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"WANTS" IN THE SUNDAY WORLD.
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WINDOM AS TRESPASSER.

Serious Cloud on Uncle Sam's Title to Liberty Island.

If Congress Don't Save It, New Jersey Authorities Will.

The amendment to the resolution providing for a thorough investigation into the question as to whether Liberty Island should be selected as the site of the proposed Federal immigrant depot will be presented to Congress by Representative McAdoo, of New Jersey, to-day.

If action on Congressman McAdoo's resolution is blocked, Senator Chandler, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Emigration, will recall the concurrent resolution which empowers the committees of the Senate and the House to act jointly, and will substitute a resolution directing the Senate Committee to proceed with the investigation independently of the House.

If there is no objection in the House of Representatives the matter will go right through, for two-thirds of the members are reported to be in favor of it.

Should everything else fail, then the State of New Jersey will step into the breach and cry "Hands off." She will declare that the Government has no right to erect any buildings upon Liberty Isle without her permission.

Ex-Commissioner R. C. Bascot, of Jersey City, who was a member of the Board appointed to settle the question as to whether Liberty Island was New Jersey or New York territory, says in a letter to Congressman McAdoo:

Public sentiment in this State is unanimous in its approval of and gratitude to you for your effort to prevent the desecration of Liberty Island by turning it into an emigrant station of the Federal Government. The State of New York never had any right to convey to the United States any title to the island, except the qualified jurisdiction over the same for police purposes as specified in the treaty with New Jersey in 1833.

It is also clear that the Federal authorities have no power to build a wharf or pier on the lands under water surrounding the island without the consent of the State of New Jersey being first obtained. The treaty above referred to expressly states that such lands were the property of New Jersey.

Congressman McAdoo, commenting on this, says:

This being the case, the only step necessary to prevent Secretary Windom from carrying out his design, should Congress not first take action, would be to begin quo warranto proceedings upon the basis of the treaty cited by Mr. Bascot.

I think New Jersey may safely be counted upon not to grant a permit to anybody to build a lot of unsightly barracks on the hem of Miss Liberty's gown.

The jealous silence with which the New York newspapers regard this proposed desecration is severely commented on in Washington.

One paper prints a very weak apology for Secretary Windom's action, quoting Assistant Secretary Tichenor. The latter says:

Liberty Island belongs to the Government and is under the control of the War Department for military purposes. It is not a public domain in the sense that Congress can alienate it by sale or by grant. It is held for defensive purposes in the event of the outbreak of war.

The Secretary of War has practically licensed the Treasury Department to use such portion of the island as is already not occupied by the States of Liberty and the Lighthouse Board. This he has a perfect right to do, but, of course, in the event of war, the Treasury Department, being only a tenant at will, would have to vacate and remove the immigration plant.

Congressman McAdoo, with ready answer, says:

It will be observed that Mr. Tichenor admits in one sentence that the island is under control of the War Department for military purposes only, and that it is not public domain in the sense that Congress can alienate it by sale or grant; and in the next sentence he talks about the War Department granting license for immigration purposes.

Ten or twelve thousand protesting petitions were secured by WORLD reporters in less than five hours Saturday, and thousands more may be had if Secretary Windom doubts that the voice of the New York people is against desecrating Liberty Island.

M'ADOO'S AMENDMENT ADOPTED.

But the Bill Delayed by an Objection to the Appropriation.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

WASHINGTON, March 10.—Mr. McAdoo's amendment to the bill on subject of Immigration laws, designed to protect Liberty Island from the desecration proposed by Secretary Windom, has just been adopted by the House without a dissenting voice.

Kilgore, of Texas, however, objected to an appropriation of $5,000 to enable investigation of the laws to be made.

So the whole question goes over until to-morrow.

Howell Osborn in New York.

Howell Osborn returned from Europe yesterday on La Bretagne. Fay Templeton did not accompany him. He said he would stay here if he found he could make any money in Wall street, and if not he would go to the other side again. The courts recently decided that his creditors could not touch his annual income of $30,000, as that amount was necessary to maintain him in the style in which he was accustomed to live during his father's life. He owns a seat in the Stock Exchange, but his creditors cannot take that, for it is a privilege only and cannot be transferred except by consent of the Governing Committee of the Exchange. Osborn has grown stout during his residence abroad.

Kesher Shel Barzel.

WASHINGTON, March 9.—A convention of the Order of Kesher Shel Barzel, or Iron Knot, one of the leading Hebrew societies in this country, began here to-day with a full attendance of delegates. The order has a membership of 15,000 and meets once in six years. These officers were elected to-day: President, Simon Wolf; Vice-Presidents, Moses Greenbaum, Joseph D. Coons and Jacob Trust; Secretaries, Lewis Abraham and I. L. Leisersohn. Mr. Wolf made an address, in which he urged a union of the eight Jewish secret benevolent organizations in the United States.

