

WITH HER TINY EYELET SHE TOOK HER WIFE.

In Black Lace Robes and Decked with Jewels Leocata Harrington Kills Herself.

HER HEART THE TARGET

She Was Once a Child Actress and Had Many Admirers Who Were Infatuated with Her Beauty.

WAYWARD ALL HER LIFE.

And the wayward girl wrote first to her life between midnight and daylight yesterday.

She essayed to play the part of Cleopatra, but she only succeeded in making herself a vulgar caricature for the Cosmos and breaking the heart of an honest mother, whose life for a dozen years has been shadowed by her shame.

A pitifully small Cleopatra, she, an uncrowned queen; her only court a handful of rich men's sons and Wall street brokers; her scepter, beauty; her nameless Antony, a vulgar shopkeeper; her asp, a tiny jeweled pistol with a bullet no larger than a baby's tooth.

She was born in Baltimore only twenty-two years ago. Her father was an officer in the United States navy; her mother a most worthy woman. The child broke no command. Neither tears, nor love, nor punishment moved her.

At seven she ran away from home with a circus and travelled with it as far as California, beginning her career as a dancer and then making some little reputation as a child actress. When her

father died her mother sold all she had and set out to find her. It was not until 1864, when Leo was fifteen, that she succeeded and persuaded the wayward girl to go back to Baltimore.

There for a while she acted minor parts in Ford's Opera House. Though so young she had developed into woman's estate.

She became infatuated with an actor of some reputation, and running away again she came with him to New York. Before she was sixteen she had a mother, and the child, a fine boy, is still living with a friend of hers in Newark, Wayne county, N. Y.

The actor treated her cruelly and she left him and had not spoken to him for some years, though he has repeatedly sought to obtain a reconciliation. For a time she travelled with the ZoZo troupe, a second class show which had a brief season of prosperity. It is said that she also appeared on the stage at the Casino and at Daly's. But her beauty was greater than her histrionic talents, and five years ago she found a "protector" in the stage costume she took apartments in the cheap flat house No. 125 West Twenty-eighth street. Here she lived ever since, with an ever-increasing circle of admirers—lived so quietly, albeit luxuriously, that no one could find fault with her.

Her widower mother, who had married a steward on the steamer Fortis, of the Red Cross line, named Whitshire, sought vainly to wean her from her life of glided ease. But Leo said no, and the mother seldom called upon her.

The young girl grew into a splendid womanhood. She was fashioned like a June, with dark, glossy hair and great, wide eyes, and she wore a dress, reckless and with a lavish hand, and revelled in the clothing. In winter she wore furs of seal and sable, and in summer she wore the most costly diamonds, which at times she became a little hotheaded, she would run over to a neighboring pawnbroker and pawn some of her jewels or furs. Only the day before her death she pawned a pair of diamonds, the janitor of the flat, over to a pawnbroker with \$30 to pay on account of a loan for which she had pledged a diamond ring.

Her flat was cozy and comfortable. She drank freely, but seldom or never to excess, and never forgot the outward proprieties. She had one great passion seemed to be for the theatre.

On Thursday last she went to the janitress to her rooms and had her hair done by some La France rose. She was going to the theatre that night and she wished to give her hair a special treatment. She had just bought. It was the dress she put on in which to kill herself, she introduced the janitress to a gentleman that she had never seen before. He was stout and handsome and had a big brown beard.

"How do you like my new hat?" she said gleefully. "It is an importation. You can't buy it anywhere else." Like everything else she wore, it was of the richest make.

On Monday afternoon, after the janitor had done her errand at the pawnbroker's, she called him in and showed him two proofs of photographs which she had just received from the photographer. "This is the better. She favored one and he the other. "This is what the photographer says," she said. "I believe I will take you to the theatre, and she wrote on the back of the accepted proof.

When the janitor went down stairs he said to his wife, "I wonder what is the matter with Miss Leocata. She seems as if she was playing a part in a play." He had noticed a strange glitter in the magnificent eyes and an air of repressed excitement.

So far as is known that is the last time that any one saw her alive.

At half past eleven in the janitress went over the flat. All was quiet in Leo's room. There was no light behind the transom.

Left a note on the door.

