—SPECIAL—
MIDSUMMER DISCOUNT
TO
WANT ADVERTISERS.

The World.
THE WORLD { DAILY AND SUNDAY } OFFERS
EVENING EDITION

ON BOARD and BOARDERS WANTED and HOUSES, APARTMENTS and ROOMS TO RENT.

15 PER CENT. Discount for ONE Insertion.
25 PER CENT. Discount for TWO Insertions.
30 PER CENT. Discount for THREE Insertions.
IF SUCCESSIVE.

PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1891. PRICE ONE CENT.

EXTRA.

2 O'CLOCK.

IS BEATTIE BLIND?

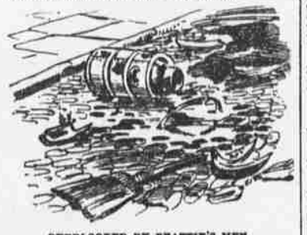
If So His Nose Should Help Him Find These Heaps.

The Health and Lives of Thousands Endangered by Them.

What Does the Street Cleaning Commissioner Really Do?

"Evening World" Reporters Who Tried Fail to Find Out.

In its investigation of the street cleaning of this city one thing THE EVENING WORLD has failed to discover, and that is exactly what Commissioner Beattie actually does. Reporters sent to interview him have occupied days in discovering his whereabouts. The first reporter started out to find him on Wednesday, Aug. 12. On that day the Commissioner did not make an appearance at his office, and visitors and callers were informed that he had gone down the bay in one of the Department tugs to inspect the dumping grounds of the scows five miles out from Rockaway Beach.



OVERLOOKED BY BEATTIE'S MEN.

Further inquiry developed the interesting information that the Commissioner never took these little ocean trips without providing an ample supply of luncheon, both solid and liquid. On this particular occasion it was said that a case of "Pommery Sec" was smuggled aboard the tug in gray dawn, and that Mr. Beattie and his friends had no reason to put into port again until after nightfall.

On the following day the Commissioner's office was vacant. It was reported that he had visited the stables at Seventeenth street and Avenue C in the afternoon, but he was not at those stables when a reporter of THE EVENING WORLD reached there.

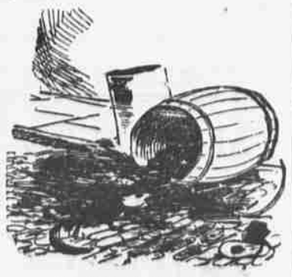
The foreman said that Mr. Beattie had looked in early in the afternoon.

"He comes around every day," said the foreman, "and sometimes twice a day, to see how things are going. Oh, yes, the Commissioner is a very busy man. People have no idea how hard he works."

There were a good many callers at the office of the Street-Cleaning Department on Aug. 14. Several of them wanted to see the Commissioner on important business, but his Secretary, Miss Westover, did not know where he was, unless he was inspecting some of the stables uptown. She thought he would be in some time in the afternoon.

As a matter of fact, Commissioner Beattie did drop in for an hour or so after luncheon, but he was off again before any one could catch him, bound for the west-side stables it was said. No one ever thinks of pursuing Mr. Beattie into these remote sections of the town, and when he leaves word that he is going to the stables he is perfectly secure against any invasion of his privacy.

The Commissioner did come downtown on the morning of Aug. 15, but he immediately retired to his private office and was absolutely invisible for the remainder of the forenoon. As it was a legal half holiday he took advantage of that fact to execute the disappearing-view act about 11.45. The prevailing impression in the office was that he had gone uptown.



THE CARTMEN DODGED THIS.

Another reporter in search of Mr. Beattie on Monday and Tuesday, failed to find him in any of the places he was said to be. The first call was made at the Street-Cleaning Department Monday noon. The office boy said Mr. Beattie had been there for two hours, but had just gone out.

"Where would I be likely to find the Commissioner," asked the reporter.

"He may be at one of the dumping docks or at the stables."

"Will he be back?"

"Not to-day. He is more on the street than in the office. He can do more good there."

Believing that the surest way to find Mr. Beattie, according to the office boy, would be at the places he mentioned, the reporter visited the Department stables and dumping dock at the foot of East Seventeenth street.

A clerk in the office expressed surprise that any one should inquire for Mr. Beattie at the stables.

"His office is at 61 Chambers street," he answered curtly.

"But at the office they told me he would likely be here," said the reporter.

"Mr. Beattie seldom comes here. He has not been here for three days," was the reply.

At the Department stables on West Fifty-second street the reporter had a similar experience. There he was told that "this ain't Mr. Beattie's office, and he doesn't do his business here."

It was learned elsewhere that inquirers at 61 Chambers street were told that Mr. Beattie spends all his time between the stables and the dumping docks, which accounted for his continual absence from his office.

