

CHAMPION OF THE WORLD!
Lanky Bob has
written a great article for
Next Sunday's Journal.

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

CHANGING A CLIMATE.
A gigantic attempt
to alter a whole country.
Next Sunday's Journal.

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TELEGRAM TELLS SUICIDE'S SECRET.

Mary L. Ries Was the "Titania" Found in the Reservoir.

LOVED HORACE L. ARNOLD

He Is a Well-Known Writer for the Magazines on Engineering.

DEATH HER WEIRD DESIRE.

Romanced Over It in Poetry, and Wanted a Dramatic Exit from Life.

CREMATED TO WEDDING MUSIC

Strangest of History's, Hers, the Daughter of a Danish Poet Who Madly Adored a Man of Sixty.

THE wedding march from "The Midsummer Night's Dream" echoed through the gloomy chambers of the Fresh Pond Cemetery last night at 10 o'clock, and while the passionate music throbbled upon the stillness the unsightly body of "Titania," the drowned, was given to the flames.

There was the end of all her loving, and her suffering, and her haunting desire for death.

She had her wish. Less than two days have sufficed to disclose the secret of the woman whose body, bruised and discolored, was found floating in the Central Park reservoir at sunrise on Monday morning.

It was a secret which, even in the half-madness which preceded her life's end, she had striven hard to keep, but before her disfigured remains could be converted to ashes, as she had willed they should, her story and the story of the man whose coldness to her had caused her to end her life, were in type.

It was none of the letters she had written, none of the quotations from poems, none of the farewell messages which were scattered about her clothing, which gave the clue by which her identity was learned.

It was the scrap torn at haphazard from the corner of an old telegram and used to wrap a shriveled violet in which made all her efforts at secrecy unavailing.

Secret Hid in a Million Papers. These papers, bearing as it did the almost cabalistic signs of the receiver and the sender and a figure or two to indicate the number of the dispatch, served to single out the duplicate, one little leaf from the million-paged files of the Postal Telegraph Company.

The officials of the Postal kept secret the contents of the message, but early yesterday morning Superintendent Bradley went to the coroner's office and told coroner Hoerber that the dead "Titania" was Marie L. Ries, of No. 42 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn.

Before the day was over a Journal reporter had learned further that Marie L. Ries was the common-law wife of Horace L. Arnold, poet and mechanical engineer, who, under the name of Lucien Arnold, has long been a contributor to many publications, and a regularly employed writer for an engineering journal.

She had been twice widowed before she met Arnold, though she was only twenty-seven, but what her married names were is not known.

Ries was her maiden name, which she had taken again as a shield from the fame which her association with Arnold had brought upon her.

Love Indeed Turned to Ashes. They had loved, and quarrelled, and come to blows. Love and quarrel alike were paraded in a police court. Then they made up again, but the love had grown cold. Little by little Arnold had tried to rid himself of the woman. He is rid of her now.

Two days before she drowned herself her trunks were taken to the Hamburg docks, in Hoboken, where in all likelihood she expected to be joined by her, that they might sail away from America forever. He did not come. She went to Central Park. Last night her body was taken to the crematory at Fresh Pond, L. I., and all that is left of her now is a handful of ashes.

At first, Marie Ries, of No. 42 Columbia Heights, was as much a mystery as "Titania," the drowned, had been.

No. 42 Columbia Heights is an old-fashioned house, just at the bend of the hill. In it an old Irish widow named Naira takes lodgers. Six months ago a handsome, dark-eyed woman, with dark-rosy hair, called and asked for a room. Her name, she said, was Marie L. Ries.

"I liked her so well," said the old woman, "that I gave her the back parlor, and I used to bring her a bit of any good thing I had to eat. She generally went out to her meals, but sometimes cooked on the little stove."

The "back parlor" is a very plain place, its only adornments are a colored picture of Pope Leo XIII. and a lithograph of D'Elena, the Queen of Irish song.

Lived Among Her Books. "Mrs. Ries was forever writing," said old Mrs. Naira. "The bed and table would be covered with papers, and she just stayed in her and read and wrote. An expressman brought two trunks for her. One was very heavy. It had papers and books—books full you couldn't read. All kinds of things were—poetry and philosophy."

She was reported that the American Consul at Puerto Cortez had been killed. The lover's captain saw several ships on the way to attack Puerto Cortez, but he does not think it can be captured, as most of its defenders are Americans and they had cut off all means of approach from the interior.

GIRL ELOPES AT FIFTEEN.

Catskill Mountain Village Excited Over the Disappearance of a Farmer's Pretty Daughter.

