

LAWYER'S WIFE DIES IN 2 DAYS.

Mrs. Jere Wernberg's Body Found in a Gas Filled Room—Husband Home Last Night, but Physician Says She Was Dead Many Hours.

Mary J. Wernberg, wife of Jere Wernberg, the well known Republican politician, criminal lawyer and race track pugilist, was found dead in her bed yesterday morning in her home, on the second floor of No. 80 Lafayette avenue, Brooklyn. She had been dead about forty-eight hours. Dr. Hartung, who examined the body, stated that the cause of death was asphyxiation, but the cause of this asphyxiation is enshrouded in much mystery.

The Wernbergs occupied the entire floor. Mr. and Mrs. Wernberg, who are childless, had separate sleeping apartments. Mrs. Wernberg had been an invalid for some time, suffering from neuralgia and heart trouble. Only recently she had returned from a trip to the South, apparently much improved. During her absence, many letters passed between husband and wife. They had been married for twenty-two years.

The Wernbergs kept no servant. Mrs. Levench, the landlady, provided for the care of the rooms, and her servant, Maggie Hanley, was in the habit of going each day to their rooms.

Servant Smelled Gas.
The girl went to the second floor yesterday and opened the front door. She noticed a smell of escaping gas and traced it to Mrs. Wernberg's sleeping room. She turned the knob of the door, but found that the door was locked. This was at 10 p. m. There was no one else in any of the rooms. The girl ran at once to notify Mrs. Levench.

The two went upstairs again and broke open the door of the sleeping apartment. Mrs. Wernberg lay across the bed, as though she had thrown herself down for a short nap. She was dressed except for her skirt and waist. The single gas jet was turned on, but unlighted. The only window in the room was down about six inches. Quickly the window and door were opened and a messenger was sent to the home of Mrs. Wernberg's sisters, the Messrs. O'Reilly, at No. 424 Lafayette avenue.

One of the sisters sent word at once to the law office of Frank E. O'Reilly, of No. 375 Fulton street, and Mr. Wernberg hastened to the house.

Notified the Coroner Himself.
As soon as he was convinced of his wife's death he went to the Coroner's office and notified Coroner's Physician Hartung, who went with him back to Lafayette avenue and examined the body.

Dr. Hartung made out a certificate to the fact that Mrs. Wernberg had died of asphyxiation, but she had probably been dead forty-eight hours, and certainly for more than twenty-four hours.

Mr. Wernberg at once called upon an undertaker and asked that the body be removed to the home of Mrs. Wernberg's sisters. Wernberg did not return to his home. He was at his sister-in-law's home later in the afternoon, but at a late hour last night it was said that he had not been there during the evening and might not go back during the night.

At the Wernberg home last night a young man who answered the bell said that Wernberg had not been home for some time. "You will probably find him at No. 424," said the young man.

"Mr. Wernberg was here last night," Mrs. Levench said.

"The Wernbergs have been living here for ten years," she continued. "Mrs. Wernberg has been suffering much from neuralgia and heart trouble, but she was on Wednesday evening I met her in the hallway, and she told me she was going to take Thanksgiving dinner with her sisters. I found her dead in the room."

Their Thanksgiving Plans.
It was looked on as evident that the Wernbergs had not planned to eat their Thanksgiving dinner together, for it is his law partner, Frank E. O'Reilly, who Wernberg had said on Wednesday morning that he expected to eat dinner on that day with his mother, who lives at No. 189 Washington street.

"Mrs. Wernberg was at the office on Monday," said Mr. O'Reilly, "and apparently there was the best of feeling between her and her husband. I know that while she was in the South there were many letters passing between Wernberg and his wife."

"When she returned to New York she frequently sent her flowers and seemed to be anxious to cheer her up."

Wernberg told one of the clerks yesterday morning that his wife had a very poor day Thanksgiving—that she was suffering much from neuralgia.

After arranging for the disposition of his wife's body Wernberg could not be found. He was not at the office, and his apartment was sent out to investigate the sudden death, but when they went to the house in Lafayette avenue they were politely told that they could not enter.

Police Were Baffled.
They retired crestfallen, but Captain Baldwin afterwards sent out a detective, who was told to find Wernberg and get from him a statement of what he knew of the circumstances surrounding his wife's death. The detective returned at midnight with the announcement that he couldn't find Wernberg.

At the home of Wernberg's mother all information was refused. The young man who came to the door referred the reporter to the Lafayette avenue home and which asked whether Wernberg had eaten his Thanksgiving dinner there, simply said: "You will have to see Mr. Wernberg himself for any information."

