

MURDERED HIS WIFE.

Tells Police She Had Written Letter to Another Man.

Asked An Interview With Her and Slew Her.

Two Had Been Living Apart—Letter Story Not Believed.

New York, July 27.—In a bedroom on the second floor of the old Crosey mansion, in Eighty-fourth street, Bath Beach, in which his ancestors had lived for more than two hundred years, Andrew Crosey, thirty-nine years old, lineal descendant of Caspar Crosey, famous Long Island pioneer, at noon yesterday fired four shots at his wife, killing her instantly.

"It's a rash act, and I suppose I'll be arrested for it," was Crosey's remark to Policeman John Threlkeld, who extended his hands and permitted the policeman to handcuff him. The man's two small sons continued to play in a front room on the first floor of the mansion while their father was taken to the Bath Beach police station, charged with the murder of their mother.

From his statement to the police, to have a final settlement with his wife, since early in last November. They separated, evidently, on an agreement, and although she returned to the Crosey household, located at 1,749 Eighty-fourth street, he did not live with her. Evidently Crosey went to Brooklyn to have a final settlement with his wife. He never had been known to carry a revolver. He was a veterinary surgeon, but according to other persons who knew him well, never practiced about Bath Beach.

Mrs. Crosey, who was handsome and popular in society circles, was alone in the parlor when Crosey arrived soon after 11 o'clock. Apparently, she did not fear harm from her husband, and greeted him cordially.

From his statement to the police, Crosey told his wife he wanted to talk to her about something important, and she led the way to her bedroom on the second floor. The room is in the southeast corner of the house and near the rear of the building. Crosey's story to the police is the only explanation of the shooting.

He said he had received a letter in his wife's handwriting on Tuesday. The letter was addressed to him in Bayonne. It was sent by mistake, according to Crosey. When he opened it, he said, he found that his wife had written to another man, making an engagement. The place of meeting, Crosey said, was Oyster Bay, and his wife had written that they "would have a jolly good time." It was for an explanation of that letter that he came to Brooklyn.

When they reached the bedroom Mrs. Crosey sat in a chair near a bed. Her husband stood near the door and did not accept the chair offered to him. He asked his wife about the letter. She denied she had written it. Whether he received the letter he said was written by his wife and sent to him by mistake, the police have been unable to verify. It was not in the man's pockets when he was searched at the station house.

As the interview progressed, Crosey told the police his wife had said she had been treated badly by him, and finally, he said, declared she never would live with him again. He became angered at this, and, pulling a revolver from his pocket declared: "Well, you will never be another man's wife."

Pointing the weapon at Mrs. Crosey, her husband pulled the trigger four times. She jumped from her chair as he fired and stood with her back against the bed. Two of the bullets went wild. The third struck her as she attempted to run toward the door. It entered her left side, an inch below the heart, and she fell backward across the bed. The fourth shot struck half an inch above the other.

Crosey then drew his revolver on the floor and with his hands in his pockets walked from the room. Henry Moore, the coachman, ran into the house at the sound of the shots and found Mrs. Crosey lying on the bed. Running downstairs, Moore sent a call to Police Headquarters, and the police officers from the Bath Beach station and an ambulance from Oney Island Hospital were hurried to the house.

Policemen Threlkeld and Harley were the first to arrive. As he went up the stairs Harley met Crosey. The man was standing at the head of the stairs leading to the bedroom. Harley passed on and Threlkeld stopped to talk to Crosey. Then it was he said he had committed a rash act and supposed he would go to the electric chair for it. He held out his hands as Threlkeld handcuffed him. As the police entered the house, the Crosey children, Albert, four years old, and William, seventeen months, came into the hallway on the first floor and stared at them. The doors had been closed and the children had not heard the shots which killed their mother.

Crosey is a son of Andrew J. Crosey, who died fifteen years ago. His mother died ten years ago. His father was reputed to be one of the wealthiest men in Brooklyn, and several years ago owned practically all of Bath Beach, which at that time was included within the town of New Utrecht. The elder Crosey was Overseer of the Poor.

