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NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

FOR NEW YORK CITY: THUNDER STORMS; COOLER DURING MIDDLE OF THE DAY. For New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Eastern Pennsylvania: Thunder storms; cooler; southwesterly winds.

NO. 5,772. Copyright, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.—NEW YORK, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1898.—12 PAGES. PRICE ONE CENT IN Greater New York, Elsewhere TWO CENTS.

LAUGHING GIRL DROWNS WITH TWO BROTHERS

Skiff Overturns as They Are Changing Seats to Row. Only the Fair Maid's Gypsy Hat Floats to the Surface Later. MANY SEE A MAN LOST. His Giant Size and Struggles...

- LIST OF THE DROWNED. Frederick Munnlinger, Fish-Ing Creek. Antonio Grego, Baritina River. Michael Bloch, Greenwood Lake, N. Y. James Mallin, Morris Canal. Frank Ferguson, George Ferguson, Mabel Ferguson, Norton Islands, Conn. John Rye, City Island. John Reddon, New York Bay. Unknown man, Bloomfield, N. J.

From Lightsbottoms to Tragedy. It was a light-bottomed skiff that they embarked in. Mabel sat in the stern, entranced with the clear water. With her gypsy hat hanging on her shoulders she trailed her hand in the water.

One of her brothers took the oars at first. He was not very skillful with them, and Mabel chaffed him about the blunders he made and the warm bath into which he was thrown by the exercise. Then Chester Johnson proposed that he should take a turn at the oars. His father and mother were sitting under a tree watching the boat, within hail. The two young men stood up to change places. The boat wobbled. Mabel screamed, and, in her agitation, threw her weight to the wrong side, so that the gunwale was brought quite close to the water. The three young men, unused to the delicate work of "trimming" a boat, lost their heads.

From the shore there was a vision of waving arms and tugging figures, then a great splashing and a boat floating bottom up. A moment later Mabel's gypsy hat was seen drifting feebly before the breeze that ruffled the surface of the pond. Other boats put out from the shore, but only Chester Johnson was rescued, and he was unconscious. Mabel's hat was recovered, but there was no Mabel underneath it.

Two Big Men to Save. Frederick Munnlinger might easily have been saved but for his great size and strength. Many of the persons who saw him drown would have leaped without hesitation to the rescue of a child, or a woman, or a small man. But Munnlinger's struggles were so prodigious and his bulk so huge that would-be rescuers were deterred by the weight of his embrace, and while they hesitated he was lost. He was a boatman employed by James H. Body, who has a hotel near Flushing Bridge, on the bank of Flushing Creek. Among those who tried to save him were two boys named John H. Fogarty and Frederick Knapp, both of No. 1472 First avenue, New York. After rowing about Little Neck Bay for some hours they essayed to return to Body's boat, where Munnlinger stood waiting for them. So swiftly was the tide sweeping through the narrow creek that they found it impossible to make a landing. Munnlinger jumped into a boat and rowed toward them, shouting directions for the navigation of their craft. As he leaned over to grasp the thwart of the unmanageable boat his own skill, overbalanced by his great weight, upset, and he was spilled into the current. Men and women gazed down upon him.

CABINET TAKES UP APPEAL OF MRS. DREYFUS.

Meets To-day to Discuss Details of a Rehearing. The Prisoner's Faithful Wife Writes to the Minister of Justice.

THE PRESIDENT IN PARIS. M. Faure Returns to Consult with His Members Over the Situation. SAY HE OPPOSES REVISION.

Rumors of Efforts to Have M. Cavagnac to Reconsider His Resignation and Talk to His Successor.

Paris, Sept. 4.—Owing to the resignation of M. Godefroy Cavagnac, the Minister for War, President Faure returned to Paris this morning and conferred with M. Delcasse, Minister for Foreign Affairs; M. Bourgeois, Minister of Public Education, and General Zurlinden.

The Cabinet will meet to-morrow expressly to deal with a request from Mrs. Dreyfus for a revision of the proceedings of the court-martial that condemned her husband. As the Cabinet is now practically unanimous in favor of a revision—partly because the Ministers are aware that there is no other method of satisfying public feeling—the outcome of the meeting is almost a foregone conclusion.

Other Ministers Will Hold On. It is not thought that M. Cavagnac's retirement will involve the resignation of other Ministers. The fact that General Zurlinden has been in conference with M. Faure is taken to mean that he will succeed M. Cavagnac at the War Office.

Mme. Dreyfus's Appeal. In her letter to M. Sarrien, the Minister of Justice, Mme. Dreyfus says she addresses him again, since he alone has the right to demand revision on the ground of a "new fact." She argues that Lieutenant-Colonel Henry's admission of forgery deprives his depositions and acts of all weight, and concludes her appeal by calling upon M. Sarrien to "listen to the voice of public opinion and put an end to the punishment of a loyal and innocent man."

Crushed in Folding Bed. Margaret Peffe, a Larchmont Domestic, Nearly Lost Her Life in the Couch. A folding bed inflicted painful injuries on Margaret Peffe, a domestic employed in the Victoria Hotel, at Larchmont, on Saturday night. Shortly after the young woman retired cries for help were heard coming from her room. She was found with her head hanging over the foot of the bed, which had closed up on its occupant.

WHOLE FAMILY POISONED LIKE MRS. DUNNING.

In This Case, However, Wine, Not Candy, Was Used. Jacob Hills, His Wife and Sister-in-Law Victims of a Poisoner. DRANK DRUGGED LIQUID.

