HUSBAND SLEW HER.

THE TRACIC FATE OF A PHETTY NEW YORK WOMAN.

Sold the Business Her First Husband Had Left Her and Went Away with J. M. Gordy-Body Found in a Creek a Few Days Later.



HE body of a welldressed young woman was found in Broadkill Creek, near Milton, Del. he other night. There were wounds on the head that indicated that she had been murdered, and a card in the

pocket led to her identification as Mrs. James M. Gordy. who, as Mrs. M. Lewis, had lived at 2613 Eighth avenue, New York City. Mrs. Lewis said she was the widow of an ink manufacturer, but a few days before she left New York she told her acquaintances that she had married Gordy, a planter and horse breeder, living in Delaware. A medlum-sized, good-looking man, with a drooping mustache, came to the Eighth avenue apartments, the furniture was packed up and moved away, and the woman and stranger left the place together. A few days later the body was found the mud of Broadkill Creek, near Milton, a little inland town nine miles from Georgetown. There were three wounds on the head, any one of which would have caused death. The absence of water in the lungs showed that the woman was dead when thrown into the water. A boat that had been stolen at a point half a mile further up the creek was found adrift near the body. Not far from it was a broken oar, and in the boat were some hairpins. The scene of the murder is a secluded spot, hidden from observation by trees and clumps of bushes. The officers found the tracks of a wagon in the road beside the stream and traced them for several miles. They also learned that residents in the vicinity had heard a wagon go by about 11 o'clock the previous night, and after turning around pass rapily back. Further investigation resulted in suspicion falling upon Gordy, whose farm is near Milton. When the officers went to his place it was found that he had gone away. Then Attorney-General White offered \$500 reward for the arrest of the murderer. From Milton Detective Witsil and Constable Lynch went to Whitesville, in the lower part of Sussex county, where they arrested Gordy. He was in his mother's house, and when he saw the officers coming he ran out and headed for the Maryland State line, which is near by. He was captured, however, and taken to the Georgetown jail, fifteen miles away. The feeling against Gordy is very high among his neighbors in Delaware. Some time ago his first wife, upon whose life he is said to have taken out \$8,000 insurance, died, but no investigation was made and the money was paid by the

insurance company. Inornay avenue house says that the murdered woman rented her apartments on the top floor there six weeks ago. She was a good-looking woman, about 30 years old, and was nicely dressed. She furnished her rooms well, but lived very quietly. Each morning she went out about 9 o'clock, returning about 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon. She had several talks with the janitor and his two colored assistants.

The gist of her conversation was to the effect that her husband had left her his business downtown. She said that it paid pretty well, but that she was Cired of the work and cares of the business. Two weeks ago she went away for a day or two, and the other tenants



JAMES M. GORDY. of the house surmised that perhaps the pretty widow had gone to get married again. When she returned she denied these rumors at first, but a day or two later, when Thorndyke's assistant, Smith, went to her rooms to fix the gas, she told him that she had been

"I have got the nicest husband in the world," she said, and she went to a closet, opened a little hand satchel. and, taking out a diamond ring, showed It to Smith. "This is my engagement ring." she said.

She told practically the same story to Thorndyke, adding that she was soon going to move.

Shoving the Queer. Edgar Bryant and Charles Brown have been arrested in Harrodsburg, Ky., for shoving queer money. They claimed to be canvassing for Bryan's book. Considerable bad money was found on their persons.

Specied the Burglar Away. An invalid in the family of Rev. John P. Campbell of Baltimore sneezed in the night and scared away a burgiar who had forced an entrance to use through a rear window.

CIRL'S HORRIBLE SUICIDE.

Threw Herself in the Path of a Mov ing Train.

A woman deliberately committed sulcide near the Lebanon Valley railroad bridge at Reading, Pa., the other day, by dashing into a rapidly moving engine. She was seen walking near the river as a Schuylkill mixed freight and coal train came along, and appeared to be in trouble. Several people who observed her noticed that her actions were suspicious. Suddenly she dropped her muff, raised both her hands and leaped directly in front of the engine. Hery body was instantly ground beneath the wheels. Engineer William G. Osmond had whistled several times to warn her of the train's approach, but her act was deliberate. Her body was dragged some distance under the engine and about thirty cars passed over her before the train could be stopped. Her right hand and lower limb and her body were frightfully mangled.

