along." And when a party of visitors lingered so long as to make the old fellow tired he would always ask, "Don't you want ter g' up on th' roof?" for that was his last sta-

One of the favorite and significant designs is the heart, containing such endearing inscriptions as "Hope On," "Thee Only," and "My Darling." How the young man's heart must flutter with happiness when the

The Brooklyn City Flute, Drum and Bugle Corps gave their third annual entertainment and reception at Willoughby Hall, on Broadway, last evening. The affair was largely attended.

STORIES OF THE NEWS.

I.

JESSIE ADAMSON'S SUICIDE.

Why a Girl of Nineteen Killed Herself Yesterday in This City.

AN EXTRAORDINARY AND PATHETIC CASE.

She Had Tried in Vain to Obtain Clerical Work, and, Failing, She Preferred Death to Starvation or Disgrace.

A young girl—she was but nineteen years of age—took her life yesterday morning in the miserable little room she rented at No. 124 East One Hundred and Thirteenth street, New York City, because she could not earn the bread she ate and because the man to whom she had plighted her troth was too poor to take her to him as his wife. Her name was Jessie Adamson.

If you glance over the blotter of the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station-house you will see recorded there this statement:

"*At 2.15 A. M. Jessie Adamson, nineteen years old, a salesgirl, committed suicide by taking bromide of potassium at Mrs. King's boarding-house, 124 East One Hundred and Thirteenth street. Reported by Policeman McCusker.*"

This is the poor creature's epitaph. Here is something of her history and of the causes that led up to her tragic end in this Christian metropolis.

This girl, who swallowed poison yesterday, as she made her daily tour about the city in search of work saw the wealth of a great town spread everywhere before her eyes. But she had none of it. She saw her fellow-women rolling by listlessly upon the cushions of their carriages, while her feet were sore with tramping up and down the pavements, and the soles of her shoes were worn thin as tissue paper.

Had she been strong she might have secured work in any one of a thousand households. But she was too weak and delicate for that. Housewives would not look more than once at her pale face and slender form. She could not endure drudgery. She had done clerical work. For that she was fitted. She could do it again. But she could not find it to do. It was always "No; we are full," wherever she applied. And she applied with great persistency.

She was hungry and the meat she ate she could not pay for.

She was cold and she had not the wherewithal to clothe herself.

She had a lover, but he, too, was very poor.

She had a father, a mother, sisters, but they were far away and could not aid her.

She was a pauper, and so she died.

"If we had known, we might have stretched a hand to her, poor thing, in her distress," we say to-day. But to-day it is too late. We bury her in the poor's God's acre, or perhaps the few old friends she left behind gather up her frail little body and hide it decently away.

We take care of the dead always.

Only nineteen years! She was born away off there, across the water, somewhere in Old England. The reporter first learns of her as a babe in London, with her seven brothers and sisters, at play, at school, asleep. She is still a child and, therefore, is happy.

Her father works at his trade of designing chandeliers, and it is to a pleasant home, a good wife and his laughing little ones that he comes back every evening when his day's work is over.

The little Jessie, with her sisters and brothers, after a while goes out to school. She is quick and bright and active. She learns rapidly and she begins at her teacher's knees to form her letters — those letters she is to write with so firm and bold a hand fifteen years later, when on scraps of paper she bids farewell to the few people whom she leaves behind her.

She is ten years old, and the father brings her with the others to the New World. To Eldorado, to the Fortunate Isles they are setting sail. How many Old-World dreams has the New World shattered.

They had their own neat, cosy home and were doing well in London. But the little folk were growing up, and the fields were richer across the waters. And so it was that ten years ago the little blue-eyed, fair-haired Jessie landed in New York.

Her father selected a little workroom in Sixth avenue and put up his sign. He had brought over with him a snug bit of English money which he had laid up against a rainy day. Not a little of this it has cost him to transplant his family, lodge them in a new home and fit up his shop. But there was left still a cosy sum, and, moreover, had he not pitched his tent in a land flowing with milk and honey—in the Fortunate Isles?

