

Don't Wait.....

Until to-morrow to order your SUNDAY JOURNAL. Make sure of it by telling your newsdealer TO-DAY to save you a copy. Next Sunday's Journal will be a GREAT paper.

44 Pages, - - - 3 Cents

THE JOURNAL.

FRIDAY, APRIL 24, 1896.—SIXTEEN PAGES.

PAGES 9 TO 16.

A. A. BONNER writes to the Journal

Your page of "News of Horses and Horsemen" is certainly very interesting and entertaining to all lovers of the horse.

Yours truly, A. A. Bonner.

PAGES 9 TO 16.

TWO VICTIMS DIE IN ELECTRIC CHAIR.

Lives of Louis P. Herrmann and Charles Pustalka Are Ended.

Both Wife Murderers Executed Within a Moment of Each Other at Sing Sing.

Herrmann the First to Step to the Chair, Cool and Collected; Pustalka, Praying Hard.

EDGAR SALTUS DESCRIBES IT ALL.

No Friends Gather to Say Farewell to These Condemned Men—Two Priests of Different Faiths Stand With Them At the End.

In compliance with Chapter 489, Laws of the State of New York for the year 1888, and the amendments thereto, relative to the infliction of the death penalty, the writer was yesterday, by the agent and Warden of Sing Sing Prison, invited to be present as a witness, without compensation, to the execution of Louis Herrmann and Charles Pustalka.

The hour set was eleven, forenoon. It was a radiant morning, a perfect day on which to die. The sky was cloudless as eternity, the Hudson unrolled as Time. In the prison yard a dog lay blinking at the sun, and on a bush a little bird was humming to itself.

As the witness entered the death chamber there came to greet him the clean smell of fresh paint. The room is large and oblong; the floor is in dead rose. The ceiling is yellow. The walls are bare, but about them, through a pretty circuit, is a frieze of overlapping circles, each a symbol of that which is without a beginning and which shall have no end. The windows, in grouted glass, let through them the blue of the sky; the radiance of the April day. The place was bright with color, alive with the witcheries of Spring, suggestive far more of birth than of death.

As the writer looked about it occurred to him that surely he must have acted, that he had come not to an execution, but to a festival. Then he remembered that in earlier days when the world went slower, death was a festival; it was birth that was regarded as a greivous thing, and he decided that the Warden must be more of a classicist than his invitation has disclosed.

About one division of the room seats had been arranged semi-circularwise. In the centre of the other division was a chair, similar to that which barbers use; beneath it was a thin carpet of rubber and across the arms a board had been laid in which were bulbs of glass. Above was a curve in metal, which resembled a douche. On the sides and legs of the chair there were bands of leather, open new and pendant. To the left of the chair was a low door; it was guarded. To the right, concealed by woodwork, an electrician stood, his hand on a knob.

First Sight of the Death Agent.

Then suddenly the bulbs of glass blazed with light, subsided and blazed anew. The electrician was testing the current. It was to his liking apparently, for the bulbs of glass disappeared. Where they went the witness had not time to see. The guarded door had opened and into the room there strode a good-looking young chap, with a smile not alone on his lips, but in his eyes. At his side was a clergyman of the Protestant Church, who shook hands with him and nodded, and to whom he nodded in return. To all intents and purposes they seemed to be talking of each other but a momentary leave. And still the young man smiled. He looked about the room, at the sunniness of it, and then at that chair. The smile was still on his lips, still in his eyes.

"Good-bye," he said lightly, and of his own accord sat down. He was less concerned and far more at his ease than the witness, who, in the perturbation of the moment could see merely that their were men about that chair fastening the bands, pinning the arms and aukies, fastening that face which was smiling still.

His Simple Leave-Taking.

"Good-bye," he repeated. On the room a silence had fallen, interrupted now by a buzz—the buzz of electricity burrowing into a pipe that quivered, expanded and then sank back. But was life extinct? A physician stated that there was unconsciousness merely. Again the electricity batted. Without in the tunnel, an express was speeding the soul of that young man was fleet. Before the train could have vanished Herrmann was dead.