"They were stuffing you," replied a stableman. "What the diggins would he be doing here. There is nothing for him to look after. The horses can be cleaned, fed and cared for without him, and the carts are sent out and dumped under the supervision of the foreman. You might wait a week or a month here and never see Mr. Beattie. It's only once in a great while he drops in on us."

Commissioner Beattie lives at New Rochelle for the Summer, and thither he had no doubt gone on Monday, so the reporter gave up the search that day.

On Tuesday the reporter called at the Chambers street office at 9 o'clock. Mr. Beattie was not and would not be there all day, his private secretary, Miss Westover, said. She had just received a note from Mr. Beattie that he would test a new sweeping machine that day somewhere on Broadway, but the test was not made until yesterday.

On Tuesday Mr. Beattie was neither at the office nor at the stables. The reporter called at each of these places twice, and each time was told that Mr. Beattie had not put in appearance.

Yesterday afternoon a reporter found Mr. Beattie at Seventeenth street and Avenue C. He stood calmly watching the operation of a newly patented street-cleaning machine, which he had consented to examine, and his general make-up was altogether picturesque. He was dressed in a light brown suit and flannel shirt, which was surmounted by a light brown straw hat. His feet were encased in a pair of immaculate russet leather shoes, which were the admiration of a gang of ash-cart drivers, who eyed him curiously from a corner of the big stable.

Between the encircling wreaths of a cigar, from which he seemed to derive huge enjoyment, he spoke to one of his subordinates concerning the machine on exhibition before him, and then he turned to receive the reporter.

In a low tone he told THE EVENING WORLD man that he had read the articles in THE EVENING WORLD showing the filthy condition of the streets of the east side of the city.

"Have you anything to say in refutation of the articles?" the reporter asked.

"Nothing," he replied in the same almost inaudible tone.

"Have you done anything towards remedying that state of affairs, or do you propose taking any action in the matter?"

The reporter, by craning his neck, was enabled to hear Mr. Beattie utter the word "No." Then the Commissioner of Street Cleaning followed up his utterance by saying, "I decline to discuss the matter," and moved away.

The subject, it was plain to observe, was distasteful to the Commissioner.

RIDGE STREET'S FILTHINESS.

Poor Folks Think It Is Purposely Overlooked by Beattie's Men.

"If you can find a dirtier quarter of the town than this," said an east-side shopkeeper, who stopped to talk with an EVENING WORLD reporter yesterday afternoon at the corner of Rivington and Ridge streets, "I would like to know where it is.

SEEN ON RIDGE STREET.

"Talk about filth, why you can hardly get across the street here anywhere without stepping into a nasty mess of decomposing garbage. And the result, too, is enough to breed every sort of fever and disease that the doctors have discovered.

"Look at Ridge street, now. As far as you can see, in both directions, there is nothing but a litter of dirt and refuse from curb to curb. There has been no sweeper around here for a week, and judging from the looks of the place it might have been a month. Once a week at the very most is all the cleaning that we poor people in this part of the city can expect from Commissioner Beattie, and I suppose we ought to be thankful to get that."

The citizen was indignant, and he evidently had just cause to be. Ridge street is built up to a great extent with tenement-houses, the lower floors of which are occupied by small retail tradespeople.

It is in the centre of the peddlers' district, and at night their carts, wagons and trucks are strung out along the curbstones. Some of them are not moved for days at a time.

Dirt and refuse collects under them from the overflowing garbage barrels along the sidewalk, until in some places it is piled a foot high.

Scraps of paper, rags, old bedticks, the remains of worn-out furniture, tin cans and rotting vegetable matter are mixed up with the black mud of the street until they form a compound that vitiates the atmosphere of the entire neighborhood.

If Mr. Beattie's sweeping brigade ever visits Ridge street it never thinks of touching anything under the wagons and carts, and the stuff is left to rot and fester in the hot Summer's sun.

A stroll down Ridge street is not a pleasant excursion for a person with delicate nostrils. There is very little variety in the scene all the way from Grand to Houston street. It is simply one dismal and desolate stretch of filth.

When the reporter of THE EVENING WORLD visited the place it was evident that none of the garbage had been collected for at least twenty-four hours, for every barrel was heaped up with its vile-smelling contents, and the overflow of potato parings, coffee grounds, decomposed watermelon rinds, the remnants of tenement-house dinners and the like were scattered and tracked all over the sidewalks.

Some of the barrels had been overturned and the entire contents dumped into the street. At Stanton street the pavement was littered up with a couple of old straw mattresses, a broken peach crate, a bushel or so of decayed pears and a battered bathtub.

Sheriff street is not much of an improvement upon Ridge in the matter of uncleanliness. It was evident that the sweepers had been through there recently, but the little piles of dirt which they had heaped together had been flattened down and scattered in every direction.

At Grammar School No. 10, where repairs are being made, the contractor said that he had not seen any street cleaning done since he had been at work there. The dirt had been lying around in that neighborhood since last week, and he had not seen a cart in several days.

