

HE HAD KILLED HIS MAN.

Nobility Bind a New York Beer Saloon Bar—Student of Heidelberg University Who Engaged in Dangerous Pranks.

A very strange story has just come to light here, which bears all the evidence of truth, says an Albany (N. Y.) special. Mr. Henry Dorr, a prominent saloon keeper here vouches for the main facts and many of our citizens knew the hero of the story. They are as follows: "Until a few weeks ago there was employed at Henry Dorr's cosmopolitan beer saloon in this city a young man as bartender, going by the name of Charles Meiz, whose classical accomplishments astonished many of the frequenters of the place. He possessed a knowledge of Greek and Latin, was ready at classical quotations, was an adept at fencing and spoke fluently in English, French, and Spanish as well as in German. He was a handsome man with the blonde, German aspect, tall and slender, and cultivated a full blonde moustache. He was always reticent about himself, dressed very quietly, seldom tried to talk with anyone upon current affairs, and had a very slight accent. When people who came there wished to indulge in quotations from any author, whether classic or otherwise, he seemed to take an interest, and for a time he became among the better educated members of the legislature and their friends quite an umpire upon all matters pertaining to literature. His skill in fencing was disclosed accidentally when a friend lunged at him with a cane, and coming outside the bar Meiz took another cane, and in a few passes struck his friend two or three times in the ribs, and then by a dexterous twist, wrestled the weapon from him, throwing it twenty feet away. No one knew his history. He went on drawing beer, seldom drinking, and never telling the story of his life. On May 29 a brother of Meiz came into the saloon, and a warm greeting took place between them. The brother remained there several days, when both went to New York, where they now are, at what address is not known. But before he left Meiz confided to Henry Dorr his history, which is one of the most curious romances outside of fiction. He is the eldest son of Baron Stubendorf of Saxony

who is said to be one of the most powerful leaders of the opposition to Bismark in that state, and was sent to Heidelberg university in 1877, when he was 18 years old, to complete his education. While there, although a very diligent student at his books, he was also a very studious scholar at the most necessary art in Heidelberg—that of fencing. He was also somewhat of a roysterer, and frequently complaints were made to his father by the Heidelberg authorities of his dangerous pranks. The father, however, was very lenient, and readily condoned the offenses of his son, inasmuch as he had himself been a lad of the same sort, when he was at the same institution. One night when young Meiz and his fellow students were more hilarious than usual, they serenaded the daughter of a wealthy burgher named Schoppfen, to whom Meiz had been paying attention, and while doing so a patrol, commanded by a Lieut. Wertz, ordered them to disperse, Meiz proposed coolly to the lieutenant that the two settle the matter between them on the spot. The challenge was accepted, in two passes Meiz passed his weapon through the lieutenant's breast. Meiz friends immediately hurried him away, and after several weeks of hiding he was enabled to cross the Vosges mountains and make his way by rail to Marseilles, whence he sailed to America. He arrived in New York, attempted school teaching, found it paid him little more than his board, came to Albany, and for nearly six months was a bartender for Henry Dorr. In the meantime he had heard nothing from home, not having written for fear that his father would be implicated in his crime by the Bismark regime, and it was only at the close of last month that he heard a word from home. On May 29 the younger brother of Meiz found him after a two years' search, and gave him the information that his father had died two years before, and left his title to the elder brother (the bartender), with about 200,000 or about \$60,000, a hundred acres of land, and the ancestral mansions. The two brothers left a week ago for New York, having in the meantime held communication with the Bismark government, and found that the crime of the young landgrave, in killing the lieutenant in a duel, will probably be condoned. They expect to sail at once for home.

MURDERED HIS FATHER-IN-LAW.

A Sensational Story by a Deserted Wife from Texas.

The readers of the *Enquirer* will remember a paragraph which appeared in this paper a few days ago referring to a woman named Lizzie Perry, who reported to Capt. Devine, at the central station, that her husband had stolen her 4-months old child, which she was wheeling in a baby-carriage on West Court street. The story, when related by the excited mother, at once enlisted the sympathies of the police, who promised to give her every assistance possible to reclaim her child. She sobbed pitifully that he would kill the babe. The officers attempted to persuade her that her husband would not attempt such a rash act. "Oh, yes, he would," replied the weeping mother; "I saw him kill my gray-haired father before my eyes." This sudden and unlooked-for announcement put a different phase to her story, and when questioned by the captain as to the correctness of her statement she related the following harrowing story, which, if true, would make her liege lord an undesirable citizen in any community:

