THOMAS B. REED *WONT* RUN FOR PRESIDENT.

Terms of Another Pact Made by the Czar of the House of Representatives.

By It He Hopes to Retain His Present Place, at the Sacrifice of His Ambition.

1900 ADMINISTRATION PROGRAMME.

McKinley and Hobart to be renominated.

No candidate for Speaker of the House against Thomas B. Reed.

Reed, in return, shall not enter the field as a Presidential candidate.

The elimination of Governor Roosevelt as a Presidential probability.

Platt's support counted upon to help carry out this programme.

The Administration Programme Provides for the Renomination of McKinley and Hobart.

Platt's Support Counted on and Roosevelt Believed to Be Eliminated as a Possibility.

THOMAS BRACKETT REED will positively not be a candidate against William McKinley for the Presidential nomination in 1900. All the influence of the McKinley Administration will be directed toward making Vice-President Garrett A. Hobart again the running mate of the Ohioan. No opposition will be offered by the present occupant of the White House to the re-election of the Maine man as Speaker of the House of Representatives.

These statements are made on the authority of a Republican leader who enjoys the confidence of the President, and who was in consultation with him when he and Speaker Reed met at Jekyl Island last week.

The only chance for Theodore Roosevelt to get his name on the ticket is to make a fight on his own account for delegates to the convention. His relations with Mr. Platt, who is going to Albany this afternoon, will have an important bearing on the votes of the New York delegation.

WHERE PLATT STANDS AND WHAT HE MAY DO.

As Matters Stand Now, Roosevelt May Not Be Considered a Presidential Probability.

The McKinley Administration programme is to renominate the ticket of '96 and put up no candidate for Speaker of the House of Representatives against Thomas B. Reed, with the understanding that the man from Maine shall not enter the next Republican National Convention as a candidate for the Presidential nomination for 1900.

Roosevelt's Chances.

This programme, should it be carried out, would eliminate Governor Roosevelt as a Presidential factor for the next five years, unless he takes the bit between his teeth and continues openly as he has privately to hunt for the seventy-two delegates from New York. Whether or not he will get any encouragement from the Platt machine may be determined after Senator Platt concludes the visit he proposes to pay to the Executive Mansion to-day.

Should the Senator and Governor finally pull together upon machine legislation and get it through, the machine may officially trot out Roosevelt either as a Presidential or a Vice-Presidential candidate. Should the Governor's pet measures fail of final passage and the machine's bills also go to their death, Platt may see more to be gained by openly supporting McKinley and decide to swing all his influence for the Ohioan.

The latter has, with perhaps the single exception of Joseph H. Choate, Ambassador to England, named for appointment every New Yorker recommended by Senator Platt. Governor Roosevelt, on the other hand, has bestowed upon Seth Low and his following eighteen of the twenty-four important places he has had to fill. This has not strengthened the Governor's chances of getting Platt's support for higher honors.

It was not until after Speaker Reed paid his visit to New York at the beginning of the present month that his friends discovered that it would be next to useless to attempt to capture the Empire State delegation to the next National Convention.

Tom Reed Got a Chill.

The little dinner arranged by Congressman James J. Belden was, in the mind of the host at least, to make a test of Reed's popularity here. Though leaders were invited to it who, it is presumed, will partially if not wholly control the New York delegation to the convention of 1900, few of them sent acceptances, and only one, Chairman B. B. Odell, of the Republican State Committee, attended in person.

Senator Platt bled himself away to Florida and declined to cut his visit short, even though showered with telegrams not to miss the feast or the significance of it. Senator Platt's avoidance of the dinner and the failure to obtain any satisfaction from Odell as to Platt's plans for 1900 seem to have induced the Speaker to conclude that the best thing he could do to insure his chair at Washington was to immediately reach an understanding with the President.

Within four days after the dinner he appeared at Jekyl Island, where he met the President, Vice-President, Senator Hanna and former Secretary Bliss. Since then there has been no serious talk among New Yorkers at least, about Reed as a Presidential probability.

Chandler Gave the Cue.

Senator William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, who as a New Englander would naturally support Reed if there were a chance of his nomination, gave the cue in his Journal interview several day's ago, when he declared that, in his judgment, President McKinley would be renominated. In the same interview he expressed the opinion that McKinley's running mate would be either Hobart or Roosevelt. Senator Chandler had spent some hours in consultation with Senators Platt, Foraker and Thurston before he submitted to this interview.