Columbia street, from Rivington to Stanton, offers an interesting study in the way of degrees of dirtiness. It differs very little in this respect from Sheriff and Ridge streets.

Broken barrels, tin cans and vegetable refuse are scattered everywhere and the gutters are so clogged up with dirt that the drainage from many of the houses lies stagnant in them.

Grocer B. Rosenfelt, of No. 96 Columbia, was sitting under his awning, calmly contemplating this very attractive vista and smoking his dudeen, when an EVENING WORLD reporter asked him how long it had been since the street was cleaned.

"About two weeks, I guess," he replied. "Sometimes they come once a week, but more often it is two weeks."

Norfolk and Suffolk streets, north of Grand street; **Attorney street**, in the neighborhood of Rivington, and **Willett street**, on both sides of Delancey, are some other choice localities which may be recommended to the attention of Mr. Beattie and his street-cleaning brigade.

NO HOPE OF A SECOND TERM.

A New York Republican Says Harrison Will Support Mr. Blaine.

"It seems almost improbable that, after all that has been said and written on the subject, President Harrison is not looking for a second term; but that such is the fact I have good reason to know."

A representative Administration Republican made this startling statement.

"Not only is President Harrison not looking for a renomination," he continued, "but when the time comes he will come out for Mr. Blaine as the nominee.

"The programme, as I hear it, is for Secretary Blaine to tender his resignation and at the same time announce himself as a candidate for the Presidency. This he will do, I understand, when he returns to Washington the latter part of September.

"President Harrison will refuse to accept the resignation of his Secretary of State and will assure Mr. Blaine of his active and earnest support, and everything will be clear sailing on an unruffled sea of harmony, with the bark of no Presidential aspirant in sight except Mr. Blaine's. The lesser lights would all be making for the harbor of second place.

"It is true that this arrangement was brought about but a short time ago, for up to last Sunday the President still had the second term bee in his bonnet, and his son's Montana newspaper last week printed an editorial to the effect that Blaine was not in it.

"Russell's New York paper, however, this week prints a cartoon suggesting that Blaine is the coming man.

"Gen. Alger, in an interview in THE WORLD to-day, says Blaine has advised him of his intention to run for President. He is right. Mr. Blaine will be the Republican candidate and will be supported by Harrison, who, however reluctantly, has had to accept the inevitable."

This determination of the President to forego his attempt to secure an election is said to have been reached at a conference with Stephen B. Elkins and Postmaster-General Wanamaker at the Cape May cottage Sunday last.

Refreshments and Antidotes Free.

Tickets for Frank Wolf's free excursion to the women and children of the Eighth Assembly District have been issued. The excursion will take place Aug. 27 and a steamer and two barges will take the crowd from the foot of Broome street around the Battery and up the Hudson River.

"Refreshments will be furnished free," is one of the announcements on the invitation, followed by the reassuring statement that "three physicians will be in attendance."

Civil-Service Law Dulls His Axe.

It is said that Collector Passett is fretting under the restraint of the civil-service rules, which prevent him from removing Democrats from the Custom-House and replacing them by Platt Republicans.

He has, it is said, requested President Harrison to take certain officials out of the classified list on the ground of their confidential relation to the heads of bureaus. Among these are said to be the chief clerks of division, nine in number, and eight of whom are Democrats.

ELOPED WITH THE DENTIST.

A West Farms Belle Won After a Courtship of One Week.

West Farms has a choice bit of gossip today, the subject being the elopement of Miss Carrie Jenness, a local beauty and belle, with Dr. Henry L. Greenleaf, a handsome young dentist, of Third avenue and Thirty-fourth street in this city.

Miss Carrie is the youngest daughter of the late William Jenness, who left his widow and children a handsome competence. The young lady's acquaintance with Dr. Greenleaf began a little more than a week ago in the dentist's chair.

While the dentist repaired the young lady's molars he assisted her to cut her love teeth. The pair became infatuated with each other, but when he asked the mother's permission to address her daughter he was peremptorily repulsed.

The lovers were determined, however, and, evading the parental eye, they met, went to City Hall, got a license and were married. They sailed on a bridal tour on the Portland steamer last night.

It is said the young man's character is irreproachable.

KILLED AT THE VOLKSFEST.

Policeman Shurer Has an Artery Severed by a Stray Bullet.

It has not yet been learned who fired the shot which caused the death of Special Policeman John Shurer at the rifle ranges of the Plattdeutsche Volksfest, on Union Hill, Hoboken.

The last day of the fest was nearly ended. Several people were shooting at the butts, and Shurer went to warn away some small boys who were dangerously near the targets.

While engaged in this duty a bullet struck him in the leg, severing an artery.

He was placed in a brewery wagon and started for the hospital. On the way he was met by an ambulance from St. Mary's Hospital and transferred to it, but just as he was placed on a cot he died. Physicians say he bled to death.