Crosey was born in another room on the floor on which he killed his wife yesterday. All his father's estate came to him, and one sister, Mrs. William B. Lake, wife of a prominent contractor in Gravesend, whose home is at Van Sicklen street and Lake place, Mrs. Lake is out of the city, and her husband last night refused to have anything to say about the shooting. Crosey's two children were taken to the Lake home after the shooting. Crosey was at one time very active in Masonic circles and is a member of Kedron Lodge, No. 803.

Mrs. Crosey's maiden name was Gertrude Henry, and she came from a prominent Long Island family. Several hundred well known persons gathered in the Crosey mansion five years ago when

Crosey brought his bride to Bath Beach to live. They were welcomed to the community and became socially active.

Little belief is placed in Crosey's story to the police regarding the letter. Persons who knew Mrs. Crosey speak highly of her character. William Sheffield, who lives next to the Crosey mansion, denied that the man's wife had written to another man making an engagement. He knew the Croseys intimately.

FAMOUS TRAGEDIES.

DYING MAN SOLVES DISAPPEARANCE OF BENDE RFAMILY.

Illinois Business Man Tells How He and Four Other Vigilantes Overtook Fleeing Criminals on Kansas Prairie and Wiped Out Whole Band.

Chicago, Ill., July 27.—After thirty-five years the secret of the fate of the Bender family of infamous memory has been revealed. After they fled from their blood-reeking shanty on the Kansas prairie they disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed them.

Since that time many rumors of how they got away to Mexico, to Canada, to California, to Germany and many other places have been circulated. Stories of their annihilation by the sheriff and United States marshal have been told only to be discredited.

Their fate is now revealed for the first time by a man sick unto death, who for more than thirty years has lived the life of a respected and honored business man in a Chicago suburb.

The man who tells the wonderful story gives nothing from hearsay, nothing from rumor or "reasoning," but his is the recital of an eyewitness, of a man who watched the fiends at work, who helped to organize the posse which pursued the fiendish murderers, and was present, gun in hand, until Kate Bender, fighting to the last, plunged with a bullet in her forehead, across the bodies of her mother, father and brother.

George Evans Downer, of Downer's Grove, grandson of Pierce Downer, who founded the settlement in 1833, tells the story, fully believing he is on his death bed, and that it is his duty to publish the truth to the world. A compact entered into by the members of the vigilance committee at the time has kept his lips sealed all these years, but realization of the fact that if he did not speak the truth might never be known, induced him to tell how he assisted in the extermination of the fiendish family. Mr. Downer lived in Independence, Kan., during the reign of the Benders. He personally visited the Bender farm on the road between Osage, Mo., and Independence. He went several times in an effort to gain a clue to the mysterious disappearance from that neighborhood.

On Trail of Butchers. It will be remembered the Benders fled after the murder of Dr. York. It has always been supposed the butchers got clear out of the country. As a matter of fact, as Mr. Downer reveals for the first time, the Benders were put to death the night of their flight. Downer, whose visits to the Bender place had convinced him that the Benders were guilty of monstrous crimes, associated himself with four other men in an effort to capture the human butchers.

They had no idea of inflicting summary justice themselves. They planned to capture the Benders and turn them over to the legal authorities. They discovered that the Benders had fled, and took up the trail only a few hours behind.

From this point Downer's story is told just as he gasped it with dying breaths to his wife and son. He said:

"The night was dark, and we feared that they might escape us, but our luck was good. We sighted them racing as fast as they could over the prairie, and shouted to them. The moon had risen, but frequently was obscured by heavy clouds, and the riding was anything but good. As soon as we shouted they opened fire on us, and this determined our course."

"There was now no question of taking them prisoners or giving them a trial. There was only one thing to do, and though it has troubled me all my life I couldn't see how I could have acted differently."

