AVERAGE CIRCULATION OVER 300,000 PER DAY.

The EVENING EDITION World.

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PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, TUESDAY, JULY 21, 1891. PRICE ONE CENT.

EXTRA. 2 O'CLOCK.

PARROT VS. MONKEY.

West Thirty-Fifth Street Enlivened by Their Comical Vendetta.

Polly Is Jealous, Sarcastic and Revengeful.

And the Simian's Pride Is Wounded by Her Daily—Tragedy Chained.

There is a "monkey and parrot time" in the flat-house at 120 West Thirty-fifth street.

This expression is not used figuratively, but literally, for the "time" is actually participated in by a monkey and a parrot; and, instead of protesting against the circus, the neighbors rather enjoy it.

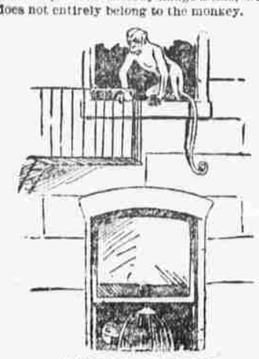
SOME OF THE SPECTATORS.

Indeed, so interesting have the proceedings become that at almost any hour of the day every window in the immediate vicinity of the performers may be seen filled with the heads of spectators, who almost fight among themselves to secure advantageous points from which to view the side-splitting antics of these two comedians from the tropics.

The monkey is an exceedingly nimble young Simian, and he lives on one of the upper floors. His name is Jack, and he is especially fond of crackers.

His owner had the forethought to put a chain on him, or probably he would have devoted his time to breaking up housekeeping in the flat itself instead of entertaining the neighborhood with his daily open-air performances.

As it is, he is now chained near a rear window, which opens on the fire-escape. The chain is long enough to permit Jack to climb out and promenade all along the railing of the fire-escape—and thereby hangs a tale, which does not entirely belong to the monkey.



"HI THERE, CRACKERS."

In the flat below Jack resides a beautiful and accomplished but loquacious young parrot, familiarly known as Polly. The bird rejoices in the possession of an elegant cage, which is placed in a front window, directly under the fire-escape, where Simian Jack is wont to show his graceful shape to the admiring pedestrians below.

Rumor has it that the trouble first began through jealousy on the part of the parrot.

Polly's plumage is simply gorgeous, and she knows it. Contrary to the old saw, she believes that fine feathers always make fine birds, and she has been an incessant yearner after the plaudits of a fawning public, no music sounding sweeter in her ears than the cry of "Polly, pretty Polly!"

Her beauty, coupled with her wonderful linguistic accomplishments, speedily made her a general favorite, and Polly shrieked, talked, whistled and dozed to her heart's delight in an atmosphere of adulation.

But when the monkey arrived on the scene there was a grand transformation. Jack's funny grimaces, his sinuous, supple and graceful movements, his self-possessed manner and his solemn demeanor while doing the most ridiculous things, at once caught the public eye, and Jack supplanted Polly in the affections of her former admirers.

Naturally, the big hit made by the Simian was displeasing to Polly. Her feathers and temper were ruffled simultaneously, and her eyes grew the color of her plumage with envy at the success made by her upstairs neighbor.

It was evident that something had to be done, and done quickly, or her prestige would go to the dogs—or, rather, to a measly little South American monkey.

For a whole afternoon Polly scratched her head for an idea by means of which she could again attract to herself the praise that she could easily see was not now meant for her, but for the grinning, chattering ape over her head.

Suddenly the idea came.

"I have it! Whoop! Eureka! The fool can't talk back—I'll 'back-cap' him and get the laugh on him," the wicked parrot is quoted as saying.

So it came to pass that on the next morning, as Jack appeared on the fire-escape for his daily ration of adulation, he was startled to hear this remark waffted up from below:

"Get on to the monkey-faced dude!"

Jack started. Surely he must be the party referred to, for no one else in the neighborhood had a monkey's face; but he resented the imputation that he was a dude. This, however, was not the sum total of his grief. There was more to come.

"Giffa da monk da fiva cent."

Jack's teeth chattered with rage. It was bad enough to be called a dude, but to be compared to the service collector of pennies for a low organ-grinder! Perdition!

But the end was not yet.

"Here, Crackers! Come, Crackers!" and a shrill whistle called poor Jack to completely collapse.

Granted that he was fond of crackers, that was no reason to dub him "Crackers" and whistle to him as if he was a dog. The humiliation was too great, and poor Jack, with fallen pride and drooping tail, crawled into his lair and sulked.

But it was not a time for inaction. The chuckles of satisfaction that escaped from the parrot, and the complacent way in which she cried: "Ha! Ha! Pretty Polly! Nice Polly! Oh! Crackers! Crackers!" drove the iron deep into his Southern soul, and since then the fight between the two has waged fast and furious from early morn till dusky eve.

MISSILE WARFARE.

