A REMARKABLE ELOPEMENT.

RUNNING AWAY FROM HER HOME WITH HER BROTHER-IN-LAW.

Unusual Excitement Caused in a Connecticut Town by Charles Middlebrook and Mrs. Lockwood, the Mother of Four Children—The Deserted Husband's Explanation.

The quiet and peaceful town of Wilton, Fairfield County, Conn., has been stirred to unwonted excitement in the past few days by an elopement that has taken from one family the mother of four children, and from another family the father of three children. The children are cousins, for the woman was sister of the wife of the man with whom she eloped.

On the top of Nod Hill Ambrose Lockwood, a well-to-do farmer, lives in a very comfortable house. He has a fine grove of trees in the court yard, a good-sized barn, and fields that after hard toil, such as a Connecticut farmer only knows, yield a grateful return each year, except when the potato bugs eat everything. Mr. Lockwood is a weather-beaten, hard-fisted, easy-going sort of man, and has been married fifteen years to Antoinette Beers of Weston. She is a plump blonde of 37 years, and the fruit of their union has been a family of four children, aged respectively 13, 11, 10, and 9 years. About seven years ago a sister of Mrs. Lockwood, Agnes Beers, married Charles Middlebrook, then scarcely of age, son of Samuel Roe Middlebrook of Wilton. Charles Middlebrook has been somewhat of a rover, and has not accumulated property. He had the Yankee faculty of turning his hand to various occupations, but not the thrift to save and accumulate. His wife Agnes is a tall, rather comely woman of 25 years, fair and healthy. The fruit of their union has been three children, the youngest an infant. The two families have been much together, not only on account of the relationship of the sisters, but also because for a time the men were partners. For several years Lockwood and Middlebrook were in the lumber business. It was understood that Lockwood furnished the capital. But the business did not prosper, at least for Lockwood, and it was generally remarked that the brains of the business was in a fair way to eat up the capital. Within a year the partnership was dissolved. Lockwood devoted himself to his farm, and Middlebrook went to peddling cigars and other commodities, but was not able, apparently, to provide fully for his family, who took up their quarters last April in the house of his father, about three miles from Nod Hill, near the limits of Charles Middlebrook to Nod Hill had been of marked frequency. It was noticed that he was about there a good deal at night, and Ambrose Lockwood heard of it. He could not see it, because his eyesight is not very good after dark, but he had his suspicions, and he set his children to watch and report to him if they saw Middlebrook about the premises.

"Although she said nothing to me about it," Lockwood said yesterday noon, when he came in from his hard work, "I have suspected her for some time. Middlebrook kept coming here often, and she made excuses to go to South Norwalk. I had several talks with her about it, and told her she should not encourage him when he came. She said she would talk with him when she liked, and I couldn't stop her. I noticed lately that she was buying everything for herself and nothing for the children, and I told her she ought to take some of the money to fix up the children, but she said no attention, and we had some words about it. Last Wednesday week, when I came in from the fields, I observed she had her hair slicked up, and I suspected she had made up her mind to go, but she ran and sat down at the sewing machine when she saw me, and pretended to be sewing. I told my little girl to watch her, but she got out and went over the hill. When I found out she had gone I concluded to follow her, and went over to the railroad station, and there she was.

"'What are you doing here?' I said.

"'What are you following me for?' she replied.

"'You will find out, I guess,' I said. 'You had better come home.'

"'I'm not going with you,' she replied.

"'If you go to South Norwalk now, you won't come back to me any more,' I told her. Then we talked the matter over, and finally I said I was going home, and if she wanted to come along she could. I started off, and she followed after. We had several miles to walk. When we got home I had the horse hitched up, and told her if she wished to go to South Norwalk we would go. But she said she would not ride with me any more. Well, it began to get dark, and I could not see much, but I told the children to keep a lookout for Middlebrook, for I suspected he would come sneaking about. Along about 11 o'clock I told her she had better lock up the house and go to bed, but she ran out in the dark, and the children said Middlebrook came out from under the trees and went with her. I have not seen her since. I do not care to have harm come to her, but I would like to see him punished. I did not have any words with him, because some time ago I signed his paper for $400, and I have been hoping he would pay it. But for him to rob me of my money and my wife, too, it's too bad."

