

READ "SCIENCE," SIGHT DEATH.

Suicide of F. L. Wier, at the New Hotel Manhattan.

HE FOUND NO COMFORT.

Was Studying the Views of Christian Scientists at Time of Deed.

With a pamphlet entitled "Answers to questions of Christian Science" in one hand and a razor in the other, Frederick L. Wier ended his life in the Hotel Manhattan, on Forty-second street, at some time before daylight yesterday.

The pamphlet was stained with the man's blood, and it is evident that he was reading it in bed up to the moment that he killed himself. His author is Edward A. Knibell, and a note at the foot of the title page says that it was read before the World's Parliament of Religions in Chicago.

The paper-bound book was open at page nine, on which appeared this sentence: "Is it blasphemy to claim to heal as Jesus healed? Do you know how he healed? Who is there who knows how he healed?"

Wier, who was forty years old, was a traveling salesman for a wholesale drug house of this city. His home was at Chelsea, Mass., an suburb of Boston. He had been employed for twenty years by the firm, and was given some of their most important territory as his route, including leading cities in the State of New York. He arrived here on Wednesday.

He had been despondent for some time, and his friends had tried to rally him. Another salesman for the same firm, induced Wier to change his quarters from the Astor House on Saturday afternoon so that they might be near another salesman, although Wier, melancholy, nothing so dreadful as his suicide had occurred to the thoughts of his friends, and yet it is now remembered that one day, some time ago, he asked, apparently in a jesting way, to be shown the exact location of the jugular vein, and that he received another salesman's answer that morphine was needed to kill a man.

Yesterday when found his jugular vein had been severed, while nearby was a partially emptied bottle of sulphide of morphine.

A Compact Never Kept.

With his friend Scott, Wier attended a theatre on Saturday night. On bidding one another good night they agreed to meet at breakfast, which remained the other day that the first one up would call at the other's room.

Scott went to Wier's room at a few minutes of 10 o'clock, and repeatedly knocking at the door, on receiving no answer, stepped out upon a fire escape that commanded a view of his friend's room. When the door was opened, the suicide was made, Dr. Carlisle, who was called, said that death had occurred several hours before.

It is thought possible by the police that this was a case of murder, but this idea was quickly dispelled by the fact that the man had a wound on his neck and a hole in the middle of the forehead, and the absence of any signs of a struggle. The razor was found beside the bed.

With the pamphlet upon Christian Science was a recent newspaper clipping containing a report of an address by Rev. R. Heber Newton, D. D., at a South Church on "The struggle of the Christian Science." Some of the sentences in the address and the pamphlet were mazed. Here are a few of them:

"I believe that man in his highest sense is a human battery charged with electricity. We touch and it comes from us."

"The word 'science' was a consequence of sin, and the best way to cure it was to cure the sin. The sin was to be cured by the word 'science' and the word 'science' was to be cured by the word 'science'."

"If mental power can make a man sick it can make him well. Christian science has come to be the recognition of what Jesus taught and what the Christian Science."

Friends Did Not Know His Views.

Wier's friends say they did not know he was interested in such subjects as these. He left no farewell letter. In his suitcase were merely some business memoranda and a few letters that he had received, which threw no light on the tragedy.

Charles E. Cornell, manager of the drug house that employed him, said: "I had no trouble regarding money. He had not overdrawn his salary, but would at any time have been able to raise the money. He had just concluded a new and favorable business contract. I believe his act was unpremeditated. He was of a nervous organization, and he had a wife who was a delightful woman, and he was devoted to her. He had no children."

Opera House for Rahway.

Women of the City Decide It Must Be Built, and Take Measures Accordingly.

The women of Rahway, N. J., have decided that the town needs a new opera house, and have taken measures to provide money for building it. The Town Improvement Association delated the subject at its last meeting and appointed a committee to decide upon a location. The committee has recommended the old Peace Tavern, on Main street as the site. The property belongs to the Jonathan Woodruff estate, and A. Edward Woodruff is the executor.

The Peace Tavern was Lafayette's headquarters when he visited America seventy years ago. It has been occupied as a residence by the Woodruff family for many years, but its name, "Peace Tavern," given in honor of Lafayette, remains, and the historical name will probably be retained as the name of the new opera house.

