RICH IRISHMAN IS STRANGELY MISSING.

Henry Allen, Who Is Strangely Missing.

Henry Allen, the eccentric and wealthy Irishman who disappeared in this city last week on his way from Toronto, Canada, to his home in Ireland, left nearly $50,000 in cash, letters of credit, stocks and bonds in his baggage at the Hotel Bradford.

Henry Allen Disappears Here, Leaving $50,000 in His Trunk.

ALL TRACE OF HIM LOST.

He Had Secured Passage on the Majestic, but Did Not Sail.

A big baronial house, standing in the centre of two thousand acres of grass land and bog in County Antrim, Ireland, has been known for nearly two centuries as Kingston Manor. A mile from the house under the shelter of a cluster of hills, there nestles the village of Kingston. The lord of the manor and the squire has for generations been an Allen.

Over thirty years ago the squire was Samuel G. Allen. He had four sons and a daughter. One of the sons is a minister of the Church of England. He now reigns in the old squire's stead. Another son is an officer in the Royal Artillery. He is stationed in Ireland. The third is an officer in the Royal Navy. The fourth, Henry, is a civil engineer.

The old squire was proud of his sons. Henry was particularly brilliant. He went through Trinity College, Dublin, with flying colors. He was the gold medallist of his year and took double honors in mathematics. He took up the profession of civil engineering, but in a year or two became a slave to strong drink. His life in Ireland, his future in his profession were ruined. He decided to come to America.

He Went to Toronto.

In 1869 Henry Allen hung out the shingle of a civil engineer in Toronto and soon had a promising future. His mother had died before he left home and in 1873 his father died. Henry received one-third of the stocks and bonds of his father's estate, amounting to $100,000, and all the family silver plate. The latter was valued at $10,000. He sold it to his brother, Samuel.

On coming into this money Henry abandoned his profession and again took to drink. He had intervals of sobriety. One of these lasted for sixty-five days, so he records in the diary of his life. In that same diary he declares that since reaching manhood he has passed nine years, one month and eighteen days of sobriety. He also records that eight years of life for him have been cut off by intemperance.

As years passed he became more and more eccentric. He roomed at eminently respectable places, though not expensive ones, but he took his meals at cheap restaurants and began to save his money. He recorded in his diary that he would allow himself $30 a month for living expenses and $19 a month for liquor.

A year ago he was told by Dr. Pollard, of Toronto, that he must take better care of himself or his life would be shortened. The physician also advised a change of air and scene. Then Allen began to talk of going home to Ireland. On Sunday evening two weeks ago Allen was alone in his boarding house, No. 165 Jervis street. Harvey Hassard, a young medical student, in his second year at Trinity Medical College, called at the house, and Allen entertained him for an hour or two. He took a fancy to the young man, and finally proposed that Hassard accompany him to Ireland.

Hassard secured permission from his father, who is superintendent of the Reformatory in Toronto. Allen bought young Hassard a return ticket to Queenstown, Ireland, and a single trip ticket for himself. The start was made from Toronto last Monday.

Came Here on Tuesday.

At 9 o'clock on Tuesday morning Henry Allen and Harvey Hassard registered at the Hotel Bradford, on Eleventh street, just west of Broadway, this city. They were both tired with the journey and went to their room and slept. At 4 o'clock that afternoon, Allen went out, saying he was going to get a shampoo at the St. Denis barber shop. He never returned.

The trip to Ireland was to be made on the Majestic. She sailed last Wednesday. As Allen did not return, young Hassard went to the dock and got the baggage off the steamer. Then he began a search for his missing companion. Hassard was assisted by Willis R. Powell, a Western business man, who is staying at the Bradford. They telegraphed to Toronto, but got no assistance from there. They went to the authorities and secured passes to all the hospitals, jails, Morgue and other places where they thought Allen, alive or dead, might have been taken. They searched hotels and lodging houses, and tramped the streets and parks day and night. It was all in vain. The man's baggage was searched in the hope tht there might be some ddress in it of friends in New York. None could be found, but the trunks were full of valuables.

