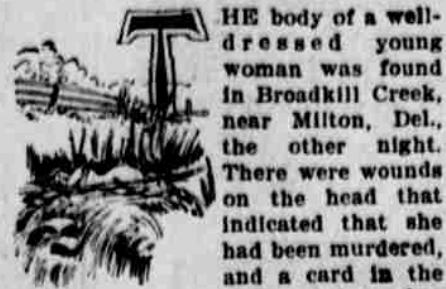


HUSBAND SLEW HER.

THE TRAGIC FATE OF A PRETTY 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.



THE body of a well-dressed young woman was found in Broadkill Creek, near Milton, Del., the 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.

She was well dressed and carried on her severed hand a gold ring set with pearls. Her face was covered with a black veil, and about her neck she wore a collar of monkey fur. On examination a small package was found in her pocket wrapped in white letter paper and containing a silver dollar and a five-cent piece.

Janitor Thorndyke of the Eighth 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.

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 tired of the work and cares of the business.

"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.

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

GIRL'S HORRIBLE SUICIDE.

Threw Herself in the Path of a Moving Train.

A woman deliberately committed suicide 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.

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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. "Of 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 reply; "he's the old lop-eared fellow with burrs in his tail feedin' up there on the hillside. I had no trouble in finding an animal answering the description and was soon belaboring him over the route to the office. I had worked my passage for about three miles when I heard a great clatter of hoofs behind me and before I could make out just what it all meant I was surrounded by half a dozen greasers, who were excitedly talking in a gibberish that I could not understand."

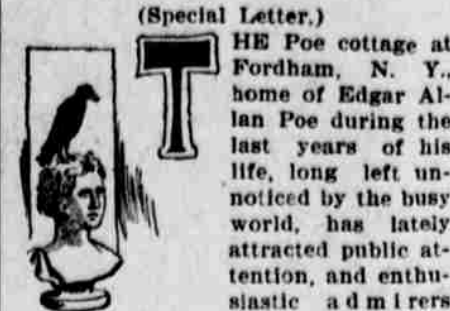
Strange Series of Fatalities. A strange and startling incident is reported from Forsyth county, Georgia, last week a man died and two of his neighbors volunteered to sit up with the corpse.

Tollgate Raiders at Work. Tollgate raiders at work again in Kentucky. Monday night they burned seven tollhouses and shot one of the keepers who tried to save his own effects.

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 from Its Present Site and Preserved.



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 pilgrimages to the quiet village to view the pretty dwelling that was once the abode of genius.



THE POE CABIN.

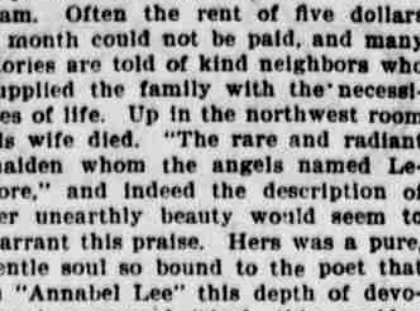
There is only one man in the world who has been telephoned through. He is Torger O. Enderson, a Swede of Rock Dell, Olmsted county. He held the ends of a telephone wire while people several miles away talked through him.

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."

ALONG THE BOWERY.

MANY QUEER PLACARDS TO CATCH CUSTOM.

Rivalry of the "Tonsorial Artists"—A Flashy Suit with a Nobby Hat Is Offered for Less Than \$5—In the Cheap Eating Houses.



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 judged from the signs, on which are emblazoned inducements to tempt the cosmopolitan stream which is constantly moving through the Fifth avenue of the east side.

There is a perpetual bargain day on the Bowery. One enterprising clothier has a flashy suit of check-board 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 figures.

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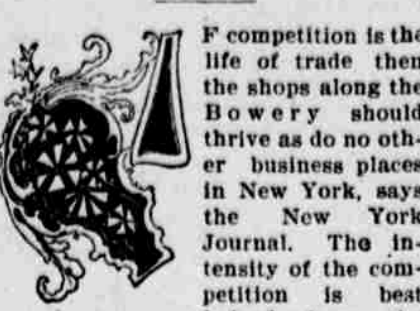
MR. TORGER O. ENDERSON.

at Rock Dell and he arranged to try a human connection. An hour was set at which the operator was to call up 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 Enderson was quite severely shocked.

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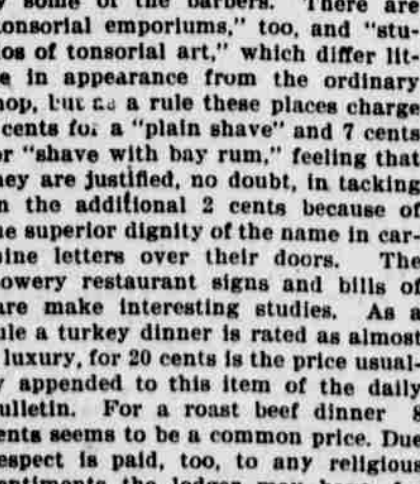
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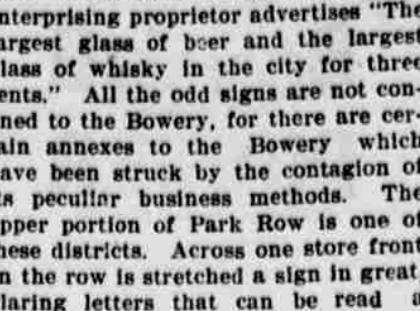
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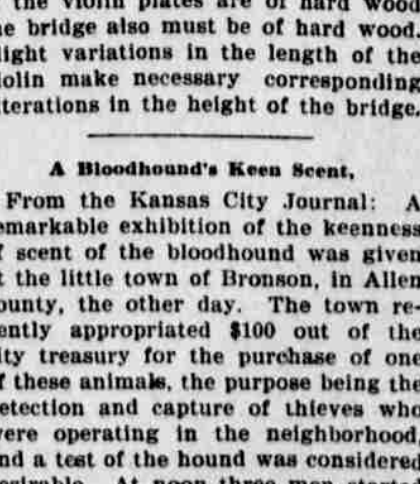
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How He Described It. Nettle—Ah, I've had a regular circus season. Laura—What does that mean, a success or otherwise? Nettle—It means I had three rings.—Pittsburg News.