

THE VERDICT AGAINST HIM.

Sir William will be Oastiered from the Army and Expelled from the Clubs.

HARD FATE OF A GALLANT FELLOW.

A last (Friday) night's London cable gives the following proceedings of the court in the baccarat case: After the cross-examination of Mrs. Wilson had been finished the defence called Lord Coventry, who with General Williams drew up the incriminating document which was signed by the plaintiff. Witness stated that when on the evening of September 10th Mr. Lyett Green made the communication to him which was afterwards repeated in the presence of General Williams and Mr. A. Stanley Wilson he had felt, as those gentlemen subsequently felt, that the Prince of Wales, having long honored the plaintiff with his friendship, they could not allow the Prince to continue that friendship without putting him in possession of what they knew of Sir William's conduct during the games of Sept. 8th and 9th.

Continuing, witness related the circumstances of the notorious interview with Sir William. When witness told plaintiff of the nature of the accusation against him the latter denounced it as "false," and asserted that it was merely the statement of a parcel of inexperienced boys who were uninitiated to belief. Subsequently the plaintiff had seen the Prince in company with the witness and General Williams, and had declared his innocence. To the declaration of Sir William the Prince simply responded, "There are five against you." Witness had himself told Sir William that Mr. Lyett Green wished to confront him, yet plaintiff had failed to express a desire to meet this accuser.

THE HINT TO GO.

Witness then said that when further stipulated to depart from the Tranby Croft residence early on the morning of the following day, the document was signed by Sir William under the circumstances related and was later forwarded to the Prince of Wales.

The notebook of the witness was then produced, and Sir Charles proceeded to read therefrom. It was found that Lord Coventry's diary of events at Tranby Croft agreed in every material respect with his testimony as given in court. General Williams and himself submitted the paper for the plaintiff to sign. The latter had said, "This is tantamount to an admission of guilt; I won't sign." To this witness and General Williams replied, "That's so." There was nothing in the actions of Sir William on the occasion in question to suggest that he had lost his head. After the brief conversation related above witness and Gen. Williams, as friends of the plaintiff, advised him to sign the document which they had submitted to him. Plaintiff thereupon signed it, and a memorandum set forth that the writer had been induced to follow the course he had by a desire to avoid a scandal and keep the Prince of Wales out of a disagreeable affair.

Here the defence rested its case. Sir Charles Russell rose to address the court. He referred satirically to the altered tone of the prosecution since it had become familiar with the damning evidence presented by the defence. It was quite plain that the plaintiff had all along hoped that the defendants would admit that they had been mistaken as to the infamous charge here brought against Sir William.

A London cable says: There was no diminution in the attendance at the baccarat trial to-day, though much disappointment was felt at the absence of the Prince of Wales, who had gone to the Ascot races. On the opening of the court Gen. Owen Williams, one of the defendants, arose and addressed the Lord Chief Justice, saying, "My Lord, I have to ask your protection. Yesterday Sir Edward Clarke thought proper—"

Sir Edward Clarke—Your Lordship, I ask you to interfere. Gen. Williams should not be allowed to make a statement to the court in this manner. It is not his privilege.

Gen. Williams (sharply)—I was accused. A horrible charge was made. The Lord Chief Justice—I do not remember the expression you seem to have in mind, but I do not think you can be allowed to speak.

Gen. Williams—We were accused of sacrificing an innocent man. That charge was without any evidence or justification. The Lord Chief Justice—I cannot hear any statement from you, Gen. Williams.

The General then retired with an expression of displeasure at his rebuff. The Lord Chief Justice then began his summing up of the evidence. It was noticed throughout that his charge was favorable to the defendants. The audience listened with breathless attention to the words of the address, upon the tenor of which so much depended. The court explained at length the differences between an action for slander such as this one, and an action for libel. His Lordship entreated the jury to keep their minds steadily upon the evidence.