R. G. Blaine Promoted.

WASHINGTON, March 9.—Robert G. Blaine, brother of Secretary Blaine, who has for some years held the office of Curator of the Department of Agriculture, has been appointed by Secretary Rusk Superintendent of Quarantine Stations under the Bureau of Animal Industry.

FURE MILK for the Baby. The New York Condensed Milk Co.'s MILK, condensed and fluid, absolutely pure. Perfect for children. Try it. *,*

PROBING BIRCHELL'S RECORD.

Clues Sought in Connection with Pickthall's Disappearance.

The Murderer of Benwell May Have a Blacker Record Yet.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

NIAGARA FALLS, March 10.—It is probable that Mrs. Reginald Birchell, wife of the polished scoundrel who is held for the murder of Frederick Benwell, will soon be as free from the custody of the law as she is, in the popular mind, from all suspicion of a guilty concern in her husband's crime.

There are now few people but believe that the unfortunate girl was another of Birchell's dupes, and that, though she undoubtedly suspected something wrong and was anxious over it, she never entered into his plans with a full recognition of their criminality.

The verdict of the Coroner's jury, including Mrs. Birchell as an "accessory after the fact," will carry little force in view of all the circumstances.

Birchell is enduring life at Welland Jail with the same easy indifference which has marked his course as a prisoner all along. He is utterly impenetrable when approached on the subject of the murder, but he wards off questions in such a way as to leave the impression, not that the subject is an unpleasant one, but one in which he has no particular interest and about which he has not concerned himself.

Meanwhile the authorities, having him securely fastened for the Benwell murder, are looking for clues which may establish his connection with other crimes as black.

The disappearance of Neville Pickthall, once the comrade of Birchell, is one of the things the officers are sharply poking their inquiries into, and they have already got some facts worth considering.

Pickthall left Woodstock Feb. 10, telling conflicting stories as to where he was going. He took $1,000, raised by a mortgage on his farm, and said he would double the money before he returned. He went to New York, he met the Birchells, he has never returned, nor have he and his $1,000 been heard of since.

Birchell's papers, found in searching his luggage for clues in the Pickthall matter, furnish new evidence of his versatility, showing that he has been a theatrical agent, a photographer's agent, and an interested participant in various sporting matters, such as bench shows and horse shows.

In connection with the papers relating to his photographic business, a batch of autograph letters was found, making arrangements for sittings from Sarah Bernhardt, Minnie Palmer, Fred Leslie and other distinguished theatrical people.

Portions of a correspondence with T. R. Mellersh, of the National Union Club, were also found, establishing the fact that Mellersh and Birchell were interested together in the advertising scheme by which Benwell and Pelley were duped.

Pelley, by the way, is kept in a most uncomfortable strain by the constant surveillance under which he will be kept until the Birchell case is settled. As the man who probably narrowly escaped the fate of Benwell, he is, too, a great curiosity to the public, and is stared at and anpoyed whenever he appears.

"BULL" BOOM IN READING.

Under Heavy Sales the Price Advanced Five Points in an Hour.

Those in early attendance at the Stock Exchange this morning were witnesses of quite a lively circus. The bulls in Reading showed their hand early, and marched the price of the stock from 38⅛ to 40⅝ in the regular way.

this move created a stampede among the shorts, and cash stock was worth anywhere from 1¼ to 1½ per cent. more than the regular rate.

An enormous short interest was developed in Reading last week, and the story current on the street is that Postmaster-General Wanamaker has joined hands with the Anti-Corbin people in New York to bring about a change in the management of the property.

The dealings were on a large scale, and the excitement increased so that the operators paid little attention to the rest of the list.

The dealings in the stock during the first hour of business aggregated nearly eight thousand shares. The stock sold as high as 42⅝ cash.

Before noon the flurry was over and the frightened short who were not able to cover at the advance got over their scare and the market began to settle back towards its original starting prices.

At noon the stock was quoted at 39⅝. Nearly 100,000 shares of the stock changed hands during the forenoon.

The bull crowd in the street which manipulated the squeeze was jubilant, while the spirits of the bear crowd, which were a big victim in last week's campaign, were perceptibly dampened by to-day's set-back.

Austin Corbin said he didn't know anything about it.

CUT A QUEEN THREE TIMES.

Thus Mrs. Worden Learned that Her Husband Was Untrue.

Eugene Worden, a street railroad conductor, aged twenty-six years, of No. 410 West Twenty-fifth street, was arrested Saturday night on a charge of bigamy and taken before Justice White at Jefferson Market Court yesterday. Two wives, each armed with a marriage certificate, gave damaging testimony against him. Each of the women had a baby, but neither of them wanted him as a husband any longer. Wife No. 1, Margaret E. Sherwood, came on to this city from Stamford, Conn., Saturday and took rooms at No. 113 Ninth avenue. She told Capt. Grant, of the West Twentieth street station, that her husband had married another woman and was living at No. 410 West Twenty-fifth street.