She was well dressed and carried on her severed hand a gold ring set with abode of genius. Fordham is only eight pearls. Her face was covered with a miles from New York, and easy of acblack vell, and about her neck she cess from the city. The Poe cottage wore a collarette of monkey fur. On is situated on the edge of the town, examination a small package was found on what is known as the old Kingsin her pocket wrapped in white letter bridge road. It is an old-fashioned paper and containing a silver dollar and a five-cent piece. On the inside of high, containing four or five small the paper was written: "Isabella Fulton, 336 North Fifth street." It was then learned that Isabella Fulton was a sister of Miss Minta Fulton, a teacher in the Girl's High school, and that she had come to Reading from Decatur, Ill., on a visit. She had been suffering from nervous troubles for some time. She left her sister's residence about half past 8 o'clock in the morning for a walk, and that was the last seen of her. She was about 42 years old. Miss Fulton was a teacher in the Chicago high school, but because of her nervous condition stopped teaching recently and came East for a vacation. Several people who live in the vicinity say they saw Miss Fulton along the river bank



ISABELLA FULTON. near where the accident occurred some moments previous, gazing into the water as if she contemplated leaping in.

TOOK THE WRONG MULE.

Consequently Judge Lynch Nearly Had a New Victim.

They were a convivial lot of old forty-niners, and it was the man who is now a contractor that told this one, says the Detroit Free Press. course every man took big chances out there in those days, but my closest call was when I was helping to work that old claim near Yuba. I was expecting some important mail from home and the day I thought it should be due I asked a new man on the diggings for a mule to ride over to the office. 'You're welcome, pard,' was the dows is a little strip of vegetable garsurrounded by half a dozen greasers, who were excitedly talking in a gibberish that I could not understand. I began to comprehend proceedings, however, when they threw a lasso over a limb and had my head pretty well surrounded with guns while they led me forward and adjusted the noose. It is remarkable how fast one can think under such a stimulus. My first impulse was to die fighting, but that hope which exists while there is life asserted itself. Something might turn up. And it did. Just as I seemed to be floating away without any special pain or regret there was another clatter of hoofs, some quick, sharp reports. and I came to trying to swallow some of that '49 brandy that would strangle a mummy. I had taken the wrong mule and it belonged to the Mexicans camped near at hand. American precedent was good enough for them and they hastened to carry out the verdict of Judge Lynch without going into the merits of the case. Their hasty departure was noted, the cause soon ascertained and a rescuing party took the trail. The fault in my pard's description was that every mule in that part of the world had a tail full of burrs."

Strange Series of Fatalities. A strange and startling incident is reported from Forsyth county, Georgia, Last week a man died and two of his neighbors volunteered to sit up with the corpse. During the night both were taken sick and died within twenty-four hours. All three were buried from the same house.

Tollgate Raiders at Work. Tollgate raiders are at work again in Kentucky. Monday night they burned seven tollhouses and shot one of the keepers who tried to save his own effects. Bloodshed will inevitably result, as the man's four brothers, all brave men, have sworn vengeance.

A MELANCHOLY HOME.

A VISIT TO COTTAGE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Within the Gloomy Poet's Last Years Were Spent The Building Is to Be Removed fom Its Present Site and Preserved.



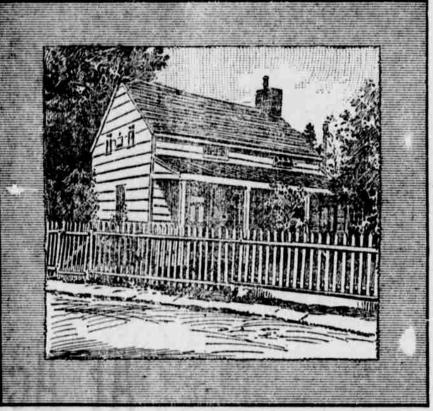
(Special Letter.) HE Poe cottage at Fordham, N. Y .. home of Edgar Allan Poe during the last years of his life, long left unnoticed by the busy world, has lately attracted public attention, and enthusiastic admirers now make pilgrim-

ges to the quiet village to view the pretty dwelling that was once the wooden structure, a story and a half of the cottage is upheld by five white pillars-an attempt, apparently, at a veranda, and the house faces a small garden. When Poe lived here the garden was much larger than to-day, for the present owner has erected upon a portion of it several houses called the Poe villas, which quite overshadow the cottage. On the side of the house facing the road, over the small-paned windows of the second story, has been painted, in black letters, "The Poe Cottage, 1845-1849," and above a raven, Never flitting, still is sitting, still is orchard, and under the eastern win-

stove. The sitting room, whose floors ALONG THE BOWERY. were covered with a checked matting contained only four chairs, a high stand and a shelf. On this shelf were a few books, many of them presentation copies to the poet, the Brownings being some of these,

