BUSY BROADWAY.

An Artist's Half Hour on a Big Policeman's Post.

Commerce, Beauty, Dignity et al. in a Mixed Parade.

Striking Groups for the Sketch-Book Caught in the Busy Whirl.

What is the man doing?

Simply swearing, that is all.

Swearing not with the fluent and blooming phrases of callow youth; swearing not with the fiery earnestness of the man who has lost the last jack-pot for lack of a single card which wasn't in the deck; swearing in the plain, straightforward and altogether ordinary way of the Broadway truckman in a blockade.

Bloodshed seldom follows vituperation of this sort. Profanity is ground out of the driver in a fashion purely mechanical and matter-of-fact. As much so, indeed, as that in which, at the very moment the particular swearing begins that figures in this little piece of history, the City Hall clock hands indicate the exact hour of 3.

RAISING A BLOCKADE.

Three in the afternoon, of course, and on a bright, busy, but muddy day.

In a throng on the Broadway sidewalk, opposite the truckman, is a young man, who hears the profane recital, and thinks it worth while to draw a hasty little sketch of the surroundings. His pencil has just begun its work when into the midst of the tangle of wheels and horses' heads and hoofs springs a tall, blue-coated figure.

The Broadway policeman!

With a double reach which even long Bob Fitzsimmons, conqueror of Jack Dempsey, might have envied, the giant in blue grabs one bridle here, another there, and begins to straighten things out in a way known to none outside the gallant squad which he honors with his membership.

The swearing ceases immediately upon the bluecoat's appearance. In a breath or two the blockade is over, also, and once more the currents of street travel are smoothly flowing in their respective ways.

SHEPHERD AND FLOCK.

"Quite a muddle, that," ventures the young man who makes the sketch.

The stalwart looks carelessly down, and finally discovering the upturned face of his interrogator, murmurs an affirmative in double E flat.

Then, apparently observing the unmistakable light of genius, which persists in flashing from the questioner's eyes and which will have its effect even upon the most *blase* wearer of the shield, the officer goes further with his voice:

"But that was nothing," says he, "to what we used to get when the stages ran. I used to think then that we'd have to get a Gatling gun and shoot the way clear. This way, uncle."

It is not the artist to whom the policeman applies this little title of affectionate relationship.

SIR DIGNITY.

A middle-aged couple are hesitating on the edge of the sidewalk, anxious to get a nearer view of the city and county buildings, yet fearful of the steady streams of vehicles which roll over the crosswalk before them. The suggestion of fresh Sullivan County air is all about them. In dress, demeanor and apprehension of a great city's perils they are charmingly provincial.

If the policeman insists that the man is uncle he must accept the woman as aunt. Perhaps he does this. At any rate he gives an arm each to the then delighted pair and pilots them safely to their desired point.

Meekly enough a Chinaman and another foreigner of Anarchistic whisker but of anxious eye fall in behind the trio and these, too, make the trip in safety.

The policeman lingers on the other side of the street for a moment. He has wondering inquiries to answer, from his suddenly acquired rural friends.

While he is still at this task, there stalks over the way a spruce and rotund person, we'll done up in Gotham clothes and solid Wall street dignity.

If he is anybody's uncle he holds the title way above par, and has very decided notions about who shall handle it. He needs no escort on the crowded Broadway pavement, and if a too familiar truck horse sees fit to tread uncomfortably near—why, it's on the animal's own responsibility, and he'll have none of it.

What a superbly comfortable way to go through life and over crosswalks. But if everybody had that way, what would become of the novelist and the dramatist who must sometimes have the man hesitant as well as the man militant—the man of "to be, or not to be," as well as the man of "shall be."

Sir Dignity passes along and out of sight with his load of self-esteem, and here comes a biped of very different feather, carrying a very different load.

Indeed, he is doubly loaded.

The artist who has been observing all these other sights does not fail to observe this one. He recognizes by his tools of trade the fellow-artist who approaches. Perhaps the loaded one wields a broader brush than he. Even more realistic may be the work he turns out.

Certainly, at the passing moment, when the observer is confining himself to plain pencil and paper, he feels that he really covets some of the generous colors which betray themselves about the edges of the paint pails that the other artist is carrying perilously on his rod.

The word perilously is used with full consideration. The man with the rod and the pails has too evidently been paying more attention to the mixing of drinks than to the composition of colors. His feet are terribly tangled, and it is perhaps fortunate that just at the time when he has essayed the crossing of Broadway, there is an instant's cessation of the rolling parade.

A glorious privilege is that of this particular representative of honest labor. Pray, what more could a bloated millionaire do in the way of personal indulgence than to saunter through and across Broadway in midafternoon and also in a high state of alcoholic exhilaration. What odds the trifling difference in the cost of drinks in the two cases, provided always that the same blissful degree of intoxication result to both Labor and Capital?