About nine o'clock yesterday morning the maid of all work found pinned to her door one of Leo's created and monogrammed envelopes, bearing the words "Janitor, open and take enclosed envelope to address given." There was twenty cents in the envelope and a sealed letter addressed to Mrs. Whitshire, which she wore on her left wrist.

The janitor delivered the letter, and ten minutes after his return the mother staggered down to his rooms and nearly fell crying. "She is dead," she said, "she has killed herself."

They found her lying on a lounge in the little back parlor, her eyes half closed, her lips parted in a smile. She had dressed herself for the dead in the freshest of underclothes, had put on a pair of black silk stockings and the daintiest of pointed slippers with beaded toes, and the lace dress, with passemeterie trimming, the latest addition to her wardrobe. All the jewelry, rings, earrings, pins and the solid necklaces she usually wore had been removed and placed in a bureau drawer, with the exception of a plain band of gold ornamented with two diamonds, which she wore on her left wrist.

The corpse of her dress, which was cut V shape, had pulled apart, and with her iodine brush she had marked a spot in her gray corset just over the heart. This was her target and she had perforated it with a .23 calibre bullet, and when she was lying on the lounge, the bullet had struck her in the breast of her underclothes, and she had died.

She returned to her room, and the grate was filled with ashes of consumed letters. She had written to her friends, and the letter to her mother, and only a few drops of blood had trickled down the wall and stained the underclothing.

Her account over.

The Park Commissioners yesterday received a letter from E. O. Thompson, of No. 215 Broadway, in praise of Park Policeman Thompson, who is detailed to the City Hall Park. The correspondent wrote that the park policeman, at great personal risk, had secured a window which had been broken and rob his place of business on the night of January 16. President Gallup expressed his appreciation of the secretary to note the name on the department records.

HANGED BY HIS WRISTS FOR FIFTY-TWO HOURS.

John Toms, of New Brunswick, N. J., Is First Stunned, Then Robbed and Left to Die Locked up in a Closet in a Deserted House.

RESCUED BY MEREST CHANCE.

He Is Found by the Daughter of His Employer and Is Able to Describe the Two Ruffians Who Committed the Outrage—Their Names Known, but They Are Still at Large.

John Toms, fifty-four years old, who for the last three winters has been caretaker of the old Falter mansion on the Hamilton street road, about a mile and a half from the boundary line of New Brunswick, N. J., is the survivor of an experience as terrible as that of the Spanish Inquisition chamber— an initiation of physical torture so diabolical in conception and so cold blooded in execution that few men ever suffers the like and lived to tell the story.

For nearly fifty-two hours he was suspended by his wrists, which had first been bound behind him, from a hook in the ceiling of a deserted house, his eyes just grazing the floor. The closet door was closed upon him and the faint hope of relief which he had entertained was banished by a gag which left him powerless to utter any sound.

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Before he was left to die, like a tortured rat in a trap, he had been stunned by a blow on the head, which temporarily left him unconscious. When his senses returned to him the excruciating physical pain he suffered was intensified ten thousand times by the awful agony of despair.

By the mercy of accident he was found when life was at a very low ebb. He was so thoroughly exhausted was that he was worked over for hours, and hope of saving his life was all abandoned.

This piece of diabolism was perpetrated by two ruffians for robbery. Fortunately, their victim retained consciousness just long enough to recognize them. Their names are known to the officers of the law, and their ultimate capture seems a certainty.

The Falter mansion is owned by Mrs. Jane Kilpatrick, a wealthy resident of No. 149 Hamilton street, New Brunswick. During the summer Mrs. Kilpatrick, her daughter and two sons occupy it. In the winter they leave the mansion to the caretaker, John Toms, who is a quiet, temperate man. He came to them bearing the recommendations of thirty-three years of service to a family in Somerset county.

Toms took care of some cattle on the farm, and brought to the Kilpatricks their supplies of milk. He should have called at their house last Sunday morning, but he had other reasons for his apparent neglect were weighty ones.

Stole upon him as he stood. Toms was in the kitchen at about noon on Saturday preparing his dinner when Frank Cook and John Walker, care takers of the John Boundary estate, almost directly opposite the Falter mansion, came to the apartment and struck toward him unperceived.