The extraneous matter which had been brought into the arguments of counsel must be eliminated from the minds of the jury in their consideration of the facts. The tone of his address seemed decidedly in the plaintiff's favor. But when he proceeded to an analysis of the evidence given by General Williams, Earl Coventry, and the Prince of Wales, the effect was in the nature of an endorsement of their testimony. He dwelt at length upon Sir William Gordon Cumming's high position and brave career, and described his visit to Tranby Croft as an honored guest. Referring to the insinuations against the Prince of Wales, the Lord Chief Justice sarcastically observed that while people indulged in criticisms as a cheap way of gaining notoriety, it was noticeable that they were all very much pleased to have the Prince, Earl Coventry, and Lord This and That at their houses. (Laughter.)

While the jury were out Sir William Gordon Cumming showed no signs of nervousness, and sat quietly reading some letters. His friends, however, plainly betrayed their apprehension. The defendant was also uneasy and anxious. When the verdict was announced Sir William was marvellously cool. He was really, to all outward appearances, the most uninterested spectator in court. Lord Middleton, his relative, who is reputed to have furnished the money for the prosecution, was quite the reverse. When the verdict of a

guilty was announced Sir William coolly donned his coat and hat and strolled away with Lord Middleton.

The charge of Lord Coleridge is regarded as unnecessarily severe against the plaintiff. Without His Lordship throwing his personal interpretation into the scales against Cumming. The charge is pronounced by lawyers as practically an instruction to find a verdict for the defendants.

As Sir William Gordon Cumming entered his carriage the crowd raised a loud cheer. The demonstration was all the more noticeable from the fact that the Wilsons had driven off a minute before amid silence. The effect of the verdict is that Sir William must be cashiered from the army and expelled from the clubs.

Sir William Gordon Cumming is about 45, younger perhaps, and a lieutenant-colonel in the Scots Guards, one of the crack regiments of the British service, their special duty to guard the person of the Sovereign. There are all kinds of traditions and legends twisted around his family tree, but as blood goes, blood in direct descent and alliances, the family of Gordon Cumming is better than that of the Prince of Wales. There was a De Comyn who was killed at the battle of Alnwick. Malcolm was also slain in the siege of Alnwick Castle, and De Comyns at his side—so we may know there was a fighting blood in his family 800 years ago. There was likewise a Bruce—dear to all Scotsmen—Robert the Bruce, a renowned sovereign who died in 1329 to the lasting sorrow of Scotland. He had a daughter, Margaret, who married a Sutherland, and among other maternal duties was the production through various ancestries of Sir William Gordon Cumming. Likewise with James I., and by these ties, interlinked with Austrian archdukes, the royal Stuarts, the Plantagenets and other species of princes to a degree quite incalculable. The coat of arms is a complicated affair. Its motto, "Sans Crainte—Without Fear"—borne likewise by Baronet Tyrell, the same family as did service to Crook-backed Richard at Bosworth field. There is a crest "courage" and quarterings of the Gordons, Badenochs, Setons, Frasers and Sutherlands.

Cumming is an inherent sportsman. The Highland blood tingled in every vein. He seemed a part of the forest and the moor. He had dared the tiger in the jungle, the elephant in the Indian forests, and traced the Rocky Mountains and the Mexican Cordilleras in his craving for sport. He has won fame as a gallant soldier in the army, his daring deeds in the Sudan and Africa being matters of history.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.

The *Sum* says it was really a second affair of the diamond necklace, the accusation being of secondary importance to its surroundings. In our judgment no other verdict was possible. Gordon Cumming's signing the paper was damnable. It is a pity that the heir to the throne was at the baccarat table. The Prince should show a cleanly life to his future subjects. It is grotesque to have the Prince carrying about baccarat counters wherever he goes as a Mohammedan carries his praying carpet.

The *Telegraph* enlarges the judgment of the court and argues play with condemnation. It defends the Prince, although regarding him as indiscreet, but thinks a generous world will forgive him for signing the paper of condonation.

The *Chronicle* condemns the jury's finding and the partiality of Chief Justice Coleridge, and says there is no evidence inconsistent with the hypothesis that Cumming merely played the well-known coup de trois. The *Chronicle* says that the Cumming deliberately courted his illustrious but impetuous friend by a trick requiring long and tiresome years of practice to acquire. Cumming is not the first loyal Scot made to feel the ban of the Prince's ingratitude. The paper asks what steps will be taken to vindicate justice in regard to the crime which the Prince compounded by signing a compact with Cumming, or whether the scandal will be forever hushed up.