It appears that Mr. Lockwood's suspicions of Wednesday were well founded, for at the time that Mrs. Lockwood went to the station to take the train for South Norwalk, Charles Middlebrook bought a ticket, or rather got trusted for one from the good-natured station agent, Mr. Comstock, to go to South Norwalk in the same train. He had evidently arranged to meet her, because he went through the train, and finding she was not there, he returned immediately. Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood and Mr. and Mrs. Middlebrook attended the Congregational Church a week ago last Sunday evening, although they are not members of the church. Mrs. Lockwood was very anxious to go, and it is believed that the arrangements for the elopement were made on that occasion.

Mrs. Charles Middlebrook is much oppressed by the double treachery of her sister and her husband. As she sat mournfully rocking a cradle and sitting on a custom shirt yesterday in the home of her father-in-law, she said: "I never suspected anything of the kind. My husband has always provided for his family, at least in part, and they must be very hard-hearted indeed, both of them, to do such a thing. My sister was older than myself."

The runaway couple were seen at Brewster's Station, on the Harlem Railroad, on the Friday following their disappearance, by Mr. Samuel Meade of Wilton, who knew nothing at the time of the elopement. He saw them at a hotel indulging in the luxury of ice cream. They seemed to be trying to avoid him. He is the only one who has seen them since they quit Wilton.

The mystery in Wilton is how the runaways propose to make a living. Middlebrook has always needed help from his father, or others, and it is not known that he has any capital beyond $20 that he borrowed from an old lady. He is described as about five feet six inches in height, slim built, unshaven face, open countenance, and dressed in a light check summer suit and a low black hat. Mr. Lockwood says that he does not know that his wife had any money, unless she had been saving it up for some time in preparation for this adventure. She borrowed fifty cents of a neighbor to pay her fare on the train the day her husband took her back. The impression prevails in Wilton that if Mrs. Lockwood should return her husband would be glad to welcome her home again.

Mayor Kalloch and the Nellson Libel Case.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 6.—Mayor Kalloch appeared in court yesterday afternoon, accompanied by counsel, who moved the dismissal of the Nellson libel case upon an affidavit of the Mayor to the effect that the complaint in the case was not proffered at his instigation or request; that he did not know Kydd, the complainant, that Kydd had not, to his knowledge, been requested to make complaint by any friends of the affiant or members of the church, and is an intruder in the matter; that the prosecution is collusive, and formed upon the counter purpose of manufacturing an opportunity for the publication in private of obscene matter contained in the Nellson libel, which is wholly offensive to the feelings of the affiant's son on a charge of killing Charles De Young, and the trial of M. H. De Young on a charge of libelling the affiant. After some discussion on the part of the counsel, the case was continued for the term.

Believed by Some Persons to be a Miracle.

ST. CATHARINES, Ont., June 6.—Special devotions in honor of the Virgin were held in the Catholic church in this city during May. The grand altar and the smaller altars have been brilliantly illuminated, and the candles are not yet removed.

At about 2 P. M. on Wednesday last the Rev. Dean Mulligan went into the church, and was surprised to find all the altar lights ablaze, to the number of more than one hundred, and all the chandeliers and every light in the edifice burning. Special apparatus is necessary to light the candles on the high altar, and all the lighting is practically a secret, known only to the sexton. Many think the lighting is a miracle, and the occurrence has caused a profound sensation.

A Singular Accident on a Propeller.

NORWICH, Conn., June 6.—As the Norwich propeller Delaware, which runs between this city and New York, was steaming eastward off Huntington, L. I., on Friday night, her piston head, weighing nearly a ton, was blown up through the skylight of the engine room. It rose about 50 feet above the deck and dropped through the skylight back into place without touching the wood work on either side in ascent or descent. The engineer, John Wade, was standing in the engine room, and though the air was filled with clouds of steam and flying pieces of steel, he escaped unhurt. The propeller came to dock in the Sound and remained until the steamer Metropolitan of the New London Northern Railroad Company came to her aid and towed her into New London harbor.

Ravages by the Army Worm.

RED BANK, N. J., June 5.—Reports received from various portions of Ocean and Monmouth Counties say that the army worm is devastating the wheat, corn, and timothy crops. They came very suddenly, and in some instances before they were discovered destroyed a large number acres of wheat and grass crop in a single field.

