AVERAGE CIRCULATION OVER 300,000 PER DAY.

The EVENING EDITION World.

THIS IS 50,000 MORE THAN THE COMBINED CIRCULATION OF THE Herald, Times, Tribune and Evening Post.

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

LAST EDITION.

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.

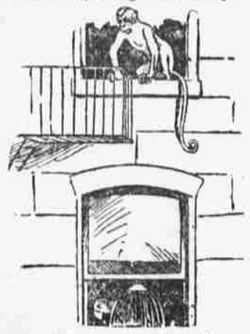
SOME OF THE SPECTATORS.

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 splendors 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 wafted 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 liva cent."

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

But the end was not yet.

"Here, Crackers! Come, Crackers!" and a shrill whistle caused 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 crest 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.

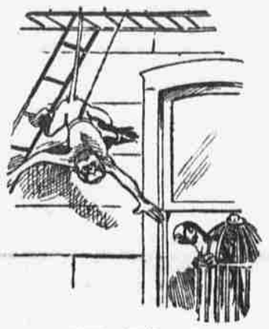
But that doesn't satisfy the parrot. She repeats her insinuating remarks concerning the bakery product to which Jack is so partial, and holding one up in her claws waves it defiantly and again shrieks:

"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.

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.

SAY IT WAS A BURGLAR'S NEST.

Brooklyn Detectives Arrest Two Men and a Girl on Suspicion.

John Kendrick, alias Rob Turner, Belle Hunt, seventeen years old, and Frank Stevens, alias Trapper King, all of whom live at 223 Havemeyer street, Brooklyn, were arrested early this morning by Capt. Short's officers on suspicion of burglary.

Detectives Corcoran and Campbell searched their house and found, stowed away, a quantity of valuable silverware, marked "N. Brown," "N. B.d.," and "R. J. P. C."

A jimmy was also found in the house.

The Quotations.

	Open.	High.	Low.
American Sugar Ref	81	81	80
American Express	118	118	118
Atch., Top. & Santa Fe	32	32¼	32
Canada Southern	48	48	48
Chicago Gas	48¾	48¾	48¾
Chic., Bur. & Quincy	83¾	83¾	83¾
Chicago & Northwest	104¾	104¾	104¾
Chic., Mil. & St. Paul	62¾	63	62¾
Chic., Rock Is. & Pac	71¾	72⅛	71¾
Chic. & Eastern Ill. pref	93	93	93
Clev., Cin., Chic. & St. L	59¾	59¾	59¼
Consolidated Gas	9¾	9¾	9¾
Del., Lack. & Western	133¾	133¾	133
Den. & Rio Grande	46⅛	46⅛	46⅛
Tenn., Va. & Ga. 2d pref	12	12	12
Great Northern pref	89	89	89
Lake Shore	108¼	108¼	107¾
Long Island	96¾	96¾	96¾
Louisville & Nashville	70¾	70¾	70¾
Manhattan consol	99¼	99¼	99¼
Missouri Pacific	66¾	66¾	64¾
Missouri, Kansas & Tex. pf	22	22	22
Nat. Cord. Co	87⅛	87⅛	87⅛
Nat. Lead	17⅞	17⅞	17⅞
New Jersey Central	11⅞	11⅞	11⅞
N. Y. & New England	33¾	33¾	33¾
N. Y., Lake Erie & West	18¼	18¼	18¼
Northern Pacific	22¾	22¾	22¾
Northern Pacific pref	63¾	63¾	63¾
North American	13⅞	13⅞	13¾
Philadelphia & Reading	28¼	28¼	28
Pac. & Eastern	6	6	6
Rich. & West Point Ter	13	13⅞	13
Rio Grande Western	37¼	37¼	37¼
Rio Grande Western pref	68⅛	68⅛	67¾
St. Paul & Duluth	31	31	31
Silver certificates	99⅝	99⅝	99⅝
Southern Pacific	30¾	30¾	30¼
Texas Pacific	10	10	10
Union Pacific	41¾	42¼	41¾
Wabash	10	10	10
Wabash pref	22⅞	22⅞	22⅞
Wheeling & Lake Erie	20⅞	20⅞	20⅞
Wheeling & Lake Erie pref	74	74	74

* Ex div. and ex rights.