The *Standard* (Tory) says that if the plaintiff comes first out of the affair it must be admitted that the defendants and their friends are somewhat tarnished. The *Times* says the case is ended in the only possible way that an impartial jury believed possible. "We express the universal feeling of English men and women when we say profoundly regret the connection of the Prince of Wales with the affair."

The *Times* almost wishes that the Prince of Wales for the sake of English society had also signed a declaration never to play cards again.

Sir William Interviewed.

"Well," he said, courteously, "what can I do for you?"

"Aside from the fact that you are said to be engaged to an American girl, people in the United States are taking the keenest interest in your trial. Will you tell them what you think of the verdict?"

"Well," said Cumming, smiling with good humor, "it was not, of course, what I hoped for or expected, but you may say that I attribute it entirely to the biased and prejudiced summing up of the Lord Chief Justice. I have been told on what I believe to be good authority that Lord Coleridge intended to tell several people before the trial that there was no doubt as to my guilt. It looked bad also that the Prince of Wales, who is hitherto hostile to me, should lunch every day with the Chief Justice. Does anybody believe that they refrained from discussing the case? Last night all my friends, after listening to Clark's speech, thought the verdict must be in my favor, but after the judge's summing up we lost all hope."

"Do you intend to move for a new trial?" asked the correspondent.

"I did think of it at first, solely on the ground of the partiality of the judge's charge; but I don't think there is much chance of getting a new trial on that idea."

"What have you to say about the evidence offered against you?"

"I have nothing to add to Clark's remarks about that. It was obvious that those witnesses had been thoroughly drilled in their parts. What Sir Edward said was perfectly true. I was bamboozled into signing that agreement solely to screen the

Prince of Wales. I was made the scapegoat to avoid a scandal."

"What are your plans for the future?"

"Well, my first plan is to be married the first thing to-morrow morning to Miss Garner, of New York. After the ceremony we go to Scotland until we sail for America in September. When our visit there is ended we shall return to Scotland and settle down at my place, Altyre."

"Is not this marriage a sudden move on your part?"

"No, not particularly. I have been engaged to Miss Garner for some time, but when this Tranby Croft business first came up, I urged her to break off the engagement. Two or three days ago she told me she had not changed her determination not to break off the marriage, and said she was willing to wait immediately after the trial, whether the verdict was in my favor or not. Whatever the jury decided it would make no difference to her belief in my innocence, so we are going to be married."

A DIABOLICAL CRIME.

Drunken Brutes Try To Hide Their Villany By Arson and Murder.

A Berlin cable says: A horrible outrage by a party of drunken youths was committed at Drossen, Prussia, a few nights ago. The party was carousing in Toehorn's inn, and finding the host comically disposed, they plied him with liquor until he was helplessly intoxicated. They then looked him in a room, and after overpowering the barman and locking him up also, they assaulted Toehorn's wife and 14-year-old daughter. The bandits looked the two women in a room, so that they could not escape, and set fire to the building, hoping thus to erase all evidence of the terrible crime they had perpetrated. In this, however, they did not wholly succeed, for though the flames were suffocated to death and the daughter badly burned, the flames were subdued by the aroused townspeople in time to save the landlady's life. She was able to give a good description of the miscreants, but as they had fled immediately upon setting fire to the place, they had succeeded in getting safely away, for the time at least. The people of the town are wild with excitement, and would be glad of an opportunity to lynch the murderers.

MURDER IN MANITOBA.

A Young Woman Killed and Her Body Thrown Into a Well.

A Marquette (Man.) despatch says that James Taggell, a farmer living near Woodlands post-office, left his house at 6 p. m. yesterday to attend a trustee meeting, leaving his sister-in-law and a young Englishman about 17 years of age, whom he was bringing up, at home. When he returned, about 7:30, he could find neither. On a search being made blood was found near the door, covered with earth, and also on the curbstone, on the wall, and on a pile of butter down in the well. On lowering a light into the well feet were seen projecting above the water, the body having been pitched down head first. Taggell's watch and gun were gone. A neighbor named Edward Langley heard two shots fired shortly after 6 o'clock. There is no doubt the young Englishman is the murderer.

