

## A. T. STEWART'S BODY.

### Alleged Solution of an Old Time Mystery.

#### FARMER'S DEATHBED CONFESSION

Sensational Story, Which, If True, Clears Up the Mystery of the Disappearance of the Millionaire's Body—Held and Held For Reward.

ALBANY, Sept. 8.—The Press and Knickerbocker today prints the following sensational story, which, if true, clears up an old-time mystery:

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Sept. 8.—A peculiar story regarding the robbery of the tomb of A. T. Stewart and the disposal of the body has just come to light through the death of a farmer near here. On the night of Nov. 8, 1878, the body of A. T. Stewart was stolen from the family vault in St. Mark's church, the casket was broken open and the decomposition of the body was so offensive that the day after the robbery a person standing in the door of the tomb would be nearly overcome by the fearful odor. The body was thought to have been taken to some place, but the robbers succeeded in keeping their secret. The work was said to be done by a Baltimore resurrectionist, G. A. Christian, whose photograph was identified by a woman living near St. Mark's as that of a man she had seen around the tomb about 1 o'clock on the morning the robbery was committed.

This failed to reveal any trace of the body, however, and Judge Hilton, who had charged of the Stewart estate, offered \$25,000 for the return of the body or \$10,000 for the conviction of any of the participants.

On the hills between Windsor and Suffern, at a short distance from this city, there resided until a short time ago a farmer named Mixon. One evening in November, 1878, a young man, well dressed, knocked at the farm house door and asked for lodging. He said that he was a Western farmer, but meeting with poor success had come East in search of work. He was engaged by Mixon. He gave his name as Thomas Forester, and for young man was considered by the neighbors as a stranger. Every day rain or shine, through snow or mud, he would make his way to the postoffice and ask for mail, but no mail came.

In December, while visiting a remote corner of his farm one afternoon Mixon came upon his hired man filling in a hole. In response to an inquiry, Forester said he had met a skunk the evening before and was burying his clothes.

In the spring of 1880, Forester was taken seriously ill with pneumonia. On his deathbed he uttered a remarkable tale. His name was not Forester, but McCarthy, and his residence was in New York city. He was a member of the gang that removed Stewart's body from the vault. The plot, according to his story, was hatched in the rooms of a fashionable New York club.

One evening, a party of young men, the sons of wealthy parents, but whose loaves at the gaming table had left them penniless, were discussing the situation when one of the party suggested that if they had A. T. Stewart's money they would be all right. Another replied:

"We haven't this money, but we can get his body which would mean the same thing."

Thus the robbery originated. The young men delegated one of their number to superintend the robbery and plan the details. He once opened negotiations with a "resurrectionist," who agreed to make the attempt for \$10,000, his helpers to receive \$1,000 each, half of the sum to be paid in advance and the balance when the body was delivered to a certain spot.

McCarthy was one of the helpers and watched outside the railing with a horse and buggy in order to give an alarm should anyone approach. The man carried their greivous burden in a sack. In holding it over the fence the bag caught on the iron rail and was slightly torn. The odor which emanated from it was so fearful that two of the men were taken violently ill. The bundle was thrust into the wagon and driven to a point on Canal street.

Here it was carried into a basement and thrust into a barrel of "pickle," that had been chemically prepared with a view to killing the stench. The barrel was headed up, labelled "Fish" and given in charge of McCarthy to take into the country. The label, it was thought, would allay any suspicions should any odor escape. McCarthy saw the barrel shipped to Suffern and then he followed on the train.

After securing his position with Mixon he procured a team and conveyed the barrel and its contents to the farm where he dug a hole and buried it, pending negotiations for its delivery. This was the work he was engaged in when discovered by Mixon.

The number implicated in the plot necessitated a large reward and it was for this the conspirators waited, until they became convinced that they could not obtain the money without publicity and probably prosecution. Thus the matter was dropped for a time and McCarthy thought the project was dead. He was glad to be rid of the scheme that had become notorious.

Mixon, who from his retired life knew nothing of the robbery and of the world, set it down as the vagaries of a dying man. Just as he died three days ago he told another farmer of the story and who looked in the grave and found it with a skeleton. And at last is the great case solved.

