BOUGHT MEANS TO DIE WITH WEDDING RING.

She Pawned It for the Price of a Razor.

A Pin Inscribed "Baby" Helped Out the Bargain.

SUICIDE IN PAWNSHOP.

Unknown Woman Cut Her Throat After a Double Transaction with Usurer.

ASKED HER CHILDREN'S PARDON.

Had Written a Note Foreshadowing Her Intention, but Left No Trace of Her Identity.

And as she looked around she saw
How Death the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart,
Had healed it forever.
—Longfellow.

Business was light yesterday afternoon in M. A. Newman's pawnshop, at No. 852 Ninth avenue. It is a stuffy little place, where one encounters the necessaries of the poor rather than the luxuries of the rich. The walls present a chevaux-de-frise of laborers' implements. Bundles of clothing and bedding dangle mournfully from the ceiling.

Newman and his assistant, Samuel Buxbaum, began at 4 o'clock to stow things for the night; but just then a woman pushed in through the swinging doors. Buxbaum stood at attention, icily commercial, as becomes a budding pawnbroker, and keenly observant. Experience had taught him to divide customers into two classes—the agitated and the cynical. This woman belonged to the former class.

Her face was pale and her eyes a little wild, but she did not show signs of drink. They were dark blue eyes, matching the demi-blonde hue of her hair, a chestnutty brown. There was nothing noticeable about her dress. It was black, and so was the alpine hat she wore. Over her shoulders was a drab shawl. If Buxbaum had formulated his impression in words he would have said, "She is hard up," rather than "She is a poor woman." She was about thirty years of age.

Drew Ring from Her Finger.

Walking to the counter, the stranger pulled a ring from the third finger of her left hand and said, in the subdued, confidential tone employed by persons unused to such transactions:

"How much will you lend me on this? It is only for a little while—a very little while."

Buxbaum tossed the ring on the counter and then tossed it into a small scale. Pursing his lips contemptuously, he touched it with the stopper of a bottle containing liquid. Then he tossed it on the counter again. Throughout these manoeuvres he had not uttered a word, although the woman's eyes scanned his face eagerly. He was living up to his calling. When the silence had become painful, he yawned, stared out of the dingy window, and snapped huskily:

"Twenty-five cents."

"Oh, but it's gold," said the woman, still in a low voice. "I'll redeem it—indeed I will. It's my wedding ring, and it's worn thin on my finger, and I wouldn't lose it for the world."

"Twenty-five cents," repeated Buxbaum, as if he had not heard. But her obvious unfamiliarity with the rudiments of pawnbroking made him unprofessionally gracious.

"It's light," he said. "I can't do better'n a quarter."

Produced a Baby's Pin.

She fumbled underneath the shawl and produced a small gold pin, on which the word "Baby" was engraved.

"How much for this, then?" she asked.

Buxbaum went through the same pantomime, and once more pronounced judgment in the words, "Twenty-five cents."

"Very well," said the woman. "I'll leave them both."

"Name?" said Buxbaum, dipping his pen in the ink.

"M-m-mrs.—er—Wickel."

"Where d'ye live?"

"Oh, Sixtieth street."

"What number?"

"Let me see, now. I—I forget the number just now."

While Buxbaum went to the till for 50 cents, the woman wandered along the counter until she came to where some razors were displayed.

"How much?" she asked, picking up one of them.

"Just half a dollar," said Buxbaum, encouragingly.

Her hands were trembling so that she seemed on the point of dropping the razor when she opened the shining blade.

"I'll take this one," she said, faintly. "That'll make it right, wont it?"

Buxbaum nodded approval of this double stroke of business, and handed her the ticket for her trinkets. She walked unsteadily toward the door, but, seeing a pile of gunny-bags on the floor, she kicked them into a corner underneath a large oil painting representing a court fool capering in the presence of king and court.

Lay Down to Death's Sleep.

