Y.



WHAT DO YOU WANT?

534 West 52d st., Oct. 18, 1897.

Publisher New York Journal:

Dear Sir—After using my advertisement in several of the leading newspapers, I was almost convinced that it was a waste of money to make any success with the help of newspaper advertising. A friend, who was a closer observer, suggested that I try the advertisement in the Journal, as he had noticed that everybody read the paper, and was surprised at the rapid gains in "want" advertising. I have had my advertisement in your paper for the last four weeks and am so well pleased with the results that I feel it is impossible to do business without advertising. The only question now is to find the right advertising medium, and I am sure I have it. Respectfully yours,

GREATER NEW YORK'S ADVERTISING NOVELTY AGENT.

Advertise for It in the Journal.