3 O'CLOCK EDITION.

The World.

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COURTLANDT PALMER ANGRY

HE SAYS THAT JUDGE BARRETT'S COURSE IN RESIGNING IS COWARDLY.

An Earnest Defense of the Nineteenth Century Club—Members Not Bound by the Opinions Expressed by Speakers—A List of Subjects of Discussion to Show that the Association is Not Frivolous.

Mr. Courtlandt Palmer was found this morning by a WORLD reporter at his residence, No. 117 East Twenty-first street. He was sitting in the front room of the suit in which the Nineteenth Century Club has so often discussed leading questions of the day.

"What do you think of Judge Barrett's resignation from the club?" the reporter asked.

"I think Judge Barrett's course is cowardly! Yes," Mr. Palmer continued after a moment's reflection, "cowardly. He was no more committed to my views than he was to those of any member of the club.

"My views are my own; they do not represent, necessarily, the mind of the club on the point in question any more than any other member's do.

"Hitherto I have always regarded Judge Barrett as a sincere, fearless man. If the sentiment attributed to him be true, why, Judge Barrett is mistaken.

"The Supreme Court of the United States simply decided in regard to the Anarchists' case that the decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois did not fall under its jurisdiction. This judgment of the Supreme Court did not say anything as to the merits of the case or the justice of the verdict.

"I think a man in my position, since I am regarded as associated with the capitalistic body, in regard to the Anarchists, is honest and entitled to respect. I believe they were executed far more because they were Anarchists than because they were murderers.

"I consider them as laboring for a good end—the abolition of poverty—and that from their standpoint they were honest thinkers. I do not commend their means nor indorse their standpoint, but I do believe they were martyrs to their principles, and if the Supreme Court of Illinois had possessed the courage of the Court of Appeals it would have acted in the Anarchists' case as the latter did in Sharp's.

"I am somewhat irritated, I confess, by this stand of Judge Barrett's, and think it rather mean. How is he committed to my views any more than Mr. Naoh Davis is, who is a member of the club? The motto of the club is, Test all things. Hold fast what is true."

"Judge Barrett's remark that the club had taken of late to discussing things for amusement more than for earnest inquiry is sufficiently refuted by the subjects which the club has taken up of late. They regard live and important questions.

"The next discussion concerns literary proprietorship. Very soon David Wolfe will discuss the question of protection and free trade. Another discussion will be on establishing a school for dramatic art.

"Col. Ingersoll will soon cross swords with some prominent divine, if any will meet him, on the subject of religion. That doesn't look like frivolity," added Mr. Palmer.

"Will the resignation of Mr. Carnegie and Judge Barrett affect the club at all?"

"No. The majority of the club will not be affected at all. Mr. Carnegie's remarks were somewhat uncourteous, since I was debarred, by my position, from taking any stand against them."

RED TOP UNDER A SNOW BLANKET.

The President's Country Place Being Made Ready for the Holidays.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18.—The snow that fell yesterday has blown and drifted in the country roads about Washington, rendering them well-nigh impassable. This afternoon THE WORLD correspondent drove in a light cutter out over the glistening snow to take a look at Red Top, the President's country place, which for the first time this season wore its winter dress of dazzling white. The air was as sharp as Jack Frost can make it in this latitude, but the sun shown brightly and the hills and valleys along the picturesque Woodley lane road echoed the merry jingle of sleigh bells.

After twenty minutes' rapid driving a sharp turn in the road suddenly disclosed a full view of the charming villa where the President and Mrs. Cleveland have spent the happiest hours of their wedded life. But it was "Red Top" no longer. The red tiles and shingles which cap the cupolas, gable roofs and verandas, and which were heretofore the first objects that broke upon the view as the wayfarer climbed the hill, were lost to sight under the heavy mantle of snow that sparkled like diamond dust in the rays of the setting sun. Driveway and paths were blotted out completely, and great drifts of snow lay under the port-cochere. The course of the main drive could be followed, however, by the long line of rose-bushes that border it, which are the President's particular pride and care. Often in the early summer, when he can steal an hour or two from weightier responsibilities, he dons an old wide-brimmed straw hat and, clad in a linen duster that has done duty for Mayor, Governor and President, potters among his roses, loosening the soil at their roots and pruning their twigs with a bone-handled pocket knife, yellow with age, that was old when the duster was new.