Opium Fiend at Eleven.

Gerry Society Agent Finds a Boy and His Mother Under the Influence of the Drug.

John Smith, a colored lad of eleven, is, according to Gerry Agent Agnew, an opium fiend. During his brief appearance yesterday morning in the Jefferson Market Police Court he exhibited all the traits of the victim of the opium habit.

Johnny's mother, and a man named Joseph, who lives with the Smiths, are both addicted to the drug. They had, at No. 221 West Eighteenth street, "sipped" to be the headquarters of a gang of "pipe" boys.

The child, for he is nothing more than a child, has large eyes, with a hollow, weird, expressionless glare. He has no ambition for play or to associate with children of his years.

On Saturday evenings Agnew and his brother officers effected an entrance into the Smith flat. They found the mother and son both under the effects of the drug. De Costa was just in the act of cooking the opium, preparatory to smoking it.



Fred L. Wier, Who Committed Suicide in the Hotel Manhattan.

MAN ROVIEESS GIRLS WHIPPED AT HOLIDAY TIME. THEIR PASTOR, One Man Steals to Escape Lashed Him in Street for Denouncing a Dance Exposure and Hunger. They Attended.

COLD WEAKENS HIS PRIDE. WELTS ON HIS FACE. Wind That Reddens the Cheeks of Christmas Shoppers Humbles Louis McCann.

Webster City, Ia., Dec. 19.—A dance held last night in Wright county brought down the censure of Rev. N. A. Forrest in his sermon this morning at Walnut Grove Presbyterian Church. In his remarks he was very severe on the young ladies present. The dance wound up in a row. In the congregation were Misses Lillie Barstow and Mary Cunningham, both of whom were present at the dance. They left the church and, going to their homes, each secured a whip and, returning, met the minister in the street as he was leaving the church and gave him a severe whipping. He attempted to explain to them, but they would not listen to him. Several large welts were raised on his face, and the fact that he was protected by a fur coat was all that saved his body.

Weather To-day, Colder.

Last night was made cheerless by a cold and penetrating wind that blew in gusts, and few persons who could remain within doors dared to be abroad. The official forecast for today indicates fair weather, somewhat colder, much to slight, when the mercury is expected to rise to 40 degrees.

The falling temperature has done more than color the cheeks of holiday shoppers. It has driven the homeless to find shelter at all hazards. The police courts are the barometer of these conditions. Seventeen vagrants were sent to the workhouse from Essex Market Court yesterday.

Of individual cases, the most notable were those of a man who asked in order to escape hunger and exposure, and of another man whom pride had kept in the open air, without food, for many days and nights, until the cutter of Saturday morning forced him to seek help from the police.

John McIntyre reached New York a month ago, without resources, but with a few letters, and a desire to work. He was forced to work. While he tramped from one end of the city to another looking for regular employment, but finding only an old job and then a new one, he became a homeless man, and a homeless man became a homeless man every day.

Last week he could find no odd jobs and was forced to sleep in doorways and in gutters, with his feet and hands craving that grew upon him hour after hour.

On Saturday afternoon, when it seemed to him that to spend another night in the open air would mean to freeze to death, he lost that fear of the law which is instinctive in the human mind, and with his stomach in no better shape, he sought to have by comparison with the streets.

McIntyre was in this frame of mind as he stood at the corner of the city and the Bowery. One of H. B. Claffin & Co.'s delivery wagons came to a halt near him, obstructed by the baggage. McIntyre stretched out his hands, seized the package they encountered, and took to his heels.

The driver, who had happened to look behind him at the moment of the theft, jumped from his seat and gave chase, yelling, "Stop thief!" The starting man did not run very hard. Indeed he sought rather relief than otherwise to be captured.

"I had nowhere to sleep, nothing to eat, no one to give me work, nothing to keep out the cold," he said to Magistrate Crane yesterday morning.

His piteous face had a gentle expression, his voice and manner were refined, his clothing, though threadbare, was of good quality. It was with a compassionate air that the Magistrate held the man.

