

SIXTEEN, PRETTY BUT WEARY OF LIFE.

Cecile Guimaraes, a Little French Miss, Overcome with Loneliness and Tired of Being Scolded, Shoots Herself.

TWO LINES LEFT TO TELL OF THE PARTING.

She Leaves a Pathetic Note to Her Parents Declaring Her Intention to Die—Her Body Found in a Clump of Bushes at East Orange.

Cecile Guimaraes, a pretty sixteen-year-old girl of East Orange, shot herself with her father's revolver yesterday because she felt lonely and believed that her parents did not love her.

In a lot covered with bushes, through which wagons have made a path and boys a playground, at East Orange, N. J., the driver of a brewery wagon found, yesterday, Cecile Guimaraes, dead.

Her dress was a skirt of gray cloth, a shirt waist of changeable silk, a white apron, edged with lace, infinitely delicate. It was the dress of the young girls who run in the fields after butterflies, in the plays of Scribe.

It suited charmingly in life the sulcid's Parisian face, a little amiable but of warm pallor, with large, brown eyes, the expression of which was ingenuous. Now it seemed to be the disguise of a tragedy queen.

Her features were set in an expression of anger which an artist would have liked to immobilize in marble. She was beautiful. She was not the pretty little girl whom all the young men of Brighton and Springdale avenues regarded as a flower grown in a hot-house.

She had a governess. There was a private school where she was an occasional student in branches of learning that are more easily taught in classes, but to go to this school or to come from it she had a chaperon.

How difficult it is to be individual even in manners! Cecile Guimaraes would have preferred to be brought up in the fashion of her friends. Her father, Henri G. Guimaraes, a commission merchant, member of the Produce Exchange in New York, loving her ardently, expected of her absolute obedience in absolute fidelity to his discipline. It might have been possible to Miss Cecile, in France.

She came to New York Wednesday morning to take luncheon with her aunt, who is charmingly disobedient, and to call on friends. They were not at home, and in search of them Miss Cecile missed her train.

He reproved her, she rebelled. He scolded, she replied angrily, for her temperament was like her father's. She went to her room, where her evenings of long resentment were usually dissipated in reading from the French books of her little library the tales of Mme. d'Aulnoy, the deliciously simple novelettes of the Comtesse de Segrar and the letters of Mme. de Sevigne.

Miss Cecile was melancholy. In April, in her arms, her little sister died. Mrs. Guimaraes was at Atlantic City then, with Mildred, eight years old, who was ill. The child who died in Miss Cecile's arms was affected with cerebral spinal meningitis. The malady had been exhausting to Miss Cecile as a nurse—the death almost killed her.

She never recovered from the impression of it. In her head she felt incessantly a pressure which, she feared, would make her insane. She said this with smiles, but she said it too frequently not to convey the impression that the thought was an obsession to her.

More or less for days and days, the slightest disappointment at times made her unkind to others. Her mother, to whom Miss Cecile was passionately devoted, patted her head, placed her arm around the child's neck, kissed her, and the storm was quieted.

But Mrs. Guimaraes, Wednesday evening, preoccupied by the care of her baby, five weeks old, did not talk to Miss Cecile, who, alone in her room, pondered over her isolation, her misfortune, her disappointment in life. How grave at sixteen years of age are disappointments that are insignificant! The less they exist the more they are grave.

Miss Cecile wrote with a very firm hand a letter addressed to nobody, in which she said that she was tired of life and intended to kill herself.

Her father found it an hour after she had written it. The absence of her room had made him fear that she was breaking her heart at her library table over her wrongs, fancied or real.

She had gone out of doors at 7:45 o'clock, the maid said, without her hat. This was an indication that she had not gone far. But Miss Cecile could not be found at the houses of neighbors, whose acquaintance the Guimaraes family have made only indifferently in the three years of their residence at East Orange.

Mr. Guimaraes inquired for an instant that his daughter had simply run away from home. Mrs. Guimaraes realized at once that she would kill herself, and fell into a delirious fever. Mr. Guimaraes summoned the family physician, alarmed the police of Orange, Bloomfield, Montclair, Newark and New York, and joined the searching expedition which his neighbors had already formed.

In this expedition were A. F. Irving, Edwin I. George, Howard Smith and John Anderson. They had bicycles, wagons, brooms, they went to the deserted roads, they climbed over fences of enclosed lots. They thought of poison and searched the drug stores.