POINTERS ON THE RACES.

Tipsters' Opinions on the Various Winners To-Day.

Programme of the Several Events To Be Run Off.

On account of the Delaware Handicap having but three starters, the Monmouth Park Association added an extra race which will close at noon to-day. The over-weight events are very well filled and a good day's sport should be had. The selections are as follows:

First Race.—Handicap sweepstakes, $20 each, with $1,000 added; fourteen hundred yards.

	Lb.		Lb.
Major Domo	120	Daisy Wo'dr'ff	100
Pagan	112	Charlie Post	97
Soho	110	Mary Stone	97
Kingstock	110	Surplus	95
Sir George	105	Woodcutter	92
Eclipse	105		

The opening race looks like a gift to that speedy horse Major Domo. Soho may be second and Eclipse third.

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

Take Back	108	Knapsack	88
Quartermaster	108	Rialto	88
Alliquipa	101	Service	88
Airlight	100	Alscomber	88
Eros	88	Picklift	85

This race should go to Take Back with Knapsack second and Alliquipa third.

Third Race.—Delaware Handicap, $50 each, with $1,750 added; mile and a quarter.

Badge	109	Algonquin	85
Reckon	109		

The third race should have been the event of the day, but there are only three named to go. The fight will lie between Badge and Reckon, and the writer expects to see Badge win it.

Fourth Race.—Handicap sweepstakes, $20 each, $1,250 added; mile and a sixteenth.

Major Domo	118	Kingstock	106
Banquet	118	Eclipse	100
Chaos	110	Kingmaker	98
Pagan	108	Rover	90

It is not likely that Major Domo will start in this race for he doesn't like anything over a mile. Banquet looks the best of the others and may win, with Chaos second and Pagan no worse than third.

Fifth Race.—Handicap sweepstakes for two-year-olds, at $20 each, with $1,000 added; six furlongs.

Hamilton	117	El Ramelette	103
Wyandotte c	111	Shenandoah	103
Take Back	110	Kirsch	100
Wah Jim	110	Moonraker	100
Anna B	110	O'Kelly	97

Kirsch should win this event, with El Ramelette second and Anna B. third.

Sixth Race.—Sweepstakes, $20 each, with $1,000 added; selling allowances; seven furlongs.

Lithbert	110	Celia	104
Sirocco	103	Register	106
Pearl Set	104	Beck	90

Celia and Sirocco should be one, two with Pearl Set in the sixth race.

Seventh Race.—Sweepstakes for maiden two-year-olds, $10 each, with $750 added, of which $100 to second, $50 to third; four and a half furlongs. Closes at noon to-day.

From Morning Papers.

AT JEROME PARK.

First Race—Major Domo, Pagan.
Second Race—Take Back, Rialto.
Third Race—Reckon, Badge.
Fourth Race—Banquet, Chaos.
Fifth Race—Wyandotte colt, Shenandoah.
Sixth Race—Celia, Lithbert.

First Race—Major Domo, Charley Post.
Second Race—Take Back, Airtight.
Third Race—Reckon, Badge.
Fourth Race—Banquet, Rover.
Fifth Race—Kirsch, Shenandoah.
Sixth Race—Celia, Beck.

First Race—Major Domo, Charley Post.
Second Race—Knapsack, Rialto.
Third Race—Reckon, Badge.
Fourth Race—Banquet, Pagan.
Fifth Race—Anna B., Hamilton.
Sixth Race—Celia, Pearl Set.

First Race—Major Domo, Eclipse.
Second Race—Knapsack, Eros.
Third Race—Badge, Reckon.
Fourth Race—Hamilton, Take Back.
Fifth Race—Major Domo, Chaos.
Sixth Race—Sirocco, Celia.

RAN BY THE "STOP" SIGNAL.

Was Engineer Cummings Responsible for the Spuyten Duyvil Collision?

John Cummings, engineer of the "Dolly Varden" train that crashed into the New York Central's Albany express near the Spuyten Duyvil station at 6.32 o'clock last night is under suspension to-day, pending an investigation that is being conducted by Third Vice-President H. Walter Webb, of the Company.

Though the inquiry has not been finished, the probability seems to be established that the accident was due to carelessness.

Vice-President Webb said to an EVENING WORLD reporter this morning that, so far, his investigation of the collision had developed the fact that Cummings had for some reason wilfully run by the stop semaphore signal that the man in the switch-tower had had set against him.

"Cummings," said Mr. Webb, "knew that the Albany express had the right of way, and it was his duty to obey the rules in this respect.

"I have not yet seen Engineer Cummings. I expect to receive his reason of the occurrence some time to-day, and if he does not justify his action and clear himself of the responsibility of the collision he shall be properly made an example of."

That the collision was unattended by the loss of life is regarded as almost miraculous.

