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LAST EDITION.

DEATH OF WILLIAM WARREN.

WITH ONE EXCEPTION THE FOREMOST COMEDIAN OF THE AGE.

In His Time He Had Appeared in Nearly Seven Hundred Roles—He Was the Idol of Boston Theatre-Goers, and for Many Years Was a Member of the Museum Company—Nearly Seventy-Six.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

BOSTON, Sept. 21.—Wm. Warren died at 9 o'clock this morning.

With only the possible exception of Joseph Jefferson, William Warren was the foremost comedian of the age in which he lived. He was born in the house now numbered 712 Sansom street, Philadelphia, on Nov. 17, 1812. His education as a boy was very thorough, and he early imbibed that taste for good reading and that love for the best books which made him such an accomplished scholar and literateur. His father's purpose was that the boy should be trained to mercantile pursuits. But in the latter years of the elder Warren's life he was unfortunate in his business ventures, and when he passed away at Baltimore, Oct. 19, 1832, his family were left without a competency. Under such circumstances Warren, then scarcely twenty years of age, determined to follow, as his father had done before him, his natural bent, and seek fame and fortune following the sire's art. A benefit was given to his mother at the Arch Street Theatre Oct. 27 of this year, and on this occasion the young actor made his first bow on the stage. He enacted the part that his father had chosen for his debut forty-eight years before—young Norval in Howe's tragedy, "Douglas." His success was genuine, and from that moment the actor had no doubt as to the wisdom of choosing his father's honored profession.

WM. WARREN.

His career for several years was exceedingly varied, and in his time he played all sorts of parts, from juvenile to low comedy. With a company organized by Joseph Jefferson, the elder, our actor journeyed through the West, acting in stores, log-houses, wherever a stage could be improvised or audience room arranged. Many were the privations endured on these long journeyings, and the very mention of the work that was done, and cheerfully, too, in those days would appal the dilettante young men who pose on the stage to-day.

In 1845 the actor paid a visit to Europe, more for recreation than business. Once, however, he acted at a benefit entertainment at the Strand Theatre in London, his role being Con Gormly in the "Vermonter," an old farce by Logan. He returned to this country the year following, and now, for the first time, Boston claimed his talent.

The opening night at the Howard Athenæum, was Oct. 5, 1846, and among the company engaged for the season was William Warren. The actor made his entrée on the Boston stage in Sheridan's comedy, "The Rivals," playing the part of Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

From the moment of his appearance on the stage Mr. Warren's success was assured. He appeared in twenty-five roles that season. The Boston Museum, which, though young in years, was already an institution in this Yankee capital, possessed in the year 1846, as it has every year since, a good stock company. But Charles W. Hunt, leading comedian for several seasons and exceedingly popular with the public, severed his connection with the house. No man but Warren could possibly take his place; no man but Warren could be engaged, and even the announcement that the favorite comedian had been secured for the Museum did not at first satisfy the friends and admirers of Hunt.

Up to the time of his great benefit in 1882 Mr. Warren played no less than 561 distinct character roles upon the Museum stage. He remained the rest of that season, and with those played at the Howard Athenæum his record reaches nearly six hundred in Boston alone. With the parts played in his wanderings previous to his coming to Boston, he has in all appeared in some seven hundred roles.

During the twenty-second season at the Museum, that of 1864-65, Mr. Warren severed his connection with the company, and, under Henry C. Jarrett's management, as chief of the Warren-Orton combination, made a successful starring tour of the country, and in such roles as that of Dr. Pangloss in "The Heir-at-Law" and "Jeremiah Beetle," was especially acceptable.

Right royal was the greeting extended the comedian as he made his re-entree on the Museum stage in "The Heir-at-Law." Never was an actor more cordially welcomed, and never was friendship better exemplified.

Speaking of his genius, one critic says, after referring to the other great comedians: "Mr. Jefferson alone remains, and it is as nearly impossible to compare him with Mr. Warren as to weigh a sonnet of Shakespeare against a comedy of Goldsmith. The loftier genius of the creator of 'Rip Van Winkle' must be conceded at once."

Mr. Warner's steadfast adherence to the comparatively uneventful life of a stock actor in Boston with its moderate rewards both of fortune and of renown was often mentioned as an interesting indication of the peculiar reserve and modesty of his nature, but its value to this city has not so often been the subject of comment. Our debt is, nevertheless, very great; his "residence" here has been "better every way," "both in reputation and profit" for us, if not for himself.

