If You Want Help
An ADVERTISEMENT WILL 15 IN "THE WORLD" BRING IT.
Help Wanted, 15 Cents a Line.
NO EXTRA CHARGE ON SUNDAY.

The EVENING EDITION World.

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS.
A Situation Wanted 5 Advertisement in THE WORLD at Five Cents per Line
NO EXTRA CHARGE ON SUNDAY.

PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1891. PRICE ONE CENT.

LAST EDITION.

ALBANI TO SING.

The Great Soprano Will Appear at the Newsboys' Dinner.

"Home, Sweet Home," "Robin Adair" and "Yankee Doodle" the Selections.

The Greatest Treat That New York's Newsboys Ever Enjoyed.

All Preparations for "The Evening World's" Christmas Dinner Made.

MME ALBANI.

Gentlemen of the Press:

Will the amenities of Christmas-tide permit me to waive conventionalities of good society and address you, dear newsboys?

I have something very important to tell you.

You know Mme. Albani, don't you? Yes; the lady here in this column smiling at you with her eyes. Well, she is in love with you! Of course this will be news to you.

Yesterday she came down in Newspaper Row and without knowing it you captured her heart.

Guess what she said.

"God bless you merrie gentlemen!"

Then she sighed, touched her smiling eyes with a little white handkerchief and, after looking at you all, she wants to meet you!

Wants to say how do you do; I love you, and God bless you merrie gentlemen.

She says you can draw tears from stones and make men and women, saturated with selfishness, weep buckets of brine.

She says you are the bravest and at once the most blithesome members of American society; that you read the world better sermons and truer stories of courage and moral sublimity than the pulpit or press can publish.

She says you have a mission in life and that you are performing it like a noble army of little martyrs.

In short, she is gone on you small agents of the press and she is going to your dinner-party to-morrow morning.

Not to dine, but to sing for you.

She will supply the dessert, as it were! Now, isn't that a jolly treat?

A baby grand piano will be sent to the Everett Hotel banquet hall and set up on a platform where everybody can see her.

Sig. Vianesi, impresario of the Abbey Opera Company, will preside at the piano and accompany Mme. Albani.

She will sing "Robin Adair" or "Pop Goes the Weasel" and "Home, Sweet Home."

Now, young friends, just let me tell you that this is a tremendous compliment the famous artiste is paying you. Nothing like it has ever occurred in New York in all the history of music and the newsboys. Troupes of singers have come to town and gone away again with pockets full of money, but they didn't have time to meet the boys or even say "God bless you, merrie gentlemen."

And I'll tell you another thing. If Master Chauncey M. Depew or Master Cornelius Vanderbilt wants to hear Mme. Albani it will cost him a five-dollar bank note.

Now do you appreciate the value of the compliment she is paying you?

All you have to do is to pay attention.

And I don't mind confiding to you that the beautiful lady is just the least little bit afraid!

Some people living at the Windsor Hotel belied you all. They told her you were a wild set. That you wore bread knives in your belts and carried bedstead casters in your pockets; that you guyed every man who wore a linen collar and every woman who pinned her back hair up.

Of course Mme. Albani does not believe a word of this, but you know one can't always control her feelings, and these evil reports have been disturbing—just a little disturbing.

You can, however, reassure her the very moment she enters the Everett House by maintaining a loud silence and applauding her with your heart beats and folded hands.

In other words, keep still and she will carry you off your feet the moment she opens her mouth. If you shut your eyes, lean back in your chair and listen with all your might, you will feel as though you were in heaven listening to the solo singer in the angel chorus.

Last September she went to Balmoral Castle to sing for Queen Victoria. That august lady had just finished eating her dinner and was sitting at the table with her napkin tucked under her chin, feeling comfortably full of soup, roast beef and black coffee.

She ordered the famous singer to be brought in to the bosom of her family, as it were, and sing her a little tune.

Mme. Albani did so. She chose "Robin Adair," and Her Majesty beat time with her spoon. Then she sang "Home, Sweet Home," by request, and made her sovereign cry very hard. Next day a $500 breastpin was sent to the lady, with a personal letter from the Queen. Mme. Albani wears the breastpin every day of her life, but she keeps the autograph letter in an iron safe, and no one has ever read it but her husband and little boy.

To give you an idea of its value there are dealers in MS. in this town who would gladly give you enough spot cash to pay for a four-story tenement-house for the Queen's letter telling what she thinks about "the soul in the singer's voice, the sweetness of 'Home, Sweet Home' and the charm of 'Robin Adair.'"