There was much money in American bills, and thousands of dollars' worth of stocks and bonds. There were also some big letters of credit on English bankers. The amount totalled nearly $50,000. Acting on the advice of Powell, young Hassard placed these valuables in a safer deposit box while he continued the search for his companion. Allen had only $1.40 in his pockets when he disappeared.

Among Allen's papers at the hotel were a large number of letters of introduction. They all spoke in the highest terms of the man. One of these was from John Shaw, Mayor of Toronto. Among the papers were also copies of farewell letters written before leaving Toronto.

His Romance in Toronto.

One was addressed to a woman and spoke of the great love that Allen had for her and contained a promise that he would return next Summer to see her. The other was evidently addressed to the pastor of a church. It read as follows:

"I have made arrangements to return to my native country, Ireland, and by the time you read these lines I shall have left Toronto. You will accept of the bills encosed to assist the Agnes Street Church, and I wish to be kindly remembered to all connected with it, as I never worshipped with a congregation in my life I liked so well. I enclose my portrait, as I presume there are those who know my appearance but not my name. If you wish to reply to this letter, address 'The Queen's Hotel, Queenstown, County Cork, Ireland.'

"Yours very faithfully,

"HHENRY ALLEN.

"P. S.—If you think proper, remember me at the prayer meetings, for I am yet unsaved."

The search for Allen made by a Journal reporter revealed the fact that he had gone to a saloon near the hotel for a drink on Tuesday afternoon. He lso bought a flask of whiskey. Then he started out, but returned in a few minutes and told the bartender that he was lost. He could not remember where his hotel was not even the name.

He described it, and the bartender told him it must be the Bradford, just around the corner. The man saw Allen start out in the right direction. All trace of Allen is here lost until next day. Then he turned Southern & Western Railroad of Ireland, in which he is a large stockholder. From there he sent a telegram to a friend in Toronto. This telegram was as follows: "Got in terrible pecuniary difficulty, consequence of which I soon reach Toronto, but need $10 badly. Be sure of prompt repayment. No delay.

"HENRY ALLEN,

"Great Western Railway Company."

The next day Allen got the money and again disappeared.

Want No British-American Alliance.

Delegates of twenty-six Irish societies of Hudson County met in Humboldt Hall, at Newark and Jersey avenues, Jersey City, yesterday afternoon, and resolved to oppose the election of any candidate for the Assembly or Senate who would not pledge himself to oppose a treaty of alliance between the United States and Great Britain. President Patrick O'Mara, of the United Irish Societies of Hudson County, presided.

MEN GO MAD IN A HAUNTED JAIL.

Two Terrified Prisoners Beg to Be Protected from Ghostly Visitors.

THEIR FEARS LAUGHED AT.

Trenton Keepers Pay No Attention to Their Misery Until Too Late.

TWO OTHER JERSEY GHOSTS.

One Makes Its Home Among Tombs and Frightens Passers By; the Other Haunts a Village Main Street.

Three well defined ghost stories come from New Jersey. Two of them have the element of nonsense usually associated in the modern mind with everything supernatural. The third is wholly sad, for it relates to two men who were driven insane by fear.

To the horrors of imprisonment were added the terrors of the supernatural. William Curtis was in Trenton jail, serving a four years' sentence for larceny. Several weeks ago he complained to the keepers that his nights were made intolerable by mysterious noises in his cell. His fears were laughed at.

Not long afterward George Zupack, the occupant of a neighboring cell, announced, with chattering teeth, that he had seen a ghost. He was in jail for shooting a man, and the ghost, he said, was that of his victim. It was Zupack's turn to be ridiculed. He and Curtis became a standing joke among the members of the prison staff, and the corridor in which their cells were situated was nicknamed "the haunted corridor." But the prisoners, to whom the matter was no joke at all, grew haggard and dwindled in flesh.

