

LAST EDITION  
SORTING OUT THE GUESSES.

Winner of European Trip to Be Announced Without Delay.

Nellie Bly's Quiet Sunday at Home—Happy, but Not Tired.

The busiest place in THE WORLD office today is the room where the guesses on the duration of Nellie Bly's journey around the earth are being sorted. It is hoped that the task may be completed this week, and the name of the lucky guesser may be announced.

The magnitude of the task may be imagined when it is stated that nearly a million of the guess coupons were received, and that they came in in scores of thousands after it was known that the young woman had arrived at San Francisco.

In addition to the regular clerical staff of THE WORLD, a score of "postmark experts" from the Post-Office are employed in their hours of duty in Mr. Van Cott's premises, each giving as much time as can be spared from his needed rest.

It is now known that more than a thousand guesses have hit the right number for days, but are out in the hours, minutes and seconds; more than ten thousand came within twelve hours, and more than fifty thousand within twenty-four hours.

The time, as announced in the SUNDAY WORLD, was 72 days, 6 hours and 11 minutes.

The greatest possible care has been taken that no coupon received should be mislaid. Every guess sent in will, when the assortment is made, be recorded and take the exact chance in the competition to which it is entitled.

The bright little woman who has been the object of so much attention spent Sunday quietly in her cozy uptown flat. She saw but few callers, though she set for her photograph in the morning. Her rooms were rearranged with the most of flowers, bouquets, baskets, wreaths, every chair, table and window was filled with them.

Kind friends began to give them to me at San Francisco," she said, "and I received them at almost every point along the route. In the rush and crush I lost a great many of them, and the accompanying cards from a great many more. I am very sorry for that."

"It seems good to get back to New York," she chirped, "still my journey was pleasant, one from beginning to end, and I am almost sorry it is over. I enjoyed every day of it. I had no idea I should meet with such a reception. A big crowd greeted me when I landed, with hand and music, and they sent me all across the continent till I reached THE WORLD office. I didn't like it at first, but I became used to it, and soon did not care for being stared at."

"My pet monkey does not take kindly to life in a flat. He snatched pretty nearly everything in his morning. He is very tame, but he gets tired of staying in his cage all the time, and I let him out occasionally to rest him. This morning I let him out, and the result was a great deal of mischief. He broke all the plates, cups and saucers he could find, and before I could get him back into the cage he had broken every thing breakable in the kitchen. I am afraid I shall have to give him to the menagerie in Central Park."

Nellie did not mind the guessing contest till she arrived at Yokohama. Then she found copies of THE WORLD, and some of the friends she met there sent guesses by the same ship on which she came herself.

Showers of telegraphic messages of congratulation have been received. Chief among these was one from M. Jules Verne, which reads as follows:

MILWAUKEE, Jan. 25.—I never doubted the success of Nellie Bly. She has proved her extraordinary courage, energy and determination. I am proud to have known her, and for the director of THE WORLD, HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAH!

Others who wired messages of congratulation were Consul-General John C. New, at London; Rev. Dr. Talmage, on the point of sailing for Liverpool; Prof. Fritch, President of the Anthropological Society, Berlin; Baron von Richtzenhausen, President of the Berlin Geographical Society; the editor of the Figaro, Paris; and scores of others. The Iron City Company, of Iron City, Tenn., send Miss Bly a deed to a town lot in that city.

PACIFIC RAILWAY BLOCKADES.

A Hopeless Condition of Affairs Yet on the Southern Pacific.

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 27.—The situation of the Southern Pacific Railway is hopeless as the most virulent enemy of the Company could wish.

A despatch from Supt. Brant Ridley says the fourth bond passenger train of the 23d cent. reached West Fork, but after forty-eight hours' hard work the train had to be left there, the engines and men going south. There are about half a dozen landlocks between West Fork and Astoria, and the way is the least deep.

Telegraphic communication has been interrupted for a week. The bridge at Roseburg is being carried on piles, and other similar occurrences are apprehended.