Unconscious of whatever philosophizing his transit may have occasioned, however, the loaded painter goes his way.

And now the stalwart policeman is all at once in view again on the same side of the street with the young man, who has been watching and sketching all this time. An old lady has crossed the thoroughfare under his protecting elbow and is graciously beaming upon him through her spectacles, before pursuing her cruise still further downtown. But he doesn't see it. His gaze is fixed reproachfully upon a street-car driver, who appears all too anxious to make up some of the time he has lost elsewhere.

HE'S LOADED.

Why will a thoughtless driver thus lacerate the feelings of an over-sensitive guardian of the public peace? Why endeavor to cease stray moments in lower Broadway before he gets anywhere near the grade and freedom of the approach to Bowling Green?

Probably presuming, and rightfully, too, that no body present will give him an answer to these weighty questions which will prove both comprehensive and satisfactory, the big policeman doesn't ask them. He stops looking at the driver, chiefly because that individual has worked his way out of sight.

In the momentary lack of any other special object to absorb his attention, his eye suddenly lights once more upon the artist—no the loaded one.

A dim look of suspicion seems to lurk in the depths of the official optic. Can the stalwart owner of that eye be casting over in his mind at the moment the faces of all the famous bunco-sterers he remembers as figuring in the Rogues' Gallery? The artist feels that his very frankness and candor of his countenance are against him in this issue. Guilelessness of appearance, he has heard, is much cultivated among gentlemen in the confidence business. For an instant he yearns to look hardened and forbidding.

WANTED—AN INTERPRETER.

But good fortune is with him.

The policeman feels a light touch on his elbow and turns to find a small man of foreign mien bowing deferentially to the imposing array of his brass buttons.

Behind the small man two others, larger and just as foreign, stand with air of eager expectation.

He of the deferential bow says something. The policeman looks doubtful and bends towards the speaker to have the remark repeated. After the repetition his doubts appear to thicken. He straightens himself, lifts his helmet slightly and scratches the right side of his head.

There is the same bright air about; the sun throws the same slant beams wherever the tall buildings will permit; there are the same jingle and roar and rattle from the street that sounded a moment before. Yet something is missing, and there is a yawning vacancy where it might have been. The something is a key to what the small man has said.

The alert foreigner is the first to break the spell. He suddenly remembers a little card he has in his pocket. He draws it forth and presents it the officer. That individual gives one glance, heaves a sigh of relief, and indicates in active pantomime that the inquirer and his companions are to walk straight ahead for an unmentionable number of blocks.

By the time this duty is off his mind, he has forgotten his suspicions about the artist, if he really had any. He even unburdens his mind to that humble person, taking two long strides to get to his side.

"Talk about the confusion of tongues an' the tower of Babel," says he, "T'wasn't a circumstance to what you see right here. It's getting to be so a man has to be a regular polygon to tell anything about it."

Trusting that the man in blue means to say "polyglot," the artist murmurs something which he intends to be appreciative, and waits in clearly encouraging attitude to hear more.

He doesn't hear it. The murmured appreciation, the cleverness, the attitude, all are lost.

The tall officer makes a sudden and, at the first jump, inexplicable dive for the street. He disappears temporarily behind a wagon-load of big dry-goods boxes. When he reappears he is already on his return, and he walks erect and proudly by the side of the bright-faced young woman whose perplexed hesitation on the curb he had been so quick to notice.

BEAUTY AND CAVALIER.

As they near the middle of the pavement there are horses to right of them, horses to left of them, wagons before them and wagons behind them. Heavy wheels splash the soft mud dangerously near the skirts of the policeman's pretty charge, but she defily avoids the spatters. Full of confidence that her cavalier will take care of other perils, she gives attention only to those under foot. And so, dry-shod and spotless in garment, she safely completes the crossing.

The trim figure flies up the sidewalk and turns the next corner. The policeman resumes his old careless position near the curb. The artist puts away his pencil, swings himself upon the platform of an uptown car and is borne away.

Casually glancing at the City Hall tower, he sees that the hands of the clock mark 3.30 as the time.

SENATOR BIRDSALL'S FATE.

A Hostile Letter Found in the Supposed Suicide's Pocket.

The man who was found dead in room 73 of the United States Hotel, at Pearl and Fulton streets, last night and who signed the register "John Williams, Brooklyn," has been identified as ex-Senator and ex-Judge John J. Birdsall, a well-known Republican politician of Glen Cove, L. I., and a distinguished veteran of the war.

Deputy Coroner Conway, who arrived at the hotel shortly after midnight this morning, made discoveries which indicate that the ex-senator committed suicide.

Mr. George Harding, the proprietor of the hotel, stated that Mr. Birdsall came there March 16 and gave his name as John Williams. He had no baggage, but paid in advance for a modest room on the fourth floor.