A full account of Wall street affairs will be found in THE EVENING WORLD'S 5 o'clock special issue.

CITY NEWS TERSELY TOLD.

To-Day's Record of Minor Happenings About Town.

Chronicles Briefly Drawn from Note-Book and Docket.

Annie O'Neil Insane.

A woman called Annie O'Neil, twenty-seven years old, of 211 East Forty-third street, was taken to Bellevue Hospital this morning insane.

A Despondent Man Missing.

Byron Norton, of 215 Academy street, Newark, is missing. He had threatened to kill himself.

May Conquer Her Thirst in Jail.

Mary Moore, of 41 Monroe street, an habitual drunkard, was committed to the City Prison for three months at Essex Market Court to-day.

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.

Caught an Alleged Footpad.

William Hogan, of 48 Green lane, Brooklyn, was arrested this morning, charged with knocking down William Hyland, of 267 Front street, last night, on the corner of Prospect street and Dixon's alley, and attempting to rob him.

Charged with a Heinous Crime.

Herman Muehling, of Sayville, L. I., employed on board a cattle ship, was turned over to the Sayville police to-day in Essex Market Court. He is charged with having enticed a ten-year-old girl on board the ship.

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.

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.

Held on a Serious Charge.

Joseph Carillo, a shoemaker was remanded at Jefferson Market to-day for examination on a charge of having enticed little girls into his shop, at 304 Henry street. Jennie Jennings and Emma Horton, two girls found in the shop, were held as witnesses.

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.

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.

Franchi Asks for a Delay.

The application of Saloon-Keeper Franchi for a renewal of the license for the saloon on South Fifth avenue, supposed to be run by "The" Allen, has been deferred by the Excise Board at Franchi's request until Tuesday next. Franchi's counsel, Wanhope Lynn, was unable to be present.

Barnett Wants His Child.

Nelson D. Barnett says that his nine-year-old daughter Violet is illegally detained by Jere J. Moran, who lived with Mary Beck, the child's mother, at 313 West One Hundred and Seventeenth street. He has obtained from Judge Barrett, of the Supreme Court, a writ of habeas corpus. Mary Beck died July 18. Barnett avers that Moran was never married to her.

Rolled Off the Roof in His Sleep.

Patrick Mulryan, aged fifty, of 227 West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street, went to sleep on the roof of that house at 4.30 o'clock this morning. He rolled through the scuttle to the top floor and was seriously hurt by the fall.

Fair and Slightly Cooler.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

WASHINGTON, July 21.—*Weather indications:*

For Eastern New York: Fair, slightly cooler, north winds.

The following record shows the changes in the temperature for the past twenty-four hours, in comparison with the corresponding date of last year, as indicated by the thermometer at Perry's Pharmacy:

	1890	1891		1890	1891
3 A. M.	56	70	9 A. M.	64	75
6 A. M.	60	69	12 A. M.	68	78

Average temperature for corresponding date last year, 67½ degrees.

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."

BROOKLYN'S INJURED PLAYERS.

Collins Much Better Off To-Day—Burns Will Soon Be Out.

Collins and Burns, the two Brooklyn baseball players who collided yesterday at Eastern Park while trying to catch Connor's high fly in the short right field, are doing very nicely this morning after their night's rest.

Burns was the least hurt of the two, and it is more than likely that he will be able to resume his position before the close of the present week.

Collins, however, will not recover quite so soon. Dr. McLean, who visited both men this morning, says that Collins's head is much clearer, and he is doing so nicely that he feels confident that he will be able to be around again in about two weeks.

It was a very unfortunate accident, and will cripple the Club to a very great extent for the present.

M'AULIFFE'S PRAYER DENIED.

Judge Van Wyck Refuses to Restrain the Brooklyn Police.

Judge Van Wyck, of Brooklyn, this morning handed down a decision denying the injunction prayed for by Jack McAuliffe, the champion light-weight, who sought to restrain the police from interfering with him in his business as a "commission agent" in sending money to race tracks to be bet on the horses.

