FLED FROM HIS CAR AND THE WOMAN HE RAN DOWN.

Mrs. Annie Freu Perhaps Mortally Injured on the Second Avenue Trolley Line at Ninety-third Street.

Frightened by the Clang of the Bell, She Stepped Directly in Front of the Danger, Unable to Evade It.

Sweeney, the Motorman, Pale with Horror, Jumped from the Platform, but Was Captured After a Chase.

A slight, middle-aged woman, slow-gaited and feeble, came to the corner of Second avenue and Ninety-third street last night, and with a timid glance up and down started across. At the moment there were no wagons near, but, hidden by the elevated railroad pillars, was a trolley car, bound south at full speed.

The woman saw nothing of the car. Neither, apparently, did the motorman see her. Still at full speed, the car bore down upon the crossing with the woman coming directly into its path. Her course was so nervous and full of fear that a dozen persons watched her from a distance, and just as she reached the edge of the track they saw her peril.

"Look out!" came the warning cry.

At the same instant the motorman saw the woman and rang his bell. At the clatter of the gong the woman started, took a step forward and then stood rooted with fear directly in the path of the car.

The motorman, with a cry of horror turned off the power and bent all his weight on the brake. But the car was only half a length away from the woman, now crouching in its path. It still raced onward with speed scarcely abated.

Just as the car reached her the woman made an ineffectual struggle to escape. It was too late.

As the fender struck her she fell outward, the iron guard rolling her over and over. The motorman, still tugging at the brake, sought to stop the car, but its momentum was too great. With the woman caught beneath the fender, it slid half a block along, the slender figure rolling over and over before it.

Finally the car came to a standstill.

"Is she dead?" asked the motorman, white-faced and shaking. Without waiting for the answer, he unlatched the platform gate, slipped off the power handle and throwing it down jumped to the street and ran.

Policeman Munchner, of the East Eighty-eighth street station, who chanced to be passing, saw the accident and the flight of the motorman. One glance assured him that aid was going to the victim, so he set out in pursuit of the motorman. After a lively chase, he overtook the man, and led him quaking and protesting back to the scene of the accident.

The woman was extricated and an ambulance was summoned from the Presbyterian Hospital. There she was identified as Mrs. Annie Freu, fifty years old, of No. 1471 Madison avenue. An examination indicated that she was injured internally, and that her skull was probably fractured. The surgeons said that there was only a remote chance of her recovery. She had been in feeble health for many months.

Patrick Sweeney, the motorman, of No. 326 Fifty-third street, was locked up in the Eighty-eighth street station.

JURY FOUND IN ONE DAY TO TRY MRS. JEFFREY.

She Is Accused of Killing Her Sleeping Father, Chopping His Head with an Axe, Last Spring.

While the District-Attorney Tells the Story of the Murder She Sits Serene, Unmoved, and Listens.

Prosecution Is Said to Have a New Witness Who Will Give Testimony That Has Hitherto Been Concealed.

Mrs. Noah Jeffrey was placed on trial for murder before Justice Jenks, in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, yesterday.

The State says she killed her father, Thomas Hannan, with an axe; that while he lay sleeping, she crept upon him, and with three blows crushed in his skull.

Mrs. Jeffrey was arrested on April 13, the day Hannan was killed. She has been in jail ever since. The Coroner's jury refused to hold her, but she was indicted for murder in the second degree, the extreme punishment for which is life imprisonment.

Her lawyer is Foster L. Backus. As Mrs. Jeffrey sat beside him yesterday, she wore a modest and becoming suit of black, with a crepe trimmed hat, a small feather boa around her neck and a dotted veil.

She was placid, self contained, wholly at ease. Her eyes, which are large, looked on the jurors with curiosity, but no fear. She is tall, good looking. Her age is twenty-six.

The lawyers and Justice Jenks agreed to the speedy selection of a jury. No big words appalled the talesmen. They were simply asked about "circumstantial evidence," "reasonable doubt" and such things, and as a result a jury satisfactory to both sides was selected in six hours.

Assistant District-Attorney Angell presented the case for the prosecution. As he talked, the defendant's sister, Mrs. Butler, wept and clasped her hands nervously. George Jeffrey, the husband of the accused woman, leaned forward in his chair, eager to catch every word. Mrs. Jeffrey alone among all the figures in the drama remained unmoved, perfectly composed.