Several Bottles of Good Whiskey Had Been Sent by an Unknown Donor. THEIR SUSPICIONS LULLED.

The Three Became Suspicious After Drinking the Wine, and Mary Conlin May Die.

Except that drugged wine was sent instead of candy, a case exactly resembling the celebrated Dunning affair was reported to the police of the Fifth street station last night. So far no fatalities have resulted, but one young woman is so ill that she is not expected to live.

Family Was Suspicious. When the first bottle came the family was suspicious. They scrutinized the writing on the label, but could not recognize it. Hills, whose stables are at Twelfth street and the East River, serves a number of saloons with ice, and it occurred to him that some friendly bartender might have sent the bottles for a present. Still suspicious, he took the bottle to a drug store. The druggist smiled and tasted the contents and pronounced it very excellent whiskey. Hills, later, tasted it himself and found that the bottle held nothing but a pint of good liquor.

Another Package Comes. Saturday night another package was delivered at the house. Like the others, it was carefully wrapped, and the bottle resembled those which had preceded it. In place of the usual label, however, a square of paper had been pasted on the bottle. On this, encircled in free-hand flourishes, were the words: "Silvovita, Hungarian Wine."

All Were Unconscious. Thirty minutes later Dr. P. T. Leyendecker, who lives at No. 438 Second street, received a hurry call from No. 84 Second street. When he arrived at the house he found Hills, his wife and his sister-in-law unconscious and apparently dying. In spite of the efforts of the doctor, the respiration appeared upon their bodies, although their faces were purple. The pupils of their eyes were enormously dilated, and every artery in their heads was pulsating violently under the influence of some powerful heart stimulant. All suffered from muscular atony.

Mary Conlin's Case Desperate. Mary Conlin's case, however, was much more serious. She had seemingly absorbed more of the drug than the others, and, as she was not in particularly robust health, it had wrought its full effect upon her. Every possible antidote was used, but her condition did not improve much, and it is doubtful if she will live through the day. As far as Hills and his wife were able to talk, Dr. Leyendecker questioned them. Both of them instantly placed the blame upon the bottle of supposed Hungarian wine. Some of the liquid remained in the bottle. Dr. Leyendecker was unable to detect the familiar taste of the drug, but its smell was apparent. The bottle is now in the hands of the police. The test for belladonna or atropine is easy and infallible, and to-day the contents of the bottle will be subjected to a chemical test.

GEN. PANDO BITTERLY ASSAILS AMERICA THROUGH THE JOURNAL, WHICH HE HATES.

Declares He Was in Mobile, a Spy, While Our Army Was Being Mobilized. Saw Nothing but Utter Lack of System—Shafter Unfit to Command a Regiment.

do always when he speaks: a smile of contempt showed through his gray mustache. "Twelve million francs!" he said, "a stupid lie. Gladly would I bring it here, but rather than francs I would bring twelve million bullets for the Americans. Twelve million francs! I had to ask for money to pay for my trip to Spain, and when I got barely enough. But I take to Spain something better than twelve million francs—my patriotism, the grand love for my country."



"The Americans should raise a statue to Sagasta. He has made a present of Porto Rico, of the Ladronez and of Guba."

HERE is the most extraordinary interview that has been given to the world in connection with the war. Lieutenant-General Luis M. de Pando, who reached New York yesterday on his way to Madrid, talked freely, eloquently, bitterly, illuminatingly, to a prominent Cuban resident of New York, who called upon him at his hotel on behalf of the Journal.

It is difficult to single out the most interesting feature of this absorbingly interesting interview, but undoubtedly its most fascinating, its most romantic feature, is General Pando's statement that he acted as a spy while the American lines before the embarkation of the army for Cuba. If it be true, as this distinguished visitor boasts, that a Spanish general of Pando's fame, whose portrait has been printed in every illustrated paper in the land, moved about without let or hindrance in the American camp, with never a vigilant sentry to inquire his purpose and never an astute officer to penetrate his disguise, Pando is the hero of one of the strangest feats in modern military history.

General Pando is at the Hotel American, Fifth street and Irving place, with a captain of his staff and a servant. He expects to leave Tuesday for Paris, to go thence to Spain. He will go on the North German Lloyd Line. General Pando reached this city yesterday morning on the chartered Ward liner Philadelphia from Havana.



"Two things made the war—two events and one institution—the Journal here in your city. I execrate it."

General Pando rose to his feet, and his short, muscular frame trembled with emotion. Then he spoke slowly and made this startling statement: "I was in the United States during the war. I was here in this country and saw the mobilization of the American armies. I was at Mobile, and there I saw the ships sail with soldiers aboard to Cuba. From Mobile I went to Florida."

General Pando evaded a question as to whether he had seen the American army in Cuba. He said that he had seen the American army in Cuba, but that he had not seen the American army in Cuba. He said that he had seen the American army in Cuba, but that he had not seen the American army in Cuba.

There is not such a thing in the United States as a corps sanitaire. They do not know how to care for camps. The health of the American army was already gone. Men were dying. There was no corps sanitaire. A competent doctor did not exist in the United States. The men did not know how to construct a camp. The officers did not know how to care for the troops. They had not been learned in the business of war. Men rebelled against discipline, the quality of a trained soldier, the only thing that can save an army.

Our Camps a Horror. The health of the troops was gone. There is not such a thing in the United States as a corps sanitaire. They do not know how to care for camps. They had lacked military instruction and the soldiers' state of mind was a horror.