Still Another Unfortunate. At 9 o'clock on Saturday night, when the wind was blowing its coldest, a slender man, who was buttoned up tightly in a thin, blue inackintosh, detached himself from the Christmas shoppers in Third avenue and turned into East Thirty-fifth street. Outside the police station he was seen to lean against a lamp-post, shaking with a fit of coughing. They had seemed to waver between trudging onward and entering the station, until a more bitter gust than before nerved him to the latter course.

"I can't stand it any longer," he said to the sergeant. "It's no use trying too." His voice died away in a wheeze, and the doorman led him to a seat by the stove. After drinking a cup of hot coffee he was able to tell his story. Since Tuesday, he said, he had slept in the open air, although suffering from a pulmonary disease. For three days he had eaten nothing.

"And yet I had money saved four months ago," he said, "and plenty of it. I had it, but they all hanged now. My name is Louis McCann, and I came here from Scotland seven years ago. I worked—well, I can't stand it any longer. I mean to ask them for a job again, if I can only get some clothes and get rid of this cough." "Anyhow, I was a nice fellow, and I made good money. But during the dull season, when I was laid off, my lungs got weak, and after I had spent all I had on doctors and medicine, and wanted everything I had except what I have on, I had to go to St. Joseph's Hospital."

The doctor discharged the man three days ago, and I tried hard to get work again, but I think my appearance must have been against me. Anyway, I wouldn't have come here if I had seen any hope of beating up against the weather and hunger any longer. My lungs are just as bad as ever now."

When McCann repeated his story to Magistrate Stims, in the Yorkville Police Court, the latter sent him to Bellevue Hospital.

If fortune decees from you, don't mind. But all her slight ignores. For through the Journal "Wants" you'll find. The road to fortune's door.

BRAVE FIREMAN IN HICCUGHS' GRIP.

He Has Neither Eaten Nor Slept for Several Days.

CAN GET NO RELIEF.

is One of the Most Popular Men on the Flatbush Force.

Firemen and policemen stationed in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn are searching for some remedy for hiccoughs. They are doing this because Fireman Henry Doersch, a member of Engine Company No. 40, one of the bravest and most popular men in the department, has been hiccoughing since Tuesday, and will die if relief is not afforded.

Doersch had a day off last Tuesday, and planned to spend it with his wife and children in the pretty little cottage at No. 70 Lotus street, Flatbush. At the breakfast table he was in high spirits and laughed and joked with the children about the things Santa Claus would bring them for Christmas. Suddenly he began to hiccough. As the hiccoughs had not stopped at the end of half an hour his wife applied a number of simple home remedies, but all failed, and as the day advanced the hiccoughing became more violent. By evening both Doersch and his wife were worried, but decided to wait until morning before calling in a physician. At 10 o'clock on Tuesday night the hiccoughs continued, and on Wednesday morning Doersch was in a bad way.

In spite of his condition he reported for duty, and his comrades at first joked him, but as the hiccoughs continued without cessation they advised him to go home. He refused to do so until Department Surgeon Smith peremptorily ordered him to get to bed at once. This was on Wednesday about noon, and since then he has literally done nothing but hiccough.

The neighbors soon heard of his affliction and flocked in to offer remedies that they were sure would prove efficacious. The majority were based on charms.

Nearly every fireman and policeman in Flatbush called and suggested some remedy. Many of these were tried. Twelve swallows of water without an intervening breath, ice-cream in quart quantities, jumps of ice on the back of the neck, cold steel placed on the backbone, a hen's egg held in the mouth, a sudden scare, all were experimented with, but at the end Doersch was still hiccoughing.

Surgeon Smith called Dr. J. Smith, of Veron avenue, Flatbush, into consultation, but their combined efforts have been unsuccessful. Doersch is lying in bed, covered with an immense amount of clothing. Between the hiccoughs he said yesterday:

"I haven't had a wink of sleep since Thursday night, and as for eating, that is impossible. Nothing will stay on my stomach. I am hungry, sleepy and very weak, but otherwise I feel all right, and I suppose the hiccoughing will stop when I have thoroughly exhausted. How in the world it started, I don't know. I have never had a day's sickness in my life before, and five minutes before I began to hiccough I felt as well as I ever did."

TUNE MADE AUDITORS WEEP.