On the Union Pacific, local trains are being carried on trestles. The Iron City Company, of Iron City, Tenn., send Miss Bly a deed to a town lot in that city.

CENDIARY TELEPHONE WIRE!

Started in a Box at Stowrer's Telephone Station.

BOY AND DOG BOTH DROWNED.

Young Faceless MacFarland Met His Death While Skating.

Evidence of His Dog's Heroic Efforts to Rescue Him.

From the moment that one step off the Staten Island Rapid Transit car at Arthrochar station to-day one feels that he is in an atmosphere of sorrow.

Police-man James Fitzpatrick, when asked for directions to Arthrochar Park, the estate of Lawyer William Wallace MacFarland, of Boardman, Tracy, MacFarland & Platt, gives it in a subdued voice.

Passing up the winding gravel roads, with the deserted pavilions and cottages, merry-go-rounds and hotels of South Beach behind and the Gothic brick mansion of the MacFarlands before, on the highest eminence of the ninety-eight acres, an EVENING WORLD reporter entered Arthrochar Park to-day.

As he neared the green-house he heard heart-rending sobs, coming from the tool-house connected with the conservatory, and through an open window he saw a girlish form, with disordered brown hair, kneeling over the body of a great St. Bernard dog.

"Oh, Bob! Bob! Poor Wallace! Poor Wallace!"

It was the voice of agony, and Patrick Wheelahan, the old stableman, wiped tears from his eyes as he said to the reporter:

"It is Miss Edie, poor child! I think her heart will break since Wallace was drowned."

Lying in a plain dark casket, in the mansion on the knoll, is the lifeless form of young William Wallace MacFarland, the life and the soul of the Arthrochar Park, the accomplished and successful lawyer, is prostrated and agonized with the shattering news of his death, which has been announced with an intense though quiet grief, tries bravely to comfort him.

His body lies below stairs, left the house Saturday at 11 in the morning never to return again alive. With his skates and "Bob," the noble dog, which had been his playmate and staunch friend since the boy was a child and the dog a puppy, Wallace MacFarland set out for a small party beyond a little rise of ground on his father's park.

He did not return to lunch, and the afternoon wore on without his coming. The fact-faced pony that had borne him on a thousand rides and was known all over Staten Island, and was grown old and decrepit, whinnied and "Bob," the noble dog, which had been his playmate and staunch friend since the boy was a child and the dog a puppy, Wallace MacFarland set out for a small party beyond a little rise of ground on his father's park.

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It was learned that Wallace had gone skating, and old Wheelahan and his sons, Patrick and William, the coachmen, set out to look for him. They found him in the little pond, though there were marks of his skates there and the tracks of the St. Bernard. A man said he saw boy and dog, some towards Brady's pond, a mile to the west.

It was very dark, but the hunters, reinforced by other employees of the Park continued their search until midnight. At 6 o'clock in the morning one of them found Wallace's hat and a glove on the ice of the Four Acres pond, and then a boy and a dog were seen skating on the ice. Policeman Fitzpatrick and a posse of citizens arrived a little later, but the Wheelahans refused to abandon the search.

Grapples and ice-hooks were obtained, and the bottom of the pond was dragged. Trustee Marsh and Policeman Homer assisted in the search, and at 10 o'clock the body of the boy was found, and was taken to the morgue. The body of the dog was also found, and was taken to the morgue.

After six hours of unremitting labor the body of the boy was found on the surface. It was the body of the faithful dog, Bob, and a little later the body of the boy was found. The body of the dog was also found, and was taken to the morgue.

Standing there by the lake of death they could see in fancy the struggle for life. The boy and dog were seen skating on the ice. Policeman Fitzpatrick and a posse of citizens arrived a little later, but the Wheelahans refused to abandon the search.

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CONFERENCE BETWEEN POSTMASTER VAN COTT AND HIGH U. S. OFFICIALS.