Curtis was found a few nights ago with all the clothing in the cell wrapped around his head.

"Take me away!" he moaned. "Take me away! I can't sleep for the noises!"

His disorder could no longer be utterly ignored. By way of a concession he was allowed to eat in another part of the prison. He was compelled, however, to sleep in the old cell—to try to sleep, that is. Yesterday, after another sleepless night, he was found crouching in a corner of his cell, babbling like a very old woman. They took him to the insane asylum, a hopeless imbecile.

Zupeck's fall from reason was equally swift. He complained not alone of noises, but also of spectral figures flitting past his cell door. Sometimes they even entered his cell. One night he was found clinging to the bars of his door, beside himself with terror. He was taken to another part of the prison, and, at his own earnest solicitation, put in a cell with another man.

There was to be no escape for him, however. In the morning he told a tale of stealthy footsteps and of a ghastly light which he could not account for. He was no longer able to eat. The prison doctor looked him over, but confessed his inability to "minister to a mind diseased." Zupeck became violent yesterday, and it was not long before he joined Curtis in the asylum.

Ghost hunts are in progress at Keyport, N. J., and Little Ferry, N. J. The latter hamlet is within the sphere of influence of the famous Rawson twins, whose past exploits include spirit impersonations.

Those who complain of the recent apparition are for the most part brick-yarders, who have occasion to walk to Hackensack along the main road. They aver that every night, as they pass the New York Cemetery, a sheeted figure emerges from among the tombs and rushes at them with eerie howls. Last night an ambuscade was prepared, but the astute visitant remained under cover.

The Keyport ghost roams at large in Kearny street, according to all the reports. It has been seen by residents of all ages and both sexes, and is reputed by witnesses to be an adept at sudden disappearances. Instead of welcoming the shade as an agreeable diversion the people of Kearny are hunting it with guns and axes.

DIAMOND MINE IN BROKER'S CLOTHES.

Leuden Was Importing a Fine Lot of Gems and Laces in His Pockets.

C. G. Senden, a Custom House broker of St. Louis, Mo., who was a saloon passenger on the Cunarder Umbria, which arrived here from Liverpool and Queenstown yesterday, received an evidence of the vigilance of custom's detectives at this port that he is not likely to forget.

Senden was about to leave the pier with a light Fall overcoat over his arm when he was touched on the shoulder by Detective Timothy Donohue. He had to follow Donohue to a private room, where the broker's pockets were searched.

As a result, Belgian laces and diamonds to the value of $1,000 were found which had not been declared by Senden.

SORE HANDS

CURED BY CUTICURA

My sore hands commenced with a burning on my fingers. When I rubbed them you could see little white pimples, and I felt like twisting them out of their sockets. I had high fever and cold chills, nights I had to walk the floor until I fell asleep. My hands peeled like an onion, the finger nails got loose, the water ran out, and there the burning fire was. My hands puffed up worse than a toad, the water ran through the bandage on to the floor. I went to a doctor for a year. I got CUTICURA RESOLVENT and CUTICURA SOAP. The nails hardened up, peeled off, and my hands are now cured.

CASPER DIETSCHLER, Pembroke, N. Y.

SUREST CURE TREATMENT FOR TORTURING, DISFIGURING HUMORS, WITH LOSS OF HAIR.—Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle anointings with CUTICURA, and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT.

Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston. "How to Have Beautiful Hands," free.

IF SEIZED WITH THREATENED

PNEUMONIA,

or any inflammation of the internal organs or mucous membranes, such as Sore Throat, Bronchitis, etc., after exposure to cold or wet, lose no time, but apply

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

on a piece of flannel over the part affected with congestion or inflammation. This will in nearly every case check the inflammation and cure the patient by its action of counter-irritation, and by equalizing the circulation in the part. For further instructions see our directions wrapped around the bottle. R. R. R. sold by druggists all the world over.

MOTHER IN A BERLIN JAIL; BABE AND FATHER HERE.