It was all done very swiftly—so swiftly that Buxbaum was too much astonished to interfere. Without uttering a word, the strange woman stretched herself on the gunny-bags, as a child stretches itself to sleep. Buxbaum saw her right hand, holding the open razor, steal to her throat. And then——

Newman and his clerk raced for the door, shouting hoarsely. Their calling had not made them proof to the horror of blood. Indeed, they are more superstitious than most people. Those who rushed into the pawnshop found that the strange woman had not failed in her purpose. So stanchly had her hand obeyed her will that she had died almost instantly, having cut deeply into the throat, severing the jugular vein.

The pawn tickets for wedding ring and "baby" pin were stained crimson.

It is not possible to complete the story yet. It is not possible to tell who this woman was that wrecked the equanimity of a pawnbroker and his clerk—for the former went home immediately and the latter asked for a week's leave of absence. But there may be something in what follows to uncover the unknown's secret.

In the first place, she had planned to destroy herself, for in one of her pockets was found a piece of paper, on which was written:

May God and my children forgive their mother. Goodby forever—a ruined life. Verdict, "temporary insanity;" but such is not the case.

On the wedding ring was engraved the inscription, "J. W. to M. J."

These Addresses Useless.

There were two slips of paper bearing addresses. One was "750A Madison avenue, Reid avenue car." The other was "S. S. Faure, Pier 30, North River,"

There is a No. 750A Madison street (not avenue), Brooklyn, and it is near Reid avenue. All the tenants said last night that they did not know a Mrs. Wickel, that they could not imagine from the description who the suicide was, and that they had never heard of S. S. Faure.

Of the trifles in her pockets, none are distinctive. There are six steel hair crimps, such as many a woman might carry, a postage stamp, a pair of brown kid gloves and a newspaper clipping. Her stockings and shoes were black. Her upper row of teeth were artificial.

She was not penniless when she entered the pawn shop. In her pocketbook was $1.96. This suggests the idea that such an inexpensive weapon as a second-hand razor was an afterthought. Possibly she contemplated the purchase of a revolver and cartridges, and pawned the trinkets in order to make up the anticipated cost of those articles.

But the cheaper method was just as swift.

WOMAN 72 YEARS OLD COMMITS SUICIDE.

Believed to Have Jumped from Newtown Creek Bridge in Williamsburg.

The drowned body of Mrs. Lizzie Schaurer was found last evening in Newtown Creek, Williamsburg. She was seventy-two years old, and lived with a married daughter at No. 254 Humboldt street.

It is believed that she committed suicide on Wednesday night. She had acted for a long time as if she was demented. She seemed to be in a despondent mood on Wednesday.

During the absence of relatives on Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Schaurer left the house.

A bridge hand on the Metropolitan avenue bridge last evening saw the body half buried in the mudbank of the creek. It is believed that the woman jumped into the creek during high tide on Tuesday night and landed with her feet in the mud.

Roof Torn Down Over Tenants' Heads.

Workmen were tearing down three two-story and basement wooden houses at Nos. 212, 214 and 216 East One Hundred and Sixth street, yesterday, while inside the houses were forty persons, who refused to move out. They had their furniture there, and though the rain poured in on some of them, when the workmen removed the roofs of the buildings, the tenants refused to go. The police of the East One Hundred and Fourth street station had to go to the place to protect the workmen.

WOMEN HONOR GENERAL MILES.

General Miles Shaking Hands with the Widow of General Custer.

At a reception given to General Nelson A. Miles and Mrs. Miles, at the Barnard Club yesterday, they met many of the prominent women of New York, and listened to a graceful speech by Mrs. Seth Low.

With Mrs. Miles He Attends a Reception at the Barnard Club.

MRS. SETH LOW SPEAKS.

He Also Shakes Hands with the Widow of His Friend, General Custer.

DRINKS TEA PRETTILY SERVED.

A Few Other Members of the Sterner Sex Invited and Present Just to Keep Him from Being Nervous.

Immediately upon his arrival from Washington yesterday General Nelson A. Miles, accompanied by Mrs. Miles, went to a reception tendered them by the members of the Barnard Club.

