NEW YORK'S NOTABILITIES.

MICHAEL COLEMAN AS A GRIZZLY BEAR ON ESTIMATES.

THE STREETS MUST BE CLEANED OR BEATTIE MUST RESIGN.

Mr. Coleman Claws a Hundred Thousand or So Out of Mr. Beattie's Estimates for 1891, but the Matter Is Finally Arranged on the Basis of Clean Streets or Good-By Beattie.

Michael Coleman, Tax Commissioner, is the grizzly bear of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. He pokes his shaggy black head about among the papers that litter the table around which the Board meets, and whenever he runs across a particularly succulent appropriation he pulls it out and rends and tears it with all the appreciative vigor of a real bear discovering a toothsome root. His low growl is one of the most terrifying features of the Board—to an applicant for an appropriation.

Hans S. Beattie found it so yesterday when he faced the Board to ask for an increase of one-third in the annual appropriation for the Department of Street Cleaning—so-called.

John M. Bowers had got $7,000 for the approaches to the new Washington Arch.

COMMISSIONER COLEMAN, OF THE BOARD OF APPORTIONMENT.

Park Commissioner Gallup had got $14,000 increase in the appropriation for salaries of policemen. Commissioner of Public Works Gilroy had been after $300,000 or $400,000 for a new bridge on Kingsbridge road, and President Wilson of the Board of Health had wanted $40,000 and got $20,000 with which to take a new census.

Altogether, Mr. Coleman was not in a nice temper to approach as to a little matter of $300,000 increase in appropriations, and the other members of the Board were scarcely more amiable.

When Mr. Beattie sat down and unfolded his papers, Mr. Coleman flattened out his face in a cold, hard fashion that made the slope from the top of his front hair to the tip of his nose as stern and severe as a toboggan slide.

But he restrained himself and let the Mayor jump on Mr. Beattie first.

"Now, Mr. Beattie," the Mayor said, "of course this Board is very desirous that the city shall have clean streets. Can you clean the streets with the $1,450,000 we gave you in the provisional estimate?"

"No," said Mr. Beattie, "I can't. The streets have not been cleaned since 1886. More has been done this year than ever before."

And then he went on to tell how $271,000 of the increase he asked was for carts and other new plant, which would not have to be duplicated another year and which would save the city $150,000 on the regular annual appropriations.

"Then can you get along with $150,000 less next year if we let you have what you ask now?" asked the Mayor.

Commissioner Coleman sniffed contemptuously and interjected:

"There's very little hope of ever getting an appropriation down again once it gets up."

Then he bent down and whetted his claws upon his boot-leg, a habit he has when discussion becomes interesting.

"I am very reluctant, indeed, to suggest the raising of the appropriation," said the Mayor, "because I know thoroughly how likely it is that it will be kept up."

"Same as it was with the Park Department; never got it down again!" said Commissioner Coleman, growling and showing his teeth.

"But I am so anxious to get clean streets," continued the Mayor, "that I am disposed to grant the Commissioner's application on one condition—that is, that he promise to clean the streets. Now, Mr. Beattie, will you keep the streets clean if we give you this money?"

"I have no hesitation in saying," replied Mr. Beattie, "that I can do it, and I say it without any reservation, mental or otherwise."

"I do not hesitate to say," continued the Mayor, "that if we make this appropriation and the streets are not cleaned, I shall expect you to vacate your office."

Comptroller Myers stirred uneasily here and remarked:

"I know how much clean streets are needed, and I want 'em as much as anybody, but this is an enormous increase to make in a single appropriation."

Mr. Beattie overwhelmed the Comptroller with statistics about so many cart loads of dirt at so much a load, which he keeps always ready.

"But 33⅓ per cent. increase ought to mean 33⅓ per cent. cleaner streets," insisted the Comptroller.

"Oh, of course," said the Mayor, "if we're not going to have cleaner streets, there's no sense in making the appropriation."

"These statements of Mr. Beattie," said the Comptroller, "are all theories and figures, and we know what figures amount to when it comes to actual expenditures."

Mr. Beattie angrily resented what he called the implication on his honesty.

"Nobody's disputing your honesty," said the Comptroller.

"It's your figures we're talking about," dded Mr. Coleman, savagely.

LISTENING.

"You say it will take six months to get your new plant," said the Mayor, starting off on a new tack. "Now, what becomes of the streets meanwhile? Are they to stay dirty six months?"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Beattie, "not all; not at all, not at all. I'll clean them right up."