To a man of his temperament the conditions have been favorable, for in this quiet corner, under the warm sun of steady, popular and critical favor, his powers developed freely, equally and naturally, suffering neither the violent chills nor the furious fervors of a wandering professional life, and uncramped by the narrow money-catching theories, which belittle the orbits of most of our "stars." The result of this has been that, in Mr. Warren, we had constantly before our eyes a true and thorough artist, approaching ever nearer and nearer to ideal perfection. The worth of such a player to the dramatic taste of a city is incalculable, and to Mr. Warren's constant presence more than to any other cause we attribute the exceptionally active interest which all grades of society in Boston, and especially the more intellectual classes, have for a long time taken in the dramatic art.

Mr. Warren's style as a dramatic artist was so broad and full as to be exceedingly hard to describe. Devoid of eccentricities and extravagances, it lacked, like a perfectly proportioned building, those salient peculiarities which at once catch even the unobservant eye. Mr. Warren was a living proof of the high value to the player of a strong intelligence and superior cultivation. The plastic temperament, though two-thirds of an actor's equipment, is not all.

If it were, N. C. Goodwin, jr., who has an unsurpassed mimetic gift, would be the first of American comedians; and yet he is, and it is to be feared will always be, simply a very comical player, at whom one laughs inordinately, and from whom one carries little away.

Mr. Warren's range as a comedian was simply unequalled, and to the interspection of every variety of character he brought that exquisite sensibility and clearness of insight, that nobility of nature and fulness of understanding which made his work vital, natural and satisfying. For pathos his gift was hardly less remarkable than for humor, the touch showing at times, perhaps, not his greatest facility, but the method being always imaginative and the feeling pure and genuine.

Nor was it upon the deep and broad lines that Mr. Warren excelled. In the art of swift and subtle insinuation in the display of mixed or conflicting emotions he had no rival upon our stage.

Personally an eminently social man, with the gallantry of a gentleman of that old school to which he belonged, Mr. Warren remained a bachelor. His immediate family included four sisters: Hester, born in 1810, whose first husband was a musician by the name of Willis, from whom she was separated, and who afterwards became the wife of Joseph Proctor. She died in Boston on the 7th of December, 1841, from a cold caught while performing in the "Naiad Queen," at the National Theatre, under the management of William Pelby; Anna, born in 1815, who married Danford Marble, the famous Yankee comedian, in 1836, and died in Cincinnati on March, 11, 1872; Emma, who had for her first husband a Mr. Price, and was subsequently married to D. Hanchet, who died in New York in May, 1879; Mary Ann, who married John B. Rice, an actor, who afterwards became Mayor of Chicago. Mrs. Rice is a widow, and is still living. Henry, an elder brother, was for years engaged in management in various cities in New York State and at other places, but is now dead.

So with its present bearer the name father and son have made illustrious, has been lost to our stage. C. W. D.

THE ROBBERS ROBBED.

Adventures of Mr. Donnelly and His $500 Diamond Pin.

When Terence F. Donnelly, of 419 East Sixty-ninth street, went to the People's Theatre last Saturday he wore a $500 diamond pin that had been loaned him by Photographer Winslow, of Grand and Forsyth streets.

On his way home, when he tried to get off a Third avenue car at Houston street, he slipped and fell, and two polite strangers picked him up and conveyed him to Hultze's drug store, on the corner.

When the strangers had gone Mr. Donnelly missed the diamond pin. He left a good description of the men with Capt. Cassidy, and Detectives Mullane, Reay and Connors last evening arrested Henry A. Scott and James Edwards, ex-convicts, whom Mr. Donnelly and the druggist identified.

The detectives found trace of the pin in J. Silverstone's place at 318 Broome street. He identified Scott as the man who had pawned the pin and said Edwards was in his company. It turned out that the men celebrated the larceny by getting drunk, and were in turn robbed of the pawn-ticket by their pal, who appeared the following day at the pawnbroker's and claimed the pin.

At the Essex Market Court this morning the two prisoners were held for trial.

BROOKLYN BABIES SAVED.

But the Man Who Saved Them Lies Seriously Ill at His Home.

Mr. Leatham Teaz, a painter residing at 154 Henry street, Brooklyn, was driving a spirited horse attached to a light wagon along Henry street, when the animal became frightened and made a wild break. At the corner of Baltic street Mr. Teaz saw a baby carriage containing two children being pushed across the road by a nurse girl. He tried to steer the horse out of the way, when the carriage upset, throwing him violently to the ground. When picked up it was found that he had sustained a concussion of the brain and other severe injuries about the head.

The horse continued on his run and one of his legs struck the baby carriage, upsetting it. The two children escaped serious injury, however, and were taken to their home on Sackett street.

Mr. Teaz's condition, on account of his age, seventy years, is considered serious.

Aid for the Life Saver's Mother.

