

FIREMEN RAN A BLAZING TROLLEY CAR OUT OF FERCELY BURNING STOREHOUSE.



Firemen at Work on the Union Railway's Burning Trolley Car House. (Photograph Taken Especially for the Journal.)

Union Railway's Big Building on Boston Avenue Entirely Destroyed.

WHOLE SYSTEM TIED UP.

Fire Engines Delayed by Bad Roads, and One of Them Falls Into a Hole.

The big car house of the Union Railway Company, at Boston avenue and Woodruff street, near West Farms, was completely destroyed by fire yesterday. The total damage is estimated at about \$125,000. The ruined structure was two stories high and built of brick. It covered an entire block.

From some unknown cause the fire started shortly before noon on the second floor, where there was stored a great number of summer cars. The flames spread rapidly, and before the first alarm had been sent in the whole building seemed ablaze.

Twenty trolley cars on the ground floor were run out of the building and saved by the employees. The last two cars that were taken out were all blown. They were in charge of Fireman Tom Kerrigan, of Truck No. 14, and John Ingraham, an employee of the road.

The entire trolley system in the Borough of the Bronx was shut off yesterday for three hours in consequence of the fire, and the company lost thousands of fares. On every street corner throughout the annexed district crowds of people anxiously waited in slush and mud for the arrival of a car, but many gave up all hope and had to tramp home along country roads, for the "M" road was of little or no use to them.

COSTLY DEFECTS IN CITY PRISON.

Weak Beams and Girders to Be Replaced at Expense of \$25,000.

Comptroller Cole has notified Francis J. Lantry, Commissioner of Corrections, that errors have been discovered in the construction of the new city prison which are in violation of law. He included a report of the Building Department, which says that the floors, beams and girders are not strong enough to sustain the weight that would be put upon them, and ordering the Commissioner to remedy the error within ten days or incur a penalty of \$250, adding that a penalty of \$50 has already been fixed for the violation specified.

MOTORMAN FLIRTED; COMPANY MUST PAY.

His Car Bumped Another and an Injured Woman Sues.

Mrs. Gerda T. Rockwell, of No. 23 Trautman street, Brooklyn, was riding on a Marcy avenue car on July 8, 1893. The motorman turned around to flirt with a young woman on the front seat and his car bumped into one ahead.

Mrs. Rockwell was thrown against the forward seat and her back was badly wrenched. She sued the Nassau Railroad Company for \$20,000 damages. After giving her testimony yesterday in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, Mrs. Rockwell fainted.

EVELYN GRANVILLE GETS THIRTY DAYS.

Pittsburg Police Warn Her Off the Streets and Then Send Her to the Workhouse.

WILL DECIDE ON QUAY TO-DAY.

Philadelphia, Nov. 30.—Judge Finletter will announce his decision on the Quay demurrers and motion to quash at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning in the Court of Quarter Sessions. He has had the case under consideration for a little more than two days, and it is believed he has prepared a carefully written opinion, with citations from leading authorities, on the various points advanced.

Will Dance to Aid Telegraphers.

The seventh annual entertainment and reception of the New York Telegraphers' Aid Society, for the benefit of the relief fund will be held to-morrow night at the Central Opera House, Sixty-seventh street and Third avenue.

Mrs. Madison Dies at Bellevue.

Mrs. Theresa Madison, who was injured at the Eighth street station of the Second avenue elevated road Tuesday afternoon, died early yesterday morning at Bellevue Hospital without regaining consciousness. At the time of the accident Mrs. Madison was returning from the festival of her son, who lives in Long Island City.

Professor Harper to Lecture.

Saturday night, December 3, at 8 o'clock, in the Cooper Union, Eighth street and Third avenue, President William B. Harper, of the University of Chicago, will deliver the fourth of the course of lectures on educational topics, given under the auspices of the Board of Education. His subject will be "The University and Democracy." These lectures are free.

MUTUAL GAS STOCK IS TRANSFERRED.

A large block of the stock of the Mutual Gas Company has just passed into the control of the Consolidated Gas Company. It is not stated positively that it carries with it the control of the company, but such is the general report current in Wall Street.

Assistant District-Attorney M. B. Blumenthal.

District-Attorney Gardner announced yesterday that he had appointed Maurice B. Blumenthal an Assistant District-Attorney. Mr. Blumenthal will begin work at once, going over the cases in the office and deciding whether they shall be brought to trial or be dismissed.

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TEACHERS' PAY AGAIN DELAYED.

They Cannot Expect November Salaries Until After Christmas.

The president of the Board of Education has notified Comptroller Cole that it will not be practicable to send the teachers' payrolls to the Finance Department as early as the 15th of each month, as they cannot be made up before the 20th. Under this ruling the teachers will not receive their November salaries until after Christmas Day.

Called Great Men by First Names.

Frank Connors, a Well-Known Paterson Character, is Buried.