"Well, now, how long will it be before they are clean if we give you this money?" persisted the Mayor.

"I'll clean em within a week after I can draw on the appropriation," said Mr. Beattie confidently.

"I have always believed," said Mayor Grant, "that the money we were paying was enough to clean the streets. But I can't find any one who will attempt it at that. I asked six or seven of the men who had been most prominent in criticising the Department to take the place before I appointed Mr. Beattie and none of them would have it. It may be that Mr. Beattie's right after all, and that we must use more money. Anyhow, I want clean streets. I think the people are entitled to know what clean streets are, just for once, at any rate. Mr. Beattie has tried it for several months and says we can't have 'em for the money we pay. I can't find any one else who will try it, and I don't see what we can do but give the money and let's see how it works."

"But the trouble is, this talk is all theories and figures," said the Comptroller. "They sold a lot of horses down there at the street-cleaning stables awhile ago for 25 cents apiece. That shows what'll become of their plant when the idea is put into practice."

"That was before my time," said Mr. Beattie.

"Yes," said the Comptroller, "but it just shows how a plant goes all to pieces once it is used."

Mr. Coleman had been poking his head about among the papers before him while this discussion was going on and here emerged with a memorandum in his hand.

"Now, here's my proposal," he said, "it foots up altogether $1,511,000. That's nearly $300,000 increase over last year."

Mayor Grant took the memorandum and handed it to Mr. Beattie, saying:

"Now, I want you to be satisfied in this matter, for I intend to hold you to it. Look it over and tell us what you think of it."

Mr. Coleman's estimate was exclusive of the $73,000 a year for the paper chasing policemen.

"As to that," he said, "I think it's mostly wasted!

"They have made about three thousand arrests since they were appointed," said Mr. Beattie.

"Well, what do you say to those figures?" insisted the Mayor.

Whereupon Mr. Beattie began to kick. He kicked at the individual items and he kicked at the totals; he kicked for specific reasons and he kicked on general principles. But finally it all simmered down to a difference as to the question of new plant. Mr. Beattie wanted $271,000 and the Board allowed him only $200,000. He insisted on his estimate.

"You go spend $200,000," growled Mr. Coleman savagely, "and let's see how you make out. If you can show us after six months that the city will save money by it I've no doubt we can find $25,000 or $30,000 more for you somewhere; we'll give you a transfer from the judgment fund or something of that sort."

"But there's too much doubt about that," protested Mr. Beattie.

"Yes, there is a heap of doubt about it," said the Comptroller suggestively and added: "Mr. Mayor, I thoroughly understand your anxiety to have the clean streets, and I want them as much as you do. But here's an increase of $330,000 in the appropriation for a single department. It is something unexampled. I think we have done all we can and I won't vote for another cent. If there's any responsibility involved I'll take it."

"Suppose we put it this way," said the Mayor, in a conciliatory tone. Conciliation is the only salvation in the Board of Estimate, for a single negative vote defeats any appropriation. The members always handle each other's pet ideas with velvet-covered tongs, and even Mr. Coleman draws in his claws and sits on them when tempted to scratch a fellow member's fur the wrong way.

"Give him the $200,000 now," continued the Mayor, "and let us agree that if he cleans the streets he can come back to us and we will find him enough more to complete the plant he wants."

"I don't think we ought to make any promises," insisted the Comptroller.

"It isn't necessary to promise," said Mr. Coleman. "Let him go ahead and show us what he can do with $200,000 in six months, and then we can do as we think best about giving him more."

MAKING HIS OFFER.

Mr. Beattie, who had continued to kick intermittently all through this discussion, settled down here upon the idea that the street-couldn't be cleaned unless he had a $40,000 stable in Harlem.

"Oh, go lease a stable!" exclaimed the Comptroller. "Take one for a month or so to try until we can see how it works."

Mr. Beattie insisted, and the Comptroller broke out again:

"Now, you go right off and get a stable," he said. "Find one that suits you, and when you get it come here and let us know and we'll get the money to pay the rent somehow."

"But I'd rather have the money set aside in an appropriation," persisted Mr. Beattie.

After further parley, Mr. Coleman said:

"Well, suppose we put in $5,000 here for renting a stable a year, to try it."

"How's that? Increase the appropriation? Oh, no!" said the Comptroller.

"But Mr. Beattie won't take our word for it that we'll get him the money later," replied Mr. Coleman.

Mr. Beattie insisted that he didn't mean it that way, and finally agreed to accept Mr. Coleman's memorandum as satisfactory.