Women Not Wanted.

A Vienna cable says: The Austrian Government has not decided, as reported, to admit women to the hospitals. Only one woman has been admitted, and she only on trial. The Turks, who are very numerous in the occupied Province of Bosnia, have objected to the presence of a woman doctor at the hospital at Serajevo. For this reason, as the Austrian Government is careful not to hurt the feelings of the Mussulmans, the woman doctor will doubtless be removed. One Turkish patient, when approached by the female physician, became very angry, and told her to go back to the harem and not try to act the part of a man.

A Child-Victim of the Ripper.

A London cable says: Barbara Waterhouse, aged 5, a quarryman's daughter, mysteriously disappeared from her home in Leeds last Saturday. At midnight last night the police discovered her body wrapped in a bundle lying in the street close to the Town Hall. The abdomen had been ripped open so that the intestines protruded, and the legs and arms had been almost severed from the body, and were covered with deep gashes. The child's clothes had evidently been replaced after the murder.

He Needs Hanging.

A Vienna cable says: A sensational trial has just concluded at Kornburg, the result of which is that Father K. Dolph Ketter, parish priest of Zistersdorf, Lower Austria, whose reputation for piety has been hitherto unblemished, is now sentenced to three years' imprisonment for raising twenty of his female pupils. The country all about is in a state of indignation, and the authorities are forced to use their utmost vigilance to prevent summary vengeance being executed upon the priest by the enraged populace.

History in a Grave Yard.

Almost hidden from view by a leafy lilac bush, in the churchyard of Christ Church Cathedral, is a tombstone which is visited occasionally by people interested in the old days of this country. On that stone is the following inscription:

In memory of Lieut. John Ryckman, of the late Six Nation Indian Department, who died in the Christian faith, April 3rd, 1849, aged 56 years, having held a commission in His Majesty's service upwards of 25 years.

A short distance from this stone is one which also has a bit of history in the inscription:

In memory of Richard Beasley, Esq., who departed this life on the 16th day of February, 1849, aged 50 years and 7 months. The first white settler at the head of the lake.

The tombstones of the members of the Stinson family and of the Annelle family are near by. Almost all the stones in the old graveyard bear dates in the 40's.

The infant King of Spain is a restless and precocious little creature. He has already, though only 5 years old, outgrown his toys and years for live horses instead of tin ones. He speaks English quite correctly and is learning French.

THE BACCARAT HERO

Married This Morning to an American Commodore's Daughter.

TO SPEND THE HONEYMOON IN SCOTLAND.

LONDON, June. — Sir William Gordon Cumming was married at 11 o'clock this morning at Holy Trinity Church, at Chelsea, to Miss Florence Garner, daughter of the late Commodore Wm. Garner, of New York. Lord Thurlow gave the bride away. Major Vesey Dawson, of the Coldstream Guards, was the best man. The Rev. Robert Eyton officiated. The marriage was practically a secret one. Only twelve persons were present at the ceremony. The bride looked charmingly happy, and Sir William was proud-looking, cool and entirely self-possessed. There was no trace in his personal appearance of depression or emotion resulting from yesterday's verdict in the Court of Queen's Bench. Lady and Sir William Gordon Cumming left this city shortly after the ceremony for the bridegroom's estate at Altyre, near Forres, Scotland, where they will spend the honeymoon.

Miss Florence Garner, says the *Sun*, is one of the daughters of the late Thomas Garner, who was drowned on his yacht, the Mohawk, off Staten Island. He had an immense dry goods business at 10 Worth street, which is now carried on by trustees. His two daughters were his sole heiresses. Miss Helen Garner, the other daughter, recently married the Marquis de Breteuil, the head of one of the most ancient noble families in France. The Marquis and Marquise de Breteuil are now on their way to America. The Garners live here at 15 East 86th street. Mrs. Garner is with her daughter in Europe, and there is no member of the family in town.

An aunt of Miss Garner, formerly Miss Lawrence, daughter of Francis Lawrence, of New York, is married to Lord Vernon. Mr. Oliver Iselin married a Miss Garner, a cousin of Sir William Gordon Cumming's prospective bride. Mr. Iselin is now in Europe.