Mr. Isaac Bell sent a check for $50 to Capt. Gastlin this morning with the request that he cash it, and carry the money to the eighty-year-old mother of Policeman Philip E. Biell, the life saver, who was buried on Wednesday.

Mrs. Biell is in destitute circumstances, and on Wednesday on the way home from the cemetery a thief robbed her of $2, all she had. Capt. Gastlin is anxious to raise some money for her. She lives in Van Brunt street, Brooklyn.

Eye-Gouger Bohan Goes to Sing Sing.

William Bohan, the brute who gouged out his wife's eyes, was taken to Sing Sing to-day by Deputy Sheriff Buhler, of Hempstead, to serve out his sentence of twenty-six years and eleven months.

He betrayed no emotion, but repeated his former statement that he was innocent and that his conviction was the result of the enmity of his stepdaughters.

Sick Men from Headquarters.

Major William H. Kipp, chief clerk of the Board of Police Commissioners, is reported ill to-day at his residence, 357 Pleasant avenue. He is suffering from an attack of inflamatory rheumatism.

Detective Serg. Maguire, of Inspector Byrnes's staff, who has been seriously ill, is rapidly improving.

Brooklyn's Suicide Identified.

The body of the man who committed suicide by shooting himself while in a florist's store on Gates avenue, Brooklyn, was this morning identified by C. M. Buckey, of 380 Classon avenue, as that of Paul Arnold, late of Washington. He is supposed to have been in a state of delirium from hard drinking. He leaves a wife.

Jersey City Jottings.

The corner-stone of the new Linden Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church was laid yesterday afternoon by Bishop Fitzgerald.

Charles H. Thorp was arrested and accused of taking a man's gold watch from his pocket at the Waverly Fair. The watch was not in Thorp's possession, but the pocketbook of a Hoboken man was, and Thorp was held by Justice Stilsing.

George Cordick, who, when arrested by Officer Walsh for fighting a few nights ago, attacked the officer and escaped, was recaptured this morning. He told Justice Stilsing that when he asked Walsh why he was arrested the officer answered, "For fun," and struck him heavy blows with his club. He was held for trial.

No More Dyspepsia.

Alexander's Tonic Pills cure it; also give appetite, flesh, strength, pure blood and cure malaria. *.*

'TWAS POLICY RUINED HIM.

BEDELL'S STEALINGS REACH A QUARTER OF A MILLION.

Barlow, Larocque & Choate's Trusted Clerk in a Cell at Police Headquarters—Two Gamblers to Whom He Said He Lost Money Also Arrested—A Long Career of Deceit and Forgery Exposed.

The evils of policy gambling, against which THE EVENING WORLD has been making such a persistent and uncompromising fight, could not receive a more forcible illustration than in the case of James E. Bedell, the confidential clerk of the well-known law firm of Shipman, Barlow, Larocque & Choate, of No. 35 William street, who is now under arrest for swindling his employers out of more than a quarter of a million dollars.

Bedell had been in the employ of the firm for twenty years, and, although he received the liberal salary of $7,500 per year, his passion for this contemptible kind of gambling was so strong that he was led to rob his employers of enormous amounts of money in order to gratify his propensity for policy-playing.

Owing to the position which he held in the office, the implicit confidence reposed in him by his employers, and his expert knowledge of the methods of conveyancing real estate he was enabled to conceal his fraudulent practices for a long time, in the same way that Ferdinand Ward's operations escaped detection for years, although he was bound to be found out at last.

According to all the evidence now in the possession of the police, he began his stealings about five or six years ago, when he succeeded to the post of confidential clerk to the firm, and saw the possibilities that the position offered for raising money by these dishonest means.

He soon made a systematic practice of borrowing money on spurious mortgages, his operations becoming larger and larger from necessity, in order that he might pay the ever increasing interest on his previous transactions, the only means he had of escaping detection.

The remainder of the money he thus obtained was spent in policy playing, according to his own admission.

He had been in the habit of playing policy before, as his records of "gigs," "saddles" and "horses" in several old-time policy-shops downtown show.

Lately he had been gambling, he says, at the policy-writing establishment run by Philip Goss and Joe Emerson at No. 180 Broadway.

Inspector Byrnes arrested both these men last night and locked them up at Police Headquarters. They were taken to the Tombs this morning and remanded by Justice Smith for a further examination.

They deny that Bedell lost any of his money there, although it seems that he was a frequent visitor at their place.

Bedell himself is still in the hands of Inspector Byrnes, to whose custody he was committed by Police Justice White last Monday, and occupies a cell at Police Headquarters. He will be examined at the Tombs to-morrow. Since his incarceration he has maintained a dogged and sullen silence.

According to Inspector Byrnes he is as sharp as chain lightning, and cannot be believed in any of the statements which he made to his employers when they found him out.