Affecting Scene in the Almshouse When the Band Played Folk Song. Charles Commissioner General James R. O'Brien and Superintendent Murphy, of Bellevue Hospital, celebrated their approaching retirement from office yesterday by entertaining inmates of the almshouse on Blackwell's Island, by the Sixty-ninth Regiment Band, the People's Glee Club and several other vocal groups.

The concert was given in the Catholic chapel, which was decorated neatly with the American flags. General O'Brien opened the concert with a little speech.

"The reminiscences of Erin" as played by the band, brought forth such an expression of feeling as is seldom seen in any audience. Some of the old folks cheered. Others embraced each other. A few were unable to control their emotions and broke into sobs. General O'Brien pleaded for order, but only a repetition of the last part restrained quiet.

There were solos by John F. Hoey, B. Donovan, the Misses Earle, Miss Adams and others. Peter Rieker, a character sketch artist, just from Europe, assisted by John Kenny, "The Blind Fiddler" of the almshouse, gave an interesting performance.



John Bohlonius, a Prophet from Texas, Now in New York. He declares that he has had a vision plainly showing that this city is to be destroyed by fire for its many wickednesses next April. He sold out his Texas property in order to come here and give warning.

THINKS ZANOLI HAD HIM MARKED. Max Welles Says the Barber Urged Him to Get Insurance.

Zanoli struggled with his emotions yesterday. For hours he listened intently at the wicket of his cell in the Tombs to the singing of hymns and the exhortation of men and women who come every Sunday to offer solace to the prisoners.

Those who saw and studied him did not see in his actions any indication of a breakdown. They felt that they had before them a cunning and designing man; a man who could weep and laugh at will. Of course, Zanoli went during the services, but tears from him are no longer regarded as an expression of feeling in him.

Zanoli had little to say on the subject of his confession to the Rev. Mr. Berkemeier, of the Warburg Orphan Farm's School, at Mount Vernon, on Saturday afternoon. In fact, he does not discuss his case very extensively at any time.

Zanoli denied yesterday that he had said to the minister "It is all up with me now." He was kept in his cell all day. Warden Fallon is keeping a close watch on him in order to check any possible attempt at suicide.

Meanwhile Zanoli's attorneys are preparing to make a hard fight for him when his case comes up in the Centre Street Court on December 28. They hope the report of Professor Withaus, who is making a chemical analysis of the vital organs of Jennie Sumner, will be ready by that time.

The report comes from New Haven that Zanoli was a barber for a short time in Derby, in 1888. He had a shop in a Main street block that town. It was owned by Miss Ella Lewis. Zanoli disappeared suddenly one night, without the ceremony of paying his rent. Previous to going to Derby he lived at Shelton, Conn. There also he ran a shop for a few weeks. Where he went to from Derby is not known, but the supposition is that he came to this city.

Max Welles, who has a barber shop at No. 1067 First avenue, worked for Zanoli when the latter, under the name of Charles Bradley, owned the shop at No. 4654, Tenth avenue. Welles lived in the house with Zanoli and his wife, taking his meals at the same table.

"It is quite likely that I would have been numbered among Zanoli's victims if I had remained longer in his house," said Welles last night. "But I did not like the man from the start, and after a short time left him."

"I had previously worked for Jacob Simeon, and when he sold the shop to Zanoli, in April, 1886, I remained."

"Zanoli talked a great deal about life insurance and often asked me if I had my life insured. I saw Zanoli's wife many times, and while she was not a robust woman, she was never sick. At times, however, she complained about having headaches and dizziness."

"After leaving Zanoli I went into the country. When I returned I called at the shop and then learned for the first time that his wife had died. I was surprised, as I heard through one of the men in the shop that when Zanoli spoke to Zanoli about the death of his wife he became hysterical. But the minute they had gone out of his pocket and laugh."

According to the record in the Warburg Orphan's Home, Zanoli must have lived in one time in the neighborhood of Norfolk, Staten Island.

A NEW PROPHET WITH DIRE NEWS.

He Says New York Will Perish by Fire in April.

HE COMES FROM TEXAS.

Wears Wonderful Trousers Made by His Own Hands.