He was very reserved while at the hotel, rarely speaking to any one and having no visitors. He was last seen alive Tuesday night. At 9.30 last night a smell of escaping gas coming from room seventy-three alarmed Porter Thomas Connelly, and the door was broken in.

The escaping gas, which came from a turner fully turned on, poured out into the corridor, and the hotel employees could not enter for several minutes.

Ex-Senator Birdsall was found dead in bed, fully dressed. He was cold and stiff, and death had apparently occurred several hours before.

Three empty whiskey flasks were found in a drawer, and on a table was a pitcher half full of milk. Tuesday evening's newspapers were strewn around the floor.

Dr. Conway found in the man's pockets, the following letters:

OCTOBER 21, 1890.

To the Hon. John J. Birdsall, No. 2,008 Calyon street, Brooklyn.

FRIEND JOHN: Am sorry I cannot meet you as requested, but have to take an early train on an important matter. Will be gone long, however, when I shall make appointment.

There is nothing new in business matters and will not be until after election; its condition has kept me hard up, so that I have been obliged to make sacrifices. The only chance is to wait patiently. However, will explain when I see you. Send your address to 185 Montague street, Brooklyn, care G. F. Fatquitterson. Yours, J.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 25, 1890.

The Hon. John J. Birdsall.

DEAR SIR: In the last note I sent you there was a request to send your New York address to 185 Montague street. I received no answer.

Since then I have heard that at different times and places and in the presence of a variety of persons you have seen fit to allege that you have claims against me of a financial nature, and at the same time using language of an exceedingly violent character. Among those to whom you spoke in this manner was Nathaniel Comstock, who states that you made targets against him, and requested him to inform me of what you had said and intended to do.

Under the circumstances I desire no personal meeting with you at the present time. What I do wish is that you send me a detailed statement of your alleged claim against me, so that I may know precisely what you mean, and what to do about it. Yours truly,

JOHN JACOBS.

The writer of his second letter is said to be John E. Jacobs, the well-known Democratic Senator.

The stopcock of the gas fixture in room 73 is hard to turn, and the presumption is that Mr. Birdsall turned it on purposely.

The body was removed to the Morgue this morning, and 73 cents and two pawn ticket found in the clothing were turned over to the Coroner.

Mr. Birdsall served in the State Senate from the First District in 1880 and 1881.

Ex-Senator Birdsall was born in Flatbush, Kings County, in 1834. He was descended from an old Long Island family which settled in Queens County more than two hundred years ago. He was educated at the grammar school in Brooklyn.

At the breaking out of the war, Mr. Birdsall entered the Union Army, serving first as Captain and afterwards as Major of the Fourteenth New York Cavalry, and after the close of the war he received the appointment of Captain of cavalry in the regular army.

He was always a Republican. He was elected to the State Senate by a large majority, running nearly 5,000 ahead of his ticket.

Mr. Birdsall's law office was at 39 Nassau street. It was said there this morning that Mr. Birdsall was there all day Tuesday, but seemed to be worried. Financial troubles were believed to have driven him to suicide.

His associates in the office professed to know nothing of Mr. Birdsall's enmity towards Senator Jacobs, of Brooklyn.

A prominent Brooklyn politician who was intimate with Mr. Birdsall said to an EVENING WORLD reporter to-day:

"Ex-Senator Birdsall married the daughter of Squire Treat, of the village of Oyster Bay, L. I., and between them they had about $75,000.

"Then Birdsall got into politics and was elected to the State Senate in 1878. Through the influence of Gov. Prince, of New Mexico, he was appointed a deputy appraiser in the Custom-House in this city, a place he held until the incoming of the Cleveland Administration.

"Three weeks ago he disappeared from his home in Glen Cove, but was found by his wife. I do not believe he committed suicide, though he was in considerable debt to many of his friends.

"He must have accidentally turned on the gas.

"Birdsall was well known in Brooklyn political circles, and the letter found among his effects signed 'John Jacobs' was from State Senator Jacobs, of Brooklyn, who is in Albany."

WHEN the trade was rushing and keeping their old stock FLINT & CO., of 14th st. and 6th ave., lowered theirs off at half price, and now are the only house showing new, elegant designs. *.*

REQUIEM FOR GEN. SPINOLA.

Last Honors Paid to New York's Dead Warrior-Congressman.

Large Attendance of Public Men at the Solemn Services.

A multitude of friends and admirers of Gen. Francis B. Spinola wended their way to the Church of the Immaculate Conception, on Fourteenth street near Avenue A, this morning to pay the last tribute of human respect to the dead statesman, warrior and citizen.

The flag on the Westminster Hotel, where Gen. Spinola lived, and the National colors on Tammany Hall were displayed at half-mast.