Inquiries by the Inspector's detectives have elicited the fact that Bedell has for several years past been leading a life of wild dissipation, and that he has been spending money recklessly in a career of vice that would not be believed of him by his friends.

A great deal of the money he stole has been squandered away in more than one resort, and a good share of it has been spent upon fast women.

When he was first arrested and brought to Police Headquarters it is said that he was found to be suffering from a disease resulting from his wild and dissipated life, and that a physician had to be called in to attend him.

Yesterday Bedell's wife, with the elder of the two children, called at Police Headquarters and had an interview with the culprit in his cell.

Mrs. Bedell did not know until Wednesday that had become of her husband, for he was frequently away from his home in Lafayette avenue, Brooklyn, for days at a time. The news of his crime and imprisonment was a cruel shock to her, and the scene at the Central Office was an affecting one.

Bedell showed but little sympathy for her in her bitter grief, and when at length the poor woman went away with her child she seemed to be thoroughly heartbroken and prostrated by her grief.

The prisoner had nothing to say this morning. He is a man of medium height and rather slight build. His jet black hair and small mustache, with sparkling and restless black eyes, and complexion of an almost unnatural pallor and sallowness form a striking contrast and give him a sinister appearance.

He seemed to take pride in the fact that he had stolen more money by his fraudulent real estate transactions than any prisoner the Inspector had ever had in his clutches for a similar offense, and seems to feel that as he has been caught at his tricks it would be just as well to be hung for an old sheep as a lamb.

At the offices of the law firm of Shipman, Barlow, Larocque & Choate this morning there seemed to be everywhere an air of confusion. The members of the firm were in close consultation, and clerks, messengers and clients kept running in and out.

Ex-Judge Shipman said that the firm could say nothing as yet for publication. The transactions of Bedell had been so complicated that it was hard to get at the bottom of the matter, and it would take some time to examine the books and accounts thoroughly. As far as could be judged at present, however, the amount given by the newspapers was not far from correct. This was $264,500. None of the other members of the firm would talk about the case in any of its aspects.

Joseph F. Solari, who is one of the clients of the firm whom Bedell swindled out of $30,000 with his bogus mortgages was at the office this morning. He says it will go hard with him if he loses the money, for it belonged to his brother's estate, of which he was the executor.

The Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, who loaned $110,000 on Bedell's bogus mortgages is "let in" to a greater extent than any of his other victims. What they propose to do about it is not known, for when a reporter of THE EVENING WORLD called at the company's offices in William street this morning none of the officers would say a word about any of the transactions which they had with Bedell.

It is rumored that Bedell was engaged in some shady transactions some years ago with a person who had very intimate relations with Ferdinand Ward during his career as a financial buccaneer in Wall street.

Congress May Not Adjourn Till March.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

PITTSBURG, Pa., Sept. 21.—Senator Cullom passed through this city this morning on his way to Washington. The Senator says Congress will probably not adjourn till March.

JUSTICE SMITH KNEW HIM.

That Daring Bank Robber Was an Escaped Till-Tapper.

Bank tellers and clerks crowded the private examination room at the Tombs this morning. They were from the Commercial Bank, at 78 Wall street, and the Fifth National Bank, at Third avenue and Twenty-third street, and were present to make complaint against the young thief who so boldly robbed both institutions yesterday.

The young man, who gave his name as Henry T. Hardy, after his arrest by Patrolmen Burns and Nesbit, of the Old slip station, was taken to Police Headquarters this morning, where he had his picture taken for the Rogues' Gallery and was shown to all of the detectives.

Hardy was present while the complaints were drawn up, and he was identified as the robber by John Ruigen, the janitor; John P. Paterson, the porter, and Paying Teller Alfred S. Vanderhof, of the Fifth National Bank, and William McMaster Mills, Charles G. Harrison and Charles A. Porson, clerks of the Commercial Bank.

The affidavits were read to Hardy, and in answer to questions he said that his name was Henry F. Hardy, that he was twenty-four years old and was born in Chicago.

"I had rather not give it," was his reply to the question as to his present place of residence, and to the charge of robbery he said: "As far as the bank, which claims to have lost $3,000, is concerned, I really know nothing about that."

He also pleaded not guilty to the robbery of the Commercial Bank, and was committed without bail by Police Justice Smith.

The blue flannel bag in which he carried off his booty from the Fifth National Bank, and which he dropped as he ran out of the Commercial bank, was perfectly new, of fine material and neatly made.

In it was found $8,700 in five and ten dollar bills, the exact amount which Paying Teller John H. Carr said was taken from his desk.