But somehow his work at designing on brass and copper was not so successful as it had been in the old country. At any rate the money kept going out faster than it came in. The children were at school for a time, but one by one they had to be taken away from their books.

They were so many mouths to feed. And so one by one, as they grew old enough to assist in eking out the family fund, they got to work. Even then, however, it was a hand-to-hand struggle with the world. The contest is always an unequal one, and in this case the immigrants were worsted.

For seven years they fought the fight with their shoulders one against the other. Then they began to get discouraged. Seven years is a long time to wage battle with all the odds against you.

JESSIE ADAMSON,
the nineteen-year-old girl who committed suicide in this city yesterday.

One day the sign was taken down from the shop. The shutters were closed and the place was deserted. The designer, who had grown gray and weary in the struggle, had picked up his pencil, his burin and his cardboard and packed them away.

They had told him that there was more room to breathe in in Chicago and that he might do better there. Did he dream of the Fortunate Isles again as he gathered his family together and told them of the journey?

The little Jessie, who had now grown to womanhood, they left behind. She had found work to do, and she would stay till things looked brighter. That was three years ago. It would have been better if the brave girl had not stayed.

She had an aunt already in the country, who was the wife of James Byron, employed by McBride, the printer, at No. 97 Cliff street. Her aunt would look after the girl. Her mother need have no fear on her account. So West her father and mother went, and Jessie remained here working away industriously, living with her kinswoman the while.

The three years passed; with "uneventful feet" she trod them. Her life was the quiet humdrum, every-day existence of all girls who spend their days in tending shop. She had to be on hand early in the morning, and at night she had to rest to be ready for the next day's labor. Sundays she had, but many a time she was too tired to enjoy her holiday. In such a life rest is the pastime that weary eyes and hearts look forward to, and sleep the true recreation.

But she plodded along nobly. She earned only a few dollars a week, but she managed to feed and find for herself. There were days to come in which she would look back to her meagre stipend as if it were the riches of Midas. At any rate it furnished her with bread to eat.

Three years go by, and it is Summer. With the poor, the Winter is the time they dread, and the cold their fear. But with this poor child misfortune was to crush her after she had passed safely through the dreary road, which all poor people tremble over as they enter it.

Summer had come and the August heat. It was not cold nor snow that our unfortunate had to struggle against at first. That battle would have to be waged in its good time.

First it was her aunt that fell down and sickened. So ill she got that they had to send her to a hospital. There she lies, bed-ridden, and in such a critical condition that they dare not tell her of the tragedy.

The home which had sheltered the hard-working little shop girl for almost thrice twelve months was broken up. She must look for shelter somewhere else. And that is how it was that Jessie Adamson went to the house in One Hundred and Thirteenth street, which she left yesterday forever.

Only a few days had she been there when she, in her turn, sickened and fell down by the wayside. She had got to be a book-keeper in a great dry-goods establishment on Sixth avenue, and her ambitious little heart was as proud as a corporal at his promotion. She had worked so hard and so faithfully. And then in one hour to have the whole structure which her steadfastness had slowly reared totter and tumble to the ground!

She was sitting behind her desk one morning when she dropped in the harness. She had been writing. A dizzy feeling ran through her brain. It had been overworked. She was exhausted. She remembered passing her hand across her forehead and then nothing. She reeled and then sank in a swoon.

She did not die then. But it would have been better for the girl if the angel of death had gently laid her in his arms and borne her away forever. It would have saved so much heartbreak, so much anguish in the days that are still to come. Some one called a doctor and they took her home, carried her up the stairs to the top of the house and into the tiny, box-like room at the back of the place, where she had slept and dreamed, mayhap, like all young people, of the future and the golden chamber that some day was to be hers.

They laid her down on her cot and did all they could for her. But she was a very sick girl and it took nature some little time to bring her back to health. She was young and she got up again strong as before.

But, while she had lain tossing there upon her cot, the great busy world had been surging on outside as ever. She had been swept aside by the waves. Another girl had taken

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her place and there was no other place just then for her. Besides, she had lost the use of her right arm.

She had to begin all anew again—the battle for bread, the struggle for existence. She is no sooner on her feet, however, than she takes up the quest—that tiresome, discouraging quest—for work.

