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NEW YORK, FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1889.

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A Page of Rollicking Fun and a Page for the Children.

IN THE SUNDAY WORLD

JACK THE FIREBUG.

Danbury Visited by a Mysterious Fire Fiend.

Forty Incendiary Fires in the Space of Five Months.

Four of Them on One Night and the Work of One Person.

Heaps of Oil-Smoked Rubbish Found in Every Instance.

The Police Completely Mystified and Citizens Much Excited.

DANBURY, Aug. 16.—Danbury has a "Jack." The people call him "Jack the Firebug."

He is as dangerous and mysterious as Jack the Ripper or Jack the Peeper. Within five months he has started at least forty fires here.

Although none of them has been attended by loss of life there have been many narrow escapes, and the financial loss has been great.

A reporter of THE EVENING WORLD who came here yesterday found the people in a state of great excitement.

Within the past few days there have been eleven fires in rapid succession.

Jack started three fires in one night, one of which caused a loss of \$20,000. Since then he has kept quiet, but it is expected that he will be at work again soon.

The insurance companies are very chary of taking risks, and the local police are falling into disrepute owing to their failure to catch the miscreant.

He works speedily and quietly.

For instance, last Monday night at 10.30 o'clock, fire was discovered in the tin shop of the J. M. Ives Co., on Main street, just beyond the Housatonic passenger station.

It was discovered so quickly that the firemen were summoned in time to extinguish it with little difficulty.

The fire marshal made an investigation and found, as was suspected, that some one had deliberately set the place on fire.

MARKS OF OILY FINGERS.

Marks of oily fingers were found on a window frame, through which "Jack" evidently made his escape after setting the building on fire.

Inside a pile of rubbish was found soaked with oil, and the walls were also wet down with the inflammable liquid.

In another room a load of oil waste was found which would have burned like a streak of lightning had the flames once reached it.

It was discovered so quickly that the firemen were summoned in time to extinguish it with little difficulty.

There was a crowd of at least seven hundred people in the street who had been watching the work of the firemen on the first place.

It is surprising that none of them saw the firebug as he fled from the Danbury House, which stands within three hundred feet of the spot where the first fire was found.

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the extent of \$20,000 or \$25,000 between them.

AN EXPLOSION FEARED.

The factory was very near the gas works, and at one time it was feared would explode the gas in the big tanks.

In such an event the loss of life would have been terrible, and the entire town would probably have been destroyed.

Recognizing the danger, the firemen abandoned the fat factory and devoted their best efforts to keep the fire from the gas works.

They succeeded, but only by dint of work which should make them famous.

Even the famous force of fire-fighters in Gotham could not have shown more bravery and energy than did these men on the brink of a volcano, when a flying spark falling in a gas tank would have caused an explosion that would undoubtedly have blown them out of existence at that rate.

Their coolness and courage saved the city.

They were ably assisted by the police. About two hundred hands were employed in the fat factory, and they will find it difficult to find other situations at this season of the year.

The proprietors of the factory are so much annoyed by the fire that they are considering moving their factory to some other locality. Although their stock and building was insured, they are largely on contracts which they had to lose.

ARRESTED ON SUSPICION.

Cary, the watchman, was arrested on suspicion of starting the fire. This was because he told so many conflicting stories about its origin.

The story that he adheres to is that the first intention he had of the fire was hearing a noise in the long hall.

"What kind of a noise?" he was asked, when arraigned in a police court.

"Like a man walking softly. I grabbed my pistol and lantern and ran into the hall, but I could see no one. I scented smoke and the window at the end of the hall was wide open. I closed and bolted it when I went on duty."

"I started to shut the window when I heard a man's voice and, and turning around I saw the flames burst out from below on all sides. It was a picture of hell I shall never forget."

"I think that I could do nothing single-handed, so I ran out and gave the alarm."

Cary is still under arrest, but his story is believed by the majority of people. He is well and favorably known in town, and the people cannot bring themselves to believe that he is the infamous "Jack the Firebug."

NOT SATISFIED WITH THREE.

Not satisfied with these three "Jack" started another one, and the fourth of the series at 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning.

Every one in town, waked after the night's excitement, was asleep, when a blaze lit up the stables of James N. Taylor, proprietor of the Opera House.

"Jack" had crawled under the structure and stuffed a lot of soaked waste into a crevice beneath the stalls, and thus the fire was started.

The firemen were summoned, but they were unable to get out the fire, and the building was destroyed.

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Jack, although he has been constantly at work in their midst.

The exception is Mr. J. C. Price, who says:

"I was going home late one night, when I suddenly saw a sheet of flame burst through the windows of a house on my right."

"It was after midnight, but a bright, moonlight night."

"I saw no one but myself about until I ran forward to give an alarm, and then through an alleyway on the side of the house I saw a man skulking out."

"That man struck me as being the living resemblance of Hyde, Dr. Jekyll's evil spirit."