Now then, you know the treat there is in store for you—the sort of a Christmas present you will get from the most soulful soprano singer in the world—on one condition. That you behave like the "Merrie Gentlemen" she says you are.

I believe I have told you everything now that Mme. Albani said.

To her sweet "God bless you Merrie Gentlemen" I say amen. Earnestly,

NELL NELSON.

ALL READY FOR THE DINNER.

Mme. Albani Will Sing to the Newsboy Diners.

The EVENING WORLD'S freckled guests, the 600 newsboys of New York City, when they sit down to a grand Christmas dinner at the Everett Hotel, 102, 104 and 106 Vesey street, at 11.30 o'clock to-morrow, will enjoy a treat not often accorded for money to the grandest aristocrats of the "Upper Ten Thousand."

The great Mme. Albani, whose fame reaches around the world and extends almost from pole to pole, will be present and will sing to the snub-nosed little venders of newspapers—sing as she would to her most refined and cultured audiences.

Think of that!

Mme. Albani, the most famous singer in the world, and one of the most charming women, too, has a deep interest in the newsboys, and in the Christmas dinner to which they have been invited by THE EVENING WORLD, and she has volunteered to attend the banquet and sing to the youngsters while they dine!

Sig. Vianesi, the musical director of the Metropolitan Opera-House, will accompany Mme. Albani and Messrs. Steinway & Sons will send a grand piano to be used on the occasion.

Mme. Albani made her first appearance this season in New York at the Metropolitan Opera-House last evening in "Rigoletto," and her audience unanimously voted her even a greater singer than when she last appeared.

The morning papers all agree that her voice is as rich and full as ever, and that she is unquestionably the most marvellous singer in the wide, wide world.

As for the arrangements for the banquet itself, they are complete even to elaboration, and the most famous gourmet in New York, or the city's best acknowledged epicure, will dine no better to-morrow than these jacketed and knickerbockered newsboys will dine with THE EVENING WORLD.

The great dining-room of the famous Everett Hotel, where from 6,000 to 7,000 business men and women breakfast or dine or sup every twenty-four hours, is passing through a wonderful transformation to-day. It is being beautifully decked in holiday attire for the newsboys' Christmas dinner.

The walls and ceilings and pillars of the banquet hall will be lovely in holly wreaths, evergreens, bunting and flowers, a veritable bower, and Manager George R. Washburn, who has successfully conducted the Everett Hotel these seven years, says that every one of his plans has matured admirably and that the dinner to which the newsboys are to sit down to-morrow will be the finest dinner that newsboys ever dreamed of. The cuisine of this great hostelry is already justly famous, and its facilities have been taxed to the utmost for this grand occasion.

To-night, while the city is sleeping with one eye open in anticipation of to-morrow's glad holiday, the forty cooks of the Everett, in forty white caps and forty white aprons, will be hurrying and scurrying in preparation for the appearance of the regiment of keen appetites that will swoop down upon the dining-room to-morrow, and when New York is taking its Christmas breakfast the forty cooks will be taking from the big ovens 200 great, juicy mince pies, with crisp, brown crusts, and the odor of roasting turkeys will fill the air about the big hotel.

Oh, it will be a great day for the newsboys—and THE EVENING WORLD.

The youngsters will gather at the Pulitzer Building, Frankfort street side, at 10 o'clock, every boy dressed in his best and prepared to be the true gentleman that he always is when he is the guest of THE EVENING WORLD.

With an escort of one big roundsman and six handsome policemen from Capt. Devlin's squad to the music of THE EVENING WORLD March, composed for the occasion by H. A. Hall and played by the famous Old Guard Band of more than twenty musicians in gorgeous scarlet and gold uniforms, they will advance upon the breakfast tables—what a carnage will follow among those turkeys and the mashed potatoes, cranberry sauce, mince pies and redolent coffee!

The Old Guard Band will "spell" Mme. Albani, playing a programme of operatic selections, patriotic and popular airs.

The boys will be divided into three squads of 200 each, in order that they may be served with the careful elegance that characterizes dinner at Delmonico's or the Brunswick or the Imperial.

They will sit four at a table and be served by fifty first-class waiters.

They will have a glorious dinner as guests of THE EVENING WORLD.

YOUR LAST CHANCE

Subscribe To-Day to the Children's Christmas-Tree Fund.

Every Dime Brings Pleasure to Some Poor Child.