"We set our horses going at break-neck speed, and the bullets flew fast from both sides. The lead light and the rough going over the hilly prairie made aiming almost impossible, but we were overtaking them rapidly when a shot from the wagon struck one of our men, killing him instantly. A moment later the old man, who was firing from the back of the wagon, pitched out on the prairie dead, and John jumped and ran. He was shot before he had run a hundred feet from the wagon."

Fights Like a Tiger. "Kate had been driving, but at this she stopped the wagon short, sprang out, cut one of the horses loose, the one said to have been given her by her mother, and sped away on it. One of our party shot her horse under her. It rolled over on her and before she could extricate herself we overtook her."

"We dismounted and went toward her, expecting to help her, and with no thought of trouble. But, my grief, how she did fight! She fought tooth and nail like a tigress, and we had to handle her like a bucking broncho. At last she was firmly tied, hand and foot, and thrown over the front of the saddle of one of the men."

"When we got back to the wagon we found that the old woman within had been killed by the bullet. The old man and John were dead, and we found our own poor comrade stark dead on the prairie, guarded by his faithful horse, who stood over him like a sentinel. "Kate calmly admitted that they had killed Dr. York and many others, burying their bodies in the orchard."

"We asked her why she had done it, asking why some of the people who were known to have no money had been killed."

"I liked to see the blood come," she answered.

"As she talked I thought of the time I sat at her invitation on that fatal bench, and the gooseflesh came all over me. The others were as absorbed as I,

when she turned suddenly with wonderful agility, snatched the gun from the belt of her neighbor and fired at him point blank. The bullet buried itself in his arm."

"Before she could make another move a bullet whizzed through the air from the opposite side of the embankment and struck her square between the eyes. With a groan she pitched forward across the bodies of her father, mother and brother. It was all done in a flash and it was fully a minute before there was a word spoken."

"The man who fired the shot seemed to be the only man who had not fallen a victim to the hypnotic spell of this overheard snake. It seemed he had anticipated some such move on her part from the beginning, and in consequence was the only one on his guard."

Find Bodies of Victims.

"A sigh of relief went up from us all when the last of these cut throats was buried. We buried every trace of them, and made a compact not to reveal the names of the vigilantes nor the fate of the Benders."

"We returned to the house and excavated in places where we were sure they showed on top of the black loam soil of the orchard. We turned up the body of Langhor and his seven-year-old daughter."

"We then notified Senator York and two hundred men were on the scene the next day. We allowed a story to circulate that the Benders had gotten away some time before, and that our attention had been attracted by the deserted appearance of the place and the disturbance of a starving calf. This was largely in order that the attention of the supposed confederates of the Benders might not be attracted to us."

It is not known how many murders the notorious Bender family committed during their stay in Labette county, Kan., in the early seventies. It is known, however, that no member of the family was ever punished for any one of the crimes committed by them. The family consisted of William Bender, about sixty years old; his wife, about fifty-five years old; Katharine, about twenty-five years old, and John, perhaps twenty-three. Katharine and John were children of William Bender by a former wife.

In the early 70's the only roads were trails across the Kansas prairies and the Bender farm was located on what is now the northeast quarter of a section. The house stood on what is now the line of the quarter and was on the main travelled road between Osage Mission and Independence. Here the Benders kept a little store supplied with food for man and beast, and it is said to have been more of a decoy for weary travelers than anything else. It was here that many crimes were committed of which the world will never know.

Posed as Magnetic Healer.

Kate Bender professed to be a magnetic healer. A description of the house in which these crimes were committed reads like fiction; nevertheless, what was discovered after their sudden disappearance bears out all that is said. It was a small frame house, not more than 16 x 20, and fronted north. There was a door at either end and the room was divided by a canvas partition drawn tightly over upright scantlings. This partition was the death trap in which was decoyed a seat close against the canvas and Kate did the murder."

Nine bodies in all were found, but that probably represents the killing of the last six months of the stay of the family in the country. With the exception of a little baby, all the bodies had their throats cut and bore the marks of two hammers. A shoe hammer and a blacksmith's hammer were found in the house."