She walked the streets all day searching for some cranny where she might clutch a hold. At night, foot-sore and very, very often heart-sore, she threw herself down on her bed to sleep. Perhaps her dreams were pleasant, and in them everything may have been light and joy and music. Let us hope so. But, then, again there was the rude awakening.

For over two months she went about on her hopeless errand. She was not strong enough for domestic service; she could not get the work that she could do. It was not that people were cold to her or cast her aside as they would a dog, but there was no room for her—that was all. And so she stood desperate and hopeless at last. Young as she was, she understood. The world had her at bay.

She had a lover. Down on the North River, at Pier No. 41, in the employ of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, there is a young man who looks after the freight that is deposited there. His name is R. D. Wilkins and he is the man who some day was to make Jessie Adamson his wife.

They had known each other for a long time and one day she had told her the old, old story. Her last evening on earth the girl had spent with him at the house of their friend Mrs. Boldshaw, at No. 175 East One Hundred and Eleventh street. Under the moon they had gone out together. Shortly after 10 o'clock Jessie came into the house where she lived, alone. No one saw her again until she was in her death throe.

She must have gone out once more. She must have stolen out and bought the poison which she swallowed. Her sickness had taught her the uses of bromide of potassium, and that was the stuff she brought in with her.

She had evidently come to her resolve after her meeting with her lover. He was earning so little, and she had nothing in the world but a few paltry debts. They looked so great to her, she who had held so little money in her life. Perhaps they amounted in all to $35. But each penny loomed up before her eyes like a doubloon. No, she had tried so long and so hopelessly for a chance to redeem herself. She could never do it, not if she worked for a half year of her holidays. And as for holidays, those she would never know again, unless she found employment. And that—where could she turn for it?

So she stepped out into the night and bought the poison that was to settle the problem once and forever.

Then she must have stolen up into her room again. There was a pen and ink there, and she fished out from her few effects some scraps of paper. On one of these she wrote:

MRS. KING—Am indeed very sorry I cannot get the money I owe you, but it is an impossibility, so have decided to end all.

JESSIE.

My mother's address is No. 80 West Cortlandt st., Chicago, Ill.

On another slip she wrote:

DEAR AUNT: I must ask you to forgive me, but I could not help using the $20 you intrusted to my care. Indeed, I needed it. Lovingly, your niece, JESSIE.

The third was for her lover.

MY DEAR WILL: See that papa hears of my death and tell him how I love him. I trust you will forgive me. With fond love,

JESSIE.

Mammie's address is 80 West Cortlandt street, Chicago, Ill.

She sat there writing in the cold. There was a miserable little jet of gas which served for heat as well as light. She must have been very calm, for the notes she penned were written in a bold, clear hand and with a pen that never trembled once while she was holding it.

She had no time nor desire to indulge in any grief or sentiment. She was ready to die, and was going to meet death like a soldier. Her notes of farewell were as brief and to the point as army bulletins.

She hadn't a penny in the world, and she owed $15 for her bed and board. Twenty dollars, as the letter to her aunt confesses, which had been intrusted to her, she had spent.

Her lover? Yes; as she sat there shivering in the cold she must have heard again his whispers as he told that old, old story, the sweetest one in the whole world to hear. But its sweetness was soon drowned in the cries of despair with which her heart was wailing.

She was proud and high-spirited and independent. Between her dreams of a happy wedded life and their realization she saw loom up a gaunt, spare skeleton, and she knew it was Starvation. Possibly apathy and hopelessness and the long, long waiting had strained her mind a little.

The whole world was wrong, and she saw it in a distorted vision, as one sees objects through imperfect glass. And so she sat there pondering, wondering. And on one side of her stood always the gaunt, spare skeleton she knew was Starvation. On the other there was another just as gaunt and just as spare. And that was Death. Both were beckoning to her there in that chill little chamber and she must choose. She made the choice.

A lodger named Barnard, who occupied the room adjoining Jessie Adamson's, heard her groaning, as if in pain, about 1.30 yesterday morning. He waited a moment and then started to her succor. The door was not locked. He rushed into the room, and this is what he saw.

