

A WOMAN WITH A NERVE.

MRS. ATKINSON TELLS THAT HER HUSBAND IS DEAD AND GOES ON DRAWING BEER.

Robert Atkinson, who kept a saloon at People's Park, a settlement lying southeast of Paterson, had a fight on Sunday with one of his tenants, in which his wife knocked off a piece of the tenant's nose with a spruce beer bottle. For this Atkinson rewarded her with a black eye.

About eight o'clock in the evening a friend of his, William Taylor, entered the side door and found Mrs. Atkinson at the bar. He asked where Mr. Atkinson was and was informed that he was in the bedroom and could not come out because he was dead. This was the first intimation any one had had of Atkinson's death. Mrs. Atkinson added that her husband shot himself about two o'clock, and then she proceeded pouring out beer.

The Paterson police were called in. They found Atkinson's corpse lying on a bed in a position that indicated that it had been placed there after death. Under another bed lay an apron wet with water and blood. Mrs. Atkinson, when asked about her husband's death, merely laughed and said that he shot himself in the position in which he was found. The police thought of arresting Mrs. Atkinson for the murder of her husband, but concluded to wait until she felt better. In the meantime they sought information among the neighbors. They learned that Atkinson was thirty-two years old and married his wife eleven years ago in Brooklyn. He accumulated considerable money and real estate and a great deal of domestic unhappiness. The spells of unhappiness generally ended in his giving his wife a beating and then talking about committing suicide.

On Sunday, after the fight, Mrs. Atkinson repaired to the sitting room, where relatives put an apron washed in cold water on her eye. This accounted for the apron found under the bed. Atkinson went out into the street and some boys informed him that he was drunk. He resented this imputation and got an old shotgun, which he discharged at the boys. He did not hit any, but came near hitting a man named Sampson, who hastened away to hunt up a justice of the peace. Atkinson then looked for more boys, and got three more shots, but without doing any damage. Disgusted with

his marksmanship, he returned home and proceeded to practise on himself with a .31 calibre revolver. He succeeded in sending one bullet into his head, and dropped partly on the bed where Mrs. Atkinson was putting the baby to sleep. Mrs. Atkinson paid no attention to him until he got cold, when she concluded that he was dead and that she would have to look after the saloon.

After learning all this the police gave up their investigation. Coroner Hopson will hold an inquest this evening.