So far honors are about even. The neighbors, however, are more than ever delighted because both parrot and monkey now contribute to the entertainment, and all their previous single acts are entirely eclipsed by the dual performances now enacted daily.

The circus begins shortly after daybreak, or about the time the windows of the two flats are opened. The parrot opens the ball with a preliminary "Good morning!" to the janitor and then observes:

"Hi, there! Crackers! Get up! Oh, Crackers! Get up! Get up! Oh, get up! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

It is easy to see whom the parrot is addressing. There is an angry rattling of the window shutters, and Jack appears on the window sill and gives visual evidence in contradiction of the insinuation that he has not arisen.

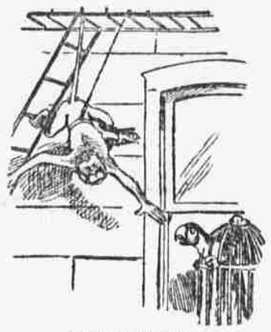
But that doesn't satisfy the parrot. She repeats her insinuating remarks concerning the bakery product to which Jack is so partial, and holding one up in her claws waves it derisively and again shrieks:

"Crackers! Oh, Crackers! Have a cracker, Crackers?"

Jack grins horribly and chatters protestingly, but it is of no avail. Polly whistles, laughs and again sententiously observes: "Crackers!"

That settles it. Jack retreats through the window, but quickly reappears, and, perching in a highly picturesque position on the railing of the fire-escape, fires volley after volley of eggshells, tomatoes and other remnants of his menu at the exasperating bird.

But instead of becoming at all abashed Polly's glee grows fairly demoniacal. She shrieks and screams in a paroxysm of delight that nearly drives the Simian frantic, while the usual audience, which is by this time enjoying the performance, applauds approvingly.



POLLY DOESN'T SCARE.

Then the monkey comes down from the railing, and, winding his prehensile tail around one of the bars, gracefully swings down in close proximity to Polly's cage and with his long arm makes a desperate clutch at the imprudent bird.

Does Polly scare? Not a bit of it! She knows that he can't reach her, and shrieking exultingly she "beaks" her way up to the top of her cage, and thrusting her head between the bars, screams defiance into the monk's very face.

The excitement at this point always reaches a climax, and the tension on the minds of the audience is only equalled by that on the monkey's tail.

It is firmly believed that Jack's caudal appendage is sufficiently elastic to enable him to reach the parrot's cage did not his chain hold him back.

The bare possibility of the chain breaking some day lends greater interest in the proceedings to the spectators, who contend that the unexpected is always happening.

Should such an occurrence take place there would then be a complete "monkey-and-parrot time," and while the parrot would of necessity be of it, she would undoubtedly be in the same unfortunate position as the man who fell out of the balloon.

TIM CAMPBELL'S EXCURSION.

The Oriental Club Will Have a Big Time Aug. 4.

An event of more than local import is announced in the following letter to the editor of THE EVENING WORLD:

NEW YORK, July 15, 1891.

DEAR SIR: I respectfully inclose an invitation for the annual excursion and dinner of the Oriental Club, Tuesday, Aug. 4, at Donnelly's Boulevard Hotel, College Point Woods.

I hope that you will honor us with your presence, as arrangements have been made to give our guests a day of rare enjoyment. Yours truly, TIMOTHY J. CAMPBELL.

This will be the twenty-first annual excursion and dinner of the Oriental Club, and when it is said that the boats and barges will leave the foot of Broome street at 9.30 A. M., sharp, Aug. 4, those who desire to participate in the good time have all the necessary information.

TRAINMEN ALL HAPPY.

Their Picnic at Harlem River Park an Unqualified Success.

Officers of the Trainmen's Relief Association, Eastern Division, wear smiling faces today, and are being congratulated at every turn upon the success of the picnic at Sulzer's Harlem River Park last night.

The grounds were crowded from opening to close, and the association's death benefit fund is materially increased. The silk flag won in THE EVENING WORLD'S competition for the most popular organization was a feature of the decorations.

The association is composed of Manhattan Elevated Railroad employees, and its membership is well up towards one thousand. Its officers are: Thomas J. Wright, President; Richard R. Chalmers, Secretary, and George C. Hoffman, Treasurer. The Trustees are George L. Ward, Henry Riker and John Burns.

Three Killed, Four Injured.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

SAGINAW, Mich., July 21.—The boiler in the planing and shingle mill of E. G. Perkins, at Lake View, exploded yesterday, killing E. G. Perkins, Robert Gregory and Eddie Gregory, and injuring four others. Portions of the boiler were thrown 700 feet.

An Angry Dog Bit Mrs. Parnell.

A despatch from Bordentown, N. J., states that Mrs. Delia T. S. Parnell, mother of the famous Irish agitator, was bitten by a dog yesterday. She was badly wounded in the left hand. The dog was killed.