Long before the hour to begin the funeral services Fourteenth street, in the vicinity of the church, was crowded with people, including many prominent politicians from all the districts in the city.

The General's body lay before the altar in the chapel all night, carefully guarded. There was placed upon the coffin a wreath of white roses, violets and lilies of the valley. Their fragrance pervaded the whole room.

At 9.30 o'clock the carriages that were to carry Mrs. Spinola and the friends of the family arrived at the Westminster Hotel. It was nearly 10 o'clock, however, when she took her place in the first coach, accompanied by her nephew, Thos. McKeigh, and Mrs. McKeigh.

The other members of the family were Mrs. Annie Doughty, the General's sister, and his nephew, George W. Lax and Mrs. Lax.

They entered the church through the west door, and occupied the first seats in the centre aisle.

At 10.20 o'clock the body was borne from the chapel.

At the door of the chapel it was met by Father Edward F. Slattery and the honorary pallbearers, Congressmen Amos J. Cummings, of New York; John F. Andrew, of Massachusetts; Yoder, of Ohio; O'Neill, of Pennsylvania; Springer, of Illinois; Ketcham, Coakley and Dunphy, of New York. The casket was deposited at the chancel rail.

The coffin was of hard wood, covered with black broadcloth, heavily trimmed with silver. On the silver plate was engraved the words:

FRANCIS B. SPINOLA.
March 19, 1821.
April 14, 1891.

The celebration of the requiem high mass was begun at 10.30 by Rev. Father Edward F. Slattery, of the Church of St. Catherine of Genoa, in West One Hundred and Fifty-second street. Gen. Spinola was a member of that parish.

The sermon of the day was preached by Rev. Father John Edwards, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, with Father Kelley as Deacon, Father Cronan as Sub-Deacon, and Father Hogan as Master of Ceremonies.

The music was under the direction of Prof. R. J. McElroy, who rendered Schmidt and Cherubini's requiem mass, assisted by a double quartet and choir of forty boys.

Father Edwards's remarks on the life of Gen. Spinola were eulogistic, and recalled many of the acts of the General's life.

Among those who were present were: The Committee of Twenty-four from Tammany Hall, headed by Commissioner Gilroy. Every district was represented as follows: Register Fitzgerald, Police Justice Divver, Police Justice O'Reilly, Commissioner Fitzpatrick, Judge Mitchell, ex-Assemblyman McKenna, Deputy Commissioner of Public Works P. F. Martin, Philip Wissig, James Fitzpatrick, John Scannell, Patrick Keenan, John C. Sheehan, William Dalton, Edward F. Hagan, George W. Plunkett, J. P. Keating, Police Justice McAlahon, John F. Carroll, Police Commissioner Martin, John McQuade, Police Justice Charles Welde and Fire Commissioner Henry D. Purroy.

John H. Spellman was present at the head of a delegation of 100 from the Sixteenth Assembly District.

Sickles Post, No. 69, G. A. R., sent a delegation 125 strong, under the command of Commander John Haggerty.

Among other prominent men were Sheriff Gorman, Under-Sheriff Scott, ex-Senator Tom. F. Grady, A. P. Fitch, John E. Davis, Eugene Winansky, Thomas Doran, Col. S. S. Sanders, ex-Register Fred Loew, Chas. G. T. Webb, Thomas Cunningham, M. F. Blake, John N. Bouvier, Col. Gustav Naeg, Aldermen Charles Murphy, Assemblyman Walter G. Byrne, Assemblyman Martin, Edward Sheehy, Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives Thomas Cavanaugh, ex-Mayor W. H. Wickham, ex-Alderman George Barker, ex-Alderman Richard O'Brien, Felix Necliasker, Thomas D. Reilly, Jos. H. Canfield, T. C. T. Crain, John H. Rogers and George Ray, of Texas.

At the end of the services the body was taken to Greenwood Cemetery for interment.

GOOD FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

A Noted Massachusetts Crook in Custody at Police Headquarters.

Inspector Byrnes has locked up at Police Headquarters Edward Wall, alias Edward Walden, alias Allen Wheeler, who is wanted by the police of Lynn, Mass., for robbing jewelry stores and clothing houses.

Wall with two others, namely, Charles Pratt, alias Harris, and a daring thief named Brown, went through the Eastern States robbing jewelry stores and clothing houses. Pratt and Brown were caught, but Wall escaped and came to this city. The Chief of Police of Lynn notified Inspector Byrnes, who detailed Detectives Baudy and Adonce on the case. The detectives found Wall on the Bowery yesterday and arrested him.

Wall has only been out of Sing Sing eleven months, after serving a six years' term for robbery. Pratt has escaped from the Lawrence, Mass., prison four times. Brown has also been in prison at various times for thieving.