"A clean job," said an official. The bands were loosened, the fastening across the face was taken away. The smile had gone, but the lips were half parted still, and between them you could see the tongue. It had doubled against the teeth. When Herrmann had entered the room he had that pallor which precedes being. Now the pallor had gone, in its place was a bluish flush which changed to a mottled pink and then into purple.

"A clean job," the official repeated, and turned away. In a corner the clergyman was chatting amiably. The body was removed, and the spectators exchanged impressions.

Ready for the Next Victim.

Presently the chair was unlocked, spunged down so to speak, prepared for another bout with life. The glass bulbs were reattached, blazed and subsided and blazed once more; the low door opened and another young man entered. He was less debonair than the first, but in his face was that expression which those who have to die at peace with the world and themselves.

In his hand was a crucifix, and beside him was a priest of the Catholic Church.

"Commend your soul to God," the priest admonished in German. "I do commend it," Pustalka cried. "Say good-bye to all."

His Last Spoken Words.

"Repeat what I taught you," he continued. And you could hear the felon bound now and almost gagged repeating determinedly:

"Jesus dir leb'ich."
"Jesus dir sterb'ich."
"Jesus dein bin ich tod und lebendig."

The crucifix was taken, and dumbly from the bound wrist, the hand from which it had gone groped for it. Then as in a spasm it clenched, the fingers interwined, the current had been applied, and the muscles of the body distended till they seemed about to snap the bands. The eyes had retreated in the sockets, you could see the tongue doubling in the mouth. But from the anxious priest still there fell the music and the encouragements of the beautiful Commendatio Animae, yet slowly now and to himself, as though conscious that the dead are beyond the ministrations of the living.

Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, with those words in his ears the witness turned to go. Beyond, in the open, the sky was still unclouded, the river ran unrolled as before. Like the circles on the frieze in that room both represented Eternity to which those two men had gone. EDGAR SALTUS.

CRIMES OF THE CONDEMNED.

Both Were Wife Murderers, but Pustalka's Offense Was the More Brutal.

Pustalka murdered his wife Annie on August 28 last at their home, No. 515 East Thirtieth street. They had been married twelve years, but he was an idle, intemperate fellow, and four years ago abandoned his butcher shop in Brooklyn, and afterward lived entirely upon the earnings of his wife. She had opened a little coffee house under the name of the Cafe Waldorf, at No. 114 East Fourteenth street, and by hard work had accumulated a few thousand dollars.

The family then consisted of Pustalka, his wife, Lizzie, a child of the wife by a former husband, and four children of the marriage. Just before the murder, Mrs. Pustalka told her husband that he must either change his dissipated, idle habits or leave her for good. She threatened to get a legal separation. Maddened by this, and fringed with drink, Pustalka cut and slashed the woman in over a dozen places with a butcher knife. Any of the wounds was sufficient to have caused death. The murder was witnessed by his seven-year-old daughter, Pauline, who gave evidence against him at the trial. When arrested, Pustalka said that it had been his intention to have also killed his stepdaughter Lizzie, who assisted her mother in running the cafe, and he expressed regret that he had not done so.

Herrmann was discharged from the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island two days before he shot his wife. He had served ten months' imprisonment for horse stealing. He was told by friends that his wife had been seen frequently with a young fellow named Lynch. He toltered around their home at No. 305 East One Hundred and Fifth street and watched his wife leave the house. Then he followed her downtown and saw her meet Lynch, the evening after his return from prison. Jealousy took possession of him, and, being penniless, he went around borrowing small sums from friends until he had enough to buy a cheap revolver. On Wednesday, July 17, last he visited her apartments and begged of her to refrain from seeing Lynch again. The woman replied that Lynch made good wages and she loved him.

Herrmann drew the pistol from his pocket and shot her three times. She died immediately. Since the arrest Herrmann had steadily asserted that while he had fully determined to kill Lynch and that he had no thought of taking the life of his wife until she told him she loved another man.

THE BOYS OF '61 ARE OLD.

Some Work in the City Parks and Superintendent Parsons Wants Them Dropped.

Veterans of the Civil War who are in city or State service can only be dismissed when their usefulness has been proved at a formal inquiry by a proper tribunal. There are many veterans in the Department of City Parks, and Superintendent Parsons recently presented to the Park Board a list of fifty whom he charged were unable to properly perform their work.