POINTERS ON THE RACES.

Tipsters' Opinions on the Various Winners To-Day.

Programme of the Several Events to Be Run Off.

There will be racing at Jerome Park and Brighton Beach to-day. At the former place some very good racing should be witnessed. The programme is rather light, but it is nevertheless very interesting and promises fine sport. Three stake events will be the features of the day. The best of these appears to be the following:

Third Race.—Barnegat Stakes, for three-year-olds, $50 each, with $1,500 added; penalties and allowances; mile and a half.

Montana	125	Hoodlum	112
Potomac	122	Westchester	112
Reckon	117	Palfens	107

The writer, of course, cannot look beyond Potomac for the winner. He proved himself pounds better than Montana in the Realization, and the latter gives the great son of St. Blaise three pounds to-day. The finish should be between the two, however. Potomac should win. Hoodlum may be third.

Second Race.—Colleen Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, $50 each, with $1,500 added; penalties and allowances; six furlongs.

Anna R.	120	Algoma	103
Crotchet	115	Crocus	103
Lizette	108	Mascot	103
Fleurette	105	Yorkville Belle	103
Constantinople filly	105	Motto	103
Glencoyne	105	Trill filly	103

This race should furnish a very fair contest. The youngsters are well matched, and the handicapping has been well done. Yorkville Belle is in at exceedingly light weight, and she showed first-class form early in the year. She may win to-day if she is keyed up to a race. The best of Mr. Withers's pair (Trill filly or Crotchet) should be second and Lizette may be third.

Sixth Race.—Riberon Stakes, a welter-weight handicap, $20 each, with $1,000 added; seven furlongs.

Esquimau	133	River Prince	120
Woodcutter	125	Onaway	120
Peralta	122	Caliban	117
Adventurer	122	Mr. Sass	115

This event contains a poor lot. If Onaway were in any kind of shape he would have an easy thing of it. No one knows how good he is, however, and the writer will leave him out of calculations. Esquimau ought to win, with Peralta a close second. Woodcutter may be third.

First Race.—Handicap sweepstakes, $20 each, with $1,000 added; six furlongs.

	LB.		LB.
Chesapeake	120	Orageuse	90
Soho	108	Rheingold	87
Correction	107		

The first event should go to Correction, who has a big pull in the weights and who will be more at home on a dry track than on a heavy one. Chesapeake may be the runner-up, and Orageuse may be third.

Fourth Race.—Handicap sweepstakes, $20 each, with $1,000 added; mile and a sixteenth.

Long Dance	111	Westchester	109
Picknicker	110	Esquimau	108

Long Dance looks to be the best of this lot, and he may win. Westchester may be second and Picknicker should beat the others.

Fifth Race.—Sweepstakes for two-year-olds, $20 each, with $1,000 added; selling allowances; six furlongs.

Julio	108	Illian	105
Dr. Wilcox	106	Dunmoyle filly	101
Arnold	104	Protelnol	98

This race should fall to Julio. Arnold may be the runner up and Dr. Wilcox should be third.

AT BRIGHTON BEACH.

Brighton's card to-day gives promise of some good sport. There are seven events to be run off and some high class horses will compete. Judging by the usual conditions of form, weight and distances, the probable winners may be as follows:

First Race—Ely, Patti, Idea.
Second Race—Queen d'Or, Vocalite, Mart.
Third Race—Cruiser, King Hazem, Lowlander.
Fourth Race—Khaftan, Anarchist, Roger.
Fifth Race—Meriden, Lord Dalmeny, Firefly.
Sixth Race—Hyacinthe, Airshaft, Circular.
Seventh Race—La Grippe, Sir George, Miss Colville.

Morning Paper Selections.

AT JEROME PARK.

First Race—Correction, Soho.
Second Race—Trill filly, Motto.
Third Race—Potomac, Montana.
Fourth Race—Picknicker, Long Dance.
Fifth Race—Julio, Arnold.
Sixth Race—Peralta, Esquimau.

First Race—Chesapeake, Correction.
Second Race—Withers's best, Yorkville Belle.
Third Race—Potomac, Montana.
Fourth Race—Long Dance, Westchester.
Fifth Race—Dr. Wilcox, Julio.
Sixth Race—Adventurer, Esquimau.

First Race—Chesapeake, Correction.
Second Race—Crochet, Motto.
Third Race—Montana, Potomac.
Fourth Race—Westchester, Long Dance.
Fifth Race—Julio, Illian.
Sixth Race—Woodcutter, Esquimau.

First Race—Chesapeake, Correction.
Second Race—Withers's best (Crotchet or the Trill filly), Yorkville Belle.
Third Race—Potomac, Montana.
Fourth Race—Picknicker, Long Dance.
Fifth Race—Arnold, Julio.
Sixth Race—Peralta, Esquimau.