The point where Cummings's train and the Albany Express came together is but a few yards from the place where the awful collision occurred a few years ago in which Senator Webster Wagner and several other passengers lost their lives.

The "Dolly Varden" train of three cars and engine left the Thirtieth street station last night at 5.55 o'clock.

The trains are switched at Spuyten Duyvil, and continue around to the Grand Central Station, thus completing a loop.

When the "Dolly Varden" move in sight below the Y at that place last evening the danger signal was set, but it was noticed that the speed of the train was not slackened.

It passed by the danger signal and was rapidly making headway around the curve, when the Albany express and eight big coaches came pounding around the curve from the upper Hudson River side.

The Albany express was scheduled to arrive in the Grand Central Depot at 7 o'clock, and was making fast time. Engineer Connors whistled signals to the other train, but before he could reverse his engine the trains came together.

Connors's engine crashed into Cummings's and lifted it off the track.

There was a smashing of glass, ironwork and timbers, and the impact of the collision shocked everybody on both trains. There was considerable excitement, but an examination showed that nobody was hurt.

Cummings, who had shut off his steam, offered no excuse for passing the signals.

His engine was badly wrecked and a delay ensued.

Cummings has been an engineer on the New York Central several years.

East River Park Concert.

There will be a concert in East River Park this afternoon at 4 o'clock by Conterno's Ninth Regiment Band.

IS IT FRANK ALMY?

A Fugitive Surrounded in Christie Warden's Father's Barn.

The Suffolk Murderer Fires at His Pursuers and Drives Them Off.

A Council of War Held and Volunteers Begin to Attack Him.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

HANOVER, N. H., Aug. 20.—A report was current here this morning that Frank C. Almy, the murderer of Christie Warden, was discovered in Mr. Warden's barn; that Almy fired fifteen shots at his pursuers and killed Azro Turner, of Norwich, Vt.; that the barn had been burned, but whether Almy was shot or was in the ruins was not known.

The report that the Wardens' barn was burned was erroneous.

The smoke from Almy's revolver gave the impression that the barn was on fire. Charles E. Stewart, a student at the State College, located Almy in the hay by prodding with the long handle of a shovel.

When he punched the hidden man a bullet was fired up at him through the hay on which he stood.

The concealed man continued firing, at the same time digging himself out of the hay, and fired at least fifteen shots at the searchers, driving them from the barn.

Turner was not killed, as reported, but only slightly injured.

A council of war is now being held as to the best means of dislodging the murderer, whose trial, it is safe to say, will not cost Grafton County a cent, as Almy will be shot on sight.

Hanover is again wild with excitement. It seems almost certain that Almy will soon be captured.

Notwithstanding little has been said publicly, vigilant search has been constantly going on for Almy. Monday evening, Mrs. Warden, while looking for some chickens in the barn yard, discovered a small opening in the underpinning of the barn which she thought might lead to the chicken's hiding place.

She removed a small board and found on the inside an empty jelly tumbler, and further in twelve cans which had recently contained salmon, oysters, peaches and other substantial eatables. There were also empty wine and beer bottles.

Wednesday morning F. W. Davidson and N. A. Frost made further investigations under the barn, finding more bottles and a formidable bludgeon about the shape, but somewhat longer, than a roliceman's club.

The handle was nicely whittled and was quite fresh. Knowing that the cellars of several private families in the village had been robbed of such materials, they visited these people and found beyond all question that the goods came from there, and further as recently as August 10.

Last night Prof. G. H. Whitcher and Sheriff H. C. Brown watched the premises.

About 2 o'clock this morning, while they were hiding in some corn in the garden, a man whom they first supposed to be Warden came towards them to some apple trees within ten feet of where they stood.

Prof. Whitcher says: "I thought it was Warden, but as he came nearer I thought I recognized Almy's walk.

"He was barefooted, his pants were torn, and he looked pale and thin. He had a bag with him and filled it while he ate ravenously.

"After a little while he leisurely and unsuspectingly walked back to the barn and passed around the eastern side.

"That was the last we saw of him."

They returned to the village, aroused about forty men, who proceeded to surround the building. Sheriff Stevens and Solicitor Mitchell were on the ground and the search of the barn began.

Hundreds of men arrived with old army guns, horse pistols, revolvers, pitchforks, shovel handles, &c.

At 9.55 A. M. the Sheriff said: "Gentlemen, we call for volunteers.

All who have the sand come ahead and we will search the barn.

"Now don't all rush up or you will hinder us more than help and Almy will escape!

"Isn't there more than ten or twelve in this crowd of a thousand that will volunteer to help drive this murderer out and capture him?"

The following volunteered and had red stripes of flannel put on their arms:

Dr. G. W. Hoffman, G. O. Abbott, O. A. Handall, W. P. Wheeler, James B. Whitcomb, S. B. Smith, John Thornburn, Lacuerier B. E. Merrill, G. Greenwood, W. A. Dunbar, Israel Merrill, S. B. Spout, A. E. Mathews, W. B. Brigham, C. J. Jordan, S. B. Smith, W. P. Howard, Edwin Matherson, D. Wright.