Mr. Ward McAllister, the discoverer of New York society, said he believed that Miss Garner and Sir William had been engaged for some time past. He did not expect, however, that the marriage would take place soon, as he heard that Miss Garner was about to start for New York at once, without waiting for the end of Sir William's troubles.

William Gordon Cumming is the representative of two Scotch families of great antiquity. The name Cumming was prominent in medieval Scottish history. He is rich and handsome, an officer in the Scots' Guards, and was a very popular and powerful personage in English society until he had the misfortune to be accused of cheating at cards. He had been a friend of the Prince of Wales since he was a very young man up to the time of "that sad event," as the Prince called it. His younger brother, Mr. Alexander Gordon-Cumming, was married at Washington to Miss Eames, daughter of a former United States Minister to Venezuela.

London "Mems."

The British duty on a pack of playing cards is 6 cents.

Lady Dufferin says that in India one woman in five is a widow.

Three persons are cremated on an average every week at Woking, which is just outside London.

Twelve per cent. of the London water supply is drawn from artesian wells.

At the cat show at the Crystal Palace in 1889 \$5,000 was asked for a certain cat.

An oculist says that scarcely one in twenty of watchmakers suffers from weak eyes.

The average earnings of a London omnibus per mile are 18 cents.

A doctor says that stammering is almost unknown amongst savages.

A copy of the first edition of "Robinson Crusoe" was recently sold for \$275.

The brain of a man is fully 10 per cent. heavier than that of the average woman.

Italy only serves out seven ounces of fresh meat daily to each of her soldiers.

Lord Ebury, who is now the oldest peer of the realm, is 90 years of age.

The czar's royal yacht, the Polar Star, cost over \$5,000,000.

There are four livings in the English Church worth under \$40 per annum each.

One-fifth of the members of the House of Commons belong to the legal profession.

On the West Coast of Africa a young wife can, it is said, be bought for 60,000 "cowries," \$12.—*London Answers.*

There has been a good deal of talk in the city and not a little controversy in the neighborhood of Grimsby about a certain class of short term endowment societies, the merits of which we are hardly prepared to pronounce upon. Speaking of these and similar concerns the *New York Commercial Daily Bulletin* says:

But the class of men who have no higher purpose than their personal aggrandizement at the expense of the public, and in any way so long as they can evade the law, were not to be easily baffled. The result was the formation of what were known as the seven year endowment orders. There was no insurance about this what-come-it-was, and the ratio of success to failure was merely a huge pool in which the new comers paid the claims of the old at the rate of three to one, and it was a very simple arithmetic of calculation to figure out the probable duration of the scheme, and the ratio of success to failure. It did not take much trouble to discover that the promoters of these schemes were not the uneducated classes and a plain show of the fraudulent nature of the scheme. Once the plan had gained a footing, the orders increased with marvelous rapidity. From the seven-year limit the period was gradually shortened by new rivals to five, three, one and finally to six months. Growing bolder the mask whereby the members' certificates were redeemed in numerical order, made its appearance. It did not take much trouble to discover that the early numbered bondholders were the officers, directors, &c., of these concerns, together with their uncles, their cousins and their aunts. These being provided for, it was a matter of supreme indifference how soon the concern went to pieces.

Grandma Harper, of Princeton, Mo., has more than six hundred living descendants. She is 101 years old and is totally blind.

THE FATAL PATIENT.

The Doctors Who Treat This Girl are Short-Lived.

If you are a fatalist or even inclined to be superstitious there is food for reflection in the queer circumstances connected with the visits of a female patient of the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital, says the *New York Herald*. Three deaths have followed the woman's visits, and the physicians have caused to be written on the records after her name the words "fatal patient." Of course the doctors will not disclose the woman's name, for she is young and, what is more, is quite pretty.

The "fatal patient" came to the hospital about two years ago. She is suffering from a catarrhal affection of the throat and was therefore sent to the throat department of the institution. In the room are desks ranged about, which are termed cabinets. Dr. Charles G. Johnson, at that time, was in charge of cabinet D, to which the young lady was assigned. A short time after treating the patient Dr. Johnson died. Two weeks later she appeared again. Dr. Edward Payson Pond had been placed in charge of the cabinet D. The "fatal patient" took her seat at the desk and Dr. Pond administered to her wants. A few days later he also died.

