

# SIXTEEN BODIES FOUND AND THREE OTHERS REMAIN IN THE WRECK.

## WEEPING RELATIVES IDENTIFY THE DEAD.

### Not Enough Coffins at Cold Spring for the Bodies of the Victims of the Pitiful Fatality.

#### ALL OF THE KILLED NOW KNOWN EXCEPT ONE WOMAN

#### Coroner Preparing to Make Investigation into the Condition of the Track—Thirteen of the Bodies of the Dead Sent Away for Burial.

The two undertakers at Cold Spring, John Meckel and Albert Meltray, on a last look about their respective shops at 6 o'clock last night, gave signs of satisfaction and went to bed. They had been steadily at work for twenty-five hours preparing for burial the victims of the New York Central disaster and they deserved rest if ever men did.

The sixteen mangled and begrimed bodies handed out to them from the box car on Sunday evening had all been decently prepared for their last journey and even the hideous leprous countenance of old Hoo Wah, the guide of emigrant children, was smoothed with the always wonderful dignity of death. Each body was placed in a plain, crepe-covered coffin and the Coroner and his jury men took a look at them for remembrance at the inquest, which will begin this evening at 7:30 o'clock in Cold Spring, in the office of District Attorney J. Bennett Southard.

Of the eight Chinese, six were identified by Sam Ping Lee, of 4 Mott street. He gave orders to have the other sent, with those he knew, to the Joss House, at No. 13 Mott street, from whence they will be a great funeral on Thursday. Their names as given by Sam Ping Lee, who says he is the vice-president of the Chinese Benevolent Society, are Hoo Wah, Hoo Sing, Ling Sing, Thin Lee Sing, Lee Ding, and Ding Hop. The identity of the other two will probably never be known.

All the Chinamen, with the exception of Hoo Wah, were young men, and they all wore straw hats, marked on the inside with "Osaka, Yokohama, Japan." One of them had found in their compartment



Transferring Bedding from a Sleeper to the Shore.

the black felt affair worn by the American Montreal. This must have belonged to old Hoo Wah, who was evidently one of the guides employed by the Mott street man in the vicinity of the wreck. The bodies under his eyes and along his nose, the atrophied, clavicle condition of his hands and feet, and the dry, cracked skin on his breast, all indicated that the undertakers were gloves in handling him, and he was the only death at which no one seemed weepy.

#### All Claimed but Two.

Of the eight white bodies, all were recognized positively and claimed except the man Giuseppe Tognina and one of the women.

On Tognina's body was a photograph of himself and a woman and child, identifying his wife and baby taken at Brooklyn, of Albany, N. Y., and an identity card printed with the address of the Bangor Trust Co., No. 34 Park street, this city. Coroner Wood sent telegrams to both places, but had received no reply up to 1 o'clock this morning.

There was nothing in the woman's clothing from which to get a clue as to her identity. She was evidently a domestic from her rough hands, and she looked to be a Swede or Norwegian, about thirty-five years old. She had a high forehead, light brown hair, to which was added a false swirl, and she had in her ears a pair of imitation diamonds. She wore a black skirt, in the pocket of which was a half-dime time savings bank. She had on her feet a pair of heavy leather bedroom slippers.

The other woman, Mrs. Robert L. Henderson, was identified by her husband, a miller of Utica. Her maiden name was Annie Miller, and she was the widow of a man who had been killed in the wreck. She was a widow of a man who had been killed in the wreck. She was a widow of a man who had been killed in the wreck.

W. H. G. Meyer, a stalwart, long-looking young fellow, who was on his way home after a long job in Poughkeepsie, at his trade of varnishing, was claimed by his brother-in-law, George N. Segar. The body will go to his widowed mother's home on the Kingsbridge road, Yonkers.

Edgar A. Greene, of Chicago, was claimed by his uncle, George A. Greene, of Buffalo, the general counsel of the Lake Shore Railroad. He was a young architect of great promise, and he was on his way to Buffalo on the morning of the disaster. He was a young architect of great promise, and he was on his way to Buffalo on the morning of the disaster.

John Schlenker, of Buffalo, was claimed by his brother, Nicholas, who is a student at the University of Buffalo. He was a young man of about twenty years of age, and he was on his way to Buffalo on the morning of the disaster. He was a young man of about twenty years of age, and he was on his way to Buffalo on the morning of the disaster.



John G. Foyle, Engineer of the Wrecked Train, Whose Body is Missing.

Did John Foyle jump to safety when his engine went grinding and hissing into the waters of the Hudson, or has his body floated away with the tide? It has not been found, and his fate is yet a mystery.