As he bent his head to look the fire one of the men leaped upon him, and with his face forward upon the floor, struck him upon the back of the head, rendering him partially unconscious.

The men then carried Toms up two flights of stairs to a clothes closet at the rear of the house. There they took his arms and his hands were bound with them and tied Toms' wrists together behind his back. The rope was drawn so tightly that it stopped the circulation of the blood in his hands. When he gagged him with a dirty towel which they had brought, blinding it so tightly over his mouth that it cracked the skin of his lips.

Then, their elaborate work of torture finished, the ruffians departed deliberately to the business of robbery, of which it was the preliminary. They rifled Toms' pockets of \$27, the savings of several months.

Having secured the booty they left their victim still bound to the hook in the ceiling of the closet, and the door of the closet with a spring lock on the outside. Against the entrance they piled a lot of furniture and securely made their departure.

Toms was vaguely aware of what had been going on. He was completely regain consciousness until some time after the men had gone. Then he began his agony, which continued without any break, save such relief as he afforded him by lapses into unconsciousness, all through Saturday night, Sunday and Monday.

The faithful man's neglect to call the Kilpatricks home on Sunday and again Monday morning somewhat alarmed the family, and shortly after one o'clock Miss Lydia Kilpatrick went to the old Falter mansion to see what was the matter. When nearly at the house she encountered Cook and Walker, both apparently under the influence of liquor. They asked her to pass her and then halting, called to her: "Hey! Have you seen Tom? Folks say he's missing."

Then the men slouched away and made their escape. Toms, who was completely regain consciousness until some time after the men had gone. Then he began his agony, which continued without any break, save such relief as he afforded him by lapses into unconsciousness, all through Saturday night, Sunday and Monday.

When struck that when the men had bound him one of them, Cook, he thought, snatched a pistol and his face twice and would have shot him if Walker had not interfered.

For their crime they are likely to be punished in Somerset county for robbery and felonious assault and in Middlesex county, the adjoining one, which they were taken to New Brunswick, for bringing stolen property over the county lines. The aggregate of these may amount to twenty-five years in prison.

Toms, while still in a dangerous condition, will live. He had occasion on November 1st to complain to the Recorder that Cook and Walker had stolen two bricks of butter from the Falter mansion, valued at \$25, a few days before and had sold them in New Brunswick. They entered the house by means of a key which they had stolen some time before, and it is believed that it was with this same key that they gained entrance to the kitchen of the house last Saturday.

Toms is a bachelor and lived alone in the Falter mansion since he is thirty-four years old and is a giant of a man, six feet high, with a chest of iron, and a powerful and dangerous. Walker is twenty-eight years old, of slight stature, and has a family. He is a native of New Brunswick, who is also Mrs. Kilpatrick's counsel, declares that he will spare no efforts to secure the criminals' conviction.

Up to a late hour last night neither Cook nor Walker had been arrested. The New Brunswick police were still seeking them, and expressed confidence that the rascals would be captured before many hours.

MAIL WAGONS' HAVE RIGHT OF WAY.

On several occasions recently the mails despatched by the Post Office trains leaving Jersey City by the Pennsylvania, New Jersey Central and Erie railways have failed to make connection owing to the fact that the drivers of the mail wagons were unable to reach the ferries in time because of the blockade in West street by trucks and other vehicles. A number of important mails have been delayed in consequence.

The "wilful obstruction" of the mails, or of any vehicle conveying them, but it could not be made any longer to the New Brunswick, who is also to make way for the mail wagons by blocking their places in line.

Postmaster Van Cott brought the matter to the attention of the police authorities asking the aid of the serious inconvenience and loss resulting to the public through such detentions, that the police on duty at the ferries may be ordered to keep the ferries open for the mail wagons.

He received a prompt reply from Acting Superintendent Byrnes stating that "instructions had been issued to the Police Department and the Police had the right of way and every effort would be made to prevent their detention."

CIVIL ENGINEERS IN CONGRESS.

AWARD OF PRIZES, ELECTION OF OFFICERS AND APPOINTMENT OF COMMITTEES.