"Go to New York—that wicked city." So spake immoderate voices borne on the wings of a Texas zephyr to a modern self-announced prophet and reformer, who took passage for the dooped city of his destination via the Malberry line steamer Lampass, and he is now here.

His name is John Bohlonius—it rather smacks of Byzantine sanctity, that name—but its owner was, according to his own statement, merely a prosperous German-American farmer when, three weeks ago, the voices commanded him to leave his "dear, tilled fields" near Austin, Texas, and go forth to the wicked metropolis, there to prophesy the awful things impending in the immediate future, and to exhort the sinful inhabitants to flee from the wrath to come.

He is about fifty years old, strong-built, eagle-faced and of bearing lordly in his supreme conviction of divine appointment. Even his weird garments do not detract from his innate dignity, and the wistful, eager, far-away light in his blue eyes compels forgiveness of the ragged cap of rabbit skin which adorns his brow. He wears an overcoat, which, though not of camel-hair, must have been made of material equally enduring, for the traces of many years of Texas climate have softened its color tones and given it a border of fluttering fringe.

His rather limbs are encased in twin bags of howling cloth, four-sackered, it looks like—and he gently and proudly says: "I made them myself."

He is terribly, pathetically in earnest, when he speaks of the plagues of Texas, and he tells of his visions and visions and angelic communications in tones of calm and serene assurance which are convincing to the auditors. One thing at least, John Bohlonius certainly believes in himself and in the reality of the mysteries which he descends.

One of the first places to which Bohlonius directed his steps on landing in New York was the Salvation Army building in Fourteenth street. He could not see Commander Booth-Tucker, who is absent in the West, but Colonel West received the visitor kindly, and the prophet told how from childhood he had heard voices and seen visions. The voices speaking sometimes in German, sometimes in English, had adjured him to drop the pursuit of agriculture and go forth to bear witness as to the mysterious visions he had seen and to prophesy the end to come. He told how he had sold his farm, and how he had come to New York, poor, had gone to a garage, where he had the coyotes and other brute creatures of Texas had regarded his words and become loyal to him.

He told of other visions after he left the Army headquarters en route for Brooklyn, whither a voice, suddenly directed him. One of these visions, he said, had directed him to come to New York.

"A voice called out to me," he said, "The end is come. I looked and saw fire descending from Heaven, even as I descended upon Sodom and Gomorrah of old. Then the voice said, 'Go to New York—that wicked city.' Heavens, even as you see the people repent of their sins they will be utterly destroyed by fire next April."

HARVEY PATENTS VOID.

Secretary Long Cannot Tell What Effect the Report Will Have Upon Government Armory Making.

Washington, Dec. 19.—Secretary Long confirmed tonight the Journal's exclusive story of the investigation into the validity of the Harvey patents.

"I had the matter taken up," said he tonight, "and I believe that a report has been made to me. I have not yet seen the Patent Office was made at my instance. I cannot judge what will be the effect of the report on the propriety of having the Government manufacture its own armor plate."

Captain O'Neal, chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, Navy Department, said tonight:

"The United States, when it commenced to make armor according to the so-called 'Harvey' process, agreed to pay a royalty, and there was a sum of about \$20,000 due the Harvey people when they commenced their patent controversy with the Bethlehem Company." Secretary Herbert, on the advice of Captain Sampson, the chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, decided that it was wise to hold up the accrued royalties until the two companies had a legal adjustment of the matter.

"Captain Sampson, in his statement to the Secretary, said that he had discovered that the Harvey process was in reality as old as the manufacture of iron itself, and, therefore, he believed that the patents were void. The matter remained in this shape until the entry of the present Administration into power, when, at the request of the Secretary, an investigation was started by the Commissioner of Patents, and the evidence in your possession discovered."

MISER LEFT A FORTUNE.

Wore the Same Suit of Clothes for Twenty-five Years and Died Worth Thousands.

Troy, Dec. 19.—Surrogate Conway is considering the matter of appointing a guardian for the heirs of James Lundrigan, who died at his home, in Jefferson street, last week in a sudden stroke, although worth thousands of dollars.

For many years Lundrigan was one of the best-known characters in South Troy. He was seventy years of age when he died. For a quarter of a century he wore the same suit of clothes and the same hat. He looked like an miser, but he had a large sum of valuable real estate and had a large sum of money in bank.