THE ROOM AT NO. 124 ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEENTH STREET WHERE JESSIE ADAMSON TOOK HER OWN LIFE.

A girl with fair hair and a fresh English face was tossing upon a little iron cot—the kind they use in barracks. She was vomiting and moaning as if in great agony. At times she would stop, raise her head and press her hands against her throat and chest.

"You are very sick," he said to her.

"No," she answered, "it is nothing. I don't want any help."

He ran downstairs for Mrs. King, the landlady, and they came up again to the young girl's aid.

But in the mean time she had climbed out of her bed, picked up the basin she had been using, gone downstairs in her bare feet and her night-dress and emptied its contents in the bath-room. She did not wish them to know how she was destroying her life.

She was still moaning and in pain. Mrs. King guessed the truth at once.

"You have taken poison," she said.

"No, no," groaned the girl in answer.

They ran for a doctor.

But it was too late. When Dr. Van Fleet, who hurried from his house at No. 130 East One Hundred and Fifteenth street, reached her bedside she was dying. They listened to the death-rattle in her throat.

She was approaching the land where there is neither hunger, nor cold, nor frost, nor any ill.

She was dead.

She was very fair to look upon yesterday morning when they had prepared her for the grave. She had blue eyes, but they were hidden underneath the lids. Her nose was small and delicate as if cut in a cameo. Her fair hair had been carefully brushed back against her pillow, and her hands were folded peacefully across her breast. The people in the house saw that everything that could be done was done, and then they came away and left her.

It was such a bare little place where she had lived. Beside the little cot there was a cheap chest of drawers of wood, stained brown, and a rude chair to match. Above the drawers hung a commonplace mirror, framed in plush. She had pasted up against the wall a couple of tawdry-colored prints of birds pecking at fruit.

Between the bed and the window a sheet had been stretched, which had served the young girl as her wardrobe. And what a meagre lot of garments it hid from view—a worn serge skirt, a little hat trimmed with velvet and a sack. How mutely eloquent such things are at such a time, and what a pitiable story these poor old cast-off clothes suggested!

The floor was covered with a three-ply carpet, and a thin shade was at the window. And her own little effects? She had none. If she had any in the past she had disposed of them.

You must remember that she was very, very poor.

That is why she killed herself yesterday morning.

She had said to her lover several times that she wished that she was dead. He had paid no special attention to her outbursts. But he knew she was very unhappy.

Yet she tried very hard to be brave. Over at the home of the Boldshaws last Sunday evening she had laughed and jested and rocked their baby on her knees.

Was she acting a part, or did she go back to the darkness of her young friend's home—discouraged, disheartened by the contrast?

They were married and happy and had a roof-tree of their own. Her wedding day had been deferred so often. Would it ever really dawn?

But that mattered not now. Everything was over for her.

Think of it, ye dwellers in this great, rich city, especially those of you who have never known the bitterness of earning your own daily bread, or how salt it is when wet with tears. This young girl's heart was broken. This young girl's life was deliberately ended by herself yesterday morning.

And why?

Simply because no timely hand was stretched forth to help her; because she could find no respectable work that she, in her poor health, could do; because ebb Dand Starvation stared her in the face.

And so she killed herself.

Grocery Clerks Organize.

Several hundred grocery clerks met in Germania Assembly Rooms Sunday night and organized a social and protective society. Attached to the new organization will be an employment bureau, a library and reading room.

tive Hayes, who arrested Lynch. A pawn-ticket for clothing stolen from the house was found upon him. He confessed to stealing a pearl ring from the room of Henry Bellmer, a floor walker who boarded in the house. Justice O'Reilly, at Jefferson Market Court, held the boy in $300 bail for trial.

later the smoke stack gave way and rolled overboard, compelling the tug to come to an anchor.

The boat had fifteen consorts in tow and three were lost. The tug was towed to Jersey City.

got in money, a watch and a silk muffler. Catley, who is a stylish young Englishman, lived in Orange for a time, and it is said got into some sort of trouble there. He was about to start for Cleveland when arrested.

He was arraigned in General Sessions and sent to the Tombs.