

HOLMES COOL TO THE END

Under the Noose He Says He Only Killed Two Women.

HE DENIES THE MURDER OF PIETZEL.

Slept Soundly Through His Last Night on Earth and Was Calm on the Scaffold.

PRIESTS WITH HIM ON THE GALLOWES.

Prayed with Him Before the Trap Was Sprung—Dead in Fifteen Minutes, but Neck Was Not Broken.

PHILADELPHIA, May 7.—Murderer Herman Mudgett, alias H. H. Holmes, was hanged this morning in the County Prison for the killing of Benjamin F. Pietzel. The drop fell at 10:12 o'clock, and twenty minutes later he was pronounced dead.

Holmes was calm to the end, even to the extent of giving a word of advice to Assistant Superintendent Richardson as the latter was arranging the final details. He died as he had lived—unconcerned and thoughtless apparently of the future. Even with the recollection still vividly before him of the recent confession, in which he admitted the killing of a score of persons of both sexes, and in all parts of the country, he denied everything, and almost his last words were a point-blank denial of any crimes committed except the deaths of two women at his hands by malpractice. In the murder of the several members of the Pietzel family, he denied all complicity, particularly of the father, for whose death he stated he was suffering the penalty. Then, with the prayer of the spiritual attendants still sounding in his ears and a few low-spoken words to those about him, the trap was sprung, and beyond a few incidental post-mortem details the execution which terminated one of the worst criminal stories known to criminology was ended.

While the exact time of the execution was, as usual, unannounced, it was generally supposed that the hour would be about 10 o'clock. Two hours before that time, however, those who were to attend began arriving, but admission to the prison was denied every one except those officials in direct touch with the institution until 9 o'clock. The gates were then opened, and the fourscore or more having tickets pressed into the inner court. Sheriff Clements had preceded the crowd, and was awaiting the arrival of those comprising his jury, that they might be sworn.

The jury comprised six physicians and a like number from other walks in life, all prominent in their respective stations. They were ex-Sheriff William H. Wright, Dr. Benjamin Pennebacker, John J. Ridgway, Councilman R. R. Bringham, Samuel L. Wood, Dr. W. Joseph Hearn, Dr. W. J. Roe, A. B. Detwiler, Dr. M. B. Dwight, Dr. J. C. Guernsey, James Hand, and Dr. John L. Phillips. In response to the calling of their names they ranged about the desk behind which stood Sheriff Clements, and then solemnly swore "to witness the execution of Herman W. Mudgett, alias H. H. Holmes, and certify the time and manner of such execution according to law."

Mr. Wood, one of the Sheriff's jury, was also a member of the jury that convicted Holmes.

Many prominent men were in attendance, some being from other cities, notable among whom were Dr. MacDonald of Washington, the famous criminologist; Sheriff S. R. Mason of Baltimore, Profs. W. Easterly Ashton and Ernest Laplace of the Medico-Chirurgical College; Dr. John S. Miller of St. Joseph's Hospital; Detective Frank Geyer, who conducted the case; President Fous and Solicitor Campbell of the Fidelity Mutual Life Insurance Company; Dr. J. Howard Taylor, representing the medical staff, Captain of Detectives Miller, and Lawyer Rotan, who conducted the defense of Holmes during the trial.

Mr. Rotan was early at the prison, but had been preceded by the Rev. Father Dailey and the Rev. Father MacPake, who administered the last rites of the church to the condemned man. They arrived shortly after 6 o'clock, and only a few minutes after Holmes had arisen. They remained with him last evening until 10:30 o'clock. The death watch was then being kept by Keeper George Weaver, who remained until relieved at 7 o'clock this morning by Keeper Henry. Weaver said this morning that Holmes had retired about midnight and slept soundly during the entire time until called at 6 o'clock. So sound were his slumbers in fact that twice was he called before awakening when the arrival of the Rev. Fathers Dailey and MacPake was announced. He greeted them warmly, but with the same air of self-possession that has marked his conduct throughout the entire case. They were come to administer the sacrament of communion, and every possible facility for privacy was extended by Superintendent Perkins of the prison. For nearly two hours they remained in the cell, and then were almost immediately succeeded by Lawyer Rotan, the legal adviser of Holmes.