## THE DEAD.

**GREENE, EDGAR A.**, twenty-seven years old, of No. 137 Dearborn street, Chicago. He was an architect in the employ of W. A. Oils & Co., and was coming to this city to purchase special building material for his firm. His mother, a widow, Mrs. D. L. Greene, lives at Dyckman, and the body will be taken there today for burial. He was positively identified by his uncle, George G. Greene, general counsel of the Lake Shore Railroad.

**LINDSMAN, MISS ROBERT H.**, twenty-two years old, of Utica, N. Y. She had been married only since August 23, as the little inscription inside her wedding ring showed. She was on her way to visit her parents in Croton, N. Y., and the body will be taken there today. Her maiden name was Mary Miller. Her husband fainted when he saw her, and his grief on his return to consciousness was pitiful.

**MEYER, W. H. G.**, of Tremont, N. Y., twenty-six years old, single. He was a varnisher, and was returning from a long job at Poughkeepsie. His widowed mother lives on the Kingsbridge road, near Jefferson avenue, and the body was sent there last night. He was identified by his brother-in-law, George N. Segar, of Passaic, N. J.

**REILLY, THOMAS**, 55 years old, of No. 2800 Wisconsin avenue, St. Louis, Mo. He was on his way to meet at New York his wife and mother, who reached here from England on the St. Paul last Saturday. They are expected at Cold Spring to claim the body this morning.

**SCHENKENBECKER, WILLIAM**, 38 years old, of Newark, N. J. He leaves a wife and two children. He was identified by his brother, Nicholas Becker, of Auburn, last night. Nicholas had taken off the first two syllables of his name because of its difficulty to the American tongue, and William had begun two weeks ago to sign his name William S. Becker. The body was shipped to Yonkers last night to his mother's home, at No. 520 Ashburton avenue.

**TAKEDA, GIUSUPE**, about 40 years old. Found in his pockets photograph of himself, a woman and a child, taken by Brooks at Albany, N. Y., and an illegible postal card from the Bangor Trust Co., No. 34 Park street, this city. No one has yet appeared to claim the body.

**WILLIAMS, SAMUEL**, 38 years old, of No. 781 West street, Buffalo. He was a member of the evening manufacturing firm of Williams Brothers and was going to this city to buy goods. He leaves a widow, Henry C. Williams, his brother, and the Rev. August Goetz, of the Bartholomew Evangelical Church of Buffalo, took the body home with them last night.

**UNKNOWN WOMAN**, about thirty-five years old. She looks like a Swede or Norwegian. Is stout, and has light brown hair, she was poorly dressed in a black and white plaid waist and black skirt, and on her feet were bedroom slippers; she wore a long braid of false hair, and had in her ears a pair of imitation diamonds; in her pocket was a partially filled time savings bank. Her hands are rough and discolored, and she looks like a domestic.

**FOYLE, JOHN G.**, fifty-one years old, of East Albany. Engineer of the wrecked train, and one of the oldest employees of the company. Body not yet recovered.

**MCKAY, ARCHIBALD Y.**, twenty-three years old, of No. 29 West One Hundred and Twelfth street. Private secretary to Superintendent Van Etten, of the New York Central. He had been married only six weeks. Body not yet recovered.

**EIGHT CHINAMEN**. Six of them were identified by Sam Ping Lee, of No. 4 Mott street, who has also taken charge of the other two bodies. They will be brought to this city today.

## THE WOUNDED.

**E. O. PARISH**, conductor of wrecked train, resident of New York, severely bruised.

**FRANK J. DEGAN**, resident of No. 220 West Thirty-fourth street, New York City, body bruised and face cut.

**HELMAN ACKER**, baggage-man of wrecked train, resident of Peekskill, N. Y., bruised and head cut.

**T. PARSONS**, free bruiser, injuries slight.

**SHAW**, express agent on wrecked train, resident of New York, slight bruises.

**JOHN E. RYAN**, resident of No. 204 Barrow street, Jersey City, badly lacerated arm and leg; in hospital at Peekskill.

**CLARENCE MORGAN**, of Albany, N. Y., broken shoulder; in hospital at Peekskill.

**W. S. LANGFORD**, resident of No. 215 West Forty-seventh street, laceration of hand and arm; at Flower Hospital, New York.

**JOHN FLOOD**, laborer, resident of Lockport, N. Y., head and arm cut; at Flower Hospital, New York.

**JOHN SMITH**, American Express messenger, injured internally; at Flower Hospital, New York.

Three Chinamen, badly cut and bruised; in hospital at Peekskill; one identified as Quang Ding.

None of the injured is expected to die.