Held Because She Was "Too Young" to Own Six Thousand Marks.

EARNED IT ALL HERSELF.

Invested It in Property, Which She Sold for a Note Made in Germany.

In a dingy prison in Berlin, bound up by red tape and Prussian spite, Mrs. Elizabeth Cohn, of New York, is confined. It is now three weeks since Mrs. Cohn was thrust into prison, charged with fraud, and in spite of what has been done by the State Department, it may be many more dreary weeks before she is freed.

Seldom has an American been subjected to such danger and humiliation in a foreign capital as has the young and pretty wife of Dr. William Cohn, of No. 690 Union avenue, New York.

Dr. Cohn's friends in Berlin have cheerfully offered bail to the amount of 5,000 marks for the release of the young woman, and her husband stands ready to pledge his fortune, but the Prussian authorities turn a deaf ear to all his pleadings.

The direct cause of Mrs. Cohn's plight is the alleged thirst for revenge of one Adolph Petrich, a citizen of Berlin. Mrs. Cohn is the daughter of August Benjamin, and was born in New York twenty-five years ago. She was graduated from the Normal School with honors, and her family not being wealthy she started out to earn a living for herself.

She secured employment as a stenographer with the firm of Nason & Co., No. 71 Beekman street, for whom she worked several years.

By economy and close application to her duties, in a few years her bank book showed that she had some $5,000 deposited to her credit in the German Savings Bank. She then gave up her position with the Nasons.

About five years ago she purchased a liquor store at No. 572 Second avenue and placed her father in charge. In 1896 she sold the liquor store to R. Cohn, who had just come over from Germany, and who subsequently became her father-in-law. In payment she accepted a note for 6,000 marks, which had been given to Cohn by Petrichs in Germany, who was, besides being Cohn's best friend, the Mayor of the city of Sempleburg, Prussia.

Petrich was afterward removed from office for an offence that scandalized his constituents and broke up the home of one of his friends. The note was given to Cohn for cash borrowed from the latter.

Petrich never paid the note, and Miss Benjamin brought suit through the Kammergericht, one of the high courts of Berlin. While the case was being tried she became the wife of Dr. Cohn, who had just obtained his diploma from the University of New York. They lived happily at No. 232 East Thirtieth street, and their happiness was greatly enhanced when a little girl baby was added to the family.

At the same time news came from Berlin that Mrs. Cohn had won her suit against Petrich, who had been compelled to deposit with the court the amount of judgment, 6,000 marks.

The Cohns moved to a pretty house at No. 690 Union avenue, but the money from the courts of Berlin never came. Annoyed by the delay, Mrs. Cohn left for Berlin last September, where she stated her claims to the court. The august barristers of Berlin looked extremely wise and finally decided that no woman twenty-five years old could possibly own at any time 6,000 marks' worth of property in her own right.

Not owning the property, she could not legally sell it. Not being able to legally sell so much property, she must have practised fraud upon poor Petrich though another Berlin court unscrewed the case in her favor, and held Petrich's 6,000 marks.

One day, three weeks ago, as Mrs. Cohn was about to leave the court room, she was arrested and cast into prison, charged with fraud. Her husband's relatives in Berlin, who are wealthy, offered to put up 50,000 marks bail, but their petitions were denied.

Secretary of State Palmer was appealed to. He forwarded letters from Nason & Co., and sent a personal letter to Ambassador White, asking him to do what he could for Mrs. Cohn, but the Embassy was powerless before the Prussian law. Edward Lauterbach and other prominent persons interested themselves in the woman's behalf, but the courts were firm.

A fair one-year-old, blue-eyed baby, badly in need of a mother's care, keeps the unfortunate father company while her mother counts the days in the Moabit jail in Berlin.

In Jail in Berlin; Her Baby Here.

Mrs. Lizzie Cohen, a pretty New York woman, is confined in a German prison because wise Magistrates concluded she obtained her property by fraud, as she was "too young" to own 6,000 marks in her own right.