A day or two after the statement appeared in print the Senator announced his intention of calling upon Hobart and assuring him that he and practically every Republican Senator would employ what power he possessed to secure his renomination. It was apparent to those with whom Senator Chandler talked that he had gotten nothing from Platt upon which he could predict an opinion that the chief of the New York machine had pledged himself to boost Roosevelt either for the Presidency or Vice-Presidency.

Platt and Hobart Thick.

On the other hand Hobart and Platt are almost bosom friends. Hobart has done about everything Platt has asked him to do in Washington. The New Jersey man was the choice of the Senator for Vice-President at St. Louis, after the Morton Presidential farce had been abandoned. While Platt has declined repeatedly to talk about 1900 for publication, and persisted in this determination yesterday, his confidential friends are frank in saying that he maintains the same cordial feeling for Hobart that he did in 1896, and that were the National convention held to-morrow he would insist upon the latter's renomination.

When Senator Platt was asked yesterday whether he would state his preferences for 1900 he laughed and replied: "Wait until 1900."

How Alger Figures.

What Platt would do should Russell A. Alger be forced out of the McKinley Cabinet is another thing. Such an act might induce him to change his political plans. Alger and Platt are as thick as two peas. Their warm friendship has not cooled since Platt attempted to get the Michigan man nominated for the Presidency in 1888. Platt has, ever since the threats were made to decapitate Alger for the beef scandal, stuck by the General. Even when he was asked to name a New Yorker to succeed Alger in the Cabinet he declined to do so. Former Secretary Bliss himself followed suit, declaring that Alger was the victim of persecution.

With Alger compelled to retire from the Cabinet, and Platt lacking proper compensation for the turning down of an old friend, the boss of the New York machine might discover an Empire State man to pit against McKinley.

INGERSOLL'S LIVING WORDS ON DEATH.

He Delivers an Eloquent Oration at the Funeral of Isaac H. Bailey.

PRAISE FOR HIS FRIEND.

He Scoffed at All Pretence and, with Epicurus, Was Not Afraid of Death.

The funeral of Isaac H. Bailey, formerly the editor and proprietor of the Shoe and Leather Journal, took place yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock from the Waldorf-Astoria, where Mr. Bailey lived. The funeral was private. The body will be cremated at the Fresh Pond (L. I.) Crematory.

Mr. Bailey, who was eighty years old, was formerly a leather merchant. He was a candidate for Congress in the Eleventh district in 1874, but was defeated by Colonel Benjamin A. Willis. Directly after he was appointed a Commissioner of Charities by Mayor Vance and was chosen president of the Board, holding the position for two years, when he resigned it.

He was nominated Police Commissioner by Mayor Ely in 1877, and subsequently returned to the Board of Charities.

His daughter, the widow of Captain Charles Heintzelman, U. S. Army, came from Washington to attend the services. His son is in Europe.

Mr. Bailey was a member of the Union League, Players, Whist and Hide and Leather clubs and of the New England Society, of which he was once president.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll delivered the following eulogy over the bier of his dead friend:

When one whom we hold dear has reached the end of life and laid his burden down, it is but natural for us, his friends, to pay the tribute of respect and love; to tell his virtues, to express our sense of loss and speak above the sculptured clay some word of hope.

Our friend, about whose bier we stand, was in the highest, noblest sense a man. He was not born to wealth—he was his own providence, his own teacher. With him work was worship and labor was his only prayer. He depended on himself and was as independent as it is possible for man to be. He hated debt, and obligation was a chain that scarred his flesh. He lived a long and useful life. In age he reaped with joy what he had sown in youth. He did not linger "until his flame lacked oil," but with his senses keen, his mind undimmed, and with his arms filled with gathered sheaves, in an instant, painlessly, unconsciously, he passed from happiness and health to the realm of perfect peace. We need not mourn for him, but for ourselves, for those he loved.

He was an absolutely honest man—a man who kept his word, who fulfilled his contracts, gave heaped and rounded measure and discharged all obligations with the fabled chivalry of ancient knights. He was absolutely honest, not only with others but with himself. To his last moment his soul was stainless. He was true to his ideal—true to his thought, and what his brain conceived his lips expressed. He refused to pretend. He knew that to believe without evidence was impossible to the sound and sane, and that to say you believed when you did not was possible only to the hypocrite or coward. He did not believe in the supernatural. He was a natural man and lived a natural life. He had no fear of friends. He cared nothing for the guesses of inspired savages; nothing for the threats or promises of the sainted and insane.