Happiness to Be Brought to Thousands of Poor Homes.

Nell Nelson Tells of Homes Where Holiday Joy Is Needed.

It wants just twelve hours of Christmas—dear, delightful Christmas!

Are you ready for the merry day?

Sure you are quite ready?

Have you a green wreath to hang in the window, a bough of mistletoe to tie on the chandelier and a sprig of holly to stab the pudding in the breast?

Is there a bunch of thyme to season the goose, cranberries to garnish the turkeys and a lemon to go in the juicy little roast pig's mouth? You haven't forgotten the pint of rum and pound of prunes for the snapdragon, have you?

And you have a present for little sister, one for brother, another for grandma, one for father and at least two for loving, lovable mother? And you remembered the hired girl and the poor washerwoman, didn't you?

That's good!

Then as far as you can remember, you say you are quite ready?

Ah! but memory is so treacherous. You can't depend upon it. Two things it will not let you forget—your grief and your neighbor's indebtedness. Have you made arrangements to manifold your Christmas dinner and send copies of it to that patient, old couple in the garret and the struggling, starving family of young children in the basement of the house round the corner?

Forgot all about them, eh? That's too bad.

Misery is doubly hard to bear at this season of the year. It is awful to be sick, to be destitute, to be out of employment, out of food and out of fuel when all the rest of the world is giving and getting rare love exchanges. It is agonizing to look out the window and see crowds of happy people hurrying past with packages in their arms, christmas greens and Christmas bells in their hands and the half revealed, half concealed pleasures of expectancy in their faces and not know where the next month's rent is to come from.

To weep while others laugh, to hunger while they feast, to be in actual want of the necessaries of life while they revel in opulence of abundance, to be in the midst of Christmas and yet have no part or portion of its delights, is to wear "sorrow's crown of sorrow."

Perhaps when you come to think it all over again you are not ready. You have forgotten some one.

A fortnight ago a brave man in West Thirty-seventh street, employed by the Sixth avenue Surface Railway Company, risked his own life to save that of a passenger who fell from the car and barely escaped being crushed under the wheels. The driver rescued the stranger and then fell to the ground. On examination it was found that his arm was broken. Aside from intense physical pain his heroism cost him the means of a livelihood. He is to-day impoverished and his family unprovided for.

The man he dragged from peril is said to be well off, but as yet not one word of sympathy or expression of gratitude has been received from him. In the mean time a flock of very sweet children in one of the upper flats of West Thirty-seventh street are anxiously waiting and watching for good St. Nick to appear. For the convenience of the liberal shopper who might care to send the twin brother of her turkey to them the family name is Platt.

"There ain't nobody living belonging to me" is the sorrowful way John McElroy put his case to me yesterday. John has bachelor quarters at the Lodging House in West Thirty-second street and a very rough road to travel.

He is just at that age when he can't go to a Christmas Tree or get the consideration due to a man. He has an engagement that yields the munificent sum of 55 cents a day. His feet are on the ground, his soul is hard and his clothes never were good and couldn't be worse than they are.

Another family worthy of remembrance, bears the uncommon name of Sullivan and has for a city address, 406 East Forty-fourth street. The husband and father is dead and the widow's burden is heavy indeed. Two of the young children are so misshapen that they are kept in irons by the humane surgeons in the neighboring dispensary.

In a rear flat, No. 751 Third avenue, lives Johnny Desmond, with his arm in a splint. Last Tuesday tiny John tried to cadge an express wagon in its flight across Forty-first street. The wagon came out on top, and the poor little fellow was gathered up and taken to Bellevue. His mother preferred to nurse the case, and after being examined by all the children's staff and his broken bones set he was driven to his home in the ambulance. The good-hearted surgeon swaddled him in a blanket and yielded to his entreaties "to ride with the driver."

What bothers the disabled newspaper man is not his injuries, but his slender chances of "celebratin'." He not only misses THE EVENING WORLD Christmas Tree, but he loses the newsboys' dinner and Mme. Albani's Christmas carol, "all on 'count of that chump of a driver who rode his truck over me arm and back."

Johnny doesn't swear. He can't, he tells me, but there is a great deal of fire in his eye when he speaks on the subject.

Remember of these forgotten ones to-night

(Continued on Second Page.)

LAIDLAW TO SUE.

Russell Sage's Shield Will Demand $100,000 Damages.

Claims the Broker Held Him Before the Dynamiter.

The Injuries He Sustained Would Have Killed the Millionaire.