First Race—Chesapeake, Correction.
Second Race—Trill filly, Motto.
Third Race—Potomac, Montana.
Fourth Race—Long Dance, Picknicker.
Fifth Race—Arnold, Dr. Wilcox.
Sixth Race—Esquimau, Adventurer.

AT BRIGHTON BEACH.

First Race—Ely, Annie G.
Second Race—Mart, Clotho.
Third Race—Cruiser, Lowlander.
Fourth Race—Khaftan, Roger.
Fifth Race—Meriden, Firefly.
Sixth Race—Airshaft, Irregular.
Seventh Race—La Grippe, Sir George.

First Race—Ely, Mirthwood.
Second Race—Hettie, Vocalite.
Third Race—Cruiser, Lowlander.
Fourth Race—Khaftan, Repeal.
Fifth Race—Meriden, Kitty T.
Sixth Race—Airshaft, Irregular.
Seventh Race—La Grippe, Sir George.

First Race—Jersey Pat, Idea.
Second Race—Vocalite, Katurah.
Third Race—Cruiser, King Hazem.
Fourth Race—Khaftan, Roger.
Fifth Race—Meriden, Lord Dalmeny.
Sixth Race—Airshaft, Circular.
Seventh Race—La Grippe, Sir George.

First Race—Annie C., Jersey Pat.
Second Race—Werra, Clotho.
Third Race—Lowlander, Cruiser.
Fourth Race—Roger, Khaftan.
Fifth Race—Kitty T., Meriden.
Sixth Race—Circular, Airshaft.
Seventh Race—Sir George, La Grippe.

First Race—Idea, Jersey Pat.
Second Race—Peruvian, Maggie Murphy.
Third Race—Cruiser, Lowlander.
Fourth Race—Khaftan, Gray Dawn.
Fifth Race—Meriden, Firefly.
Sixth Race—Airshaft, Irregular.
Seventh Race—Sir George, La Grippe.

Games Scheduled for To-Day.

LEAGUE.	ASSOCIATION.
New York at Brooklyn.	Boston at Washington.
Philadelphia at Boston.	Baltimore at Philadelphia.

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS.

Break in the Fifteenth District Tammany Organization.

G. A. R. Men Protesting that They Are Frozen Out of Positions.

The break in the Tammany organization of the Fifteenth Assembly District, foreshadowed in THE EVENING WORLD, has occurred sooner than was expected.

John McCoy and his friends on the District Committee two years ago defeated Alderman Richard J. Sullivan and forced him out of the district leadership. They have now organized a similar movement against District Leader William Dalton.

"We have formed a Tammany Home Rule Club," says McCoy. "The bosses imported a leader from another district, and he has been busy distributing patronage to people outside the Fifteenth.

"It's only a short time ago that Dalton's brother-in-law moved into the Fifteenth from the Ninth Ward, and he hadn't been there many weeks when he was appointed a policeman.

"We have a thousand young men in the district who would like to be policemen, and Dalton as a leader, ought to look after their interests rather than import strangers, secure their appointment and have them charged against the district.

"We've had too much of a carpet-bag leader, and we are going to 'down' him."

Plotting Against Judge Ingraham.

There have been hints recently that there will be a great deal of money put into the coming campaign to secure the defeat of Judge Ingraham should Tammany Hall nominate him for the Supreme Court Bench. A popular Republican, ex-Surrogate Rollins, it is said, will be the opposing candidate.

Judge Ingraham gave upseven years on the Superior Court Bench to accept an appointment by Gov. Hill as a Supreme Court Justice.

The contribution for election expenses required of a Tammany candidate for an important judgeship is said to be very large, and the loss of that, together with the salary of a Superior Court Judge for seven years, would aggregate more than $100,000.

Freezing Out G. A. R. Men.

There is a great deal of grumbling in G. A. R. circles because many positions in the municipal service are allowed to remain vacant which would be filled with war veterans if the appointing power would only ask for certificates from the eligible civil-service lists.

The old soldiers charge that names are not certified, because it is designed to give the places to certain political favorites, and this cannot be done so long as a veteran soldier is on the list.

"Tammany Hall is going to make a big splurge over the erection of a monument at Gettysburg next September," said a prominent G. A. R. man this morning. "It would be better to honor the living heroes with the positions which it is purposely keeping them out of."

To Hear "The Centurion March."

Stecklerites by the thousand are expected to monopolize Manhattan Beach Friday night. On that occasion Gilmore's Band will give its last concert prior to a tour of camp duty at Peekskill with the Twenty-second Regiment.

The attraction to the Stecklerites, however, is the fact that the band will play for the first time "The Steckler Centurion March."

Preceding this performance, Pain, the fireworks man, will give an exhibition, which will include a grand political puzzle piece, created for the benefit of the visiting politicians.

Young Voters Rapidly Organizing.