LIZIE BORDEN ON TRAIL OF PARENTS' MURDERER.

Private Detectives Seek Evidence Against a Friend of Bridget Sullivan, a Servant of the Borden's.

Alleged Proof of a Man's Guilt Was Offered to Fall River Police by Detective Simons for \$4,000.

Famous Double Crime, of Which the Daughter Was Acquitted, May Be Cleared by a New Investigation.

Fall River, Mass., Dec. 1.—There is every evidence that the famous Borden mystery is entering upon a new phase. Lizzie Borden, who was accused of the crime, was acquitted by a jury in 1893, but since then many of her townspeople have held aloof.

Detectives and lawyers are now at work examining new evidence pointing to a sweetheart of Bridget Sullivan, servant of the Borden's at the time of the murder, as the wielder of the axe with which Andrew J. Borden and his wife, Lizzie Borden's stepmother, were hacked to pieces.

It is believed that Lizzie Borden, the quiet, earnest woman of thirty-seven, who for three years has lived in simple elegance in the home she and her sister purchased on the hill overlooking the bay, is devoting her intelligence and her means to this work of clearing up the mystery. She and her sister have ample means at their command. Their well invested inheritance of \$350,000 is still intact.

In 1894 a New York detective represented to the Fall River authorities that he could prove the guilt of a certain man who was a friend of Bridget Sullivan. This servant of the Borden's and Lizzie Borden were the only persons besides the murderer and his victims in the house when the crime was committed. The detective offered to deliver up the "real murderer" for the sum of \$4,000. Marshall Hilliard, who was then chief of the Fall River police, has submitted to the Journal correspondent the reports made by his men on the matter.

The offer was made by Harry Simons, of Simons's Detective Agency, No. 213 Broadway, New York, who stated that he had been employed soon after the murder by Andrew J. Jennings, counsel for the defense, and by Charles J. Holmes, president of the Second National Bank of this city. The latter one of the staunch friends of the Borden girls. But the task of finding the guilty party has proved so great that Simons's evidence was not complete, and Lizzie had been tried and acquitted. Simons was thereupon informed that he had better give his information before the police of Fall River.

Chief Hilliard was so impressed with Simons's representations that he sent Inspector James B. Wardell, now dead, to the residence of Harry Simons. In the report which Wardell made to Hilliard, he stated that Bridget Sullivan's speech would show that Bridget Sullivan had committed the murders and that she had been gone to Ireland, expecting that Bridget would follow. Simons would not produce this evidence for less than \$4,000. This offer of \$4,000 was not complete, and whereupon Chief Hilliard wrote to Simons to communicate with the District Attorney, now Attorney-General, of this State, and there dropped the matter.

The Journal correspondent has learned that a woman detective a few days ago regained entrance to the old Borden house in the section of Brook River. This was very unusual, as it is known here that only those bearing the permission of the Borden sisters are allowed to enter the premises. Bridget Sullivan went to Ireland after the murders, but has returned, and is now living in Taunton, Mass., which is about thirty miles from Fall River. This fact is known to Marshall Hilliard.

There have lately been two detectives at work here on the Borden case. They have had no doubt in their minds that the murderer was Bridget Sullivan, and that she had been gone to Ireland. The Borden sisters live very quietly, and the active interest in the new investigation is only surmised.

Mafia Again a Power in Italian Politics.
Deputy Defelice Declares in the Chamber the Society is as Potent as in Bourbon Days.

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Rome, Dec. 1.—Evidence of the revival of the revengeful Mafia society is causing much agitation in Italy. A violent debate ensued in the Chamber of Deputies to-day, when one Deputy was accused of complicity in a sensational murder. The trial was in Palermo, and the charge was made in the Chamber that he escaped being tried because he was a leading member of the Mafia.

"JUST A LITTLE POWDER" DOESN'T HURT A "LADY," MRS. HUNT SAYS.



\$200,000,000 TRUST TO RULE GLUCOSE AND SUGAR.

Negotiations Between the Havemeyers and Matthiessen Apparently Approaching Consummation.

Chicago, Dec. 1.—Representatives of Henry O. Havemeyer have been in Chicago for a week in conference with C. H. Matthiessen, president of the Glucose Refining Company, and Levy Mayer, counsel for that corporation.

That is known upon undoubted authority, and the conference concerns the formation of an immense trust, with a capitalization of \$200,000,000, which shall control the sugar and glucose business of the country. One of the men is a leading official of a prominent New York trust company, which is expected to have a great share in the financing of the new corporation.