Captain of a Scow Found Drowned.

The body of George Herrick, captain of Scow No. 1, was found yesterday afternoon in the Wallabout Canal, Williamsburg. He was thirty-five years old and lived aboard the scow with his wife. He was last seen on Friday, while the scow was moored near the Wallabout bridge. It is thought he was accidentally drowned.

Don't Put Up with It.

If your furnished room is not as neat and comfortable as it should be get another. A select list in the Journal's "Want" pages this morning.

JOKE BETRAYED CASHIER'S CRIME.

Stone of the Owego Bank Let Out the Truth by a Slip.

Owego, N. Y., Oct. 16.—Bit by bit information regarding the Tioga National Bank failure is working out tending to show that the discovery of wrong-doing on the part of the dead cashier was not only unexpected, but that his confession grew out of a slip of the tongue and came as a startling disclosure to the bank examiner.

Stone had been suffering with malaria and had been ordered by his son, Dr. Stone, to rest a few days at his home. The cashier had given directions to an office boy that when the examiner arrived, if he were not present, to leave the bank by the back door and come for him in a cab. When Van Brocklin arrived on the eventful Friday Stone was at home, but in a few moments he was at the bank.

"It's always a good thing to have the cashier here," remarked the examiner, as Stone walked in.

The cashier gave an uneasy start, but seeing the examiner was smiling, replied: "Oh, we can get through so much the sooner if you have the help of one acquainted with the books."

Stone left at the usual time that night, but the examiner lingered, and in figuring up a column noticed a small discrepancy. He thought it a slight error, but after supper walked to the Stone residence and in a joking manner said: "There's a deficiency in the bank, Mr. Stone."

He thought the cashier would laugh, but instead he turned deathly pale and asked: "How much is it?"

"A hundred thousand," said the bank examiner facetiously.

"You are wrong," replied Stone; "it is only $42,000."

The effect of this can be imagined. There was a hasty examination of the books that resulted in closing the bank.

Two Injured by Dynamite.

A premature explosion of a charge of dynamite seriously injured Henry McGee and William Nash, at New Rochelle, yesterday. The men were engaged in blasting out holes for telegraph poles on the Stephenson property on Premium Point. After charges of dynamite had been placed in two holes they both started to cover up the openings with logs. Before they had completed this work there was a terrific explosion, and men and logs were thrown into the air.

The logs were blown to pieces, while the men escaped with their flesh torn and burned in many places.

POLICEMAN CLUBS A SICK SOLDIER.

Private Murray, of the 24th Massachusetts, Brutally Beaten.

Robert Murray, a colored private in the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Infantry, was brutally clubbed yesterday afternoon at Montrose avenue and Leonard street, Williamsburg, by Bicycle Policeman Thornton. Murray is a convalescent soldier in St. Catherine's Hospital. He was admitted to that institution on Saturday morning, having come from Porto Rico on a hospital ship. He is known as a relapse patient, and is slowly recovering from typhoid fever.

Murray asked the Sister in his ward yesterday afternoon if he could leave the institution and take a walk. As he was still very weak, the Sister was not inclined to permit him to go. The soldier pleaded so hard that permission was finally given. Murray went out in his uniform, and wearing a heavy army coat. He strolled down to Montrose and Bushwick avenues, where he purchased some peanuts. Then he continued down Montrose avenue, and at Leonard street he watched a crowd of boys playing football. The bicycle policeman came along on the asphalt pavement and ordered the sick soldier to move on.

"I'm not doing anything wrong, sir," said the soldier. "I'm out for a little airing. I belong to St. Catherine's Hospital."

"I don't give a d— who you are or where you belong. Get out of here," gruffly replied Thornton.

"I'm very weak," Murray added, "and as long as I've done nothing wrong, I don't see why I haven't a right to be here."

It is alleged that without further ado Thornton drew his club, and after poking it in Murray's side, placed him under arrest.