Kate used the former from behind the canvas and the old man followed with blows on the temples with the blacksmith's hammer. Afterwards a loose board was taken up and the throat cut. Then the body was robbed of clothing and valuables and cast into the cellar to await a convenient opportunity for burial."

The deed that drove the Benders to flight was the murder of Dr. York, of Independence, Kan. The Benders decoyed him into their slaughter pen and killed him. His brother, Colonel A. M. York, of Fort Scott, instituted a search. The grave of Dr. York was found on the Bender place; it had sunk and the loose earth was easily penetrated with a wagon rod. The grave was opened and the body of Dr. York was exposed face downward, throat cut and skull broken thin. In the garden two more graves were found, three bodies in one and four in the other. Before this a body had been found some miles distant in Cherryvale, making nine in all."

FILLING UP THE WEST.

Fifty Thousand Families In Fifteen Years. Ottawa, July 27.—According to statistics compiled by the Census and Statistics Bureau, 50,324 families took up a corresponding number of farms in the three Provinces of Man., Sask. and Alberta during the past fifteen years. They increased the population of the Canadian west by 206,774 persons.

From the United States there came 16,344 families, with 70,793 persons from the British Islands 10,797, with 31,395 persons; from Austria-Hungary 10,650, with 52,639 persons; from Russia 5,018, with 24,594 persons; from Scandinavia 3,830, with 11,968 persons; from Germany and Holland 1,986, with 7,734 persons; from France and Belgium 1,131, with 4,487 persons, and from other countries 568, with 2,254 persons.

BODIES RECOVERED.

Were Remains of Three Young Men in Montreal River.

Cobalt, July 27.—Last night the body of Harold Downswell, who was drowned Sunday with two companions in the Montreal River, was recovered and brought into Cobalt by Undertaker Campbell's place. The body, which was brought up from Gillies' Depot on a hand car by sectionmen, was shipped to Prescott, the deceased's home, this morning. The bodies of the other two unfortunate young men were later recovered and brought into Cobalt. That of O. E. Newbury will be shipped to his home at Elgin Mills to-night, while Black's body will be sent to his relatives at Berkeley street, Toronto. Mr. Reid, M. P. P., Renfrew, helped to recover the body of Downswell, and accompanied the remains.

WAS BARBARA REIG.

Body of Murdered Girl Identified by Mother and Brother.

New York, July 27.—The body of the young girl who was found dead in a summer house in Irving Park in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn yesterday, was identified today as that of Barbara Reig, who resided near the park.

The identification was made by the young woman's mother and brother, who had seen photographs of the dead girl printed in to-day's newspapers. They said they were convinced the girl did not commit suicide and they gave the police the names of a number of men with whom she was acquainted. The investigation will be continued.

ONLY A YARN.

Report That Englishmen Have Go Moroccan Concessions.

London, July 27.—The Daily Express this morning publishes a curious story to the effect that six Englishmen, led by James Ashmead Bartlett, representing a British syndicate, have penetrated Morocco and obtained from Mulai Hafid, the usurping Sultan, the promise of valuable mining, railroad and trading concessions in return for assistance in establishing Hafid on the Moroccan throne. The story is extremely improbable, Bartlett having been at Fez as the correspondent of a London newspaper.

FORM UNIONS.

John Flett Busy Among the Ottawa Labor Me n.

(Special Despatch to the Times.)

Ottawa, July 27.—J. A. Flett, Hamilton, international organizer, has formed several unions here. The Butchers' Association and Journeymen Blacksmiths' Association were formed. Last night the teamsters of the city formed a big branch of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. To-morrow there is a meeting to organize all the hands of the big lumber mills here. Flett gave addresses in each case.

WANTS A FIGHTING NAVY.

Roosevelt Comes Out Boldly for Ships That Can Hit.

Newport, R. I., July 27.—President Roosevelt arrived here at 9.45 a. m. today and later in the forenoon at the naval war college addressed a conference of nearly 100 naval officers, gathered together from all branches of the service to consider plans for new American battleships.