Twenty of these men have appeared before the Board and have been informally examined. None have been cited to appear for formal hearing, but all have been put under special observation. Such of them as are hereafter reported by their foreman as incompetent will be called up on charges.

When the big politician handed the boy back to his mother he said that if she would consent he would adopt him, provided, of course, that his daughter did not object. The widow said that she would consent, and upon reaching his office Mayor Gleason wrote this note to his daughter:

TWO WIFE MURDERERS EXECUTED IN SING SING PRISON YESTERDAY.

LOUIS P. HERRMANN.
Herrmann was the first to be led to the death chair. The current was turned on at 11:17 a. m. Pustalka's execution was at 11:41 a. m. In each case the current was shut off after a few seconds and then turned on again, but the doctors were agreed that death was instantaneous. It had been feared that Pustalka would break down, but, supported by a priest, he met his death with comparative coolness.

BOOTH-TUCKER FOUGHT TRAMPS ON BOWERY.

Went Slumming in an Overdone Disguise with Sad Results.

Despised by His Own Soldiers, Who Wouldn't Try to Save His Soul.

EJECTED FROM A CABLE CAR.

Beaten by Lodging House Companions Until for Peace's Sake He Smote in Return—Victorious He Talked Religion to His Assaultants.

The Bowery, the Bowery—They say such things And they do such things On the Bowery, the Bowery, I'll never go there any more.

Frederick St. George de La Tour Booth-Tucker, who has succeeded his brother-in-law as the head of the Salvation Army in America, disguised himself and went slumming Wednesday night. He had a fight in a Bowery lodging house, and yesterday wore several pieces of court plaster on his face.

Mr. Tucker wanted to know how bad New York slums are, and he wanted to get his information at first hand. His disguise was a little overdone and that caused trouble. His sweater was a little too spectacularly worn and dirty; his coat a little too much patched; his trousers a trifle more threadbare than was necessary and his shoes too full of holes for the nice taste of the East Side.

When a real tramp wanders into a Salvation Army meeting half the soldiers rush forward to grasp his hand, ask about the health of his soul and beg the privilege of teaching him the latest drill of repentance that he may grow to love the valleys of praise. The head of the Salvation Army in America went to his own headquarters in cognito Wednesday night and not a hand was offered him, and not an inquiry was made as to his spiritual condition. The red-jerseyed and poke-bonneted soldiers saw fraud in his disguise and ignored him.

Then Mr. Tucker went into the East Side and watched his slim corps laboring to reach the hearts of the tired, the drunken and the hardened. No special effort was made to reclaim him, and when the tambourine and bass drum were laid away by his soldiers, he tried to board a Third avenue cable car on his way to other scenes, but the conductor put him off, as being obviously too dirty for the companionship of the Chinamen, delvers and blasters and sweat-shop employes who had been permitted to buy transportation.

Despised and rejected of men, Mr. Tucker sought and found a seven-cent lodging-house, and there it was he suffered most. There may be cots in ten-rooms, but there are only hammocks of an inferior sort in the cut-rate seven-cent lodging-houses of the Bowery. Mr. Tucker was assigned a hammock, and might have slept there, but his companions in misfortune did not like the way he wore his clothes. It may have been they resented him as a caricature of themselves; it may have been they saw the De La through his make-up. He soon realized that they did not accept him as one of their kind.

"Mike," whispered one hoarse-voiced real thing, "jab a pin in him. I'll paste him when he jumps."

Mr. Tucker felt a sharp pain in one leg, jumped to a sitting position and was "pasted" so painfully hard that he laid flat on his back. He was up in an instant and down the next instant.

Now Mr. Tucker, though he be a soldier of the Cross, is not a disciple of Tolstol. He resists evil. When he is smitten on the right cheek—having been taught to box deviously—he smites the smiter upon the left cheek also. He rolled from that hammock like a small boy and attacked three men, who had been making sport of him, with so much spirit and knowledge of the worldly science of fists that they were well beaten before the manager of the place could stop the fight. The quartet was ejected, but instead of renewing the fight on the curb and landing in station house cells, Mr. Tucker mollified his antagonists by tender talk of the beauty of righteousness and their necessity for conversion to Christ.