The American Society of Civil Engineers held the first session of their annual convention at the Twenty-third Street Baptist Church yesterday morning. President Ethin, of Pittsburg, presiding.

The report of the Board of Directors showed that the society is in a flourishing condition. The total membership is 1,455 and there is a balance in the treasury of \$2,065.96.

The Board of Censors awarded the Norman medal to Dr. Freeman for the paper on "Experiments Relating to Hydraulic of Fire Streams." The Howard prize was awarded to O. Chanute, J. F. Wallace and W. H. Brethaupt for their joint paper on "The Sibley Bridge."

The afternoon session was held in the society's rooms, No. 127 West Twenty-third street, and was passed chiefly in making slight changes in the constitution.

On evening these officers were elected:—President, Octave Chanute; Vice Presidents, Alphonse Felsky and Charles Hermann; Secretary and Librarian, Francis Cottingham; Treasurer, John Bugart; Directors, Charles B. Brush, Randolph Herring, Clements Hirschel, Edward P. North and S. Wilmer.

The question of the time and place for the next convention was referred to the Board of Directors for determination.

It was decided to appoint a committee to arrange for an international engineering congress to be held in Chicago during the World's Fair. The committee was composed of the following members:—American Professor Henry, formerly of the Smithsonian Institution.

On the subject of the progress of the work of the Chicago ship railway to connect the Bay of Mexico with the Gulf of Mexico, the following resolutions were adopted:—

The meeting then adjourned.

The visiting engineers will to-day visit and inspect the Brooklyn Bridge, the sewer at the Flatbush avenue station, the Ridge road pumping station of the Brooklyn Water Works and the new Jersey City terminal of the Pennsylvania Railroad. In the afternoon the society will give a reception at their rooms.

NEW SIXTH AVENUE "L" SCHEDULE.

FIVE-CAR TRAINS TO BE RUN AND MORE EX-TRA SECS FROM 155TH STREET.

Here are some scraps of comfort for those who ride on the "L."

Beginning to-day trains of five cars will run on the Sixth avenue line until midnight, and every alternate train will run to Fifty-eighth street.

This will do something toward relieving the present overcrowding on the Sixth avenue road.

As soon as Mayor Tweed saw that his friends were not to be broken away and made a base line for the hotel, he entered the reading room and sat down and quietly read a newspaper. In the room were about twenty guests and citizens of this place, lounging and talking.

When Mayor broke away, Chief Tucker detached Special Policeman Ward to arrest him. Ward entered the reading room of the hotel and, walking up to Mayor, said:—"I have been sent here to put you under arrest, so come along."

Quick as a flash Mayor jumped to his feet and whipped out a .44 caliber six shooter revolver, which he held cocked, leveled it at Ward's breast and fired. Ward jumped to one side and received the bullet in his arm.

Those in the room nearly all took to their heels. Mayor saying that he would shoot the first one that came near him. Mayor then raised the revolver and said that if he intended to arrest him he would blow his brains out.

He raised the revolver, and pointing it at his head, was about to pull the trigger, when Proprietor Swain knocked it from his hand. He stopped and picked the revolver up, and pointing to those in the room said he would shoot the first one that followed him, and backed to the door.

When he gained the street he turned and fled like a deer down the railroad track to Houghtonville, two miles below this place.

There he took a train for New Brunswick, where he was arrested upon a telegraph order from Chief Tucker, and to-night he was sent back to Rahway. He is secure in the jail.

Vance was locked up on a charge of bunco swindling. Mayor and Mayor are held for attempting to kill Policeman Ward.

Ward's injuries are serious, but not dangerous.

SHOT BY HIS STEPFATHER.

VENERABLE JOHN THOMPSON FATALLY WOUNDS THOMAS WARD.

A deliberate attempt at murder was made by John Thompson, sixty years old, at Harrison, N. J., last night, his victim being his stepson, Thomas Ward, thirty years old.

Wardell keeps a saloon at No. 10 John street, near Harrison avenue, and there has been a blood between the men for some time. At a blood between the men for some time. At a blood between the men for some time.

SHOT BY A BUNCO DUPE.

MADDED BY AN ARREST.