"The weather was cool and he wore a long kind of brown-colored coat, and was stopping like and looking behind him. He had a soft hat pulled well down over his eyes, and there was a look that was tendish in his expression on his face."

"It was neither a laugh nor a snarl, but a combination of both, with everything else you can think of. He did not seem to hear me until I was close to him."

"Then he turned and sped back through the alley with the speed of the wind, hesitating for a moment wondering whether to wait out an alarm or follow him."

"That moment's hesitation gave him time to escape. I felt so instantly, so I gave the alarm of fire."

"While doing so I heard two pistol shots in the rear of the building. That is Jekyll's signature when he has built a good fire, and that was a good one."

"I wish now I had followed the fiend when I last him," concluded Mr. Price.

IS THE FIEND INSANE?

The people believe Jack is crazy. They say that no man in his sane senses would take the risks he does. He is bound to be captured sooner or later if he continues, and if he is caught red-handed he will only know that the charges are well laid out with him. Rope and post are ready things in Danbury, and THE EVENING WORLD reporter has no doubt that he will be caught in the end.

"Some local leaders wish to further their own personal ends, do a little trading, but the leaders of the County Democracy are too clear-sighted to enter into any such alliance."

"I think that Mr. Voorhis is too good a Democrat to sell his soul."

"It would be the same in pulling down the pillars of the temple. The accomplishment of their vengeance would only work their own destruction."

"I am disinclined to believe that there will be a general anti-Republican union of the County Democracy with the Republicans."

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COUNTING ON THE COUNTIES.

MR. CROKER DOESN'T THINK THEY'LL BE TRAITORS THIS FALL.

John R. Voorhis, He Says, Is Too Good a Democrat to Help the Republicans to Win the Legislature and Overthrow Gov. Hill—Will Tammany and Its Rival Unite on the Local Ticket?

"What will be the attitude of the several political organizations of this city towards each other in the approaching campaign?"

This question was propounded to Chamberlain Richard Croker, the oracle of Tammany Hall, by an EVENING WORLD reporter.

Mr. Croker's views on the local political situation are always interesting, for as Tammany's big chief he usually goes the battle.

In view of the present situation of affairs political—the success of the organization which he leads; the apparent rout of the County Democracy, and, above all, the threat of a union of Republicans and Counties to control the next Legislature—anything Mr. Croker may now have to say on this question possesses more than ordinary interest.

He approached the subject with caution, and declared that it was quite too early to say just what the three organizations will do, and he is not yet to give his opinion.

"I have paid very little attention to the matter as yet," he said.

"What do you think of the rumor of a Republican County Democracy deal?" was the next question.

"I am disinclined to believe that there will be a general anti-Republican union of the County Democracy with the Republicans."

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ELIXIR OF DEATH.

Indignation Against a Doctor Who Used the Brown-Sequard Liquid.

His Victim at Death's Door and in Great Agony.

Dr. Loomis's Old Men in Bellevue not Benefited—Other Deaths Reported.

SPRINGFIELD, Aug. 16.—There is a feeling of intense indignation here against the Brown-Sequard "Elixir," and for his disastrous use in using it Dr. George K. Taylor, one of Cincinnati's best known physicians, has incurred great unpopularity and is liable to be indicted.

Dr. Taylor, perhaps with the best intentions, has brought a respected citizen to death's door, and has caused him to suffer untold agony by experiments made, if not against his will, at least without his full knowledge and consent.

Charles S. Steele is an almost helpless paralytic with a large family dependent on him for support. He has made a rare living by taking orders for food since being stricken by paralysis two years ago.

Last Saturday evening, while hobnobbing home with the assistance of a heavy cane, he was lured by Dr. Taylor, who resides at a handsome house at 317 Linn street.

The doctor led Steele into his office, where he injected a portion of the Brown-Sequard elixir in each leg without Steele knowing what it was.

Steele suffered intense agony, but was told he would soon get well.

It was almost a great relief on Monday he called on Dr. Taylor, who told him the more pain he had the more complete would be his final recovery.

Yesterday Steele sent for Dr. Watson, of John street. Dr. Watson says, "I found the inside of both of Steele's thighs terribly inflamed, swollen and in a most painful condition, as if gangrene had set in, though it may prove only blood poisoning. That is the man's death."

"His high fever and pulse show blood poisoning and I believe his mind has been unbalanced."

"It is the most inexcusable outrage I have ever known to be committed in medicine, and I would cheerfully take the witness stand against the man who perpetrated it."

Today Steele's friends retained an attorney to sue Dr. Taylor for heavy damages.

SHAMON, Pa., Aug. 16.—George Robertson, of Mount Carmel, has just died from the effects of an injection of the Brown-Sequard elixir made in his left breast. He suffered from inflammation of the bowels, and it was suggested that he try the new remedy. It was administered by a competent physician, but it first failed to make the patient almost delirious from pain. He died two hours after the operation.