While they were talking breakfast was served, and Holmes seemed to heartily enjoy the meal. It was substantial, but plain, consisting of eggs, toast, and coffee, which were taken with an evident relish. "He enjoyed it more than I could, even though only his attorney," remarked Mr. Rotan, after leaving the cell. "He is the most cool and possessed of all in any way connected with the case."

The remark seemed in no wise exaggerated. Every story was to the same effect, and to the end he maintained the same stoicism. It was not the blustering braggadocio of the bully or desperado, but the calm demeanor and quiet bearing that are compelled by a will of iron.

When the morning meal was ended and dross himself. Contrary to the general custom, he refused to don a new suit, but arrayed himself in trousers, vest, and cutaway coat of some dark mixed goods, of a pepper-and-salt effect, that had been worn by him frequently before. Even in this he was careful, giving every attention to even the most minute details of his toilet. Collar and necktie were, of course, not worn, but their place was taken by a white handkerchief knotted carelessly about the neck. Ten o'clock had just sounded when a call came from the cell corridor for Sheriff Clements. He had been gone but a moment when the doors leading through the long corridors in which was placed the gallows were opened, and two by two, led by the Sheriff's jury, the party passed down. The gallows was about half way down the corridor, and to either side was a high partition that, once through the doors, shut off any view of the approach of the condemned as he came to the scaffold. Affairs were quickly approaching a crisis and the other incidents of the execution seemed to take shape and pass away with lightning-like rapidity. The last man of those attending had just passed through the doors and the latter closed, when from beyond was heard the slow and measured tread of the little cortege comprising the death party.

The greatest stillness prevailed among the group watching for the first glimpse of the

condemned. Preceded by Sheriff Clements and Superintendent Perkins, Holmes stood stepped on to the trap. On the right was Father Dailey, to the left Father MacPake, and bringing up the rear were Lawyer Rotan and Assistant Superintendent Richardson. The little party stood for a moment looking down, and then in response to a sign from one of those beside him, Holmes stepped forward and spoke. Pale, naturally, after his incarceration, there was no other evidence of any fear or disquiet. He spoke slowly and with measured attention to every word; a wide low at first, but louder as he proceeded, until every word was distinctly audible.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have a very few words to say. In fact, I would make no statement at this time except that by not speaking I would appear to acquiesce in life in my execution. I only want to say that the extent of my wrongdoings in taking human life consisted in the deaths of two women, they having died at my hands as the result of criminal operations. I wish to also state, however, so that there will be no misunderstanding hereafter, I am not guilty of taking the life of any of the Pietzel family, the three children or father, Benjamin F. Pietzel, of whose death I am now convicted and for which I am to-day to be hanged. That is all."

As he ceased speaking he stepped back, and, kneeling between Fathers Dailey and MacPake, joined with them in silent prayer for a minute or two. Again standing, he shook the hands of those about him, and then signified his readiness for the end.

Coolest of the entire party, he even went to the extreme of suggesting to the Assistant Superintendent, Richardson, that the latter not hurry himself. "Take your time; don't bungle it," he remarked, as the official exhibited some little haste, the evident outcome of nervousness. Those were almost his last words. The cap was adjusted, a low-toned query: "Are you ready?" and an equally low-toned response, "Yes, good-bye," and the trap was sprung.

The neck was not broken, and there were a few convulsive twitches of the limbs that continued for about ten minutes. "But he suffered none after the drop," said Dr. Scott, the prison physician. The trap was sprung at precisely 10:12 1/2, and fifteen minutes later Holmes was pronounced dead, though the body was not cut down until 10:45.

The body was placed in a vault in Holy Cross Cemetery. The last act in the vault was performed at Holmes's express command. The lid of the coffin was taken off and the body was lifted out and laid on the ground. Then the bottom of the coffin was filled with cement; the body was then replaced in the coffin and completely covered with the cement. It was Holmes's idea that this cement would harden around his body and prevent any attempt at grave robbery. The coffin was left in the receiving vault under the guard of two watchmen, who will remain on duty all night. To-morrow afternoon the body will be interred in a grave in the cemetery, and it is probable that at that time religious services will be conducted by Father Dailey.