David N. Carvalho, President of the new Lexington Democratic Club, of Harlem, says that that body of young voters will exercise considerable influence on the result of the coming election in the Twenty-third Assembly District. Its membership numbers 400 and is rapidly increasing.

Promises Defeat for Tammany.

Alderman Jacob Kunzeman, recently chosen leader of the Yoorlis Democracy in the Fourteenth Assembly District, says he will run again next Fall and will defeat the Tammany candidate by a bigger majority than ever before, notwithstanding John Reilly's restoration to the Wigwam leadership.

AFFIRMING WALLER'S INNOCENCE

The L. I. Brick Company's Treasurer to Be at His Desk Again.

President D. C. Sage, of the Long Island Brick Company, reiterated his statement today that there was no truth in the rumors that the Company had lost a large amount of money through Martin B. Waller, its Secretary and Treasurer. Mr. Sage said that he had been looking over Waller's accounts during the last week or ten days and he found them all correct.

Since he had been away Waller had collected two small bills. They did not amount to more than $400. One was a check which he had not cashed, while the other was in the form of a note.

Mr. Sage said further that he knew Waller would not appropriate the Company's funds to his own use, and he would not be afraid to trust him. Young Waller had simply been neglectful of his duties, and this it was that led to the false reports. He will resume the duties of his office with the Company to-morrow.

Young Waller when questioned pronounced the stories concerning him ridiculous and denied that he had embezzled any of the funds of the Company. He said that business, followed by sickness, caused his prolonged absence from duty.

Ex-Governor Waller, of Connecticut, the father of Martin, also added his denials of the guilt of his son. He said Martin had been stupid and had neglected his business. He had become responsible for his son's actions and the Company would lose nothing in the matter. His son, he said, had studied law, and been admitted to the bar, but never practised.

The two Wallers, father and son, are largely interested in the stock company, owning a large number of shares.

Fatally Burned by Gasolene.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

WATERLOO, Ia., July 21.—Mrs. F. R. Davis was fatally burned last evening by her clothes catching fire from a blazing gasolene stove. She ran out in the yard and a neighbor's wife and two children in endeavoring to extinguish the flames received serious burns.

Kentucky Negro Lynched.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

SHELBYVILLE, Ky., July 21.—Sam Pulliam, a negro, assaulted Mrs. Thomas Glenn, the wife of a prominent farmer near here yesterday.

He was captured at Avenstoke, and while on the way to Shelbyville, a mob took the negro from the officer and hanged him to a tree.

Their First Annual Picnic.

The employees of Bierman, Heidelberg & Co., will hold their first annual afternoon and evening picnic at Ridgewood Park, Brooklyn, next Saturday. Dancing will begin at 2 P. M.

WALLACH IN A CELL.

Worth a Quarter of a Million, but a Tombs Prisoner.

Rented a Tenement for Immoral Purposes.

Court After Court Affirmed His Sentence, and He Is Locked Up.

In the Tombs to-day is confined a wealthy uptown real estate owner who has just begun to serve out a sentence of thirty days' imprisonment, having been convicted in the courts on the charge of allowing a portion of one of his four dozen houses to be rented for immoral purposes. His name is Sampson Wallach. He is a member of the big real estate firm of Wallach Brothers, of 238 East Eighty-sixth street, and though three courts have each in turn pronounced him guilty, he still maintains that he is innocent.

Since his arrest, about nine months ago, Wallach says he has spent more than $3,000 in fruitless efforts to escape imprisonment. He has appealed his case from one court to another until, defeated at every step, he has at last decided to spend his term in jail and pay the fine of $500. In his own words, he is convinced that, though disgrace has fallen upon him and his wife and child, any further expenditure of money to secure delay or reversal of judgment would be futile.

Wallach's individual wealth is estimated at $200,000. With his brother, Carl M., he owns in the neighborhood of fifty tenements, scattered all over the city. How he came to be singled out of many thousands of real-estate owners for an example is inexplicable to Mr. Wallach.

THE CHARGES AGAINST HIM.

He was arrested Dec. 11 last for violating section 322 of the Penal Code, in letting a floor in the house 225 East Forty-first street for immoral purposes. Here is the section:

A person who keeps a house of ill-fame or assignation of any description . . . or a disorderly house, or a house commonly known as a resort for persons of ill fame or public resort by which the peace, comfort or decency of a neighborhood is habitually disturbed; or who, as agent or owner, lets a building or any portion of a building knowing that it is intended to be used for any purpose specified in this section; or who permits a building or a portion of a building to be so used, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

The complainant against Wallach was the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which, through its officers, claimed that he knowingly permitted the first floor of the house 225 East Forty-first street to be used as a disorderly house, to the detriment of the good morals of neighbors' children.

A man with his supposed wife and child occupied the apartments several weeks, during which time the officers of the Children's Society raided it and made several arrests.

Wallach denied flatly that he knew of the existence of any disorderly persons in any of the houses; but he was convicted in the Court of Special Sessions Dec. 31, and sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment and to pay a fine of $500.