## WIFE'S DESPAIR ENDS IN RADIANCE.

### Starving Estrella Belifante Awakes to a Feast of Joy.

At the Harrington Hotel, then he went on to renew her room rent, there was not a cent left to her. "What infamy!" she exclaimed, "I have sent you to the poor woman at first with food and clothing, and now you are leaving me to starve!" She was twenty-four years old. She is not dazzlingly beautiful, but her hair and eyes are of a rich, golden color. She was with forty Italian operas in her repertoire. Why is not her voice golden and a color of gold in the days before her marriage? Then she was blind, since the birth of her daughter, Estrella Belifante, she has been a little. She can write, read and sew, and is a very good housewife. She was a member of the Italian Ambassadors and to Mrs. Houston, daughter of Ralph Waldo Emerson, but the manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra would not see her even. She returned to New York Wednesday.

**Despair Caused by Board Bill.** At the Harrington she learned that her bill for board, amounting already to \$50, she thought it should be \$45, was too large. She left her luggage, including gowns of silk, satin and brocade, and went into the world, aimlessly.

To Professor Gianni she could trust the baby, she knew; but he was not rich. So, she pawned her fur cloak for \$15 and gave the money to him in advance for his wife's care of the child.

She walked away from Gianni's house, disconsolate, for the Professor said, "I am afraid your husband has deserted you." Mr. Allen at the Harrington had said something like this, which she felt certain was a cruel calumny.

She was poor, her husband was poor and the world would break her heart by insulting him. There were persons to whom she might make an appeal for bread, but surely they would say, "Your husband has deserted you," or "He is dead!"

The alternative was to starve, and since morality allowed the path of her eyes to be turned to the Metropolitan Hotel last Wednesday by the man who had paid \$1 for a room. When she had paid \$1 the next day she was in the hands of the police.

## FORGOT HIS BRIDE.

### After One Experience She Wouldn't Allow Her Husband to Forget Her Sights.

I hear from Quebec of a little cloud which darkened the honeymoon sky of a Washington bridegroom and bride, who are doing the grand tour of Canada. The bride is exceedingly pretty, blond and an October expectant, and just eighteen years old. The bridegroom is her senior by more than a year. They spent the first Sunday of their honeymoon in Quebec, and planned to attend morning service at one of the old churches. Something about the bridegroom displeased the bridegroom, and he quit the hotel dining room, leaving the pretty bride to finish the meal alone.

The five o'clock train left one hundred volunteers, patrolled the beach all night to render assistance should any of the fleet be lost.

She replied to questions about her career as a singer with the sentiment of one who does not think that everything is vain. "I sang in the White House on the 4th of May," she wrote in answer to one question. She wrote this, smiling, and said, "I sang in the White House in May. I starved in this white hotel in October. I have been rich, I am poor. How like my temperment my life is! In the blue air to-day, in an abyss to-morrow!"

The physician, Dr. William H. Krause, said that with care her strength would soon return; a telegraphic message from Italy said that there was a sum of seventy-five dollars from her aunt to her at a banker's; a letter from her husband said that "straight from the heart" was catching and infectious, slowly but surely.

**Put Her Fortune in a Pin.** Her husband, Willis Edminister, a month after their marriage, a year ago, placed her dowry of \$15,000 in that melodramatic "straight from the heart" investment, which was not profitable. The weekly returns were not certain. Edminister lived with his wife and their child until two months ago

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## SURE TO WRITE TO FATHER.

First Father—Ah! sons are very ungrateful! I have sent mine to college. I write to him every week, but he never has time even to send me a postal card to say how he is getting on.

Second Father—Oh! I can always get a letter from my son.

First Father—How? Second Father—Well, I write to him, saying, "Dear John, I enclose ten pounds."

First Father—Well? Second Father—Well, I don't enclose it, that's all—To-day.

**A Husband Truly Thankful.** "There's one thing," said Mr. Hammond, "for which I am truly thankful, and that is that my wife and I came to a new town as soon as we were married."

"I suppose," his friend replied, "that you and business much better here than it was where you came from."

"Well, no, not that particularly, but every time my wife sees anybody who is supposed to know anything about diamonds she gets estimates on the probable cost of her engagement ring, and if I didn't have the chance to make her believe that jewels are much more costly where we came from than they are here, I don't know what would happen."—Cleveland Leader.

## WATCHING THEM CLOSELY.

Yesterday Journal "Wants" asked 300 over same day last year. Are you seeking work?

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## WHERE IS THE TOTAL ROSTER OF THE DEAD.

### All the Wounded in the Hospitals Will Recover from Their Injuries Received in the Wreck.

#### INDICATIONS THAT THE TRACK AND ROADBED SLID.

#### Engine Passed Over the Danger Place and Then Was Dragged by the Cars—The Engineer Had Applied the Brakes, Foreseeing the Peril.

With the first grey streak of dawn yesterday the skillful wreckers in the employ of the railway company and the trained marine salvage men of the Chapman-Merritt Company began the work of raising the sunken cars, and locating the lost engine. The giant floating derrick "Reliance" had been moved close in to shore, its mighty arms overhanging two of the nearly submerged sleeping cars, and two powerful tugs stood by to lend assistance. On shore a large double-derrick wrecking car, supplemented by ground tackle, moved by a big locomotive, aided the floating derrick.