Miss Sherwood was married to Worden July 20, 1883, in Stamford, Conn. The young husband was soon out of employment and left his wife to come to New York to look for work. Worden secured a place on the Bleecker Street Railroad as conductor, and Nov. 13, 1887, he married a servant girl named Margaret Hefferman, at Jersey City Heights.

Worden continued to write letters to his wife at Stamford, Conn., and called her "Dear wife," and "dear mamma." The wife never suspected that her husband was untrue to her until she consulted Mrs. Robert Francis, an old friend, who is a clairvoyant. She took a pack of cards and cut them three times, and each cut revealed a queen, which indicated, as the clairvoyant claimed, that a light-haired woman had alienated the affections of her husband. Mrs. Worden was surprised and began an investigation which resulted in Worden's arrest. He was held for trial in default of $500 bail.

QUEEN LAURA'S RECEPTION.

Baby York's Friends Help to Celebrate Her First Birthday.

Found in a Lot and Adopted by New York Hospital Nurses.

Forty fond and doting mothers are helping their baby girl celebrate her first birthday to-day at the New York Hospital.

Perhaps another mother, wistful and longing for a part in this event in the life of little Laura York, has her heart in the

LAURA YORK.

nurse's room of the great hospital, too! A guilty heart is that of this one mother who has no participation in to-day's festivities—yet the heart of a mother.

A year ago this very morning—it was a dreary, cold and bleak morning, with a bleak wind cutting through one's clothing and carrying the dampness and chill to the very bones—a policeman from the Twentieth street station heard a sound like the treble of a kitten.

He was at Tenth avenue and Sixteenth street, and he was on one side of a high fence, the noise on the other. Clambering over the fence he found—a wee bit of humanity, wrapped in an old newspaper.

The officer gathered up the little bundle, placed it under his overcoat and hastened to the station. An ambulance was called and Surgeon Buell, of the New York Hospital, found a little girl, not more than four hours old, almost dead from exposure.

Packing the babe in a box of cotton he carried it to the hospital. It lived through the incessant efforts of the doctors and almost instantly it captured the hearts of all the forty nurses, especially that of Miss Cyrena McLaury, who was at that time head nurse in the children's ward.

And Miss McLaury felt honored in being accorded the pleasure of naming the baby after herself—"Laura"—and its only known mother—"York."

Laura York was the luckiest waif ever deserted in this big town, for though New York Hospital is not a foundling asylum, with one accord the attaches of this great charity, from Supt. Ludlum down to the ambulance drivers, decided to keep the little one.

And Laura York has reigned supreme over fifty hearts ever since. When not weather came a wet-nurse was engaged, and she and Miss Laura were packed away, bag and baggage, to Coney Island, where Miss York drank in the sea air for two whole months.

Miss I. H. Sutliffe, Directress of the Nurses, was installed as chief mamma to Miss Laura when Miss McLaury left the Hospital, and the baby queen has sojourned with her ever since.

Miss Sutliffe, the housekeeper, claims a share in Baby, and Miss Kline, charming in the pert little white cap and gown of Quaker gray and Quaker scantiness of skirts, bringing Miss Laura down to receive the compliments and congratulations of THE EVENING WORLD this morning, proclaimed with half-indignant voice that Miss Laura was no common street waif, but a born lady.

To all of which the reporter said "Amen!" for Baby Laura is the sweetest, round and dimpled little lady in New York.

She crowed and displayed between lips of ruby six pearly teeth, and held out a pincushion hand with a dimple at every joint.

Laura's eyes are blue as heaven and twinkle like the stars. Her rounk cheeks are delicately tinted in pink and white and her feet are dainty as any lady's.

The young lady wore a gown of white, a knit jacket of pink zephyr and knit shoes of baby blue.

The reporter presented his compliments in his best baby language, and little Laura said, "Aa! Aa!" and "Goo.Goo!" quite understandingly, at the same time showing her appreciation by putting out her hands to be taken.

Supt. Ludlum forsook his desk to pet Baby and take her in his arms, and permitted Baby to pull his whiskers and remove his glasses from his nose.

In two minutes there were a dozen attaches of the hospital about the little queen.

But presently Miss Laura said something about breakfast, and was taken away, waving her hand, and saying "By-by!" as she went, her big blue eyes twinkling merrily the while.

Baby has been the recipient of a hundred gifts from her admirers, and to-day, in honor of her birthday, she received a golden chain from her forty mammas, and this evening there will be a reception in her honor.

Laura York weighed four pounds when she blossomed on a cheerless world a year ago. To-day she gets her nickel's worth in depressing the slot-weighing machine eighteen pounds.

Eighteen pounds of joyous loveliness! And her mother, poor child! can have no participation in the happiness of this day.