To-day the roses wore winter coverings of straw and lattice white caps of snow set jaunty on one side. Though the gate stood hospitably open, the driveway showed neither wheel track nor footprint, except where an inquisitive dog had made an incursion half way to the house and there, frightened at his own temerity, had scurried back again. The boughs of the big tree, which the President gave Mrs. Cleveland for her very own, and under which the fair mistress of Oakview delights to sit busied with some light task on pleasant summer days, hung heavily laden with snow. Even the wire fences and the telephone line that connects Mrs. Cleveland's boudoir at the White House with the pretty villa looked like glistening white ribbons strung from post to post. The big windmill back of the cottage creaked and groaned on its perch in the air, and now and then, meeting a sudden gust of wind, sent the snow flying from its whirling arms. At the house curtains were drawn and blinds closed. A thin column of smoke, however, curling from the chimney proclaimed the fact that at least a servant had been left in charge. It is expected that Red Top will be put in gala attire during the coming week, as both the President and Mrs. Cleveland spend much time there during the Christmas holidays.

Mr. Powderly Still Improving.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

SCRANTON, PA., Dec. 18.—When THE WORLD correspondent called at Mr. Powderly's residence to-day to learn his condition he found the patient snugly wrapped up and seated in a large easy-chair which had been placed in the comfortable study. Dr. Allen was in attendance, and expressed himself as quite well pleased with Mr. Powderly's improvement. Mr. Powderly said he was entirely free from pain, had slept well during the night and felt much better. He has felt no further irritation from the quinsy attack of last week, which causes him much suffering at intervals. The physician's services will not be required after a few days, and unless something unforeseen should happen the General Master Workman will be able to resume the arduous and exacting duties of his office in a couple of weeks.

Platt's Case May Come Up To-Day.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 18.—Tom Platt has had an aversion to the Delavan House ever since 1881. Accordingly when he stepped off the New York train at 9.50 this evening he wended his way up the dark street that leads to the Kenmore Hotel, and attracted no notice until he came within the glare of the Pearl street lights before that hostelry. Attorney-General O'Brien expects to move the trial of the suit of ouster against him to-morrow, before Justice Edwards. Mr. Platt sought the seclusion of his room at once and is spending the night in prayerful meditation over the distinction between "domicile" and "residence," on which slender legal thread hangs the sword of justice that now threatens his decapitation.

Sunday Baseball in 'Frisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 18.—At Central Park this afternoon Chicago beat St. Louis by a score of 17 to 5. Carroll and Ryan were the battery for Chicago; Foutz and Bushong for the Browns. Attendance, 6,000.

IS THIS MR. PHELPS'S WISH?

A Movement to Put Him on the Ways and Means Committee if Possible.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18.—It is remarkable how the hand of the great James G. Blaine is felt in the halls of Congress. Although absent he is present at all times in the minds of the Republicans. Many Congressmen who are willing to discuss freely all matters of legislation and will give their views on the tariff become instantly silent when the name of the Maine statesman is mentioned. There are a few strong Blaine men like Senator Eugene Hale and Congressman William Walter Phelps, who are always glad to put themselves on record as staunch supporters and are watching after his interests. But the foremost men in the Republican ranks in both House and Senate have none of this loyalty. The majority of the delegation from Maine have very little to say for Blaine, and when they are cornered on the question they talk very guardedly.

Tom Reed, of Maine, the acknowledged leader of the Republican hosts in the House, was once an avowed enemy of Blaine and Frye would be pleased to see some other man head the Republican ticket next year. Blaine has few friends among the leaders in the Senate. John Sherman watches every move with cat-like anxiety and Senator Edmunds jealously guards his views, taking care never to mention the Maine statesman's name. Senator Hawley, who is supposed to be afflicted with a bee in his bonnet, is guarded as to what he says and carefully avoids any reference to him. Senator Allison, although not one of the Blaine watchers, is possessed of a strong and growing backing, and while he has nothing to say against Blaine he believes that any one of half a dozen men will poll just as many votes in 1888.

It is pretty well known that a great many of the Republicans in the Fiftieth Congress do not personally favor Mr. Blaine. Many of them were strong Blaine men in years gone by, but they have lost their loyalty. They think that he has been given more than a fair chance, and that it is time now to try some other man. Some of them had doubts about whether he would fight out another campaign, but his promptness in rushing to the front with his interview on the President's message has demonstrated that Blaine has by no means abandoned the field. The fact that "Joe" Manley was on hand to engineer the convention to Chicago, and that his trusted lieutenants are now booming him in New York, puts an end to all doubts. If the Maine statesman is to head the national ticket in the next campaign the members of Congress will have to take off their coats and go into the fight. For this reason they are extremely cautious about putting themselves on record, however much they are opposed to him. There is little spontaneous enthusiasm for Blaine to be found in either house, but no member cares to antagonize the absent statesman until it is seen how largely he will figure at the National Convention.