Policeman Ward, of Rahway, Lucky to Escape from the Pistol of J. W. Mayor, of West Virginia, with a Shattered Arm Only.

SPECTATORS HELD AT BAY.

Not Until He Reached New Brunswick Was the Southerner Caught—James Vance, the Steerer, Easily Taken.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

RAHWAY, N. J., Jan. 21, 1891.—A desperate struggle in capturing a bunco steerer occurred at this place to-day, and it caused great excitement near the depot and the Rahway House.

At noon a well dressed young man about thirty years of age entered the Rahway House and registered as James Vance, of Jersey City. He was assigned to room 13. He told Proprietor Swain that he was going to take a nap and asked to have the porter call him at five o'clock. He also left word that if any one called for him during that time to wake him immediately.

At 4:30 o'clock the Southern express arrived at this place, and among the passengers that left the train at the station was a man about six feet tall, with a heavy black mustache. He wore a slouch felt hat, and judging from his appearance and make-up was a Southerner.

He went to the Rahway House and registered as J. W. Mayor, West Virginia. He asked Proprietor Swain if a man by the name of Vance was stopping there. Swain answered in the affirmative and sent the stranger up to Vance's room.

A short time after the two men came downstairs and entered the bar room. They had a couple of drinks and then strolled out toward the depot.

THE MEANING OF IT.

It was afterward discovered that Vance was the leader of the famous bunco gang that has been victimizing people in New Jersey, and was one of the men that buncoed a citizen of Elizabeth out of \$3,000 two weeks ago.

Ever since that affair Vance had been shadowed by two detectives, and they were watching him while he was with Mayor and his victim arrived at the depot the two detectives asked Chief of Police Tucker, who was standing near by, to arrest the men.

Tucker caught Vance just as the train was moving out of the station for New York. Vance made a jump for the train and succeeded in getting upon the platform, dragging Chief Tucker after him.

The Chief ordered the conductor to stop the train, which he did, and Tucker took his man off.

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AND ONLY REALIZED THAT MOSCOWITZ DENIED THAT ANY OF THE STUFF OF THE BUNCO WAS USED WHEN THE BUSINESS WAS RESUMED BY HIM.

BUTNER SORRY HE DID WRONG.

WILLING TO HAVE TWO YEARS ADDED TO HIS

8 MONTHS IN PRISON IN SPARE.

Lawyer William H. Butner, of bogus divorce notoriety, in the Court of General Sessions made a general statement of his case yesterday and his connection with the issuing of bogus divorce decrees by himself and Lawyer William Durcey Hughes.

Butner was given until to-day to determine whether he should plead guilty or go to trial. In the statement which he gave Recorder Smyth, Butner said the acts upon which his indictments were predicated occurred nearly three years ago. He says that if he was one-third as bad as he has been painted there should be no trouble in discovering a dishonest part of his more recent date. He never intended to go to trial, but he developed that the defendant had wilfully left and abandoned his client some three years before, and was therefore guilty of desertion. If that were the case the action should be brought in Chicago, alleging in our complaint a desertion of two years, which is sufficient for an absolute divorce in the State of Illinois. In order that the court of Illinois could have jurisdiction, it was arranged that the defendant should go to Chicago, obtain a residence and be served personally. Up to this time Cesare Boggia had paid \$185, and said he would not pay any more until something had been accomplished.

"During the month of September, 1888," was nominated for Assembly in the Seventh district, and was anxious to obtain all the money I could. I at work in the city of Chicago, and I had been in Chicago, that the first decree was ready and demanded the \$100, which he paid. This amount was not the full amount, but I had no other money. I knew that the suit had not been commenced.

"About that time Hughes had the seal made on the form printed, but he would not pay my lawyer's bill, or my own bill. We had a partnership on September 5, 1888, and we have had no business in common since. It is conceded that I have no right to the money. I have no other case, and I think Hughes will admit that any decree issued after our dissolution were without any knowledge or consent of me. I am implicated in the 'bogus divorce' given to Cesare Boggia."

"As a matter of fact I did not know that Boggia had a 'decree' until it was told so by Inspector Bryner."

"Referring to the case of Susan Miller, who procured a bogus divorce for \$10 from Hughes & Butner, Butner says he had no part in it. He was