

MURDERER'S DAUGHTER SAYS DEATH SHOULD BE HER FATHER'S PORTION.



WOULD NOT RECOGNIZE HIS DAUGHTER.



KISSING THROUGH THE CELL BARS.

CONSTANTINE STEIGER, alias "Fritz Meyer," the murderer of Policeman Smith, yesterday refused to recognize his own daughter, when she advanced toward him in the court room.

It was a hard day for Steiger. He was positively identified as one of the two men who, in last July, lured Brewer Ochs to a lonely house, to rob and strangle him.

His own daughter charged him to his face, with having been the murderer of the bell ringer of the Williamsburg church on August 20. He denied having committed that crime, but it is understood that Captain Lees, of the Stagg street station, has important evidence in his possession proving that he was the murderer of the bell-ringer, and this evidence he hopes to be able to make public to-day.

Forty-five men were examined yesterday, but only three new jurors were secured, making five in all. Those chosen yesterday were Edward J. Fletcher, a dealer in silverware, of No. 217 West Street, William H. Devere, a farmer, from the Boston road, and Monroe Cohen, a shoemaker, of No. 113 East Eighty-first street.

The Steiger family, both mother and children, are given the very highest character by their neighbors in Brooklyn and by the public.

After court adjourned, the daughter was led to the Tombs to have an interview with her father. Meyer would not come from his cell in the hospital ward, and so, accompanied by Captain Lees' the girl was conducted to him. She passed along the dim corridor with faltering steps, and when she reached the door behind whose grated bars she saw her father's face, she tottered, half-fainting, backward, and when she had fallen had not the captain caught her in his arms. In a few moments she recovered herself and advanced to the door of the cell.

He Denied Knowing His Child. "Father," she said, "how could you have done this?"

The trial of Constantine Steiger, otherwise known as Fritz Meyer, for the murder of Policeman Smith, was in progress yesterday, when Louisa Steiger, his daughter, entered the room. The father would not recognize her, although she positively identified him. Later the young woman visited her father in the Tombs. There Steiger admitted she was his daughter, and begged her to kiss him.

Moses Meyer, a dry goods merchant, of No. 226 Bushwick avenue, identified the prisoner as the burglar who entered his house, on November 15, 1893, and unmercifully assaulted him. For that crime the prisoner served a term of five years in Sing Sing. He was also identified as the man who made a murderous assault on Leonard Kober, his brother-in-law, of No. 48 Harrison street, for which crime he served five years in the Kings County Penitentiary.

Slayer of Policeman Smith Identified as Steiger by His Own Child.

SHE SAYS HE IS BAD.

At First He Denies Knowing Her, but Later Relents and Asks a Good-By Kiss.

HIS FAMILY HAVE LIVED IN FEAR.

The Daughter Declares That Her Mother Has Been in Terror for Her Own Life—She Believes Steiger Killed the Bell-ringer.

The Steiger family, both mother and children, are given the very highest character by their neighbors in Brooklyn and by the public.

After court adjourned, the daughter was led to the Tombs to have an interview with her father. Meyer would not come from his cell in the hospital ward, and so, accompanied by Captain Lees' the girl was conducted to him.

He Denied Knowing His Child. "Father," she said, "how could you have done this?"

The trial of Constantine Steiger, otherwise known as Fritz Meyer, for the murder of Policeman Smith, was in progress yesterday, when Louisa Steiger, his daughter, entered the room.

Moses Meyer, a dry goods merchant, of No. 226 Bushwick avenue, identified the prisoner as the burglar who entered his house, on November 15, 1893, and unmercifully assaulted him.

Forty-five men were examined yesterday, but only three new jurors were secured, making five in all. Those chosen yesterday were Edward J. Fletcher, a dealer in silverware, of No. 217 West Street, William H. Devere, a farmer, from the Boston road, and Monroe Cohen, a shoemaker, of No. 113 East Eighty-first street.

The Steiger family, both mother and children, are given the very highest character by their neighbors in Brooklyn and by the public.

After court adjourned, the daughter was led to the Tombs to have an interview with her father. Meyer would not come from his cell in the hospital ward, and so, accompanied by Captain Lees' the girl was conducted to him.