President Roosevelt made a stirring appeal for a hard-hitting sea-going navy. "I want a first-class fighting navy or no navy at all," said the President, "because a first-class fighting navy is the most effective guarantee of peace this nation can have."

"There are always a number of amiable and well-meaning people," continued President Roosevelt, "who believe in having a navy merely for coast defence. A purely defensive navy would be almost worthless. To advocate such a navy is like advocating a school of prize fighters, in which one should do any thing but parry."

"I hope this nation will never have to hit. We should do everything that honorably can be done to avoid trouble. But when we do go to war, that war is only excusable if the navy is prepared to hammer its opponent until he quits fighting."

"The Monroe doctrine," he declared, "had almost fallen into disrepute, contempt until the American nation began to build up its navy."

NEGRO PREACHER LYNCHED

With Two of his Dupes, Whom He Had Induced to Commit Arson.

New Orleans, July 27.—Three negroes, one a preacher, were lynched near Jonesville, Catahoula parish, for burning a cotton gin while in religious frenzy. For some time the Rev. Albert Godlin had been preaching the end of the world to the negroes of Catahoula parish. He began at Harrisburg, but being driven there he moved near Jonesville, where he renewed his preaching. There he and a negro woman preached that he was Christ, that the world would soon come to an end and the wicked would be punished. Among the wicked in his declaration was Capt. J. W. Swayze, a white farmer, who he said would be soon visited by a great misfortune. His sermons caused great demoralization among the negroes, many of whom quit work to await the coming of the end.

The burning of the cotton gin of Capt. Swayze by incendiaries aroused the suspicion of the authorities. They arrested two negroes, Miller Gaines and Sam Gaines, who confessed that they had with the assistance and at the suggestion of the Rev. Albert Godlin burned the gin, expecting to arouse the negroes thereby and to point to the destruction of the gin as evidence of the truth of his prophecies. The men were placed in the Jonesville jail, which was broken into by a mob and the men hanged to a neighboring pecan tree. The woman who was mixed up in the affair escaped.

MET HIS DEATH.

Niagara Falls Boy Gets Into Deep Water While Bathing.

Niagara Falls, July 27.—Charles Learn, the ten-year-old son of Mr. Geo. Learn, this city, was drowned this afternoon in the old reservoir, near the Ontario power house. The lad had been bathing with companions, and when drowned was alone in the pool. He slipped or ventured beyond his depth, and his companions, boys about his own age, playing on the ground near the reservoir, were attracted by his cries. Seeing his danger, they ran for help, but before they returned the boy had sunk. The body was recovered.

MAY BE POISONER.

WILLIAM E. GOLDEN HELD TO GRAND JURY AT INQUEST.

Letter Titled a Forgery—Testimony Indicates Man's Connection With Ella Blumberg's Death.

Chicago, July 27.—William E. Golden was held to the grand jury by a coroner's jury yesterday on suspicion of being the poisoner of Miss Ella Blumberg, who died in Maywood on July 15.

It was reported that Miss Blumberg had committed suicide, and soon after her death Golden's lawyers showed letters purporting to have been written by her which contained threats to kill Golden also.

All the testimony given at the inquest indicated that Golden was directly connected with the young woman's death. Mrs. C. F. Andrews, 4917 Calumet avenue, Chicago, sister of the poisoned girl, said every letter produced by Golden was a forgery. The dead girl's father, J. Blumberg, 713 North Fourth avenue, Maywood, also said one of the letters was forged.

The doubted letter, purporting to have been written in New Orleans on June 4 and found in Golden's pocket after he was arrested a week ago, follows:

"To whom it may concern: If anything should happen to me please notify Thomas H. Golden, room 47, 96 Washington street, as the longer I live the less I see in life. My ideas may not be like others, but as I am about to lose my best friends I am in a despondent mood in my life, and I hope this world will forgive me for my act, and if I find an opportunity I will send my 'love' before."