Among his neighbors and tenants he was known as "Jimmy the Landlord." Lundrigan was a miser of the meanest kind, and doted himself and his simple minded adult children even the ordinary necessities of life. It is probable that there will be several suits over the property, and most of the wealth likely disappear in lawyers' fees and court costs.

UNBURIED FOR 30 YEARS.

A Father Preserves His Boy's Remains So That They Could Lie in a Grave Together.

Springfield, Mo., Dec. 19.—William Johnson, former resident of Binghamton, N. Y., died here yesterday. In his last moments he surprised his friends by telling them that he wished the body of his son to be buried with him.

As the last had been dead for thirty years, a question arose as to the location of the grave. Then the dying man explained that he had preserved the remains in his own way, and that they would be found in a coffin hidden away in a shed on his farm. The boy's body had never been buried.

Where to Find Work?

5,880 MORE

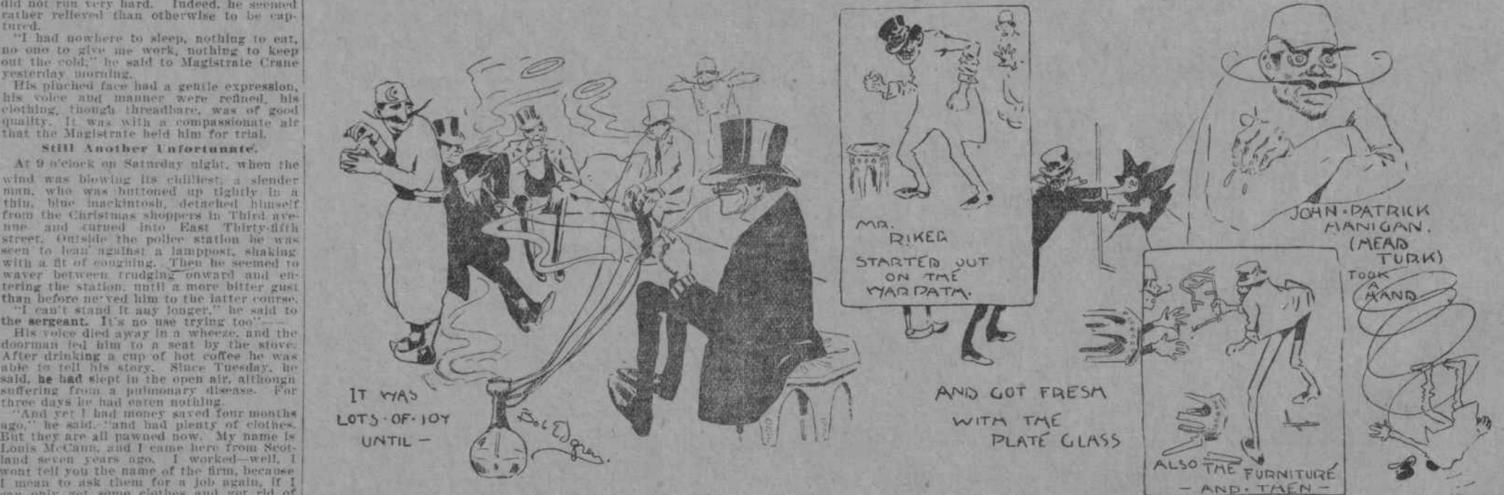
HELP WANTS

WEPE PRINTED IN

NOVEMBER THAN

SAME MONTH

LAST YEAR.



MR. RIKER'S UNPROFITABLE ENCOUNTER WITH PATRICK HANIGAN, IRISH ARMENIAN.

Mr. Riker had "hit the hookah." He was greatly affected. First he was more, then angry, and finally a desire to fight overtook him. Jests at the expense of John Patrick's dignity followed. Then something happened; something like an electric storm or a cyclone. There was a crashing of glass, accompanied by shrieks and groans. Mr. Riker shot into the air and his friends ducked under tables to avoid the slashes of a huge scimitar which John Patrick brandished.

The quiet was again restored. Mr. Riker and his friends were under arrest. Yes, yesterday morning the case came up for hearing in Jefferson Market Police Court before Magistrate Bran.