"Charles Perry, the young man who is the author of all my recent troubles, arrived in the state of Texas a little over four years ago, and settled down at Brookstone, Le Mar county, Texas, where, after a short courtship, we were married. Not, however, I am sorry to say, with the approbation and consent of my father, who was a prosperous trader in the country. I was not long in perceiving a growing jealousy between my father and husband, which culminated in the death of a fond parent at the hands of a worthless husband. An arrest quickly followed and the whole community were much agitated over the tragedy, as 'old man Robinson' (my father) was respectably connected. At first I concluded to abandon my husband and leave him to his fate. But his constant pleading caused me to relent, and I called to see him at the jail where he was incarcerated awaiting his trial. After several ineffectual attempts in procuring bail I was at last successful in inducing Capt. Shelton, a very wealthy man, who, through sympathy for me, consented to go on his bond.

"When the date fixed for the trial drew near my husband began to grow extremely nervous, and finally announced his intention of leaving the state. I consented to share with him the hardships and perils of such a course, knowing that in doing so I would incur the hatred of all my former friends. But, woman like, I clung to him, for which I am now repentant. Indian Territory was the first place in which we concluded to stop, as we felt secure from further pursuit, and in that wild region my child was born. My husband becoming dissatisfied with the place, at last concluded to start for Cincinnati, where we arrived a short time since. The relatives and friends of my husband live here, and he is protected in his extreme cruelty towards me. I know he will kill or take my innocent babe to his mother's home, and they will send it away."

The poor woman, after she had concluded the tale of the wrong she had suffered under such trying and peculiar circumstances, started out of the station in quest of her stolen child. Charles Perry, the husband, who, with his child, was stopping at his sister's, No. 424 West Ninth street, read the paragraph and at once repaired to the central station, stating that he was the man whom it was claimed through the press had on the day before stolen his own child, if there was such a crime. Capt. Devine asked him to relate his version of the story and all the circumstances connected with his domestic life. Mr. Perry, who is yet quite a young man and with nothing about his general appearance that would indicate bloodthirstiness, began, and in a clear and precise manner made the following statement:

"Some time ago I left Cincinnati, and in my traveling about I found myself in the Lone Star state, where I concluded to remain, and worked steadily for quite awhile, and in the meantime became acquainted with my wife, then Miss Lizzie Robinson, whose father was a well-to-do citizen of the place. Like many young men, I became infatuated, and made up my mind to marry Miss Robinson. I went to her father and asked for his consent, but was met with a blank refusal, and told to discontinue my visits about the place, but his objections were ignored in a clandestine marriage. Such a course made my father-in-law a bitter enemy. We had many quarrels, but nothing of a serious nature, as I concluded to leave the place, and come on here. I am sorry to say my wife contracted a strong desire for drink, and I attempted several times to break her of the habit, but without success. When we arrived here a short time ago she drank so that I was compelled to leave her. I went to my sister's and my wife was given lodging at the Home of the Friendless. Yesterday I was passing over Court street, and when near Mound street my wife spied me. She left the child on the sidewalk and ran away. Of course, I took my child and brought it home. I could not leave it in the street. I promised her to pay her board and give her money besides, but would not live with her."

"But she says you killed her father. Is there any truth in her statement?"
"Yes, I did; but it was a clear case of self-defense, and I was acquitted of the charge of manslaughter. The deed occurred one evening while seated at the supper table. He attacked me with a dirk-knife, and here is the wound that he gave me."

Mr. Perry opened his shirt and exhibited an ugly scar on the left breast.
"This was inflicted while Robinson had me down on the floor. I reached out and picked up a small hand-ax which was lying near the stove, and dealt him one blow on the head. It was that blow that killed him and saved me, as in a second more I would have received another stab which would have ended my life. He died the next day, and I was taken to the hospital. The talk she made of my jumping my bail is all nonsense, as I was not on bail, but lying helpless in the hospital with my life despaired of."

"If you desire I will inform you from whom you can learn the truth of the affair." The statement made by Perry is no doubt correct, as the superintendent of the Children's home heard his request to his wife, which she refused to comply with. Mr. Perry says that he never intends to live with his wife again. Perry is said to be a brother of the notorious Ben Perry, who is said to be a brother of the notorious Ben Perry, who is wanted for burglary.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

LONDON'S GREAT TAILOR.

Recollections of the Man Who Put Disraeli on the Road to Fame.