Jekyll and Hyde Existence of the Defaulting Cashier.

The Post-Office authorities are still in a state of nervous excitement over the defaulting of George H. Lounsbury, the late cashier.

There was a long conference this morning between Postmaster Van Cott, Inspector Wheeler, Acting Cashier Wood, Commissioner Shields and Assistant District-Attorney Rose.

The Postmaster declined to say afterwards what discoveries had been made in the course of the investigation, although he admitted that the shortage was larger than he had at first been led to believe.

From other sources it was learned that the inventory of all the postage stamps in the office had been completed and that it showed that stamps to the value of \$18,502 were missing, together with the cash deficit, will bring the total amount of Lounsbury's stealings to \$47,500.

In addition to this the sum of \$500, which has been contributed to the Pearson Monument Fund, of which Lounsbury was the custodian, is missing.

Postmaster Van Cott expects to complete his investigations to-day, when he says he will prepare a statement showing the amount of the defalcation to a penny. There has been some talk of the bondsman resisting the payment of the claim which Postmaster Van Cott has against him, but this idea is ridiculed by the Post-Office authorities.

LOUNSBURY'S STEAL \$48,000.

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They say that the bond was a special ironclad obligation, which Postmaster Van Cott compelled his cashier, assistant cashier and the cashier of the money order department to give when he took the office. There is no chance that they will escape.

The cashier's safe, which was sealed up last Friday, has not been opened since. It was thoroughly ransacked at that time and the cash, cranny and compartment was emptied.

Assistant Postmaster Morgan said this morning that the inner compartment, in which the cash was kept, had been searched, and a large sum of money and valuables would be found when opened, was actually open when the safe was first searched.

All that it contained was a few New Year's cards. There was not a cent of money in it. A box containing some jewelry belonging to his first wife, which Lounsbury kept there, had been removed by him the night previous, when he left the office for the last time.

This explosive and fearful story which has been in circulation ever since the suicide of Lounsbury.

That Lounsbury did with the money is a matter of conjecture, and it is suggested by those who know something of his habits of recent date that he had for a considerable time past been leading a life of dissipation. His Inspector and authorities that they do not suspect any one in the office of implication in Lounsbury's crime, but they believe that he had been spending the money in a dissipated and reckless manner, and it is said to be working up several clues.

TWO YEARS FOR LIZZIE.

A Young Girl Goes to the Penitentiary for Passing Counterfeits.

Lizzie Spears, the fifteen-year-old girl who was arrested for passing counterfeit silver dollars on Harlem streetkeepers, was to-day sentenced by Judge Benedict, in the United States District Court, to two years' imprisonment in the Monroe County Penitentiary.

Lizzie cried bitterly when she heard her sentence, and her mother and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. McMillen, tried in vain to console her.

The Quotations.

Table with columns: American Cotton Oil, American Oil, Standard Oil, etc. Prices listed for various commodities.

William Killinger's Corpse Found in an Upright Vestibule.

A man who, by papers in his pockets was identified as William Killinger, a carpenter of 130 St. Mark Place, was found dead in the vestibule of the Lenox flats, 202 West Forty-ninth street, at 3 o'clock this morning. He sat bolt upright against the door.

There was no mark of violence upon his body, neither had he been robbed. His watch was in his pocket, and his gold collar button and finger-ring were untouched.

A notice in his pocket from Lodge No. 4, A. O. U. W., bore the name of Secretary Henry Willis, of 224 West Forty-ninth street, and Mr. Willis was sent for. He concluded that the man was dead, and he called the police.

HAYDEN SUCCEEDS BELL.

Mayor Chapin Appoints Him Police Commissioner.

Other Important Appointments by the Brooklyn Executive.

Mayor Chapin, of Brooklyn, this morning made the following appointments: Capt. HENRY B. HAYDEN, Police Commissioner in place of James D. Bell.

JOHN GRIFFIN, reappointed Health Commissioner. JOHN ENNIS, reappointed Fire Commissioner. JOHN C. MCGUIRE, reappointed Register.