"Now, Mr. Beattie," said the Mayor, "let us have no mistake about this. The understanding is that with this appropriation the streets are to be clean. If they are not clean within a reasonable time you are to give up trying to clean them. Is that understood?"

SHARPENING HIS CLAWS.

Mr. Beattie attempted to hedge by a statement that "cleanliness is a comparative matter," but the Mayor nailed him down to his original promise, and it was finally agreed that if, after a reasonable time, the streets, in the judgment of the Board of Estimate, are not clean Mr. Beattie is to resign.

The appropriation for his Department was then agreed to as follows:

Administration	$124,000
Sweeping	475,000
Cleaning	400,000
Snow and ice	40,000
Final disposition of material	250,000
Rents, &c	22,250
New plant	200,000
Total	$1,511,250

This, with $73,000 added for police, makes a total of $1,584,000 for the cost of cleaning the streets. This is $329,000 more than last year and $500,000 more than five years ago. Mr. Beattie got practically all he asked for except $71,000 more for new plant.

Mr. Beattie pulled himself together and went away, leaving Commissioner Coleman with his head bent over nearly to the level of the table sharpening his claws on his boot-tops for the next victim.

De Lancey Kane and Adrian Iselin appeared for the New Rochelle Water Works Company and wanted a contract for supplying water to Hart's Island. The Board gave the Commissioners of Charities and Correction $30,000 for this purpose.

Lawyers Peckham, Root and Irish received $5,000 for defending Dock Commissioner Post in his trial before the Mayor last year, and Lawyer Franklin Bartlett got $3,000 for a like service for Commissioner Matthews.

This practically closes the budget, which will amount in round figures to $35,250,000, as against $35,148,097.55 for 1890. This, with the ordinary increase of tax values, will probably bring the tax rate for next year down to about 1.94. This year it is 1.97. The Board will meet again this afternoon to adopt the budget as a whole, and the exact figures will then be known. The final vote must be a concurrent one.

"THE BEST BLOOD OF THE WORLD."

Ignatius Donnelly in Archaic Speech Addresses the Alliance.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

ST. PAUL, Minn., Dec. 30.—Ignatius Donnelly, the author of "The Great Cryptogram" and "Cæsar's Column," who is after the presidency of the State Alliance—which, it is said, he hopes to use as a stepping-stone to the United States Senate—was the central figure in the Farmers' Alliance Convention to-day and made a speech which contained many views expressed in "Cæsar's Column," and was, withal, very socialistic. Through various rhetorical scenes the speaker guided his listeners and then led them into time:

"There was a rich man in San Francisco, who was very corpulent and troubled with a pendulous stomach. He consulted a Chinese doctor. The disciple of Confucius shaved his head, put a plaster on it, stood him in a corner and told him to stand there until the plaster drew his belly up. I don't know but he is standing there yet. The old political parties in this country have had the people in a corner for seventy years past, drawing up their bellies with the plaster of fair promises. They belly skrinks but it does not rise. When the victim complains the doctor changes the plaster; he takes off the Republican plaster and puts on a Democratic plaster, and still it draws and still the victim wants for both plasters are made out of the same material and bought in the same shop, the Old Shop of Monopoly.

"You may clothe the hog in broadcloth, but he is a hog still. You may put a silk hat on his head and a gold chain about his neck, but he is nothing but a hog and the bristles protrude through the jewelry. And Mrs. Hog—clothe her in satin, hang her ears with diamonds, cover her mammary glands with Valenciennes lace and yet she is nothing but a hog and when she speaks you can hear between the syllables the guttural grunts that remind you of gorging and guzzling in the royal swill tub.

"We must keep the hog in his place—I might say in his pen. We must prevent him from breaking out and devouring his neighbors' gardens. The law must enforce fair play, equal rights and equal opportunities. Civilization consists, in its last analysis, in the repression of human selfishness, in keeping the hog in his place.

"When mankind devised laws, centuries ago, to punish robbery, murder and arson they simply placed limitations on human selfishness, on the wild boars of the race. The police, the army, the courts, the government, all are merely a mechanism to keep human selfishness in check. Our evils to-day are due to the fact that we have not yet provided for many new forms of human selfishness which have arisen out of the new conditions of society. We have not caught up with the hogs. They have broken loose in a new place and are scurrying hellwards but it is merely a question of time. There are enough of us. We will drive them back before long into their pens and put a barbed-wire fence around them. And if that won't hold them in we will kill them and feed their flesh and give to the hungry multitudes."