Hardy is about 5 feet 10 inches in height, very slim, and with a smooth, pleasant face, rather cadaverous. He was neatly attired, with coat and waistcoat of small gray check, brown striped trousers and black derby hat. He wore a lady's amethyst ring on the little finger of his left hand.

Hardy's handwriting was studied with peculiar interest by the officials of the Commercial Bank, because they have lost considerably by petty forgeries in amounts of $10 and $20 recently. All of the forged checks purported to be signed by customers who were on their vacations.

Hardy's handwriting is small, angular and particularly bad, and they failed to identify it as that of the forger.

The robbery of the Fifth National Bank was accomplished at 10 A. M. yesterday. Hardy had been seen hanging about the bank corner for several days by the janitor and porter, and was seen to enter the bank by Porter Peterson. He was dressed in black at the time.

While the attention of the paying teller was distracted for a moment, Hardy stepped upon the projecting base of the counter, reached over the glass partition, seized three packages of bills, containing $1,000 each, and made his escape, dropping one of the packages at the door as he went out. This package was probably dropped as he was pushing the money into the narrow mouth of the bag.

It was slightly after 3 P. M. when Hardy visited the Commercial Bank at 78 Wall street. Here he snatched $8,700 as he had the $3,000 on Third avenue. Teller Carr was counting the money out. Hardy was on the opposite side of the ground-glass partition, out of sight of Mr. Carr. He jumped upon the projecting ledge of the counter, reached over, grabbed the money and ran.

One of the clerks, Wm. McMaster Mills, saw him, however, and gave chase followed by others. The bag which Hardy carried got entangled in the railing of the steps and he had to leave it behind him and seek safety in flight.

He ran through Pearl and Pine streets and Maiden lane. Policeman Nesbit joined in the chase.

Hardy, hard pressed, drew a 32-calibre revolver and fired at his pursuers twice without effect. Patrolman Nesbit returned the fire.

The flying robber darted into Hastings's saloon, at Maiden lane and South street, with Nesbit after him. Here more shots were fired, without effect.

Saloon-Keeper Hastings tripped Hardy and Policeman Nesbit and Officer Bemis, who had entered the front door, fell upon and secured him.

Hardy gave as his place of residence a number in East Eighteenth street and 316 East One Hundred and Eighteenth street. At neither place is he known.

In his pocket was found a small notebook and two medical prescriptions signed "Dr. A. E. Myers," one of them made for "R. F. Sevmour." One calls for a portion each of nitrate of ether, acetate of potash and tincture digitalis.

On one of the pages of the notebook is the address, "Frank Page, Sherman House," and on another, "M. Maurice, Clairmont."

It is thought from the Sherman House entry that the young man is from Chicago.

Inspector Byrnes has notice of a bank robbery which occurred in Buffalo two weeks ago, exactly similar in all its details to those of yesterday. The description of the robber tallies with that of Hardy.

The $2,000 which was stolen from the Fifth National Bank has not been recovered, and the detectives are attempting to discover its hiding place.

After the robber had been taken downstairs Justic Smith, who from the moment the man was arraigned thought that he recognized in him a man who had previously been before him, suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, that is Brown, who escaped from the Special Sessions Court-room two months ago, after a five months sentence for till-tapping.

Clerk Henry C. Perley hurried down to the jail to ascertain if the Justice was right.

At first the prisoner positively denied it, but he subsequently confessed that he was the man and that his right name was Charles O'Connor. He is a notorious character of the Twentieth Ward. He also admitted having served three terms in the penitentiary for sneak-thieving.

His Head Twenty Feet from His Body.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

YOUNGSTOWN, O., Sept. 21.—At daylight this morning the remains of Costello Applegate, a former, aged thirty, were found here on the Lake Shore Branch Railroad. The head was found twenty feet from the body, and the remains were terribly mutilated. Applegate was here at the fair yesterday, and when last seen, last evening, was under the influence of liquor. His home is at Coalburg, O.

Brooklyn News in Brief.

R. J. Morgan, of 301 Ninth street, watching a baseball bulletin, had his pocket relieved of a fifty-dollar gold watch.

The residence of E. P. Basset, 1457 Pacific street, was burglariously entered and robbed of clothing valued at $50.

Clementina Laubenheimer, homeless and drunk, fell on Atlantic avenue and terribly lacerated her jaw. Several of her teeth were also knocked out.

HERE'S SOME NEWS

Commissioner Croker Visits President Cleveland.

Grover's Hand May Guide Our Mayoralty Nomination.

Ex-Mayor Grace Said to Be Wire-Pulling for That Office Himself.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

WASHINGTON, Sept. 21.—Commissioner Richard Croker, the leader of Tammany Hall, arrived here late last evening. He came alone and his visit was totally unexpected except by those who have access to the sacred secrets of the White House. At 10 A. M. to-day Commissioner Croker was seen walking leisurely towards the White House, which he entered a few moments later. He was at once ushered into Col. Lamont's room and the door closed.