JASPER MURPHY, appointed member of the Board of Education, in place of John E. Fey.

JOHN SCHELMANN and JOHN W. CARILL, reappointed Excise Commissioners.

Capt. Henry I. Hayden, who succeeds James D. Bell as Police Commissioner, is a man of about fifty years and but little known in Brooklyn politics.

He has lived in Brooklyn for twenty-five years, and is in the sailing-making business at 707 South street, under a great sign.

He served through the war in the marine service, and was with Admiral Farragut at the taking of New Orleans.

He derives his title of Captain from having for a short time commanded a company of the Seventh New York Volunteers.

Mayor Chapin appointed him Police Commissioner last July. He is a warm personal friend of the Mayor, their acquaintance extending over a period of twenty years.

Capt. Hayden lives at 583 Franklin avenue.

The failure of Commissioner Bell to receive the appointment caused a great sensation among his friends, who were sanguine of his victory.

Particularly is this the case among the district police captains, who were unanimous in demanding his re-appointment.

Among all the candidates for the office Bell's chances were said to be the brightest, and no one for a moment looked for a dark horse in the race, such as Capt. Hayden proved to be.

His appointment, therefore, brought consternation to the ranks of political bosses, and while Capt. Hayden is such a personal friend of the Mayor, he is actually fit for the office, his appointment is the cause of much dissatisfaction in the ranks of politicians.

WHY SHE WANTS A DIVORCE.

Evidence That Capt. Frank Harrison Is a Very Naughty Man.

Evidence was to-day given before Judge Lawrence and a jury, in the Supreme Court, in the suit of Mrs. Nellie Harrison against her husband, Capt. Frank Harrison, of the Third Regiment, of Brooklyn, for absolute divorce.

Some time ago Mrs. Harrison instituted divorce proceedings against her husband. In her petition Mrs. Harrison charges her husband with the statutory offense, the respondent being a young girl named Lonia Foreman, with whom it is said he had been on undue intimate terms since 1880, and by whom he is alleged to have had three children.

Mrs. Harrison did not discover her husband's infidelity till last February. Capt. Harrison has brought counter-charges against his wife, alleging acts of infidelity on her part, and she has introduced evidence in the Monroe County Penitentiary.

The case has been pending for some time in the District Court, and it is said before a jury to determine certain questions of fact that have arisen.

The witness examined, including Louise Foreman and her two brothers, showed that the defendant had lived with the girl for several years, and had admitted that he was the father of her three children, one of whom is now living in the name of Frank Harrison. These facts were not disputed by the defense.

During the afternoon a number of witnesses were examined to show the truth of the counter-charges made by Capt. Harrison against his wife, and it was with whom she is alleged to have been intimate. John P. Harbo, Charles E. Harbo, George Robinson and James Black, and Julius Kusche, a New Rochelle resident, were called by the plaintiff.

The plaintiff was in court with her mother. She is a stately blonde, of fine proportions. Capt. Harrison was not present.

MET DEATH AT THE DOOR.

A Fine Looking Guest Turns on the Gas and Dies.

George Miller, of C. Williams, a fine-looking man of fifty-five years, a guest at the Barrett House, was found dead at that hotel this morning.

At 10:30 a strong smell of gas was perceived on the floor where the man's room was situated, and the door was broken open by porters Brennan and Lyon. Miller was found lying on the bed in his underclothing, with his feet on a wash-basin and near by.

BIG PETE JACKSON IN TOWN.

The Colored Champion Pugilist Arrives on the Adriatic.

Says He Won't Fight Sullivan Under London Prize-Ring Rules.

The White Star liner Adriatic arrived at her pier at the foot of Christopher street, North River, shortly before 10 o'clock this morning.

Conspicuous among her passengers towered the tall, athletic form of Peter Jackson, the colored Australian heavy-weight champion. He was surrounded by his friends and he seemed to be in the best of humor and spirits.