Laura is the permanent charge, not of the hospital, but of the nurses, and when she gets a little older she will be educated just as though she were the child of wealth.

She now has a French nursemaid, a little Sixteenth street girl, who is paid by the forty mammas to come every day and take the little one out for an airing. She has her own carriage, and one of the birthday gifts was a beautiful afghan from Miss Kline.

Novel Boycott Methods.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

CHARLESTON, S.C., March 9.—Undaunted by the pending prosecution for conspiracy which has been instigated by Boyd Bros. as the representative of Tracy & Russel the Committee of the Knights of Labor which has charge of the prosecution of the boycott continues its work. As on last Sunday the knights continue their tactics of visiting all the barrooms where the boycotted ale is sold, purchase drinks and then report the liquor dealers for violating the city ordinance. The work of the Committee of the Knights commenced this morning at 10 o'clock and ended at about 4 o'clock, when eleven cases were reported to the police.

COL. MORAN'S PRIZE SWORD.

To Be Formally Presented to Him at the 69th Regiment Ball.

Mayor Grant Will Tender Him "The Evening World's" Beautiful Gift.

The thousands of people who have admired Lieut.-Col. James Moran's beautiful sword at the American Specialty Company's window, in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, will be interested in knowing that Col. Moran will be formally presented with the sword at the annual ball of the non-commissioned officers of the Sixty-ninth Regiment to be held at Central Turn Hall, Sixty-seventh street and Third avenue, St. Patrick's night, Monday, March 17, 1890.

There were many candidates in THE EVENING WORLD'S National Guard Election from the Sixty-ninth Regiment, but as soon as it was developed that Lieut.-Col. Moran was in the race to win all of his associates in the Regiment turned their support towards his canvass, and the result was a total vote of over 295,000, and an overwhelming majority for the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel of the invincible Sixty-ninth.

Now Col. Moran's associates propose to honor him still more, and at their annual ball next Monday night he will be presented with THE EVENING WORLD'S sword. Mayor Grant will make the presentation speech, and the big hall will undoubtedly be crowded.

At the same time Bourke Cockran will present Capt. Morris Cox, of Company D, with a sword which was awarded to him by vote as the most popular officer of the regiment in a contest at the recent Carmelites' Fair in East Twenty-eighth street.

Among the interested spectators at the ball will be Mrs. Agnes G. Burns, of Grammar School 38, who was the winner of THE EVENING WORLD'S Lady Teachers' Contest. The sale of boxes is already progressing rapidly and a large attendance is expected.

The arrangements for this enjoyable event are in the hands of this Committee: Sergt.-Major Daniel O'Byrne, Chairman; Corpl. John Lynch, Company A; Sergt. Patrick McDrew, Company B; Sergt. Patrick O'Brien, Corpl. Wm. F. Johnson, Company D; Corpl. C. F. Malone, Company G; Sergt. Wm. Doyle, Company H; Corpl. Daniel Hally, Company I; Sergt. Geo. Malone, Corpl. T. O. Mahoney, Company K.

The guests will be received by this Committee: Corpl. Chris F. Malone, Chairman; Sergt. Martin Greely, Corpl. Daniel Guilden, Company A; Sergt. P. M. Drew, Company B; Sergt. Wm. Maher, Sergt. R. F. Martell, Company D; Sergt. P. J. Hayes, Company G; Sergt. Brennan, Corpl. Cornelius Morton, Company H; Corpl. John Penthony, Company I; Corpl. Daniel McCarthy, Company K.

Sergt. Walter Magee, of the non-commissioned staff, will officiate as floor manager, and Sergt. William Doyle will be his assistant. The music will be furnished by James A. Joyce.

HE CAN BEAT HER NO MORE.

Queer Circumstances Attending Mrs. Ellen Rooney's Sudden Death.

The people who live in the big double tenement-house at 172 Bleecker street are much exercised over the sudden death last evening of Mrs. Ellen Rooney, who lived with her husband, John Rooney, in an attic room on the top floor. Each was between fifty and sixty years of age, and they have several grown-up children.

John Rooney sold coal and wood in a basement in South Fifth avenue, and his wife went out washing. They were constantly quarrelling, and Rooney would often go off on protracted sprees, coming home every now and then and giving his wife a beating, the neighbors allege, if she didn't give him the money which he demanded.

Rooney has been on a jamboree for the past week, and several days ago the tenants of the house were disturbed by a great racket in the Rooney apartment. Old John was giving his wife a clubbing, and he finally left her with a black eye and several bruises about the head.

Mrs. Rooney went down to the rooms of the Feeleys on the floor below yesterday afternoon and said she was feeling very ill. She lay down on the sofa, and they gave her a glass of milk. When she got worse they sent for a priest from St. Joseph's Church, who arrived only a few moments before the old woman died. She seemed to be in great pain before she died, and it was very difficult for her to breathe.