Frank Connors, the best known character in Paterson, was buried there yesterday. He was always ready to drink, and never to work or steal. The most prominent people often stopped on the street to talk with him, for his wit and capers aroused interest as much as his character as a companion.

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FRIEND OF PRINCE A WIFE BEATER.

Weigand Also Claimed That the Duchess of Rutland Is His Friend.

JULIUS STEGER A WITNESS.

The Singer Told of Having Heard Blows Struck in the Weigands' Rooms.

WIFE'S TALE OF ILL-TREATMENT.

She Declared That Her Husband Beat Her So Hard That She Was Threatened with Paralysis.

Gustave Weigand, a fine looking man of thirty-five years, well dressed and with a military bearing, was arraigned in the Yorkville Court yesterday, charged with having assaulted his wife. The man claims to have been in the Jameson raid in the Transvaal and to number among his friends the Prince of Wales and the Duchess of Rutland.

Mrs. Weigand and her husband, the third she has had, live at No. 34 East Fifty-eighth street. Julius Steger, the leading man in the Casino Theatre force, has apartments there and was summoned by Mrs. Weigand as chief witness.

Weigand had come to this country from Africa and they were married. Since that time, she said, her husband had been abusing and beating her.

When the case was called Mr. Steger said that he and two friends occupy bachelor apartments in the house. He has been accustomed to having a light luncheon in his rooms after leaving the theatre, and frequently has heard cries of "Help" and "Murder" from the Weigand apartments. He said that he and his friend would hurry up to the next floor and would find Weigand standing outside the door. He would tell them that Mrs. Weigand was hysterical and that she had fallen on the floor. He would apologize for her, Steger said, and take her to her room. He would hear the sound of blows being struck. He said that the Weigands had been told to move.

Mrs. Weigand said that her husband had beaten her so badly that she had to have the attendance of Dr. Goelet, of West Seventy-fourth street, who thought at one time she would be paralyzed on one side of her body.

Weigand said that he never struck a woman in his life. He had a letter which he said was from the Duchess of Rutland. It was on paper with the inscription, "Belvoir Castle, Grantham," and was dated November 2, 1893.

Deputy District Attorney Charles Magistrate Meade held Weigand in \$500 bail to trial in Special Session on charge of assault. Weigand was locked up.

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He called married women by their first names when he went to their houses for a meal. Vice-President Hobart he talked of as "Johnnie," and Attorney-General Griggs as "Johnnie."

Two weeks ago he fell ill, and a committee of children sent him to the General Hospital, where he died. Prominent men furnished the money for a decent burial, and many citizens called at the undertaking establishment to look at his body.

When Connors did not care to face the weather he managed to get locked up, and he would send his wife to jail, would hand him the commitment and let him take it to jail himself.

Through this move the Consolidated Gas Company strengthens its position in the local market, and it is believed that a move toward the consolidation of all the local companies, as under the provisions of the charter of the Mutual, it cannot consolidate with any other company without forfeiting its rights and franchises.

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CUPID REPAYS DANFORTH FOR A POLITICAL LOSS.

Elliot Danforth and His Bride.



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Though luck was against the candidate for Lieutenant-Governor at election time, Cupid has amply recompensed him. He was married yesterday to Mrs. Richard Mott Laimbeer, a charming woman, whose large estate Mr. Danforth managed.

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The Story of Consumption

BY ROBERT HUNTER, M. D.

Doctor of Medicine of the University of New York and Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Canada.

Early in my professional life, while engaged in general practice as physician and surgeon, I was suddenly attacked by hemorrhage from the lungs, followed by the usual symptoms of decline, which brought me, in the course of five months, face to face with consumption, the most dreaded of all human diseases.

Realizing my danger, I appealed naturally to my college for help. Dr. John H. Sweet, Professor of Theory and Practice in the University, and author of an able treatise on lung diseases, had been my preceptor in my student days, and now became my chief hope. He carefully examined my chest and told me I had tuberculosis; said I knew all he knew about the disease, and that he considered it incurable. He, however, advised me to consult the late Baron Louis, of Paris, at that time the most famous authority on lung diseases of Europe, who, he said, might possibly know of something new. I went to Paris to obtain his advice, and all I got, beyond a few expressions of sympathy with a professional brother in affliction, was the assurance that there was no remedy for my disease. I then went to London and consulted the three most eminent English physicians of that day—Dr. Williams, Dr. Carswell and Dr. Walshe—but it was all in vain; they could give me no encouragement. The highest medical skill of the profession under the theory of the disease then held, and the treatment then practised, could not hold out a ray of hope to any one having consumption. The theory of the disease at that time was that consumption comes from some unknown taint of the blood, derived by inheritance, liable to break out at any age, and, being once set up, cannot be remedied by any medical or surgical skill known.

I had myself been taught this same theory and had hitherto accepted it as true, but now, finding it led only to the grave, in a desperate effort to save my own life I resolved to investigate it thoroughly by examining everything written on the disease and every theory of its causation that had ever been advanced.