The negotiations have been going on in New York for some time, and had progressed so satisfactorily that the Havemeyer agents were invited to come to Chicago to take further steps toward the consummation of the deal. It is reported that when they left for New York last night they carried an option, but this is denied.

The Matthiessen family hold four-fifths of the Glucose securities, so that an option from Mr. Matthiessen is final, while the Havemeyer people have a large majority of the Sugar issue in control—a condition that narrows the negotiations to Mr. Matthiessen and Mr. Havemeyer.

The new corporation is to include as well all of the so-called independent sugar refineries. Havemeyer is understood to have already secured an option on the American Sugar Company, the Doscher Company and the outside concerns in Boston and New Orleans. The entire company stock of the latter is believed to be in the hands of the Havemeyer people, who were sold and released within a year of their issuance and are now in the treasury of the trust.

Another puzzle has been the surplus of the American Sugar Refining Company. The exact amount is \$18,000,000 in actual cash, \$10,000,000 of which has been loaned out in Wall Street. The surplus of the Glucose Company amounts to \$4,000,000, including the working capital.

The American Sugar Company in the present scheme will increase its capitalization from \$75,000,000 to \$200,000,000. It is understood that \$30,000,000 of this will be given to the glucose people for their plant and \$20,000,000 to the outside refineries. The trust will be put on an 8 per cent basis.

GAVE UP REAL JEWELS FOR GEMS OF RHETORIC.
So Engrossed Was This Man in Spouting Shakespeare That He Left Diamonds in the Car.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears! I come to bury Caesar—not to praise him.

George Grimes, of Nutley, N. J., kept reciting this to himself last night as he journeyed in a trolley car from the jewelry factory in Newark where he works to his home. He was to "speak it" at a church entertainment.

So absorbed was he in practicing the correct gestures that when he left the car he abandoned a satchel containing sixty gold rings, 300 unset rubies and some diamonds, besides being an eloquentist, he was a diamond setter. He was taking the jewels home to set.

The orator, instead of speaking his piece, talked the working capital.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER INJURED IN THE SAME HOUR.
He is Dead; She Was Crushed in the Lackawanna Wreck and is in the Hospital.

Blighton, Dec. 1.—Marrin Kane died in this city this afternoon from injuries received by being run over by a delivery wagon on Wednesday afternoon.

He was the father of Lizzie Kane, who is in the hospital at Paterson, N. J., with both feet crushed. She was injured in the Lackawanna wreck, which occurred about an hour after her father was injured in this city.

\$1,000,000 ADVANCE WAGES FOR NEXT YEAR.

Manufacturers of Fall River Raise All Employees' Pay 10 Per Cent, the Rate Going Into Effect December 11.

M. C. D. Borden, of This City, Is Thanked by the Workers for Forcing the Other Mill Owners to Grant the Raise.

Had He Not Led in the Increase the Others Would Probably Have Refused and There Would Have Been a Strike.

Fall River, Mass., Dec. 1.—The Manufacturers' Association announced to-day that it would advance all wages 10 per cent.

This means that more than a million dollars will be placed in the hands of the wage earners within the next twelve months.

The announcement banished the prospect of a long struggle between labor and capital, with thousands of poor people starving throughout a cold New England winter.

About \$7 per week is the average wage of the 28,000 mill workers in this city.

The advance goes into effect on December 11, the date set for the general strike in the event the demand had been refused. It has been a triumph for organized labor. A month spent in parleying with the mill owners resulted in an offer of a 5 per cent advance. The unions were to have met this evening to accept or reject it. They would probably have rejected it and gone out on the date mentioned. But M. C. D. Borden, of New York, owner of the big cotton plant known as the Iron Works Company, who is not a member of the Manufacturers' Association, granted his workers a ten per cent advance. This caused consternation in the ranks of the other mill owners.

The price of print cloths went up to 34 cents per yard. The mill owners got together and granted the advance; they explained that they gave it because the market was up.

There is much bitterness between local men and Mr. Borden because of his voluntary increase of wages. They say he had agreed to stand by them in the fight against the workers and they had counted on his support in the event of a strike.

The labor leaders are loud in their thanks to Mr. Borden. It was he who gave \$100,000 to the city's poor in charity, it was he who came to the rescue of the town a few years ago, bought every piece of print cloth on the market, kept up the price, and made it possible for the mills to run.

Mr. Borden gets the credit of making for Fall River its happiest Thanksgiving.

Who Owns This War Medal?
There is at the Journal office, awaiting its owner, a bronze war medal of little intrinsic but of great sentimental value. It was originally presented to Major General J. B. Richardson, and by him given to his son, Philip, for the inscription on the back of the medal reads:

"Philip Richardson, son of Major General J. B. Richardson, First Div. Second Corps, Army Potomac."