"I remember Henry Poole very well," said a gentleman to a reporter. "He was a fine, tall, handsome man, over six feet in height, with bushy blonde whiskers. He measured forty-two inches round the chest. There was no mistaking the man when you saw him; he walked the streets as if London were his own private property. Henry Poole was the second son of the old tailor of that name. He was educated at Cambridge and graduated with a bachelor of arts degree. He might never have taken to the tailoring business, but his brother died and then Henry thought he saw his way to make a big thing of it. You see, the large connection he had among his college friends helped him. He was a man who always dressed with great taste, and not only expected but insisted on all his employees dressing well, too. When Henry Poole took the business in hand first there were not more than a hundred men employed; in ten years there were nearer a thousand."

"Is there any truth in the story of Poole's patronage of Disraeli?"

"Oh, yes. Disraeli was in very poor circumstances when he first obtained the clerkship in the home office. Poole, who was always in and out of every place where young men congregated, saw him, took a fancy to him, and believed there was something great in him. He took Disraeli out one evening with him to dinner and proposed that he should supply him with clothes suitable to the position in society that Disraeli ought to hold. The future prime minister jumped at the offer, and there is little doubt that he so received pecuniary assistance from the shrewd and generous tailor."

"Did he not assist the late emperor of the French in the same way?"

"Yes; but there was a reason for that, you know."

"Oh, yes. You refer to the story of Poole's wife."
"No; there is not a word of truth in that. It was Miss Howard. She was a cousin of Poole's. Her mother kept a very fashionable little hotel in Dover street, Piccadilly, just behind the White Horse cellars. She was created Duchesse de Beauvergne by

Napoleon on his marriage to the present empress, on condition that she left France. He also settled a very very good income on her. Poole did not marry until late in life. His wife was a lady with whom he had fallen in love while quite a young man at college."

"He was very strict, was he not, in business?"

"I should think he was, indeed. He never allowed anything to go out of his shop that had not been tried on and fitted over and over again. He would employ a man and keep him in his employ for the simple reason that he was of the same size and build as a good customer. I have known a man to sit for a couple of hours on a saddle block, only having the crease in a pair of saddle breeches rectified. He reduced tailoring to a science."

"Did he do any cutting or measuring himself?"

"No, sir! There is a story told of Lord Hardcastle meeting Poole on the chain pier at Brighton. He stopped him and said: 'Look here Poole, I got this coat of you and see how badly it fits.' Poole took a bit of chalk out of his waistcoat pocket and marked his lordship's coat all over and said: 'Take that coat to my cutter, my lord, and he will make the necessary alterations.'"

"He was very extravagant in his habits, was he not?"

"Very. He had a house at Brighton, another in Burlington street, near his store, which was a perfect mine of art, and on the Thames, at Hammersmith, he had a regular place. His champagne luncheons must have cost a fortune. He had one of the finest hunting studs in Great Britain. He never cared what he paid for a horse, and though he was such a big man he was a magnificent cross country rider."

"He did not die rich, did he?"

"No, he was worth about £25,000 when he died and the result of the sale of his houses and horses barely settled the claims of his creditors. He was generous to a fault. He never could pass a beggar, and many a half-sovereign he's given away to people who, perhaps, didn't deserve his charity. He was the best of employers and he kept men with him for years, but there was never the least mistake about who was master on his premises."

EATON'S

Great Reductions in all Departments.

Dress Goods.

Great reduction in above department, we are right in the midst of it, clearing out balance of spring goods, losing money to make money, but we want to make room for new goods. Now is the time for big bargains. Come and see the dress goods we are selling at 5c and 7½c yd., beautiful for summer wear. Can have the makings of a dress for 75c and you can have it made in an hour, as the sewing machines are run now by electricity by the new Electric Company.

Very nice line sateens at 12½c yd. Sicilian DeBeige and Ottoman cloth 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c yd., beautiful goods.

Canton Chambrays, Pacific Lawns, Organdie Muslins in great variety 12½c, 15c, yd. Just a few pieces more of those beautiful washing silks left, selling at very low prices. Good value in black silks, 75c, worth \$1.

Now is the time, ladies, if you want to save money. Call at Eaton's and see the Bargains.

Don't forget the Carpet Sale continues to-day.

Take the Elevator at West End of store for Carpets, Oil-cloths, Spreads, Millinery and Mantles.

Parasols.

In this department the great reduction seems to have the desired effect, as our stock is getting small. But we have still some more left at very low prices. Just note prices below at EATON'S.

Ladies' black satin Parasols, lined and trimmed with lace, only 50c.

Ladies' plain black satin Parasols, lined, only 75c.

Ladies' extra fine satin Parasols, with and without lace, from \$1 up to \$6.

Ladies' silk Parasols, in black and brown, only \$1.