Just at present the Republicans in and out of the House are making every possible effort to induce Speaker Carlisle to appoint William Walter Phelps to a position on the Ways and Means Committee. This, it is said, is being done in the interest of Blaine, who wants a good friend on this very important committee. A well-known Republican Congressman who does not favor Mr. Blaine said to THE WORLD correspondent to-day: "Great pressure has been brought to bear upon Mr. Carlisle to secure this place for Mr. Phelps, but it is doubtful whether he will get it. In the first place, Mr. Phelps is from New Jersey. From its delegation in the House Mr. Carlisle will encounter some of the most violent opposition he is apt to meet with in the impending struggle over the tariff. The Ways and Means Committee will originate the Tariff bill, and Mr. Carlisle is likely to think that the fight made against him by Republicans and protection Democrats on the floor of the House will be bitter enough without putting any more high-tariff men on the committee than he is obliged to."

CHINESE OPIUM REFINERIES.

Product of Ten Factories in the Northwest Smuggled Into This Country.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

OTTAWA, Ont., Dec. 18.—Mr. Wolff, the special customs agent of the Dominion, arrived here last night on very important business with the Government regarding alleged falsification of invoices on which goods are being imported into Canada from the United States. In conversation with a WORLD correspondent Mr. Wolff said that a short time since he visited British Columbia to ascertain the amount of smuggling going on in that province, the guilty parties and modus operandi. In the course of his investigations he had learned that enormous quantities of opium are being smuggled into the United States from points in that and other provinces in the Dominion. He got into the confidence of several Chinamen purposely to report to the American authorities how business was being carried on.

This information he has communicated to customs officials on the other side of the line. He says the revenue of the United States is being defrauded to an almost incredible extent in the item of opium alone. He learned that from British Columbia large quantities of manufactured opium are being sent east over the Canadian Pacific, which finds its way into the United States at various points along the St. Lawrence River, notably at Brockville. There are now eleven factories refining crude opium in Victoria, any one of which is sufficient to supply the local demand of the Chinese in that province. The production of the other ten, as a matter of course, finds its way into the United States. The process of manufacturing or refining is inexpensive, and adds little to the original cost of the crude article, hence the enormous profit in marketing it across the line without payment of duty.

In British Columbia a large business is done in smuggling the articles from Cadboro Bay to San Juan Island, where it is held until placed on board sloops or small steamers and taken to Seattle, Townsend or Tacoma. Considerable quantities are also shipped to San Francisco in lumber-laden vessels from Victoria. Detroit is also a receiving point from this side of the line.

A Scheme to Explore Babylon.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 18.—During the past week Dr. Peters has been active in raising funds for the proposed Babylonian expedition, which is to start about the beginning of the year. The greater part of the $30,000 needed has been subscribed, and competent men are now being looked for to undertake the work under the direction of Dr. Peters. The original plan was to proceed immediately to Sehkarvaium or Persepolis and begin excavations there, but it is the opinion of Dr. Hilprecht, the eminent Assyrian specialist, that the expedition should proceed first to Babylonia itself, since the Assyrian culture and civilization was only an offshoot of the Babylonian, the latter being of much greater importance in the study of history and science. It is probable that this suggestion will somewhat modify the plans of Dr. Peter. The expedition is entirely under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania, and is to be composed mostly of Philadelphia scientists.

Brooklyn News at a Glance.

Danco Mans, a young Polish woman, was found wandering through the streets in Brooklyn last night. She cannot speak English. The police are unable to find out where she lives.

Jeremiah O'Rourke, an engineer employed in a machine shop in Twenty-seventh street, Brooklyn, had his right arm caught in the gearing this morning. He received a compound fracture and was removed to the Long Island College Hospital.

Michael McNichols, who is accused of having caused the death of Nathaniel Cummings, on the night of Dec. 12, by knocking him down on the sidewalk, was arraigned before Justice Naeher, in Brooklyn, this morning on a charge of homicide. He was held to await the action of the Grand Jury.

Robert Conery and Thomas McCarthy, two young men, called on Stephen Quinn, at his home, 1604 Fulton street, Brooklyn, yesterday to spend the afternoon. While there Quinn and McCarthy engaged in a quarrel. Conley tried to restore peace when Quinn knocked him down and kicked him, breaking his leg in two places and bruising his head. Quinn was arrested and held on a charge of assault.

THERE is considerable complaint on account of the constant obstruction of the sidewalk at BOUGHTON'S STORE, 44 West 14th st., caused by a crowd watching a group of children playing a game called ZYLO-KARTA. The police ought to execute the law. ***

CRANDELL'S AWFUL CRIME.

A LAWYER KILLS HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW, STEP-DAUGHTER AND HIMSELF.

He Also Shoots His Wife, Who Will Probably Die—Ballston Spa Shocked by a Tragedy This Morning—Terrible Scenes at the House—A Quarrel Over the Custody of Property Caused It All.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

BALLSTON SPA, N. Y., Dec. 19.—Three persons are dead and one will probably die, as the result of a tragedy which took place here this morning.

Lawyer S. S. Crandell shot and killed Mrs. Stone, his mother-in-law, Julia Buckley, his stepdaughter and himself. He also shot his wife, and it is now believed she cannot live.