The face of the medal is raised and upon a canon are the numbers 1861-1865. There are also inscribed the words "UNITED VETERANS CLUB." The medal was found by Captain George W. Hesse, and given by him to William Winslow Bennett, first lieutenant, Colonel "Scotty 900," First United States Volunteer Cavalry, to find its owner. Colonel Bennett sent the medal to the Journal.

GAVE TO THE POOR HIS INHERITANCE.

J. Eads How, of St. Louis, Will Not Keep Un-earned Money.

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 1.—About forty men attended a public meeting in a hall at Twelfth and Pine streets last evening, called to make arrangements for dispersing a fund of about \$2,000 in philanthropic work. The fund is the property of J. Eads How, who regards it as "unearned increment," which he had no right to use, and desires that it be dispensed in worthy charity. The money represents the earnings of property inherited by Mr. How.

Mr. How is the nephew of the late James B. Eads, and real heir to a portion of his uncle's estate and prospective heir to a greater portion. He has original ideas on the matter of holding money he has not earned by his own exertions, and desires to get rid of it. He insists, however, that it must be applied to alleviating the distress among the lower classes of the city.

The meeting appointed a committee composed of three men, members of the Single Tax League, to which will be added a member of the Trades Union League and a member of the Business Men's League, to draft by-laws and organize for the dispensation of the fund.

Although reared in the lap of luxury, and a member of a wealthy family, J. Eads How disdains the comforts of his mother's home, on Lindell Boulevard, and lives in the downtown district, where his companions and friends are poor people, whom he delights to help.

He enjoys the society of the "advanced" thinkers of the age and is a close student of Communists and their work. He ignores all conventionalities. Some of his ideas are similar to those of the late Henry D. Thoreau, of Walden Pond, who lived on seven cents a day.

SEVEN-EIGHTHS OF HIS FORTUNE TO CHARITY.
Will of Lawyer Patrick Callaghan Divides \$175,000 Among Catholic Institutions.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Dec. 1.—The will of Patrick Callaghan, a former New York lawyer, who died last week, was filed here to-day. The estate consists of \$100,000 personal and \$100,000 real estate. After about \$25,000 is given to relatives, the balance of the estate is to be divided among the following institutions:

Society for the Protection of Destitute Roman Catholic Children; Ursuline Convent, Morrisania; Foundling Asylum of the Sisters of Charity, New York; Home of the Good Shepherd, New York City; and St. Mary's Church, Poughkeepsie. Should any legatee fail, the legacy provided is to go to Archbishop Corrigan.

CUPIID BUSY IN THE BOUTON SHOW.

Actors Marrying Actresses and the Love Scenes Are Warm.

It was in September. The town of Wellsville, Ohio, was wildly excited. The Bouton Stock Company, composed of the most prominent actors and actresses of the world, was going to start out in the wide world to tempt fame and fortune. It was truly a momentous day.

Brave indeed were these young Thespians in their determination to brave the indignation and added eggs of a long suffering populace. And their bravery was recognized. They got a brass band send-off and the town paper sent to Indianapolis for an extra printer to set up the page story of the event.

October came. The Bouton Stock Company had been on the road continuously and the ghost had paraded in full view of the building galleries every Tuesday. But the ghost was not the only parader. Cupid had been doing some marching himself, varied by a little arcaery practice. It had been noted in the towns where the troupe showed that the love-scenes were remarkably warm. Especially warm were those in which Charles Leburne, manager and leading man, and Emma Bunting the gay soubrette, figured.

And so it happened that when the show reached Reading, Pa., on the way from Coacalco to White Bear, Miss Bunting became engaged to a certain gentleman, retaining her stage name, however.

The Bouton Stock Company went on drawing enthusiastic audiences. The company did not feel the fever of the love scenes between James Dorkin, the character man, and Jennette Ashbaugh, the ingenue. They also noted that John Dumb, the comedian, and Miss Bessie Ashbaugh, the leading lady, had interpolated love scenes in every show. In November the show stopped at Trenton, N. J., long enough to allow Dorkin to bestow his name on the ingenue.

The company set to Orange, N. J., where it is playing now, and on Thanksgiving day Comedian Dumb led the leading lady to the altar. Rumors of further matrimonial developments in the company are rife.

SECRETARY HITCHCOCK ASKS FOR PENSION CHANGES.
Interesting Criticism of Existing Laws Found in His Annual Report—Nicaragua Canal Protests.