At 10.20 they were about to search the barn.

QUARTET OF ELOPERS.

Two Long Island Brothers' Illicit Love for a Mother and Daughter.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

PORT JEFFERSON, L. I., Aug. 20.—Speculation is still rife as to the whereabouts of Mrs. Williamson and Mrs. Skidmore (mother and daughter) and Charles and Nathan Freeman (brothers), who simultaneously disappeared and who are believed to have formed an eloping quartet.

The circumstances of this queer elopement show a badly mixed up state of domestic affairs. The elder woman is the second wife of Ezra Williamson; she is forty-nine, he is seventy. He is well to do. Her daughter, by her first husband, is nineteen years old, and was married two years ago to Sylvester Skidmore. The latter has fits, and when they disabled him from work the young wife abandoned him and went to live with her mother. She has since been divorced at Skidmore's suit.

The parties of the second part, the Freeman brothers, have been very attentive, Charles to Mrs. Williamson, and Nathan to Mrs. Skidmore. Nathan's wife has bothered him a good deal by objections to his intimacy with the divorced woman, and had even procured a warrant for his arrest, which the elopement has rendered thus far ineffectual.

Mr. Williamson, it appears, was complaisant to the degree that he gave his wife $150 to elope with. He will not pursue her.

The missing couples are supposed to have crossed the Sound and taken refuge in Connecticut.

Last Call for Election Appointments.

The Police Commissioners cannot receive applications for appointment as Inspectors of Election, Ballot and Poll Clerks for the coming registration and election after to-day. There are 3,548 Inspectors to be appointed and a like number of Clerks.

JAMES LYDDY OR HIS DOUBLE.

A Cab-Smashing Affair in Which the Lawyer's Name Figures.

The Man Who Used It Plead Surfeit of Wine Dinner.

Somebody who bears a striking resemblance to Lawyer James M. Lyddy, and who carries letters addressed to that well-known individual in his pockets, has been getting drunk, and in that way bringing the name of the Lyddy family once more before the public in an unpleasant manner.

Last night Policemen Glion and Davis, of the West Thirtieth street station, arrested two men at the corner of Broadway and Forty-second street, where they were about to demolish a cabman's vehicle because he had had the hardihood to demand his fare.

They had smashed both of the cab's windows when excitement or something else completely prostrated them, and they fell helpless in a heap on the sidewalk.

The cabman said the cause of their sudden collapse was champagne. The policeman took his word for it and charged them with being drunk.

As the policeman put it, "they were so full they couldn't tell the difference between a row and a glucose factory, so we had to search them for papers to find out their names.

"The handsome fellow with the red mustache had a number of letters in his pockets addressed to James M. Lyddy, attorney-at-law, 80 Broadway.

"He also had $70 in money and a gold watch and chain. His companion hadn't a cent. Letters addressed to Thomas St. J. Gaffney, 118 East Twentieth street, were found on him."

On the docket in the station-house the names were entered as James R. Lyddy and Thomas Gaffney, and on the slip sent to Jefferson Market Court Lyddy was described as John R.

The policeman couldn't account for this jugglery of middle initials, and the man he described as Lyddy further complicated matters by denying to a reporter that he was Lyddy at all.

He, however, answered to that name when called before the bar.

An EVENING WORLD reporter, who had interviewed James M. Lyddy at 80 Broadway, at once picked him out as the prisoner. But to the reporter's astonishment he said:

"You must be mistaken. My name is not Lyddy and I am not a lawyer. If they call me Lyddy that let's me out of a bad scrape."

A few minutes later, after he had been discharge, a court officer ordered him to leave the inclosure around the bar and he said:

"I have a right here. I am a member of the bar."

Too much dinner and too much wine was his plea to Justice Hogan, who told him to go home and sleep it off.

The reporter was about to question him again about his statement to the court officers, when Gaffney, who had walked out ahead, shouted:

"Oh, hang it, Lyddy, come on. Don't stay all day."

The last time the name of Lyddy was before the public it was in connection with disbarment proceedings against James M. and his brother William M., who has since died, for falsifying court records.

James M. Lyddy is the man who in 1884 got an injunction restraining the Board of Aldermen from granting a Broadway Railroad franchise to Jacob Sharp & Co.

It cost the Company $12,500 to have the injunction removed.

WHERE IS MARIE REINHART?

Jennie Cramer's Fate Recalled by Her Mysterious Disappearance.

Jennie Cramer's death at Savin Rock, Conn., is recalled by the mysterious disappearance of Mrs. Marie Reinhart, from 156 West Twentieth street.

The woman had a suit for $30,000 damages for breach of promise to marry pending against Edward Malley, of New Haven, whose brothers, James and Walter, were tried for murdering Jennie Cramer.