The shooting took place at Mr. Crandell's residence, and the news spread through the village quickly. Before the murderer had breathed his last a crowd was gathered at the house, and there the sight which met their eyes was fearful to behold. The house was fairly reeking in blood, and evidences of an awful struggle were apparent on every hand.

There is so much excitement that the cause of the shooting cannot be positively stated at this writing.

It has been known for some time that Mr. and Mrs. Crandell have frequently quarrelled over the custody of some property which was owned by Mrs. Crandell and this quarrel probably led to the tragedy this morning.

Mrs. Crandell was formerly the wife of Mr. Crandell's law partner in Troy, from whom she obtained a divorce.

MANY KINDS OF CHEESE.

Each Section of Europe Has Its Favorite, and Fifty Varieties Are Imported.

CHEESE! An unimportant item in the universe. Hardly felt as a serious need, and not of great importance, even to the gastronome! Yet cheese puts hundreds of thousands of dollars in circulation annually. A crumb of Roquefort, or a little dab of fromage de Brie or Gorgonzola, after a well-arranged dinner, is like a saucy little ribbon that just completes an exquisite toilet, or the gracious smile which gives grace to a commonplace action. It isn't much in itself, but it is very telling in the right spot.

One of the biggest cheese firms in New York handles about fifty varieties of imported cheeses. The duty is four cents a pound, no matter what the cheese, so that for some it is 50 per cent. ad valorem.

Nearly every country of Europe produces its own peculiar cheeses. Those which send out the best are Italy, France, Holland, Switzerland, England and Germany.

Richness and flavor are the qualities that make cheese pleasant, and they are the points on which the differences are based.

Cheese is made from milk, but not cows' milk only. Sheeps' milk and goats' milk are also employed. Cheeses are "cured" after they are made, that is, laid by to get duly tempered. Some are made from cream, some from half-skimmed, some from skimmed milk. Some are heavily pressed, others lightly pressed. Some are put in damp, cool places, others in dry, warm places. Besides there are natural and undiscovered causes which individualize cheeses just as they do wines.

To all Frenchmen and to the majority of accomplished cheeses (Heaven forgive the term!) Roquefort is *le roi des fromages*. One firm alone in the town of Roquefort, with a capital of 5,600,000 francs, produces 9,000,000 of cheeses a year! They are stored in natural caves, which abound in the neighborhood. The delicate veins of bluish-green in the cheese are mould.

To the Swiss there is no cheese like his own Emmenthal, or Bruyère. Swiss cheese is full of holes, produced by a process of fermentation.

Your lusty Briton vaunts his Blue Stilton as the "flower of the flock." The "blueness" is a delicate mouldiness akin to that of the Roquefort.

The German glories—actually glories—in Limburger! Of this more anon.

Mynheer the Dutchman hugs his rosy Edam to his stomach with the conviction that it is unapproachable.

The Italian—and Italy, it must be remembered, is the "cheesiest" country on the continent—swears by the Fromaggio Romano, or the soft, creamy Gorgonzola.

Besides these celebrated celebrated cheeses there are also others: Camembert, Sap-Sago, or green, Menauta, Pont l'Eveque, Neufchatel, Bricqueber, Thüringer Kümmel, Cheddar, Cheshire, Double Gloster, Parmesan (chiefly used for grating over dishes), Incanestrato, Strachino di Milano, and the Frommaggio di Calabria.

The Gorgonzola, Camembert, Neufchatel and Brie are cream cheeses, and are a sort of soft paste. They spoil if they harden.

Just as the Monks of St. Benedict brew the delicious Benedictine, the Monks of the Grande Chartreuse their two liqueurs, the yellow and the green, and the Carmelites the Eau Melisse, so the lonely Trappists, those grim, silent ascetics, who dig their own graves for recreation, manufacture a cheese called Bricqueber.

Scandinavia also produces its Gammelost, Meescost, Neckelost, Gedost, all cheeses made of goat's milk and possessing an odor to which Limburger is like a gale from the Spice Islands, or a perfumed zephyr from the rose gardens of Jericho. To him who knows what Limburger is, this is more than sufficient.

The ornate pine-apple cheese, which stands so pretentiously in the grocers' windows, is a vulgar domestic fabrication, which travels on its shape.

A Woman's Dilemma Out Shopping.

[*From the Philadelphia Press.*]

It isn't pleasant to be mistaken for a shoplifter. That is why the wife of a well-known broker has resolved that hereafter when she goes shopping for Christmas she will always wear a plain and tight-fitting coat. As she took her "transfer" and worked her way out of the crowd that besieged the lace counter in one of the big dry-goods stores the other day a polite detective employed by the firm tapped her on the shoulder and removed a yard or so of fine point lace from the sleeve of her wrap. Madam was perfectly innocent and she was not a kleptomaniac, but the elaborate bead trimming on her sleeve had done its work. She has renounced bead trimming forever.