They did not think of Mr. Guimaraes's revolver which he carried in his pocket. Her father learned this only three hours after his return, exhausted from the chase. As soon as the dog which had made the search started in the night, had vanished, in the open lot near the house of the Guimaraes family Miss Cecile, dead, had been found.

From the place where she killed herself, near the point where East Park street and Midland avenue meet, she could see the light burning in her room and perhaps the shadow of her father reading her letter.

She shot herself once only. The bullet passed through her chest near the heart.

The physician said that death must have come quickly. The County Physician, Dr. Washington, said that Miss Cecile's visit to New York included a business errand to a young woman about whom her father was disquieted. Miss Cecile did not see her.

Dr. Washington said also that Miss Cecile had written a letter in four pages of foolscap to her parents. The tenor of it he would not tell. He said only that it contained nothing more interesting than the two lines found in her room on a page addressed to nobody.

DO YOU WANT TO KNOW ALL ABOUT GREATER NEW YORK PATRONAGE? SEE TO-MORROW'S JOURNAL.

CECILE GUIMARAES



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FOUR KILLED BY A TRAMP.

A Canadian Farmer Found His Three Girls and His Son Murdered When He Returned from a Visit.

Montreal, Nov. 5.—James Nully, a farmer living near Rawdon, Montclair County, Quebec, upon returning to his home from a visit on Wednesday night, found that his four children had been murdered.

KEPT A \$200,000 GIFT.

Serena Martin Has Finally Secured the Fortune Her Uncle Put in a Deposit Vault for Her.

Chicago, Nov. 5.—Miss Serena Martin has at last gained a fortune, after a legal contest of four years, which was the gift of her uncle, Edward Martin, whom she served as companion and maid of all work for forty years before he died.

The fortune, amounting in all to \$200,000, was placed in a safety deposit vault in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., before Martin died, and was in no way mentioned in his will.

The old man had told his friends, Miss Martin and his business associates, that all that he put in the box belonged to his niece, she at once claiming that securities after his death.

Such a simple story—the man who had hung aside the goblet from which he had drunk a woman's broken heart—the Morgue.

Bertha Jahn came to New York from Bohemia with her parents when she was a child. They were poor people, but that did not prevent Bertha from having scores of admirers, for she was beautiful.

She loved Guido Jahn, an artist, and when he said they would be married when he had

made lots of money, which he would surely make soon, she believed; and she trusted him, too, when he urged that they should not wait to be married before making their home together.

So she left her parents and went to live with her artist lover at No. 342 East Seventy-sixth street.

The neighbors who tell this part of her story say that they called her Mrs. Jahn, although they noted the absence of the flag on her left hand, and she would smile and say: "Guido will marry me one of these days."

But the wedding being dependent on the fortune he was to make, seemed to grow further away instead of nearer, for there came a time soon after they went to live

Red Hook, N. Y., before he died, and she will probably live there.

NO PACIFIC INJUNCTION.

Evans Heirs Could Not Stop the Sale of the Denver Pacific Granted Lands.

St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 5.—Judge Sanborn, of the United States Circuit Court, had before him to-day in chambers the suit of Robert C. Carr et al. against the receivers of the Union Pacific Railway Company, a petition for a preliminary injunction to restrain the sale of the granted lands of the Denver Pacific Railway and Telegraph Company, whose line runs about 100 miles from Denver to Cheyenne.

In 1880 the Denver Pacific Railway and Telegraph Company had a contract with William Evans, of Colorado, well remembered as a Governor of that State, by which contract he was to have all the lands in excess of 800,000 acres. The land was mortgaged to secure first mortgage bonds. The decree of foreclosure provides for the sale of all the granted lands to pay the mortgage debt.

The respondents claim that there is no excess, and that the matter ought not to be opened after elapsing thirty years. It was understood in Union Pacific circles that Mortimer Taylor, of Topeka, counsel for the complainants, proposed to stop the sale of the line of the Denver Pacific Railway and Telegraph Company, but, on the contrary, he asks no more than an order prohibiting the sale of the granted lands.

Charles Bloodsmith, of Topeka, represents the Sage and Gould trustees; Judge W. R. Keller, of Omaha, and William Taylor, of Denver, represent the Union Pacific Company and its receivers. The injunction was denied.

POISON IN THE COFFEE.

Neighbors Believe Mrs. Kunder's Death Was Caused by Some One Who Had a Grudge Against Her.

Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 5.—The autopsy upon Mrs. Eva Kunder, who died at her home, No. 274 Jay street, has shown that death was due to some irritant poison, which is thought by some of the family to have been placed in the coffee. All the other members of the Kunder family are still suffering from the effects of the poison which caused the death of their mother.

