

COL. CLARKE NOT A GOOD ENOUGH ARDEN

Claimed His Wife After an Absence of Fourteen Years.

NOW SUES FOR DIVORCE.

Names as Co-Respondent Sylvester Folsom, the Man Who Married Mrs. Clarke.

SHE THOUGHT HE WAS DEAD,

And Brings Witnesses Who Testify That He Condoned Her Offense After the Sudden Abdication of Folsom.

Colonel Alpheus E. Clarke is a latter day Enoch Arden who has failed to live up to the traditions of the name. Justice Beach, of the Supreme Court, is studying over a bundle of papers in a suit concluded before him yesterday in which the Colonel seeks an absolute divorce from his wife, Mary Ann, whom he married in Brooklyn on April 1, 1873.

According to the evidence adduced before Justice Beach, Colonel Clarke was a lieutenant in the Third Artillery at Fort Hamilton when he married Mary Ann. Folsom was a sergeant in the troop. After Clarke's departure in 1876 Folsom strove to comfort Mrs. Clarke to the best of his ability, with the result that they fell in love. In 1882—Clarke at that time having faithfully lived up to the requirements of the Enoch Arden for six years—they contracted, after desultory inquiry and the receipt of some roundabout information, that he was dead, and they were married.

In 1890 a grizzled gentleman dropped in on Thomas Keegan, who keeps a hotel at Fort Hamilton. He ordered a drink and looked at Keegan quizzically.

"Don't you know me, Tom?" he queried. "Your face looks familiar, sir," replied Keegan, "but I can't place you, sir."

"I," said the grizzled gentleman, "am Colonel Clarke."

"I'm a Colonel now," continued the grizzled gentleman. "How's Mary Ann?"

Now this was an embarrassing question to put to Keegan, who knew that Mary Ann was married, but did not like to tell the Colonel so. He nervously wiped a couple of glasses, noisily pounded some ice and feligned himself.

"I say," repeated the Colonel, loudly, "how is Mary Ann?"

"Oh! Mary Ann," echoed Keegan, despairingly. "Mary Ann! Oh!"

Then he looked out the window, and along the street in front of the hotel he saw Mary Ann, modestly promenading with Folsom.

"There she goes now, sir," he ejaculated, hurriedly, "she looks just like you, sir."

The Colonel followed Mary Ann and Folsom and revealed himself. He insisted that Mary Ann was his, and a long discussion followed, the conclusion of which Folsom left the party, formally turning Mary Ann over to the Colonel.

Colonel Clarke, Mrs. Clarke and Folsom were in court yesterday morning, but the Colonel left before the case was called. Mr. Folsom, after adjournment, spoke admirably of the lady, whom he is obliged to term his "ex-wife."

"Do you know what she did?" he said, "I had the arrest order for her, and after she came back by George, and beat her when the case was tried, I could have beaten her by telling about Clarke, but I thought it wouldn't do any good. I thought she'd play on her. Why, she's been in court at least twenty-five times to my knowledge, and she's nearly every case. You call her she'll win this one, too."

DISCORD CAME TO BOTH.

Mrs. Lighthall, Married Thirty-one Years, Seeks Separation—Well Wedded Eight Months.

That there is no set time after marriage for the appearance of discord was made plain yesterday in two cases in the Supreme Court. Before Justice Lawrence Altmeyer, H. Lighthall was sued for separation by his wife, Lucretia, after a married life extending over thirty-one years. And before Justice Trax Selma Well asked for \$100 a week alimony and \$75 counsel fees pending the trial of a suit brought by her against her husband, Paul Well, for a limited divorce, after a marital experience of eight months.

The Lighthalls were married in 1866 and, according to the testimony given by Mrs. Lighthall and her daughter, Mrs. Minnie Davis, their home life has been anything but pleasant. Lighthall is a civil engineer of some note and was a member of the Park Avenue Improvement Board. By a side no defense to the charge that during the past few years he has been addicted to excessive use of intoxicants, his beaten wife, threatened her life and thrown various things at her, including a carving knife. The sums asked for alimony and counsel fees were granted.

DECORATIVE ARTS MUSEUM.

Founded by the Granddaughters of Peter Cooper in Memory of Him.

The Messrs Hewitt, daughters of ex-Mayor Hewitt and granddaughters of Peter Cooper, yesterday afternoon gave a private view of the Cooper Union Museum for the Arts of Decoration.

