

DID SHE WED MAN OR WOMAN?

Under Male Raiment Bridegroom Wore Women's Underclothes.

Also Had a Trunkful of Lovely Things—Judge Who Wed Them Thought He was a Man, but Bride Says It's a Woman—Fled With Bride's Money—She Wants It, Not Husband.

(New York Sun, 11th.) Mrs. Joseph Harmon Corder, who until she was married on 26th of May last, lived at 204 First street, Jersey City, had asked the police to look for her husband, about whom she makes some very remarkable statements. In the first place, she wants it understood that she does not wish to find her husband because of any sentimental feelings she has for him as a husband, but because, as she alleges, he has \$30 which belongs to her. The reason she gives for caring nothing for him as a husband is that he is not a man but a woman. In a word, Mrs. Corder makes the astonishing assertion that she was wooed by a woman, won by a woman and married to a woman. In a way it is another case like that of Murray Hill, the Tammany rouser and sport who on his deathbed a few months ago was found to be a woman.

The facts in Mrs. Corder's case, as she related them on Sunday last, to Judge Lehane of 284 First street, Jersey City, who married her on the 25th day of May last, are these: For some time prior to the last two weeks in May Mrs. Corder, who was then Miss Anna Schmitz, had been living in the respectable furnished room house kept by Mrs. Schlegel at 205 First street, Jersey City. She was 22 years old and was employed in a factory in Light street, New York. She was a wholesome, rosy, good-looking German girl and she had a suitor who had been paying court to her for several years. One evening as she was crossing the ferry from New York she was accosted by a young man who had what she described as "the most beautiful blue eyes" she had ever seen.

She was attracted to him at once and on the short ride across the river their acquaintance developed so fast that he asked to call upon her. He did call and within a week she had fitted her old admirer and married the stranger of the fascinating blue eyes.

The marriage record gives the name of the bridegroom as Joseph Harmon Corder, residence, 215 Jersey avenue, Jersey City; occupation, painter; age, 23, and a native of the United States. As described by Judge Lehane, Corder was of good height, well built, with a smooth face, dark brown hair, and generally an attractive looking young man. He wore a well fitted, tastefully dressed, and his manners were quiet and rather encouraging. He paid the judge \$5 for performing the ceremony and said he and his newly made wife were going to Pittsburgh on a wedding tour. The judge, who was very much pleased with the bridegroom, and he made the pleasant comment that they were an uncommonly handsome young married couple.

They went their ways and neither Judge Lehane nor Mrs. Schlegel, who Miss Schmitz had shown to her, heard any more of them until Sunday morning last. On that day Mrs. Corder, the bride, came to Judge Lehane's house and asked to see the judge. She was much agitated and Mrs. Lehane, the judge's mother, asked her to come in, saying that the judge was out, but would be back soon. Mrs. Corder accepted the invitation and while awaiting the judge's arrival unbuckled her mind to Mrs. Lehane of a remarkable story. "I want to tell you, Judge Lehane," she said, "because—well, because my husband is a woman."

"A what?" cried Mrs. Lehane in amazement. "A woman," continued Mrs. Corder resolutely, "a woman; that's what I want to tell you. I have gone and married a woman. And that isn't all; she has gone and run off with all my money and I want to find her and get it back and then I want to have my money. That's what I want to see the judge for."

and Judge Lehane is now wondering if he—she, attired in the woman's garments, which Mrs. Corder says were in the trunk which he—she carried away, is now engaged in making another matrimonial alliance somewhere, this time in the role of a bride instead of a bridegroom.

Here is opened up an interesting item of speculation as to how many people this man-woman has already inveigled into marriage and then abandoned after getting what ready money they had.

"I remember distinctly," said Judge Lehane yesterday, "when the fellow, or the girl or whatever it was, came to my house and asked me if I could perform a marriage ceremony. When I told him I could he wanted to know how much it would cost and I told him five dollars would be satisfactory. He then brought the girl here and I married them in our front parlor. My brother and sister were witnesses and I suppose I was best man. There was nothing whatever out of the ordinary in the proceeding and the bearing of Corder was entirely normal and unconstrained.

THE BATTLE LINE OF STEAM-SHIPS.

