

# TRAGIC DEATHS AT A FIRE.

## Mother Dropped Her Baby from a Window and Leaped After Her.

### BOTH NOW LIE DEAD.

#### Another Woman Had Jumped from the Same Window Just Before.

#### FLAMES CONSUMED A MAN.

#### An Invalid, Goddard Could Not Escape—Five Others Injured.

#### MOTHER RESCUED HER CHILDREN

#### With Two Little Ones Clinging About Her Brave Mrs. Hanlon Descended a Fire Escape.

### THE DEAD.

Charles Goddard, No. 3 Auburn place, thirty-eight years old; burned to death.

Cladya Ruth Duncan, No. 3 Auburn place, eighteen months old; thrown from window and died in the arms of a spectator.

Mrs. Katie Duncan, No. 3 Auburn place; legs and arms fractured, ribs broken and skull fractured by jumping from window; died at Homeopathic Hospital about 8:30 o'clock last night.

### THE INJURED.

Mrs. Clara Goddard, twenty-six years old, No. 3 Auburn place; injured by jumping from window and seriously burned; at Brooklyn Hospital; condition serious.

Clifford Kaufman, seven years old, No. 5 Auburn place; burns about head and arms; at Homeopathic Hospital; will recover.

John O'Connor, thirty years old, No. 3 Auburn place; foot cut and burns about hands; injuries slight.

Mrs. John O'Connor, twenty-five years old, No. 3 Auburn place; suffering from shock.

Mrs. Minnie Hanlon, No. 108 South Elliott street, slightly burned, about head and hands.

A short, fierce blaze that swept through a five-story Brooklyn tenement yesterday afternoon bred both panic and heroism. In a matter of minutes the fire had destroyed a woman had been injured so that she died a few minutes later, and five others hurt. The tenement is at the corner of Canton street and Auburn place.

When the flames had shot up through the fire-escape—almost rocket-like—and panic had seized upon many, two women appeared at a window on the Auburn place side, five stories above the ground. One was Mrs. Katie Duncan; the other Mrs. Clara Goddard. Mrs. Duncan held a baby in her arms.

The crowd watched them breathlessly, for the women pushed and struggled for the place at the window. Then the crowd shuddered and many turned away, for suddenly one woman sprang from the window to the street. It was Mrs. Goddard. She struck the cornice of the saloon on the first floor, bounded off and fell to the sidewalk.

Hardly had the woman fallen before cries of horror again arose. Mrs. Duncan, insane with fright, had dropped her baby from the window. The crowd beheld the little child fall, saw it strike the cornice as had Mrs. Goddard, saw it roll off and then, strange to relate, drop into the arms of a policeman.

Tragedy Upon Tragedy.

The next tragedy came almost instantly. Mrs. Duncan stood at the window for a moment while the crowd frantically screamed to her to wait for help. One moment only. Then she leaped out as far from the window as her strength would serve, and fell to the street, striking on the back of her head.

The first to jump, Mrs. Goddard, was not killed. Whether she will die or not, it is impossible to tell.

The baby was handed by the policeman who caught her to Mrs. Aitkens, who lives across the street. It died in her arms.

Mrs. Duncan's legs and arms were fractured, her ribs broken and her skull fractured. She died at about 8:30 o'clock last night at the Homeopathic Hospital.

Mrs. Goddard and Mrs. Duncan were placed in ambulances and taken away.

While tragedy was following tragedy, acts of heroism were taking place.



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## THRILLING SCENES AT THE BROOKLYN FIRE WHICH DESTROYED THREE LIVES.

Flames shot up so quickly yesterday at midday through a five-story tenement at Canton street and Auburn place that escape was cut off by roof and stairs. Two women jumped from windows and the ambulances carried them away, one dying, the other seriously hurt. Brave Mrs. Hanlon, with her baby clasped to her breast and another child clinging with arms about her neck, descended a fire escape to safety.

### MISS HANNA AND BEERY TO WED.

#### Ohio Senator Himself Admits His Daughter's Engagement.

#### NO DATE FOR THE WEDDING

#### The Couple First Met at Toledo and Have Been Engaged a Year.

Washington, March 9.—Senator and Mrs. Mark Hanna are authority for the statement that their elder daughter, Mabel, really is engaged to Thomas H. Beery, the successful young bridge builder, of Toledo, who has for some little time past affirmed that he was Miss Hanna's fiancee.

Mrs. Hanna said today for publication that the denial of the engagement by her son arose from a desire to keep the matter secret, and not because of any disapproval of Miss Hanna's choice.