At noon Commissioner Croker had not emerged from the White House, and it looks as if he would lunch with the President.

The presence of Commissioner Croker here is exciting much comment and gossip. Police Justice Maurice J. Power, the leader of the County Democracy, left Washington a few days ago after having had a long conference with President Cleveland. There is no doubt that Judge Power came on without being sent for, while it is understood that Commissioner Croker's visit was asked for.

The opinion seems to prevail among the New York City Congressmen that pressure has been brought upon President Cleveland to insist that Tammany Hall should unite with the County Democracy on a harmony county ticket.

Up to recently the President believed that a fight between the two organizations in New York City would increase his vote. He has repeatedly said that the fierce battle for Mayor in 1884 when Grace and Grant ran for Mayor brought at least 5,000 votes to the national ticket that it would not have received if there had been peace and harmony.

During the past few weeks, however, President Cleveland and his advisers have been told that there was great danger of selling out and trading if a hot three-cornered fight on the Mayoralty should take place. Commissioner Croker is still in favor of a fight. He thinks a fight over the county ticket will help Cleveland and Thurman 10,000 votes, and he ridicules the fear of selling out the national for the local ticket.

He says that any attempt to trade away the national ticket would be discovered in less than no time.

A prominent Democratic Congressman, who represents one of the lower districts, and who is a County Democracy man, said this afternoon:

"Croker wants to nominate Sheriff Grant for Mayor. He believes that Tammany Hall can elect Grant. Now Grant is not too anxious for the nomination, and he has all along said he would not accept the nomination for Mayor.

"I was in New York a few days ago and was told on good authority that the outcome of the whole business would probably be this. Tammany Hall will nominate Grant, the County Democracy Hewitt, and the Republicans will nominate ex-Surrogate Daniel G. Rollins. Of course this is only a prophecy.

"The conferences that Judge Power and Commissioner Croker have held with the President may change the whole situation."

A Tammany Hall Congressman says that ex-Mayor Grace is fishing for the Union Democratic nomination, and that President Cleveland thinks both machines should unite upon Grace and save trouble. Many of the President's friends think that a fight between Tammany Hall and Hewitt would lead to serious complications.

Commissioner Croker leaves for New York this afternoon. He refuses to give any information about his conference with the President. The Wigwam leaders, he says, are to have a meeting to-night.

Congressman Mills Has Recovered.

On his return from the Medical Congress at Washington this morning, Coroner Messemer found a despatch awaiting him from Congressman Roger Q. Mills, saying that he had entirely recovered from his recent indisposition, and would speak to-night at Richmond, Ind.

The Quotations.

	Open.	High.	Low.
Canada Southern	53⅝	54⅛	53⅝
Chesapeake & Ohio	7⅝	7⅞	7⅝
Chesapeake & Ohio 1st pfd	15	15	15
Chesapeake & Ohio 2d pfd	9⅝	9⅝	9⅝
Chicago, Burl. & Quincy	112⅝	112⅞	112⅝
Chicago & Northwest	112⅝	112⅞	111⅞
Chic., Mil. & St. Paul	66⅝	66⅝	65⅞
Chic., Mil. & St. Paul pfd	107	107	106⅞
Chic., Rock Island & Pacific	106	107⅛	106
Chicago & Eastern Illinois pfd	92⅞	92⅞	92⅞
Cin., Ind., St. L. & Chic	88	88	88
Col. & Hocking Valley	27⅝	27⅝	27⅝
Colorado Coal & Iron	35	35	35
Delaware, Lackawanna & Western	141⅝	142⅛	141⅝
Delaware & Hudson	117	118⅞	117⅞
East Tenn., Va. & Ga. 1st pfd	70⅝	70⅝	70⅝
East Tenn., Va. & Ga. 2d pfd	24⅝	24⅝	24
Louisville & Nashville	59⅝	59⅝	59⅝
Lake Shore	109⅞	109⅞	109⅞
Lake Erie & Western pfd	30	30	30
Manhattan Consol	94⅞	94⅞	94⅞
Mich. Central	88	88⅝	87⅞
Minn. & St. Louis pfd	15	15	15
Missouri Pacific	80⅝	81⅞	80⅝
Missouri, Kansas & Tex	13	13	13
New York Central	107⅝	108⅛	107⅝
N. Y. & New England	43⅝	43⅞	43⅝
N. Y., Chic. & St. Louis	18⅝	18⅞	18⅝
N. Y., Lake Erie & Western	20⅝	20⅞	20⅝
N. Y., Lake Erie & Western pfd	69⅝	69⅞	69⅝
N. Y., Susq. & Western	11	11	11
N. Y., Susq. & West. pfd	36⅝	36⅞	36⅝
Norfolk & Western pfd	57	57	56⅞
Northern Pacific	27⅝	27⅞	27⅝
Northern Pacific pfd	61⅝	61⅞	60⅞
Ontario & Western	17	17	17
Oregon Transcontinental	29⅝	29⅞	29⅝
Oregon Improvement	29	29	29
Philadelphia & Reading	52⅝	52⅝	52
Peoria, Decatur & Evansville	27⅝	27⅝	25⅞
Pullman Palace Car Co	174	174	174
Rich. & West P. a Ter	2⅞	2⅞	2⅞
R. & W. P. a Ter. pfd	72⅝	72⅝	72
St. Paul & Omaha	29⅝	29⅝	29⅝
St. Paul & Omaha pfd	106	106	106
Texas Pacific	25	25	25
Tenn. Coal & Iron	31	31	30⅞
Union Pacific	59⅝	59⅞	59⅝
Western Union Telegraph	83⅝	83⅝	83⅝
Wheeling & Lake Erie	57⅝	57⅝	57⅝