Ladies' silk Parasols, large sizes, only \$1.25.

Ladies' silk Umbrellas, with paragon frames, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2 up.

T. Eaton has Parasols for all kinds of weather, for ladies, children and babies, from 25c. each to \$1.

Boots & Shoes.

Eaton keeps a very nice stock of Ladies' Boots and Shoes at cash prices.

Don't forget our great Carpet Sale continues, and when in carpet room ask to see those English Iron Bedsteads, selling cheap. If you want to travel, we can supply you with trunks at a very low figure. We sell for cash, no bad debts, small profits and quick sales, pays to sell for cash and only one price at Eaton's.

SOME BARGAINS FOR THE HOT WEATHER.

Millinery.

All our trimmed Hats and Bonnets we offer at great reductions, for instance our \$12 and \$15 Hats we are selling at \$7 and \$9, and all our \$8 Bonnets reduced. \$6 Hats reduced, \$4 Hats reduced, we sell a nice satin straw Hat, dark colour, new shape, well trimmed \$1.75 and \$2.

T. EATON & CO.

Feathers.

The leading trimming for head wear this year is an Ostrich Feather. By taking the elevator at the west end of the store, you will find on the second flat a magnificent range of colours, and as regards price they show for themselves. The Feathers now offering for \$2.50 and \$3.50 could not be bought wholesale in the city for the same money.

EATON'S.

Ladies' Underwear.

Fine makes, cheap prices, starting at 30c each, to be found on the left hand side on entering the store, or on the second flat.

T. EATON & CO.

Mantles.

A line of children's Mantles to be cleared out at a loss. These are new goods, and beautiful shape, and are good value at double the price we are asking for them. Ask to see them in the mantle department.

T. EATON & CO.

Centennial.

Get your windows covered with the American window shade before the Centennial, call and see samples in the carpet room. Remember the big carpet sale on second flat.

T. EATON & CO.

Jerseys

Great reductions, selling embroidered jerseys with basque back for \$3.50, former price \$5.50, our \$5.75 jersey selling for \$4.50 with silk and cashmere vests only \$6.50, former price \$7.50. Boys' jersey suits 40, 50c, cheap. Fine all wool jerseys, large size \$1.75, \$2, \$2.25. The regular prices are \$3, \$4, and \$5. Come and see boys' suits with sailor collar trimmed with white or black, \$1.75, \$2, \$2.25, \$2.50, 2.75, \$3. Extra value.

Embroideries.

Hamburgs, Guipure. Suisse in great variety, at 2, 3, 4, 5, to 75c.