He enjoyed this life—the good things of this world—the clasp and smile of friendship, the exchange of generous deeds, the reasonable gratification of the senses—of the wants of the body and mind. He was neither an insane ascetic nor a fool of pleasure, but walked the golden path along the strip of verdure that lies between the deserts of extremes.

With him to do right was not simply a duty, it was a pleasure. He had philosophy enough to know that the quality of actions depends upon their consequences, and that these consequences are the rewards and punishments that no God can give, inflict, withhold or pardon.

The Genius of Friendship.

He lored his country, he was proud of the heroic past, dissatisfied with the present, and confident of the future. He stood on the rock of principle. With him the policy was to do right. He would not compromise with wrong. He had no respect for political failures who became reformers and decorated fraud with the pretence of philanthropy or sought to gain some private end in the name of public good. He despised time-servers, trimmers, fawners and all sorts and kinds of pretenders.

He believed in national honesty; in the preservation of public faith. He believed that the Government should discharge every obligation—the implied as faithfully as the expressed. And I would be unjust to his memory if I did not say that he believed in honest money, in the best money in the world, in pure gold. And that he despised with all his heart financial frauds, and regarded fifty cents that pretended to be a dollar as he would a thief in the uniform of a policeman, or a criminal in the robe of a judge.

He believed in liberty, and liberty for all. He pitied the slave and hated the master; that is say, he was an honest man. In the dark days of the Rebellion he stood for the right. He loved Lincoln with all his heart—loved him for his genius, his courage and his goodness. He lored Conkling—lored him for his independence and his manhood, for his unwavering courage, and because he would not, bow or bend—loved him because he accepted defeat with the pride of a victor. He loved Grant, and in the temple of his heart, over the altar, in the highest niche, stood the great soldier.

Nature was kind to our friend. She gave him the blessed gift of humor. This filled his days with the climate of Autumn, so that to him even disaster had its sunny side. On account of his humor he appreciated and enjoyed the great literature of the world. He loved Shakespeare, his clowns and heroes. He appreciated and enjoyed Dickens. The characters of this great novelist were his acquaintances. He knew them all; some were his friends and some he dearly loved. He had wit of the keenest and quickest. The instant the steel of his logic smote the flint of absurdity the spark glittered. And yet his wit was always kind. The flower when touched by it throbbed. The targets of his wit were not made enemies, but admirers.

He was social, and after the feast of serious conversation he loved the wine of wit—the dessert of a good story that blossomed into mirth. He enjoyed innocent mirth, delighted by the relations of chance—the curious combinations of accident. He had the genius of friendship. In his nature there was no suspicion. He could not be poisoned against a friend. The arrows of slander never pierced the shield of his confidence. He demanded demonstration. He defended a friend as he defended himself. Against all comers he stood firm, and he never deserted the field until the friend had fled. I have known many, many friends—have clasped the hands of many that I loved, but in the journey of my life I have never grasped the hand of a better, truer, more unselfish friend than he who lies before us clothed in the perfect peace of death. He loved me living and I love him now.

Idea of Immortality Born of Affection.

S250

In youth we front the sun; we live in light without a fear, without a thought of dusk or night. We glory in excess. There is no dread of loss when all is growth and gain. With reckless hands we spend and waste and hide the flying hours for loitering by the way.

The future holds the fruit of joy; the present keeps us from the feast, and so, with hurrying feet we climb the heights and upward look with eager eyes. But when the sun begins to sink and shadows fall in front, and lengthen on the path, then falls upon the heart a sense of loss and then we hoard the shreds and crumbs and vainly long for what was cast away. And then with miserc care we save and spread thin hands before December's half-fed flickering flames, while through the glass of time the minutes mounting, catch the few remaining grains of sand that hasten to their end. In the gathering gloom the fires slowly die, while memory dreams of south, and hope sometimes mistakes the glow of ashes for the coming of another morn.

But our friend was an exception. He lived in the present; he enjoyed the sunshine of today. Although his feet had touched the limit of four-score, he had not reached the time to stop, to turn and think about the travelled road. He was still full of life and hope, and had the interest of youth in all the affairs of man.

He had no fear of the future—no dread. He was ready for the end. I have often heard him repeat the words of Epicurus: "Why should I fear death? If I am, death is not. If death is, I am not. Why should I fear that which cannot exist when I do?"