Mrs. Reinhart boarded with a Mrs. Berry at the address given above. Previously she had given birth to a child in the Maternity Hospital. That child was christened Edward Malley, jr. The boy died in Mrs. Berry's house.

Mrs. Reinhart lived there until Aug. 11. Her lawyer, a Mr. Hamilton, of New Haven, who called to see her there yesterday, discovered that she had mysteriously disappeared on that date.

Frank Keats, a cab-driver of 261 West Thirty-sixth street, and a friend of Edward Malley who knew of the suit and of Mrs. Reinhart's whereabouts, also disappeared on that day, and Lawyer Hamilton thinks this man could explain whatever fate has befallen the woman.

Mrs. Reinhart was a divorced woman and the governess of Edward Malley's motherless children. In her complaint filed with the suit she charged that Edward Malley had accomplished her ruin by the aid of drugged wine, and that he subsequently promised to marry her.

Detectives are looking for Keats, who had stated that he would be $500 richer when the damage suit was settled.

WEDDED 3,000 MILES AWAY.

A Warren Street Merchant Finds a Bride in England.

BARTLEY—SHAMMON.—On August 15, at the Church of the Saviour, Edward street, Birmingham, by the Rev. J. C. Street, CHARLES CALEB BARTLEY, of 58 Warren st. and 233 West 71st st., New York City, to LIZZIE, eldest daughter of William Shammon, J. P., of Bellesley House, Kings Heath, Worcestershire.

Mr. Charles C. Bartley is a wholesale dealer in harness and saddlery at 58 Warren street. It is an old established house, and Mr. Bartley is reputed to be wealthy. At the office this morning questions as to the romantic wedding in England were answered by the bridegroom's brother. He said Mr. Charles Bartley sailed about a month ago for England, where he met Judge Shammon's daughter, and they were married.

Mr. Bartley is about forty years of age, and had hitherto been a bachelor. He has elegant apartments at Seventy-seventh street and the Boulevard.

SAVED BY A THICK SKULL.

Barber Twopence Not Killed by His Wife's Bullet.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

ORANGE, N. J., Aug. 20.—Ira Twopence, who was shot by his wife in his barber shop on Dodd street last night, has recovered and was taken to court this morning. The doctors said the thickness of his skull saved his life, the bullet not having penetrated far. Mrs. Twopence was held to answer for the shooting, and her husband was held as a witness. Both parties are colored.

Beaten and Robbed.

Charles Madden, of 12 Varick street, and Gustave Kaiser, of 69 Stanton street, were held in the Tombs Court to-day, charged with robbery. Henry Eisman, of 19 Second avenue, accused them of assaulting him on the street and stealing his watch.

PLUNDERED THE METROPOLE.

Cashier and Barkeeper Regularly Stole Twenty Dollars a Day.

They Confessed in Police Court, and Were Held for Trial.

In Jefferson Market Court this morning were arraigned Albert Conch and Michael Manning, barkeepers, and Arthur Smith and William Stark, cashiers at the Hotel Metropole cafe, who confessed that they have been robbing Proprietor Putney for the past five weeks.

By their confession it was revealed that it had been their habit to plunder the cash drawer daily to the extent of $20 and divide the proceeds.

This is how they said the peculations were carried on:

When a purchase was made the barkeeper, instead of giving the customer a check, would shout to the cashier the amount to be paid, and then register a five or ten-cent check for it.

If Proprietor Putney was about the conspirators had a system by which they defrauded him right before his eyes.

The cashiers would send back the checks that had been paid to the barkeepers, who in turn would issue them to be paid again.

The checks were passed to the barkeepers in a book or a newspaper, between the folds or leaves of which they were concealed.

Proprietor Putney noticed that although the bar was doing a rushing business his receipts were falling off.

He could not find out how the money disappeared, so he asked Capt. Reilly to do it for him.

The Captain and his detectives, who were unknown to the conspirators, became frequenters of the barroom and kept their eyes open.

They soon "tumbled to the games," as Detective Hayes expressed it, "and dropped on their men."

The detectives are satisfied that the prisoners, although their ingenious method of peculation was worthy of older heads, "are new in the business."

Conch, when asked why they did not take more when they had the chance to do so, replied:

"Oh, the house was entitled to something.' All the stolen money was lost on the races.

The prisoners were held for trial by Justice Hogan.

Albert Harris and Louis Werderman, bell boys at the Hoffman House, who are charged with stealing a gold watch belonging to O. W. Marie, a guest of the house, were held to-day in the same court to await examination.

STEAM COMPANY DON'T PAY.

Equitable Life Forecloses Its Mortgages for $200,000.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society has begun suits against the New York Steam Company and others, to foreclose mortgages of $200,000, which it holds upon city property owned by the Steam Company.