Maimed for Life, the Young Clerk Holds Mr. Sage Responsible.

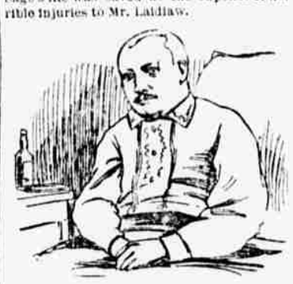
Unless a compromise is effected Russell Sage will probably be made defendant in one of the most novel and interesting suits ever brought in a court of law.

The preliminary steps have been taken to bring an action against the multi-millionaire put-and-call broker for heavy damages for having used Broker's Clerk W. R. Laidlaw as a shield to save himself when Norcross, the dynamiter, exploded his bomb in Sage's office at 71 Broadway on the afternoon of Friday, Dec. 4.

It is understood that the amount of damages to be claimed has been placed at $100,000.

CLERK W. R. LAIDLAW.
(Before the Explosion.)

The suit will be based upon the allegation that the millionaire deliberately held the broker's clerk between himself and the menacing dynamiter, with the result that Mr. Sage's life was saved at the expense of horrible injuries to Mr. Laidlaw.



CLERK LAIDLAW.
(As he looks in the hospital.)

It will be further alleged, it is understood, that Mr. Sage was fully aware of the great peril in which he stood, and that when he held Mr. Laidlaw in front of him he fully realized that he was jeopardizing the young clerk's life, and that he utilized him as a shield with the knowledge that in doing so he was deliberately imperilling Mr. Laidlaw's life to save his own.

Since the day of the terrible explosion Mr. Laidlaw has been an inmate of St. Vincent's Hospital on West Twelfth street.

HIS ESCAPE FROM DEATH A MARVEL.

One of the wonders of Norcross's awful deed was that Mr. Laidlaw was not instantly killed, and that he has survived his terrible injuries is doubtless largely due to the fact that he was blessed with a robust constitution.

Mr. Laidlaw has so far recovered that he is able to sit up in an invalids' chair occasionally, but it will be weeks before he can leave the hospital, and then it will probably be months before he can return to his business.

His body and limbs are yet swathed in bandages, and he cannot support himself on his feet. The hair which was singed off his head is being replaced by a new crop and a stubby growth is appearing on his upper lip, which a luxurious moustache adorned before the explosion. But he still lacks his brows and eyelashes, which were burned off by the lightning-like flash which followed the dropping of the bomb on the floor of Sage's office.

In speaking of the reasons for bringing a suit for such heavy damages against Millionaire Sage, a friend of Mr. Laidlaw this morning said to an EVENING WORLD reporter:

"You remember, of course, the circumstances which took Mr. Laidlaw to Russell Sage's office the day of the explosion.

"Mr. Laidlaw was a clerk for John Bloodgood & Co., the brokers, at 15 Broad street. He was a stalwart, muscular-looking young man, a member of the New York Athletic Club, and at one time considerable of an athlete.

"On Friday, Dec. 4, shortly after noon he went to Russell Sage's office on a business errand for his firm. When he entered the office Mr. Sage was parleying with the dynamiter.

"Upon seeing this stalwart young man enter, Sage grasped him by the shoulder and said, pointing him to his feet between himself and the dynamiter, held him there while he endeavored to escape the danger menacing him.

"Mr. Laidlaw was held with his back to the dynamiter, with the result that when the bomb exploded he received the force of the explosion in his back.

"He was thrown forward against Sage, knocking the millionaire down. Fortunately for Mr. Sage, however, Mr. Laidlaw's body had acted as a cushion or buffer, and the life of the millionaire was saved.

"A heavy piece of timber with the end shaped like an inverted V, was thrown up by the explosion and struck Mr. Laidlaw in the back, just above the hips. It made a great hole in the young man's back, and this wound may give him trouble all his life.

THIS WOULD HAVE KILLED SAGE.

"But for holding Mr. Laidlaw in front of him Mr. Sage would have received the full force of this blow in the abdomen, and according to physicians the sharp-pointed piece of timber would have disembowelled him.

"Mr. Sage had read the madman's typewritten demand for $1,250,000, with its threats of destruction, and he was standing there face to face with death, as his manner of parleying with Norcross showed that he fully realized.

NOT EFFUSIVELY CORDIAL WITH CLERKS.

"Mr. Sage is not accustomed to treat the brokers' clerks who call upon him with effusive cordiality. He has never been known to shake hands with one of them. On the contrary, his manner is gruff and he chills them with his austerity.