The neighbors all thought that her death must have been caused by her husband's ill-treatment, and the police were sent for. Officer McCarthy, of the Mercer Street Squad, came around, and when he saw the bruised face of the dead woman and heard the stories of the neighbors he went out to look for Rooney.

He found him lying dead drunk in his own room and took him to the station. A woman named Reddy was also detained as a witness.

Rooney denied in court this morning that he had beaten his wife lately, but he was held to await the result of the Coroner's investigation.

FATHER AND SON MURDERED.

The Older Victim a Sightless and an Armless Man.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

ST. LOUIS, MO., March 10.—Officers at Galena, Kan., have arrested the supposed murderer of Charles Williams and his twelve-year-old son, who were found murdered in their beds yesterday morning.

Williams was blind and had lost both arms in a mine accident.

Run Down and Killed by the Engine.

Antonio Bosqueto, thirty-five years of age, of No. 349 Fourth avenue, Jersey City, while engaged in picking up coal on the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Bergen Cut was struck by the locomotive of express train No. 24, from Philadelphia, at 10.28 this morning and instantly killed. His body was terribly mangled.

"Y. & M." Stick Licorice has a world-wide reputation for superiority. *,*

FLACKS AT BAR.

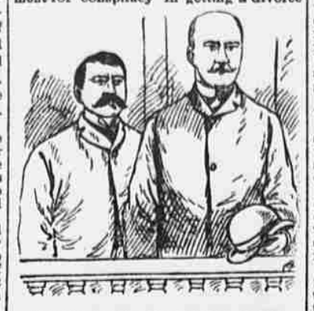
Beginning of the Many Times Postponed Conspiracy Trial.

New York's Sheriff in the Role of an Accused Felon.

Work of Impanelling an Impartial Jury Begun.

At last Sheriff Flack, his precious son "Will" Flack, and Joseph Meeks, the pliant referee in the famous bogus divorce proceedings, stand at the bar of justice.

After six adjournments and various other vicissitudes, the trial of these three worthies on the seventy-count indictment for conspiracy in getting a divorce



SHERIFF FLACK AND REFEREE MEEKS.

for Mary A. Flack from Sheriff Flack without her knowledge or desire, began before Justice George C. Barrett, in the Court of Oyer and Terminer to-day.

Civil Justice Monell, charged jointly with the Flacks and Meeks, has died.

The instinct of wife and mother prevailing over the indignation of a woman cruelly wronged by him who had taken her for better or for worse, aided by his son—her son, Mrs. Flack resorted to all manner of subterfuges to avoid the duty devolving upon her as a member of society of appearing in court to testify as a witness against her husband and son.

Shortly after the close of the proceedings before the Grand Jury, Mrs. Flack retired to a little hotel at Little Britain, seven miles from Newburg.

Then a reaction set in. For weeks she had been suffering torture in her rude awakening to a realization of the perfidy of those who should have been her most loyal friends.

She is an old woman, past sixty, and feeble. But now, the excitement of the Court proceedings being over, she resolved herself into wife and mother again.

After all, James A. Flack, though he had cruelly wronged her, was her husband. She loved him still.

And Will! Her own flesh and blood! She had nursed him as a babe; tended him in his growing years; watched him with motherly pride in his manhood—and now she was the chief prosecutor who would consign him to prison, stamp him with a felon's mark!

Mrs. Flack was prostrated. Then her husband and son visited her retreat. They lavished soft words and costly gifts upon her, and with the love-growth of a lifetime on the one side, and vengeance and vindication on the other, the wife and mother triumphed, and Mrs. Flack made excuses for not appearing in court as a witness.

A physician was found to certify that she was physically unable to come to New York, and postponement followed postponement till a physician sent by the Court found that Mrs. Flack was not ill at all.

Then Detective Sergts. Von Gerichten and Kiernan went up to Little Britain and brought the reluctant, grieving woman to the city.

She consulted with Assistant District-Attorney Goff Saturday and promised faithfully to go to the house of her niece, Mrs. Bingham, at 325 East Eighty-fifth street.

Instead she was driven up to the door of the house of City Marshal Joseph M. Hill, 215 East Fifty-first street, late Saturday afternoon.

She was assisted to alight by Will Flack. The carriage rolled away, and the curtains were drawn down tight.

The District-Attorney discovered that Mrs. Flack had not appeared at Mrs. Bingham's—indeed, Mrs. Bingham was sorely affrighted lest her aunt had come to some harm.

After hours of patient search the detectives succeeded in locating Mrs. Flack at the home of her husband's humble server, and at 10 o'clock yesterday morning they, with Mr. Goff, drove to the house in Fifty-first street, and a few minutes later the feeble woman, weeping and trembling, was led down the steps into another carriage.

She was driven to the Vanderbilt Hotel, and there she implored Mr. Goff to permit her to register her name as a guest.

"I do not want to be here like a criminal," she exclaimed.