Giving grandiloquent words to the cause of the Alliance, he closed: "Behind the Alliance stand the shadowy legions of all the good and great who have died for the prosperity and liberty of mankind. We represent the best blood of the world and we march surrounded by the noblest aspirations of mankind. Let us rally the stragglers, close up the ranks, drive out the camp-followers and give the mighty command 'Forward!' to the human race.

IT ENDED IN MURDER.

A Pennsylvania Lumberman Shoots His Dismissed Employee.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

ERIE, Pa., Dec. 30.—A dispute between Edward S. Shippen, of the lumber firm of Shippen Bros., at Clarington, Forest County, and John W. Lay, an employee, terminated in a tragedy this morning. When reminded of being tardy Lay grew very angry and was dismissed. While in the office settling up he met his death. What occurred there is not known. Lay is dead and Shippen pleads self-defense. Shippen says Lay became so violent that he attacked his employer, and knocking him down tried to trample him to death. They were alone and Shippen, who was a man of inferior strength, says that seeing death staring him in the face he drew his revolver and shot his assailant. Lay threw up his arms and fell to the floor without a word. Shippen was found on the floor badly injured about the head and chest.

The lumbermen grew so demonstrative that Shippen gave himself up and went to Tionesta, where he is under the protection of the Sheriff. Lay leaves a widow and a family of small children.

The Train Wreckers Sentenced.

TROY, N. Y., Dec. 30.—John J. Reed, who was indicted with Cain and Buett for misplacing the "cabbage" switch on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad near Greenbush during the big strike and who made a confession before the Grand Jury, was sentenced to-day by Judge Griffith to seven years' imprisonment in Clinton Prison, at Dannemora. Thomas L. Cain and Arthur Buett, also under indictment for displacing the "cabbage" switch, changed their plea and pleaded guilty. District-Attorney Kelly said he was satified that Buett was a dupe used by the others. He was sentenced to Clinton Prison for two years. Judge Griffith, in pronouncing sentence in Cain's case, said the evidence in Reed's trial showed that Cain was one of those who planned the crime. Cain was sentenced to Clinton Prison for three years and eight months.

ONE OF OLD STAIN'S GANG.

MARK REVEL KNEW ALL ABOUT THE DEXTER BANK ROBBERY.

He Now Admits that Dave Stain Confessed to Him the Story of Cashier Barron's Murder—Simply Another Confirmation of "The World's" Work in Unravelling the Mystery.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

MEDFIELD, Mass., Dec. 30.—Mark Revel, one of David L. Stain's famous gang, has confessed to THE WORLD correspondent that Stain told him the history of the murder of Cashier John Wilson Barron in the vaults of the Dexter (Me.) Savings Bank on Washington's Birthday, 1878. He confirms in every respect the remarkable revelations published exclusively in THE WORLD four years ago, when a WORLD reporter, after weeks of careful investigation, discovered the murderers. The work of THE WORLD was discredited by certain jealous contemporaries at the time, but Stain and his partner, Cromwell, were arrested by the reporter and convicted on evidence furnished by him. They are now serving life sentences in the Maine State prison at Thomaston.

At the time of the trial in Bangor Revel came down from Boston and was Stain's most intimate friend and supporter. Revel is the only member of the infamous gang who is now enjoying his liberty. Revel said to THE WORLD correspondent that the gang talked over the scheme as to how they had better proceed to Maine, and they finally agreed to get the little mare Flora, owned by Amos Phipps, of Holliston, which was shipped to Bangor, Me. Provisions were brought for the horse and Dave and Cromwell satisfied their hunger on board the Star of the East by eating crackers and cheese.

In continuing his statement, Revel said that Stain told him that they met with a big surprise on the afternoon of Feb. 22 when they broke open the bank door, at 5.25 o'clock, by finding Barron in the bank, standing at the open vault door, when they entered.

"We did not want to kill him," said Stain to Mark Revel, the latter using, as he claims, the exact words as told him by Stain in his confession, "but rushed at him and bound him."

"Did Stain say who bound Barron?" queried the WORLD correspondent.

"Yes; he said that he held him and assisted Cromwell in gagging and handcuffing him. Dave Stain was a powerful man, you know. Dave also told me that he got his instructions from New York to bind Barron if he was found in the bank."

"Who would send such instructions to Stain from New York?" the reporter asked.

"Why, the brotherhood, of course," replied Revel.

"How could they know that Barron would be in the bank after and before business hours?"