If there is beyond the veil, beyond the night called death, another world in which men carry all the failures and the triumphs of this life; if above and over all there be a God who loves the right, an honest man has naught to fear. And if there be another world in which sincerity is a virtue, in which fidelity is loved and courage honored, then all is well with the dear friend whom we have lost.

But if the grave ends all, if all that was our friend is dead, the world is better for the life he lived. Beyond the tomb we cannot see. We listen, but from the lips of mystery there comes no word. Darkness and silence brooding over all. And yet, because we love we hope. Farewell! And yet again, Farewell!

And will there sometime be another world? We have our dream. The idea that immortality, that like a sea has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, beating with its countless waves against the sands and rocks of time and fate, was not born of any book or creed. It was born of affection. And it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death.

IN A HOUSE FULL OF RATS SHE DIED.

No Man Had Entered Miss Van Sickel's Door in Newark for 25 Years.

SHE WAS A RICH WOMAN.

Lived a Hermit's Life in a Big City, Now All Goes to a Nephew.

Miss Maria S. Van Sickel will be buried to-day from her late home at No. 21 Bank street, Newark.

Miss Van Sickel was eighty-one years old, and for a quarter of a century, until last Tuesday, when a doctor was called, no man had seen the interior of the house, and rarely was a woman admitted. Her sole companions during many years were a score or more of cats; but one of the cats killed a rat one day, and they were all driven from the house. Ever afterward she harbored and fed rats until the house swarmed with them, and they became so tame that they romped about on the floor close to the old woman's feet.

Why Miss Van Sickel chose the life she led nobody knows. The popular belief is that she was at some time crossed in love, for to the present generation she was known as a man hater. Grocer, butcher or milkman was never admitted to her house, and what business she did with the outside world was transacted through a basement window, the blind of which she would open only a few inches. The other blinds of the house were never opened.

There is a tradition that when Miss Van Sickel was young she was a beautiful woman and an acknowledged belle. Her father, Stephen Van Sickel, left considerable property, her portion being valued at $150,000. Two weeks ago she refused $52,000 for the big house in which she lived absolutely alone.

When Miss Van Sickel realized that she was ill last Thursday she admitted one of her neighbors who had made a practice of tapping on the basement window every day to see if she wanted anything. This neighbor saw at a glance that the old woman was very ill, and summoned Dr. J. M. Rand, who prescribed for her.

The old woman refused to take the medicine, always fearing that she was going to be poisoned. She sank rapidly, and Saturday night she died.

Dr. Rand, who was with the woman in her last hours, said yesterday that he did not believe a broom had been used in the house in twenty-five years. The floor was inches deep with dust, and when he entered rats scampered about in every direction.

Miss Van Sickel was a direct descendant of Matthias Hatfield, who went to England in the latter part of the seventeenth century to ask King George for a charter for Elizabethtown. So far as is known, her only living relative is John Van Sickel, of Elizabeth, a nephew.

Child Fatally Burned.

John Beebe, two years old, whose parents live at No. 103 Harrison avenue, Williamsburg, received burns yesterday which will prove fatal, by his clothes catching fire at a kitchen stove. The boy was left alone in the kitchen while Mrs. Beebe went to the hall to see a neighbor.

Make it a point when renting a furnished room or looking for a boarding house to consult the Journal's board and room directory.

THREE WOMEN MUSKETEERS, ALL BOOTED AND SPURRED.

Three Actresses Who Will Play Male Parts in "The Three Musketeers."

MARY SHAW TO PLAY D'ARTAGNAN. JANAUSCHEK TO PLAY RICHELIEU. ROSELLE KNOTT TO PLAY BUCKINGHAM.

Let Sothern and O'Neill Look to Their Laurels, for Here's a Dashing D'Artagnan.

WILL DOFF PETTICOATS.

SHE Is Mary Shaw, and There's Mrs. Goodfriend as Porthos, and Miss Fernandez, Athos.

Nine musketeers on Broadway! And by the same token three of them are to be women.

The gorgeous O'Neill production at the Broadway and the celebrated Sothern creation at the Knickerbocker are seriously threatened, not so much in a spirit of rivalry as in the all-seductive name of charity.

For her sake the Professional Women's League early in April will invade without a tremor the field created by Dumas for Man.

"Why should we be appalled at D'Artagnan?" cried a member yesterday. "D'Artagnan with his romance and his address. A woman will make him ideal! And we have chosen an ideal woman to impersonate him."