Board of Health Bulletin.

ALBANY, Aug. 31.—The board of health bulletin for July says: July is always the month of largest mortality in consequence of the increase in diarrhoeal disease, more than 10 per cent of the yearly number of deaths usually occurring in this month. There was an average daily mortality this month of 377, having risen from 300 in June, nearly 3,000 more deaths being reported; the daily average for the past six months was 336. Compared with July of preceding years the mortality is less than has been since 1891.

Green Elder's Great Feat.

DEVER, Sept. 8.—O. B. Hackenberg won the 25-mile Labor day road race today under the auspices of the Associated Cycling club of Denver, and beat the world's record of 1h. 3m. 31.4-sec. by one minute, his actual time being 1h. 4m. 47s. Hackenberg is an unattached rider and had made no record previously. His time was 34 minutes. There were 25 starters.

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The occurrence was so much out of the ordinary that Dr. Potter and his friends sat up for an hour or more talking it over. At 1 o'clock they went to bed, and a few minutes later the night clerk retired, leaving an assistant who had not heard the story in charge of the office. About 1.30 an odd gentleman with a traveling bag in hand, who registered as "George C. Melchior," and was assigned to a room. In the morning the chambermaid reported a strong smell of gas on the floor. The coat of the newcomer's room was broken in, and he was found dead, with a pistol in his right hand and a bullet wound in his head. He had turned on the gas and then shot himself. By this time everybody in the house had heard the story and of the young man's visit the night before, and all were positive that the old gentleman who had killed himself was his father.

The afternoon papers had a report of the suicide and before night the young man was back at the hotel asking to see the body.

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"All the ends of the earth and the Bible were made into a bundle and tied on the mule's back and the animal left in the water. He swam safely across and began eating grass on the other side."

"The elder looked at the swinging limb, and dropping to his knees, prayed fervently that he might make so much in getting across. Then he swung out and landed safely."

"He knelt and thanked the Lord. But there was a new obstacle. The mule was having a good time in the grass and refused to be caught again. Several well directed efforts flew wide of the mark, and the good elder was in desperation. He must keep his appointment and he couldn't wait it. There was but one thing for the elder to do, and the elder did it. Down in the damp grass he dropped on his knees and prayed the Lord to help him catch the mule."

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Editors and Clergy Figures.

The humor and the carrier are both brilliant men, but the humor is the sharper and better fitted for long distances. The humor has the widest spread wings of all pigeons, and can sail for an enormous distance through midair. It is also considerably lighter than the carrier and is possessed of more phenomenal powers of endurance, having been known to fly 800 miles without alighting. On a clear day, with a good sky and favorable wind, 400 miles is an admirable record, although 500 miles a day is the goal of every pigeon flier's ambition. A bird that can perform this remarkable feat is worth at least \$100, and may be valued at \$200 if it is capable of a better record. The bird's gameness, stamina and speed reach their highest point of excellence at 3 and 4 years of age, which is the natural prime of life for a dove. After they have passed their prime they become in a measure unreliable, and at 10 or 15 years of age are almost good for the carrier pigeon.

The carrier pigeon is a bird of the ancient world, and has been used for centuries in the service of man. It is a bird of the desert, and is found in the most arid regions of the world. It is a bird of the air, and is found in the most remote corners of the globe. It is a bird of the sea, and is found in the most distant parts of the world. It is a bird of the land, and is found in the most fertile regions of the world. It is a bird of the sky, and is found in the most lofty heights of the world. It is a bird of the earth, and is found in the most humble places of the world. It is a bird of the sun, and is found in the most brilliant rays of the world. It is a bird of the moon, and is found in the most silvery beams of the world. It is a bird of the stars, and is found in the most distant corners of the world. It is a bird of the universe, and is found in the most remote corners of the world.

Transferred of Williams College Dead.

WILLIAMSTOWN, Mass., Sept. 4.—James White, treasurer of Williams college, has died at his home after a long illness.

1895 September, 1896

Sa.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
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29	30					

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