Although its occupant was povertystricken, the cottage always looked neat and tasteful. This poverty, which beset Poe throughout his career, perhaps reached its climax while at Fordham. Often the rent of five dollars a month could not be paid, and many stories are told of kind neighbors who supplied the family with the necessities of life. Up in the northwest room his wife died. "The rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named Lenore," and indeed the description of her unearthly beauty would seem to warrant this praise. Hers was a pure, gentle soul so bound to the poet that in "Annabel Lee" this depth of devotion is measured, "And this maiden lived with no other thought than to love and be loved by me." Her last illness has been most pathetically told:

In the coldest of weather she lay on a straw bed, her only means of warmth her husband's great coat and a tortoise shell cat held closely to her during the dreadful chills which seized her, now and again. Fortunately, before the end, friends came to the assistance of rooms. A veranda extending the length | the Poes and she died surrounded by comfort and sympathy. The cottage today bears no trace of this sad story colonial elegance of architecture. Two of sickness and misery, but, set amid doors, plain in design, open upon this | the charming landscape, it satisfies one ideal of a fitting home for genius. The next day the writer wandered into one of the curio stores, in which New York abounds. The dealer brought forward. with pride, "a treasure," he said-"a portrait of Poe bought from one to whom he gave it." From out the dusky canvas gleamed a face marred by lines of disappointment and care, but from whose eyes-"awful eyes," as has been said-leaped forth the whole burning, unhappy soul, a soul that sitting." From the rear and side of never rightly gauged the world, but the house stretches a grand old cherry blindly struggled on "till the fever called living was conquered at last."



THE POE CABIN.

reply; 'he's the old lop-eared fellow den. A narrow path winding about with burrs in his tail feedin' up there this garden loses itself under the trees on the hillside.' I had no trouble in of the orchard. There, among the trees, finding an animal answering the de- in the solitude he loved so well, Poe scription and was soon belaboring him often wandered; and a rock ledge over the route to the office. I had which rises a little farther on, partly worked my passage for about three covered with pines and cedars, was a miles when I heard a great clatter of favorite resort of the poet. From this hoofs behind me and before I could spot a fine view of the surrounding make out just what it all meant I was country is obtained. Poe was fond of walking, and, while at Fordham, often strolled along the country roads some miles westward, to the Hidge Bridge, on whose lofty arches the aqueduct crosses the Harlem river and where a charming view of the rocky western shores can be had. Poe's best known poems, with the exception of "The Raven," were written while living in the cottage. "The Bells," "Malume," "Lines to Helen," "For Annie" and probably "Annabel Lee," the date of which is vague; but his weird, harrowing stories, as "The Gold Bug" and "The Murders of the Rue Morgue," were published before this time, "The Raven" claims an old-fashioned house in Bloomingdale, N. Y., once occupied by Gen. Washington, as its birthplace. There, in an upper room, upon the black carved mantelpiece remains the poet's name cut into the wood. Across the way from the Poe cottage is some land set aside by the New York legislature for the reception of the building when removed from its present location, which is deemed advisable. An appropriation has been made to convert this land into a park, to be called Poe's Park, and when the cottage, filled with mementos of the poet, has been placed on its new site it will be another "literary shrine" for public adoration.

The cottage is now rented to a family who will remain until definite arrangements for the change of location are completed.

One can fancy how the rooms looked when Poe with his sweet, delicate girl wife and mother called it home. Some one has said, "Upon the ground floor were two small apartments, a kitchen and a sitting-room, and above, up a narrow stairway, was Poe's room, a low, cramped chamber lighted by little square windows like portholes, and another diminutive closet of a bedroom scarcely large enough to lie down in. The furniture in the cottage was of the simplest. On the clean, white floored kitchen stood a table, chairs and small Telephoned Through a Man (St. Paul Letter.)

There is only one man in the world who has been telephoned through. He The tonsorial bargain combat is one is Torger O. Enderson, a Swede of of the features of the Bowery. Numer-Rock Dell, Olmsted county. He held ous barbers' poles bear placards which the ends of a telephone wire while people several miles away talked through him. The electric current locks refulgent or otherwise trimmed knocked him down, but he held bravely and scented for 5 cents. 'He has his to the wires, and the remarkable experiment was a complete success. His performance has attracted wide attention among scientific men. Enderson is a lineman and when one day he was sent out to repair a break the operator



MR. TORGER O. ENDERSON. at Rock Dell and he arranged to try a human connection. An hour was set the next town and at which time Enderson was to hold the broken ends of the wire in his hands. The experiment worked all right, although Ender. on was quite severely shocked.