Holmes made no will and left no confession. This is according to Mr. Rotan. He says he knows Holmes made no will, and, while the murderer gave him this morning a big bundle of papers, the lawyer says he is confident that these papers relate only to private business matters. As yet Mr. Rotan has had no opportunity to examine them.

The two women referred to by Holmes in his confession from the scaffold were Julia Connor of Chicago, who, with her daughter, was believed to have been murdered by him, and Emily Cigrand of Anderson, Ind.

HOLMES THE MURDER DEMON.

New-Hampshire the Birthplace of One of the World's Greatest Criminals.

Harry Howard Holmes was only thirty-six years old, but into those few years he had succeeded in crowding a series of crimes which many older but equally notorious scoundrels had achieved only in a much longer life. The man who has just received the heaviest penalty of the law was convicted of one murder, three more were in evidence against him, he had apparently planned to kill three more persons, and he accused himself of having taken the lives of twenty-seven human beings. After giving this list, the charges against him of bigamy, train robbery, horse stealing, and general swindling sink into insignificance.

H. H. Holmes is the name by which this slayer of men, women, and children will be enrolled in the list of the world's great criminals. Herman Webster Mudgett was his real name, and he was born in Gilmanston, N. H., May 16, 1860. By what gradual stages of wickedness he rose to the crime of murder is not known, or when he committed his first great crime. He says it was in 1886. At that time he was the proprietor of the "Castle," in Chicago, which subsequent research by the police has shown to be a veritable man trap, with furnaces, concealed rooms, cells, and many other devices for blinding victims speedily and secretly out of the way. Whatever he did there, and the world will be very willing to take his alleged confession as truth, he first appeared prominently in September, 1894, to assist in the identification of a man who was found dead in a room at 1316 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia.

This man was Benjamin F. Pietzel, for whose murder Holmes has been hanged. Pietzel, under the name of B. F. Perry, had hired the house, ostensibly as a dealer in patents, only a short time before. On Sept. 4 his body was found there, the face burned, and indications of an explosion around. A Coroner's jury decided that death was due to congestion of the lungs, caused by inhalation of flames, chloroform, or some poisonous drug. Whether it was a case of suicide or murder was a mystery. The next development was a notice to the Fidelity Mutual Life Association of Philadelphia that Perry was really Benjamin F. Pietzel, and that his widow held a policy for \$10,000 insurance on his life. The notice came from Jephtha D. Howe, a young lawyer of St. Louis. In the investigation, H. H. Holmes appeared to assist in the identification of the body, as well as the dead man's daughter, Alice. The insurance company was satisfied, and the money was turned over. Alice was the only one of a family of a widow and five children to appear on the scene. Apparently the incident was ended.

But the insurance company had a detective, Inspector W. E. Garv, who was suspicious of wrongdoing somewhere. Still he received no encouragement from the company until the next month, when he was in St. Louis. There he was given the confession of M. C. Hedgepeth, a convicted train robber. This man laid bare the whole scheme. Holmes had visited him in jail, and had asked the name of a lawyer to assist in a fraud upon an insurance company. This was to insure Pietzel for \$10,000, substitute a corpse, and collect the money. Hedgepeth said he recommended J. D. Howe, and for this was to receive \$500 out of the money, but he had never been paid. The company now began an investigation, evidence of fraud multiplied, and Holmes was followed in devious wanderings throughout the country. He was arrested in Boston, but, strangely, or a telegram from Fort Worth, Texas, accusing him of horse stealing, Mrs. Pietzel was also arrested.

Then Holmes made confession No. 1. He admitted a conspiracy to defraud the insurance company; said Pietzel was alive, with three of his children, in South America, and his supposed body was a cadaver bought in New-York. Holmes, Pietzel, Howe, the lawyer, and Mrs. Pietzel were indicted for conspiracy to defraud. In the meantime, many suspicious facts became known. No trace could be found of Pietzel or his children. Mrs. Pietzel first hesitated, but later told all she knew of the scheme. Holmes made a second confession—that it was Pietzel's body which had been found, and that it was probable that Pietzel had committed suicide; that he (Holmes) had discovered this, and then arranged the body and left it in the house in which it was found. This made necessary, for technical reasons, a second indictment, under which he was convicted, and sentence was deferred.