Divers Kivlin, Olson and Tooker hooked heavy chains around the body of the submerged sleeping car Glen Alpine, which was fastened to the hook-tackles of the big derrick, and heavy guy lines were run ashore to the donkey engine of the wrecking train. Then—and it was toward daylight and the light and the hills overlooking the tracks were lined with spectators—a given signal the engines of the great derrick started to move, and the arms strained slowly to the accompaniment of a rattle and clank of chains and gear, the body of the seventy-foot sleeping car rose to the surface.

The crowds on the shore cheered, for it was a wonderful sight—a remarkable exhibit of the power of the engine. Presently the whole body of the wrecked car swung clear of the water and high into the air, and the great derrick, which had been crowded up slowly and steadily toward the strain, straightened up slowly and gently lowered the poor, shattered, disfigured body of the sleeping car till it rested upon the deck of the scow.

#### No Bodies in the Cars.

Then there was a rush of sight-seers to the water's edge, a rush which the cordon of special policemen speedily arrested. And then the crowd became suddenly silent—all in the expectation of new horrors yet to be revealed, as an agile man swung himself up to the shattered end of the car, picked up a man's hat, the debris and entered the car for bodies.

He was in the car not longer than five minutes but the five minutes seemed an age to the people on shore, some of whom had waited the long night through in agonizing vigil, fearful that bodies of missing friends might yet be found in the wrecked cars. When the man emerged from the rear end of the car he turned toward the shore, waved his hand and shook his head. The sign was enough, and the crowd standing wet, dripping, silent, staring in the drizzling rain answered with another cheer.

But a sorry sight the wrecked Glen Alpine presented as she lay on the deck of the lighter wet and dripping with water. Railroad men continued in satisfaction to look upon the wreck, that they were work remained intact and that only the vestibules at the ends had been "crushed."

The frame work of the Glen Alpine was all that did remain intact. The front end and half of one side were tipped out as if the car had been made of cardboard, and a wide, jagged opening through which the crowd could see the empty, dripping, mangled seats and cushions from the rear end of the car he turned toward the shore, waved his hand and shook his head. The sign was enough, and the crowd standing wet, dripping, silent, staring in the drizzling rain answered with another cheer.

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## PARKERTOWN FLOODED BY THE TIDES.

### Inhabitants of the Little Village Near Seabright Compelled to Leave Their Homes in Boats.

An unusual high tide last night compelled many of the inhabitants of Parkertown, a little village of fishermen on the New Jersey coast, about two miles north of the Highlands of New Jersey, and about three miles from Atlantic Highlands, to leave their homes and take refuge in the Highlands, which tower above the town.

Last winter the ocean broke through the spit of land known as Sandy Hook, and a point almost directly opposite the town, so that now this little collection of houses gets the full force of the wind and the tide and is almost entirely surrounded by water. The entire lower part of the town is covered with water, while the town itself is a narrow strip of land, and the tide runs in between the houses and carries them off and over the rocks. Several of the fishermen who live nearest the shore were out off and were compelled to take refuge either in the second story or on the roofs. They were rescued in boats by their neighbors.

The damage in dollars and cents will be large, but the loss of the furniture and their homes will mean much to the claimants.

A dispatch last night from the Journal's correspondent at Seabright said that the tide was several feet higher than it usually is, and that it ran in from the bay in a great force, and struck Parkertown with telling force. Many living on the lower ground took warning in time and fled to higher ground. The tide was several feet higher than it usually is, and that it ran in from the bay in a great force, and struck Parkertown with telling force. Many living on the lower ground took warning in time and fled to higher ground.

Parkertown is one of the oldest settlements of the Jersey coast. In the days of sailing ships many of the captains made it a habit to anchor in Parkertown Cove and fill their water barrels from the famous spring in Parkertown. There are about two hundred inhabitants who make their living by fishing. It has never been able to change its nature, and the old inhabitants are still authorities on the ways of climate, wind and the ocean. The town is built on a point of land, and the water rises of high tides, but never have they had such an experience as they passed through last night.

It was not until nine o'clock at night that the Niobe, the last of the wrecked sleeping cars, was raised and loaded for shipment to the repair shops. Maintaining the half-sunken condition car, in which had been miserably crushed and the white man, Reilly, had been drowned, was saturated with kerosene by some of the hundreds of shore wreckers employed by the company, and set on fire.

Down the river a hundred yards the passenger car, which had been crushed and set on fire, was raised and loaded for shipment to the repair shops. Maintaining the half-sunken condition car, in which had been miserably crushed and the white man, Reilly, had been drowned, was saturated with kerosene by some of the hundreds of shore wreckers employed by the company, and set on fire.

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