Mary Shaw, without a dissenting voice, has been cast to rival Sothern and O'Neill.

"Her costume?" said the enthusiastic member. "Why—it, of course—it's the whole thing—spurs, top boots, hat and all! Were we ever known to stop for that—in the cause of charity? This is our annual benefit, and everything goes, top boots and all their accessories!"

For this occasion only Mrs. Ida Jeffreys Goodfriend will strut the stage as Porthos. Little Bijou Fernandez will look melancholy in an heroic effort to take off the melancholy Athos.

For Richelieu a real tragedienne has volunteered. Mme. Janauschek will come out of her retirement to assist in the annual benefit and to help make it a success.

Some one suggested that the female parts should be played by men.

"Why?" asked a lover of women.

"For novelty," it was said.

"Can you have too much of a good thing?" quoted the defender of her sex, and the suggestion was decried.

"Miladi" will be intrusted to Maida Craigen, and the lovelorn Buckingham to Roselle Knott. The other roles are still in abeyance, not for any lack of volunteers, but because the cast of even "The Three Musketeers" cannot include the whole of the Professional Women's League.

PROFESSIONAL WOMEN'S LEAGUE WILL PRESENT THE THREE MUSKETEERS.

THE CAST:

D'ARTAGNAN	MARY SHAW
PORTHOS	MRS. IDA JEFFREYS GOODFRIEND
ATHOS	BIJOU FERNANDEZ
RICHELIEU	MME. JANAUSCHEK
MILADI	MAIDA CRAIGEN
BUCKINGHAM	ROSELLE KNOTT

KNOCKED OVER WHILE ATTEMPTING SUICIDE.

Then the Despondent Man Was Put in Jail for Endangering Children's Lives.

Joseph Rosenzweig, a Hungarian, fifty-six years old, who boarded with his niece, Mrs. Koeffler, at No. 319 East Seventy-fourth street, went into the kitchen at an early hour yesterday morning, took down a gas tube attached to a jet, placed it in his mouth, and then settling and balancing himself in a niche between the coal stove and the sink turned on the gas.

Mrs. Koeffler, who was in the next room with five children, was awakened by the groans of Rosenzweig, but she did not mind them for half an hour. Then she got up to investigate. She found her uncle stuck in the niche with the tube in his mouth, but he was not in a bad way. The woman gave him a shove and knocked him down. Then she called a doctor, who advised that the man be arrested for endangering the lives of the woman and children who were in the next room. This was done, and he is now in jail.

SINGERS' SALARIES ATTACHED.

Grau Opera Company Claims Grunfeld Broke a Commission Contract.

Deputy Sheriff Radley has received an attachment against Ludwig Grunfeld, of Vienna, for $714, in favor of the Maurice Grau Opera Company, for alleged breach of an agreement to divide commissions on the contracts of Ernest Van Dyck and Andrew Dippel as operatic artists at the Metropolitan Opera House. The attachment was served on Messrs. Van Dyck and Dippel.

PATRICK NOLAN MISSING.

His Wife Is Destitute and Appeals to the Police to Find Him.

Cassie Nolan, of No. 44 Fleet place, Brooklyn, is anxiously searching for any news of her husband, Patrick, who left her March 9, and who has not been heard from since.

His wife is left with a young child, and is entirely destitute of any means of support, being dependent upon the charity of her neighbors. The Bellevue and police authorities have no record of a man answering Nolan's description.

ELECTS HIMSELF BY PETITION.

Candidate Secures Signatures of Nearly All Voters in His Ward.

Chicago, March 27.—George E. Gooch has elected himself Alderman of the Fifth Ward, of Evanston, by petition. All the candidates for the election to be held on April 18 are by petition and Gooch's managers have secured so many signers for him that there are not enough voters left in the ward to make another candidate's petition legal. Gooch already is receiving congratulations on his election.

Yale Senior Killed by a Fall.

Hartford, Conn., March 22.—William B. Moore, a Yale senior, fell and fatally injured himself here recently. He left college and died yesterday at his residence in Hartford. He was twenty-three years old, and was in the department of engineering. His classmates will meet to-morrow and pass appropriate resolutions.

Business Notices.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup Speedily cures whooping-cough, croup and measle-cough. It is safe and sure. Mothers you can always rely on it. Children like it. Doses are small. Price 25 cts.

Special Notices.