"That he clapped one hand familiarly on Mr. Laidlaw's shoulder and grasped the young man's hand with the other is taking these facts into consideration, conclusive proof to the average mind that when Mr. Sage pulled Mr. Laidlaw between himself and the dynamiter he did so deliberately and with the intention of making Mr. Laidlaw suffer the effects of any attempt upon his own life.

"These are the allegations which will be made in the suit against Mr. Sage for exemplary damages. I do not believe that on the witness stand Mr. Sage will dare deny the truth of Mr. Laidlaw's story.

"Mr. Laidlaw's character is of the highest. His reputation for truth and veracity is unquestioned. Of course, if the suit comes to trial it will propably result in a question of veracity between Mr. Laidlaw and Mr. Sage if the latter denies the truth of Mr. Laidlaw's testimony.

"The one witness that could have been summoned to testify in Mr. Laidlaw's favor is dead. I refer to young Benjamin Norton. But we will be satisfied to go to trial upon Mr. Laidlaw's unsupported evidence, and have no doubt as to the successful outcome.

MAY BE AN INVALID FOR LIFE.

"Mr. Laidlaw has a family. By Mr. Sage's act he has not only been grievously injured, but he may be an invalid for the rest of his life.

"His employers have been kind to him. John Bloodgood & Co. are paying all the expenses of his maintenance and attendance at St. Vincent's Hospital. They also continue his salary. In fact, the generosity of the firm towards its unfortunate employee is of the most liberal nature. They supply him with the best medical attendance to be obtained in the city, and his confinement in the hospital was cheerful as the expenditure of money can possibly make it.

"In strong contrast is the conduct of Mr. Sage, who was solidly responsible for the young man's pitiable condition.

"For eighteen days Mr. Laidlaw lay in one position in bed. His sufferings have been terrible. But in all this time Mr. Sage has never deigned to send even his card to the sufferer, whose body he used to save his own.

"Not so much as an inquiry from Mr. Sage has come to the hospital. Such neglect, under the circumstances, cannot help but engender a feeling of bitterness on the part of the young man's friends."

Mr. Laidlaw was seen at St. Vincent's Hospital by an EVENING WORLD reporter, and asked whether it was true that suit had been brought against Mr. Sage.

WHAT LAIDLAW HIMSELF SAYS.

"I have been urged to bring suit," he replied, "and may say that such action is in contemplation. At present, however, I do not care to say more about the matter, as further steps cannot be taken until I am well enough to leave the hospital.

"That Mr. Sage deliberately used me as a shield to save himself from the bomb-thrower's furs I have not the least doubt.

"When I entered the office Mr. Sage was talking to the man who has since been identified as Henry L. Norcross. Mr. Sage was saying: 'If I can trust you, you can surely trust me.'

"He appeared to be nervous, excited, and I was more surprised than I can tell you when he grasped me by the hand and began shaking it.

"He had never before shaken hands with me, and when he familiarly laid the other hand on my shoulder and pulled me between himself and the man, I did not know what to make of it.

"Young Norton was standing at his desk a few feet away, smiling and tapping a lead pencil. I looked at him and winked.

"I was somewhat amused at Mr. Sage's strange cordiality to me and thought the man was one of the kickers who often went to Mr. Sage's office and that wanted to get rid of him and therefore was going to lead me into his inner office as an excuse.

"I can now see that Mr. Sage's actions were the result of the thoughts of escaping the danger that menaced him, and that he realized the instant I appeared that if he could get me between him and the man, and could hold me there, he would be comparatively safe from bullets or whatever other weapons the man might have.

KNEW THAT HE WAS IN DANGER.

"He had read the typewritten demand and knew that the man was dangerous. He would have shown a more Christian spirit if he had told me, unconscious as I was of danger, to step outside and wait until he was at leisure as he had always done before when he was engaged.

"But no, he would sacrifice me to save himself, and as soon as he took hold of my hand, he grasped it tightly and began shaking it vigorously. Then he put the other hand on my shoulder, and with me between him and the stranger began backing away.

"I don't think the man threw the bomb, as he evidently intended to get out of the way himself first. The bag he carried apparently dropped out of his hand by accident.

"If I had any idea of what was coming I would have wrested myself away. But I was entirely unsuspicious of danger, and before I realized what Mr. Sage's object could be the explosion came.

"As I stood, the big stick of timber that made the hole in my back would have struck Mr. Sage in the stomach if he had not held me before him.