(Windsor, N. S. Journal.) Very frequently there have appeared in the newspapers of St. John and Halifax statements regarding this line of steamers, owned by Wm. Thomson & Co. of St. John, but so far as we can remember very little has been said regarding the fact that Hants county capital is largely invested in these steamers. The statement is made that this enterprising St. John firm has now five steamers under contract on the Clyde. The Battle line has a history; it had its inception in Hants county, and it is just as well to give credit where it is due. In 1856 this Battle line scheme was originated by Capt. Theophilus Marsters of Hantsport, who endeavored to enlist the financial aid of a number of persons interested in shipping in this county. He succeeded in securing the co-operation of Messrs. C. DeW. Smith, John M. Smith and Rufus Curry of Windsor, and J. B. North of Hantsport. These gentlemen have been large investors in the enterprise.

The Messrs. Smith and J. B. North have continued to invest in all the vessels, until the last launched, and will also hold an interest in the new boats now under contract. Mr. Curry holds an interest in the first two steamers built, and Capt. H. H. Greeno, Cheverie, Capt. Geo. H. Holmes, Hantsport, and Mrs. Wm. Curry, formerly of Windsor, now of Halifax, own shares in some of the boats. The Battle line has succeeded in establishing the enterprise, Messrs. Russell & Co. of Port Glasgow, were engaged to construct the first steamer, the Maritima, which was built under his personal supervision, and was launched in May, 1886. Capt. Marsters took command of this steamer until the building of the Cherone, which took place the following year, under his supervision, and of which he took command when ready for service. At that time the steamers built for this company by the Messrs. Russell have been constructed under the personal supervision of David North, son of J. B. North of Hantsport, a man of good ideas and excellent judgment, and highly appreciated. The steamers have followed each other in such quick succession as to render Mr. North's residence at Port Glasgow a necessity—his visits to Hantsport being few and far between.

The Battle line has been a grand success from the start, the various steamers earning good dividends for the owners. In all eleven boats have been built for the company—the Maritima, 1,787 tons; Cherone, 2,068 tons; Hants, 7,043 tons; Cunaxa, 2,948 tons; Pharsalia, 2,580 tons; Leutra, 1,940; Tanagra, 2,169; Pydna, 1,855; Pandosia, 2,161. Another new boat, the Brertia, sailed on Saturday last from the Clyde for St. John to load for South Africa, and four others are now under contract by the Russells, the Sellaia, to be ready in July, the Nemas, in December, the Albura and Talavera in February and March, 1902, respectively. The four mentioned, except the Talavera, are alike in type, the principal dimensions being: Length, 341 feet; beam, 46.7 feet; depth moulded, 26 feet, and the net tonnage in the vicinity of 2,000 tons. The Talavera will be a sister ship to the Pharsalia, being 5,706 tons dead weight, 340 feet long, 42.5 feet beam, and 23.5 feet depth moulded, 2,239 net tonnage.

Of the eleven boats already built, one has been lost, the Arbelo, which was wrecked in Shott's Bay, Newfoundland, June 11th, 1893, having made only one trip. The steamer ran ashore in a fog. The boats of this line are engaged in general traffic, deals, grain, coal, cotton, etc. Four have carried hay, provisions, etc. to Cape Town for the British army, and we believe four or five others are chartered for the same business.

We are glad to know that Capt. Marsters' scheme has succeeded so well, and that the enterprising gentlemen who went in with him so pluckily are getting good returns for the capital invested. This company is under the management of the well known firm of Wm. Thomson & Co. St. John, who are largely interested, and who have managed all the affairs in connection therewith with perfect satisfaction to the shareholders.

The story of the first Hants Co.

When Baby is Sick

Don't dose him with nauseous castor oil, or other harsh, griping purgatives.

Don't give him "soothing" medicines that in most cases contain poisonous opiates. These things only make him worse.

Baby's Own Tablets

(Registered.) are what your little one needs. They are a gentle laxative, and make baby sleep because they make him well. They cool his hot little mouth, ease his sour little stomach, and help his obstinate little teeth through painlessly. They are what every mother needs for her baby—and for the older children too.

Guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous "sleepy stuff."

THEY HELP ALL BABIES. TRY THEM FOR YOUR BABY.

The genuine package looks just like this



FROM A TRAINED NURSE.



The following is from a lady who graduated as certificated trained nurse from the Western Hospital, Montreal: "Having used Baby's Own Tablets for several years in the course of my professional experience as sick nurse, and latterly with my own baby, I wish to testify to the superiority of the Tablets over any other medicine for babies. They both prevent and cure the ailments to which babies are liable, with certainty and promptness."