"I feel a little knocked out," Mr. Tucker said yesterday, "but I would not have missed the experience for a great deal. I have not seen sufficient of the slums of New York to compare them with like localities in other great cities, but from what I did see I do not think they are nearly as bad as the slums of London. We have lodging houses there in which the poor can sleep for a penny, and I hope to establish similar ones here. One of the greatest drawbacks are the restrictions placed by the Health authorities regarding so many cubic feet of air to each person. There were only fifty men sleeping in the big room I was in last night, and there was room for as many more. There was no covering whatever and the place was miserably cold. No, I will not give you the address, for that will prevent my going there again."

While John C. Muller has been in the Tombs awaiting trial, his family, who lived in Jersey City, have been in destitute circumstances. A few days ago they were turned out of their home for non-payment of rent, and a week ago one of his children

died in Christ Hospital, Jersey City. The other four children, with Muller's wife, are being cared for by friends at Paterson. Muller is charged with furnishing straw ball for two Chinamen, and has been in the Tombs since March 16. He claims that he is not the man who gave the bonds, and that the detectives who arrested him have simply got hold of the wrong person.

Muller's trial will begin in Part IV. of the Court of Sessions this morning, before Judge Cowling. Several prominent New Jersey people will testify to Muller's good character, and his attorney, B. P. Stratton, of Wood, Story & Stratton, No. 11 William street, is confident of proving that his client has been unjustly imprisoned.

patting the little ones on the head and speaking words of encouragement in a manner that might shock Lindley Murray, perhaps, but which the Long Island City children find very pleasant.

The Mayor has a daughter, Jessie, twelve years old, who is a sweet little housekeeper, and has been the light of her father's home since her mother died. His Honor has also longed, however, for a son.

Mr. Gleason was coming from Fishing on a Long Island train Wednesday afternoon, and he became drowsy. His head fell back against the upholstered seat, and he slept soundly. A wandering zephyr from the ocean tossed some of his iron gray locks within reach of a crowing, cooling, bounding boy of eighteen months, held in his mother's arms in the next seat behind.

LONG ISLAND CITY'S NEW INFANT RULER.

He's a Pretty Baby Boy, and Mayor Gleason Has Adopted Him as His Son.

Says He Will Train Him for the Mayorship of Greater New York.

PATRICK JEROME GLEASON, JR.

His Honor First Made His Acquaintance When the Cherub Awoke Him on a Train by Pulling His Hair.

His Honor, Mayor Patrick Jerome Gleason, of Long Island City, has adopted a son, of whom he hopes to make a man after his own big heart.

His Honor is very fond of children. Often he goes on a round of the schools,

While riding on a train the Mayor of Long Island City fell asleep. A cherub of eighteen months, riding in the seat behind with his widowed mother, clutched His Honor's hair with his chubby fingers, and His Honor awoke, but not to wrath. It is said he immediately discerned in the handsome infant the future ruler of Greater New York. He proposed to adopt the boy, and the mother consented.

When the Mayor was coming from Fishing on a Long Island train Wednesday afternoon, and he became drowsy. His head fell back against the upholstered seat, and he slept soundly. A wandering zephyr from the ocean tossed some of his iron gray locks within reach of a crowing, cooling, bounding boy of eighteen months, held in his mother's arms in the next seat behind.

The boy seized those stry locks with a grip that augurs well for his future as an athlete. Of course, His Honor woke up. But he did not become angry. By the time he had turned half around the mother had loosened the cherub's grasp, and the little fellow was laughing as heartily as if he had knowingly perpetrated a first-class joke.

The mother was dressed in black, plainly and neatly, and she wore the weeds that signified her widowhood.

"That's a fine boy you have there, ma'am," said His Honor; "a fine, manly little fellow, and I'd like to have the bringing of him up. I'd make a man of him, sure."

Thereupon Mrs. Bradley, for that is the widow's name, told His Honor how glad she would be to know that her boy could have a good home, and an education that would equip him for the battle of life. His Honor reached over and lifted the chubby little fellow across the seat and stood him in his lap. Within a very short time the Mayor and the baby were on splendid terms, laughing and rollicking in a way that amused and interested everybody in the car.