The flags of the nation covered the walls of the room into which they were ushered. They stood under a canopy of red, white and blue, exchanging reminiscences with the widow of General Custer, listening to graceful speeches of welcome from Mrs. Seth Low, Mrs. Edwin H. Blashfield, Mrs. Bosworth, Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart and Miss Emma Thursby.

They were served with tea and other light refreshments in the club's south room, where La France roses were strung in garlands and where beautiful women vied with one another to convince the General that he was the hero of the hour. Three or four other men, among them Mr. Luchetti, former Consul from France to St. Thomas; Dr. Stinson, Professor Richmond Mayo Smith and Dr. Abbe, were there to keep him in countenance. They surrounded Mrs. Miles, who stood at her husband's elbow, richly gowned in plum-colored velvet, ornamented with Irish point. On her head a small toque of the same color rested, and rhinestone buckles gleamed there and on her corsage.

Erect and smiling, the General, in a black frock coat, gray trousers, yellow spats and a bright red cravat, responded to every greeting as though it were a separate pleasure.

Among the guests who crowded to do him honor were Generad and Mrs. Anson B. McCook, Mr. and Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, the Misses Putnam, Mrs. Everett P. Wheeler, Mrs. Charles A. Spofford, Mrs. L. Holbrook and Mrs. Frederick Nathan.

KAISER NEARLY READY TO EMBARK.

Their German Majesties Treated to a Display of Swordsmanship by Bedouins.

Baalbek, Syria, Nov. 10.—Emperor William and Empress Augusta Victoria left Damascus this morning, lunched at Palaka and arrived here this afternoon after a four hours' ride.

They were escorted by hordes of Bedouins, who kept up a display of horsemanship and swordsmanship along the entire route.

Their Majesties encamped in the ruins of the Temple of Baal, and Emperor William unveiled a marble slab, bearing a commemorative inscription in Turkish and German, in front of the Temple of Venus.

All the ruins are magnificently illuminated to-night. To-morrow morning their Imperial Majesties will start for Beirout, where they will embark for Trieste, Austria.

WHITE STAR LINER RAN AGROUND.

News Just Received of a Mishap That Befell the Cymric on Tuesday.

The White Star liner Cymric, bound for Liverpool, it was reported yesterday, had a mishap shortly after she sailed on Tuesday. She ran aground near West Bank, at buoy No. 9, knocking the buoy out of place. A Merritt & Chapman tug attached a hawser to her and tried to pull her free. In about four hours the Cymric began to move, and, assisted by the tide, glided into deep water. She then proceeded on her voyage, apparently without damage, clearing the bar shortly before 4 p. m.

LAW TO STOP MORGAN'S JUGGLING OF BILLIONS

His Monster "Voting Trust" to Be Put on the Rack.

Vast Railway Systems Held Within His Grasp by His Scheme.

SUIT INVOLVES MILLIONS.

Reorganization Committee Must Tell Why Securities Acted So Queerly.

STOCKHOLDERS IN THE COLD.

The Action Is Against the Men Who Have Charge of the Rehabilitation of the Union Pacific, Denver & Gulf Railroad

The following railroads have come under the control of J. Pierpont Morgan under his "Voting Trust" system:

The New York Central System,
15 lines, capital.. $160,355,268
New York, New Haven & Hartford System.
17 lines, capital.. $103,319,313
The Reading System.
16 lines, capital.. $76,709,291
The Lehigh Valley System.
9 lines, capital.. $66,496,358
The Erie System.
12 lines, capital.. $179,493,181
The Southern System.
8 lines, capital.. $186,233,173
Northern Pacific System.
4 lines, capital.. $106,400,000
"Big Four" System.
7 lines, capital.. $64,517,635
Chesapeake & Ohio System.
5 lines, capital.. $73,708,100
Total.
9 sy'ms, capital $1,016,982,259

E. Ellery Anderson, the well-known railway lawyer, has been retained to bring a suit against the Union Pacific, Denver & Gulf Railroad Reorganization Committee, which will, it is understood, bring before the courts a matter seriously affecting every attempted reorganization of railway companies.