Sold by druggists or sent post paid on receipt of price (25 cents a box) by addressing THE DR. WILLIAMS MEDICINE CO., BROCKVILLE, ONT.

FREE TO MOTHERS. Any mother who will send her address on a post card will receive free a handsome little book telling how to treat the ills of little ones and how to help them in the emergencies of every day life. Mention this paper.

Farmer \$1.20.

subscribers or to regular rate, and (one daily Journal, exclusive Province. It is a collection of New Brains Maritime Stock Breed

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but SEVENTY-PANY, ST. JOHN Y SUN to any ad-

for FIELD MAR- LER, GENERAL BADEN- South Africa.

ever made by any NEWSPAPER. SEVENTY-FIVE the name of a new a picture for him-

application to IPANY,

AND TEA SET SILVERWARE FREE

OF SALE.

Newcastle, in the County of Nova Scotia, at the residence of J. B. Baird, late of the said Province, de- ciders whom it may

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Novo Scotia, capital placed in the in- ception of the Battle line of steam- ships, reported in this week's issue from the Windsor Journal, was read with interest in St. John shipping circles. From the Windsor standpoint it lost nothing in the telling, and was not calculated to create the impres- sion, as is understood to be the case, and front of the Battle line. But for the reputation the Messrs. Thomson have established abroad, the Battle line would not have reached its present large proportions. Only a few years ago a "domestic shipping" concern when the arrival of a battle line steamer at a foreign port was recorded in the ship news, telegraphed to St. John for verification of the report, remarking that they could not find any mention of the line in English ship- ping news, and that whenever they put the word in the remotest port of the empire, it is well known that Wm. Thomson & Co. have several hundreds of thousands of dollars in- vested in the eleven or twelve iron ships that constitute the Battle line fleet, and that whenever they put a new vessel on the market the capital stock is eagerly snapped up by investors. While credit is due to the Hants county mariners and capitalists for the part they played in the incep- tion of the enterprise, and for their practical evidence of faith in it up to the present day, the fact remains that the Battle line is now a St. John enter- prise of giant proportions with Wm. Thomson & Co. in control, to the full satisfaction of all the shareholders.

A Tonic for Mothers. The happiness that comes to homes with baby's advent is too frequently shadowed by the ill-health or weak- ness of the mother. To restore the mother's strength, to bring back vigor and energy, and to sustain her during the nursing period, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is undoubtedly the most effec- tive preparation obtainable. It makes the blood rich, revitalizes the nerves, and has a wonderful restorative in- fluence on the whole system. 50 cents a box, all dealers.

MONEY LETTERS GONE. A north end resident has acted rather strangely of late in the matter of "HISSES" letters containing money be- longing to other parties as they were brought to the city on the steamer May Queen. It is stated the man in question on Monday last called upon Capt. Brennan, of the steamer, shortly after her arrival, and asked if there were any letters for D. J. Hurry, the Main street merchant. Unwittingly the captain gave him two letters, one containing \$40; the contents of the other are unknown. On Wednesday again the same man called at the steamer for more letters, and secured one addressed to P. Nase & Son, con- taining an amount not as great as the Purdy letter contained. The police are on the track of the man.—Globe.

FEYSER'S 100-FOOT FALL. Able to Walk Around and Tell About It a Few Days Later. (From the Milwaukee Sentinel.) William Feysar, who a week ago last Thursday experienced a fall of almost 100 feet from the twelfth floor of the Wells building without any serious injury resulting, sat at night on a baseball game at Thirty-ninth and Clyburn streets, and said that he would have played in the game him- self had his knee not been stiff. Other- wise Feysar is in splendid condition.

"I don't look much like a man who has gone through the miracle that I have, do I?" he asked. "Well, now that it is all over, we may laugh at it, but I'll tell you I wouldn't risk my life in that way again for all that money would buy. The whistle had just blown for the men to quit for dinner, I was working on the fourteenth floor at the northeast corner. I left my work and putting on my coat, walked down the ladder leading from the fourteenth to the twelfth floor. From here down we men who are in the employ of the bridge company were in the habit of getting on a rope next to the elevator shaft and aiding to the second floor, where another ladder stood leading to the first floor. I thought the rope was securely fasten- ed, as is the custom, in a half hitch and thrown around a column between the thirteenth and fourteenth floors. I wrapped my two feet around the rope, and grasped it securely.