"It was known by Stain and Cromwell and their New York associates that Barron was spending some of his time in the bank after business hours working upon the books," answered Revel in an emphatic tone of voice and a knowing nod of the head, while he also brought his well-worn crutch into play by tapping it upon the floor.

"The instructions," continued Revel, "were sent in cipher to Stain, and if the break was successful, as they supposed it would be, a certain amount of the swag was to be given to the New York gang, and in consideration of that Stain was to be let into two big bank breaks then under contemplation—the Dedham National being one and the other was in New York City. The Dedham job was to be planned by Stain and the New York crackemen were to assist."

"You say they did not want to kill Barron. Then why did they do it?"

"Stain told me, as I have stated before, that they did not intend to. Dave told me that after they had securely bound him they administered morphine to him, which helped to bring about his death."

In further conversation, Mark Revel said that the identification of Stain and Cromwell which Mrs. Barron gave in her testimony at the trial was perfect, and Dave Stain and Cromwell after ten years had elapsed since the tragedy, never dreamed that they would ever be identified with the affair.

"No, sir, they were more sure of going to heaven rather than to jail for that crime. Cromwell will yet tell the whole story himself," concluded Revel. He has signed a paper to the effect that his statement regarding Stain's confession to him is true.

Revel also stated that the tools used by Stain in getting into the bank were procured in Maine.

ANOTHER VICTIM OF ELECTRICITY.

Young Cairns Grasped the Wire to Save Himself from a Fatal Fall.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 30.—The deadly electric-light wire claimed another victim this morning in the person of Samuel H. Cairns, aged seventeen. Young Cairns was one of a gang of workmen sent from the tin-roofing establishment of E. S. Bortel & Co. to work on the roof of the new shop of the Baldwin Locomotive Works. Following the directions of his foreman young Cairns started around one of the gables on a trifling errand. The roof was covered with snow, and Cairns slipped and started to slide towards the edge. To save himself the lad seized an electric-light wire with his right hand. There was no outcry or fall. The body, with the hand still clasping the wire, slid down a few inches until both feet rested in the gutter, and there lay prone upon the roof, with the face resting across the wire. A bluish flame leaped from the hand to the face, and the air was filled with the odor of burning flesh.

The first one to notice the occurrence was Foreman Slagle, of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, who, with a cry of horror, ran into the building and shut off the current. Death must have been instantaneous. The hands and face of the boy where the wire had touched were burned to the bone, and the flesh in the immediate vicinity was slightly charred.

The body was at once removed to the home of the widowed mother in Tenth street. The boy was the eldest of seven children and the principal support and head of the house. When the mother came in and realized that the boy was dead she fainted, and when she regained consciousness she became hysterical, and it is feared that she may not recover.

The fatal wire was a private one belonging to the locomotive works. It carried an alterating current from a Westinghouse alternating dynamo of 2,000 volts. At the time of the accident the persons who examined the wire could find no break in the insulation, but it is explained that the insulating fabric was soaked with water, and when the lad seized the wire his moist shoes on the moist tin roof made a perfect ground connection, and the 2,000 volts passed through the body.

LOOKING UP THE RECORDS.

Republican Inquiry Into the Eligibility of Gov.-Elect Boyd.

ZANESVILLE, O., Dec. 30.—C. A. Searle, of Omaha, is in the city looking up records of the naturalization of Joseph Boyd, father of Gov.-elect Boyd, of Nebraska. Although he attempted to keep his name and mission a secret, it is pretty generally presumed that he is here in the interest of the Nebraska Republican State Committee.

Joseph Boyd took out his first papers in 1849, when his distinguished son was only fifteen years old. He evidently considered this all that was necessary, as he never applied for his final certificate until compelled to in October of this year by the new registration law, although he has been voting regularly during the interim. Gov.-elect Boyd was never naturalized, and as he attained his majority before his father was a citizen of the United States it is claimed that he is still a subject of Queen Victoria, having resided in his native country of Ireland until he was ten years old.

Prominent attorneys here have interested themselves in investigating the matter, and opinions are divided as to whether Boyd is eligible to the position to which he has been elected.

P. E. Arline
At Home
January 1st to December 31st

Makes home cleaner, brighter and better. Cleaner—because it takes away what soap and other things leave. Brighter—because it does away with labor and hard work. Better—because it saves wear and tear on everything it touches, and nothing can be hurt by it.

Pearline "receives" every day. It gets blessing from millions of old friends—pleasant calls from a host of new ones. The best families welcome it. It goes everywhere. But it's "a stayer." When it once makes a call upon you, it stays forever—and you're glad to have it.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—*send it back.*
246 JAMES PYLE, New York.