Through his counsel he appealed the case to the General Sessions, but Recorder Smyth affirmed the conviction.

Then the General Term was asked to review the conviction, and two weeks ago a decision affirming the finding of the lower courts was handed down.

Wallach took counsel with his family, relatives and acquaintances and surrendered himself to Detective Sergt. Reilly in the District-Attorney's office yesterday and was committed to the Tombs by Recorder Smyth.

The course taken in Wallach's case is of great interest to real estate owners and agents. If others who are well known to let houses and flats for unlawful purposes are brought under the same law there will be consternation in real estate circles. That scores of convictions like that of Wallach's would follow energetic work of the officers of the law there is no reason to doubt.

WALLACH'S RISE FROM POVERTY TO WEALTH.

To an EVENING WORLD reporter, who visited Wallach in the Tombs, the prisoner told the remarkable story of his life.

He is a small-sized, nervous man. His hair is closely cropped and a small mustache adorns his upper lip. He received the reporter effusively, and, though a native born German, spoke English excellently. He said:

"I am thirty-nine years old. I am married and live with my wife and eight-year-old daughter at 238 East Eighty-sixth street.

"I was born at Hesse-Cassel, Germany, and came to this country in 1866, when I was fourteen. My sister had come to this country in 1854, and my brothers Carl and Samuel had preceded me here. They are now in the real estate business in this city.

"I landed without a dollar at Castle Garden, and remained in New York two weeks, when I started for Lancaster, N. H., my railroad fare being paid by my sister.

HE WAS A PACK PEDDLER.

"A relative there fitted me out as a peddler, with dry goods and a varied assortment of merchandise, and, with pack on my back, I travelled through New Hampshire and a portion of Maine.

"I peddled in these two States for fifteen years, and in that time I managed to save about $5,000.

"My brothers, who were in the real estate business here, proposed that we join forces.

"I came here April 5, 1881, and went into business with my brother, Carl M. Wallach, at 240 East Seventy-ninth street, and Dec. 11 of the same year I married.

"My business has been buying and selling real estate. I have never turned my hand to anything else, and my brother Carl and myself are joint owners in all the property that appears in either of our names.

HOW HE GOT RICH.

"We have been very successful in our business and have a large number of houses, principally tenements."

Coming down to the fact that he knowingly allowed one of his houses to be used for immoral purposes, Wallach said:

THE QUESTIONABLE HOUSE.

"Last November we owned a tenement-house at 225 East Forty-first street. It was a four-story, stoop, old-fashioned structure, for which we paid $9,000 in July, 1889. There was vacant for several months the first floor, containing five rooms, and the rent was $16 per month.

"We had a Mrs. Schmidt as housekeeper, and a more honest, decent and respectable woman could not be found.

"In December Mrs. Schmidt rented the first floor to the man and woman, whose name I do not recall. There was every indication that the people were respectable, their appearance, manners. The man said he was employed in a large furniture house.

"The statement that the place was rented at a large figure is nonsensical. Sixteen dollars was the rent, and these rooms ever since the house was built brought the same figures.

WHEN THE TROUBLE BEGAN.

"The first inkling of trouble came to me a few days after the people had been in the house. The husband called at my office and asked me to go bail for him, saying that he had been arrested for keeping a disorderly house.

"I was dumbfounded. I told him if I had known that he was not respectable, the rooms would never have been rented to him. I further told him that he would have to leave the house at once. I took no chances with that man, but went to the District Civil Court and served a dispossess warrant.

"The warrant was served on him, but he had secured from Civil Justice McKeon three days' grace.

"Meanwhile two officers from the Children's Society came to me and said that the occupants of the first floor of my house must be put out. I informed them that I had decided to do that already, and they went away satisfied.

"The disorderly people finally moved out Dec. 8 and for several days afterwards I was sick.

"I think it was three days later that I was arrested and brought to the District-Attorney's office. I was informed that I had violated the law in renting my property to disorderly persons, and that constituted the charge against me.

SENT TO SPECIAL SESSIONS.

"I offered to show proof of my innocence. My brother, Carl was a member of the Grand Jury for the December term, and though I wanted to be indicted so as to receive a trial by jury, I was denied that privilege, possibly because my brother sight have on my case, and I was sent to the Special sessions.

"My trial there was very brief. Five officers of the Children's Society swore that I had known that disorderly persons were occupying my premises, and that I had used impudent language toward them when they requested that the objectionable people be ejected.

"Dec. 31 I was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment and to pay a fine of $500. The judgment was a great surprise to me and my friends. I was confident that a higher court would readily see my innocence, and my lawyer appealed.

"The Judges of the General Sessions have decided against me, as well as those of the General Term, and the result is that I am here in jail to-day as innocent of this charge as an unborn babe.

"Why am I satisfied to serve out my sentence? Because I believe that I cannot get justice by further efforts.