"I look at my back, my legs and my arms. These wounds show that my back was turned to the stranger.

"When a piece of the bag as big as a half dollar was blown into my back. The hole is just where the waistband of my trousers comes and how I am going to wear trousers for months to come I don't know.

DECLARES HIS ACTION WAS DELIBERATE.

"No one who knows Mr. Sage can doubt that he deliberately drew me in front of him. My mind is perfectly clear on that point, because, being unconscious of danger, I was not excited and remember distinctly the occurrences before the explosion.

"I maintain that Mr. Sage's use of my body saved his own life, and that he should at least have had sufficient humanity to utter some one a word of sympathy. But not a word has come from Mr. Sage, and I have an idea that he is afraid to express any sympathy for fear that I should sue him to reimburse me for his expense and loss of time, not to say anything about my clothes and hat, which were torn all to pieces.

Mr. John Bloodgood, senior member of the firm employing Mr. Laidlaw, was seen this morning by an EVENING WORLD reporter called upon him to inquire about the suit against Mr. Sage.

"I do not care to say anything about the suit," he said, "but I believe Mr. Laidlaw's story. The Mr. Sage deliberately used him as a shield and he escaped injury at the young man's expense.

"It would be premature to say anything about the case," said Mr. Thomson, of the law firm of Foster & Thompson, 52 Broadway, counsel for John Bloodgood & Co.

CHRISTMAS STOCKING SERIES.
No. 4.

LAST EDITION.

KNEW HER DEAD FACE.

The Woman Drowned in East River Is Identified.

She Was Isabella A. Ward, and Came from St. Louis.

Mystery of Her Death Is Not Yet Cleared Up.

The identity of the beautiful woman who was drowned last night in sight of the passengers on the ferry-boat Flushing at the slip in Long Island City was disclosed to-day at Conway's Morgue.

At 12.30 this afternoon a middle-aged man and woman called at the Morgue and asked permission to see the body of the dead woman.

They gave their names as Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson, of 307 West Forty-third street, this city. They went into the room where the body lay together and remained there about twenty minutes.

When they came out the woman was weeping. She said that she had recognized the body as that of Miss Isabella A. Ward, whom she had known for several years past.

Miss Ward was thirty years old, and came originally from St. Louis. She had no regular occupation, and had lived during the three years since she had been in New York in various hotels and under various names.

She last stopped at the Grand Union Hotel under the name of Mrs. M. Haywood, of Buffalo.

Miss Ward, it was intimated by her friend, had been leading a rather rapid life in this city, and of late had been very despondent and downhearted.

What the cause of her melancholy was Mrs. Ferguson could not tell, but she thought she had met with some great disappointment or had lost a friend.

When she last saw her, which was only a day or two ago, she spoke of being tired of life, and wished she knew of some good way to put an end to her trouble and worry.

Mrs. Ferguson believes that she deliberately committed suicide. She either threw herself from one of the ferry-boats or jumped off one of the docks above the Long Island City landing.

It is said that she had a male friend named Haywood, who at one time provided handsomely for her support, but who recently gave her up and disappeared.

This desertion is believed to have been the secret of the woman's despondency, and to have led her to take her life as she did.

The body will be taken care of by friends of the dead woman in this city.

The story of her death is a thrilling one, and does not clear away all doubt of suicide from the minds of the police.

According to several persons who were on the ferry-boat a succession of thrilling screams was heard coming from the darkness out in the river just as the Flushing was heading out of the slip for the Thirty-fourth street landing on the New York side last evening.

The voice was a woman's, and it startled every one aboard the ferryboat.

A moment afterwards the body was seen floating upon the water. Some say the woman was still struggling, and that the ferryboat ran her down and drowned her. Others say that she was floating on the water with her face upward, and even then seemed to be dead.

Deckhand Curry and one of his companions tried to catch the body of the woman as it drifted under the rail of the bow, for the boat was going ahead slowly and the tide was running down swiftly.

They missed her, however, and when the reversed paddle-wheels began to throw the water back the body drifted out again into the stream.

It is said that the body was in sight of the passengers on the Flushing for nearly ten minutes before it was finally rescued by one of the Standard Oil Company's tugboats and towed ashore.

The body is that of very a handsome woman. She has black curly hair, strongly-marked black eyebrows and dark eyes.

Her features are regular, though her cheek bones are rather high and give her face a characteristic German appearance. The expression of her features was calm and peaceful and they showed refinement.