Here comes in the most dramatic part of the story—the tracing of the three children whom Mrs. Pietzel had entrusted to Holmes at the time of the execution of her husband. She was anxious to see them. Holmes was told that he was suspected of murdering the father and the son, Howard, and the daughters, Alice and Nellie. He was told that he could clear himself partially by telling where the children were. He said he had given them to a Miss Williams, who had taken them to London. This was not believed. There had come out ugly rumors about the disappearance of two sisters, Nettie and Minnie Williams, last seen in the care of Holmes, and a piece of real estate in Fort Worth, Texas, was found to have been conveyed by them to Pietzel, under the name of Benton T. Lyman. Holmes said that Minnie, in a moment of passion, had killed Nettie, and he had shielded her by sinking the body in the lake at Chicago.

So strong became the suspicions that a hideous crime was to be unveiled that Detective Frank P. Geyer of the Philadelphia force was put on the track of the missing children, and while the police were gathering evidence, to prove Holmes guilty of the father's murder, Geyer revealed a more horrible chapter. He followed the footsteps of Holmes and the three children, and found where he killed the boy Howard and buried his body at Irvington, near Indianapolis; dug up the corpses of the two little girls, in a cellar, in Toronto; found their toys even, in the houses where the

crimes were committed. The detective found that Holmes had been leading three parties around the country from place to place. One was composed of the broken-hearted wife, with her oldest daughter, Dessie, sixteen years of age, and her one-year-old baby daughter, the woman continually received with promises of soon meeting husband and children. Another was made up of the boy and his two sisters, writing letters to their mother, which were never delivered. In the third was Holmes and his third wife, Georgiana Yohe. Neither party, Holmes alone excepted, knew of the others, though often all were in the same town. It is believed that Holmes was planning to kill the mother and two remaining children had not his arrest at Boston interfered.

The finding of the children's bodies and the proofs that had been gathered connecting Holmes with the death of Pietzel had by this time roused a feeling of horror toward Holmes that overran the whole country. On Sept. 12, 1895, he was indicted for the murder of Pietzel. His trial began Oct. 28, and on Nov. 2 he was found guilty. A motion for a new trial was overruled and on Nov. 28 he was sentenced to death. A curious feature of the trial was the attempt of his attorneys to desert him, and his own wonderful self-possession in conducting his case before the jury.

As to the motive for these crimes, there are two theories. One is that Holmes feared that Pietzel, who had been his partner for many years, might betray him when on a drunken carouse, for he was shown to be a victim of drink. By killing him he could get rid of an embarrassing witness and make some money at the same time. Another theory is that the scheme started as told in his confession, but it became easier to commit murders than to substitute another body.

Holmes's behavior since his sentence has been marked by great hardihood. His third and last confession is a document which, if true, marks him as one of the most depraved monsters of any age. In it he excuses himself for his crimes by calling himself a degenerate. He gives a list of twenty-seven murders, mostly committed in his "Castle" in Chicago—men and women whom he lured there, forced to give up their property upon promise of life, and then deliberately killed, and whose bodies he sold for use in dissecting rooms. He tells of all these with an attention to detail which is sickening. It is probable that a desire to magnify his record, now that punishment was sure, led Holmes to exaggerate, for some of his alleged victims have since been said to be still alive.

Holmes, as a bigamist, appears to have been married under his real name first near his native town, to Clara A. Lovering, on July 4, 1878. From her he obtained a divorce in February, 1887, in Illinois. About two weeks before this, he had married Myrta Z. Belknap, with whom he lived at Wilmette, Ill., under the name of Holmes. Next, without even the formality of legal separation, he was married, as Henry Mansfield Howard, at Denver, Col., to Miss Georgiana Yohe. This last was the woman who was with him in all his later wanderings, only, at the end, to find that her trust had been betrayed.