If the three men are found guilty, their sentences under the laws of Massachusetts will not be less than twenty-five years apiece. Wall will be held to await the arrival of extradition papers.

WENT THROUGH A $200 MIRROR.

A Commission Merchant Charged With Missing His Aim.

George A. Blenke, a commission merchant, of 31 East Seventy-ninth street, was a prisoner in Essex Market Police Court this morning.

He got into an altercation last night with a waiter in Blenk's Winter garden, 106 Third avenue, and it was alleged threw a decanter bowl at the waiter who missed his mark and went through a mirror valued at $200.

Blenke was held for trial.

Little Blazes of the Early Morning.

Fire in Frederick Roofman's grocery store, at 1875 Third avenue, did $200 damage early this morning. A slight fire also occurred at 193 East Eighty-second street.

One Reason

Why nearly everybody should take a good medicine in the Spring is because at this season the system is especially susceptible to the benefit to be derived from a reliable preparation like Hood's Sarsaparilla. In the Winter various impurities accumulate in the blood, the effect of which is most felt when Spring comes on, in general weakness and languor. The system craves assistance to maintain the health tone and expel impurities, which Hood's Sarsaparilla readily gives. Try it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

A 240-POUND SPIRIT.

O'Delia Diss Debar Said to Have Materialized at Widely Distant Points.

Her Appearance in Buffalo Proven to be a Myth.

Her Body Not Yet Found in the Bay—Or Anywhere Else.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

BUFFALO, N. Y., April 16.—Madame Diss Debar is not and has not been at the Tremont House, nor at any other hotel in this city. If she has come here at all she has passed through the city or is at some private house. No one at the depot has seen her.

In her last communication to a world that had given her no peace for many months, Mme. Ann O'Delia Diss Debar promised that she should haunt the abodes of men in the spirit. She should appear to men in the open day and should vanish while they marvelled.

The priestess seems to be as good as her word, for she is said to have appeared almost simultaneously in Hahway and Brooklyn, and on Monday night she was said to have been seen on a West Shore Railway train.

Her self-imposed contract does not require it, but in her Monday night appearance she was accompanied by a younger, prettier and more fragile spirit—that of a young women with short curls of dark hair.

Conductor Besley, of the West Shore, says positively that Mme. Diss Debar took passage on his midnight train for Buffalo, Monday night. She was accompanied by a maid, and they occupied the last section in one of the sleepers.

The conductor says there can be no doubt about the identity of his passenger, for he has seen her many times at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, and, besides, the trainmen recognized her and she was the subject of the talk of the train hands on the trip.

The matter of fact railroad man says, however, that he is positive that he saw no spirits, but that there was one 240-pound flesh and blood woman and her maid.

This story is believed at Taylor's Hotel; but no steps have been taken to interfere with the movements of the whilom guest, as her trunks will amply satisfy her board bill.

It is apparent that Madame Diss Debar had no suicidal thoughts last Thursday, for it is learned that the afternoon of that day she sent for a notary public.

The clerk of Taylor's Hotel sent a messenger who returned with George W. Cassedy, a white-haired, white-bearded notary in the First National Bank building.

Mr. Cassedy found Madame sneezing and coughing at a table in the Taylor's Hotel restaurant.

She said she had the grip; then introduced herself, and then invited the staid old temperance man to join her in a drink. She had a small glass of reddish-brown liquor before her, and gulped it down on Mr. Cassedy's blushing declination of her invitation.

Then she said she wanted him to go with her to 95 Sipp avenue, Bergen Heights, to take a deposition. They went in a cab, which the luxurious priestess ordered.

The deposition was that of a middle aged, gentle and refined woman. It was to the effect that the deponent had been engaged by Madame to be her housekeeper in a Harlem flat; that the Madam had engaged Mary Cummisky as a servant for a stated period, and that Mary left before the contract had expired, wherefore the Madame insisted that she owed her nothing.

Mary Cummisky is the girl who claims that Ann O'Delia hypnotized her into a trance and robbed her of $4. Madame told the old notary in a magnificent fashion to make his bill whatever he liked, and send it to her lawyers, Hayman, Marx & Rosenthal, of this city.

The latter firm got the bill in due time, laughed over it and put it in the waste basket.

An EVENING WORLD reporter got no reply to his ring at 95 Sipp avenue to-day, and the neighbors informed him that the house was empty. There had been a lady there till a few days ago, but she had moved away.

Several reputable Rahway people declare that two women answering to the description of Mme. Dis Debar and her pretty maid were in that town Tuesday. Whence they came or where they went, nobody knows.

To complicate matters, J. L. Levison, a real estate broker, who lives at 2 Sumner avenue, Brooklyn, insists that he saw both the priestess and the maid in the City of Churches as late as yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Levison knows the Diss Debar by sight, and declares that he could not be mistaken, and that he saw the couple ascend the stairs to the Sumner avenue station of the Myrtle Avenue Elevated road at 12.45 o'clock.