All along the south side of Long Island a worm resembling the dreaded army worm has made its appearance in the wheat and corn fields, and is doing great damage. At Sayville acres of wheat have been ruined, and at Patchogue, Bellport, and Moriches the crops are all being damaged.

AT LONG BEACH.

Mr. Sam Ward's Second Visit to the New Long Island Summer Resort.

Last week, while politics were in a fever and a fret, Mr. Sam Ward was a busy man, for his advice in such trying times is sought far and wide. Yesterday, when he was awakened by the church bells and realized that it was Sunday, Mr. Ward was grateful, so he ordered a Spanish omelette for his breakfast and began opening the letters and telegrams which had accumulated while he slept. This tedious task was not finished before breakfast, and all save three of the communications were laid aside until to-day, when Mr. Ward will take up the heavy burden of a life devoted to his friends and attend to them all. The three attended to he answered by telegraph as follows, through his secretary:

To the Right Hon. Wm. E——— G———, Downing street, London:

I grant the situation appears difficult, but if you will compel the Porte to make Russia indemnify you for the Berlin complications and in all things consult me, all will yet be well.

To Senator George F. E———, Washington, D. C.:

Do not be cast down, but watch and pray. Be steadfast in the right and the chances are that you may yet have an opportunity to restore the pristine glories of the Republic. But pray, watch and pray.

To James R. K———, Esq., Newport, R. I.:

Sell Governments short and make a corner in Turkish seconds. I have arranged with Downing street.

The first and the third of these despatches were put in cipher, but the one to Washington went with all of its pious purity unconcealed. Mr. Ward then placed a copy of Horace's odes in his right-hand pocket and a copy of the Oresteian trilogy of Æschylus in the left-hand pocket, and, hailing a trusty cab, started for the Thirty-fourth street ferry and Hunter's Point, where Col. Sharpe's private car, the "Gem," was awaiting in the Long Island Railway station to take Mr. Ward and several friends, who had already assembled, to Long Beach, the new and magnificent seaside resort in which Mr. Ward has recently invested. Mr. Ward, when he entered the car, was met by Mr. Daniel Webster, who was greeted with the kindly remark:

"Well, Daniel?"

"Yaas, sar; all right, sar; ham, sar, and tongue, and cold fried eels, tartar sauce, sar, And tripe pudding, and cold asparagras and cucumber salad, sar, and champagne and whiskey and brandy, sar."

Mr. Ward looked pleased, and turning to the reporter of the *World*, who stood at Mr. Ward's side, Mr. Ward by a rapid muscular exertion dropped and raised the lid of his right eye and said with apparently heartfelt emotion: "I wish Barnard were here."

The run to Long Beach was rapid, pleasant, and uneventful, and upon his second visit work was so far advanced that Mr. Ward did not have to take a perilous walk over protruding piles, but was landed directly at the palatial hotel now under such a rapid process of construction that day by day the sand-pipers fail to get used to the changes, and affrighted screech their little pipes from morn till night. Up and down the beautiful beach the party strolled, now stopping to admire the wonderful prismatic colors in the clinging foam left by the receding sea; now gathering the green-backed beetles which had washed from tropic lands, but oftener looking out at sea and wondering how soon lunch would be ready. Mr. Ward, knowing what work the week had in store for him to do, husbanded his resources, and took a long rest upon a bag of hair which had been stowed in the leeway of a nearly finished cottage. Taking his Æschylus from his pocket, he was soon lost in the grand tragedy. But an impertinent young fellow soon disturbed Mr. Ward, who in his kindly fashion attempted to improve the young man's manners by putting something into his head. The young man having asked Mr. Ward what he read he said, with a far-away look:

"I am reading Æschylus, who is undoubtedly the grandest, the stateliest, and the most solemn of the Attic tragedians. His style, though difficult, and at times rugged, is magnificently sonorous with its many-syllabled compounds. His creed is that of a blind, overruling, ever-present, inevitable necessity, against which it is in vain to contend, from which it is hopeless to escape, yet which it is alike the duty and the glory of the great, good man to resist to the end undaunted; of ancestral guilt continually reproduced and punished by the successive guilt of generation after generation; of hapless kindred criminals who would not be criminals could they avoid it, but are goaded on to the commission of ever new atrocities by the hereditary curse of the doomed race. Such are the legends of Theban Labdacidæ and the Mycenian——"

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LOADING THE CAMEL.