B. Altman & Co.

FRIDAY, January 2, 1891, will commence their

Annual Sale OF HOUSEKEEPING Linens.

18th St., 19th St. and 6th Ave.
(18th St. Station Elevated Road.)

Boys' Chinchilla and Elysian Overcoats reduced from $9 down to $6.

HACKETT, CARHART & CO.,
Broadway and Canal Street.

A FIVE-DOLLAR BILL.

The lease of our Broadway store expires in a few days, and in consequence the LONDON & LIVERPOOL CLOTHING CO. will sell their magnificent stock of Men's Overcoats and Suits at $5 each. We would rather suffer the loss than pack them away.

The sale commences this morning in our Broadway store only.

Overcoats and Suits costing from $12 to $22 will be sold at $5.

Also,

Twelve Hundred Boys' Overcoats at Eighty-five Cents each.

BROADWAY STORE ONLY.

London & Liverpool CLOTHING COMPANY,

Broadway, cor. Grand Street.

STORE OPEN EVENINGS.

WAS CURLEY THE MURDERER?

Trollo, Who Escaped with a Wound in the Hand, Says He Was.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Dec. 30.—It now looks as though the first theory regarding yesterday's triple tragedy at Broderick's Patch—namely, that Saloon-keeper Curley killed Hodock (not Maddock) and Mrs. Curley and then shot himself—was the correct one. John Trollo, who was seen to leave by the back door of Curley's place immediately after the shooting, was arrested at Jermyn this morning. As soon as Detective Phillips saw the man, he said: "I do 't think he is a murderer." He certainly doesn't look like one.

Trollo was lodged in jail here this afternoon. He said he was willing to make a statement, and did not show the least sign of uneasiness. The WORLD correspondent interviewed him in the presence of Detective Phillips.

The prisoner said, speaking in broken English:

"I work at Jermyn and on Christmas I went to Broderick's Patch. I was preparing to return to Jermyn early Monday morning, when I met Joe Hodock on the street and he asked me to go to Curley's and get a drink. We went into the barroom and Curley came out of another room and said: 'What will you have, boys?' I took ginger ale. Hodok took beer and Curley took whiskey. I paid Curley $4 on account and told him I would pay the balance after awhile. He said 'All right,' and then asked Hodock when he would pay up. Hodock said he had no money. Then Curley got mad, ran behind the bar, got a revolver and fired at Hodock and he dropped dead. Mrs. Curley shrieked and threw up her hands and ran out of the room towards the front door, her husband following her. I didn't see him shoot her, as the door was closed. Then he came back. I was trembling in my boots and started to run out the back door, when Curley fired at me. I dodged the bullet and it went into the door. Curley fired another shot and the ball went through my hand—here. Then I caught hold of Curley's hands and tried to get the revolver from him. It dropped on the floor and then I ran out. I went to my brother-in-law's at Wilkesbarre and slept there that night. This morning I went to Jermyn to work. That's all I know."

The prisoner said he did not see Curley shoot himself. The supposition is that Curley picked up the revolver after it had fallen to the floor, and, appalled at his bloody work, sent the last bullet in the chamber into his own brain. If this is not the true theory, there is left the possibility that the two Hungarians attacked Curley, and in the fight Hodock was shot dead. Trollo may then have wrested the revolver from Curley's hand and shot him, and when Mrs. Curley came upon the scene, followed her to the door and shot her, and then fled.

The murder and suicide theory is, however, the generally accepted one, though the fact that Trollo came to Wilkesbarre immediately after the shooting instead of remaining at the scene of the tragedy is against him. Trollo explains this by saying that he was afraid Curley's friends would mob him when they discovered the tragedy.

"GOLLY, BOSS, I'SE GLAD YOU WON."

What a Brooklyn Negro in Christiania said to Skater Donoghue.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

NEWBURG, Dec. 30.—A letter received by THE WORLD representative from Joe Donoghue gives fuller details of his race with Fredikson, of Norway, on the 12th inst. After describing the race itself he says: "It was some minutes after the race before the people realized that America had once more proved her superiority, and then they commenced to shout, and rushed on the track and raised me on their shoulders and carried me around the track, shouting 'Bravo.' When I once more reached terra firma I was congratulated on all sides and I heard such expressions as: 'He isn't a bit tired;' 'Never turned a hair' &c., for besides an number of Englishmen there are many others in Christiania who speak English. Probably the most enthusiastic person was a negro who is known by the name of Sam. He said to me: 'I told'em America was the boss, but they wouldn't believe nobow, but, golly, boss, I'se glad you won. I'm from good old Brooklyn and it did me a heap o' good to see you win.' The cup they gave me was said to be worth $125, which I exchanged in quick order for a scarf-pin set with thirteen small diamonds in the shape of a horseshoe. I couldn't bother with the up, for it would have been a target for every customs inspector in Europe. The newspapers all speak very highly of my skating and I have been overflowed with congratulatory despatches as a result of my victory over the fastest skater in Europe. I have secured two pairs of Norwegian skates that are much lighter than my old ones."

