

A Woman's Man Hunt in a Jersey Wilderness. She Searches Through a Dense Forest for a Murderer of Whom Men Stand in Deadly Fear.

When the editor of the Sunday Journal assigned me a few days ago to join a man hunt in the wilds of Southern New Jersey I rather expected some lively adventures. I must confess I did not fully appreciate the growsome experiences that were in store for me.

The readers of the Sunday Journal have been made familiar through the news dispatches with the brutal murder of Johann Heike, the German grocer of Burlington, and the flight into the swamps of his supposed murderers.

The plain, matter-of-fact citizens of Burlington and Mount Holly are not inclined when a murder is committed in their vicinity to wait upon the legard tactics of procrastinating officials of the law. Instead they show some of the spirit of the early pioneers of the West. Every man becomes a self-appointed officer of justice, and the murderer who can successfully elude a posse of these vigilant Jersey men must indeed be a strategist.

I arrived at Mount Holly Wednesday morning about 11 o'clock. I found not only the peaceful village of Mount Holly, but the country surrounding it, in a state of unusual ferment, and the one topic of conversation the mysterious murder and the escaped murderers.

"Found 'em yet?" has become a natural greeting as "Good morning," and is a salutation not confined entirely to speaking acquaintances, for every stranger seen driving in town from the direction of the swamps is piled with eager inquiries in hopes of a morsel of news.

I learned that a posse of men, under the direction of Constable Theodore Miller, of Indian Mills, assisted by Constable Frank Banks, of Pemberton, and Robert M. Brown, of Mount Holly, had left town and gone to the boggs known as the Pines to search for three negroes—one Thomas Cromwell, an ex-State's prison convict; Henry Ashton, alias Fortis, a Southern man with a bad reputation, and Alfred Hunter—the suspected perpetrators of the crime.

There are a number of people in Mount Holly who believe the suspected men are not murderers at all, but chicken thieves, which is almost equal to a death sentence in that part of the country, as the Jersey Justice deals out one year for every stolen chicken. Prosecutor E. P. Hudt, however, feels satisfied that they are the murderers.

About 12 o'clock I ordered a horse and carriage and started out in the direction of the man hunt. For a distance of perhaps six miles I drove over a fine country road. Road on either side by wide-spreading corn fields and stretches of the beautiful meadows for which New Jersey is so famous. Then we turned into a narrow roadway, and from there on it seemed as if the sand grew heavier at every revolution of the wheels.

At last I was at the Pines. The driver, who had been most reluctant in accompanying me, spoke in subdued tones, which had a weird effect in that awful stillness which pervaded this queer corner of the world. The only possible sounds were the rustling of the leaves and the soft crunching of the wheels in the sand.

Suddenly we came upon a new road, which crossed the one we were on at right angles. The driver stopped and pointed to a clump of scrub pines and cranberry bushes, and whispered in a mysterious tone: "There is where the murderers of John Heike were last seen."

I cannot describe the wave of sensation that rolled over me, shaking me from head to foot, until I quivered like the leaves moving in the slight breeze. The hollow dulness of that absolute silence which hung over us like a pall; the realization that somewhere, lurking in the Pines, possibly near at hand, were three hunted, desperate men, whose hands were wet with blood and whose hearts, perhaps, were still filled with premeditated crimes.

For a brief moment we stared at that little patch of earth and weeds, rooted to the spot, our eyes glued by the magnetic force of fear. Neither of us spoke. We drove on, but could not shake a feeling that we were being followed by unseen eyes, or that we were in the midst of a shadowy presence, gaunt and dread.

There was not a soul in sight. The searching party had evidently travelled over the same road, for footprints were still fresh in the sand. With a violent effort, and the remembrance that I was in Jersey and not in some East Indian jungle, I threw off the ghoul-like fancy which had taken possession of me and tried to collect my wits for a real man hunt. I felt that the reputation of a real man hunt.

"Stop!" said I to the driver. "I'm going to get out." He looked at me in utter amazement.

"What are you going to do?" he said.

"I'm going in to look for the murderers."

"You don't expect me to go in with you, do you?" he gasped.

"No," I answered. "If you are afraid to go in, you can wait here. Don't you go off under any circumstances, for I'll surely come back."