McAuliffe is under indictment for running a pool-room at 353 Fulton street. As soon as the Court of Appeals upheld the Wynne decision, he reopened his place.

The police threatened to arrest him if he did not close up, and ten days ago McAuliffe applied to the Judge for an injunction.

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.

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.

Fighter McCormick Not Dead.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

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

Cherokee Senator Ross Dead.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

TAHLEQUAH, I. T., July 21.—The Cherokee Nation is in mourning for Senator W. H. Ross, who died very suddenly yesterday morning of heart disease, at his home in Fort Gibson. Senator Ross was a half-blood about sixty-eight years of age, and was educated at Princeton College. He had held almost every office in the gift of the nation.

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 state beer dive, or any place of 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, single, old-fashioned structure, for which we paid $9,000 in July, 1889. There was vacant for several months the first floor, consisting five rooms, and the rent was $10 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 might pass 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.

"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.

HIS 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 in 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—that is, 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.

ÆSOP ON CURRENT EVENTS.
XV.

An Old Man was employed cutting wood in the forest and carrying the fagots into the city for sale. One day, being very wearied with his long journey, he sat down by the wayside, and, throwing down his load, besought Death to come. Death immediately appeared, in answer to his summons, and asked for what reason he had called him. The Old Man replied: "That, lifting up the load, you may place it again upon my shoulders."

MRS. ASTOR'S SEIZED GOWNS.

Faille Francaise and Blue Broche to Go Under the Hammer.

Mrs. William Astor's two lovely Parisian gowns, which are now locked up in the dingy seizure-room at the Custom-House, are soon to be sold to the highest bidder, in order to pay the duty which has been levied upon them.

They have been at the Appraiser's Stores ever since last November, when they arrived here from Paris, under an invoice valuation of $193.

Felix, the famous Parisian dressmaker who made them, had placed this valuation upon them. The Custom-House authorities held them for a reappraisal.

The gowns only came back to the Custom-House a few days ago, with the official valuation upon them of $694.80, and an added duty of $416.88, making a total value of $1,111.68, or more than eight times as much as Felix put upon them.

Mrs. Astor long ago abandoned the gowns, although she says that she paid the dressmaker several hundred dollars in addition to the cost of the dresses, with the understanding that he was to pay the duty, and deliver them to her in this city.

Under the existing Tariff law, when an imported article is advanced more than 40 per cent. on its invoice value after appraisement, the Government may seize it and sell it at once, if the owner does not reclaim it and pay the additional duty.

Mrs. Astor having failed to come forward in this case, the two gowns have been declared to be forfeited to Uncle Sam, and the case has been placed in the hands of District-Attorney Mitchell for the condemnation and sale of the goods.

It is not probable that the two dresses will bring a price which will cover the amount of the duty, because they were made a year ago, and as a matter of course will be decidedly out of style at the present time.

One of them is a robe of delicate green faille Francaise, hand-embroidered with gorgeous tropical flowers, with a green velvet collar and sleeves. The other gown is of a dainty blue shade, made of a material which the authorities say is broche, and is elegantly trimmed with passementerie.

GEORGE S. WILLIAMS DEAD.

The Police Inspector's Brother Succumbs to Cancer Near the Heart.

A despatch from Bayport, Conn., this morning announces the death in that village last evening of George S. Williams, brother of Inspector Williams. Death was due to a cancer near the heart, from which Mr. Williams had suffered intensely for three years.

The deceased was engaged in the lumber business and was widely and favorably known. He was a prominent member of the Methodist Church, and his residence adjoined the magnificent country seat of Inspector Williams.

Inspector Williams was summoned from New York to the bedside of his brother last night, but he arrived too late.

Caught in Fordham Pound.

M. Donohue, Public Pound Master at Fordham, during the past week has gathered in one "strawberry colored" cow and one white goat, which he will sell at 2354 Arthur avenue Thursday next.

Appointed by Commissioner Heintz.

George F. Sherwood, Christopher J. Kingsley and James F. McNally have been appointed Inspectors of Regulating and Grading of Streets in the Annexed District, by Commissioner Heintz.