He followed, and all three took a downtown train. The priestess and her companion alighted at the City Hall station, Mr. Levison continuing to the Bridge, as he had an important engagement in New York.

All of these stories cannot be true, but if either of them is correct then the anxious watch that is being kept of the waters of the Bay for the poor drowned body of the spook princess is futile.

No trace of the Madame's dead body has yet been found, though close scrutiny is maintained by the police of Jersey City, New York and Brooklyn of every case of suicide that is reported.

COATS STOLEN AT A FIRE.

Tailor Meyer Accused His Friend, who Helped to Save the Goods.

While the inmates of the tenement house 98½ Essex street were escaping from that building during a fire, and some attempting to save their property, Marcus Meyer, a tailor, threw forty-eight overcoats from his window to the fire-escape below, his friend, Michael Gold, taking charge of them.

When the fire had been extinguished Gold counted the coats, and found that seven of them were missing.

He informed Meyer of this fact, when the latter accused him of stealing the missing property. Gold was arrested, but Judge Mease, at Essex Market Police Court to-day, discharged him, as there was no proof to sustain the charge.

THE HURLBERT CASE STILL ON.

Reports of a Rendered Verdict Came from Another Case.

[DUPLAY CABLE NEWS SPECIAL.]

LONDON, April 16.—The Hurlburt case is still going on, despite the mistaken reports of last night that a verdict for £100 had been rendered for the plaintiff.

The report may have arisen from the fact that a verdict for that amount was found in a libel suit against Mr. Bottomley, the editor of the *Super World* newspaper.

Evidence is still being taken in the Hurlbert case, and the summing up has not yet begun.

JOINS HIS WIFE IN DEATH.

Insane Murderer Jesse Lockwood Evades His Keepers and Kills Himself.

Double Funeral of the Old Man and His Aged Victim.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

PURDY STATION, April 16.—A second tragedy has been enacted in the old Lockwood homestead at North Salem.

Old Jesse Lockwood, who, while insane from the grip, clubbed his aged wife to death, and who has been confined at his home under the charge of Deputy Sheriff Hallock ever since, committed suicide shortly after midnight this morning.

He was examined yesterday by Drs. Cassellman and Potter, as to his sanity. The doctors believed him to be undoubtedly insane, and so decided. He was to be taken to the Insane Asylum after the burial of his wife, which has not yet taken place.

Deputy Sheriff Hallock has not kept a very strict watch over Mr. Lockwood, because he thought that the dangerous symptoms had passed and that he was now simply a harmless lunatic.

When Hallock's attention was diverted, Mr. Lockwood got hold of a can of kerosene oil, poured a lot of the oil into a cup and mixed it with a quantity of red pepper and alcohol, and drank down the mixture to the dregs. When discovered he was dead.

The bodies of both husband and wife now lie side by side in the parlor of the old homestead. There is a peaceful look on the face of the old man as he lies in death. This double tragedy has produced a profound impression on the minds of the neighbors, by whom Deputy Sheriff Hallock is censured for not taking more precautions regarding his prisoner.

It is related by the neighbors that Lockwood has been growing insane for some time. Some months ago he became a religious enthusiast, and neglected his farm in order to peddle bibles and testaments from house to house. He also at times prayed publicly on the highway, exhorting his neighbors to repent of their sins. Later on he would become angry and revile them.

At another time Lockwood told his neighbors that God had commanded him to make a human sacrifice, and that his wife was the person whom the Lord wanted him to kill. He tolled the bell in the Methodist Church for her funeral.

This was after he recovered from the grip and before he murdered his wife. His neighbors were sure he was out of his mind, but thought it was not their business to interfere.

Mr. Lockwood was seventy years of age and his wife was sixty-five. They have lived in the old homestead at North Salem all their lives. The family is an old and respected one in Westchester County, and its members have held public office from time to time.

Both Lockwood and his wife had the grip at the same time.

Since he murdered his wife he had conversed intelligently, apparently, but had reiterated that God sent for his wife and she had to go.

It is reported among the neighbors that Lockwood said yesterday: "God has sent for me now and I hear my wife calling for me." The people about the Lockwood house deny this.

There is no doubt in the minds of the neighbors that Lockwood killed himself in the same religious frenzy in which he took the life of his wife.

At 2.30 this afternoon Coroner Drew will begin his inquest in the case of Mrs. Lockwood. The Coroner will have a double case for consideration now, and it is more than likely that he will adjourn the inquest pending a further investigation into the case.

There will probably be a double funeral to-morrow, when the aged couple will be buried side by side in the village cemetery.

HARRISON LEAVES ATLANTA.