When the big politician handed the boy back to his mother he said that if she would consent he would adopt him, provided, of course, that his daughter did not object. The widow said that she would consent, and upon reaching his office Mayor Gleason wrote this note to his daughter:

My Dear Jessie—This note will introduce to you one of the brightest baby boys I ever saw. I know you will think so, too, when you see him. He likes me, and, do you know, I've fallen in love with him. I met him on the train today and we at once became fast friends. He called me papa, and his little hands in my

mustache and finally insisted upon trying to wear my hat. What do you say if we adopt him? I know you will not feel jealous. Just think, when he grows up he could take you out riding behind Parnell and Gladstone, and, besides that, you would have a good brother to care for you. Hastily, YOUR PAPA.

Mrs. Bradley took this note to Mr. Gleason's house and little Miss Gleason was delighted. Early yesterday morning the necessary legal papers were drawn up and Mrs. Bradley appeared at the Mayor's office at the appointed hour and affixed her signature to them. The adopted heir will be christened Patrick Jerome Gleason, Jr., and his foster father hopes that one day the junior, if not the senior, will become the Mayor of the Greater New York.

Keeping a Table Between Him and Herself, She Held Out Till the Police Came to Her Assistance.

Mrs. Mary Senyo, a young married woman, who lives with her husband in the rear of No. 511 Market street, Newark, was stabbed three times yesterday morning by Tony Slote in her own home while fighting to defend herself. Notwithstanding her wounds she succeeded in beating off her assailant till help arrived, and had the satisfaction of seeing him go to the lock-up. He had an ugly scarp wound which she inflicted with a goblet.

The scene of the struggle was a large tenement, in which a number of Hungarians and Poles board, among them Slote. He is twenty-four years old and of powerful build. Wednesday evening he started to attack the woman, when her husband returned from work and put him to flight. Nothing more was seen of him about the place until yesterday morning after Senyo had gone to work.

Mrs. Senyo was alone in her apartments, when Slote suddenly opened the kitchen door and walked in. She ordered him out, but he refused to go. Instead he started across the room toward her.

Mrs. Senyo began to scream and ran toward the front of her apartments, expecting to escape by that way. As she ran she seized a heavy goblet, and, turning quickly, attempted to strike Slote, who was close on her heels. She missed her aim and it came very nearly proving fatal for her. Her assailant made a lunge at her with a pair of shears six inches long which he had picked up on a bureau. Mrs. Senyo raised her left arm to ward off the blow and the point of the shears was buried deep in the fleshy part.

SAVED HERSELF WITH A GOBLET BLOW.

Mrs. Senyo Was Thrice Stabbed by Tony Slote, Armed with Shears.

She Struck and Stunned Her Assailant While He Held Her, Threatening to Kill.

HE REVIVED AND AGAIN ATTACKED.

Keeping a Table Between Him and Herself, She Held Out Till the Police Came to Her Assistance.

Mrs. Senyo was alone in her apartments, when Slote suddenly opened the kitchen door and walked in. She ordered him out, but he refused to go. Instead he started across the room toward her.

Mrs. Senyo began to scream and ran toward the front of her apartments, expecting to escape by that way. As she ran she seized a heavy goblet, and, turning quickly, attempted to strike Slote, who was close on her heels. She missed her aim and it came very nearly proving fatal for her. Her assailant made a lunge at her with a pair of shears six inches long which he had picked up on a bureau. Mrs. Senyo raised her left arm to ward off the blow and the point of the shears was buried deep in the fleshy part.

Then began a desperate hand-to-hand battle. Mrs. Senyo was thrown down by Slote, who, with the shears in his uplifted hand, threatened to kill her. By an almost superhuman effort she succeeded in partly raising herself, and with the goblet, which she still held, dealt her assailant a blow on the head, cutting a deep gash. The force of the blow stunned Slote for a few seconds, and this afforded the woman an opportunity to regain her feet.