Kingston, N. Y., May 11.—There is great excitement to-night in the little village of Broadhead's Bridge in the Catskill Mountains over the elopement of May Hoyer, the pretty black-haired and rosy-cheeked fifteen-year-old daughter of Darius W. Hoyer, a well-to-do farmer and merchant of that place, with Frank Bolce, the seven, newly-year-old son of Granville Bolce, of Sansonville, a nearby settlement. It was thought until last night that the girl was staying with relatives, and when the truth was told Mr. Hoyer he was greatly grieved.

All efforts to trace the runaway couple have so far been fruitless. Rumor has it that the young people were married at Stone Ridge a few hours after they had left the bride's home. Bolce was forbidden to pay attentions to May Hoyer by her father months ago, but it is said that the couple met clandestinely almost daily.

TORE A BROTHER'S GRAVE.

Plainfield Young Woman Was Furious Because He Had Apostatized on His Death Bed.

Because her brother turned from the Protestant to the Roman Catholic religious belief before he died Miss Kate Frey, of West Third street, Plainfield, N. J., went to his grave in St. Mary's Cemetery on Sunday and, it is alleged, tore up all the flowers by the roots that had been planted there by the bereaved ones and then in her fury destroyed the greensward by digging her heels into it. At the same time she cut her sister-in-law, who is a Catholic, and the latter says, abused and insulted her by applying several disgraceful epithets. She was arraigned in the City Court yesterday.

NO TAX ESCAPE FOR MILLIONAIRES.

State Assessors Officially Warned to Do Their Whole Duty.

BILLIONS NOW HIDDEN.

All Personal Property Must Here- after Be Put on the Rolls at Its Full Value.

PERJURY WILL BE PUNISHED.

Evidence of It to Be Laid Before the Various District Attorneys—Great Increase in Receipts Confi- dently Looked for.

Albany, May 11.—There can be no escape by millionaires from taxation of their personal property if the law of the State is enforced, even if Governor Black, in his wisdom or his nearsightedness, declines to approve the Dudley bill, which was advised by Comptroller Roberts, and which puts an increased tax on the estates of millionaires transferred by will or under the laws

SAYS HE CHOKED AND ROBBED HER.

As Tait Passed Through Central Park Mrs. Bar- nett Grabbed Him.

FOR LAST WINTER'S CRIME.

The Woman Says He Is the Thug Who Attacked Her in Her Own Flat.

ONE OF A SERIES OF CRIMES?

She Was Assaulted After the Murder of Annie Meyers, and the Bock Woman Last Fall.

"You thought you had murdered me, you thief!" With this exclamation, Mrs. Pauline Barnett swiftly arose from the bench on which she was sitting in Central Park and grappled with a young man who was sauntering leisurely along the pathway. When the man saw who had grasped him he turned pale and, making an effort, quick-

SENATOR SMITH AHEAD ON SUGAR.

His Little Speculation Has Netted Him \$3,000 for One Day.

SOLD THE STOCK SHORT.

There Were 6,000 Shares, and a Further Decline Means Growing Profit.

REPUBLICANS BADLY MIXED UP.

Tariff Does Not Please Both East and West, and Fierce Warfare Is in Sight—Dingley Saved from Questions in the House.

By James Creelman. Washington, May 11.—Senator Smith, of New Jersey, today sold six thousand shares of Sugar stock short at 110. Sugar stock closed at 113 1/2. His profit for the day, with the broker's commission deducted, was \$3,000. If Sugar stock continues to fall in price he will make a good many thousands of dollars more on this

YVETTE GUILBERT TO WED.

The Actress Will To-day Become the Wife of Dr. Schiller, of New York.

(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.) Paris, May 11.—Yvette Guilbert will be married quietly to-morrow morning to Dr. Max Schiller, at the Mairie Eighth Arrondissement.

No invitations have been issued and very few in Paris know about the wedding. Dr. Schiller was born in Roumania, but is now a naturalized American and resides in New York.

So Yvette Guilbert is to wed. Her last newspaper bridegroom was Ted D. Marks, who first induced her to visit America, and who engineered her tour of this country. Mr. Marks, with great promptness, denied all matrimonial intentions, and Miss Guilbert did the same. It seems that she is to be the wife of an American theatrical manager, but Dr. Schiller is the chosen manager, rather than Mr. Marks.

Milo Yvette Guilbert is, with the possible exception of Sarah Bernhardt, the most widely advertised woman on the stage. There is no professional woman in this country who ever gained such wide publicity as did she on the occasion of her first appearance in New York in December, 1885.