HEARN

22, 24, 26 AND 30 WEST FOURTEENTH STREET.

HERE ARE SOME OFFERINGS FOR TO-MORROW.

DRESS GOODS.

Fancy Wool Delaines,	3½ cents; value 15
Bordered Wool Cashmeres	9½ cents; value 20
Wool Triccts and Mixtures,	37 cents; value 50
All-wool Henriettas,	39 cents; value 50c
All-wool Tailor Cloths, 54-inch,	49 cents; value 75
Silk and Wool Plaids,	49 cents; value 75
All-wool Scotch Mixtures, 50-inch,	69 cents; value $1.25.

And about a thousand Dress Lengths——Plain and Fancy, AT LESS THAN HALF REAL VALUE.

SILKS AND PLUSHES.

Satin-striped Indias, 24 inches wide,	75 cents
Satin-figured Chinas and Hemstitched Surahs,	98 cents
Plain and Striped Crepe de Chines,	98 cents

In white, black and evening shades.

China Dress Silks...extra fine...32 inch....	69 cents
China Dress Silks...all shades...32 inch....	49 cents

Best Cloaking Plushes.

Black and seal	$1.98; value $3.00
Wool back	2.98; value 4.50
Rich silk face	3.50; value 5.00

Colored Silk Plushes.

Cardinal, Garnet, Sapphire, and all those fancy shades now so scarce—24 inches wide—99 cents.....value $1.50.

Here is what we offer in GLOVES AND HOSIERY.

Ladies' Dress Gloves.

8-button Mousquetaire,	$1.29; usual price, $2.00
12-button Mousquetaire,	1.79; usual price, 2.25
20-button Mousquetaire,	2.49; usual price, 3.25

Men's Dress Gloves.

Pique Dogskin,	98c.; usual price, $1.50
Pique Kid—fine quality,	$1.65; usual price, 2.25

Ladies' Oxford-Mixed Hose,	19c.; usual price, 30c.
Ladies' fine Balbriggans,	19c.; usual price, 30c.
Children's Black Ribbed,	19c.; usual price, 30c.
Men's English Merino Socks,	19c.; usual price, 30c.
Ladies' All-Wool Rib Vests,	49c.; usual price, 85c.
Men's Sanitary Wool Shirts	98c.; usual price, $1.50.

Smoking Jackets and House Coats.
Men's English Plaids and Stripes.

$4.98;	usual price,	$10.00
6.98;	usual price,	14.00
7.98;	usual price,	16.00

Fine Silk Umbrellas.

Silver-Wired Handles,	$1.79; usual price, $2.50
Gold and Silver Handles,	2.49; usual price, 4.00
Plain and Crook Sticks,	3.49; usual price, 6.00

Gentlemen's Canes.

Acacia Wood Canes,	69c.; usual price, $1.49
Oxidized handles,	$1.49; usual price, 2.25

BLANKET DEPARTMENT.
Fine White Californias.

Eleven quarter.			Twelve quarter.		
$4.98	were	$9.00	$8.98	were	$14.00
7.48	were	12.00	9.98	were	15.00
8.69	were	14.00	10.98	were	16.00
			11.69	were	17.00

EXTRA HEAVY WHITE WOOL BLANKETS, Eleven quarter, $2.69; were $4.50

ALSO A SPECIAL SALE OF
Extra qualities all-wool Colored Blankets

Six and seven pound Grays,	$3.98; were $7.00
Six-pound Magentas and Navys,	4.98; were 8.00

Also a special sale of
Comfortables—best white cotton filled.

Fancy Batiste, full size,	98 cents; value $1.50
Chintz covered both sides,	$1.39; value 2.00
French Sateen, new designs,	1.79; value 2.50
Best Turkey Red,	1.98; value 3.25

Down-filled Comfortables.

French Sateen covered,	$4.98; value $9.00
Fancy Silk covered	17.98; value 25.00

Pillows—all sizes—at Lowest Prices.