Caught Shoplifting at Ehrich's.

Mary Ann Hogan, aged fifty-four, was held at Jefferson Market Court to-day for stealing two silk waists from Ehrich Bros. dry-goods store. She lives in Brooklyn.

Claimed Since Tweed's Time.

The Board of Estimate will to-morrow be asked to pay $180,000, the amount of the old Ditmarsh claim for city printing, done in the time of the Tweed ring.

Death of a Park Foreman.

Daniel Murphy, a foreman in the Park Department and brother of Alderman William H. Murphy, died at his home in East Nineteenth street this morning.

LAST EDITION.

NO BATTLE AT COAL CREEK.

Though Violent Elements Try to Institute Mob Rule.

Speedy Return of Tranquillity Expected at Tennessee Mines.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

COAL CREEK, Tenn., July 21.—The performances to-day of the small army of miners who yesterday drove the militia away from the camp at Briceville has been very different to what it was on that occasion.

As they marched out against the troops they were a body of nearly two thousand men, fairly well armed, but especially formidable because maintaining something of soldierly discipline and appearance in their ranks.

As they came towards the camp of the military, where there were only about ninety men intrenched, the uselessness of forcing a combat was at once evident to the commandant, and, as narrated in previous despatches, the soldiers were withdrawn.

To-day the disorderly element has cropped out to an extent, and, intoxicated by the seeming possession of power, portions of the crowd are endeavoring to institute a sort of mob rule.

As yet, however, there is nothing to indicate a departure from the predictions of last night that there would be no bloodshed at the camps, and that the presence of a stronger force of soldiers will have the effect of restoring complete tranquillity.

The infantry and light artillery of the State service ordered to the scene are prepared to use military measures to any extent demanded, however, should anything occur to precipitate the collision it is hoped to avoid.

Wild boasts have indeed been uttered that the militia would never be permitted to reach here. It has been declared that trains would be wrecked and bridges burned. But these threats came from the worst elements out of a mob which as a whole five hundred properly disciplined men could easily control.

Of the convict laborers, objection to whose presence at the mine caused the trouble, it has been reported that the 130 who were held at Oliver Springs had been released, but this is not verified.

An attempt will be made to hold a labor meeting here to-night. It will be closely watched.

ROUGH ON THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Justice Divver Sends Her to the Island for Getting Stabbed.

Justice Divver deals in justice at the Tombs, and he has cases at times that would puzzle a Solomon.

One such came up to-day, and the Justice's manner of dealing with it shows that he has insensibly become affected by the prejudice against mothers-in-law to which the adult masculine mind is prone.

Patrick Weldon, who lives with his wife and mother-in-law, Mrs. Mary Campbell, at 45 Hamilton street, was intoxicated last night, and when he arrived home he started in to beat his wife.

Mrs. Campbell took her daughter's part, and, seizing the broom, she struck Patrick over the head with it. Patrick picked up a bread knife and stabbed Mrs. Campbell four times.

At the Essex Market Court this morning Patrick was sent to the island for one month by Justice Divver.

For interfering with other people's affairs Mrs. Campbell was sent to the island for three months.

MAUD SAYS SHE'S AN ACTRESS.

But Tailor John Shoot Charges That She Is a Thief.

Maud Hauton, who says she is an actress, living at 774 Ninth avenue, was held at Jefferson Market Court to-day, charged with stealing $125 from John Short, a tailor, at 1286 Broadway.

Maud is known to the police as an opium fiend. She formerly kept an opium joint on Seventh avenue.

She met the tailor in Kelly's saloon, 520 Sixth avenue, where he treated her to wine. When he parted with her his roll of money was missing.

ON ERHARDT'S LIST.

The Collector Not Yet Ready to Announce Expected Removals.

Collector Erhardt was back at his desk today in the Custom-House, after an absence of five days, and read Secretary Foster's letter.

He had a long talk with Chief Wilbur, of the Special Treasury Agents, who recommended the dismissals, and after the conference said it would probably be two or three days before he could make any definite statement as to his plans for the expected removals and retrenchments.

**Got the Rig, but Not the