Peculiarities in his Behavior in Striking Contrast to the Elephant's.

"In India," said a gentleman who recently returned to this country after living many years in the East, "the camel is used fully as much as the elephant as a beast of burden. He is not so powerful as the elephant, but he can carry an enormous load on his back. He does not do so willingly, however, and is by no means the patient, docile servant that the elephant soon becomes under proper training. When I first went to India as a young man I was connected with a mercantile firm in the northwest provinces, and while there I had abundant opportunity of studying the camel, for means of carriage in that part of the country in those days was confined to elephants, camels, bullocks, and men. Horses were not used as beasts of burden. Every day camels and elephants were driven up to our office door and loaded with wine and beer cases for far away customers. The elephant would go clumsily down on his great knees and allow himself to be loaded without an indication of discontent. I have no doubt that he would have cursed and kicked himself to be loaded until he was crushed to the earth beneath the weight of his load had his driver seen fit to pile on the boxes. But the camel's receiving their burdens was a spectacle never to be forgotten. They never varied in their behavior, and every one that I ever saw loaded—and I have seen thousands—acted in precisely the same manner.

"The camel, when he is not eating or drinking or being loaded, is invariably chewing the cud. His long, crooked jaw is in perpetual motion, and when he is told to lie down to receive his burden he does so without varying the incessant masticatory process. He awkwardly kneels down before his knees, draws his hind legs under him, and comes to the ground with a curious kind of flop. All this time his long, melancholy face shows not the slightest indication that he knows what he is lying down for; and this unmistakable hypocrisy, I think, stamps the camel as an animal of a very low order of intellect. But in a few seconds the expression on the camel's face undergoes a striking alteration. As he sees the driver approaching him with a box on his shoulder he seems at last to understand the indignity and torture to which he is about to be submitted, and the astonishment, virtuous indignation, and dismay on the ill-used animal's countenance ought certainly to make some impression on the stony heart of the driver. They never have the slightest effect. The man binds the first box on the wretched animal's back, and goes away to get another. Then the camel, wisely abandoning his efforts to move man to compassion, points his hairy nose upward, and howls his wrongs to the skies.

"Never in circus, pantomime or show have I seen anything half so ludicrous as the camel's appearance at that moment. His upper lip is curled back from the teeth, his under lip doubles up and drops down nothough he had no further use for it, his great mouth opens so wide that one can see about half a yard down his throat, and out of the cavern thus revealed come a series of the most astonishing howls that ever startled the air—howls of such abject misery that it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the camel's heart is breaking; and this impression is strengthened by the tears that flow copiously down the wailing animal's elongated cheeks and drip from the end of his nose. In the utterance of each note of woe the camel seems to be exerting the utmost power of his lungs, but he is all the time holding a large force in reserve, and as the driver adds box after box to the pile on his back, a howl more resonant and heart-rending than the last testifies to each addition to the creature's misery; and never, except when he is absolutely engaged in trumpeting his agonies into space, are the great watery eyes of the camel removed from the person of his persecutor; they follow him wherever he goes, and express through their tears contempt, indignation, astonishment, and dismay. I think it must have been this extraordinary habit on the part of the 'ship of the desert' that gave rise to the well known expression: 'It's the last straw that breaks the camel's back.' But the Eastern driver has no fear of any such catastrophe, and piles up the load until it reaches almost the proportions of an elephant's burden. Then, the cases being bound fast with ropes, the camel is told to rise, and the animal, feeling that he has conscientiously done his whole duty in entering his protest at every stage of the work, contentedly accepts the unavoidable result, stops his tears, suppresses his cries, gets up on his feet, and, resuming his occupation of chewing the cud, is ready for the week's march that usually lies before him."

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DEFENDING HIS GOOD NAME.

PARSON BOWDEN SUING BROTHER MILROY FOR SLANDER.

Ordered by the Synod to Withdraw the Suit—Reformed Presbyterian Discipline Forbidding Brother to Law Against Brother.