Thus it happens that on the page of the hotel register for March 9 appears in wavering lines the signature, "Mary E. Flack, city."

Mrs. Flack has been at the Vanderbilt since, jealously guarded by two policemen.

She did not appear in Justice Barrett's Court to-day, there being little possibility that a jury would be secured for the trial of the accused.

Sheriff Flack, black and dogged and sinister in expression, freshly shaven and carefully groomed, presented a marked contrast to Joseph Meeks, the man who was indebted to him for a fat salary under him while County Clerk.

Meeks is florid, has very light hair, a dirty white mustache, eyes that droop at the corners and a smiling, devil-may-care style.

He is careless as to dress, thus heightening the contrast with the always sleek Flacks—father and son.

The defendants were supported by ex-Judge William Fullerton, the venerable, and Horace Russell, the energetic, and by John H. Bird, yachtsman.

Col. Fellows and Assistants Goff and Semple appeared for the prosecution.

Chief Clerk John Sparks, twinkling all over with benevolence, called the Court to order; Capt. Billy Ricketts rapped everybody into a seat, and Clerk Welsh called the roll of a special panel of one hundred jurors, seventy-three of whom responded.

Then Mr. Goff moved the trial for conspiracy of James A. Flack, Joseph Meeks and William L. Flack.

Everybody was ready, and Clerk Welsh turned his wheel and drew forth a slip bearing the name of William Worth, an engineer.

John Bird said that Mr. Worth was connected with one of the companies, and the juror was excused.

Six other men on the "trial stand" confessed to having formed a strong bias, and they went the way of all intelligent men—out of court as unsuitable for jury duty.

George L. Herrick was not so easily disposed of. He said he was a clerk, forty years old and married for twelve years.

In answer to Mr. Goff's inquiry, if he he still lived happily with his wife, Mr. Herrick blushed a little, and said, with evident joy, that he still lived happily with his wife, whereat Mr. Goff said he was satisfied with Mr. Herrick as a juror.

John Bird wasn't, and he asked questions till he accidentally discovered that the witness was acquainted with Judge Russell. Then he sat down hastily.

Mr. Goff having found that the acquaintance with Judge Russell wouldn't affect the action of Juror Herrick renewed his assurances of satisfaction.

Then Judge Russell pumped Mr. Herrick and got him to say that he had read something of the Flack divorce story, and perhaps had formed some slight opinion. Though he was quite sure this opinion would not affect his action as a juror, the defense challenged, but the Court overruled the challenge and Clerk Welsh administered the oath, Foreman George L. Herrick swearing that he would "well and truly try the case and a true verdict give, according to the evidence."

The three defendants stood up and faced the man who was to try them.

Flack pere eyed the juror critically, and as if mentally weighing his own chances with him. "Will" Flack evinced only an idle curiosity, and Meeks smiled cheerfully.

Sheriff Flack's face underwent many changes of expression as citizen after citizen proclaimed from the witness-stand that they had found a strong, sometimes an unalterable opinion as to the guilt or innocence of himself and his confreres.

If the twelve men who should finally fill the jury box were, at the close of the trial, the same jurors as these rejected talesmen, the Sheriff knew that the Court must punish him.

The punishment prescribed by law for this sort of misdemeanor may be all the way from a small fine up to $500 fine and one year in the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island.

Sarah Cherry, the Sheriff's affinity, and with whom he lived "sometimes" as Mr. and Mrs. Raymond, has kept in perfect hiding since the exposure of the divorce conspiracy, and the prosecution now depends entirely upon Mrs. Flack, the wronged wife and mother, for the foundation of its case.

But she is still wife and mother, and Col. Fellows expresses grave doubts of his ability to convict, for Mrs. Flack's value as a witness may be entirely destroyed by her natural feelings towards husband and son.

FOREIGN NEWS BY CABLE.

Bismarck's Disappointment and New Plans for His Son.

[DUNLAP CABLE NEWS SPECIAL.]

BERLIN, March 10.—From personal friends of Bismarck it is learned that the Chancellor's policy has been to induct his son Herbert into all the functions of Government that he regards as almost hereditary dignities for the Bismarck line.

The Chancellor now confesses, however, his disappointment on finding Herbert physically and mentally unequal to the gigantic task.

He, therefore, has decided to gradually retire from his various posts, and as he does so creating a Secretaryship for the Empire, such as always prevailed in the Prussian Government.

In this way there will be created Financial, Commercial and Colonial Secretaries, and the Chancellor will retain only the Foreign Office for bestowal on Herbert.

The English Tongue for German Nurseries.

[DUNLAP CABLE NEWS SPECIAL.]

BERLIN, March 10.—A home for American and English governesses has been established in this city under the patronage of the Empress, the wife of the American Minister and four ladies of noble rank.

Miss Nash, an American, is the superintendent.