Her outer clothing hung dripping from a peg on the wall beside the plain box coffin in which the body lay in the Morgue.

There was a waist and skirt of maroon colored material, fine and soft, with a fur trimmed jacket to match. The underskirt was of heavy black silk.

The woman's underclothing was of the finest quality and was of saffron-colored silk throughout. She wore black silk stockings, yellow silk garters, with silk bows, and her corsets were embroidered with blue silk.

Her low shoes were of patent leather, small, with pointed toes, and she wore black cloth gaiters with them.

No hat was found, and it is supposed that this was carried away by the current.

In her pockets were two $1 bills, a bunch of keys, two pawn tickets from a Third avenue pawn shop calling for a muff and a sealskin sacque and bearing the names of "Hay" and "Mecklesky" respectively.

Coroner W. W. Meiners, who has charge of the case, says that he found a memorandum, written in pencil, among the articles in the woman's pocket, but it was so stained and water-soaked that it could not be deciphered.

He declined to show these articles to any one this morning, and said he should not investigate the case at all until he had attended to his private practice and had his dinner. Then he would be ready to go to work.

How the woman came in the water is the mystery. Many believe that she either threw herself or was thrown from the rear deck of the ferryboat Sag Harbor, which was entering the slip at Long Island City just as the Flushing was leaving.

Letters found in the dead woman's pocket from St. Louis, addressed to Isabella A. Ward, and a memorandum upon which the Sand house was written, gather the Long Island City authorities that the identification by the Fergusons is complete and conclusive.

When they went away they said they would return to-morrow morning and take away the body.

The J. Chr. G. Hanfel Brewing Co.'s MANHATTAN BEER, Malt and Hops only. 229 E. 58th st. *,*

DEATH IN THE LONDON FOG.

Seven Unfortunates Already Pulled Out of the River.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

LONDON, Dec. 24.—This morning instead of there being any improvement in the weather the state of affairs is worse. The fog, which has been on since Tuesday morning, is so thick that it is absolutely dangerous to attempt to go about the streets.

The most powerful arc lights are not strong enough to penetrate the mists.

The fog is not only prevalent in London, but it extends over wide sections of the country. It is without exception the worst visitation of that kind that has come to England in years.

The fog could not have come at a worse time for the London shopkeepers. They have been building hopes upon their Christmas trade, but instead of reaping profits they will now have to submit to very heavy losses, since business of every sort is crippled.

Seven bodies of unfortunates who have lost their way and fallen into the river have been recovered.

Four men and a girl in addition to these have been reported to the police as missing.

A despatch has been received from Leeds this morning stating that three men while walking on the paths along the canals lost their way in the fog, and while seeking to regain the paths fell into the water and were drowned.

Over the Thames the fog is so thick that the oldest river man cannot remember when it was equalled. From London to Gravesend it appears to be even heavier than at other places, and none of the boatmen dare venture out.

Several persons have been killed on the railways, and altogether it is believed that London has never before been visited by a fog that has been so productive of death and disaster.

SECRETARY ELKINS SWORN IN.

Accompanied to the War Department by Secretary Blaine.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—Secretary Elkins was sworn in to office to-day.

Secretary Blaine accompanied him to the War Department and Chief Clerk Tweedale administered the oath of office.

The new secretary spent a few hours receiving officials, and left the city on an afternoon train for Elkins, W. Va., where he will spend Christmas with his family. It is understood that he will not enter actively on the discharge of his new duties until after New Year's day.

JOHN A. DAVIS OUT OF PRISON.

Gov. Hill Shortens the Term of Rochester's Ex-City Treasurer.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

AUBURN, Dec. 24.—John A. Davis, ex-City Treasurer of Rochester, received a Christmas present from Gov. Hill last night in the shape of a special commutation of his sentence to Auburn Prison.

Davis was received at the prison March 28, 1890, on a five years' sentence for embezzling $61,000 of the city funds of Rochester. No trench is assigned to the Executive clemency. Davis bade adieu to the prison officials this morning and boarded a train for Rochester.

Washington's Sick-List.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—Representative Wright, of Pennsylvania, who is confined to his residence by an attack of the grip, is reported to be slightly better to-day.

Congressman Mills's health continues to improve.

Speaker Crisp is better to-day.

The San Francisco for Chili.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 24.—The cruiser San Francisco will sail for Chili next Saturday, as sealed orders have been received by Admiral Brown.

Rain for Christmas Morning.