CHAMBARD'S TEA, THE MOST POPULAR family medicine in France for biliousness, constipation, indigestion, headache, dizziness, loss of appetite, swelling of the stomach, congestion, piles, eczema. Box, 35 cents, by mail. LEGOLL'S Pharmacy, 288 7th ave., New York, and leading druggists.

E. & W. "OSCEOLA." E. & W.
A new high-banded collar.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. bottle.

REGAL GRAND CHAMPAGNE AT GROCERies or BROTHERHOOD WINE CO., 332-6 Spring st.

IMPERIAL HAIR REGENERATOR
for Gray or Bleached Hair.
A single application of this marvellous and absolutely harmless preparation will restore GRAY HAIR to its natural color, or make BLEACHED HAIR any color desired. Seven numbers produce all colors. Price $1.50 and $2.00.
Facial and scalp treatment, latest scientific method.
We make applications a specialty and assure privacy. Samples of hair colored free of charge.
292 5TH AV., Between 30th and 31st sts.
(Fifth Avenue.)

TWO SCULPTORS GO SUDDENLY MAD.

Philip Wolfrom Fights His Keepers on the Liner Rotterdam.

Just before the Holland-America steamship Rotterdam left Boulogne-sur-Mer, France, for this port on March 17 a powerful young man, whose pale face showed signs of recent illness, walked up the gangway. He was Philip Wolfrom, a promising young sculptor, of this city, who had spent nine years in study in Paris. By his side walked his sister, Miss Annie Wolfrom, who had gone to Paris to nurse her brother and bring him home, while the latter's chum, Seymour Burrell, followed behind.

Twenty minutes after the ship was berthed in Hoboken yesterday a closed carriage rolled away from the pier and inside, cursing his keepers, was Philip Wolfrom, struggling for freedom, with the light of insanity in his eyes.

Following in a second carriage was the stricken man's sister, weeping bitterly. The two carriages went directly to Bellevue Hospital. There the crazed sculptor was placed in the insane pavilion, but the doctors did not remove the straitjacket which he had worn for the last four days of the voyage.

Wolfrom's behavior was not noticeably peculiar till the morning of the second day out. He had not slept well the night before, and at the breakfast table he began to fashion busts and figures from the bread, which he imagined to be clay. The proceeding was taken in a ludicrous sense by the other passengers, and some of them laughed. This made the sculptor frantic, and jumping from the table he glared at the passengers and rushed to the deck.

The insane man was conducted to the hospital on the promenade deck and there, under restraint, he spent the rest of the voyage. On last Thursday he became very violent and attacked his nurse. He knocked the nurse down and then smashed one of the heavy port hole glasses with a blow of his fist. Help was summoned, the man thrown to the floor and a straitjacket put on him.

Wolfrom's home is at No. 327 West Fourteenth street. He is twenty-nine years old, and his relatives believe that he will ultimately recover his reason. His mind was unbalanced through constant study.

Grief and Loss Dethrone Tillman Puetz's Reason in Chicago.

Chicago, March 27.—Tillman S. Puetz, a sculptor who came to Chicago during the World's Fair to seek fame and fortune, is an inmate of the Detention Hospital, a raving maniac. He was taken there by the police Friday from his studio, at No. 2901 Wentworth avenue.

Friends of the artist say he is the victim of a series of misfortunes. The loss of his savings in a bank failure amounting to nearly $3,000 and the death of a brother are supposed to have unbalanced his reason. The brother, who also lost through the failure of the bank, became insane and died in an asylum.

The sculptor first displayed signs of insanity Friday when he called Swahn Fagrelius, a blacksmith, whose shop is near the studio, to help himself to whatever statuary he wanted. Fagrelius refused.

Puetz then took him to a trunk and showed him seventeen $20 gold pieces. "Well, take some of those," he said, "if you don't want any statuary." Fagrelius declared he did not want the money, but Puetz forced some coin into the blacksmith's pocket. The latter told his experience to the police and detectives came, but seeing the sculptor at work in his studio refused to take any action.

When some children passed the studio in the afternoon they saw Puetz inside stripped of clothing. He was throwing gold into the stove. For a second time the police were called.

When a patrol wagon arrived Puetz was in his studio with the doors bolted. Wielding a club the sculptor smashed pieces of art which he had consumed months in designing. Everywhere about the floor were heads, arms and limbs of carved figures that had adorned the room. When the officers entered the mad sculptor was shivering and chattering unintelligibly in the rear of the room. After considerable persuasion he consented to dress himself. Nearly $500 in gold coins were found in the room, and this the police are taking care of.