"We have long since sold the house in question. My reputation is excellent. I have never been arrested in my life before.

"There are thousands of men in this city known to own and rent houses for immoral purposes, and they go on undisturbed.

"I keenly feel the disgrace that has befallen me and my family. I feel that the payment of my fine is fully sufficient."

WILL STAY IN THE TOMBS.

Wallach will be liberated the middle of next month. His business is being looked after by his brother, who, though co-owner in the house that has caused Wallach's imprisonment, has not even been charged with violating the statute in question.

THE FAMILY FEEL THE BLOW.

An EVENING WORLD reporter saw Mrs. Wallach at her home, 238 East Eighty-sixth street. She said:

"The idea of going to prison, no matter from what cause, is horrible. Of course my husband has done nothing disgraceful, but that does not help matters now.

"Some went away yesterday morning. I did not sleep last night, thinking of my husband away down town in such a terrible place.

"I know my husband is innocent of any wrongdoing. He was a poor boy and has worked hard, and has been successful. He owns several flats. He has at least 500 tenants, and it is hard to keep track of them all.

"He got caught in a trap in this case. The janitor let the rooms—my husband did not know to whom. He was taken sick soon afterwards.

"We have both been in hot water ever since the Children's society took hold of the matter. For six months Mr. Wallach has worried night and day, and so have I.

"He made up his mind at last that he would give up the fight, pay his fine, serve the thirty days' jail, and end the whole matter. I thought it would be best too, so now he has gone.

"Sam is a good husband, kind and affectionate. He spends his time at home and has never been away from me a night since we were married.

"I shall go down and see Sam as often as I can,—but such a place to visit!" and Mrs. Wallach sighed.

Mrs. Wallach is a fine-looking woman. She is a decided brunette, as is her little daughter; her hair is coal black and she has snapping black eyes.

THEIR FIRST TASTE OF WAR.

The Sea Militia to Take Part in a Cutting-Out Expedition.

The State naval militia will get its first taste of warfare this evening, and although the battle to be waged is one of the mimic sort, the chances for accidents are so many that a spice of danger will season the dish with excitement.

Rear-Admiral Walker has determined upon a "cutting-out" expedition, and at 6.15 o'clock he will give the command that will set 800 naval militiamen by the ears.

Armed with boarding implements, the sea soldiers will make a rush for the boats, two of which will put out from each vessel in the squadron.

Each of these boarding-boats is armed with a mounted howitzer and provided with a good supply of powder. Uncle Sam saves his shot for a real enemy.

The movements of the boarding party will be directed by Rear-Admiral Walker in person by signals from the flagship Chicago.

Just what will happen when the sea soldiers are set in motion it is impossible to foretell, but a pretty series of evolutions and a cannonading are on the schedule.

The cutting out will be done in the North River in the vicinity of the squadron, and if you expect to get anywhere near the river front on the New York shore you will have to start out early.

Kirwan Not a Tammany Lieutenant.

George W. Plunkitt, Chairman of the Seventeenth Assembly District Tammany Hall organization, writes THE EVENING WORLD a denial that John P. Kirwan, indicted for assault on a woman, is or ever was a Tammany leader or lieutenant in that district.

Lieut. Merritt, of the Seventh, Dead.

Lieut. Stephen W. Merritt, of the Seventh Regiment, son of Rev. Stephen Merritt, will be buried at Nyack to-morrow, having died at that place yesterday. He was on duty with the Seventh at the State Camp, but was then suffering from gastritis, which caused his death.

Fighter McCormick Not Dead.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

CHICAGO, July 21.—Jimmy McCormick, the pugilist, reported to have been killed in a prize fight in Iroquois County, Mich., and for whose life odds are said to be under arrest, turned up in Chicago alive and with scarcely a bruise.

Convicted of Robbing His Wife.

The trial of Broker Samuel Lewis, charged with robbing his wife of more than $50,000—all her property—was quickly concluded in Recorder Smyth's court, and Lewis is now waiting in the Tombs till Friday, when he will be called for sentence. The jury, in seven minutes, agreed on a verdict of guilty of larceny in the first degree.

HANOVER YET IN A FEVER.

Excitement Does Not Lessen Over Christie Warden's Murder.

The Murdered Girl's Sister Tells of Being Under Fire.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

HANOVER, N. H., July 21.—It seems as if there would be no end to the excitement over the murder last Friday of pretty Christie Warden, the young Hanover school-teacher whom Frank Almy, her rejected suitor, shot by the wayside.

The search for the murderer has not even yet been given up, though it seems reasonably certain now that he has got far away from the ground which the searching parties are able to cover.

Wild rumors of Almy's having been seen here and there are of frequent appearance, and each one stirs up a fresh expedition.