"I should say I do remember it," said the fat man who was asked if he recalled a certain railroad accident, "Williams—you remember him?—was sitting in the seat ahead of me and was instantly killed, poor fellow. And that isn't all. He was telling one of the funniest stories I ever heard, and though I have tried ever since to find what the end of that story was I have never been able to run across any one

There are 106 kinds of car couplers used on United States railroads.

who knew."-Indianapolis Journal.

MANY QUEER PLACARDS TO CATCH CUSTOM.

Rivalry of the "Tonsorial Artists"-A Flashy Suit with a Nobby Hat Is Offered for Less Than \$3-In the Chesp Eating Houses.



F competition is the life of trade then the shops along the Bowery should thrive as do no other business places in New York, says the New York Journal. The intensity of the competition is best judged from the

gns, on which are emblazoned inducements to tempt the cosmopolitan stream which is constantly moving through the Fifth avenue of the east side. Such ingenuity is shown in the wording and construction of these bargain bulletins that the attention of even the most fastidious shopper cannot fail to be attracted. Few people outside the "Bowery set" have any idea of the cheapness with which it is possible to live in this city. With a dime, breakfast; a "full course" dinner for 13 cents, or a dinner less pretentious for 8 cents; a supper for 10 cents and a room and bath for the same price, the Bowery lodger estimates that he can live well on 50 cents a day. With this income he can procure the suggestion of intoxication and often the real article itself, by the judicious mixing of 3-cent whiskies and 2-cent beers after he has paid for his three meals and a bed. But the Bowery lodger must spend something for dress. Gingham shirts and sweaters, jean pants and secondhand shoes, great as their durability is, do not last forever. They must be renewed occasionally and this renewal costs money. Despite the fact that the Bowery lodger is tied down by few conventionalities, his hair will grow, and, while it is not necessary for him to have it trimmed as often as some others, it will attain such length at times as to render its removal imperative. To indulge in these luxuries of dress and tollet the lodger must forego an occasional breakfast or dinner or sleep all night under a stoop instead of in a cot, which is not the actual hardship it might appear to be. If it is a hat he wants a little economy practiced in this way will soon enable him to lay by a sufficient sum to purchase a derby of the "forget-me-not" block, which seems to be the prevailing style on the Bowery. So it is that the Bowery shops exist and placard their doors and windows to attract covetous glances and then the patronage of the lodger. There is a perpetual bargain day on the Bowery. One enterprising clothier has a flashy suit of checkerboard fashion on exhibition in a glass case in front of his store. The suit is advertised as the "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me" style and the price is marked down from \$15 to \$2.98 in plain

gures. "A nobby hat thrown in with

this suit on account of special sale to-

day," is the way the sign reads. There

are several "cleaning-out sales" of over-

coats in progress in the same vicinity.

'Latest styles of London ulsters, just

imported," are advertised as selling

from \$1 up to \$4. New shoes of the

Piccadilly lasts are offered for sale at

50 cents a pair in one place which is

little more than a hole in the wall,

although it sports a gaudy glass front.

read: "Shaves, plain, 3 cents; bay rum, 5 cents." The lodger may have his choice, too, of having them cut by machine or by scissors. "Machine Cut or All with Shears for a Nickel," is the way one of the signs read. "A Clean Towel Guaranteed to Every Customer" is the additional inducement held out by some of the barbers. There are "tonsorial emporiums," too, and "stutle in appearance from the ordinary shop, but as a rule these places charge 5 cents for a "plain shave" and 7 cents for "shave with bay rum," feeling that they are justified, no doubt, in tacking on the additional 2 cents because of the superior dignity of the name in carmine letters over their doors. The Bowery restaurant signs and bills of fare make interesting studies. As a rule a turkey dinner is rated as almost a luxury, for 20 cents is the price usually appended to this item of the daily bulletin. For a roast beef dinner 8 cents seems to be a common price. Due respect is paid, too, to any religious sentiments the lodger may have, for on Friday a "fish dinner" is offered for 8 cents. A "full course dinner with two vegetables and napkin for 13 cents" at which the operator was to call up is advertised in front of one place where there is a deafening clatter of dishes and an odor of cookery that smells to heaven at all hours of the day and night. The hotels, Raines law and otherwise, also afford a fruitful field for observation to any one interested in Bowery business methods. Rooms range in price from 10 to 25 cents. "Mot and cold baths or shower baths" are offered to all customers free of charge. The "rooms" usually mean compartments six by eight, with partitions so thin that they sway and creak with every draft of air. So far | 100 men, he picked out the one whose as the penny Raines law sandwich is concerned, that is come to be regarded as an established institution and calls for no special comment. The one-cent sandwich is a fitting accompaniment to the Bowery beverages. Be it known that the Bowery lodger may be willing a success or otherwise? Nettle-It to go without an occasional breakfast for the sake of personal appearance, News.