The object seems to be to make English the language of German nurseries, as French is of Russian nurseries.

Belgian Honors for Stanley.

[BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.]

LONDON, March 10.—The King of the Belgians will receive Henry M. Stanley on his arrival in Brussels with distinguished honors.

Mr. Stanley will be presented with the Explorer's medal, in a jewelled golden casket, and will be decorated as a Commander of the Order of Leopold I.

Dahomey's King Advised to Seek Peace.

[BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.]

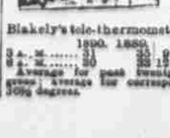
PARIS, March 10.—Despatches from Kotonon report that the advisers of the King of Dahomey urge him to withdraw to his capital and open negotiations with the French, whom all efforts have failed to dislodge.

The King's subjects are fleeing in large numbers to Lagos to escape enrollment in the army.

Twenty Years a Policeman.

Police Captain Philip Cassidy is not yet through receiving congratulations on the twentieth anniversary of his services as a policeman, which was duly celebrated on Saturday. Members of his force presented him with a floral horseshoe and ladder, and other friends presented him with a quantity of "extra dry."

Both Snow and Rain To-Night.



WASHINGTON, D.C. March 10.—*Weather indications:*

For Eastern New York: Rain and snow to-night and Tuesday; south winds; warmer.

The weather today as indicated by Blakely's tele-thermometer:

	1890.	1889.		1890.	1889.
3 a.m.	31	33	9 a.m.	35	35
6 a.m.	30	33	12 m.	40	39

Average for past twenty-four hours, 34 degrees. Average for corresponding time last year, 30½ degrees.

LEACH MAY BE MURDERED.

No Clue to His Disappearance Has Yet Been Discovered.

Belief That His Body Is Hidden in a Chicago Sewer.

The mystery of the strange disappearance in Chicago of Roland Leach, the New York commercial traveller, grows deeper and deeper. His employer, Julian Josephy, the artificial flower importer, has received by mail several reports from Pinkerton's agency, but they all tell the same story. Not a single clue to the missing man's whereabouts has yet been found.

Several persons have been found who saw Leach in Chicago Sunday night a week ago, one of them being Frank Wing, proprietor of a saloon near the Palmer House. He says that Leach was very drunk and was exhibiting a large roll of bills freely.

Another acquaintance of Leach, a traveling salesman, also saw Leach, and said that he had from $300 to $350 with him. Where he went late in the evening they do not know.

The police have found the woman "Etta," who wrote the two perfumed notes to Leach found in his room. She is a brown-haired, blue-eyed fairy who lives in an alley near the Palmer House, but she says she didn't see Leach that evening.

Leach was seen to go into the house of a Mrs. Smith in the same neighborhood that same Sunday evening, but he afterwards came out and went back to Wing's saloon, and after treating all hands at the bar went out the back door and has not been seen since. He did not go back to Mrs. Smith's, they say.

Mr. Josephy does not think that Leach could have had so much money with him as the Chicago reports state. He had only received one check for $50 from the firm since he started West. Mr. Zucker, the senior partner of the firm, arrived in Chicago this morning, and will personally superintend the search for Leach. Mr. Josephy expects a report from him tonight.

He thinks that Leach has undoubtedly been murdered by ruffians who thought he held on his person a large amount of money.

Mr. Josephy discredits the story that Leach was drunk, as reported, for he says that Leach was not that kind of a man. The murderers, he thinks, have concealed Leach's body somewhere in order to hide the evidences of their crime. The general belief among Leach's friends is that an investigation of the Chicago sewers would disclose as great a sensation as in the recent case of Dr. Cronin.

DR. PAXTON'S FLORIDA TRIP.

He and His Choir Go to St. Augustine to Dedicate a Church.

The special car belonging to H. M. Flagler, of Standard Oil fame, rolled out of the Pennsylvania Railroad depot at 8.30 o'clock this morning, bound for the Ponce de Leon Hotel, St. Augustine, Fla.

Included in its passengers were Rev. Dr. John R. Paxton and his famous $6,000 choir, consisting of Prof. Schnecker, organist; Mrs. Dutton, soprano; Mrs. Anderson, contralto; Mr. Bushnell, basso, and Mr. Clark, tenor. Accompanying the party were Mrs. John J. Morris and her granddaughter, Miss Grace Clark, and other members of the West Presbyterian Church.

Dr. Paxton and his choir go South as the special guests of Mr. Flagler to dedicate his new $200,000 Presbyterian Church in St. Augustine next Friday. On Sunday Dr. Paxton will preach, and start for home the following day.

BACKING UP THE WORLD."

Strong Indorsement for the Weekly Payment Bill—Carsey Denounced.

The Brooklyn Central Labor Union yesterday reasserted its support of THE WORLD'S Weekly Payment Bill, informing the State Branch of the American Federation of Labor of its hearty indorsement of that measure.