New York Markets.

WHEAT.—December options opened at $1.00⅝, last night's closing figure, subsequently the quotation declined to $1.00⅛, but recovered and advanced to $1.00⅞ before noon, rec. opened at 97⅞c.; Nov., 99⅝c.; May, $1.04⅞. Market steady. Liverpool cables dull.

COTTON.—Futures opened steady at 1 point decline on near and unchanged to later months. Sept., 9.61; Oct., 9.60; Nov., 9.59; Dec., 9.58; Jan., 9.65; Feb., 9.73; March, 9.80; April, 9.88; May, 9.96; June, 10.04; July, 10.14. Liverpool dull.

COFFEE.—Contracts opened at a decline of 25 points. Sept., 12.90; Oct., 12.60; Nov., 11.90; Dec., 11.50; Jan., 11.10; Feb., 10.95; March, 10.; April and May, 10.95; June, July and Aug., 10.10. Market weak. Hamburg quiet. Havre steady.

PETROLEUM.—Pipe-Line certificates opened at 1 point decline, at 92⅞c., and advanced to 92½. Subsequently the quotation declined to 91½, but just before noon recovered to the quotation. Market dull.

The All-Important Tariff Question

Will be answered by Henry George at Cooper Union this evening. *.*

AFRAID TO ARREST THE MURDERER.

Ex-Cowboy Donald Morrison Puts a Quebec Town at Defiance.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

AGNES, LAKE MEGANTIC, P. Q., Sept. 21.—A murderer wanders about this place almost as free as the most peaceful citizen, and though the Canadian police are on his track and his where-abouts are well known to detectives, who have been sent in search of him, no body dares place him under arrest.

He is Donald Morrison, an ex-cowboy from the Western plains, who has the reputation all over Canada of being a bad, bad man, and not the easiest kind of a fugitive to capture. He is not only wanted for murder, but for arson.

About three months ago he is said to have burned some property belonging to a man who was an enemy of his. Shortly afterwards he attempted to take the life of this man's wife by shooting her, but missed his mark. The Canadian police failed to capture him, and an ex-deputy marshal named Warren, from the State of Maine, volunteered to arrest him.

Warren met Morrison in front of the American House at this place about two months ago, and without ceremony Morrison drew a revolver and shot Warren dead, he having heard that Warren wanted to arrest him. Morrison then took to the woods and eluded all his pursuers.

Many of the residents of this section are Scots, and, he being one of their number, they harbored, fed and informed him of the doings in the outside world. While in the care of friends he was interviewed by a Montreal reporter, over whose head pistols were held while the conversation was going on, and who was sworn to secrecy as to the place of meeting the murderer.

Yesterday while the Megantic Fish and Game Club excursionists were passing through this place on their way to Boston, Morrison came out of his hiding place and walked through the town as if he owned every house within a radius of 100 miles. When he reached the exact spot on which he shot the ex-deputy marshal dead, he turned and walked into the barroom of the American House, where at least a dozen natives were standing. He called for a drink, invited the bystanders to join him, and after gulping down the contents of his glass paid the bartender and walked out with great bravado, announcing that he would sell his life at the very highest cost and would never be taken alive.

OWNEY BRUEN'S SENTENCE.

He Will Go to Sing Sing for Nine and a Quarter Years.

Owney Bruen, chief of the Whyos since the recent sudden death by strangulation of Danny Driscoll, has gone into involuntary retirement for nine years and three months.