One of the last scenes in this horrible drama took place April 17—Holmes's reception into the Catholic Church. For five or six weeks the Rev. P. F. Dailey, in whose parish the Moyamensing Prison is situated, had been laboring with him. He became convinced, it is said, that Holmes's change of heart was sincere, although all this time the murderer was dickering with outside parties for the sale of his alleged "confession." On the day mentioned, assisted by a band of Franciscan monks, and aided by all the ritual that could be carried out in a cell in Murderers' Row, Holmes was given the rite of baptism.

On April 29, Holmes sent a communication to Gov. Hastings asking for a respite. He asserted his innocence of many of the charges against him, and said that he wanted to arrange important matters and get himself into a spiritual condition to meet his God. His attorney intimated that Holmes would divulge the names of men who aided him in his crimes. The Governor, however, promptly refused the application. Holmes during all his last days devoted much of his time in trying to secure testimony to show that he was not guilty. Much of the money he obtained for his alleged "confession" is said to have been spent for this purpose.

After the first of the month, Holmes lost his cheerfulness and became morose, seeming for the first time to realize his position. He made a will, in which, it is said, he made provision for each of his wives, and also for Mrs. Pietzel—to her as a partial return of the money obtained by the death of her husband. The death watch and the Catholic priest, Father Dailey, were his chief companions in the last few days.

HOLMES'S MANY CONFESSIONS.

He Made and Unmade Murder Lists Whenever He Was Questioned.

If the "murder confessions" which Murderer Holmes wrote can only partially be believed, he was without a peer as a blood-thirsty demon. His recent ingenious "confession," wherein he claimed to have killed twenty-seven persons, was disproved, partly, at least, by the appearance of several of the so-called victims; but Holmes's object in making the "confession" was realized—the obtaining of a sum, said to be \$7,500, which amount is said to have been settled upon the criminal's eighteen-year-old son.

Holmes was captured in Boston, Mass., in the latter part of 1894 by Owen Hanscom, the Deputy Superintendent of Police, upon the strength of a telegram from Fort Worth, Texas, where he was wanted for horse stealing and for other charges of larceny. At that time officials of the Fidelity Mutual Life Association of Philadelphia were hot on Holmes's trail for defrauding the concern out of \$10,000 in connection with Pietzel's death, the latter having been insured for this amount, and, as the accused believed horse stealing to be a high crime in Texas, he voluntarily confessed to Deputy Superintendent Hanscom to the insurance fraud. He did not for a moment dream that he was then suspected of the murder of Pietzel, and he came to Philadelphia without requisition papers. He expressed a willingness to be tried here on the conspiracy charge in preference to that of horse stealing at Fort Worth. Before leaving Boston, Holmes made this "confession" to Mr. Hanscom:

"When I concluded it was time to carry out our scheme to defraud the insurance company I secured a 'stiff' in New-York and shipped it in a trunk to Philadelphia. I turned the check for the trunk over to Pietzel on the Sunday nearest the 1st of September. I instructed him how to prepare the body, and in three hours we were on our way to New-York. Ten days after the payment of the money I saw Pietzel in Cincinnati. I took the three children to that city, where the father saw them. Pietzel agreed to go South, and he took one child, Howard. I took the two girls to Chicago because I had business there. We all met again in Detroit. Pietzel took the children and went to South America. During all this time Mrs. Pietzel knew her husband was alive, but she did not know that he had the children. If she was aware of that she would have insisted that the crooked business be wound up right away. In order to keep Mrs. Pietzel away from her husband, I had to tell her he was here and there, traveling from one city to another. This was the first of a number of alleged admissions that Holmes subsequently made. In fact, he acquired a penchant for making "confessions" that surprised the authorities.

The insurance officials had good ground for believing Holmes had murdered Pietzel and the three children. So when the prisoner arrived in Philadelphia he was urged to make another "confession." And he did so without any hesitation, but it varied somewhat from the one he made in Boston. It graphically narrated how the body was substituted for Pietzel in the Callowhill Street house, and its identification by Alice Pietzel as that of her father a week afterward. Holmes also related how the money was received from the insurance company and its subsequent division between Mrs. Pietzel, Jephtha D. Howe, the St. Louis lawyer, and himself. It was in this "confession" that Holmes accused Howe of receiving \$2,500 for his share in the transaction.