Poured Boiling Water on His Wife.

Terence McLaughlin went to his home, 423 West Thirty-ninth street, last night and beat his wife because she did not have his supper ready. Seizing a club, he knocked her down and poured a kettle of boiling water over her. Mrs. McLaughlin, although severely scalded about the body and arms, was able to appear against her husband in Jefferson Market Police Court this morning. McLaughlin was held for trial. He was drunk when he committed the assault on her.

WASHITA'S GREAT CYCLONE.

Further Particulars of the Storm Which Destroyed Three Villages.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

CADDO, I. T., Dec. 19.—The destructive cyclone which visited the villages of Fort Washita, Green and Armstrong Academy on Saturday morning caused an almost total destruction of the three villages, killing eight people and wounding several others. The country devastated by the cyclone is hilly and wooded, and from the point where it first touched the earth to the spot where it was finally dissipated a swath half a mile in width was mown through the timber and heavy trees were blown through the air like wisps of straw.

Several early risers at Fort Washita saw the cloud approaching, but did not have time to warn the villagers of its approach. It struck the ground a quarter of a mile northwest of the Fort, bounded into the air like a ball, and, descending again, struck the village squarely in the centre, crushing or carrying away half the houses in the town. Many heavy loghouses, although badly twisted and wrenched by the wind, withstood the fury of the storm, and their occupants were enabled to escape.

The cyclone passed off in a southeasterly direction with a hollow roar, like that of a heavy railroad train passing over a bridge. Without leaving the earth again it swept a path over the hills for a distance of twenty miles without, so far as known, encountering a human habitation. It seemed to gather force as it passed over the prairies about ten miles south of Caddo, where it crossed the railroad track and proceeded in the direction of Armstrong Academy. Here the same scenes of destruction were enacted that had taken place at Washita, though to a lesser extent. Several houses were blown down, but with the exception of one man who had both legs broken, no one was injured.

Green, a little settlement about eight miles southeast of Armstrong, was the next point to suffer and here the twisting monster seemed to repeat of its freak of mercy at Armstrong and to play all of the fiendish traits peculiar to its character. Twenty houses were smashed into kindling wood and their occupants buried in the ruins, a produce store was carried away with its contents, while many horses and cattle on the neighboring ranches were injured or killed.

The following are the casualties so far as known:

At Fort Washita:
A. B. LINCOLN, killed.
FRENCH ADAMS, United States Army, killed.
HENRY WAIT, arm and leg broken.
MRS. WAIT, arm broken.

Several others are injured, whose names cannot be ascertained.

At Armstrong Academy WILLIAM COVINGTON had both legs broken.

At Green:
HENDERSON JACK killed.
PETER RIDSON, killed.
Two children, names unknown, killed.

The full extent of the damage by the storm cannot at present be ascertained owing to the thinly populated district over which it passed between the stricken villages. Its velocity is estimated as high as seventy-five miles an hour, but it is probable that its speed was not nearly so great. The trees in the path of the storm were felled in a circle, showing that the speed of the storm bore no relation to the velocity of the wind within the vortex.

COL. W. N. MURPHY DEAD.

An Excellent Record Gained in Command of New Jersey Troops During the War.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

BORDENTOWN, N. J., Dec. 19.—Col. W. N. Murphy died here to-day in the seventy-ninth year of his age. He was born in the city of Princeton on Nov. 22, 1810, and was formerly Supervisor of the State Prison, but never sought a political office until 1881, when he was elected to the House of Assembly over William H. Carter, now Republican State Senator.

Col. Murphy had an excellent military record, having served in the Union army during the war. In the fall of 1860 he was chosen captain of Company A, National Guard, of the City of Trenton, and during the Pennsylvania emergency he was detailed to command the First Battalion of the New Jersey militia, and was Colonel of the Tenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers from Feb. 9, 1862, to March 12, 1863.

Col. Murphy was also Postmaster of the city of Princeton.

CHEVALIER PAINE WON'T ACCEPT.

He Considers Bennett an Amateur and His Challenge Out of Place.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 18.—Chevalier Ira Paine completed his 500 shots with a revolver at the United States standard target, 50 yards distance, at the grounds of the Narragansett Gun Club, yesterday. He fired 210 shots and scored 1,679 of a possible 2,100, making a grand total of 5,279 with the 600 shots, or 107 more than F. E. Bennett made at Walnut Hill recently. The ammunition was from the house of William R. Schaeffer, of Boston, and was made by the Union Metallic Cartridge Co.