He will be the guest of the State at Sing Sing, by invitation of Recorder Smyth. His sentence was administered this morning.

This retirement follows Bruen's conviction for assaulting and robbing Herman Bruns, a Park street grocer, on Sept. 3.

After hearing his sentence, Bruen laughed, turned on his heel and returned to the prisoners' pen. Five minutes later he was the proud cynosure of the eyes of a throng of as hard-looking citizens as could be found as he passed from the Court-House door to the Black Maria.

BROKER AMMON IN COURT.

Mr. Weed Tells How He Was Relieved of His United States Bonds.

The case of Broker Bob Ammon, charged by Theodore Weed, as attorney for his sister, Emily S. Weed, with the larceny of a one-thousand-dollar United States bond, came up before Judge Murray in the Harlem Court this morning.

Mr. Weed said Mr. Ammon told him he had $12,000 invested in a business that with $5,000 more would bring immense profits. He was given five $1,000 bonds, but only returned four.

Judge Murray dismissed the case, saying it was a quarrel between partners and should be settled in a civil court.

A SHOW FOR LABOR INSPECTORS.

Chief O'Brien Speaks Up for the Labor Party's Claim.

John J. O'Brien, Chief of the Bureau of Elections, was at Police Headquarters this morning and stated that the Inspectors of Election for Tammany Hall, the County Democrats and the Republicans will probably be selected next week. The lists are in possession of the Board. Referring to the claim of the Labor party, Mr. O'Brien said:

"I am with the Labor people all the time. It was not the man who was selected last fall, but the party which cast 50,000 votes, and my belief is that the Commissioners have a perfect right to fill vacancies."

The Corporation Counsel's opinion has not come yet.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN IMPROVED.

He Slept Well Last Night and Is Much Better This Morning.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

BOSTON, Sept. 20.—11:30 A. M.—A telephone message just received from Crescent Beach states that John L.'s condition is very much improved this morning. He slept fairly well during the night.

A Setback for the Union Square.

Judge O'Brien, in Supreme Court Chambers, today denied a motion by the trustees of the Courtlandt Palmer estate for the quashing of the injunction preventing them from encroaching on the Morton house property.

This may prevent the Union Square Theatre being rebuilt according to the proposed plans.

Personal.

Mr. Louis Stern, of the well-known firm Stern Brothers, West Twenty-third street, arrived from Europe this morning by the North German Lloyd steamer Trave, after an absence of five months.

Notes of Labor.

Union marble-cutters employed in Wirth's buildings, at Fourth avenue and One Hundred and Sixteenth street, struck yesterday against non-union men, and the contractor settled the matter with Delegate Rogers by employing union hands.

The advance in wages requested of employers by the Tin and Sheet Iron Workers' Protective Union has been generally granted and will be the occasion for rejoicing to-morrow at the picnic in Phœnix Park.

Through the efforts of Delegate Kiernan Contractor Hipped, having in charge the iron work on the new buildings at Church and Walker streets, caused a number of locksmiths and railing-makers to join the Housesmiths' Union. Several union men were on strike of two days against the non-union hands.

Nothing Like It!

Every day swells the volume of proof that as a specific for all blood diseases nothing equals Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY. Remember, this is an old established remedy with a record! It has been weighed in the balance and found fulfilling every claim! It has been tested many years in thousands of cases with flattering success! For Throat and Lung troubles, Scrofula, Kidney disease, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache and all disorders resulting from impoverished blood, there is nothing like Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY—world renowned and ever growing in favor! *.*

LAST EDITION.

BROOKLYN'S ELITE AGHAST.

LA GRANGE BROWN'S DREADFUL PICTURES HORRIFY THE HEIGHTS.

Over Seven Hundred Indecent Photographs Found in the Young Amateur's Studio—Many of Them Those of Fashionable Young Girls—Taken by the Flash Light—The Artist's Confidence in Court.

The aristocracy of ancient and respectable Brooklyn Heights is very much exercised just now over the arrest of La Grange Brown, an amateur photographer and full-fledged fool, who lives with his parents at 100 Hicks street.

Along with the young operator of the camera Detective Rorke, of the Butler street police station, took into custody 239 negatives and 520 photographs.

It is these negatives and photographs which are troubling the good people of the Heights, for they are the counterfeit presentment of women and young girls in the giddy garb of Nature, and it is whispered that some of the females who have had their charms focussed by young Brown are the daughters of highly respectable families.

Brown was remanded to jail by Police Justice Massey this morning to answer the charge of misdemeanor on two counts on Sept. 28.

Tuesday last a gentleman visited Anthony Comstock at his office and informed him that while he was waiting for a "prescription" at the saloon of Valentine Schmitt, Fulton and High street, Brookly