It is the aim of the Cooper Union Museum for the Arts of Decoration to establish in New York City an institution similar to the Musee des Arts Decoratifs, of Paris. In some respects the rules and regulations will differ from those of its model, the endeavor being to encourage the full use of its advantages by the removal of certain restrictions and formalities.

The rooms will be no members. The rooms will be thrown open to the public for general use. The only formality required for admission will be a card that may be obtained at the general office of the Cooper Union for the asking. The only official will be a curator. There will be no catalogue and no exhibition. The rooms will be plainly labelled, giving its nature, origin and history.



Senorita Evangelina Gossio y Cisneros.

(From a photograph sent from Havana to the Journal.) This fair Cuban girl is held in the Casa de Recogidas, a vile Spanish military prison at Havana, awaiting court-martial for rebellion. The prison in which she is incarcerated is the House of Detention for depraved Spanish women, and for respectable Cuban women who are suspected of aiding the insurgents.

TWO YOUNG GIRLS ARE MISSING.

Selma's Mother Searches for Her on the Streets.

GIRL'S PITIABLE LETTER.

Asked to Be Forgiven, That She Might Return Home.

Up and down the streets, by day and by night for weeks past, the mother of Selma Krane has wearily paced, and not until yesterday did she notify the police of her daughter's disappearance. The physician, who at first diagnosed her case as one of ordinary hysteria, is beginning to believe she is afflicted with Mrs. Rosenfeld, of New York, some months ago.

No causes are assigned at the Hospital for Miss Kane's condition. It was said in some quarters that she was a deeply religious girl, and had exhausted her nervous strength by her devotion to a mission attached to St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church, which, by the way, is not far from her home.

About a week ago Miss Kane, while seated at table with her mother, was seized with pains in her throat. She protested she could not swallow, and even after the family physician, who had been summoned, arrived and declared that there was nothing the matter with her. Miss Kane insisted that she was unable to eat, and shortly afterward collapsed.

The next morning she was found lying with staring eyes and jaws closed like a vise. She could not or would not reply to questions and refused all nourishment. Under the circumstances it was deemed advisable to remove her to the General Hospital, where all efforts to arouse her proved fruitless.

Since her arrival in the hospital Miss Kane has been nourished with liquid food, given her food by means of a nasal tube.

Superintendent Curtis said the physicians had despaired that there was no physical reason why Miss Kane should not eat, drink and talk. It was simply that her hysteria took the form of her imagining it impossible to do so.

Yesterday another witness was produced, who swore that he was present at the marriage, and signed the marriage certificate. This was Peter J. Boyle, a colored man, who lives at No. 608 East Third street, Manhattan.

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Adjournment was taken to Thursday of next week.

VICISSITUDES OF TWO TENEMENT BABES.

Michael Monahan's Life Nearly Crushed Out by His Mother. Edward Hennigge's Deported Mother Threw Him Four Stories.

DRUNK, SHE FELL ON HIM. HE LANDED UNHARMED.

After Beating the Other Two Children Till Their Cries Attracted the Police. Then the Mother Cast Herself to the Ground and Was Killed Instantly.

WOMAN IS SENT TO JAIL. THE FATHER A STRIKING TAILOR.

The Ten-Year-Old Daughter Says She Doesn't Care Where They Send Her Mother. His Grief Is Pitiable and the Police Keep a Watch on Him Lest He Commit Suicide.

When Mrs. Bridget Monahan, of No. 11 Emmett street, Brooklyn, was not really engaged in the pastime of walloping her children she was priming herself for the process by getting uproariously drunk.

Young as they were, the Monahan children were adepts in the tenement art of dodging furniture and kitchen utensils. But they were too young to get out of the way entirely, and their small attenuated bodies were always freckled with hard knocks from Mrs. Monahan's fists and feet.

Three months ago Daniel Monahan, the husband, gave it up and went away on account of his wife's habits.

There were three children. Mary was ten, James five and Michael, the infant, was sixteen months old. On Tuesday Mrs. Monahan, having bought the price of a bottle of whiskey, proceeded to make Emmett street howl. All day long and far into the night the residents of the neighborhood heard her singing and howling and beating the children and enjoying herself in fine style.

But Emmett street was used to this, and she listened to the uproar, and cursed the Monahan mother, and cursed the neighbors could not hear little Jim getting whacked, because his lungs are not of the strongest. But when it came to Mary's turn things were a bit more exciting. She howled and shrieked and kicked up such an uproar that a policeman, who was twirling his club on the corner, inquired the cause of it.