Several men who had witnessed the incident protested, and Thornton warned them not to interfere with him. The sick soldier was fairly dragged to the Stagg street police station, where Thornton charged him with disorderly conduct, and Murray was locked up without opportunity to explain. Later the hospital authorities learned of the outrage, and Dr. Connors, with other members of the house staff, entered a protest to Sergeant Simond. The latter paroled the soldier, who will be arraigned in the Ewen Street Police Court to-day. At the hospital last night it was said that Thornton's conduct would be brought to the attention of the Police Board.

FATHER AND MOTHER LOST BY SONS' ERRORS.

This Son Left the Sick Bed of His Father, Who Then Jumped from a Window.

This Son Disregarded His Mother's Threats and She Took Carbolic Acid.

Henry Cochran, a retired merchant, sixty-three years old, who lived alone with his wife at No. 82 Hooper street, Williamsburg, jumped out of a second story window yesterday and was instantly killed. He had been ill with malaria for several weeks and his wife was in constant attendance upon him. The work was beginning to impair her own health, and the couple's two married sons have frequently gone to the house in order that Mrs. Cochran could rest.

Mrs. Cochran was up with her husband on Friday night and again on Saturday night. Early yesterday morning their son, Thomas Cochran, who lives in Jefferson avenue, was at the house. The elder Cochran seemed to be resting easily and the son induced his mother to lie down, telling her he believed the sick man was getting along nicely. Then the son left the house and his mother fell asleep.

Shortly after 7 o'clock a neighbor heard the sound of a fall in the courtyard and found the old man's body lying on his face. An examination showed that he had leaped out of a rear second story window, struck the stone flagging on his head and had died instantly. Mrs. Cochran was still sleeping when the neighbors rapped on the door of her room. She became hysterical when she learned what had happened.

Through trains New York to Cleveland, Ft. Wayne and Chicago, via West Shore and Nickel Plate Roads. Lowest rates. Fast time.

Mrs. Sophie Hart, a widow, fifty-three years old, of No. 101 South First street, Williamsburg, committed suicide yesterday at her home by swallowing carbolic acid. An hour before she complained to a neighbor, Mrs. Mary Hughes, that her sons were not giving her enough money to run the house.

Mrs. Hart was the mother of eight children, of whom six are married. Her two sons, Peter and Charles, lived with her. When Mrs. Hart called on Mrs. Hughes, shortly after 7 o'clock yesterday morning, she complained of her hard lot and declared she didn't know where it would end. She returned to her rooms upstairs and sat down at a front window. Later church bells began to ring.

"I may as well end it all on this Sunday morning," she was heard to say by one of her sons. He paid no attention to the remark. Then she swallowed nearly two ounces of the acid before her sons could restrain her. Her screams brought Mrs. Hughes and other neighbors, and an ambulance was summoned. When Surgeon Heyderman, of the Eastern District Hospital, appeared, he gave it as his opinion that Mrs. Hart would die. The sons declined to let her be removed, and she died an hour later.

The sons deny that they did not give their mother sufficient money, and say that at times she acted as if she were demented. They believed she was temporarily insane when she swallowed the acid.

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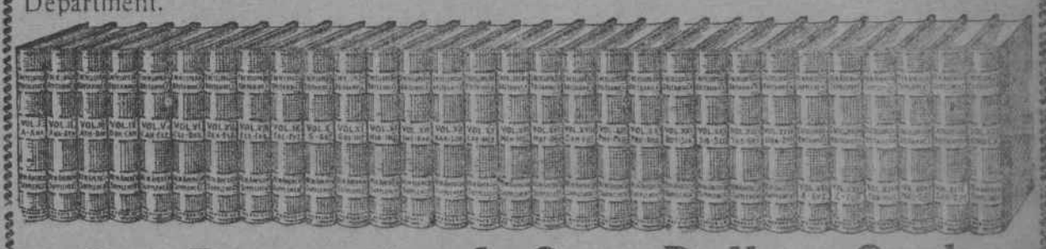

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