A. A. Carsey and his clique of the so-called Union Labor party, who oppose the bill, were denounced as a band of political strikers and tools of monopolists.

Senator Collins's bill in regard to prison labor was indorsed, but the Legislative Committee of the Brooklyn C. L. U. and delegations of D. A. 75 and 220, K. of L., will go to Albany to oppose the retail grocers' bill, by which bosses are empowered to retain one-tenth of their workers' wages for debts incurred by the latter for groceries, &c.

TWO EDGES TO THIS STRIKE.

Contracting Cloakmakers Organize to Fight Their Workmen.

Eighty contractors of the cloak trade have organized a union to resist the demands of their operators and finishers. They have resolved to close for two months all shops where the men are on strike, and to employ none but such men as agree to work from fourteen to sixteen hours per day. They further resolved to boycott William Soell, a dealer in sewing machines, Grand street and Avenue B, if he should dare to let any machines to the strikers.

The strikers, when they heard of these steps on the part of the contractors, took such a solemn oath not to resume work unless all of their demands, including an increase of wages amounting to 20 per cent., have been granted.

BROKE HIS WIFE'S RIBS.

Patrick Sullivan Beat Her Insensible and Then Fled.

Patrick Sullivan, of 250 Elizabeth street, was held in the Tombs Court to-day to await the result of his wife's injuries.

Sullivan quarrelled with his wife Saturday, knocked her down, breaking two of her ribs, and beat her insensible. He then fled, leaving two small children to care for their mother.

Mrs. Sullivan was removed to St. Vincent's Hospital, where it was thought she was fatally injured.

Her husband was arrested yesterday.

TELEGRAPH NEWS IN BRIEF.

CLEVELAND, O., March 10.—The Eberhard Manufacturing Works were destroyed by fire last night. Loss, $35,000; fully insured. One hundred and fifty men are thrown out of employment.

ST. PAUL, Minn., March 10.—The Commercial Hotel was destroyed by fire last night. Loss, $25,000. The guests escaped in their night-clothes. Peter Foley, the proprietor, was seriously injured by a trunk thrown from an upper window.

DULUTH, Minn., March 10.—For the first time in the history of Duluth every saloon was closed yesterday.

EXTRA

2 O'CLOCK.

ESCAPE CUT OFF.

Another Scene of Panic at a Ludlow Street Fire.

A Baby Thrown from the Second Floor Caught by a Fireman.

Shivering Tenants Crowd the Roof, Shrieking for Help.

Ludlow street awoke once more in the early morning to the cry of fire. It came from a familiar corner, No. 137, a human beehive, six stories high and sheltering thirty-two families in its front and rear buildings.

Less than two years ago the building was ravaged and a number of people burned, but none were killed.

It has since been provided with every means of escape for its teeming population. There are fire-escapes in front and rear, and iron bridges span the ten-feet wide yard between the two buildings. Between the two towering structures the yard is little less than a big chimney.

The tenement stands alone. On one side there is an alley leading to a rear stable; on the other a three-story building 139, the roof of which is fully thirty-five feet below the top of the big barracks.

Policeman Baker found J. Salzer's fish store, in the basement, on fire at 3.30 o'clock this morning. It soon spread to Harris Bleak's notion store and Enas Weinstein's grocery on the ground floor. Baker gave the alarm that sent the firemen scurrying towards the spot, and yelled fire until he was hoarse.

Halls and stairways were filled with smoke, and tenants were forced to take to the fire-escapes without stopping to put on any clothing. The iron ladders became choked at once. Around their lower end the flames began to play.

The fleeing tenants were driven to the rear, only to find the fire roaring up there as through a real chimney, making descent impossible.

S. Hirsherchon threw his baby from the second floor fire-escape into the arms of a fireman, who caught it flying, and lowered his wife and three older children to the street with a rope.

The fifty tenants in the rear building were at a disadvantage. Unable to reach the street they rushed to the roof and were joined there by tenants from the front building who came over the iron bridges.

They were safe for the moment, but the flames roared up the fire-escapes, louder each moment. There was no other way of escape. Strung along the coping in an agitated, despairing line, men and women shouted for help. Their shrieks were borne out over the neighborhood for blocks and found sympathetic echoes in a thousand windows lined with spectators unable to assist them.

The most desperate climbed over the edge of the roof and made ready to jump. The roof of 139 was the full height of a three-story house below.

Undertaker F. J. Hoellerer, who lives there, was busy with his men leading out thirty-seven horses from the rear stalls.

He left them to their fate, and, running on his own roof with his men, shouted to the imperilled tenants not to jump.

The firemen were getting ready their ladders. By the time they had raised one long enough from the undertaker's roof to reach the top of the burning front tenement, the iron bridge that spanned the yard groaned under the sudden rush of many feet.

The firemen, reinforced by extra companies, sent on a second alarm call, brought the tenants down safe.

A single family had been