Dr. Max Schiller is a brother-in-law of Theodore Rosenfeld, who, with his brother Carl, brought the famous Lilliputians to this country. Dr. Schiller acted as their manager, until in 1885 there was a quarrel and they separated. Dr. Schiller became known to Broadway while managing the little people at Congressman Miner's Fifth Avenue Theatre. After his separation from his brother-in-law he contemplated organizing a comic opera company, and negotiated with Mr. Miner for a lease of the theatre. He afterward opened a foreign

WAR OF HEARTS AT THE CASINO?

Russell & Fox Don't Love Each Other, Rumor Says.

STORY OF TWO RINGS.

One Sparkler Graces the Taper Finger of the Fair Lillian.

MANAGER HAS THE OTHER.

The Two Songsters Scoff at the Very Idea of Trifles Like Diamonds, but---

UNDERSTUDY FOR MISS FOX.

The "Wedding Day" Goes on With One Star Missing, for She Is Still Quite Ill at Her Apart- ments.

DELIA FOX was still too ill last night to appear with her fellow stars, Jefferson De Angelis and Lillian Russell, in "The Wedding Day" at the Casino, and there came mighty near being no performance. The two warring managements—of the theatre and of the company—were at sixes and sevens nearly all day. Part of the time the box office window was closed; but toward evening the company management obtained a collar and elbow hold on the theatre management that left the warring factions "horse and horse," as a Casino employe expressed it, and the public was permitted to purchase seats to see opera with Miss Fox's understudy—Miss Bernard—in it.

All this time you couldn't stand on Broadway and Thirty-ninth street and fire a gun in any direction without hitting a rumor of dire trouble in the star. The most enticing of these declared that a diamond ring on Miss Russell's taper finger was responsible for the alleged fact that Miss Russell and Miss Fox do not love each other, as rival stars should. This was, in fact, more than a rumor. It was sent to the Journal in black and white over its author's signature, but it has a denouncement which will astonish that author when he sees it here set forth.

Story of the Ring. The story of the ring is this. Miss Fox sang at the Saturday matinee as usual. She appeared at the theatre for the night performance, as usual. She dressed for her part, as usual—so says the ring story. But before the curtain was rung up she said Miss Russell one of those sisterly calls in her dressing room to which rival prima donnas are addicted, as all the world knows. Then the trouble began.

Blazing on Miss Russell's finger, Miss Fox's indignant gaze beheld a gold band set with two fine diamonds and a ruby. The ring story does not quote Miss Fox's remarks. It simply says that, recognizing the ring as one belonging to the manager of the triple star aggregation, and being incensed at this mark of preference, where all should have been perfect equality and disinterestedness, she turned on her heel, returned to her own dressing room, put on her street clothes and left the theatre.

This was not the first ring story that had ever been told about prima donnas and stage beauties, and so large a proportion of its predecessors having been proved true, there was nothing to be done but to investigate this one.

She Is Really Ill. After a good deal of urging Dr. Austin Flint permitted Miss Fox to be seen in her apartment at Morelo's. And here it should be noted that Miss Fox is certainly too ill to be allowed to go to the theatre. Her associates of six months ago would hardly recognize her. A laborious season has pulled her down in weight, and her countenance bears lines that are characteristic of pain endured for a considerable period. The doctor says she has pneumonia, which interferes with the heart's action, and that she is threatened with pneumonia. She looked all of this yesterday.

"I have no quarrel with Miss Russell," said Miss Fox. "It is absurd. I am in this triple-star combination, as you call it, because of the money there is in it. It is a business matter with me, and I have no reason to be dissatisfied. And I wish to say that my personal relations with Miss Russell are most friendly. She has been very kind and thoughtful during my illness, and she knows that I appreciate it."

Laughs at the Ring Story. Whereupon the ring story was related to Miss Fox. At first she was indignant and then she laughed.

"It is rubbish; rubbish of the worst kind." "Then you did not see on Miss Russell's finger a gold band containing two diamonds and a ruby?" "Certainly I have, many a time."

"But you didn't recognize it as your manager's, and leave the theatre on that account?" "Certainly not. What rubbish. I was taken ill and did not go to the theatre at all."

At 8 o'clock last evening Miss Russell sat in her dressing room applying the finishing touches to her makeup for the "Wedding Day." She was reminded of the fact that in the story of that opera, she is things all her own way, while Miss Fox does the self-sacrificing part; that with she wins the love of her own. Miss Fox submits sweetly to the inevitable and makes no trouble for anybody.

Glad to Get Her Salary, but— "Now, in view of this, Miss Russell, don't you think it rather unfair that you should carry the situation into real life and over-carry your joint responsibility with your fellow-wives to the disadvantage of long-suffering Miss Fox?" "What, our manager give me a check?" said Miss Russell, evidently astonished. "He gives me my salary, thank heaven."