To settle my doubts I went to the great library of the British Museum and began a careful study of the history of the disease. Commencing with the works of Hippocrates, the "Father of Medicine," who wrote on consumption 240 years before the birth of Christ, I traced it down through all succeeding ages to 1850, a period of more than 2,000 years, carefully comparing the accounts given of the symptoms, the manner in which it began in the cases described, the doctrines taught at different periods, the practices of the different authors, and their opinions of the possibility of its cure.

In this vast field of medical research I gathered a mighty array of facts, which conclusively proved to my mind that the blood-taint theory then taught by the medical schools and believed by all physicians was a false and untenable delusion. I traced hundreds of cases of consumption through all their stages without finding one that could be justly charged to any blood taint. I constructed the history of the cases showed that they had all begun in colds and congestion of the mucous lining of the air tubes, which sooner or later developed into chronic inflammation, caused abrasion of the epithelium and made a raw surface in the lungs. That through this raw surface the germs of the disease were able to attack the lungs and by their ravages quickly transformed what had been only bronchitis into confirmed consumption.

When I reached this satisfactory conviction and understood the true nature of the disease the first ray of rational hope flashed on my mind and I resolved to apply a local treatment to my own case. I felt convinced that my disease was not in my stomach, nor in my blood, but was in the tubes and cells of the lungs, where it must be treated by remedies directly applied to give me any chance of cure. There were at that time no instruments for injecting medicine to a gaseous state, nor any experience of their action when so administered to guide me. With nothing but my knowledge of chemistry, the properties of medicines and the requirements of the disease as I now understand it, I constructed the first inhalation instrument ever employed for the cure of the lungs and began to treat myself by medicated air inhalations. When I found any medicines too strong or too harsh in their action I changed them for others and went on, step by step, until I had tested every known medicinal agent that had healing, antiseptic or germicidal properties. Under this treatment all my symptoms improved, the spitting of blood ceased, expectation became freer and without those racking fits of coughing which previously attended it. My flesh and strength came back and within a year I came up "out of the valley of the shadow of death" and stood again on the plain of restored health. I got well notwithstanding the forebodings of my medical friends and the predictions of those wise professors who had so confidently pronounced my doom.

Shortly after I began to treat my lungs by medicated air, Mr. Frederick T. Andrews came to me from Canada on his way to Baltimore to visit his sister, said to be dying of consumption. I explained to him what I was doing for myself and he expressed his willingness to accompany him to Baltimore, saying he felt God had guided him to me and that if I would only go his sister might be saved. I shall never forget the spectacle we beheld as we entered the sick chamber of that little home on Eutaw street.

There, prostrated up in bed, with a wash basin apparently half full of blood by her side, reclined a beautiful girl of eighteen. She was as white as marble, a cold, clammy sweat stood out on her forehead, and what appeared the imprint of death in every lineament of her features. It did not seem possible she could last more than a few days, but as their earnest entreaty I consented to make an effort to save her. I went to a tinmith and had a rude instrument made which would lie on her pillow and enable her to inhale without the effort of sitting up. I had a chemist make up the prescription I was using for myself, and after giving instructions left her, hardly expecting to ever see her again alive.

She used the treatment with immediate benefit and faithfully followed it for about two months, when she had regained sufficient health to return to Canada, shortly afterward married and is alive to-day, the wife of a prominent member of the Dominion Parliament.

Another remarkable case was that of James Tynnum, of Brooklyn, who, hearing of my treatment from his physician, my old preceptor, Dr. J. Sweet, begged me to receive him as a patient. He was the last of a consumptive family, and two sisters and a brother having already died of the disease. He had been under Dr. Sweet's care from June to October, who pronounced his case hopeless. He spit blood from the lungs, had incessant cough, puriform expectoration. Every morning he had a chill, followed by raging fever in the afternoon, and at night was bathed in sweat. In the previous three months he had lost twenty-seven pounds in weight and was then so emaciated as to be barely able to stand. On examination I found a large cavity in the apex of his right lung, from which he was spitting up pus and softened tubercle, while around the cavity the lung was dull and filling up. I made my first prescription on Oct. 10, and continued to treat him through the Winter and following Summer. His progress was slow and often interrupted by relapses. In a little over fifteen months from the commencement he had so far recovered as to be able to return to business, and by the following Summer had regained within seven pounds of his best weight before his sickness.

To-day no physician with any pretence to reputation would dare to say that he still believes in the old theory or still treats lung diseases under it. My treatment by antiseptic medicated air inhalations transferred consumption and other chronic affections of the lungs from the incurable to the class of the curable maladies.

Special Notices.

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For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co.

If you want a cure you must get Ayer's

Small text describing the product's benefits.

Advertisement for Beecham's Pills, highlighting its benefits for various ailments and its status as a 'wonderful medicine'.

Advertisement for Ripans Tablets, featuring a testimonial from Mrs. Rochefort and an illustration of a woman sitting at a table.

Advertisement for Robert Hunter, M.D., a specialist in lung cases, located at 117 West Fort-street, New York City.