It is the opinion of many that the poisoning was committed by some one who had a grudge either against the dead woman or some member of the family. The District-Attorney is making an investigation.

PILOT'S SLEEP OF DEATH.

Augustus Tennesen Passes Away While Asleep on a Looker at Sea.

Attached to Tennesen, a Sandy Hook pilot, attached to No. 7, the Daniel T. Lohy, died suddenly on board the boat last night. The boat left Stapleton at 3 o'clock, and at 7 was outside Sandy Hook. After eating supper Mr. Tennesen lay down on a looker in the cabin and died while asleep.

The boat returned to Stapleton and Captain Oates took charge of the body. Tennesen was forty-six years old and married. He lived in Brooklyn.

"YOUR HEART HAS GROWN COLD."

So Wrote Bertha Jahn Before Jumping to Her Death.

DESERTED BY HER LOVER.

She Was an Artist's Model, and Posed as a Living Picture to Pay Rent.

"Your heart has grown cold."

She wrote that, pretty Bohemian Bertha Jahn, the artist's model, the statuesque woman Broadway audiences have admired when she posed as a "living picture."

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together that Bertha had to accept engagements as a "living picture" that their rent might be paid.

Then there came the time she could not pay, and the baby was born—she died. During that time they had to move from the Seventy-sixth street rooms, for the rent was not paid.

Yesterday Mrs. Stuckhoe, their former landlady, was surprised by a visit from Bertha in her fourth floor rooms at No. 342 East Seventy-sixth street, and more surprised at her request: "Give me a cup of coffee, I am starving."

She offered to work there for her food and a place to sleep, but there was no place, and Bertha went.

"But you shall have coffee," said the old woman, and went to fetch it. When she returned the room was empty. Then there came the cry of startled voices from the street below, and a neighbor rushed up the stairs, crying, "My God! Bertha is dead; she has killed herself!"

Bertha lay crushed and senseless on the stones beneath the window from which she had jumped, and a few hours after they took her to the Presbyterian Hospital she died.

Two notes in her handwriting were found in her pocket. This was one addressed to Guido:

I lived with you for over a year, and now you are trying to get rid of me. I am tired of living, so you will be rid of me. Your heart has grown cold; perhaps when you meet me in the other, the better world, your love will warm your heart once more.

Then there was this written:

Mother, Dear Father, Brothers and Sisters: Going to die.

Willmantic, Conn., Nov. 5.—The famous criminal libel case against Mrs. Kate G. Warner and her husband, J. F. Warner, brought on the complaint of Prosecuting Agent H. H. Leonard, whom the article inferred had been taking hush money from rum sellers, came to an end in the Superior Court, in this city, to-day by a disagreement of the jury. The result was a disappointment, as both Warner and his wife are very unpopular. Nearly every person of any prominence here has been the object of remarks in the paper, which were often of an extremely personal character.

The evidence was all put in yesterday, and this morning the attorneys argued the points in the case. The attorneys for the

Northampton, Mass., Nov. 5.—There is intense interest all through New England and New York over the Walker divorce case, now on trial here. Several hundred thousand dollars are also at stake and every point is being sharply contested.

The principals are Colonel Myron F. Walker, better known in this State as the "Drummer boy" of the old Tenth Regiment, a State Senator, candidate on the Republican ticket for Lieutenant-Governor and Congress, and Mrs. Mary N. Walker, of New York, the daughter of the late Judge Crocker, of California, one of the men who made millions in the building of the Central Pacific Railroad. Mrs. Walker is the sister of Mrs. J. Stout Fassett and is not new to matrimonial troubles. She was married to Charles H. Scudder, of the Pacific coast in the seventies and had three children, and then later was divorced from him. It is charged that at the time of their divorce she paid to Mr. Scudder \$20,000.

At any rate, Mrs. Scudder was infatuated with Colonel Walker, and after her divorce went to Europe, where they were married in 1875. Prior to this time Mrs. Scudder had written many gushing letters to young Walker, and told him that after their marriage they would love each other and do good, and that her entire fortune, estimated to be about \$1,000,000, was to be their joint property. These early letters are now of no importance, but in the case, Mrs. Walker now declares that her husband was too attentive to Mrs. Elizabeth Skiff, in Springfield, in 1884. So far, the defence has not denied this charge, but it does claim that Mrs. Walker deserted her husband in 1882, and if this is true the new matrimonial troubles of Colonel Walker has also filed a bill in equity claiming one-half of his wife's property on the ground of a contract made prior to their marriage.