The President and His Party Rolling Away to Alabama.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

ATLANTA, Ga., April 16.—The President and party left here at 9 o'clock, much pleased with their reception and refreshed after the night's sleep at a hotel.

It was the first night spent off the cars since the trip began.

There was a large gathering at the hotel and train to witness the departure, and a number of prominent persons called to pay their respects to the President. The weather was delightful.

When the President and party reached the depot they were greeted with cheers from the immense crowd. The President took his place on the platform of the observation car and shook hands with many who clustered about it.

There were loud calls for a speech and the President responded briefly, expressing the pleasure which the visit had given him and dwelling with gratification on the contrast presented between the Atlanta to-day and that of former years.

The next scheduled stop is Birmingham, which will be reached this afternoon. It is possible, however, that brief stops may be made at other points, in compliance with earnest requests.

SUNK BY THE P. CALAND.

The Glamorgan Goes Down After a Channel Collision.

[BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.]

LONDON, April 16.—During a heavy fog last night the steamship P. Caland, from New York for Amsterdam, collided in the Channel with the British steamship Glamorgan, from Antwerp for Cardiff, damaging the latter so seriously that she soon filled and sank.

Her crew took to the boats in time and were all rescued by the P. Caland.

The latter has arrived at Dover with her bows badly stove and damaged below the water line.

J. H. Voorhoeve, agent of the Netherlands-American Navigation Company, at No. 39 Broadway, said this morning that the steamship P. Caland, Capt. Schutte de Vries, left New York for Antwerp on April 1 with one first cabin passenger and fourteen steerage.

When in the English Channel, off Dover roads, she was run into by the coal steamer Glamorgan.

The accident occurred last night.

The Glamorgan sank soon after the collision. The P. Caland was damaged about the bows and put into Dover roads. She was to proceed for Antwerp this morning.

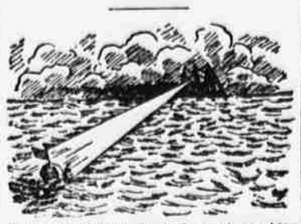
No one on the Caland was injured.

Liked Diamonds Better Than Work.

Pretty Rosa Lefkwitz only remained four hours after she was engaged as a domestic by Mrs. Rosenstein, 73 East One Hundred and Twenty-first street. When she left, $250 worth of diamond jewelry also disappeared. Justice Divver held Rosa for trial in the Harlem Court to-day.

THE SEARCH LIGHT.

An Effective Means of Warfare.



The Search Light is a device for surely searching out the position of hidden enemies in darkness.

Hidden diseases in our system often require the search-light of science. Persons often become nervous, sleepless, weak, run down in health and strength without knowing the cause. They consult doctors, take medicines, but are not cured. Such cases require Dr. Greene's Nervura, the great health restorer, which by its thorough effects searches out all the hidden sources of weakness and disease, strengthening the nerves, invigorating the blood, regulating stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, and re-establishing health. Use it this Spring by all means. It is the best restorative after the Grip. Purely vegetable and harmless. Druggists sell it. $1.00.

"I was eight years under doctors; found no relief. Convinced that they did not understand my case, I used Dr. Greene's Nervura, and the result has been truly wonderful. I had been suffering with Malaria, Heart Disease, Kidney and Liver complaints, Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness. Dr. Greene's Nervura has given me a new lease of life and health, and I am cured of all my troubles.

"MRS. H. S. BOGART,

"Baptist Home, 68th st., New York City."

☞ Dr. Greene, the successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases, 35 West 14th st., New York, can be consulted *free*, personally or by letter. Call or write him about your case or send for symptom blank to fill out, and a letter fully explaining your disease, giving advice, &c., will be returned free.

UNTIL SATURDAY P. M.

CHOICE OF ENTIRE STOCK OF

SPRING OVERCOATS,

Including our best grade, silk-lined, &c., &c., worth $22.50 to $30.00, at

$14.80.

We are showing a new line of washable double-breasted Vests at $2.69; all new, neat designs. Spring Underwear now ready at our usual low prices.

AT BOTH STORES.
CATALOGUES MAILED.

EUGENE P. PEYSER

383 Broadway, NEAR WHITE ST.
123 Fulton St., BET. NASSAU AND WILLIAM STS.

A Horrible Death.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Judge Punkley, a leading member of the New York bar, who is somewhat intemperate in his habits, was obliged to consult a physician. The latter examined the invalid's nose and breath and then said: "You must take one drink less every day."

"One drink less every day! Holy Moses! If I take one drink less every day, in about six months I'll not take any more at all. Why, that is killing me by inches."

GATELY & WILLIAMS

Always have a large and complete stock of reliable

FURNITURE, CARPETS, BEDDING, &c.