"It's pretty dangerous, lady, and you might get lost if you go far, but I guess you won't go far," said he, with an attempt at sarcasm.

"If you see the negroes, catch 'em! You hold them sure; don't you let them get away," I called to him; as a parting shot. The possibility seemed to disturb him greatly and I left him quaking with fear.

to travel by stepping on the roots of trees. I was constantly in fear of getting stuck in a quagmire. It was a perfect network of underbrush, dense and impenetrable, with a stubble growth, a veritable Jersey jungle.

Tall pines reared their heads here and there, like sentinels on guard, their tops overlooking a solid, waving carpet of the greenest foliage, and beneath was that maze of prickly thorn and brush, so closely knit and interwoven that had I advanced a dozen rods I would have had to cut my way. Added to these miseries was the uncertain footing of treacherous quicksands and mudholes, in which a man could disappear, though he had friends close at hand.

A JOURNAL WOMAN SEARCHING FOR A MURDERER IN A JERSEY FOREST.



It is a typical place for refuge for the hunted and the desperate.

While Cromwell and his party are safe within the border, it seems to me, their security is assured.

The secrets of the trails, the mysterious paths, the occasional clearings, in which it is said there are rude cabins of logs, ovens of stones and springs or pools of water, are all a part of the bushwhacker's knowledge, and the very fact that the officials of the law have never been able to obtain the information shows how carefully the compact has been heeded. Little by little the togs element has been introduced by necessity, until it has come to be that the bushman who enters the forest freely in the winter when the ground is solid with frost, and cut pines for the market have been obliged to betray many things.

Making a speaking trumpet of my hands I called as loudly as I could: "Hello—o—o—Hello there!" After a moment, faintly through the trees came an answering "Hello!" After waiting five minutes, which seemed like an hour, I called again, and the answer came back considerably nearer.

I had evidently found the searching party. After a series of repetitions of these signals a party had approached to a more easy halting distance, and inquired "Who is it?"

"A woman!" I called back. Soon two men appeared, breaking their way through the bushes. When they saw me they expressed great astonishment, and one man said to the other: "It's by George, it's a woman!"

"Well, have you found them?" I asked.

"Lord, no! No chance of it, either. How did you happen to get in here?"

"Walked in," said I.

"You looking for the reward?"

"Well, hardly that, but I'm looking for the murderer. Where's the rest of the searching party?"

"Well, we parted over here, a spell, but I guess there are three or four of them just about a mile south yet."

joyable. After turning around a few times to get my bearings, I lost my sense of direction and plodded on, but to my dismay I seemed to get no nearer the opening than I had been. Gradually it dawned upon me that I had lost my way, and I again made a speaking trumpet of my hands and began to call. My voice sounded pitifully weak and tremulous.

For reply I heard only the call of a "jug o' rum," one of the species of huge frogs that inhabit swamps. In my terror and excitement I slipped my footing and fell headlong over the roots of a big pine tree. Picking myself up, with tears streaming down my face, and completely unnerved at the prospect of spending the night in a forest inhabited by murderers and fugitives, I groped forward. It seemed that night had already come. I tried again and again to get an idea of direction, but with an impenetrable wall above me, and only a tiny glimpse of sky above me, and that patch minus sun, moon or stars, such a thing was impossible.

To add to my terrors, I stumbled upon a hat. I instantly remembered that it had been reported that one of the murderers was hatless, and I feared I was nearing the criminal's hiding place.

Then suddenly I heard a voice calling; a voice that sounded like sweet music in the air, for I recognized it as the driver's, and knew that I was near the outlet of that Godforsaken wilderness.

Laughing and crying, I ran on, tripping over roots, picking myself up, my heart bursting with eagerness and joy of escape. I managed to break down the barriers of twigs and at last rush out into the road and into the blessed daylight. I had been lost within ten rods of the road, but it seemed now as if I must have been ten miles into the interior. Verily, verily, the scale of distance in a swamp is fearful and wonderful.

The driver looked as if he had never expected to see me again, and when he realized that I was really climbing back into the carriage, safe and sound and not peppered with bullets, his face grew actually radiant. I found that instead of its being night, it was scarcely dusk out in the open air.