Mr. Beery has been attentive to Miss Hanna for some time. Last Fall he asked Senator Hanna for his daughter's hand. The young man was told to wait until after the campaign was over, and then present himself. Hoping to catch Mr. Hanna in a perfectly amiable mood the lover approached him a second time, just after he had been sworn into the Senate. Again he was told to wait. Then the young people decided to take matters in their own hands, and announced their engagement.

Mrs. Hanna says that while she thinks it is impossible for her to give her consent, she cannot blame her doing as she did. Personally, Senator Hanna and Mrs. Hanna like Mr. Beery, and approve of the match, but for the present they did not care to have the engagement made public. No time has been set for the marriage.

Cleveland, March 9.—When the engagement of Thomas H. Beery, of Toledo, and Miss Mabel Hanna was made public in the papers a few days ago, it was denied by the Hanna family, but the Beery family insisted that the announcement was authentic. Mrs. Dan Hanna was seen this evening and questioned regarding the engagement.

"I really don't think that any engagement exists," said Mrs. Hanna.

Thomas H. Beery is well known among the younger set in Cleveland society circles. He is twenty-three years old and lives with his mother and grandmother, Mrs. Hamilton, and a younger brother, in Toledo.

The story goes that young Beery first met Miss Mabel Hanna in Toledo about a year and a half ago at the residence of W. A. Gosline, a coal merchant and capitalist.

Mrs. Gosline and Mrs. M. A. Hanna were classmates at school, and a strong friendship exists between the Hanna and Gosline families.

Mr. Beery and W. A. Gosline, Jr., are great friends, and this brought young Beery to the Gosline home during one of Miss Hanna's visits, and there he met his fate.

He spent several weeks in Cleveland last summer, and the friendship ripened into a subsequent proposal and acceptance of Mr. Beery.

The date on which the wedding will take place has not yet been announced or decided.

Mr. Beery, it is understood, will move to Cleveland shortly and go into the contracting business.

Mr. Beery says he has been engaged to Miss Hanna for a year, and will soon go to Washington to complete arrangements for his marriage.

### RUBBER TRUST WIPES OUT A TOWN

#### Colchester, Conn., Fallen Into Decay Because of the Combine.

#### IT WAS ONCE PROSPEROUS.

#### Its Great Rubber Mills Supported a Population of Thousands.

New Haven, Conn., March 9.—The Rubber Trust has killed Colchester. A few years ago it was one of the most prosperous towns in Connecticut. It teemed with life, and the wheels of industry moved unceasingly. Rubber goods were the chief articles of manufacture. The industry was started nearly half a century ago by Nathaniel Hayward, and from a small beginning reached to mammoth proportions. Large mills were erected and employment was furnished to 1,000 hands and money was plenty. The people were well clothed,

well housed and enjoyed many of the luxuries of life.

Several churches were supported in the community, and a dozen or twenty stores did a thriving business. Many of the rubber workers had bought little homes and hoped in a few years to own their free of encumbrance.

But the wheels of progress were rudely checked. Death called away the pioneer of that industry that built up the town of Colchester, and George W. Wardington got possession of the rubber mills for about half their valuation.

Employees' Wages Cut.

Not long after the wages of employees were reduced. Protests were useless and the operatives curtailed their expenses, and lived within their incomes. Time passed on, and in spite of reduced wages, the community prospered and business continued brisk.

But in 1893 there came a change. The Rubber Trust absorbed the Colchester factories and a night fell upon a once happy community. Colchester to-day presents a fearful picture of desolation, and the Rubber Trust is accountable for it.

Colchester's magnificent mills lie idle; its population has become scattered; its handsome cottages, only a few years ago the homes of happy families, are derelicts, falling in decay; its stores are bereft of customers and most of them have closed up, and the former proprietors have left. The young people have gone to other places and only the aged remain behind. The workshops, storehouses and offices which Nathaniel Hayward erected still remain unimpaired by time, monuments to his enterprise, and serving as silent reminders of Colchester's former enterprise, while the air of poverty and general wretchedness that now mark the place where 4,000 people dwell, now reduced to 1,200, are proofs of the blighting and withering touch of the Rubber Trust.

### LOOKING FOR THE STORK.

#### The Harry Payne Whitney Relatives Have an Eye Out for the Bird That Brings Happiness.

Dainty little garments are being selected by Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, wife of Harry Payne Whitney. The authenticity of this statement is unquestionable, as a member of the Vanderbilt family inadvertently divulged what is still a guarded secret. The little heir will be among the midsummer arrivals.