The crime, as described to the jury by Mr. Angell, resembled in several points the celebrated Borden case in Fall River. Hannan, he said, was found in a little upstairs room of his home, at No. 2544 Atlantic avenue, with his head crushed in. The axe was still lying on the bed. The alarm was given by his daughter, now on trial, who ran down stairs to the barber shop of John Carrolli, on the first floor, and said something had happened to her father.

Further than that the prosecution refused to reveal its case, except to say that Hannan, on the day he met his death, had pawned Mrs. Jeffrey's wedding ring, with her consent, for $2, and had bought whiskey with the money.

One of the witnesses for the State, who will be put on the stand to-day, is expected to be Mrs. Hermilline Marino, an aunt of Carrolli, the barber. She did not appear before the Coroner or the Grand Jury, and her previously suppressed story, if she had one, will relate to the words and actions of Mrs. Jeffrey immediately after the tragedy.

Mr. Angell told the jury yesterday that no blood stains or spots were found upon Mrs. Jeffrey's clothing. He spoke of no motive for the crime.

Mrs. Jeffrey said, when arrested, that her father's groans awakened her, that she found him desperately hurt and called for help.

HER DIARY TELLS OF STARVATION FOR FAME.

The Last Days of Poor Evelyn Adams as Brave as Those When Fortune Smiled Upon Her Efforts.

Faith in Providence and Her Own Ability Made Her Hopeful, Even with the Seal of Death Set.

Burial of the Writer Attended at House by Many Who in Life Had Failed to Come to Her Aid.

"NIL DESPERANDUM." That was the motto of Evelyn Adams, author of "Is Marriage a Failure." She did not despair, but she did starve to death.

The Journal told yesterday morning of her death in the little dark room in the Windemere, No. 400 West Fifty-seventh street, which sheltered her during the last three months of her terrible struggle for bare existence, while waiting for literary recognition. Fragments of her diary show how brave and yet how hopeless was her struggle.

Scenes in Evelyn Adams's Struggle for Existence.

The desperate poverty of this young woman, who had literary talent, but could not obtain recognition, has just been made known by her death. Unwilling to appeal to her wealthy parents, she tried to exist on a pittance, eating when she could, but going hungry most of the time.

For years she had sought a publisher for her third book—the story of her own life—called "The Wandering Sisters," being to a certain extent an account of her travels with her sister and literary companion, partly in old Mexico, where she collected antique objects which, sold to the Museum of Natural History, brought her the pittance upon which she subsisted during the last months of her life. Said Mrs. Mitchell, the song writer, who befriended her at the Windemere:

"Six or eight weeks ago I brought coffee to her room and found her, as usual, stretched out on the couch, from which she was hardly able to rise, but supremely happy. She had just received from F. Tennyson Neely, the publisher, a letter couched in the most flattering terms, accepting her manuscript. Believing that success was at last within her grasp, she was happy.

She Was the Picture of Death.

"A week or two later I entered her room again on a similar errand—for it was necessary to see that she did not deny herself such nourishment as she was still able to assimilate—and saw her lying there, the picture of death. A newspaper had fallen from her hand. It contained an account of the failure of the publisher on whom all her hopes were placed. That was her death blow."

On the back cover of her diary had been pasted, evidently recently, a printed verse which she had quoted to some of her companions in misfortune, as her idea of the reverse of the dark picture which her own hard life between four sordid walls presented to her mind's eye.

On one of the last pages, in a handwriting rendered almost illegible by illness, was the following:

O sovereign Jehovah, my hope is in Thee;
O Jesus, beloved, deliver Thou me.
In fetters so galling,
In pangs so appalling,
I yearn after Thee.
Strength faileth,
Heart waileth.
I kneel down before Thee—
Adore Thee,
Implore Thee,
Deliver Thou me.

One Look Told the Story.

On Wednesday Mrs. Mitchell, alarmed at her condition, summoned a physician.

"He barely looked at her," said Mrs. Mitchell, "and then told me that I must tell her that she was dying.

"I knew that it was true. I told her. She looked at me incredulously and said: 'That cannot be; why, I have not done my work.'