PHILADELPHIA, June 5.—The Reformed Presbyterian Church of York, in New York State, was in 1876 under the pastorate of the Rev. Samuel Bowden. Of the fifty-five years of life which this gentleman has seen, twenty-six have been spent in the service of the Church. Were he to divest his upper lip, cheeks, and chin of their hirsute appendages, he would be a living picture of the late Napoleon III., during the last year of his sojourn at Chiselhurst. Possibly he is two inches shorter than the dead ex-Emperor, yet, as he is, when clothed in a glossy broadcloth frock, well-fitting trousers, and immaculate shirt bosom, the resemblance is striking. Having a commanding presence, an affable demeanor, a clear head, and a fluent tongue, Mr. Bowden was a favorite with his congregation, and the church flourished under his pastorate. But in the Centennial year a circumstance occurred which ever since has lessened his influence and made him the prey of mental unhappiness. Somebody whispered to somebody else that his matrimonial relations were not of the happiest character. This story was told one to another until it assumed the shape that Mr. Bowden had been absolutely guilty of many acts of cruelty toward his wife. When these allegations came to the ears of Pastor Bowden he immediately stood upon the defensive. The matter was brought to the attention of the Rochester Presbytery, and that body unanimously decided in his favor. Then the scandal ceased for a time. Meanwhile the pastor left the church for another charge.

In 1878, when the York Presbyterians were considering the desirability of recalling Mr. Bowden, the rumors again obtained circulation. Investigation proved that a Mr. Milroy, an old antagonist of the pastor, an elder in the York Church, and a man of good standing in the community, was responsible for the latest edition of the scandal. When so much had been ascertained the aggrieved pastor sought legal advice, and the result was that, much to his surprise, Mr. Milroy was one day served with papers notifying him that a civil suit for slander had been instituted in the Supreme Court. But in taking this step Pastor Bowden had violated one of the most important articles in the discipline of his Church. The Reformed Presbyterian Church, as a part of the Union that the Constitution of the United States is godless and infidel. There is no God in the Constitution, they say; hence the acts of all the national and State officers are without divine sanction. How far they carry out this doctrine is shown by article 6, chapter 7 of their book of discipline. This reads as follows:

> Although the Church disclaims the right of directing members in their civil pursuits, disorderly behavior even in these is subject to its cognizance, owing to law before the civil magistrate being subjected to the Christian rule of conduct. A suit may be lawfully defended, and also commenced against those that are without, but in order to prevent rash and needless litigation, no member shall commence a suit at law until he has submitted such delay without previous consultation with judicious brethren or some of the elders of the Church. And brethren are to be cautious how they carry matters until the case has been referred to the Church; and it shall be the duty of the Church judiciary to direct its members to submit their case to the counsel of arbitrators, and to nominate such arbitrators, unless the parties at variance agree themselves on a choice.

In May of last year York Session reported to the Rochester Presbytery that Brother Bowden had instituted a civil suit against Brother Milroy. Thereupon that body ordered Brother Bowden to at once withdraw the suit against Brother Milroy, and also to pay the latter all the costs to which he had been put for counsel and other necessaries for his defence. These instructions, the creed is that of a blind, overruling, ever-present, inevitable necessity, against which it is in vain to contend, from which it is hopeless to escape, yet which it is alike the duty and the glory of the great, good man to resist to the end undaunted; of ancestral guilt continually reproduced and punished by the successive guilt of generation after generation; of hapless kindred criminals who would not be criminals could they avoid it, but are goaded on to the commission of ever new atrocities by the hereditary curse of the doomed race. Such are the legends of Theban Labdacidæ and the Mycenian——"

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Weak Eyes, Sore Eyes, and Inflamed Eyelids, Styes, &c., rapidly cured by using Dr. Becker's celebrated Eye Balsam. Sold by all druggists. Depot, 6 Bowery.—Adv.

Hurrah!

Quirk's Irish Tea, the poor man's friend, price 25 cents. Prevents a bilious attack. Sold by druggists.—Adv.

A DANGEROUS MAN AT LARGE.

Another Instance of the Impunity the Scannell Family Enjoys in Shooting People.