FLOWER SHOW AS A SOCIETY FUNCTION.

Will Immediately Precede the Annual Horse Exhibition.

HELD AT THE NEW ASTORIA

Private Greenhouses to Furnish Wonderful Treasures for the Benefit of Charity.

M'KINLEY TO BE AN EXHIBITOR.

The President Will Send Flowers from the White House Conservatories, and All Fashion Will Join In.

As if the Horse Show were not enough by way of being a fashionable fixture for November, New York is to have another event attached, which its promoters fondly believe will be quite the most fashionable thing ever contrived. It is to be a flower show. There! There!

Pray let not any reader elevate his nose and say that flower shows have happened before now. Of course, they have; more shows of flowers grown by men and women in trade; flowers exhibited by dealers who sell flowers; flowers exhibited from conservatories, which supply the market.

The promoters announce that they have already received assurances which warrant the holding of a grand and several new varieties of chrysanthemums and roses.

One of the "private" growers will be William McKinley, of Washington, D. C. His little greenhouse, opposite the Capitol, on Pennsylvania, is cared for by that excellent gardener, Uncle Sam, and his excellent help, Uncle John, and his excellent boy, Uncle Willie.

Other exhibitors who promise to send the best they have from their private greenhouses are: Mr. Charles Jones, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Allen, Mr. Perry Belmont, Mr. William Reid, Mrs. J. P. Keenan, Mr. H. G. Morgan, Mr. Henry Haverker, the Show Garden, Mr. J. P. Keenan, Mr. H. G. Morgan, Mr. Henry Haverker, the Show Garden, Mr. J. P. Keenan, Mr. H. G. Morgan, Mr. Henry Haverker, the Show Garden.

The Astoria Theatre and a number of the new hotel's lobbies will contain the exhibits.

The city man who seeks a home To suit his wife, his girls and lands, Will find the very place he wants If he will watch the Journal ads.

Robbed Maid of Braids. Miss Josephine Jennings Loses Her Dainty Brown Locks Because of a Gypsy's Admiration Therefor.

WEALTH, AIMLESS AND ALONE JESSIE PARSONS LEFT LIFE.



Jessie Parsons—Young, Beautiful, Athletic, Rich—a Suicid.

She Killed Herself with the Revolver That Was a Pride of Her Athletic Training, Because She Knew Not Love, Nor Fashionable Society, Nor the Way to Acquire Knowledge, and Was Discouraged with Fate.

To the little village in Westchester County of Poundridge, where she was essentially active, returned yesterday, lifeless, Jessie Kellogg Parsons. Why, tall, lithe, athletic, brave and not at all inclined to morbidity, she killed herself in a fashionable hotel of New York on Monday night, even her most intimate friends may not tell in a phrase.

Chapter I. She was born at Poundridge twenty-six years ago, the daughter of her father's housekeeper, Miss Kellogg. He, W. E. Parsons, had acquired in New York celebrity as a dentist. He was learned and practical; he was obstinate and proud. He had in New York a wife, from whom he had been separated legally, and six children, only one of whom he ever cared to see.

Chapter II. Dr. Parsons invited to his home six years ago, a young man who had been educated in England. He was the son of one of Dr. Parsons' earliest friends, and his reputation was that of a charming scapegrace. He appeared and his presence destroyed, or at least, astonished the ideas of him which had been formed at Poundridge.

Chapter III. Miss Parsons' mother died a year ago. Then her father fell ill. She nursed him patiently, heroically, during every moment of his malady, abandoning every thought to be the slave of his mind. He died in London, leaving her the large estate of which was as follows:

HER FIRST TRIP BY RAIL. Seventy-nine Years Had Mrs. Eliza Becker Seen Before She Ventured on a Steam Car.

OLD DEATH HELD A FULL. Murder and Suicide as the Result of a Quarrel Over a Game of Poker.

BEAUTIFUL SKIN. Soft, White Hands with Shapely Nails, Luxuriant Hair, with Clear Wholesome Skin, produced by CUTICURA SOAP.

Aticura. WHAT DO YOU WANT? HIGHER! Body... Well Nourished... Postum Cereal... Food Coffee.