"When I had finally convinced her, her brilliant mind comprehended everything. For twenty-four hours I attended her constantly with restoratives. An hour before she died she tapped her forehead and said with a smile: 'Isn't it splendid? My mind is as clear as it ever was.'

"Presently she gave a long drawn 'O-h!' The word was so startling in its intensity that I begged her to tell me what was in her mind.

"'O-h!' she repeated, 'I see my husband. He is waiting for me. All is well.' And then she died."

Though mortally ill and starving, Evelyn Adams, in her last week of life, planned one last enterprise. She would manage to get to the Paris Exposition, there to find new and salable literary material. The walls of her little room are still covered with maps and steamship circulars.

A Letter from Cassius M. Clay.

In her moments of faint heartedness she wrote passionate appeals for aid to persons she had known. One such brought the following reply:

Whitehall, Ky., Oct. 9, 1899.

I'm worse off than you. Unless Congress votes my pension of $1,200, passed unanimously in the Senate and lost by the aid of the "vendetta" in the House and reduced to $800, I may die blind, as they have ruined my eyes, in my own unproductive castle, with no one to give me a gup of water.

May God help you and me.

CASSIUS M. CLAY.

All her poor effects have been packed and sealed before witnesses—including her certificate of marriage—for shipment to her relatives in Utica, N. Y., whose unfriendly attitude toward her was told in yesterday's Journal.

Dispatches from Utica received yesterday say that her old associates, who exhibited an indifference that was almost heartless during her lifetime, attended her funeral, bringing handsome tributes to her memory. She was buried by her parents. Daniel F. La Paugh, her father, is a retired merchant of Utica.

A DIARY OF SUFFERING, HOPE AND DEATH.

THE diary of Evelyn Adams, the authoress who starved to death, having been filled with memoranda and scraps of dialogue for her book, she wrote upon scraps of paper found between its covers the following paragraphs:

"Is Marriage a Lottery?" Returned from another publisher. Wish I could arrange to publish it myself. But I can't. I have lived on crackers and water for five weeks.

Success at last, thank God! After trying twenty-eight different ways to raise the money to publish the book for nine weeks I have succeeded. I will soon be an author. I had to give a claim on the electrotype plates, on the mineral collection (which nobody will buy) and my life. In case the book fails I will take my life in utter despair.

One of my friends brought me a basket of fruit to-day. God! to me, who has not eaten a mouthful of food in thirty-six hours! And she worth more than a million! But I will, I must succeed!

I am bowed down with despair. Yet through it all I see the beacon light of success. I will yet be recognized as an author.

This being an authoress isn't what it's cracked up to be.

I have heard about the delights of light housekeeping, but this is getting altogether too light for me.

I am wondering what day my manuscript will be sent back. That familiar package! Thank heavens, it will make good lamplighters, now that the matches are almost gone.

Am not feeling well to-day. I wouldn't object to something nice to eat, in fact I'd be greatly pleased with anything to eat.

Why does not some nice young prince come along and fall in love with me? Although I think I'd take up with an ordinary lord if he had plenty of beefsteak and white bread.

I wonder why they don't publish my books? I guess maybe they are waiting for my shroud to make the rag paper to print it on.

How I suffer! But isn't that the way that all successful authors suffer before they reach the goal? They all lived in attics some time like I—and starved. I guess that is essential to being an author.

There is nothing to eat in my room. I was standing before my empty shelf a moment ago, and I wondered what those rich folk up at Delmonico's were feasting on to-night. Oh, how I would like to get some of the crumbs! But cheer up! I'll dine there, too, when my book is published. I have been directing envelopes. I will take them to the office to-morrow and get my money. Oh, I can hardly wait!

STRENGTHENS MILITIA TO KEEP GOEBEL OUT.

Kentucky's Governor Acts on Hearing That Goebel Believes He Will Be Seated.

Louisville, Nov. 20.—Goebel announced to-day that he believed that he will get the certificate of election. In consequence Governor Bradley is strengthening the military arm of the State for fear of trouble.

With the exception of the contested precincts in the city, which have been passed for final action, the official vote of Louisville and Jefferson County has been passed upon by the County Election Board. The board this afternoon listened to arguments by counsel for the Democrats in support of the motion to throw out the vote of the entire city because Governor Bradley called out the militia.

Should the board refuse the matter will be referred to the Legislature, where the Democrats believe, the vote will be thrown

Ship Kentucky Out of Dock.

