

GYPSY FORETOLD HER TRAGIC END.

Mrs. Schindeler Had Cause to Fear January 29.

STEPDAUGHTER'S STORY.

Child of a Former Wife of the Hoboken Doctor Tells a Weird Tale.

WITNESSED THE DEATH AGONY.

Autopsy to Be Held To-day and Evidence Taken—Adelheid Schindeler Suspected Her Stepmother of the Morphine Habit.

Woven like a scarlet thread into the tragedy of Mrs. Elise Schindeler's mysterious death is the story of a gypsy's prophecy that came true.

The weird tale was told yesterday by Adelheid Schindeler, the dead woman's stepdaughter, who was present when her father's third wife expired after a paroxysm of fury during which she beat and upbraided her physician-husband.

County Physician Converse, of Hudson County, N. J., will try to find out to-day what caused Mrs. Schindeler's death. His functions are very similar to those of a coroner in New York, and he will not only hold an autopsy in the presence of witnesses, but he will take evidence bearing upon the circumstances. Of those who will testify it is safe to say that the most interesting—and possibly the best informed—next to Dr. Schindeler himself—will be Adelheid Schindeler, the Hoboken doctor's daughter.

Believes in the Occult.

She is a slender, white faced girl, with a strange, searching light in her dark eyes. In olden times those eyes would have inspired the belief that she was a seeress. It may be said of her, as an interpretation of her own story, that she believes in the occult.

"It was a Romany prophecy, and it came true," she said yesterday, peering into her visitor's face with eyes that dilated and contracted again with every shade of emotion that crept into her low, well modulated voice.

"The word had been spoken. A gypsy woman had foretold that mamma would die on January 29. Last Friday was the 29th. It was the day of her death."

Miss Schindeler shuddered and half looked over her right shoulder, as if she

expected to see some manifestation of the occult. Then, intertwining her long fingers, which writhed incessantly as if they were beyond her control, she continued in a rush of fragmentary sentences:

"That was across the street. We were living there, you know—No. 305 Hudson street. It was mamma insisted on us moving over here to No. 316. She was afraid of her fate, because of what the gypsy woman said.

"It was this way. We had been living at No. 305 for years, when one day the gypsy came. She was the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, and she had the most piercing eyes you ever saw. They seemed to burn right through one.

The Warning of Death.

"Mamma let the gypsy tell her fortune. 'You will die,' she said, 'in this house on January 29. Prepare! Prepare!' Oh, it was awful to hear her!

"That was in the early part of December. Mamma was dreadfully upset, of course, and wanted to move right away, and to humor her papa gave up the other piece and took this flat instead. Papa and I were anxious to stay in the other place, but she gave us no rest until we moved at the New Year."

Miss Adelheid Schindeler shuddered again, and paused a moment or two before plunging into the more immediately momentous story of her stepmother's death.

"On Friday evening," she said, "mamma and papa and I were in papa's office, laughing and chatting together. Mamma left us after a while, saying she was going to get a drink of water. A few minutes later I heard something that sounded like a fall. I had been hanging some pictures in the dining room, which is next to the bathroom, and I thought one of them must have fallen. So I went in there to see.

Stabbed Over Her Mother.

"It was dark in the room, and while I was feeling my way to the pictures, I stumbled over something. Stooping down, I felt for it, and found it was mamma's feet. Of course, I got a light as quickly as I could. She was lying there in the doorway of the bathroom, with her head bleeding as if she had cut it in falling. She could not speak, but she motioned me to get her a knife.

Miss Schindeler did not explain how the speechless woman conveyed her desire for a knife by means of gestures, but continued glibly:

"You know, mamma had tried to kill herself twice before, so, of course, I thought she wanted to try again. I called papa and the janitress, and by the time they had come mamma was in convulsions. 'Oh, it was dreadful to see and hear her!' She was like a fury. White froth spattered from her mouth and her eyes blazed with passion. Directly papa came near her she sprang at him like a wild beast and beat him with her fists. She hit him, too. Then she turned on me and knocked me against the wall and hit me. I was hurt and frightened so badly that for a moment or two I lost my senses. Ten minutes later mamma was dead."