Mrs. Andrews and Mr. Blumberg argued that the phrasing of this letter was different from the others, likewise the handwriting. Mrs. R. Nordhausen, of whom Miss Blumberg rented a dressmaking shop and conducted it three months ago in Elmhurst, and Golden made the girl support him, and often passed the night with her in her shop.

"He was out there nearly every day," she said.

Golden, who was released on \$2,500 bonds after his arrest on July 15, was represented at the inquiry by his attorney, H. E. Boughan. He will be arraigned to-morrow before Justice Seymour, of Maywood, and a motion to require him to give a large bond will be argued. He is drugist's assistant, and is married.

BRIGAND MURDERED

DAUGHTER'S SUITOR SHOTS SICILIAN IN CROWD.

Dies on Operating Table—Friends Attribute Part of Victim's Wealth to Black Hand.

New York, July 27.—Emanico Grimaldi, a wealthy Sicilian importer of wine and olive oil, was shot three times and instantly killed by another Sicilian yesterday afternoon in a street filled with playing children.

Rinaldi had just come out of the barber shop of Charles Gaudio at 29 Monroe street, when a young Italian walked up to him and said something in an undertone. Rinaldi swung his arm and slapped the young man's face. The boy drew back, and, pulling a revolver from his hip pocket, fired three shots. The first clipped Rinaldi's thumb, the second entered the side of the Italian's head, and the third struck him in the abdomen. He barely had been stretched upon the operating table in St. Gregory's hospital when he expired.

The dead man had been in this country off and on for about two years. He came from Sicily, where he was reputed to have been a brigand and one of the more powerful members of the camorra. A big, husky man, with an insolent, overbearing manner, all his countrymen in the lower east side were openly afraid of him.

Over the coffee in the Italian restaurants in Monroe and Cherry streets it is whispered Rinaldi was an ex-convict and had served thirteen years in fact, in Italy for some particular act of brigandage.

Rinaldi brought with him to America his wife, a quiet woman, and his daughter, Jennie, a girl of 16. Apparently Grimaldi as he was called most often, knew no English, but he had obtained the agency for several firms importing wines and olive oil to America and made frequent trips to Boston and Philadelphia. The wine and olive oil business, while Grimaldi's family explained Grimaldi's wealth nor the hold he had upon his countrymen who lived around about him. His Sicilian countrymen esteemed him to be worth at least \$100,000.

For Grimaldi Rinaldi, whether because of his past, was looked upon as a member of the Black Hand, La Mano Nera. If word was passed around that Grimaldi wanted something done haste was made to do that thing. Following the shooting the dead man's wife quietly told how Alfredo Ventingino, a young Sicilian gambler and ne'er do well, had been in love with Rinaldi's daughter Jennie for five or six months. The more attention the young Sicilian paid his daughter the less Rinaldi liked it.

Jennie, the mother said, had gone to Boston several days ago to visit her uncle. Ventingino had proposed to her before she went and was provisionally accepted. The girl's father had been so enraged when he learned this and Monday afternoon had ordered the young Sicilian from the house with orders not to return, at the same time slapping him on the cheek in his usual rough fashion. Ventingino cursed the wine merchant then and walked quietly away.

This afternoon Ventingino asked him to slap him once more. The merchant gave him a stinging blow and a moment later the lad had fired three shots and the girl's father lay unconscious on the sidewalk. An alarm has been sent out for Chicago, as the murderer was called.

HUGS WOMAN.

Kissed by Man Who Said He Was the Prince of India,

But He Was Only a Crazy Man From the Hospital.

Pittsburg, July 27.—The "Prince of India" is in town. Apparently he is here incognito, as a minute inquiry among the society leaders yesterday failed to reveal his hiding place. But he is here. They heard all about it at police headquarters yesterday. About 4 o'clock a handsomely gown woman rushed into the detective bureau, and gasping for breath, dropped into a chair.

"I've been hugged," she announced. "Yes, I have been hugged in broad daylight and on Smithfield street and by a man; not really a man, you know, but by a Prince of India. Oh, what will my husband say?"