One of the principal questions will be the legality of a voting trust. This method of handling reorganized properties was originated by J. Pierpont Morgan. Under its operation the entire control of a reorganized railway is vested for a period of years in the hands of a committee which absolutely prevents the stockholders from controlling in any way their own property.

Another feature of this suit which is decidedly out of the ordinary will be the accusation that individual members of the committee purchased at low prices certain securities which they afterward sold to themselves and their associates in the Reorganization Committee with large profits. These profits, according to the charge, came out of the pockets of the stockholders and bondholders of the road.

This feature of the case involves the purchase of $10,500,000 of bonds, which were necessary for the Reorganization Committee to hold in the rehabilitation of the property.

The members of the committee against whom, collectively or singly, the suit will be brought are: Grenville M. Dodge, J. Kennedy Tod, Henry Budge, Oliver Ames, Henry Walters, Norman B. Ream, Henry Levis and Uriah Herrman. Of the five members who were to constitute the voting trust of the road those who are known are Henry Budge, J. Kennedy Tod and Frederick P. Olcutt.

The reorganization syndicate of the Union Pacific, Denver & Gulf Railroad was formed by the banking house of Hallgarten & Co., of which Henry Budge is a partner. This syndicate pretends to care for the interest of the bondholders, and not of the stockholders. Some time prior to the announcement of the plan of reorganization it became necessary for some interest to purchase certain bonds of the road, which originally belonged to the Union Pacific Railroad.

These bonds were in the possession of J. Pierpont Morgan & Co., by whom they were to be sold for the benefit of the committee reorganizing the Union Pacific road.

Hallgarten & Co., assisted by several of the present members of the reorganization committee, purchased the bonds at what was then about the market price. All of these securities were then turned over to the reorganization committee, receipts being taken for them, issued by the Central Trust Company. Enormous profits were made in this deal. A portion of this money the stockholders intend to recover if possible through the suit to be brought by E. Ellery Anderson.

Hallgarten & Co., speaking for the reorganization committee, contend that what profits were made by the members of the committee were legitimate and came more from the natural advance in the stock market than from any underhand work.

DIAMOND CANE FOR THE SULTAN.

The Kaiser Has One Made Like the Walking Stick of Frederick the Great.

Berlin, Nov. 10.—A local jeweller has received an imperial order to make a faithful imitation of the historic walking stick of Frederick the Great.

The cane, which is to be a present to the Sultan of Turkey, is to be surmounted with a knot of massive gold and to be studded with diamonds.

TROLLEY CLAIMS ANOTHER VICTIM.

Six-Year-Old Child Killed by a Car in Brooklyn.

The trolley claimed another victim in Brooklyn last night. Six-year-old Flora Cripso, of No. 233 Hamilton avenue, started to run across the street at Hamilton and Nelson streets shortly after 6 o'clock.

She was struck by car No. 627 of the Nassau avenue line, and thrown from the track. Her skull was fractured, and she died before the arrival of the ambulance.

James Casey, of No. 444 Seventeenth street, the motorman, was locked up on a charge of homicide.

The Gas Range

Is the most popular feature of the modern kitchen. Saves the most money.

CHILD SPEAKS FATHER'S DOOM.

A Child of Ten Years Condemning Her Father of Killing Her Mother.

(Sketched in the Court Room by a Journal Artist.)

The spectacle of a demure little girl describing on the witness chair the awful tragedy which took place in her home, whereby her mother lost her life under the father's wicked blows, so greatly affected the jury that they coughed to hide their emotions, and the Judge shifted his papers aimlessly.

Little Girl of Nine Saw Him Kill Her Mother.

TELLS IT TREMBLINGLY.

Members of the Jury Obliged to Cough Suspiciously to Hide Their Feelings.

COULD PARENT SUFFER MORE?

Timothy Collins Sits with Twitching Fingers and Wet Eyes While His Daughter Describes the Crime.