Adelheid Schindeler sighed and plucked nervously at the ruffles on her sleeves before resuming in a matter-of-fact tone:

She Was a Morphine Fiend.

"Well, she had been ill for quite a long time. I think it made her dislike pa and me. She seemed suspicious, somehow, and moody. Indeed, she had an idea we would try to kill her, and she said as much to me more than once. She had other delu-

sions, too, and often raved—talked nonsense, you know. I remember not long ago she said suddenly: 'You know I'm going to take an Esquimaux along.' It didn't mean anything, of course—not a word of sense to it. Do you know, I suspected her of being a morphine fiend, and I spoke about it to pa, and he said she took morphine solutions, but did not get them from him."

Miss Schindeler pursed up her lips and looked very mysterious. Her fingers were twitching more violently than ever, and her speech was not quite so fluent.

"That night I made me think she was a morphine fiend? Why, from the look of her eyes. I've seen parents of pa's who were morphine fiends, and I noticed the similarity. But that wasn't all. I hardly like to—however, there's no harm in telling it now. I believe, I really believe that—she—tried—to—poison—me!"

Her Skin Used to Crack.

"Yes, I'm sure she tried to poison me. She had some queer disease, and I don't believe any one knows what it was. Her skin used to crack and pieces would come out of her arm. We expected her to die any time."

"There was a funny thing happened the night after mamma died. On Friday night we slept in a hotel, but the next night we slept at home again. I woke up about a time with a bad toothache, and called papa. He came and put two drops in the tooth, which took away all the pain. He gave me a dose of medicine, too, and I soon began to get drowsy. Then I got sick, and when I told papa about it he examined me and said I had been poisoned."

Miss Schindeler neglected to mention whom she suspected of poisoning her that time. Indeed, she became suddenly less loquacious. Evidently, she hesitates when asked to tell about the death of her own mother—the first Mrs. Schindeler. A moment later she brought the conversation to a close very abruptly.

Dr. Schindeler expressed great surprise yesterday that his arrangements for cremating his wife had been interrupted by the authorities, but professed to be anxious that an autopsy should be performed, in order that he might discover in what manner the woman died.

It is not usual for a physician to sign a certificate of the death of a member of his own family. Hence the attention attracted at the office of the Hoboken Health Board by the certificate in the case of Schindeler's wife. The body is now at Undertaker Volk's place, in Washington street, pending the official investigation.

The former Mrs. Schindeler came from Boston, where she was a teacher, to Hoboken, where the physician married her a little more than two years ago. The certificate gives her age as thirty years. Dr. Schindeler is about fifty-five.

The second Mrs. Schindeler died on April 16, 1893. The records of the Hoboken Health Board give her name as Franziska, and her age as twenty-nine years six months. It is shown that her certificate was signed only by her husband, and death was attributed to peritonitis and blood poisoning following child-birth. John Dewitt, of No. 233 Washington street, Hoboken, was the undertaker, and buried the body in Flower Hill Cemetery, North Bergen.

The records also show that her baby, named Theodore S. Schindeler after his father, died on December 4, 1893, aged seven months and thirteen days. In his case, also, the certificate is signed only by Dr. Schindeler. Death was ascribed to meningitis and dentition. The little one was buried by Volk, the undertaker, in the case, beside his mother.

TREATY IS READY FOR COMMONS.

Arbitration Question Will Be Laid Before That Body.

CURZON'S ANNOUNCEMENT

Salisbury's Representative Informs the House of the Government's Decision.

SENATE'S CHANGES DUE TO-DAY.

The Text of the Amendments, Which Is to Be Made Public, Shows No Vital Changes from the Committee's Report.

London, Feb. 2.—In the House of Commons to-day, George N. Curzon, Under Foreign Secretary, announced that the Govern-

A HERO'S STORY.

Continued from First Page.

has to carry, and show to every police officer who wants to see it. We were constantly in hiding, and all the while our little Perfecto was sick, almost to death.