"Well!" ejaculated the driver; "how do you like man-hunting?"

"I prefer it as it is practised at Narragansett Pier," I answered.

And that's the truth.

GRACE SPENCER.

HERE'S A REAL WILD BOY. He's Been Educated a Little and Has Created a Sensation in California.

The boy who used to be known as the "Wild Boy of Zanzibar" has created a decided stir at Oakland, Cal.

Once he was wild. There is no doubt of it. Now he is educated, and with that education has developed a talent for falsehood that would eclipse the bravest utterances of the father of all liars.

Juma Jones is the ex-wild boy. His original name was Juma, Jones having been added with the other things he has gained through civilization.

Dr. O. L. Jones, a physician of Oakland, was making a tour around the world with his family when he saw Juma, then fourteen years old, running wild in a little village near Zanzibar. He took a fancy to the lad and thought he would bring him home as a curiosity. The little fellow in

victim of a hard master's brutality. Mrs. Prescott investigated the case and found that the boy was the fabulist of the town par excellence. She ascertained that Dr. Jones had properly corrected him and was trying to give the lad a good education. Now the physician has Juma on his hands, and he hardly knows what to do with him.

"This boy was simply a wild human being when he was handed over to me by the Sultan of Zanzibar," said Dr. Jones. "I wanted the boy as a curiosity, and made the promise that I would educate him. This I have done. I am afraid that I have educated him too well. He is now smart enough to know where to go and lodge a complaint against me."

"But, as a matter of fact, there is not a word of truth in his complaint, except that I have corrected him at times, and I did it in a humane manner. The Sultan, who is now dead, was very kind to me when I took the wild boy. I said that I would make a missionary out of him, but I guess I have failed in that. However, whenever Juma wants to go to his old home I will send him there and pay all expenses."

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST MAP It Will Be an Object Lesson, Too, for It is to Be the Country Shown on Land.

If the pet project of Senator Cannon, of Utah, is carried out, this country will, before long, have the largest surface map in the world. His idea is to lay out the Po-

Strange Diseases of Occupations. Industrial Trades That Poison the Workmen and Impregnate the Lungs with Dust.

There are certain occupations that are inevitably accompanied by particular diseases. This is so true nowadays that a new phrase has come to the surface, "the diseases of occupations." Under this head the next census will collect statistics to cover this interesting subject. In a fragmentary way this has been done in localities by individual physicians, by health officers, by factory inspectors and State Commissioners of Labor. Dr. John S. Billings, professor of hygiene in the University of Pennsylvania and superintendent-elect of the New York Public Library, has devoted several years to a careful study, with instructive results. The principal direct factors of injury to health in certain occupations he classifies as physical injuries, chemical poisons, inorganic dusts and micro organisms. The risks of physical injury in factories and machine shops, due to fires, to machinery, to lifts, hoists, etc., may be briefly disposed of. These are matters that can be alleviated and remedied by proper safeguards. Many of these accidents are due to the carelessness of the employes themselves, and it is a strange fact that mishaps much more often overtake those who fancy that their long experience makes special precautions unnecessary.

The chemical poisons which are of most importance in producing disease in certain occupations are compounds of lead, mercury and arsenic. Lead poisoning is likely to come to workers in lead mines and smelters, to painters and gliders, to the workers in the making of white and red lead, to glass cutters, and in general to all workers in trades in which lead is used. Of special interest to women is the fact that sewing silk sometimes contains acetate of lead, which is added by unscrupulous manufacturers to give it weight, and seamstresses are known to have been poisoned by biting off the ends of the silk threads. Women may know when this

Micro organisms cause a very considerable part of the diseases which afflict men in any occupation. While no occupation specifically produces these organisms, yet some trades make the workmen much more liable to attack than others. The bacillus of tuberculosis, which causes over 25 per cent of all the deaths which occur in the United States, mainly affects those trades in which workmen are herded together in ill-ventilated rooms. One consumptive careless about his expectations may infect his fellows. Hence the large proportion of cases of this disease among printers, accountants and clerks, and the dressmakers, seamstresses and clothing workers, who are crowded into sweatshops in the large cities.