Puetz had been working on a statue of Liberty, which was to have been exhibited at the Art Institute. The sculptor has a brother in Germany and is said to be of excellent family.

SERVANT GIRL HEIRESS BURNED.

She Was Mabel McAdam, a Domestic in the Ill-Fated Windsor Hotel.

A FORTUNE LEFT TO HER

Pretty, Educated, Refined, She Had Left Her Chicago Home for Some Reason Unknown.

The Windsor Hotel fire revealed a strange story regarding Mabel Alice McAdam, a domestic there, supposed now to be among those who perished. If she is alive a small fortune awaits her. Whether she is dead has not been determined.

Among those who have daily called at the Morgue seeking the body of a missing person has been Miss McGee, assistant housekeeper in the Broadway Central Hotel. She has failed to recognize among the charred remains the corpse of the person for whom she looked. Yesterday she told the story of Miss McAdam.

A year ago a young woman of apparent refinement applied for a position at the Broadway Central Hotel. She said she had never done the work of a domestic before. She gave her name as Mabel Alice McAdam. Her appearance attracted the attention of Miss McGee and she was given a place. Miss McGee says that Miss McAdam attended to her duties well and became a favorite among the guests. The young woman became intimate and confidential with Miss McGee.

Somewhat more than a month ago Miss McAdam announced to Miss McGee that she intended to visit an aunt in Toronto. Miss McGee lives at No. 224 Second avenue. She invited Miss McAdam to spend a few days with her before her departure. For some reason the young woman changed her mind and decided that she would not go to Toronto. Miss McGee then obtained a position for her at the Windsor Hotel, and she was working there March 17 when the fatal fire occurred.

In the succeeding days when the laborers were digging in the debris for bodies no trace was found of either the effects or the body of Miss McAdam. Miss McGee remembered that one day Miss McAdam had shown her a packet tied about with red tape, saying:

"If anything should happen to me, look at this, which I shall leave with you."

But the young woman neglected to leave the packet. As the days went by and it appeared that the chambermaid must certainly have perished, her friend set inquiries on foot. She inserted an advertisement in a newspaper, setting out the facts in the case.

An answer was returned to Miss McGee yesterday afternoon from a firm of lawyers saying that Miss Mabel Alice McAdam was the daughter of John McAdam, of McAdam & Hayes, wholesale butchers, of Chicago. The lawyers had been instructed to find Miss McAdam and inform her that she had fallen heir to $9,000 in bonds besides considerable real estate.

Miss McGee will visit the lawyers to-day and learn all the facts regarding the history of the missing young woman. Miss McGee could only surmise from what Miss McAdam told of her life that she came of an excellent family, had been reared in plenty and for some reason had left her home.

Fragments of three more bodies were recovered from the ruins of the Windsor Hotel yesterday, making the total number found twenty-one. On the remains unearthed yesterday there were no marks to serve as means of identification. With the exception of a segment of white underwear clinging to the last bones discovered, no clothing was found.

The unidentified dead now at the Morgue are to be interred in the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery at Tarrytown, at the expense of the cemetery management. The plot selected is 100 feet from the tomb of Washington Irving. Warren Leland said yesterday that funeral services will be held to-morrow at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, at Forty-fifth street and Fifth avenue. He asks that the newspapers start a fund for a memorial to be erected over the unidentified victims.

Chicago, March 27.—Only one John McAdam appears in the city directory. He lives on South Oakley avenue, but declares he knows nothing of the girl in New York. His occupation is stated as a contractor. No butcher firm of the name mentioned can be found.

STOLE A SALVATION ARMY CAPTAIN'S BIBLE.

Captain Evans, of the Fourteenth street barracks of the Salvation Army, appeared in the Jefferson Market Court yesterday as a complainant against Edward Hobby, of No. 118 Avenue D, whom she charged with having had her Bible in his possession.

Captain Evans said that the Army authorities had learned that somebody in uniform representing himself as a member of the Army was collecting the money from the "Self-Denial" boxes in different parts of the city which the Army had put out. She said it was suspected that Hobby was the man, but no evidence was procured against him.

But she found the Bible she valued at $3.50 in his possession, and she had him arrested. She identified the Bible, in which her name was scratched out. Hobby was held by Magistrate Kudlich in $500 bail for examination to-morrow.

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