It seldom falls to the lot of a slayer to have the meed of punishment dealt out to him that was dealt out to Tim Collins yesterday. With his fingers convulsively working and tears streaming down his cheeks, he heard his nine-year-old daughter tell a jury and a judge how he had killed his wife. The little one, a wee child with a sweet face and glorious eyes and a mouth that was tremulous from excess of sorrow, told her tale falteringly, but with close adherence to truth, as indicated by her previous testimony and that of corroborative witnesses.

On April 10 Timothy Collins, a longshoreman, who lived with his wife Mary and his daughter Katie at No. 315 East Sixtieth street, went home drunk. He had ordered Mrs. Collins to have pig's head for supper, but she had chosen to have tripe instead. He refused to eat and left the house, returning shortly in an ugly mood. In his absence the wife had sent the little girl for mixed ale and had taken a lot of it. The drunken father and mother argued in sight of the child until their anger got the better of them and a fight ensued that resulted in the death of the mother.

Justice Gildersleeve, in Part I. of the Trial Term of the Criminal Court, took up the case yesterday. A motherly woman, attired in black, from the Institution of Mercy, at Eighty-first street and Madison avenue, brought little Katie into court. The child wore a long coat of coarse stuff, and her little head, from which the hair had been cut, was crowned by a jaunty Tam o' Shanter hat. Clasped in her tiny hands she held a snow white handkerchief neatly folded, and so careful was she of the handkerchief that she occasionally caressed her cute little pug nose with the inner side of the sleeve of her coat.

Child Called to Witness Chair.

Assistant District-Attorney McIntyre prosecuted Collins and Stephen O'Hare and Thomas Dinneen conducted the defence. Mr. McIntyre called the name of Katie Collins, and the motherly woman led the child from the rear of the courtroom and lifted her to the chair on the witness stand. The oath was not administered, because the ideas of the child concerning the nature of an oath were found to be vague.

The little girl primly pulled her feet up under the edges of her long coat and stole a glance of sympathy toward her father, who sat with his hands clasped in his lap, his thin white face bathed with tears. As the child looked at her father her sensitive mouth puckered, she blinked her eyes, her little breast heaved and her fingers plucked nervously at the clean white handkerchief.

She told her story simply. Her papa had come home, she said, and he was mad because her mamma had cooked tripe instead of pig's head. When her papa went out her mamma drank beer; yes, her mamma drank beer often. Was her papa in the habit of beating her mamma? No; only on Friday nights, when he got drunk, he would beat her mamma with a broom. On other nights when he was not very drunk he would slap her with his fists.

Mr. McIntyre, with voice tenderly solicitous and manner intended to be reassuring, asked the child to tell just what had happened, and she did.

"Papa," she piped, "hit mamma a blow with his hand and she 'snuck' under the bed. Then papa he didn't know where she went and he as't me, an' I said I didn't know, an' he lit a match an' looked under the bed an' seen her. Then he went an' got a broom and poked under the bed and said for mamma to come out, an' she wouldn't come."

Forced to Tell It All.

Here the poor little thing brushed her eyes with the clean white handkerchief, pulled her feet up further under her long coat and looked about the room appealingly. Collins stiffened his legs under the table.

"Go on," urged Mr. McIntyre, gently, "tell us all about it."

"Then," continued the child, her voice quivering, "papa he reached under the bed an' dug mamma out an' hit her in the face. Mamma she got the broom from him an' tried to hit him on the toe, but he jumped away an' took the broom away from her an' hit her on the head. That's all he did; honest."

Collins was crying by this time and the jurymen were ostentatiously engaged in blowing their noses, while Judge Gildersleeve engaged himself industriously with law papers on his desk. The motherly woman, seated far back in the room, sobbed audibly.

"When papa hit her," the child piped on, gaining confidence from the kind glances directed at her, "she was standing next to the lounge, and she just stood there. Papa, he was scared, an' he called Mrs. Sheehan, an' they made mamma sit in a chair. She snored twice an' said her head felt bad, an' when the men come she was dead on the floor. I didn't hear any more after she snored that way, because I was scared."