"At last we got out of Cadix, penniless, barefooted and sick. We trudged all the way to Bayamo, across the steep Sierritas, through snow and ice, and over rugged rocks, our feet bleeding for Cuba Libre.

An Hour of Despair.

One day when we were almost exhausted, and had nothing to eat, and almost nothing to cover our nakedness, the little boy became so ill that he could not walk. We were too weak to carry him. We thought that we should have to leave him to die alone. The thought wrung our hearts more than all the terrible tortures of the Spaniards' prison.

"But at the last moment of one waking hope a good Samaritan in the shape of an Italian traveller passed our way, and for the first time in my life I, the proud head of the house of Lopez, had to accept aid."

"Well, heading is easy, after the first aims are accepted, and by dint of judicious petitioning, we finally reached Paris. Then all was comparatively easy.

Ready to Go Back to Cuba.

"There are, in the gay French metropolis, several agents of our Junta, and they supplied us with funds sufficient to carry us here.

"We are here now, living on almost nothing, with not a penny left of our great



SICKLES FOR CUBA.

Says if We Lived Under a Jefferson or a Harrison We Would Not Stand Idly By.

Major-General Daniel E. Sickles for eight years United States Minister to Spain, delivered a lecture upon Cuba before a large audience in Historical Hall, Brooklyn, last evening.

Some of the prominent Brooklynites who sat upon the platform as guests of the society were Edward M. Shepard, Judge Cullen, E. O. Outwater, Charles E. Farnsworth and General Horatio C. King. General King introduced Major-General Sickles in a few happy words, the audience applauding vigorously.

General Sickles said in part: "The Cuban question is not a new one by any means. It reaches back to the time of Thomas Jefferson, and it has reappeared in one way or another ever since."

"We hear reports from the battlefield that from one side and then from the other they may not all be true, but if half we hear is true it must make the people of Europe shudder at our tranquility."

"If we lived under the Administration of Jefferson, or Garfield, or Harrison, do you think this nation would be idle while Cuba bleeds? I do not. I am certain I might add that I would personally undertake the risk of sending arms, ammunition or anything else that might be of use to the brave insurgents, and take the responsibility upon my own shoulder."

Taylor to Be Extradited.

London, Feb. 2.—Edward R. Taylor, alias Arthur W. Platt, who is under arrest here for killing Jesse Tyree in Kentucky in 1885, was formally extradited in the Bow Street Police Court to-day, and will be taken to America at once by the Kentucky officials who came here to secure his extradition.

SCALY SKIN HUMOR

Body, Head, and Arms Covered With Spots Like Drops of Mortar.

Skin Came Off in Layers. Doctors Useless. Suffered for a Year Without Relief.

Almost Given Up Hope. Cured in 8 Weeks by CUTICURA. Skin Nice and Clear as a Baby's.

I was afflicted with an obstinate skin disease, called by some doctors Eczema and others Psoriasis. My body, head, and arms were covered with spots like drops of mortar, and which came off in layers of dry scales. I suffered for over a year without relief, and consulted several doctors but without aid, and I had almost given up hope, as my case was a bad one. I happened to see an advertisement about CUTICURA REMEDIES and got them, took them according to directions, and in eight weeks I was as well as ever. I consider myself cured, for my skin is as nice and clear as a baby's. I cannot express in words the thanks to you for what the CUTICURA REMEDIES have done for me.

GEO. REABURN, Hanover, Ontario, Can.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are beyond all doubt the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times. They are no long-drawn-out expensive experiments. A warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a single application of CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure, and a full dose of CUTICURA REMEDY, greatest of blood purifiers and humor cures, will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy, permanent, and economical cure of the most torturing, disfiguring, and humiliating of itching, scurfing, itching, scaly, pimply, and crusted skin and scalp humors with loss of hair, when all else fails.

Sold throughout the world. PUTTER DREW AND CURRIE, CO., Sole Props., Boston.

Prepared by CUTICURA SOAP.