"I started to slide and had gone but a short distance when I realized that I was falling. My hands had stopped moving along the rope. What was I to do? My first thought was, and I must have said it loud enough for any one around me to hear, "Well, good- by Bill, it's all off with you now." Words cannot describe my feelings. I counted every floor as I passed it. It seemed as though I were a year in dropping. Down, down, down, down, I went, into what seemed a bottom- less pit."

"I am told that I struck a beam of iron on one of the floors and turned a complete somersault in midair, but I don't remember that. I do know that I held on to that rope as though for dear life. It seemed to me as though there was but one chance left between me and death and that was for that rope to catch on one of the beams. As I reached the third floor I closed my eyes and waited for the shock, but it didn't come. That's the last I remember of anything until I woke up from my stupor two days later at St. Mary's hospital.

"I have read the tale of my fall and escape in every metropolitan news- paper from New York to San Fran- cisco. I have been asked to appear in the dime museums and today wherever I went I was accosted by people, some of whom I had never seen before, who wanted to hear just how it occurred and how I felt after it, and how I feel now. I have told and retold it all until I am almost tongue-tied. I don't like this notoriety. I am anxious to get back to work and I'll be at my old job in a few days. I can only add that I thank my Maker for my delivery and that I was as near to heaven as I expect to get for a few years to come." Feysar is about 25 years old and a

native of Brooklyn. A bandage about his head, covering a scalp wound, is the only sign of his recent drop.

NEW YORK WOMEN MAY RIDE ASTRIDE. Initiative Taken by Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., Likely to Bring New School of Equestriennes. (New York Herald, 11th.) Following the dashing example of Boston, and ignoring the over prudish stand taken by Brooklyn in its recent horse show, the fair equestriennes of New York and adjacent colonies are beginning to look with favor on the fashion of riding astride. They have found a leader in this method of riding in Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, jr.

Mrs. Hitchcock, since her return to her country house at Westbury, L. I., from Alton, S. C., where she spent part of the winter, has excited the surprise and won the admiration of her neighbors by riding astride. She is the first woman member of the Meadow Brook Hunt club to adopt the fashion.

Fill the young women, when she goes dashing by on her way from her home to the club over the long, flat roads of the country, glance enviously at her costume, and if they happen to be sitting, too, look disdainfully at their own cumbersome skirts. The bold players and the reproducers of the tennis court on the other side of the club house nod approvingly as Mrs. Hitchcock goes by, and it is safe to say that before many seasons have passed she will be followed in the paths of comfort and safety by many of the most prominent women in her neighborhood.

Even the small boy of peaceful Westbury is grateful to Mrs. Hitchcock for waking up the town a little, and he refers to her with deep affection as "the lady that rides like a man."

Mrs. Hitchcock had come up to town, the reporter for the Herald was told when he called at the Hitchcock residence at Westbury. At the city house, No. 3 East Twenty-ninth street, Mrs. Hitchcock last evening expressed her enthusiastic approval of riding astride.

"I've done it for years in the South," she said. "I began it when I was down South shooting. It's the safest, the most comfortable, the most health- ful way to ride; it's the only way to ride."

Mrs. Hitchcock disclaimed any in- tention of undertaking the reforma- tion of present riding methods, but before long most of the women in this part of the country will adopt this method of riding. Many of them ride astride down South, and abandon the practice when they come North. So far I have seen but one other woman riding astride in this part of the country.

"I believe in it so thoroughly that I am bringing up my little girls to ride that way."

Mrs. Hitchcock is not only one of the most graceful but one of the most daring of woman riders. She follows the hunt with her husband, who is an exceptionally good horseman. She plays a fine game of polo and is a leader in all kinds of outdoor sports. Her riding costume is not the un- graceful divided skirt favored by the

Boston women who ride astride, but the regular riding coat and breeches, such as is worn by men riders. Her suit is brown, and she wears either high boots or leggings.

A SONG OF JUNE. There's folks that set an 'grumble 'bout the ev'ning cold an' moon. An' folks that seem to keep account of all the winds that blow. There's storm an' winds a plenty of you but a dismal tune— But when you talk of weather, don't forget to count June!

Think of all the clover blooms a-spoding everywhere. An' the buttercups an' daisies, an' the roses. I declare an' winds a plenty of you but a dismal tune— But when you talk of weather, don't forget to count June!

All the birds a-sipping up makes you stand an' hiss— Trills an' quavers an' calls an' coos a-tye. Makes you sort o' gasp to think how, reg'lar every year Happinesses lay round loose as soon as June gets here!

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For Infants and Children.