Mrs. Whitney will divide her time, while her mother resides in Washington, between their Washington and New York homes. This interesting news created considerable delight in the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and Mr. and Mrs. William C. Whitney, parents of the young couple.

### GO CENT GAS AT BELFAST.

#### Profits at 66 Cents Were So Large That the Surplus Was Given to Libraries and Parks.

Washington, March 9.—Consul James B. Taney, at Belfast, writes the State Department that the discussion in American cities regarding the cost of illuminating gas suggests to him that they would be interested to learn that the City Council, which controls the gas works of Belfast, has reduced the price to consumers from 66 to 60 cents per 1,000 cubic feet.

This price is also subject to a discount of 5 per cent between 50,000 and 100,000 cubic feet, and 10, 15 and 20 per cent for greater amounts.

The reduction was contemplated last year because the profits amounted to \$27,882 at 66 cents per thousand. This surplus was disposed of in various ways, such as new works and contributions to the public libraries and parks. The actual cost of manufacture to the gas holders before distribution last year was a small fraction over 10 1/2 cents per thousand.

Mayhem to Die Next Friday.

Sing Sing, March 9.—Arthur Mayhem, the colored murderer, will be killed in the electric chair in Sing Sing Prison shortly before noon on Friday next.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Cassive Broom Quinine Tablets. All drug stores refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.—Adv.

### MISS MABEL HANNA.

She is the eldest daughter of Senator Hanna and will soon be married to Thomas H. Beery, a prosperous young contractor, of Toledo, O.

### OHIO SENATOR HIMSELF ADMITS HIS DAUGHTER'S ENGAGEMENT.

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### EXPOSED BY HYPNOTISM.

#### Wife, Under Its Influence, Reveals Her Husband's Plot to Make Her Commit Suicide.

#### By Robert Warner.

#### (Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)

Berlin, March 9.—A fearful crime has been averted at Hamburg. A young wife, member of one of the best families in the city, consulted a physician about a severe nervous disease. The physician at first considered her insane, but soon discovered that she was the victim of hypnotic suggestions made by her husband, whom she loved ardently.

Some strange circumstances directed the attention of the physician to these hypnotical experiments. The patient said that she often felt an irresistible inclination to commit suicide. Finally the physician put her into an hypnotic state, when she confessed in his presence, and before another witness, that her husband had suggested to her that she commit suicide within two months. He had insured her life for 50,000 marks.

When the husband learned of this discovery he fled from Hamburg, while the wife's parents took her to Dr. Kraft, at the Institute, Vienna.

### TRAGEDY UPON TRAGEDY.

#### The next tragedy came almost instantly. Mrs. Duncan stood at the window for a moment while the crowd frantically screamed to her to wait for help. One moment only. Then she leaped out as far from the window as her strength would serve, and fell to the street, striking on the back of her head.

The first to jump, Mrs. Goddard, was not killed. Whether she will die or not, it is impossible to tell.

The baby was handed by the policeman who caught her to Mrs. Aitkens, who lives across the street. It died in her arms.

Mrs. Duncan's legs and arms were fractured, her ribs broken and her skull fractured. She died at about 8:30 o'clock last night at the Homeopathic Hospital.

Mrs. Goddard and Mrs. Duncan were placed in ambulances and taken away.

While tragedy was following tragedy, acts of heroism were taking place.

The building at Canton and Auburn places is five stories high. Joseph Hoffman runs a liquor store on the ground floor. On the second floor were Luke Sullivan and his family, Michael Gibbons and family, consisting of his wife, silent, his brother Edward and his son John, aged nine. Above him was the family of John O'Connor, and on the top floor lived James Duncan and Charles Goddard and their families.

In the flat in the Auburn place side, on the top floor, lived Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Williams and their daughter, Nellie, seven years of age.

O'Connor is a baker, and was asleep at the time of the fire. Goddard was a consumptive, unable to work, and was in bed. The family of Mrs. Hanson was in the flat of Mrs. O'Connor, who is her sister-in-law.

Officer Danzlock saw black clouds of smoke pouring from the windows of the building at 12:45 o'clock. He tried to reach the families in the flats, only to be driven back by smoke and flames. He returned in an alarm and a call for ambulances, realizing it would be impossible for all to escape without injury.

Clifford Kaufman walked over to the flat of the O'Connors, next door, to play with the three Hanlon children. As he got to the second floor a gust of flame swept out of the light shaft, and burned his face. He immediately knocked on the door of the Sullivan flat and told Mrs. Sullivan the building was afire.