Since then the young woman has been frequently treated by several of the staff, but never at cabinet D until last Wednesday. On that day she respired and was received by Dr. Wendell C. Phillips, who was in charge.

"I don't know that you will care to treat me," she said to Dr. Phillips.

"Why, how is that?" said the doctor.

"Oh, for the reason that two physicians who have treated me have died immediately afterward," she replied laughingly.

Dr. Phillips smiled and scoffed at the suggestion, and then referred the patient to Dr. David Phillips, who was in charge of cabinet D. The young woman sat down at his desk. Her ailment was attended to by Dr. Phillips and as she departed he bade her good-by, as did also his namesake, Dr. Wendell C. Phillips. After she had gone the matter was laughingly talked about by the physicians.

Dr. David Phillips returned to his home at number 181 East Eighty-sixth street, that evening and dressed himself, preparatory to dining out. After having dined he made some professional calls. He returned home late and before retiring complained of not feeling particularly well. He did not appear at breakfast Thursday morning.

His mother looked into his room and saw him lying in bed, as she thought, fast asleep. When lunch was ready, at 1 o'clock, an effort was made to awaken Dr. Phillips. It was found that he was dead. A physician who was called in said that heart failure was the cause of death. His funeral was held at half-past 9 Sunday morning.

Dr. Wendell C. Phillips at the hospital yesterday afternoon said: "It is a peculiar string of circumstances," he said, "but the most peculiar part, I think, is the manner in which the patient induced herself to me Wednesday." Dr. M. D. Lederman, who now fills Dr. David Phillips' place, said: "It is not true, as has been stated, that I would never treat the patient. We have to take patients as they are assigned to us. If the girl comes to me of course I'll treat her."

In the Street.

Some person standing on the corner dropped his red silk handkerchief. The old car-horse started, his drooping ears went up into the air, his one eye brightened, and his shoes out sparks from the rocky road-bed. Away he went like an arrow, pulling his side partner (a feeble old lady, the conductor, the car, and its wondering occupants) after him.

Then he ran down a brewery wagon, two old women, and finally dashed past a barber's shop and through a plate-glass window into the barber's shop.

As he lay there with a thousand ugly wounds bleeding in his old side, he grew reminiscent, and his liquid eyes, fast becoming glassy, beckoned me to his side.

"Do you remember the famous Pearl stakes?" he asked. "Do you remember the day? The beautiful sky; the soft, grassy field—such a field! The beautiful ladies—such ladies! God bless 'em! Do you remember the field? Echo and Ramona's favorites? The money was all on them. But do you remember the little colt, the ugly little colt that attracted no attention at all in the match?"

"Do you remember that start?"

"Echo in the lead."

"Rameses in the homestretch."

"Then do you remember that cry?"

"See the colt!"

"The colt wins!"

"Ah! do you remember that?"

"The odds 150 to 1—write your own ticket!"

"Do you remember that colt? That was me. Do you remember the Lampasas stakes? Do you remember Colomos, how he won in a gallop? That was me. Say, do you remember that race against time, the record—th— the record Colomos made? The king of the turf—that was me. Do you remember the headlines, 'His leg broken'? That was me."

"Ah, the days that are no more."

"Do you see a pool of a car horse, who doesn't know enough to forget the past and to let by-gones be by-gones?"

"That is me."

And Colomos turned wearily on his side, and bled to death.—*Warren Ratcliffe McVeigh in Short Stories.*

It has been calculated that there are about 300,000 families living in London on about \$1 a week.

One of the delusions of the crazy King of Bavaria is that the carpets of his apartments are of thin glass and must not be trodden upon. Another of his hallucinations is that the walls of the rooms are hung with newspapers, and from them he reads aloud to his attendants imaginary stories of the events of the day.

Several years ago, in answer to an oft-repeated request to direct the reading of young girls, Miss Ticknor, of Boston, founded a society to encourage home study. This society, at first consisting of a few members, now has 524 active students engaged in intellectual work arranged by the society.