Howe was indicted for conspiracy, but recently the case against him was dropped. Soon after Holmes was taken to Philadelphia, Detective Geyer visited him in the county prison in relation to the finding of the body at 1316 Callowhill Street, Sept. 4, 1894. After an hour's conversation with the wily Holmes the detective emerged from the prison with a "confession," in which the accused said that the body was not that of Pietzel, but was one substituted to defraud the insurance company.

Holmes honored Mr. Geyer a week later, with another "confession." "Mr. Geyer," he said, "that story I told you about a substitute body is not true. It is the body of Benjamin Pietzel, but I did not murder him or his children. On Sunday morning, Sept. 2, I found Pietzel dead in the third story of the Callowhill Street house. I found a note in a bottle telling me that he was tired of life and had finally decided to commit suicide. He requested me to look after the insurance money, and take care of his wife and family. I then fixed up the body in the position it was found. These children you speak of are all right. They are with Minnie Williams in London. I gave Howard to Minnie Williams in Detroit, and I sent Alice and Nellie to her from Toronto. They met Miss Williams at

Niagara Falls and sailed for Europe from New-York.

Between this time and his trial for conspiracy to defraud the insurance company, to which he pleaded guilty, Holmes made many other confessions, but they differed very little from those already given. Each time he pretended to tell the truth, but he sedulously avoided doing so. Nobody believed what Holmes said about Pietzel, and he would not say anything about the children except that they were all right.

In his many interviews with District Attorney Graham, Holmes persisted that the three missing Pietzel children were with Minnie Williams in London. He even persuaded Mr. Graham to have an advertisement in the shape of a cipher puzzle inserted in a New-York paper for the purpose of bringing Minnie Williams and the little Pietzels back from Europe. The District Attorney placed little faith in what Holmes had told him, but the advertisement was published as a sort of last and hopeless effort. When the bodies of Nellie and Alice Pietzel were unearthed in Toronto Holmes denied having killed them. When Howard's charred bones were located in a superannuated stove in Irvington, Ind., Holmes calmly denied any knowledge of the lad's death. When the murderers of Minnie Williams and her sister were discovered, Holmes said Minnie killed Nancy in a jealous frenzy, and he buried the body in Lake Michigan. He vigorously denied having put Minnie to death so as to secure her property. The disappearance of Emily Cygrand was traced to Holmes, but the criminal said he knew nothing of the girl's fate. The partially charred bones that were found in the Chicago "castle" are known to be those of some of Holmes's victims. About the last time that Holmes was taken to the District Attorney's office to "confess," Mr. Graham lost patience with him. Holmes gave a repetition of his picturesque falsehoods. He actually gave the District Attorney a veritable "jolly" about the Pietzel family and Minnie Williams being still alive. The scene that ensued was extremely dramatic. Mr. Graham said:

"Holmes, you are an infernal lying murderer. I will hang you in Philadelphia for the murder of Benjamin Pietzel."

Holmes's nerve was still with him, and he said:

"I defy you. You have no evidence to prove me guilty."

Mr. Graham looked with disgust and determination at Holmes and said:

"You will surely hang in Philadelphia for murdering Benjamin Pietzel."

The trial and conviction followed. The District Attorney endeavored to prove during the trial, through Detective Geyer, that Holmes also killed the Pietzel children; but Judge Arnold, before whom the case was tried, declared this to be irrelevant. Geyer had unearthed the murder of the children after a prolonged investigation, and the Commonwealth was prepared to prove that Holmes also committed those crimes.

KILLED IN A DRUNKEN BRAWL.

Elmer E. Holloway Knocked Down by James McQuillan in a Quarrel.

Elmer E. Holloway, a young man who was until a few days ago a waiter in a restaurant at Sixth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, was killed early yesterday morning in a brawl with James McQuillan, a bartender employed in the saloon of his brother, George McQuillan, at 216 Seventh Avenue.

The quarrel occurred in Twenty-second Street, just west of Seventh Avenue, and McQuillan struck Holloway three terrific blows in the face, knocking him down. Holloway's head struck with great force on the curbstone, and his skull was fractured, causing death in a few minutes.