but as a rule he will never curtail his drink bill that he may replenish his wardrobe. He must have his "hot stuff, gin cocktail," or his "three-cent early morning bracer," even though his toilet suffers. In front of one saloon stands a huge wooden walter done up in blue and white, who extends a monstrous tankard of lager from which a plece of the foam has been chipped off. The saloon is called the "Puritan." Next door to this hostelry an enterprising proprietor advertises "The largest glass of beer and the largest glass of whisky in the city for three cents." All the odd signs are not confined to the Bowery, for there are certain annexes to the Bowery which have been struck by the contagion of its peculiar business methods. The upper portion of Park Row is one of these districts. Across one store front on the row is stretched a sign in great, glaring letters that can be read a square away: ****************** ************

SOCIETY FOR ENCOURAGE- : MENT OF WEARING CLEAN SHIRTS.

*************** ************** The great second-hand clothing and shoe marts are in Mulberry and Baxter streets. "Misfits" are the great staple in the more important shops. The proprietors tell prospective customers that they can sell them all-wool suits for \$1 "because the gent vas order it did not fit der suit ven der tailor vas done and vhy should it go to vaste?"

MAKING VIOLINS.

A Defense of the Instruments of Amerlean Manufacture.

There is a popular belief that the violin-makers of today cannot rival the famous old instruments made by Amati, Stradivarius, Guarnerius and other Italian masters, says the Savannah News. It has been supposed that these men possessed some special secrets not only about the kind of wood which should be used but also concerning the methods of preparing it. They were said to have had mysterious chemical processes for drying the wood and adding to its powers of vibration. According to a modern authority, however, it would seem that all these beliefs must be added to the list of exploded supersitions and the fiddles made by American manufacturers today are every bit as sweet-toned as any Amati or Stradivarius of them all. Parts of beams taken from old houses, broken and useless furniture and old chests are transformed into instruments the tones of which even virtuosi are unable to distinguish from those old "Strads" and Amitis. The woods used, however, though old, must be of the best quality and the greatest care must be exercised in cutting to the requisite degree of thinness. The string-and-bow material also needs to be selected with great care. It seems doubtful whether catgut was ever really used for strings, though it is related that Tom Hood once prayed heaven to "reward the man who first it upon the very original sawing the inside of a cat with the tail of a horse." Horse hair is always used for bows, but for a long time past violin strings have been made from the intestines of lambs and sheep reared on dry, mountainous pastures. It is stated that the intestines must be taken from the bodies while they are yet warm and immediately stretched and scraped. September is the month when strings are made and the process is said to be long, tedious and far from agreeable. The bow is perhaps the most distinctive and important part of the violin, yet is on the whole the least difficult to make. It is of horse hair, fastened on a light, flexible wooden frame. By its skillful use it is said that one bar of music may be given in fifty-four different ways. Great knowledge and skill are required in the fitting of the bridge to the violin, an undertaking over which a careful workman will sometimes spend days. If the violin plates are of hard wood the bridge also must be of hard wood. dios of tonsorial art," which differ lit- , Slight variations in the length of the violin make necessary corresponding alterations in the height of the bridge.

A Bloodhound's Keen Scent,

From the Kansas City Journal: A remarkable exhibition of the keenness of scent of the bloodhound was given at the little town of Bronson, in Allen county, the other day. The town recently appropriated \$100 out of the city treasury for the purchase of one of these animals, the purpose being the detection and capture of thieves who were operating in the neighborhood, and a test of the hound was considered desirable. At noon three men started out on foot and walked four miles into the country. Then they mounted horses, and by a circuitous route returned to the town. Six hours later the hound was permitted to smell a glove which had been worn by one of the men, and the next instant, with a deep howl, he caught up the trail and followed it on the run. At one point the men had walked for thirty yards on a fence, and when the hound came to this point he carried his nose along the rail with hardly any reduction of speed. Coming to the place where the men had mounted he took up the trail of the horses and followed it into town, where, in a crowd of more than glove had been given him to smell.

How He Described It.

Nettie-Ah, I've had a regular circus season. Laura-What does that mean, means I had three rings.-Pittsburg