...ttle ship Kentucky was towed out of the ... in ... Navy Yard yesterday and probably ...rd to-day for the trial course off

...ndulge freely now, since they can ... tive Tablets.

"I'VE FALLEN HEIR TO A FORTUNE; LEND ME $10."

Judge Maybury Succumbs to an Antediluvian Trick, but Has Revenge.

Y/184

Because Judge Maybury, of Clifton, N. J., has a rural and benevolent look people impose upon him. The last one said he was William H. Miller, assistant engineer of Dewey's ship Olympia.

"I've just fallen heir to $8,000," said he, "and as I live in Paterson I'd like you to help me invest it. Meanwhile lend me $10." The Judge loaned the money.

Miller returned last Saturday for more money, but the Judge had made inquiries and found that his references were bogus. The Judge and his son thereupon had a chase across lots after Miller, through the goose ponds of Clifton and over briar bushes, young Maybury, who had been changing his clothes, being only half dressed. Miller is now in Passaic jail, under $500 bail.

The finest whiskey on the market to-day is "Old Saratoga," made by Rosskam, Gerstley & Co. Acker, Merrall & Condit sell it.

HOW MRS. BELMONT PLANS FOR HER SALON.

"Success Is Inevitable," Declares Her Husband, and Many Fashionable Folk Are Already Interested.

Receptions at Which Leaders in Wealth and Society Will Meet Those of Art, Literature and Politics.

Not Since the Days of Mayor Duane, When Irving and Cooper Were Guests, Have Such Gatherings Been Seen.

To her drawing rooms, green, gold and white ivory, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's friends attached yesterday at least their hopes for the ancient French salon revived in New York. They were glad that her intention, told by the Journal, had taken a definite form. They recalled a conversation in the dining room of the Waldorf-Astoria on Friday at her table, when she said:

"The fault of saying clever things is that those who utter them are in peril of wishing to make newspaper or magazine copy of them. Let us have meetings where the art of conversation shall be practised for the sake of the art."

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's salon had its inception then. The details of it have formed themselves admirably. Mr. Belmont said of them, at Newport last night: "They have my hearty approval. Mrs. Belmont never makes a mistake. What she says or does is always the thing to be said or done."

So New York is to have a salon. It will be the first since the time when Duane was Mayor, Washington Irving and Fenimore Cooper came then from far off towns to be at the Mayor's evening parties. These were not frequent enough to form a salon in the technical sense, but at them men of letters and artists met persons of wealth and leaders in fashionable society.

Edmund Clarence Stedman had when he lived near the Museum of Natural History informal meetings every Sunday evening at his house. They were enchanting. Every poet and every painter in town was glad to attend these receptions. But they were not a salon because not under the aegis of a leader in fashionable society.

Mrs. Belmont's salon is to be in the classical lines and colors. It may be fastidious, as was the Marquise de Rambouillet's. It may be audaciously Democratic, as was Mme. De Recamier's. It cannot fail to be witty and to be chivalrous, for that is infallibly the inclination of a salon.

The persons in fashionable society that the formation of Mrs. Belmont's salon attracted particularly yesterday were Mrs. George Beach De Forest, a book lover extremely witty; Mrs. George Gould, whose interest in the literature of the drama is intense; Miss Ruth Lawrence, author of charming poems; Howard Constable, Sanford White, Peter Marie, Charles Dana Gibson, James Lawrence Breese, John Drew. They are in Mrs. Belmont's confidence.

Her tolerance of varied opinions in literature, art and politics is academical. She has the love of discussion and of extreme civility in argument, without which there may be no conversation. She knows the newspapers have made the gossip that was acceptable at the Rampouillet palace, impossible now. Her guests will not tell the news except in the emblematic language that Mallarme recommended for the initiated as one of the three texts in which a book should be printed always.

The salons in France were always more powerful than the clubs. The salons made the language, the distinguished books, the fashionable painters, the ministers of state and the revolutions.

It was Mrs. Charles Nodier's salon that made Alfred De Musset a member of the French Academy and Victor Hugo a play wright at the Comedie Francaise.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont may Americanize the salon and make of it the expression of the popular ideals.

Boats' Crews Big Meat Eaters.