In 1868, when Florence Scannell was running for Alderman of the Eighteenth Ward, he and his brother John went into a noted Tammany saloon, on the corner of Twenty-third street and Second avenue, kept by Thomas Donohue, and in a few minutes afterward were enjoying a vigorous free fight. It was averred that that was what they went for, but they subsequently denied that they had threatened to "clean out the place." In the course of the mêlée Florence Scannell was shot in the back, below the waist. He was taken to Bellevue Hospital, and there lingered, paralyzed in his lower limbs and enduring great agony, until the succeeding spring, when he died. After his death, John Scannell frequently avowed his intention of killing Donohue, and made at least one unsuccessful attempt to carry his threat into execution. But although the sporting men, politicians of his class, officers, and many other persons knew what he had sworn to do, nobody seemed to think it worth while to take any measures for his restraint. Even an ineffective shooting at Donohue on a public street was passed by without complaint or notice. Donohue guarded himself as well as he could from his enemy, and escaped his fate for about two years, but then John Scannell caught him one night in Johnson's pool room, unarmed, shot him down, and fired several more bullets into him as he lay helpless on the floor, killing him upon the spot where he fell.

For that brutal and cowardly assassination John Scannell was sentenced to be hanged, but managed to get a second trial, upon which he escaped by a plea of insanity. As an insane criminal he was sentenced to the Utica Asylum, but in a few days was liberated as a perfectly sane person and returned to this city, where he has been living ever since, carrying on a livery stable and liquor saloon.

On the 25th of last December, at 2 o'clock in the morning, Edward A. Scannell, brother of the murdered Florence and the murderer John, entered a barroom at 654 Third avenue. He was intoxicated, and, in view of his reputation as a dangerous man—a fame which he had made good on previous occasions by shooting at the barkeeper of that same saloon, and by other equally reckless and violent exploits—his advent was viewed with apprehension. A boy was singing songs from "Pinafore" when he entered, and several men were listening with pleasure to the lad's vocal efforts. Ed. Scannell roughly ordered the little fellow to "shut up," and, when he was not immediately obeyed, struck him a couple of severe blows. Among those present was a barber named Henry Wilson, who took the boy's part so far as to remonstrate with Scannell for his violence and cruelty. Scannell retorted with unreportable language and threats. A fight ensued, which Scannell got the worst of, the barber knocking out one of his teeth in the affray. The combatants were separated, and Scannell started as if to go toward the back part of the saloon, but suddenly drew his convenient and ever-ready pistol, and, placing the muzzle of it close to Wilson's face, fired. Before any one could interfere, and as Wilson was falling, the desperado fired a second time. Then he turned, ran out of the saloon, and made good his escape. Wilson was taken to Bellevue Hospital, and there it was found that both shots had taken effect, the bullet from the first lodging deeply in the nasal bones, the second ranging downward through the left side of the face into the neck. For some time the wounded man lay in a very precarious condition, but eventually recovered. His would-be assassin was captured a couple of days later in Paterson, N. J., where he was placidly waiting for the affair to blow over or be fixed up. Judge Gildersleeve admitted him to bail in the sum of $3,000, his own mother, Bridget Scannell, resident at 317 East Twenty-seventh street, became his security, and he was once more at liberty.

Inquiry at the District Attorney's office developed the fact that the indictment against Edward A. Scannell is still in a pigeonhole there, and the District Attorney says that it will doubtless be reached for trial in due course of time, but what that time will be he has no idea, as sometimes cases lie over as much as two years and a half.

Body Found in the Sound.

SOUTH NORWALK, June 6.—The body of a man was picked up off this place in the Sound today. The dead man was about 5 feet 10 inches in height, with brown hair, and was dressed in a black striped cassimere suit and new Congress gaiters, no suspenders, white shirt, little underclothing, standing collar, and black silk scarf. A handkerchief was found marked from Boston to New York, via the Stonington line, dated, as nearly as can be made out, April 15. There were also found on the body a silver watch, open face, stem wind, and a pair of black studs, gold mounted—one with carved figure of a vessel on the face; a razor, a fine-tooth comb, and a pocket knife. The body is too much decomposed to describe the features. Four molar teeth, two upper and two lower, were gone.

Found Dead on the Beach.