The mortgages were all executed Sept. 19, 1883, and include property located at 174 and 176 Washington street, 117 and 118 West street, and 13, 15 and 17 Front street, beside other real estate of the company.

At the office of the Equitable Life it was stated this morning that, as the time of the mortgages had expired, and the Steam Company had not signified any intention of paying them off, it had been decided to begin foreclosure proceedings and sell the property.

President Wallace C. Andrews, of the Steam Company, said to an EVENING WORLD reporter:

"These suits do not affect the financial standing of the Company in any way and do not necessarily show that there is any inability or even unwillingness on the part of the Company to meet its obligations.

"Anything that it owes to the Equitable Life Insurance Society or to any one else will be paid in full. That is all I care to say about the matter."

BATTERY PARK WAS PAWNED.

Lawyers Say the Park Board's Permit to the "L" Is Worthless.

Corporation Counsel Clark's opinion that the Park Board had authority to permit the Elevated Railway to occupy part of Battery Park, and that the structure cannot be removed except by that Board's revocation of the license granted in 1876, has excited much adverse criticism.

"Mr. Clark has actually written himself out of court," said a well-known lawyer to-day. "His whole opinion is based on the proposition that the particular strip of the Park occupied by the railroad is owned in fee simple by the city, and can be sold or used for any purpose.

"If that is the fact the proper custodians of it are the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, who control all the land owned in fee by the city, as it and all revenues from it are pledged in payment of the city debt.

"The permit of the Park Board could have no effect until the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund approved it, for they are the proper authorities to say whether or not a parcel of the city's realty shall be used by a railroad or any other corporation or person without compensation.

"This would be the situation," the lawyer continued, "if Mr. Clark's argument that the city owned that strip of the Battery absolutely without restriction as to its use. That I deny.

"The Legislature of 1790, which had a perfect right to do so, declared that only public buildings or works of defense could be built on the Battery, and that the city was without power to dispose thereof for any other use or purpose whatsoever, and without any power of selling any part thereof.'

"These legislative restrictions as to the use of the Battery have never been removed, and the Park Board had no right to permit the Elevated Railroad Company to build its tracks there."

Another lawyer said he believed that any holder of New York City consolidated stock has a right to bring suit to oust the railroad from the Park, on the ground that its occupancy impairs his security, the park land being pledged in payment of his stock.

Old Guards Take a Day Off.

Members of the Old Guard are to-day enjoying an outing at the Hotel Avenel, Pleasure Bay, N. J. They did not go in a body. There is a clambake, with all the accessories.

EXTRA.

2 O'CLOCK.

HIS HEAD TORN OFF.

Awful Scene at the Hanging of Conway in Liverpool.

The Body Held Only by the Muscles of the Neck.

Spectators Horrified by the Pouring Blood While His Confession Was Being Read.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 20.—John Conway, the steamship fireman, who was convicted and sentenced to death for the murder of the boy Nicholas Martin, whose body was found May 19 last floating in a sailor's bag in Hardon Dock, this city, was hanged this morning.

There was a sensational scene on the scaffold. As Berry, the hangman, was drawing the black cap over Conway's head the latter shouted:

"Hold on. I want to say something."

To this request Berry replied: "You can't speak now," and was about to proceed with the execution when the priest, who was in attendance upon the criminal upon the scaffold, hastily interposed, pushed the hangman one side, and held Conway's hand while the condemned man, in broken tones, asked forgiveness for his sins.

Only when the unfortunate wretch had done speaking and when the priest had replied to his plea for forgiveness did the latter permit the hangman to proceed.

This incident caused intense excitement among those present at the hanging, but it was as nothing compared to the horrible scene which was to follow.

In due course of time the drop fell, and Conway disappeared from view. Almost immediately afterwards the priest began to read the confession of the hanging man.

In this confession Conway said that he was intoxicated when he murdered the boy, and that his reason for taking the boy's life was that he had a morbid curiosity to observe the process of dying.

While the priest was reading Conway's confession a streaming sound was heard from the scaffold, as if a quantity of water was falling.

A hurried investigation was made by the hangman and by the prison officials, and to their horror they found that the sound was caused by blood which was pouring upon the prison floor from Conway's neck.

The fall, it appears, had been so severe that the criminal's head had been practically torn from his body, in fact, the head was only held to the body by the muscles of the neck.

Berry, of course, came in for considerable abuse, the terrible bungling being placed to his account alone.

People believe that this horrible hanging will be freely used as an argument in favor of the abolition of hanging as a means of execution and the substitution of electricity for the rope.

Early during the morning of May 19 some dockyard laborers saw a black painted sailor's bag floating in Hardon Dock.

They pulled it out of the water and saw that it was marked "T. A. M. Girvan," and that it was decorated with the British and Norwegian ensigns crossed.

Upon opening the bag the workman were horrified to find that it contained the body of a boy about fifteen years of age, whose throat had been cut from ear to ear, and whose legs were missing from below