United States Marshal Henkel seized the excursion boats Republic and Columbia at the Erie basin yesterday on a libel filed against them in the United States District Court by William Ottmann & Co., meat dealers. The libellant alleges that from August 1 to October 26 they furnished to the crews of the boats meat valued at $2,582.33.

Chance of lifetime. $25 Overcoat, satin lined, $9.99. Cameron's, 207 Flatbush ave.

SENT DYING WOMAN FROM HOSPITAL TO HOSPITAL.

Coroner's Physician Weston Says Mrs. Murphy's Life Could Have Been Saved by Humane Treatment.

He Accidentally Discovered the Case, and Will Demand an Inquest To-day to Fix the Blame.

With Fractured Skull She Was Shifted from Hood Wright to Harlem, Thence to Bellevue, and Finally to City Hospital.

According to a statement made last night by Coroner's Physician Weston, the life of young Mrs. Bridget Murphy, of 232 West One Hundred and Forty-third street, who died in the City Hospital, Blackwell's Island, last Friday, might have been saved if she had received prompt and consistant medical treatment, after being injured by a fall at her home four days before.

Dr. Weston was severe in his censure of the hospital authorities, who sent her from one institution to another in ambulances until she finally landed exhausted at the City Hospital.

The young woman fell down a flight of stairs, and was sent, unconscious, first to the J. Hood Wright Hospital, and the same day was moved to the Harlem Hospital. On the next day she was again placed in an ambulance and transferred to Bellevue Hospital, from where, two days later she was sent to the hospital on Blackwell's Island.

The woman's body was returned yesterday to the Morgue, where the autopsy made discovered only a slight fracture at the base of the skull, which, Dr. Weston says, need not necessarily have proved fatal had she been carefuly attended. He will demand that an inquest be held. The woman's husband claimed the body yesterday.

It was only by chance that Dr. Weston had his attention called to the woman's case at the Morgue. He learned that the Board of Health had refused a permit for the removal of the body yesterday, and thereupon made the autopsy. The death, he declared, had not been reported to the Coroner's office by the City Hospital doctors, and they will receive special mention in the report which he will make to-day.

MANY VICTIMS OF MAN WHO MADE MARRIAGE A TRADE.

James Monroe, Arrested in Chicago, Is Now in Rochester Awaiting Examination.

Rochester, Nov. 20.—James Monroe, arrested in Chicago last week, and who arrived here and is awaiting examination on the charge of grand larceny preferred by Mrs. Mary Jane Colthart, of Bunker Hill, Ill., in carrying off $4,070 of her money, seems to be the most married man in the country.

The police here say that they have the names of a score of women whom Monroe has similarly swindled. It is pretty definitely ascertained, however, that victims of the confidence man are living in Watertown, Wis.; Evansville, Ind.; St. Louis, New York and Bowling Green, Ky.

Here is a partial list of Mondoe's victims. The letter M after some of the names indicates those whom he married, the police say:

Mrs. Anna M. Jones, Trenton, N. J.; Alice N. A. Chambers, Chanute, Kan.; Miss B. Boter, Erie, Pa., M; Mrs. A. A. Wyman, Grand Rapids, Mich., M; Mrs. M. M. Brinkerhoff, Chicago; Mrs. R. S. Truston, Charleston, W. Va.; Caroline M. De Witt, St. Joseph, Mo., M; Julia Peasley, Boston, M; Josie Courtney, Lawrence, Kan., M; Miss Mary Lee, Philadelphia, M; Mrs. Myrtle Steele, Greenville, Ill., M; Helen P. Wallace, Philadelphia, M; Mrs. Grathulda Meade, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Miss Kate Boyle, Watertown, Wis.; Miriam Pearson, Mishawaka, Ind., M; Alice Adamson, Des Moines, Iowa; Hattie C. Brodeen, Springfield, Ill.; Anna Still, Chicago, Ill.; Miss La Belle York, Louisville, Ky.; Miss Effie Estop, Recole Mills, Pa., M; Florence Cunningham, Cother, Iowa; C. A. Stockman, Bloomington, Ill., M; Allie E. Keller, Detroit, Mich., M; Mary Ecker, Gallipolis, Ohio, M; Mrs. Lillie Tansler, Bay City, Mich., M; Laura Hatton, York, Pa., M.

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