A party of children, while playing on the Stapleton, Staten Island, flats on Saturday afternoon, discovered the body of a man lying on the beach. The children, thinking that the man was sleeping, played around the body for hours before they learned that it was a corpse. Hundreds of wood which had been picked along the shore lay beside the body. The remains were removed to Oates's morgue, where they were yesterday identified as those of Silas Hipp of Steelton. There were no marks of violence on the body. Coroner Gaffney will hold an inquest.

Mortuary Music for Himself.

Dr. Wilson J. H. Bruen, who died in Phillipsburg, N. J., recently, provided in his will for the erection of a grand monument over his grave, not to cost less than $40,000. He also set aside $10,000 for the maintenance of a brass band, the duty of which shall be to perform funeral marches and other appropriate music at his grave on anniversaries of his death, and on legal holidays.

A Band of Juvenile Thieves.

AUBURN, June 6.—By the arrest and confession of one of their number, the existence of an organized gang of juvenile thieves in this city, from eight to ten years old, has been discovered. They enter houses and stores, and make regular excursions into the country, stealing everything they can lay hands on.

VERY OLD PEOPLE.

Facts and Incidents about Men and Women who have Long Passed Three Score Years.

Mr. William H. Warren of Warrensville, Ohio, is 98 years of age, and occupied the first log cabin built in that city. He made his own garden this spring, and is in excellent health and spirits.

Mrs. Nellie Ligon of White Chapel Hill, Ky., is 95 years of age. She still sews on fine muslin and has no use for glasses. In speaking of her early life she relates many escapes from bears and Indians.

For thirty-six years Peter T. Hewlett of East Rockaway, L. I., has been a director of the Glen Cove Insurance Company, and has served in his present residence 80 years. He is now in his 86th year.

Near neighbors during their life-time, Uncle Timothy Dossee of Pearsall's, L. I., and Zachariah Story of Christian Hook were born on the same day. They also died on the same day, and were buried side by side.

Lewis Rockwell lives in Lackawaxen, and is 102. His wife when she died was 95 years old. He is not the only living member of the family, but has seven brothers and sisters, who are old ages at his age.

Mrs. Mary Hodgins of Lucan, Toronto, died on Sunday, aged 91 years. She settled in that region forty-seven years ago, when the country was an unbroken wilderness, and was the only white woman there for months.

After Matilda Jackson of Paris, Ky., had reached a century of life, she left what she called the white Methodist church and connected herself with the colored Christian church, and communed in a pond last Sunday.

Annie E. Potter died in the N. Y. Baptist Home for Aged People, after living long past her centennial anniversary. When ten years of age she was kidnapped from school in India and sent in a ship from Calcutta to New York.

Stanwix, N. Y., has two old but active citizens. J. W. Miller does his own ploughing, although he is 87th year. Bartlett Morgan walks in and out of town, a distance of eighteen miles, although he is 81 years old.

The Indian chief, Louis Waso, who lives at Lake George, is over 100 years old. For many years he must have just paid him a long-expected pension for services rendered as chief of the Abenequis in the contest of 1812.

The father of the Rev. William Roberson, who died recently in Pittsburgh, Pa., was born in Ireland. He was 93 years of age, and lived with his wife seventy-five years, dying at 129. The parson was in his 97th year when he died.

"Old Pompey Phillips," a colored man, died at Berkshire, and is supposed to have been 100 years of age. He was once a slave in Hillsdale, N. Y., and said he saw Washington in 1785. He leaves a daughter 86 years of age and a son 74.

The Rev. Noah M. Wells, the oldest Presbyterian clergyman in the county, died on Wednesday in Erie, Mich., at the age of 98. He preached in eastern New York until 1825, when he went to Detroit and organized the first Presbyterian Church there.

Moses Howe of Dracut, Mass., is now in his 92d year. He preached his first sermon sixty-six years ago. On last Sunday afternoon he preached from the same text, and occupied an hour and a half. He has married 1,950 couples, and buried 2,530 persons.

Edward Green, who died at Gallatin, Tenn., last week, was 93 years of age. He was a native of North Carolina, and came to Nashville when it was a military post. He built one of the first houses erected in Nashville. He made all his own garden last year.

For ten months Mrs. Julia Thayer of Attleboro', Mass., walked constantly day and night, and never once rested or slept in a bed during all that time, and only took a nap on the floor or an hour each day. At the end of that she was stricken a second time with paralysis. She is 90.