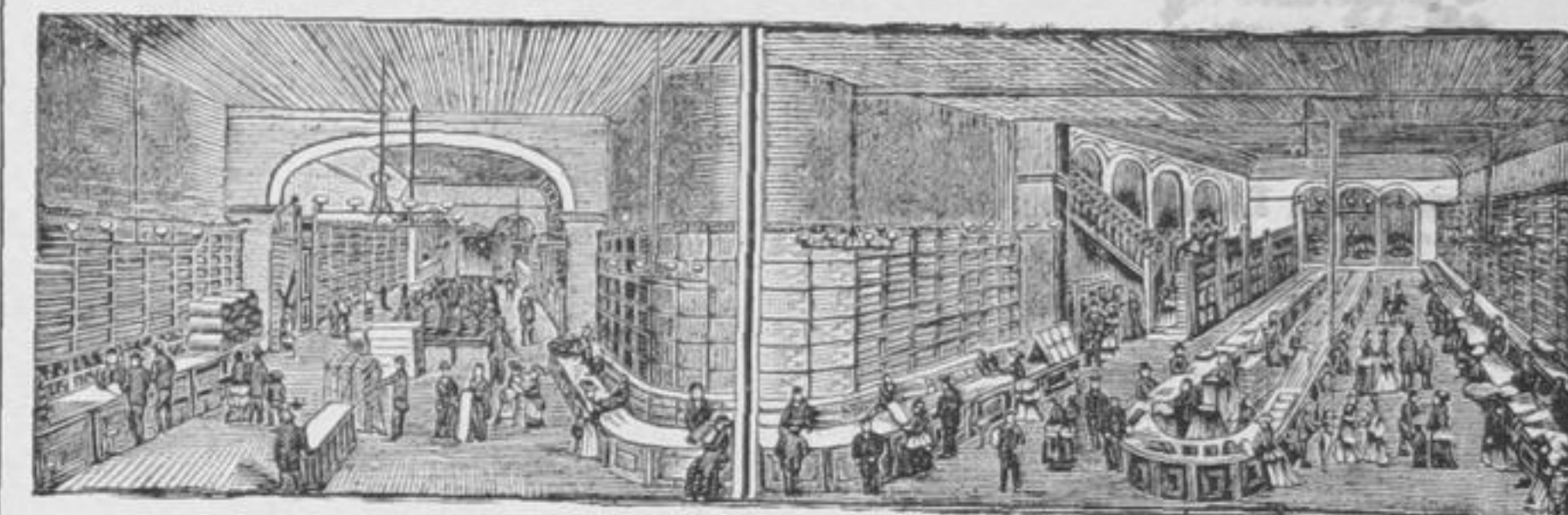
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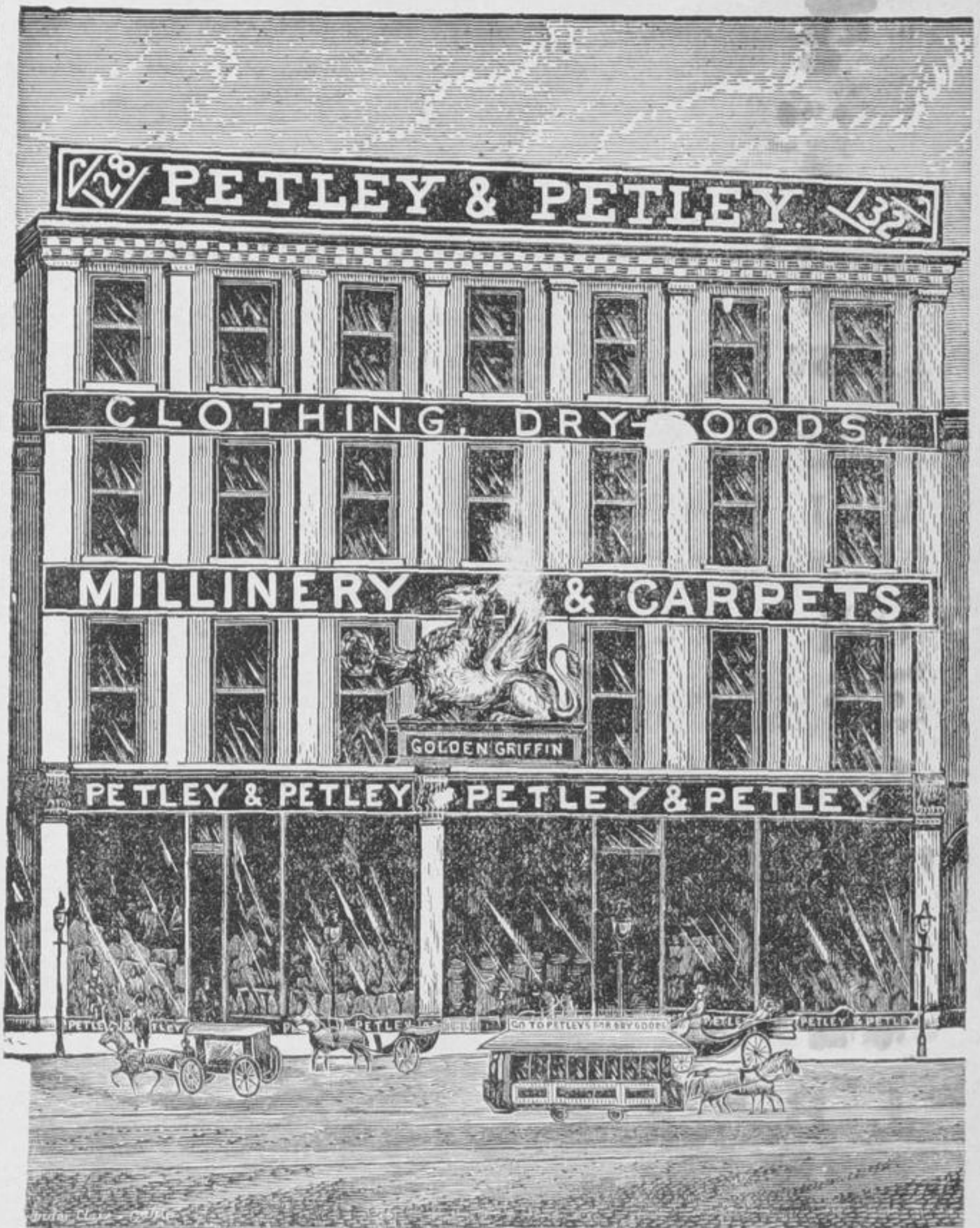
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