Child Was the Only Witness.

The motherly woman and a policeman tenderly lifted the child from the witness chair, and Collins pulled his fingers until every joint cracked. No other person had seen the crime, but many were called to corroborate the testimony that there had been a row. People called by the defence testified to the good previous character of Collins, and in his own behalf the man took the stand and testified that his wife had been twice in a lunatic asylum. He admitted striking her, but said that she had fallen against the bed, and contended that the blow had been struck in self-defence.

The jury was instructed to acquit Collins, or bring in a verdict of manslaughter in the second degree. A report will be had from the jury this morning. The little girl went back to the institution, clasping in her little fists various pieces of silver contributed by policemen and others around the court as a candy fund.

Funeral of Lieutenant Wansboro.

Albany, N. Y., Nov. 10.—Lieutenant Thomas A. Wansboro, Seventh Infantry, was buried to-day in St. Agnes's Cemetery. The Tenth Battalion Band, the One Hundred and Tenth Battalion, Albany Burgesses Corps and Albany Jackson Corps acting as escort. Mayor Van Alstyne, with city officials, attended. Services in St. Mary's Church.

12-INCH SHELL FOR HELEN GOULD.

No One Knows Who Sent the Giant Projectile to Tarrytown.

IT CAME BY EXPRESS.

Secretary Long Denies the Rumor That It Was He Who Sent It.

A twelve-inch shell, addressed to Miss Helen Gould, reached Tarrytown yesterday afternoon, and is now at the railroad station there, awaiting removal to her home. Who sent it, or where it comes from, nobody seems to know. Miss Gould knows nothing about it, and the first intimation of the strange gift she received was through the Journal last evening.

The big projectile has aroused no little curiosity among the residents of the village. Rumor there credits it to be a gift to Miss Gould from Secretary of the Navy Long, a souvenir of the recent war. Secretary Long, however, says there is no foundation whatever for the report.

Miss Gould did more for the soldiers and sailors during the war with Spain than any other woman in this country, and the people of Tarrytown insist that the projectile must be a tribute to her generosity from the Navy Department. In fact, they have it, in spite of Secretary Long's denial, that a letter from the Secretary preceded it, asking her to accept it with his compliments.

The shell is four feet long, one foot in diameter. It came by the American Express. The baggage master at the Tarrytown station was startled when the train stopped at the station and the "freight" for Miss Gould was unloaded. He and his assistants spent much energy in getting it off the flat car, on which it had travelled, to the station platform, where curious villagers at once gathered around and inspected it. Many who had never seen so large a projectile before gravely expressed doubts that such a weight could be shot from a gun.

The huge piece of metal will require a double truck to get it to Miss Gould's house, where it will probably grace the lawn of Lyndhurst eventually.

The value of the anonymous gift to Miss Gould is about a thousand dollars. There is nothing about it which affords the slightest clew to where it comes from. Inquiries at the American Express Company's main office last night failed to unravel the mystery.

Killed by His Hunting Companion.

Gouverneur, N. Y., Nov. 10.—Erba Kerr, of Edwards, aged eighteen years, was shot by his hunting companion, Clyde Nisbeth, principal of the Edwards schools. Kerr jumped in front of Nisbeth's gun just as the latter was firing at a partridge.

The honey soothes the irritated throat, the horehound is a tonic and the tar kills germs on mucous membranes.

HALE'S Honey of Horehound and Tar

is the favorite remedy for coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis and asthma. But be sure you get Hale's

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50 cents.

Doctor Bills Saved

No doctor ever lived who could give you a better medicine for fever and ague than Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Get it at any medicine dealer's, cure yourself and save big doctor bills.

It is the one true remedy for stomach troubles of every name as well.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters

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Send $60 and we will deliver, carriage paid, a

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If it does not prove satisfactory after ten days' trial we will refund the money. The **WELLINGTON** is guaranteed equal to any $100 typewriter. It possesses all the advantages of the big-priced instruments, and none of their defects. Our Catalogue tells all about it. Send for it.

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