Holloway, it is said, belonged to a very respectable family in Michigan. He received a college education, and his family expected him to enter one of the learned professions, but he was headstrong and wayward and left his home in disgrace. He drifted to this city and became a restaurant waiter, but he was so dissipated that he could not long keep a situation. His most intimate friend in this city was "Doc" Roussin, also a waiter, and the two young men roomed together at 216 West Twenty-second Street.

In company with Carrie Simon, Holloway and Roussin had been carousing Wednesday night, and the trio were under the influence of liquor when, at 4 o'clock yesterday morning, they encountered McQuillan and a friend, who had just left George McQuillan's liquor store. McQuillan was intoxicated. Roussin was acquainted with him, and accosted him. The four men and the woman talked together apparently in a friendly manner. McQuillan passed a bottle of whisky, and all of the party partook of the liquor.

Suddenly and apparently without any particular reason, angry words passed between McQuillan and Holloway. Exactly what the quarrel was about none of the men or the woman seemed to know yesterday, but it was said that McQuillan had made a remark to the woman which Holloway resented.

The war of words lasted only a few moments, and then McQuillan, who is reputed to be a skillful boxer and a hard hitter, struck Holloway a terrific blow in the face with his right hand, then with his left hand, and again with his right.

Holloway, who was too drunk to either defend himself or run away, staggered under the blows and fell into the gutter, striking his head against the curbstone with full force. He did not move after he fell, and when an ambulance, which had been summoned by policemen who had been attracted by the screams of the woman, arrived, the doctor who accompanied it found that Holloway was dead.

The woman pointed out McQuillan as the man who had assaulted Holloway, and he was arrested. Roussin and the woman were also taken to the station house as witnesses. The body of the dead waiter was taken to the Morgue.

McQuillan, Roussin, and Carrie Simon were arraigned later before Magistrate Mott, in the Jefferson Market Police Court. After a preliminary examination the Magistrate directed Roussin to make a formal complaint of manslaughter against McQuillan. The examination on this complaint was set down for May 18, and McQuillan was committed to prison in default of \$5,000 bail. Roussin and the Simon woman were sent to the House of Detention as witnesses.

Previous to the encounter with McQuillan, Holloway and Roussin had been engaged, it is said, in a quarrel with some men in a street car, who had made remarks about the woman who was with them.

MESSANGER BOYS ON BICYCLES.

Long-Distance Parade and Test Run Made in Excellent Time.

The bicycle corps of the American District Telegraph Company's messengers had a parade yesterday. The boys were neat and wore natty uniforms and tan leggings, and all were as expert in riding as those bicyclists who venture on Broadway in the busy hours.

The parade started at Twenty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue, and the course was Broadway to Battery Place, and the corps then wheeled to the Produce, Cotton, and Stock Exchanges, and then took Nassau Street to Fulton Street and Broadway to Park Row. The youngsters were everywhere well received and complimented.

Inspector Van Nortwick was in charge of the corps, and the lads behaved until they reached Lower Broadway. He had been cut off by vehicles, and as soon as the messengers discovered that they were not under surveillance they began to "scorch." One of them came into collision with an Italian vendor's wagon and fell. He rose with a challenge to fight. His comrades, profiting by the diversion, snatched fruit from the wagon and dashed off. The boy who wanted to fight the vendor escaped.

The time made was excellent. The start was at 12:40 P. M., Fourteenth Street was reached at 12:45, and 599 Broadway, where the corps reported, at 12:56. At 1:06 P. M. the leaders passed Bowling Green. It was a good test for long-distance messengers.

WATER WAS TOO COLD FOR BETSY.

She Refused to Eat Anything Until It Was Warmed.

The sea cow, whose first name is Betsy, and who is the latest arrival in the Central Park Zoo, proved the source of some anxiety, because she refused to eat.

The ungainly creature sank to the bottom of her tank, and refused the most enticing delicacies that were offered to her. Superintendent Smith of the menagerie consulted his books, and learned that Betsy was a mammal, and that her proper diet was seaweed. But seaweed cannot be procured here until June.

Grass and lettuce were thrown to the monster yesterday, but she blinked at them from the bottom of her tank, and refused to rise to the surface.