But still she was not safe, for Slote resumed the attack in a moment and twice more stabbed her with the shears. She was fast losing strength, and in a few moments more murder might have been committed but Policemen Hardenburg and Wynn, summoned by neighbors who heard Mrs. Senyo's screams, arrived in time to save her. When the officers rushed into the house they saw Slote on one side of a table and Mrs. Senyo on the other. She was trying to keep the table between them. Slote still held the shears in his hand, while the woman clung to the glass, which was broken and jagged.

Slote was placed under arrest and taken to the Third Precinct Station, where he was locked up after his wounds had been dressed. He was later committed by Judge Eggers, in default of bail, to await the action of the Grand Jury.

ELOPED TO ROCHESTER.

Miss Price's Parents Said She Was Too Young to Wed and She Ran Away.

The announcement of the marriage of Miss Edna Story Price, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Alfred Price, of No. 63 West Nineteenth street, to George Palmer Groves, of Buffalo, has caused surprise to the friends of the bride in this city. The parents of the bride did not know that their daughter had taken the matrimonial step until it was too late to interpose objection.

The young persons left the Price home Saturday evening, April 11, ostensibly to attend the theatre, but instead they took a train for Rochester, where the ceremony was performed.

Captain and Mrs. Price had no objection to Mr. Groves as a son-in-law. They countenanced his suit and he was a welcome guest to their home. Their only objection to the match was the youth of their daughter, and for this reason they had asked that the marriage be postponed for another year.

Live Coals Fell on Him.

While at work on the third tier of the new building at Broadway and Ann street yesterday John Healy, an iron worker, was badly burned by a forge containing red-hot coals, which fell from the tier above. Healy was taken to the House of Relief on Hudson street.

Do not fail to order your Sunday Journal in advance. Every copy will be accompanied by a full-size music folio, containing words and music of the new and popular song, "The Harmless Little Girl," now being sung nightly at the Casino.

More Real Fun

In Bill Nye's "Comic History of England," printed only in the SUNDAY JOURNAL, than can be found in any comic paper. The second chapter appears next Sunday. Don't fail to read it.

Do not fail to order your Sunday Journal in advance. Every copy will be accompanied by a full-size music folio, containing words and music of the new and popular song, "The Harmless Little Girl," now being sung nightly at the Casino.

Do not fail to order your Sunday Journal in advance. Every copy will be accompanied by a full-size music folio, containing words and music of the new and popular song, "The Harmless Little Girl," now being sung nightly at the Casino.

Do not fail to order your Sunday Journal in advance. Every copy will be accompanied by a full-size music folio, containing words and music of the new and popular song, "The Harmless Little Girl," now being sung nightly at the Casino.

Do not fail to order your Sunday Journal in advance. Every copy will be accompanied by a full-size music folio, containing words and music of the new and popular song, "The Harmless Little Girl," now being sung nightly at the Casino.

Do not fail to order your Sunday Journal in advance. Every copy will be accompanied by a full-size music folio, containing words and music of the new and popular song, "The Harmless Little Girl," now being sung nightly at the Casino.

LONG ISLAND CITY'S NEW INFANT RULER.

He's a Pretty Baby Boy, and Mayor Gleason Has Adopted Him as His Son.

Says He Will Train Him for the Mayorship of Greater New York.

PATRICK JEROME GLEASON, JR.

His Honor First Made His Acquaintance When the Cherub Awoke Him on a Train by Pulling His Hair.

His Honor, Mayor Patrick Jerome Gleason, of Long Island City, has adopted a son, of whom he hopes to make a man after his own big heart.

His Honor is very fond of children. Often he goes on a round of the schools,

While riding on a train the Mayor of Long Island City fell asleep. A cherub of eighteen months, riding in the seat behind with his widowed mother, clutched His Honor's hair with his chubby fingers, and His Honor awoke, but not to wrath. It is said he immediately discerned in the handsome infant the future ruler of Greater New York. He proposed to adopt the boy, and the mother consented.

When the Mayor was coming from Fishing on a Long Island train Wednesday afternoon, and he became drowsy. His head fell back against the upholstered seat, and he slept soundly. A wandering zephyr from the ocean tossed some of his iron gray locks within reach of a crowing, cooling, bounding boy of eighteen months, held in his mother's arms in the next seat behind.