Acting Captain of Detective John Roach became quite worked up. He gathered six of his most trusted sleuths around him, and they listened to the tale.

It seems that Mrs. —, but we promised not to tell her name, because her husband might hear of it, went shopping yesterday afternoon. She just had finished her purchases and was waiting for a car when a real nice looking young man walked up to her, gave her a great big hug and a resounding smack, not on the cheek or the hand or the forehead, but right on the lips. And she kissed him back. As she explained it, there was no way of resisting that osculatory effort; it was soul rending. "Madam," announced the kisser, "you have embraced the Prince of India."

Before she came to, the woman was in headquarters telling her story to Acting Captain Roach.

It was a very busy time around the detective bureau for a few moments. All hands were assigned to find this human kissing bug, and orders went forth not to hurt "him" in any manner, as a real live prince should be given the best of care.

For an hour the headquarters telephone was kept very busy; then the boy delivered the mail. In it was a letter from the Columbus State Hospital. Here is what it said:

"Escaped from the Columbus State hospital, July 15, Clarence E. Tressel, aged 21, weight 133, height 5 feet 9 inches. Brown hair, blue eyes, smooth face. Delusion that he is the Prince of India."

Detective Roach read the letter turned over the picture accompanying it to one of the detectives and then went to the telephone.

"Madam," he said, "it wasn't the Prince of India who kissed you. We, however, know who it was and will endeavor to apprehend him."

CHARGED WITH PERJURY.

Rev. H. R. Grant Runs Counter to Nova Scotia Liquor Dealers.

Halifax, July 27.—Rev. H. R. Grant, secretary of the Nova Scotia Temperance Alliance, was arrested at Guysboro to-day on a warrant charging him with perjury. The charge was laid by Mr. E. E. Aikens, liquor dealer, Mulgrave, from whom Mr. Grant lately seized a large quantity of liquor, estimated to be worth around one thousand five hundred dollars, and it was at the trial following the above seizure that the perjury was alleged to have been committed.

Mr. Grant arrived in Guysboro early this morning and raided the local wet goods shop of Alex. Bruce, and it was while he was still engaged in disposing of seized liquor that he was served with the warrant for the offense stated.

He, however, found no difficulty in obtaining bail and was soon off again on his reign of terror. The trial is to be on Tuesday, July 28.

MARRIED HIS STEPMOTHER.

Young Massachusetts Man Has Created a Sensation.

Worcester, Mass., July 27.—Clement W. Kirkpatrick, a well-known young Springfield man, to-day wed his pretty young stepmother, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Mark A. Denman, of Memorial Church. Mrs. Kirkpatrick was Miss Stella D. Morris, of Holyoke, before her marriage to her present husband's father, who died two years ago. She was his third wife.

After their wedding trip the couple are to return to the bride's old home. She is wealthy, extremely good looking, and twenty-nine, her husband being three years her junior. The marriage has created a sensation.

MADMAN'S WILD SHOOTING.

Fired Four Shots on Crowded Station Platform.

Hackensack, N. J., July 27.—While more than a hundred men and women were waiting for a train for New York at the Ridgefield Park station early today they were frightened to the verge of panic when one of two men who had been chatting on the platform suddenly drew a revolver and began to shoot at his companion. Only one of the four bullets took effect, and that caused only a flesh wound, but the bullets which sped wild went dangerously close to the passengers in the crowded platform. When only one bullet remained in the revolver the assailant shot himself, dying instantly.

The suicide was a jeweller named Barguman, who had been employed by Tiffany in New York. His companion, whom he attempted to kill, is John Vas Poel, foreman of the department where Barguman was employed.

NAVAL MANOEUVRES END.

No Announcement Made as to the Result, However.

London, July 27.—The British naval manoeuvres closed to-day. The result is unknown. Secrecy was maintained throughout. It is believed the rival fleets never encountered each other. One shore incident was announced, an attack on Sheerness by torpedo boats, which were repulsed.