Washington, Dec. 1.—The annual report of Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock contains interesting statements regarding pensions. There was a decrease of 2,105 during the year. The average annual value was \$12.74. The Secretary concurs in the recommendations for legislation providing that a pension be granted prior to the filing of the claim, and for a codification of the pension laws.

He asks public an advance report of the Marine Canal Company of Nicaragua. Since the organization 10,136 shares have been subscribed for at par, amounting to \$1,045,000, of which \$1,008,000 has been paid in. The company has paid out \$1,317,720 in cash. It has also issued 18,000 shares of stock of the par value of \$1,000,000 in payment for concessionary right, privileges, franchises and other property.



Leading Characters in the Haight Separation Suit.

Mrs. Hunt, a daughter of the plain wife, says "ladies" do not use paint on their faces; that a heavy coat of powder is vulgar, but "just a little" is permissible. Her mother, Mrs. Haight, is suing her husband for a separation, alleging improper treatment. The principals are deaf-mutes, as are many of the witnesses, and Justice Giegerich and the court attendants express their wishes by making signs.

Loose Wrappers at Breakfast Do Not Please Her.

I admit that a lady might on occasion use a little powder and not be unusual—Mrs. Mary J. Hunt on the witness stand in Part VI, Special Term, Supreme Court, yesterday.

It really was a great admission on the part of the demure young woman who has been testifying in her mother's behalf in the latter's suit for legal separation from Henry Jensen Haight, Mr. and Mrs. Haight are deaf-mutes, and most of their witnesses are similarly afflicted, but their daughter, Mrs. Hunt, has a ready tongue and a quick wit. On Wednesday she had testified that her father, who is charged by his wife with having given costly presents to Miss Essie Stanton, compelled his own family to live in cheap hotels and boarding houses. In Newark, Mrs. Hunt had testified, they had to live in a hotel where some of the women guests painted and powdered their faces and wore loose wrappers at the breakfast table.

When the case was resumed in Justice Giegerich's court yesterday former Justice Van Wyck, Mr. Haight's counsel, continued his cross-examination of the daughter.

"You testified on Wednesday that no lady ever uses powder. Do you still insist on that?"

"I said paint and powder," corrected Mrs. Hunt, "and I still think so."

"But if she uses only powder, might she not be moral?" asked Mr. Van Wyck, coaxingly.

"Not if she puts it on very thick," insisted the witness. "If she puts it on thick and is vulgar, besides I should say she was not good."

"If she 'put it on thick' and were not otherwise vulgar, would you still insist she was immoral?"

"No-o-o," admitted Mrs. Hunt, reluctantly.

The witness admitted that since her last appearance on the stand on Wednesday she had met her father-in-law, who had told her that her previously expressed view on the powder question was "rather narrow." That, however, had not shaken her opinion, she declared.

The subject of the immorality of wearing loose wrappers at the breakfast table was renewed.

"You consider that the wearing of such a gown under the circumstances a proof of immorality?" asked the counsel.

"Not a proof, but one indication—when it is worn in a public dining room."

DELIRIOUS WOMAN LEAPS TO DEATH FROM A HOSPITAL.
Mrs. Jennie Michelbank Bursts Her Bonds, Although in a Dying Condition.

Mrs. Jennie Michelbank, a widow, of No. 650 Second avenue, leaped from a window in the fourth floor of Roosevelt Hospital yesterday morning. She fell on a glass

SOCIAL NEEDS.

Whatever questions of Social Needs may exist, and however much we may rack our brains to discover satisfactory solutions of them, there is at least one—and certainly not the least important—province, in which the solution has been found. For is not the question "What is our best daily beverage?" of importance to all classes of society? And is any other answer to that question possible, from disinterested persons, than Van Houten's Cocoa? It is more wholesome than any other drink, it is nourishing and easy to digest; refreshing without acting injuriously on the nervous system, in the way that Tea, Coffee, and other drinks do; and its delicious flavor in no way pall on the taste after continually using the cocoa. As regards its price, it is, as thousands can testify from practical experience, not at all dear to use.

What a pity all social questions cannot be answered as easily as the above one; but their answers require a great deal of thinking about. Those who are busy thinking about them cannot do better than take a cup of Van Houten's Cocoa daily, as for helping the brain-worker it is without equal.

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NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

Published Every Day in the Year.
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Daily Edition (outside of Greater New York and Jersey City and on trains)..... Two Cents
Evening Edition..... One Cent
Sunday..... Five Cents

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Messrs. Smith, Ainslie & Co., Ormond House, 25 Vesey Street, N. Y. C.
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