"It's only Mary Monahan beating the kids," somebody said. The policeman decided to investigate. Since returned in the dark little room of the Monahan family, he was nursing the children and enjoying himself in fine style.

Early yesterday morning the trouble in the Monahan home broke out afresh. The neighbors could not hear little Jim getting whacked, because his lungs are not of the strongest. But when it came to Mary's turn things were a bit more exciting. She howled and shrieked and kicked up such an uproar that a policeman, who was twirling his club on the corner, inquired the cause of it.

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at this hour and its fall was unnoticed, as why its feeble cries. There was evidently some hesitation in the mother's mind as to jumping herself. It is possible that leaning over the lofty cornice she saw her husband's discovery of the baby and his subsequent rush for the stairway leading to the roof. Then her mind was made up and she followed her child over the cornice.

In falling she struck against the edge of the roof and then tumbled over close beside her baby. Her skull was crushed and many bones were broken. All day yesterday the two little girls, still ignorant of their mother's death, stood scuttling in the lower hall, and to everybody who started up the dark stairs they would say: "Please don't make any noise, because mamma is sick. We can't go upstairs. We must play down here so she can sleep."

And upstairs the dead woman is still waiting for shroud and coffin and hearse. Where they will come from no one can tell.

COMMEMORATED THE DAY.

Daughters of the American Revolution Celebrate "May 27, '75."

Mohegan Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, held its annual reception in Sing Sing, yesterday, to commemorate the "meeting of the Provincial Congress to arrange and prepare for the war." This meeting took place on May 27, 1775. The reception was given one day earlier this year, as the 27th is Ascension Day, which made it inconvenient for many to attend.

The reception was held at the residence of Mrs. Henry S. Bovron, at 11 o'clock, and was followed by a luncheon. The newly elected officers of the chapter are: Regent, Mrs. Mary H. Hyatt; first vice-regent, Mrs. George J. Fisher; second vice-regent, Mrs. Thomas H. Harris, Scarborough; recording secretary, Mrs. Henry S. Bovron; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Ralph Brandroth; assistant secretary, Mrs. Rufus Dutton; treasurer, Mrs. S. Ferris Washburne; registrar, Mrs. J. Herbert Carpenter; historian, Mrs. Mary K. Hanford; chaplain, Rev. George W. Ferguson.

Boy Imposter at Work.

The Rev. John E. Burke, of St. Benedict's Church, in Bleecker street, warns the police against a boy who is fraudulently collecting money in the name of the minister. He describes the youngster as being about twelve years of age, fair-haired and with blue eyes, and calling himself James McCallan, Mr. Burke, without the boy's real name for the sake of his parents.

Advertisement for Young Bauermann & Company Block, featuring various household items like washbasins, bookcases, and stoves, with prices and contact information.

HER STRANGE HYSTERIA.

Miss Kane Has Lain in a Trance for Six Days in Elizabeth's General Hospital.

Miss Katherine Kane, a charming young woman who resides with her parents at No. 129 Pine street, Elizabeth, N. J., has been lying in a cataleptic condition for the last six days in the General Hospital in that city.

The physician, who at first diagnosed her case as one of ordinary hysteria, is beginning to believe she is afflicted with Mrs. Rosenfeld, of New York, some months ago.

No causes are assigned at the Hospital for Miss Kane's condition. It was said in some quarters that she was a deeply religious girl, and had exhausted her nervous strength by her devotion to a mission attached to St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church, which, by the way, is not far from her home.

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House from Which Mrs. Hennigge Threw Herself and Child.

The cross marked "1" shows the spot on the roof whence the woman threw the child and later jumped herself. No "2" is where the baby's body fell. No "3" is the place where the mother was found. No "4" shows the cobble into which the baby fell.

SURE SHE WAS WEDDED.

But Father Geoghegan Was Dead at the Time Mrs. Belkaiser Says He Performed the Ceremony.

Another penitential turn to the Blanchard case developed at the further taking of testimony before Referee Rastus H. Ransom yesterday afternoon. Mrs. Fannie Belkaiser, the colored woman who avers that she was married to Colonel William L. Blanchard, the gambler, who died just a year ago yesterday, leaving a good-sized fortune but no will, had previously testified that the marriage occurred at Monmouth, N. J., on April 26, 1896, one month before the Colonel's death. Her testimony was substantiated by a Mrs. Harriet Benson, colored, who swore she was a witness of the marriage, which was performed by the Rev. Father Geoghegan.

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Advertisement for Beecham's Pills, featuring an illustration of a man fishing and text describing the benefits of the medicine for various ailments.