In the court room to-day Mrs. Walker was accompanied by her sister, Mrs. J. Stout Fassett and her son-in-law, Dr. H. Curtis, of Corning, N. Y. The testimony proved extremely interesting.

Saw Them Kiss. The first witness called to-day was Policeman Atkins, of Springfield. He testified that he knew both Colonel Walker and Mrs. Elizabeth Skiff; that he had seen them together many times in Springfield walking on the street, riding, and at Mrs. Skiff's house, on Crown street. The only occasion that he specified was September 26, 1884. On that date he saw the pair walk toward the Colonel's house, and enter a room opposite. The witness saw the woman approach Mr. Walker and the latter put his arms around her and kissed her several times.

Frederick Hadd, a police officer, Mrs. Etta Burbank, a milliner, and Minnie Coons, a chambermaid, all testified to knowing of the intimacy between Colonel Walker and Mrs. Skiff. Charles Boyle, a bell boy of the Haystack Hotel, in 1884, saw Mr. Walker and Mrs. Skiff at the hotel.

He testified that Mrs. Skiff was sometimes there at night, and in the morning the Colonel would order breakfast for two.

In the Colonel's Parlor. The witness had served breakfast and liquors in the Colonel's parlor, and sometimes Mrs. Skiff would receive them. One morning he served liquor in the bedroom to Mrs. Skiff, and she was alone. She remained on the bed for some minutes before the witness proved entertaining, admitting that he had been discharged because he was "too good" for the Colonel's house, and enter a hotel, foisted with chambermaids, talked about the guests and made trouble with other employees.

Mrs. Clara G. Wood, a dressmaker employed by Mrs. Skiff, testified that Colonel Walker frequently called at Mrs. Skiff's house Saturday evening and stayed until Monday morning. She had seen Mr. Walker in Mrs. Skiff's room. At one time the Colonel would order breakfast for two.

Mrs. Walker on the Stand. Mrs. Mary F. Walker, the libellant, was the last witness called by Lawyer Latrop. She testified that she was married to Myron F. Walker in London, June 18, 1878, and that she was personally aware of any wrongdoing on his part. Mrs. Walker was examined at great length, and voluminous letters were put in evidence.

She said that in 1880 she went to the Safety Deposit vault in New York and took therefrom her securities, amounting to several hundred thousand dollars, and left a letter for her husband, saying that as under his management they had lived beyond their means she was a duty she owed her children to take the management into her own hands. She added: "As your court-appointed attorney, I should like a memorandum of \$177,000 worth of securities which I owned in 1887 and which are not in the box now."

Later Colonel Walker submitted a statement as follows: "Correct expenses, often explained, \$45,000. For Highland Hotel plant at Belchertown and horses, \$52,000. Bonds at Mutual Life above loan, \$10,000. Debt from Florida Improvement Company, \$4,000. Two Silver Springs bonds, not on your books, \$2,000. Paid Elin, \$1,000; mother, \$400; during last year, \$1,000. I have in cash \$24,845. Not accounted for in this explanation, \$21,200. Total, \$177,000."

In this \$21,200 less my political expenses during the last year, a campaign, and any additional loans I may have made to personal friends, and they will aggregate possibly \$150,000 any extraordinary expenses growing out of my Grand Army work in 1888 and many items which at the moment I do not recall."

Separation Followed. It was shown that after obtaining control of her property there had been a decided coolness between the husband and wife, followed by separation, but that Mrs. Walker had been anxious that there should be no open breach until after the marriage of her daughter to R. H. Curtis, of Corning, N. Y., at Belchertown, in August, 1880.

Walker said, in closing, that she last wrote her husband April 19, 1882, and that she had not been in Massachusetts since that time until the present. The libellant will try to show that she deserted prior to the alleged acts of infidelity.

The testimony of Mrs. Walker and the reading of letters took nearly all the afternoon. Then came a deposition from the mother of Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Crocker, of New York, in which she said that Colonel Walker had always treated her daughter and her children with the greatest consideration.

Members of the family who cannot be induced to abandon Coffee entirely, should have their Coffee made with 2 to 3 Postum. The improvement in health in ten days will be sufficiently marked, in many cases, to induce an adoption of Postum alone.

WOMAN EDITOR'S JURY DISAGREE.

Label Suit Against the Warners Goes Over Until Next Term.

THE VOTE STOOD 9 TO 3.

Three to One Against Conviction on the Prosecuting Agent's Complaint.

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