The boy seized those stry locks with a grip that augurs well for his future as an athlete. Of course, His Honor woke up. But he did not become angry. By the time he had turned half around the mother had loosened the cherub's grasp, and the little fellow was laughing as heartily as if he had knowingly perpetrated a first-class joke.

The mother was dressed in black, plainly and neatly, and she wore the weeds that signified her widowhood.

"That's a fine boy you have there, ma'am," said His Honor; "a fine, manly little fellow, and I'd like to have the bringing of him up. I'd make a man of him, sure."

Thereupon Mrs. Bradley, for that is the widow's name, told His Honor how glad she would be to know that her boy could have a good home, and an education that would equip him for the battle of life. His Honor reached over and lifted the chubby little fellow across the seat and stood him in his lap. Within a very short time the Mayor and the baby were on splendid terms, laughing and rollicking in a way that amused and interested everybody in the car.

When the big politician handed the boy back to his mother he said that if she would consent he would adopt him, provided, of course, that his daughter did not object. The widow said that she would consent, and upon reaching his office Mayor Gleason wrote this note to his daughter:

My Dear Jessie—This note will introduce to you one of the brightest baby boys I ever saw. I know you will think so, too, when you see him. He likes me, and, do you know, I've fallen in love with him. I met him on the train today and we at once became fast friends. He called me papa, and his little hands in my

mustache and finally insisted upon trying to wear my hat. What do you say if we adopt him? I know you will not feel jealous. Just think, when he grows up he could take you out riding behind Parnell and Gladstone, and, besides that, you would have a good brother to care for you. Hastily, YOUR PAPA.

Mrs. Bradley took this note to Mr. Gleason's house and little Miss Gleason was delighted. Early yesterday morning the necessary legal papers were drawn up and Mrs. Bradley appeared at the Mayor's office at the appointed hour and affixed her signature to them. The adopted heir will be christened Patrick Jerome Gleason, Jr., and his foster father hopes that one day the junior, if not the senior, will become the Mayor of the Greater New York.

Keeping a Table Between Him and Herself, She Held Out Till the Police Came to Her Assistance.

Mrs. Mary Senyo, a young married woman, who lives with her husband in the rear of No. 511 Market street, Newark, was stabbed three times yesterday morning by Tony Slote in her own home while fighting to defend herself. Notwithstanding her wounds she succeeded in beating off her assailant till help arrived, and had the satisfaction of seeing him go to the lock-up. He had an ugly scarp wound which she inflicted with a goblet.

The scene of the struggle was a large tenement, in which a number of Hungarians and Poles board, among them Slote. He is twenty-four years old and of powerful build. Wednesday evening he started to attack the woman, when her husband returned from work and put him to flight. Nothing more was seen of him about the place until yesterday morning after Senyo had gone to work.

Mrs. Senyo was alone in her apartments, when Slote suddenly opened the kitchen door and walked in. She ordered him out, but he refused to go. Instead he started across the room toward her.

Mrs. Senyo began to scream and ran toward the front of her apartments, expecting to escape by that way. As she ran she seized a heavy goblet, and, turning quickly, attempted to strike Slote, who was close on her heels. She missed her aim and it came very nearly proving fatal for her. Her assailant made a lunge at her with a pair of shears six inches long which he had picked up on a bureau. Mrs. Senyo raised her left arm to ward off the blow and the point of the shears was buried deep in the fleshy part.

LONG ISLAND CITY'S NEW INFANT RULER.

He's a Pretty Baby Boy, and Mayor Gleason Has Adopted Him as His Son.

Says He Will Train Him for the Mayorship of Greater New York.

PATRICK JEROME GLEASON, JR.

His Honor First Made His Acquaintance When the Cherub Awoke Him on a Train by Pulling His Hair.

His Honor, Mayor Patrick Jerome Gleason, of Long Island City, has adopted a son, of whom he hopes to make a man after his own big heart.

His Honor is very fond of children. Often he goes on a round of the schools,

While riding on a train the Mayor of Long Island City fell asleep. A cherub of eighteen months, riding in the seat behind with his widowed mother, clutched His Honor's hair with his chubby fingers, and His Honor awoke, but not to wrath. It is said he immediately discerned in the handsome infant the future ruler of Greater New York. He proposed to