Col. John P. Brooks of Cherokee County, Ga., was born on the ocean in the "Old Volunteer State," nearly ninety years ago, and he filled every civil office from constable to legislator. The only time he ever left foot up 200, and consist of children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grand child.

Josiah Maher died in Rochester recently just as he had finished a century of life. He was born in New Jersey, but went to Newtown, near Elmira, when 7 years of age. In 1817 he was employed as overseer over 200 slaves that worked the farm of Judge Patterson in Monroe County, New York. He learned the Indian language which a boy from his Indian playfellows, and did not forget it.

Mrs. Peter King, who died recently at Otsego, N. Y., was just rounding a century of life. She was a native of Ireland, and settled in this country when there were no railroads or stages, in days when people used to go to Albany, a distance of eighty miles, to get groceries. Her eyesight was as perfect up to the day of her death as it had been in her youth. She was the oldest person in Otsego County.

On Evergreen Heights, Texas, lives Lewis Fatio, who is the only survivor of the Dade massacre of 1837 by the Seminole Indians in Florida. He had been owned by nearly all the officers in command at Tampa, but had an opportunity to educate himself. His master was one of his hosts of friends. He finally mastered the Spanish, English, and French languages and spoke the Indian. He was the subject of the celebrated Pachecho claim in 1849.

AMERICA'S MANY DOCTORS.

SOME OF THOSE WHO TOOK PART IN THE RECENT CONVENTION.

Men from San Francisco to Boston who are Practised in All the Ills that Flesh is Heir to—Features of the Great Gathering.

It is generally conceded that the recent four days' session of the American Medical Association in this city was the largest and most important gathering of members of the profession that has ever taken place, in this country at least. Every State in the Union and many of the Territories were represented. More than 1,200 regularly elected members of the association were present, and at least 300 physicians of this and other countries were present by invitation. The Convention at Association Hall was made up of the very cream of the medical profession of the whole country. No waving of the political bloody shirt could prevent the North and the South from uniting cordially and fraternally in such a convention as this. In the discussion of the ills which human flesh is heir to—how to prevent and how to cure them—there were no disgraceful squabbles, no bolting, and no wire pulling.

No less than 184 papers on important subjects pertaining to medicine and surgery were handed in for supervision by the Judicial Council, 79 or 80 of which were read before the various sections of the associations. These will probably all be printed among the annual "Transactions of the American Medical Association," and as many more as may be passed upon by the Publishing Committee. The "Transactions" this year will consequently make a very large volume, and it is hoped to have it out at an early day, so that the profession may early have the benefit of these latest contributions to American medical literature. Those who have examined most of the papers say that many of them show original and careful investigation, and that they cannot fail to give a great impetus to the advancement of medical science in the United States and other countries as well.

To a great many persons it will doubtless be of interest to know of some of the leading spirits who took part in this great council.

Dr. John T. Hodgen, who was elected President of the association to succeed Dr. Sayre of this city, is a distinguished surgeon of St. Louis and professor in one of the colleges there. It is said that as a surgeon he has no peer in the West. He is about 50 years old, of slight frame, and is an exceedingly plain and modest man. He would be passed by in a crowd without the slightest notice, but the moment he begins to talk his features lighten up, and his soft, gently modulated voice captivates every hearer. He went through the war as a volunteer surgeon, and for a long time had charge of the City General Hospital at New Orleans. He is the inventor of several surgical instruments now largely in use.

Dr. H. F. Campbell, one of the delegates from Georgia, is a distinguished practitioner of Atlanta. Of late he has become widely known by his frequent and valuable contributions to the medical journals. He is a stout man with long black hair and beard, and is about 60 years old. The first time he ever appeared, he walked in the saloon, and made good his escape. Wilson was taken to Bellevue Hospital, and there it was found that both shots had taken effect, the bullet from the first lodging deeply in the nasal bones, the second ranging downward through the left side of the face into the neck. For some time the wounded man lay in a very precarious condition, but eventually recovered. His would-be assassin was captured a couple of days later in Paterson, N. J., where he was placidly waiting for the affair to blow over or be fixed up. Judge Gildersleeve admitted him to bail in the sum of $3,000, his own mother, Bridget Scannell, resident at 317 East Twenty-seventh street, became his security, and he was once more at liberty.

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