FRIDAY, O. Aug. 16.—The only experiment made with the Brown-Sequard elixir in this town has proved fatal. Mr. Ferron used it yesterday upon William Liedel, a sufferer from rheumatism, and the latter died this morning.

Dr. Harry Loomis, of this city, who on Wednesday administered the elixir to several of the much vaunted elixir, is now very ready to state his conclusions in regard to it. He says that sufficient time had not elapsed since his experiments to enable him to pass judgment on the elixir.

Four of the old men were seen in their coats in Bellevue Hospital today and they were being carried to the hospital by the young or any efficient substitute for the same.

The nurse reported that they acted the same as usual, and that there was nothing in their conduct to show that the fluid had vitalized them.

Saratoga's Vanity Fair. See the Sunday World.

FOUND HIS SON'S CORPSE.

MR. ROSCOBE'S SEARCH ALONG NORTH RIVER LAST NIGHT REWARDED.

The body of young James Roscoe, the clerk of Adams's Express Company, who was drowned on Sunday in sight of his ten-year-old brother and his father, Abraham Roscoe, was recovered by the latter to-day at the foot of Franklin street, nearly a mile from the spot where he was lost.

The boat in which they took a Sunday afternoon sail was swamped at Pier 38 N. E., and father and son hung for a long time on the dock rail while the little boy sat above them, calling loudly for help. No steamer came, and James' only hope was to get out.

"I hope I can hold on no longer."

"Well, my son, I am sorry, but I will help you, was the last response.

Both of them dropped in the water, but James never sank up and was carried away by the strong undercurrent of the ebb tide. The father floated on his back and was rescued by the crew of a tug at blocks down the stream.

Every day since the fatal Sunday, two divers have been at work scouring the river bottom in the vicinity of Pier 38, while the father watched with them.

The funeral will take place on Sunday afternoon from the boy's home, 181 Waverly Place. It will be a large one.

A Talk with the Mighty Potentate of the Greek Church in Jerusalem. In Sunday's World.

QUIETLY DEPARTED.

President Harrison Left Jersey City on an Early Express Train.

He Arrived from Boston on the Pilgrim This Morning.

A Tug-Boat Took Him at Once to the Depot.

President Harrison arrived in New York at 6.55 this morning on the steamer Pilgrim, of the Fall River line. Half an hour later ex-President Grover Cleveland and his charming wife arrived at the same pier on the steamer Providence, of the same line.

The President boarded the Pilgrim at Fall River at 7.15 o'clock last evening. The mills had quit work for the day, and a great multitude of people were in the streets. They formed two deep lines from the railroad station to the dock, and cheered the President enthusiastically as he passed.

Mr. Harrison walked up the gang-plank with Mrs. Choate, wife of the President of the Fall River line, on his arm. Next came Mr. Choate and Private Secretary Halford.

There were 80 passengers on board, an exceedingly large number. They cheered the President when they caught sight of him. The President's party will first get out at Long and ending New England journey, went directly to his stateroom.

It was No. 12, and is the finest on the steamer, being the one usually assigned to bridal couples.

The Pilgrim left Fall River at 7.30, and a few minutes later President Harrison and Secretary Halford came down to dinner. They sat at the table with President and Mrs. Choate, Steward David Washington had risen to the occasion and had prepared the following gastronomic menu in seven parts:

1. Creamed Chicken with Fried Celery.

2. Boiled Chicken with Egg Sauce.

3. Boiled Potatoes, French Peas, Tomato Salad.

4. Tenderloin of Beef, Fried Mushroom Sauce, Potatoes a la Windsor.

5. Stuffed Tomatoes, Cream Fritters.

6. Turkey, Celery Sauce, Baked Potatoes, Boiled Onions, Cranberries.

7. Orange Sherbet.

8. Roast Plover on Capers.

9. Fried Hominy, Dressed Lettuce.

10. Neapolitan Ice-Cream.

11. Fresh Apple-Cream.

12. Assorted Fruits.

13. Wash-Cake.

14. Coffee.

15. Cigars.

After dinner President Harrison lighted a cigar and took a stroll on the deck.

He held no reception in his cabin as he did on his recent trip from New York to Fall River. At an early hour he withdrew to his stateroom and retired.

The Pilgrim had a pleasant trip and arrived in New York earlier than usual. The President was called at 6.55 this morning.

Supt. George Ketchum, of the Old Colony pier, telegraphed to Jersey City, and engaged the tugboat Louis Gilbert to take the President to the railway station. The tugboat arrived at 7 o'clock.

The President, Private Secretary Halford, and a colored servant, sent by the Pilgrim, embarked. Supt. Ketchum accompanied them.

The party landed at the Adams Express pier in Jersey City. The President was conducted through the express office and reached his apartment at 8 o'clock without any one in the station knowing it.