Chevalier Paine was shown Mr. Bennett's challenge to him and said his engagements would not permit him to answer it. He did not consider Mr. Bennett in his class, and if he wanted to make a match he must look in the same class of amateurs. This shooting he did not consider his best, and he only wanted to beat Bennett's record, and having done that was satisfied.

Survivors of Three Wrecks.

The steamer Cienfuegos, of the New York and Cuba mail steamship line, in charge of Capt. Colton, arrived at her dock, pier 16 East River, yesterday morning. She had on board eight men of the French bark Prima Donna, which was destroyed by fire at Walling's Island; nine men of the Norwegian bark New York, wrecked on Berry Island, and the captain and two men of the brig Florence J. Henderson, which was wrecked off Diamond Point. The vessels were lost three weeks ago. All the shipwrecked men were taken on board the Cienfuegos, at Nassau, and will be returned to their respective countries. The two sailors of the Florence J. Henderson are at the Sailors' Home in Cherry street. The crew of the New York are at the Scandanavian Home, Brooklyn, while the crew of the Prima Donna are still on board the vessel. No lives were lost in the wrecks.

Why They Decline to Resign.

BOSTON, Dec. 18.—The terms of F. D. Gallupe and C. H. Snow, the Deputy United States Marshals whom Gen. Banks recently asked to resign, expired yesterday by limitation. They have united in an open letter to the General stating that they refused to resign in order to compel him to prefer charges, as he knew that the report of Special Agent Nightingale to the Attorney-General was false in every particular. The acts imputed to them were, they allege, committed by the General's most trusted clerk and chief deputy, who resigned by request eighteen months after these things had been brought to the Marshal's notice, the evidence of which is on file in the United States Court.

Temperance in Kansas City.

Ex-Gov. St. John spoke last night at the Willett Street M. E. Church. He described the struggle of the temperance people in Kansas against the saloons until finally a prohibitory amendment to the Constitution was adopted. "I am often asked," he said, "if Kansas has not lost some of its population since we have suppressed the saloons. Yes, about fifteen hundred to two thousand saloon-keepers. In one sense what has been our loss has been New York's gain. I know that some of them have come here." He said there were only 500 licensed places in Kansas where alcoholic liquors are sold, and at those places they are only sold for medicinal and mechanical purposes.

Blocked Up the Fire Escapes.

For some months the tenants of the Home of Industry, at Houston and Mulberry streets, in generally across the street from Police headquarters, have been piling all sorts of things upon the fire escapes in violation of the fire ordinance. Although this disregard for the law has confronted the police for month it was only this morning that the tenants were directed to remove the obstructions.

SOME COMEDY IN REAL LIFE.

COMPOSER BRAHAM AND NED HARRIGAN VICTIMS OF A SERIES OF ERRORS.

Mr Braham Feared that an Accident Had Happened to His Wife and Called at Police Headquarters—The Reporters Try to Unearth a Mystery—Mr. Harrigan's Efforts to Explain Matters.

Nervous, sympathetic, melodious Dave Braham, who has composed music for Ned Harrigan which has softened the hearts or roused the enthusiasm of its hearers, has an interesting family of five grown-up and equally nervous daughters and an amiable and spirited wife. When the latest effort of the liege lord of their house, 475 West Tenth street, becomes known to them, there is strong probability that he will get a "wigging" that will extend his Shakespearian forehead clear over to the back of his neck.

Mrs. Braham is an attendant at St. Joseph's Church, and yesterday she met at high mass a friend who gave her an invitation to spend the afternoon. She accepted and remained to dinner.

Meanwhile her nervous husband got home from a call, and missing his spouse inquired for her.

The youngest daughter knew not where she was.

The next in rank said she had not yet returned from church.

Another suggested that it was high time for mamma's return.

Mr. Braham was fidgety. Mrs. Braham was not very well, and as the minutes dragged along he became possessed with the idea that something had happened to her.

He clapped on his hat and ran round into Perry street to ask at the home of his eldest daughter, Mrs. Ned Harrigan, if mamma was there.

She was not, and had not been there.

Manager "Smart" Hanley, brother of Mrs. Braham, had not seen her, and as the gray of eventide was beginning to cover the city, Mr. Braham's anxiety increased.

He left word with his now thoroughly aroused daughters that he was going to Police Headquarters to look for their mother, and rushed off in that direction.

He sought out Sergt. Kellaher, of the Missing Bureau, and inquired if any word had been received of a woman aged about forty-two (the villain! she doesn't look much more than half that!) who had disappeared during the day.

Then he made a bad mistake. He refused to say who the woman was, and was "very reticent."

The lynx-eyed reporters, from their posts opposite Police Headquarters, had seen the famous harmonizer of sweet sounds enter and emerge from the building, and in a few minutes they were thoroughly mystified.

Mr. Braham hurried home and nervously rang his doorbell. When the door opened he fell half dead into the arms of—his wife.