We have the Largest Assortment of Road and Stable Blankets, Fur, Plush and Wool Lap Robes, Rubber Sheets, &c., to be found in New York,
AND SELL AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

"Needs Must."
MILLINERY.

The great cloak sale demands half the space that to millinery belongs——therefore——five hundred Bonnets and Hats, all new, AT HALF PRICE.

Make no mistake.

Twelve-dollar Hats	are	$5.98
Ten-dollar Hats	are	4.98
Eight-dollar Hats	are	3.88
Six-dollar Hats	are	2.98
Four-dollar Hats	are	1.98

All new, many of them made within two weeks.

UNTRIMMED FELTS——ALL QUALITIES.

BOYS' CLOTHING.

All-wool Suits, single and double breasted,	$2.98
Dark Striped Cassimere Suits, value $6.00,	3.98
Fine Worsted Suits, silk mixed, value 7.00,	4.98
Fine Blue Tricot Suits, 4 to 14 years,	4.98
Blue Chinchilla and Beaver Reefers,	3.98
Fine Chinchilla Reefers—military buttons,	4.98
Chinchilla Overcoats—deep capes, 5 to 13 years,	2.98
All-wool Overcoats—deep cape,	3.98
Dark Cheviot Overcoats, value $8.00	4.98
All-wool Beaver Overcoats—deep cape,	5.98
Gray Chinchilla Ulsters, 6 to 13 years,	6.98
Gray, Tan and brown Plaid Kilt Overcoats,	4.98
Fine Cloth Kilt Overcoats, 2½ to 7 years,	3.98
Fine Flannel Waists, silk cord laced,	98c.
Plush Polo Caps—double band,	49c.

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when you can buy the celebrated Improved System

"STUTTGARTER" NORMAL SANITARY WOOLEN UNDERWEAR,

equal in every respect to any made, at a much lower price?

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R. H. Macy & Co., Stern Brothers, Bloomingdale Bros.,
Ehrich Brothers, Best & Co.,
P. McNaughton & Co., 151 Nassau St.
Wechsler & Abraham, Brooklyn.

☞ The reputation of these firms is a sufficient guarantee for the superiority of the goods.

A. N. LOEB & CO., 52 WHITE St., New York and Stuttgart.
SOLE IMPORTERS & MANUFACTURERS.

General reductions in prices. Overcoats and Suits.

HACKETT, CARHART & CO.
B'way & Canal St.

Keiler Misfit Clothing Co.
225-6TH AVE-BET-14 & 15 STS
FINE TAILOR MADE CLOTHING AT LESS THAN HALF ACTUAL COST

RUPTURE CURED.

The Improved Elastic Truss is the only truss in existence that is worn with absolute comfort night and day, as it retains the rupture under the hardest exercise or severest strain, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure without regard to the age of the patient. Examination free. Lady in attendance for ladies. Send for pamphlet.
IMPROVED ELASTIC TRUSS CO.,
822 and 824 Broadway, corner 12th st., New York

Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Big Gleet acknowledged leading remedy for all the unnatural discharges and private diseases of men. A certain cure for the debilitating weakness peculiar to women. I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers. Mfd. only by THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A. A. J. STONER, M. D., Decatur, Ill. Sold by Druggists. Price $1.00.

SANTAL-MIDY
These tiny Capsules arrest in 48 hours without inconvenience, those affections in which Copaiba, Cubebs and Injections fail. MIDY

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Holiday Goods and Toys ON WEDNESDAY.

Entire Stock must go in one day.

250 Pictures, were $2.00 to $5.50, choice Wednesday, $1.00

A Large Lot of fine Skates, Half Price.

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All PLUSH SETS less than HALF PRICE.

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United States Savings Bank,
1046 Third Ave. cor. 62d St.
New York, Dec. 5, 1890.
Interest for half year ending Dec. 31, 1890, at the rate of THREE AND ONE-HALF Per Cent. per annum, will be credited to depositors entitled thereto. Interest payable Tuesday, Jan. 20, 1891. Interest from Jan. 1 on deposits made on or before Jan. 10.
CONSTANT A. ANDREWS, President.
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203 6th Ave., cor. 14th St., opp. Macy's.

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TEAS. 3 lbs. for $1. TEAS.
BEST FAMILY TEA, ALL KINDS.
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50 MISFIT CARPETS at half price; good oilcloth at 15c. per yard, at J. G. Patton & Co.'s, 206 & 208 3d ave., bet. 12th and 14th sts.

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