PIMPLY FACES

Purified and Beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

RHEUMATISM

Selatic, weak backs, painful kidneys, uterine pains, sore lungs, relieved quick as an electric flash by Collins' Voltaic Electric Plaster.

TISM

"Swift-Winged Arrows of Light."

AT THE GREAT WESTERN EXPOSITION.

THE Madison Square Garden, New York, Feb. 11 E. M. ...

Edison's Vitascopes, Old Guard Band, A Coal Mine, A Poster Show, THE GREAT TIFFANY GAS TOWER, This Evening—Gas Men's Night, To-day and To-morrow, Ohio Gas Association meeting, Admissions 25c, Children with Adult Free, Stereoscopic Lecture, Journey Over Mount Love Gas Railway, G. W. Warton James.

Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Dept. F. L. Palace, New York, N. Y., for their list of ideas and new list of 1,000 inventions wanted.

East River Bridge Gets More Time.

Washington, Feb. 2.—The President has approved the act extending the time for completing the bridge across the East River between New York City and Long Island.



Mystery in This Woman's Death.

Dr. Schindeler says he is eager to have an autopsy performed on the body of his wife, who died suddenly and under strange circumstances. His daughter by a former wife tells a weird story of the last hours of her stepmother, and says the death was foretold by a gypsy some time ago.

CHANGES IN THE TREATY.

Senate to Make Amendments to the Anglo-American Agreement Public To-day.

Washington, Feb. 2.—The text of the amendments to the general treaty of arbitration, which the Senate will make public to-morrow, shows no vital changes other than those which were published in the Journal when the report was ordered to be made to the Senate. The chief of these is the addition to Article I, which is as follows:

"But no question which affects the foreign or domestic policy of either of the high contracting parties or the relations of either to any other State or power by treaty or otherwise shall be a subject for arbitration under this treaty, except by special agreement."

Article X, which relates to the selection of King Oscar of Sweden and Norway as umpire, is stricken out, and wherever reference to this matter is made, as in articles III, and IV, it is also eliminated.

Article III of the original treaty providing a court of one arbitrator for each nation and an umpire for the settlement of claims not exceeding \$500,000, has been changed so as to require a court composed of two arbitrators for each government, and wherever throughout the treaty the word "person" is used as referring to the umpire, the word "umpire" has been substituted.

A safeguard has been thrown about Article VII, so as to eliminate any possible reference to territorial claims, and to make

By Every Sick Bed there should be a bottle of Anker-Pain-Expeller's Malt-Syrup—the food drink. The greatest aid

ment was ready to lay the Anglo-American arbitration treaty before the House.

with a light blanket of earth—so light, in fact, that the half-starved dogs of the place carried his heart and lungs into the city of camp.

"In my position of Chief of the Junta at Havana it was necessary for me to go into the country and see the various planters, get from their nerves of the different insurgent officers and arrange for meetings with them."

"So the Spanish officers repeated upon the neighbors of these planters the fate of Forgon and Manuel del Valle Colina, in the township of San Mogel de Jaruco, and Lorenzo Medina, of the same place, were treated in this way. All of these were respectable, peaceable persons."

Like Father, Like Son.

"Papa," said little Perfecto, opening wide his large brown eyes at the Journal artist who was sketching him, "now I can buy ten Journals in the morning and get ten of my pictures. Then I can save the money I was going to spend for photographs and give it to the Junta to buy guns and ammunition for the soldiers."

"Are you going to be a soldier, little one, and fight for Cuba?" asked the artist.

"Yes, sir," replied the little patriot, his eyes flashing. "Just as soon as I'm big enough so they'll let me in the army."

Senior Lopez spent yesterday afternoon with General Palma and Quesada in the rooms of the Junta in New street. He is preparing a full report of his adventures for them. They have very important work for him to do. At present he is living at the hotel of Francisco Cesana, No. 5 Humbert street, where so many Spanish, French and Italian immigrants go when they land here.

"Then the murderous swords came down upon the defenceless planter and he was hacked into small pieces as he stood."

"The Spanish soldiers covered him over



Captain Lopez and Family, Refugees from Guba, Now in New York.