She had returned about two hours before from her call, and she and the girls had been enjoying a laugh at the expense of the excitable husband and father.

It was awfully funny till about 11 o'clock, there was a run on the house by a procession of reporters.

Mr. Braham got tired telling the newspaper men that he had been in search of his cook, "an excellent female who had through long years of service learned just how to turn to turn slap-jacks and when to turn the steak on the broiler."

After he got tired of this story he sent word that he was out.

There was a big mystery somewhere, and some of the reporters called on Brother Harrigan. Son-in-law Ned Harrigan's door-bell was also pulled by the indefatigable seekers of news, and Mrs. Braham's physician, young and handsome Dr. J. A. Burke, of 152 West Eleventh street, was not forgotten.

None of these gentlemen was in when the callers inquired. When they did return to their homes their respective door-openers told of the callers.

The intelligence created a panic in the mind of Ned Harrigan, for he knows the value of newspaper advertising—and the value of newspaper silence at times.

He rushed around to father-in-law's and heard his story. Then, with only one brief but awfully emphatic word beginning with "d," he raced over to Dr. Burke's, and the two young men in council decided that the thing to do was to visit the newspaper offices, explain and suppress the item.

"For two long, wet hours—from 1 to 3 o'clock this morning," says Ned Harrigan, with a wry grimace, "we climbed those long, dark stairs. Of course the elevators had stopped running, and we climbed and climbed! Why the deuce do you newspaper men get clear up under the stars?"

"Well, we stopped the whole business. We visited all the offices but one. We thought we could safely take chances on that one. I got all the papers, and there I found the 'mystery' in that one paper. My, but when the girls hear of it, won't they give the old man fits!"

And Mr. Harrigan looked at the reporter with an "I wonder if they will do it in a slow oven, or will just blow him up with dynamite" sort of an expression.

At Mr. Braham's THE WORLD man was told that both Mr. and Mrs. Braham were out.

Funeral of Capt. Magin.

The funeral of Capt. John Magin, who died on Friday at the age of eighty-one years, took place this morning from St. Ann's Episcopal Church, Eighteenth street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues. Capt. Magin was Harbor Master of this port for many years. The Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, rector of St. Ann's, assisted by the Revs. Edward H. Krano and Chamberlain, officiated at the service. The interment was at Greenwood Cemetery.

Placed Sleepers on the Rails.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

MARLBORO, Mass., Dec. 19.—A dastardly attempt was made to wreck the through passenger train on the Old Colony road last night by placing heavy sleepers on the track near Northboro. The engineer saw the obstruction, but not soon enough to avoid striking it. The cars bumped over the sleepers, seven in number, and passengers were considerably shaken up.

John Walsh Sets a Bad Precedent.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

MATAWAN, N. J., Dec. 19.—William Henry Conover, proprietor of the Village House, refused either to sell or give John Walsh a drink on Sunday afternoon. Walsh knocked Conover down, and in the scuffle that began Conover's leg was broken in two places. Walsh will be arrested if he can be found.

Ships Suffered from Yesterday's Gale.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

CHATHAM, Mass., Dec. 19.—Several schooners and an unknown freight steamer passing this morning showed signs of bad usage during the gale of Sunday morning. The freighter had in tow a dismasted vessel and was proceeding very slowly.

House Committee on Rules.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 19.—The House Committee on Rules was announced this morning and is composed of Speaker Carlisle and Messrs. Randall, Mills, Reed and Cannon.

Obituary Notes.

Charles W. Caffry, formerly Captain of the First Police Precinct, died at his home, 171 Alexander avenue, yesterday afternoon. He started in life as a carpenter, but joined the police force in 1858. In two years he was a captain. He was retired from the force under the sixty-year law last June. He will be buried in Greenwood Cemetery to-morrow.

LOCAL NEWS CONDENSED.

Property owners of the west side of the city will meet in the Murray Hill Hotel this evening to talk about rapid transit both above and below One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street on the west side.

The temporary injunction served upon J. M. Hill and Robson and Crane, after courts had closed on Saturday night, by "The Deacon Brodie Company," was this morning set aside by Justice Donohue. There will therefore be no interruption in the performances of "The Henrietta" at the Union Square Theatre.

ANXIOUS EUROPE.

"Will It Explode?" The Old Question Up Again.

THE BLIND BEGGAR'S ESTATE.

Saloonkeeper Patterson Says It is $22—The Two Bodies Taken to the Morgue.

The bodies of James Hackett, the blind beggar, and his wife, Eliza Hackett, who were found dead in a garret at 62 Cherry street on Sunday, were taken to the Morge this morning. The old man drew $40 from the city annually because of his blindness. This sum he banked with Saloonkeeper Frank Patterson, of Houston and Chrystie streets, and there is still left $22 of this amount in Mr. Patterson's hands.