SAMPLE PRICES:

Chamber Suits, $12.00; Hair Mattresses, $8.75; Refrigerators, $6.00
Woven Wire Springs, $2.10; Extension Tables, $3.75.
Oak Dining Chairs, $1.00.

We sell for cash, but give accommodation when desired.

136 and 138 West 23d Street

WHAT MR. IVINS FOUND OUT.

Fassett Committee's Costly Report Presented in the State Senate.

The most frequent expressions heard about town to-day in relation to the report of the Fassett Cities Investigating Committee, presented yesterday in the Senate at Albany and summarized in the Sporting Edition of THE EVENING WORLD, are that it is a disappointing document.

"Mr. Ivins did not prove New York to be such a sink of corruption after all," said a prominent Republican leader, who had just finished the perusal of the report.

The document presented by Mr. Fassett comprised 166 printed octavo pages, and the conclusions of the Republican majority are crystallized in eleven bills, which the Legislature is asked to enact for the promotion of municipal purity.

Senator Fassett, in his remarks when presenting the report, in the clearest Pickwickian style, assured the Senate that the report was essentially free from political bias; that it was devoid of personality or sensationalism; that the deliberations of the committee were without acrimony. However, he naively added, the signatures of the Democratic members of the committee were wanting; they did not agree with the conclusions of the Republicans.

The Committee has been a costly one, Mr. Fassett admits. The stenographer's bill is over $10,000, and that of the "expert" $13,000. Mr. Ivins's bill has not been presented yet, and the Senators can only conjecture what amount will be deemed adequate compensation by the inquisitor.

Briefly stated, the gist of the conclusions and recommendations of the Republican majority of the committee lies in the proposed constitutional amendment providing for enlarged jurisdiction of the Legislature over the affairs of cities and providing for the government of cities throughout the State under general laws. This proposed amendment would prohibit special charters for any cities, regardless of commercial or geographical environment.

Financial reports from each city, to be made annually to the State Comptroller and by him tabulated for legislative information, is another measure urged as of great importance by the majority of the Committee.

With regard to the investigations of the committee in this city, the report says one year is insufficient time for such inquiry. It recommends, however, radical changes in the Tax Department; these must necessarily be contingent, though, upon changes in the general tax laws of the State.

The Excise Department is raked fore and aft. The law is, in the words of the report, "a dead letter, and its execution a formal humbug." Twelve closely printed pages of the report are devoted to this topic.

Mayor Grant is held responsible for the failure to clean the streets. A bill is submitted framing a commission to revise and codify the ordinances. The Board of Aldermen should be abolished, or greater legislative powers conferred upon it. New powers are urged for the Dock Board. Generalities are reported concerning the Department of Charities and Correction. The Fire Department is commended as efficient and well-managed.

It is a source of regret, says the report, that the Commissioners of Accounts are unable to unearth frauds.

A very large amount of testimony taken by the Committee yet remains to be digested and reported upon, so the present report can only be considered one of progress.

DELAY OF THE SICK WAGON.

The Mulberry Street Police Make a Complaint Against the System.

The police of the Mulberry street station complain about the delay of the sick wagon answering calls. At 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon the Commissioners of Charities and Correction were notified to send the sick wagon to 122 Mott street, for Ellen O'Donnell, seventy years old, but the wagon had not arrived to take the woman to the hospital this morning.

In the rear house at 9 Crosby street, Daniel Murphy, fifty-two years old, is also awaiting the arrival of the city ambulance. Years ago Murphy was a pastry-cook in comfortable circumstances. He was stricken blind thirteen years ago and has since been supported by his married daughter.

A few days ago he was ordered to the hospital, and yesterday the police called an ambulance from St. Vincent's Hospital. The surgeon refused to take Murphy, saying he was a case for the sick wagon, which was sent for but had not arrived this morning when the police sent a second call for both cases.

FROM THE WORLD OF LABOR.

Sam'l Gompers is home again from his agitation tour.

The colored barbers of Evansville, Ind., have formed a labor organization.

The clerks employed on the railroads in Indiana have organized an Assembly of the Knights of Labor.

The Master Builders' Association of Indianapolis boycotts all contractors working for builders not belonging to the association.

Charles Frank, Chris Shock, J. Mehlin and Joseph Will have been elected members of the Executive Board of Bakers' Union No. 2.

The organized plumbers of Indianapolis have won their strike, securing an advance of wages and a reduction of hours.

Carpenters Unions 497 and 513 have resolved to name a German Cigar Walking Delegate of the New York Carpenters' District.

The Kaweah colonists burn to be sybarites. They are eating terrapin, of which they have found a pool filled with them on their territory.

The victory of Typographical Union 274 is complete, as H. Zickel has ordered his printer, Boss Schoenberger, to pay his men according to the new scale adopted by the Union.

A new section of the Socialist Labor party was organized last week in St. Paul,