They Love Each Other Not.

Rumor has it—and it finds many willing ears—that Miss Russell and Miss Fox are not on terms of endearment, and that a ring is at the bottom of the star quarrel. Certain it is that Miss Fox is not shamming illness, but it seems probable that that is not the only reason for her failure to take her place for three nights with the three-star caste at the Casino. Perhaps the ring may help to explain it.

ly released himself from her hold. In an instant he was bounding over the lawn like a frightened deer. The woman pursued him a short distance, but was soon exhausted and gave up the chase. Not so with her husband, who was seated near by, and Park Policeman Donnelly, also a witness to the incident.

Donnelly was soon close at the heels of the man, who, after crossing the East drive at Sixty-fourth street, was heading for the center of the park. He crossed the lawns and scaled the fence into the bridge path and then ran toward the lake. Seeing a crowd of people about the lake in front of him he turned north and ran past the Park Cottage to the rock out. The policeman gained steadily on him, and as he ran up Rock Hill he was overtaken. When captured he fought the officer with great desperation, grabbing him by the throat and tearing a piece of flesh off his hand. Finally he was overpowered and placed under arrest.

Assault of Last Fall.

Meanwhile Mrs. Barnett's cries attracted a great crowd, as the hour was just before 6 o'clock, yesterday afternoon, when the driveways and walks were crowded with carriages and pedestrians. When the prisoner was brought before her she would have assaulted him but for the interference of the police.

"You thought you had murdered me!" repeated the woman, "you dirty thief!"

The prisoner, who was stylishly dressed, appeared bewildered. The woman before him seemed like an apparition. At the Sixty-seventh Street Police Station he gave his name as Jacob Tait, of Philadelphia, and said that he had just come to New York.

Stole Thousands from Her.

"He is the man who choked me, leaving his finger marks in my throat, chloroformed me, tore the diamond ear rings out of my ears and left me for dead in my room at No. 11 St. Mark's place, three months ago," said Mrs. Barnett. "I know him very well and have seen him several times since, but there was no policeman about to have him arrested before to-day. He stole jewelry and other articles from my room, valued in all, at about \$3,000."

Mrs. Barnett said she would appear in court to-day against Tait on the charges of assault with attempt to murder and robbery. She gave her address as No. 8

but could not be found there last night. The woman, however, will be recalled, as it created a great sensation at the time, though Mrs. Barnett said she did not know her assailant. It is said that Tait paid her attention before her marriage to Donnelly, and he felt aggrieved when she discarded him.

Had No Interest in Sugar.

The Chairman—Have you bought or sold, directly or indirectly, since the beginning of this session of Congress, any so-called Sugar stock or stocks, or stock or certificates of the American Sugar Refining Company? Senator Smith—No, sir.

Republicans in Confusion.

There is indescribable confusion among the Republicans in the Senate. Mr. Dingley's now famous declaration in the Journal has convinced the Democrats that one of the main objects of the tariff bill is to pile up an enormous surplus in the Treasury and contract the currency by impounding the greenbacks, and Mr. Bryan's ringing answer in the Journal this morning stirred Congress to laughter at Mr. Dingley's other suggestion, that the greenbacks could be used to purchase bonds.

Continued on Seventh Page.

AMERICAN SHIP FIRED ON.

The Rover Overhauled by Nicaraguans, American Consul at Puerto Cortez Reported Killed.

New Orleans, May 11.—The American steamer Rover, which arrived here to-day, reports that she was fired upon by the Lucy B., a Nicaraguan steamer. The Rover arrived at Puerto Cortez, Honduras, May 6, and ran down to Omad, seven miles distant. Near the latter point she sighted the Nicaraguan steamer Lucy B., with General Reyes and troops to aid Bonillo on board. Without warning the Lucy B. fired a shot across the bow of the Rover and followed it by a second shot, which fell just short of striking her amidships. On the Rover's coming to she was boarded and searched by Reyes's forces under strong protest from her captain.

It was told he ought to be thankful he was not sunk, as the Americans, including the Consul at Puerto Cortez, were warring against Bonillo. The Rover then proceeded to Omad and loaded with fruit for New Orleans. Coming back, she ran in close to Puerto Cortez and saw the Lucy B. lying near the shore, with pibroch and all portions of upper works that away and patently disabled by the firing from the insurgents.

It was reported that the American Consul at Puerto Cortez had been killed. The lover's captain saw several ships on the way to attack Puerto Cortez, but he does not think it can be captured, as most of its defenders are Americans and they had cut off all means of approach from the interior.

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