The preventive is in proper ventilation, disinfection of premises and cuspidors, in open-air exercise, and the avoidance of positions in which the chest is cramped and constrained. The special dangers to the health of brain workers, that is, persons who use their brains rather than their muscles in their occupation, are due—first, to excess of emotions, especially anxiety, worry, etc.; second, to irregular habits as to eating and sleeping; third, to excesses in eating, drinking, smoking, etc.; fourth, to want of physical exercise. . . .

The diseases to which brain workers are most liable—dyspepsia, insomnia, liver and kidney disorder, nervous irritability or prostration, irritable heart, apoplexy and paralysis, etc.—are by no means peculiar to them, as they are seen in idle loungers quite as often. They are due not so much to excessive brain work as to bad habits of various kinds. . . .

Students and brain workers are specially liable to attacks of mental lethargy, when the "wits go wool gathering" and the work seems not either worth while or impossible. When it comes he has a distaste for the whole business; it is not that he feels especially tired or low spirited, but he does not feel competent and, worse than this, he feels as if he should never be competent again.

Generally he feels flabby, the secretions are disordered, he feels as if he needed more air. The causes are many: too much tobacco, too little exercise, a moist air with low barometer and a cloudy sky. Under the circumstances there is nothing to do but drop the work, but avoid a stimulant, take a bath or a brisk walk, and then try some other work. . . .

In England, recently a Home Office committee investigated this subject, and recommended remedial legislation. The committee reported that in the manufacture of rubber goods the material was treated with naphtha or carbon bisulphide. The chemicals give forth odors that are extremely harmful to the operatives, causing "numbness of breathing, giddiness, nausea, faintness, headache, general lassitude and disinclination for food." The committee recommended the use of hoods over tables where vapors are given off.

In dockyards, where ships are painted inside and out, inflammable or quick-drying paints are used, which contain methylated spirit, petroleum spirit or benzine, in place of oil, and workmen using the paints often show symptoms of drunkenness, besides being exposed to the dangers of explosion when at work in bunkers or ballast tanks. The committee recommended that inflammable paints be not used for more than five hours a day, two and a half hours at a time; that no paint be used the "flashing point" of which is below a certain safe degree of Fahrenheit, and that naked lights be prohibited when the men are at work.

PAOLI'S ASHES REMOVED.
The Remains of the Great Corsican Leader Are at Last Placed in His Native Soil.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the eccentric and wealthy English peeress, has rendered a service to Corsica for which the residents of the little isle are deeply grateful.

For years the ashes of the Corsican patriot, Paoli, rested in St. Pancras Churchyard, in London, for he spent his last days in the English metropolis. When he died, his body was interred there. The Baroness has defrayed the expense of the removal of the remains to Corsican soil. The reinterment was accomplished a short time ago, and a monument is to be erected over the grave.

The remains of King Theodore of Corsica are still resting in the unpicturesque graveyard of St. Anne's, Soho, though there is some talk of removing them also, and placing the coffin in the Corsican soil he loved so well.

some dull reds, such as in red striped bed ticking. The trades in which chronic arsenical poisoning occurs most frequently are the manufacture of artificial flowers and of fancy colored glazed paper for boxes, playing cards, etc. Dyers are also exposed to much danger from this most distressing form of mineral poisoning. The use of arsenic for coloring wall paper seems to have greatly diminished of late years, and although it can still be found in many papers, it is probable that in most cases it is an accidental impurity of the colors used, a fact which does not, however, lessen the danger to which the workman is subjected. The same is true of certain of the employes engaged in the manufacture of carpets and dress goods prints.

Dust becomes a serious source of danger in many trades. Among coal miners or those engaged in handling fine coal—firemen, stokers, coal passers and coal stock laborers, etc.—the dust becomes deposited in the tissues of the lungs, producing what is known as miners' "lung," or anthracosis, while the similar deposit found in the lungs of those who inhale fine particles of iron or steel is known as siderosis.

In grinders, file cutters, potters, glass polishers, wool and cotton spinners, quarrymen, stone cutters, lime burners, millers, brass finishers, copper beaters, aluminum rollers, gold beaters and burnishers tissue changes in the lungs are usually found after death.

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