Patterson said this morning that the old fellow was not a miser, and if he had had more money he would have known it. Hackett had been a hod-carrier before losing his sight, a few years ago.

Mr. Patterson has made arrangements for the burial of the old couple in a lot owned by him in the Lutheran Cemetery at East Williamsburg, where, he says, he has already buried a half dozen paupers to prevent their taking to Potters' Field.

Stabbed for His Interference.

John Gallagher, who lives in the rear of 74 Oliver street, was arraigned in the Tombs Police Court this morning on a charge of having stabbed Thomas Kilty, of East New York, in the head, side and abdomen, yesterday afternoon, at about 5 o'clock. Gallagher, according to Kilty, was sweeping the sidewalk of snow in front of his house and at the same time was flourishing a knife. Kilty told him, as he was walking past, that he should put the knife up, as it was not right to be fooling with such a knife in the street. Without replying, Gallagher plunged the knife into Kilty's head, side and abdomen in three strokes in rapid succession. Kilty says several Italians carried him into the hallway of 72 Oliver street, where he was found by the police. Kilty was removed to St. Vincent's Hospital, where the physicians expressed doubt of his recovery. Gallagher was held for further examination, to get further evidence.

Two Men in a Queer Business.

William Bishop and Thomas Cavanagh, of Brooklyn, were charged in the Jefferson Market Police Court this morning with falsely representing themselves as policemen. At 2 o'clock this morning they entered the house of Nellie Harrison, of 114 West Thirty-first street, said that they were detectives from Capt. Reilly's precinct, and that they had instructions from the Mayor to raid the house. They would, however, they said, let the proprietors go for a consideration. The women became suspicious, and called in Policemen Adams and Parkins and had the two men arrested. Justice Patterson fined each of them $10.

Father Riordan's Successor at Work.

The Rev. Hugh J. Kelly, who has just been appointed by Archbishop Corrigan as the successor of Father Riordan at Castle Garden, has already entered upon his duties.

He has been attached to St. Teresa's Church, corner of Rutgers and Henry streets. Father Kelly, when seen by a WORLD reporter this morning, said: "It shall be my earnest endeavor to faithfully carry out the wishes of my late dear old friend, Father Riordan, in everything pertaining to the good of the mission."

Had Enough of British Service.

A young American named Carr, who ran away from home in Philadelphia five years ago and subsequently enlisted in the British army to avoid starvation, returned to America on the steamer Tower Hill to-day. He had spent most of the time with the British army in India. Minister Phelps secured his discharge. He was sent back from India without shoes or stockings. He was very glad to get away from the army in India.

Money for the Police Pension Fund.

Property Clerk Harriot this morning turned over to Mr. Gott, of the Police Pension Fund, $1,158.49 as the result of the last sale of unclaimed goods and such moneys as the police have found during the past year. During the past four and a half years there have been ten sales in the Property Clerk's department, netting the pension fund $10,634.82.

Dempsey Challenges Reagan.

Jake Stearns, Jack Dempsey's backer, sent a letter to Richard K. Fox, of the *Police Gazette*, to-day, offering to match Dempsey against Johnny Reagan under Queensberry rules. He suggests a match of from ten to forty rounds, with two-ounce gloves, for $1,000 a side and the net gate receipts, at St. Paul or Minneapolis. He has posted $100 with Mr. Fox to bind a match.

To Report on Democratic Unity.

A regular meeting of the Young Men's Democratic Club will be held in the rooms of the club in the Hoffman House this evening. The committee appointed to consider the advisability of the club taking action to secure united representation for the Democratic party of the city and county of New York is expected to report.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS IN BRIEF.

Frederick K. Stearns, President of the Detroit Baseball Club, tendered his resignation, owing to the pressure of other business.

It is said that Eugene Higgins, the late Appointment Clerk of the Treasury Department, will soon be appointed to the position of Clerk of the Maryland House of Delegates.

The four Anarchists who were hanged in Chicago on Nov. 11, and Louis Lingg, who committed suicide the day before, were placed in their final resting place in Waldheim Cemetery yesterday.

In a fight for the middle-weight championship of Wisconsin with skin gloves, which took place at Ashland last night between Frank and Downer, the former won on a foul and took the $300 purse.

Fifteen miners were caught in the mine explosion at Fleming, Mo., on Saturday, and are now buried under thousands of tons of coal and debris. Several hundred men are engaged in the work of rescue.

The usual Sunday cockfight came off at Pawtucket, R. I., yesterday in a well-known pit on Pleasant View between Traveller, black red, and another black red of this city for $50 a side. Traveller won and a goodly sum was received for bets.

William W. Jordan, a faith doctor, living in Selma, Ala., while holding a Passover feast at the house of two colored women yesterday, induced one of the women to offer herself as a sacrifice. He then beheaded her with a sword and dragged her body out into the street.