About this time William Hurley came running up the stairs, and accompanied the boy to the third floor. The flames had even then spread up the air shaft, and

# SON'S ORDER HIS MOTHER'S DOOM.

## O'Connell Started the Cable Car That Killed Her.

### ONLY TWO BLOCKS AWAY.

#### The Old Woman Was Hurrying to Her Boy with His Breakfast.

#### HE IS AN ASSISTANT STARTER.

#### At Ninety-seventh Street and Lexington Avenue Mrs. O'Connell Was Crushed to Death—Her Dying Daughter in the House.

"All right, Joe! Let her go!" said Thomas O'Connell, assistant starter of the Lexington avenue cable road.

Joseph Falls spun the brake wheel back, tapped the gong button with his heel, and tightened up the grip wheel. As the car started downtown from the depot at Ninety-ninth street the assistant starter looked wistfully down the avenue. It was 8:30—the hour at which his mother always appeared to him with a pail of hot coffee and something in a basket for his breakfast.

But Mrs. Catherine O'Connell was a little late yesterday morning. She lived at No. 1250 Park avenue, and she found it necessary to visit the butcher and the baker before finding herself equipped for her morning visit to the power house. It so happened that she was crossing Lexington avenue, with her market basket over her arm, just as the car of Joseph Falls, which her son had started, was tearing down the grade at Ninety-seventh street.

It was strange that the mother of an assistant starter should have been so incautions, but Mrs. O'Connell was sixty years old, and was easily confused. She started across the thoroughfare from the western sidewalk, and had reached the eastern, or uptown tracks, when the approach of an uptown car frightened her. It would have been just as easy to run forward, but in her excitement she ran back.

That brought her to the downtown track, right in the path of the car engineered by Joseph Falls. The latter pounded desperately with his foot on the gong button, threw off the cable and applied the brake, but, quick as he was, it was too late. The old woman hesitated in the middle of the tracks, and the grade was so steep that the car bore down upon her with what seemed undiminished speed.

In those last moments Joseph Falls, tugging desperately at the brake wheel, recognized the mother of the man who had just started his car, as her agonized face peered at him for an instant over the dashboard before she was struck down.

Next moment the car stopped with a jolt, and the women among the passengers screamed loudly and loud when, after tumbling into the street, they saw the feet of the old woman sticking out forlornly across the uptown tracks. Her head was crushed beneath the wheels of the car.

Assistant Starter O'Connell saw the crowd from his station by the power house, and delegated his duties to another while he sauntered down the avenue to see what had happened. But during the time it took him to walk the two blocks his mother died where she lay on a pool table in Gruner's saloon.

Soon afterward another dramatic thing came to pass. After something more than the usual delay with the Coroner's office, the body was removed to the O'Connell home in Park avenue. There it was laid out in gloomy state in the front room, adjoining a chamber in which the dead woman's daughter was at the last gasp from consumption.

"What is all the noise in the front room?" wheezed the doomed girl. "And why don't mother come back?"

Pennsylvania to Choose Directors.

Philadelphia, March 9.—At a meeting of stockholders of the Pennsylvania Road this afternoon, the chairman was directed to appoint a committee of seven stockholders of the company to recommend, after conferring with the president, a list of directors to be voted by the stockholders at the next annual election.

### Took Hood's in the Spring

#### It Completely Cured a Dreadful Scrofula Humor

#### From Which He Had Suffered from Boyhood.

#### "C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:"

"Gentlemen—I have had a scrofulous humor since I was a boy. Four years ago it culminated in an abscess as large as an apple on the left side of my neck, and extended the whole length of my jaw from the chin to the ear. Being on the cords of the neck it gave me sharp pains in the left shoulder and breast. About three years ago I had the abscess lanced, and this tended to decrease the size of the bunch somewhat. Last Spring I commenced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Up to that time I had not had any appetite, and in particular ate very little breakfast. Soon after commencing with Hood's Sarsaparilla I began to feel better in every way, and my appetite improved. I did not, however, notice any change in the abscess until I had taken several bottles, when it gradually grew smaller and wholly disappeared. Since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I have gained from 142 to 158 pounds, and have a good appetite. I know it was Hood's Sarsaparilla that effected the cure, as I had tried about everything else, but nothing did me any good, not even doctors' medicines. I shall always have a good word for Hood's Sarsaparilla." Geo. D. Stimpson, Islington road, Portsmouth, N. H.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact, the One True Blood Purifier. All Druggists. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills: easy to take, easy to operate.