An EVENING WORLD reporter greeted him almost before the gangway had been laid, and Peter expressed himself as pleased to return to his country.

He was dressed in a close-fitting suit of Scotch tweed that showed off his athletic figure to perfection. Patent leather shoes, a square crown English derby and a rough pea-jacket completed his attire.

He looked remarkably well, and in answer to a question said that although the weather was very rough coming across, he never felt better in his life.

"I suppose you've heard all about Sullivan's declining the offer of the California Athletic Club to fight you for a purse of \$15,000?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, but that does not worry me," he modestly replied. "I have not challenged Sullivan."

"Why?" began the reporter.

"You understand I have a contract with the Club," he went on, quickly, "that requires me to meet all comers. Any arrangement the Club may make suits me."

"You are willing to raise the stakes?" inquired the reporter.

"It makes no difference to me," Jackson replied. "I am willing to go as high as \$100,000, but I am concerned. I am perfectly willing to meet him in a finish fight, the gloves to be mutually agreed upon, before the California Athletic Club, for a purse of \$15,000 or more. That is my position. But I will not fight under London prize-ring rules."

"By not?" queried the reporter.

"Well," he said grimly, "I wouldn't care to be dragged to Mississippi, and I always steer a clear of policemen as possible. Whatever the Club says suits me."

Jackson was met by a delegation from the United Club, a prominent colored organization in this city, who welcomed him in warm style.

He was accompanied by "Parson" Davies, his backer, who met him at Quarantine, Sam Shirkpatrick, his trainer, and William Naughton.

He was very popular on the trip over, and the passengers took a wonderful liking to him. He is a fine specimen of a man, and his appointment is the cause of much dissatisfaction in the ranks of politicians.

The undersigned, cabin passengers, have great pleasure in presenting to you this slight testimonial of our appreciation: We, the undersigned, desire to see you on your return to New York, and we have every confidence that your uniform will be a passport for you into the society of gentlemen.

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FIVE KILLED IN THE WRECK. CLEAN STREETS PROMISED.

Smashup Followed by Fire on the Mayor Grant and Heads of Department Railway.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.) INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 27.—The through passenger train, No. 1, on the Monon road from Chicago, was wrecked at a trestle over Wilkinson's Creek at Carmel, a village eleven miles north of Indianapolis, this morning.

The wreck took fire, several trainmen and passengers were killed outright, or burned to death.

M. E. Ingalls, President of the Big Four, is among the injured.

Mrs. EDNA B. BROAD RIPLEY, Ind., burned. Two children of D. R. ROHAN, of Sheridan, Ind., unknown.

An unknown man died soon after being rescued, missing and supposed to have been burned. The injured: Mrs. EDNA B. BROAD RIPLEY, Ind., burned. Two children of D. R. ROHAN, of Sheridan, Ind., unknown.

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LAST EDITION  
EIGHT YEARS A FUGITIVE.

Burglar Miskell in Custody for Killing Policeman Burnham.

Run Down by Detectives for a Murderer Committed in 1881.

Thomas Miskell, an ex-convict and burglar, for whom the detectives have been scouring the land eight long years, is locked up at Police Headquarters at last.

He is charged with having had a hand in the murder of Policeman Burnham in Lansingburg, N. Y., in 1881.

Miskell was one of the gang who was surprised cracking a safe in that town by a policeman. In the fight that ensued Burnham was shot dead.

Nothing was known of the tragedy until the next morning, when the policeman's corpse was found in the alley. By that time the gang was many miles away.

Miskell, Kit Carson and Tim Connor, all well-known New York thieves, formed a partnership for out-of-town operations about the time of the appearance of Inspector Byrnes on the scene as chief of the detective force and his breaking up of the band that robbed the Manhattan Bank was scattering consternation among the "crooks" in the city. The trio robbed the safe of the Walter A. Wood Moving-Machine Company in Troy and fell into the hands of the police up there.

Miskell and Carson