The most interesting feature of the hunt was that organized by the Dartmouth students, who yesterday set out with a tally-ho coach for Blueberry Hill, where they proposed to organize patrol parties and go thoroughly over the slopes and through the woods.

All the boys were well armed, as if they were going to meet a body of brigands. They all know Almy well. He had frequently come into the village to play billiards with them, for though he came here as a farm laborer, he was an excellent billiardist and possessed some other accomplishments which led to the belief that he had known much better days.

Fanny Warden, the sister of the murdered girl, who followed and clung to Christie while the latter was being dragged into the bushes, says she thinks Almy had been drinking.

Mrs. Warden tried to keep Fanny back, but the brave girl dashed down the hill where she had seen Almy drag her sister.

"I am going to help Christie," she said. "You go and call the neighbors."

It has already been related that Almy fired at Fanny Warden. Of this experience the girl says:

"Almy saw me coming, and he rose up and pointed the pistol at me and cried: 'Stand back or I will shoot!' Nevertheless I kept on and was running towards him when he fired.

"The shot rang out clear and loud, and the bullet buried itself in the ground at my feet, throwing up a lot of sand. Then I knew that he would not stop at anything, and while I stopped for a minute he fired again.

"I heard the bullet whiz by my head and then I saw him, still standing over Christie, cock the revolver to fire at me again. I got behind the edge of a small knoll where I could see everything that was going on. He shouted again: 'Go away now before you are killed!'

"I do not think he saw where I had gone to, for he fired at a small clump of bushes where he thought perhaps I was concealed. Every one of the shots made a terrific noise, as if a big shotgun had been fired."

SLAIN BY HIS NEAR FRIEND.

Young Engelhardt a Victim of His Shopmate's Bullet.

Frederick Steinhager was arraigned in the Tombs Court this morning, charged with the murder of Herman Englehardt, and was remanded without bail to await the action of the Coroner.

The prisoner and his victim were each seventeen years old. They were employed in Julius Siegel's bakery at Houston and Mulberry streets.

The boys had determined to go West together, and Steinhagen had bought a rifle, while Engelhardt purchased a revolver.

At 10 o'clock last night they were skylarking with their weapons in a small room off the bakery, when suddenly a shot was heard.

Engelhardt staggered into the bakershop and fell. He was shot in the left breast.

Steinhagen claims that the shooting was accidental.

ELOPED WITH A COUNT.

A Brooklyn Girl Marries Von Blucher After a Short Acquaintance.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

MILWAUKEE, July 21.—A meeting at Elkhart Lake, a week's acquaintance and an elopement terminated in the marriage in this city of Miss Alene Loeb, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Count H. F. Von Blucher, a son of Prince Blucher Von Wahlstatt and a great grandson of the Marshal Blucher who turned the tide of battle at Waterloo.

The Count, who is twenty-four years of age, has been in America about a year.

Two Sunday Outings.

Two notable Sunday "outings" were those of the Unser Verein at Whitestone, L. I., the steamer Hazel Kirke having been chartered for the occasion. The party numbered 400.

The Bartholdi Pleasure Circle had its annual excursion the same day, to Stimmel's Park, Whitestone. There were races and games for costly prizes.

Wanted to Kiss His Honor's Hand.

Mary Turner, a hard-working woman who had taken a drop too much after a hard day's labor and been arrested for drunkenness, was discharged at the Tombs this morning, and she was so grateful for her release that she tried to get behind the railing to kiss the Justice's hand.

Accounting of Henry Ward Beecher's Estate.

Charles E. O'Connor, receiver of the property of Herbert Foote Beecher, has applied to Surrogate Abbott of Brooklyn for an order directing the executors of the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher to file an accounting. Argument will be heard Oct. 14.

E. L. Davenport's Widow Dead.

A despatch from Canton, Pa., announces the death of Mrs. Fanny Elizabeth Davenport the mother of Fanny Davenport the actress, and widow of E. L. Davenport. She will be buried in Boston.

Hall-Dawson Nuptials.

The friends of Charles B. Hall, of H. B. Hall & Sons, and of Miss Catherine Dawson, of Home street, near Forest avenue, are all surprised to-day to learn that the couple were quietly married yesterday afternoon. This is Mr. Hall's third venture in matrimony.

EXTRA. 2 O'CLOCK.

IS THIS A POLICE OUTRAGE?

Mrs. Saphier's Friends Say Patrolman Kennedy Clubbed Her.

Carried Home Bleeding and Unconscious in an Ambulance.

Who clubbed Mrs. Saphier?

That is a question the Police Commissioners will have to determine.

Mrs. Saphier was clubbed while standing in a crowd last night at the corner of Seventy-ninth street and Third avenue. Policeman Frederick A. Kennedy tried to disperse the crowd.

The policeman wielded his club indiscriminately, it is alleged, and Mrs. Saphier suddenly received a blow on her head which knocked her senseless and made a big gash in her scalp.

Policeman Kennedy reported at the East S