U. S. WEATHER BUREAU, NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—*Local forecast for Southeastern New York, including Long Island, also for Western Connecticut and Northern New Jersey—Light rain, warmer, southeasterly winds, brisk on the coast, for Friday: Light rain in the morning, followed by generally fair; slightly colder.*

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.	34	28	9 P. M.	29	31
6 A. M.	27	34	12 M.	30	40

Average temperature for corresponding date last year, 27½ degrees.

Elysium's Fair Bowers.
You can get visions of them in the leatherette pouches of Naboa Chewing Tobacco. 5c. *,*

QUEBEC IS SHORT $2,223,000.

Profitable Private Contracts of Capitalist Philip Valliores.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

MONTREAL, Dec. 24.—Astounding revelations are being made as to the operations of the Mercierites during their control of the Provincial Government.

The late Government's last financial statement estimated the deficit for the year at $600,000. There has been found an item in the books called "special expenditure" which swells the total deficit or excess of expenditure over receipts to $2,223,000.

The Department is now engaged in tracing where this extra $1,600,000 has gone to. In doing this the fact was stumbled on that for the past four years Philip Valliores, who indorsed Editor Pacaud's and Minister Mercier's notes in the late chaleurs scandal, has had a private contract with the Government by the terms of which he furnished all the public buildings in the Province with everything in the way of furniture, but no price was stipulated, no limit made. His accounts were regularly audited without question and paid, some of the prices and quantities of goods being outrageous.

Valliores, who is rich, also backed paper for the ministers when they were short and put bills through the banks for the Government when it was in a hurry for money, on the latter transaction charging a substantial bonus, which was always paid without question.

Wire News in Brief.

The North Dakota State Alliance has decided to send delegates to the National Convention of the People's party at St. Louis, in February.

Ex-United States Senator Herford died yesterday at his home in Monroe County, W. Va., of pneumonia.

Ottumwa, Pa., has 2,000 cases of the grip.

C. J. Harris has been elected Principal Chief of the Cherokee Nation to succeed J. B. Mayes, who died last week. Stephen Tehee was elected Second Chief.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is to be double-tracked all the way from New York to Chicago, in order to be ready for the large Chicago business during the World's Fair.

Lowenthal, Livingston & Co., shipping and commission merchants, fail for $220,000 at San Francisco. Creditors chiefly English firms.

LAWYERS CLAIM BIG FEES.

Special Counsel in Aqueduct Cases Demands $38,000.

Corporation Counsel Clarke presented to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment a bill of James C. Carter and other special counsel retained by the city, to defend the Aqueduct claims suits, for $38,000. Of this enormous claim, $8,000 was for stenographer's fees.

The Board did not make provision for its payment, referring it to the Comptroller for a report.

RAT-BAITERS RAIDED.

Twenty-two Alleged Sports and Four Dogs Held in Police Court.

As the result of a raid on a rat-pit in a stable at 42 West Sixty-second street Justice Grady to-day held twenty-two men in $100 bail each for trial Dec. 30 and turned over four rat-terriers to the Bergh Society.

Policeman Fox, of the West Forty-seventh street station, saw the batting going on through a knot-hole, and called out the reserves for the raid.

A "Musical Moke" Dead.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

CORDES, Dec. 24.—Tom Pynes, known in minstrel circles as Jim Sandford, of Sandford and Wilson, musical mokes, died here last night. Three days ago he slipped and fell to the sidewalk, breaking his leg.

Dartmouth Mills Assign.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

BOSTON, Dec. 24.—The Dartmouth Mills, manufacturers of woollens, New York City and Lawrence, Mass., have assigned to Chas. H. Sprague, of this city. The capital stock of the Company is $100,000, all paid in. It is expected that the corporation will have no difficulty in effecting an amicable adjustment and going on in business.

PASSED THE ABYSSINIA.

The Steamer Was Then Ablaze, with No One on Board.

The latest account of the burning of the Guion steamship Abyssinia at sea is given by the captain of the German steamship Venetia, which arrived in port to-day.

It was on Dec. 18 that the Venetia came up with the Abyssinia in latitude 40.40, longitude 44.14. The latter vessel was then completely in flames and was literally a raging furnace. No other vessel was in sight.

The Venetia steamed around the burning steamship five times, blowing her whistles, but no signs of life were visible anywhere about.

A sharp lookout was kept for small boats but none could be seen, and the Venetia finally proceeded on her voyage.

This probably occurred four or five hours after the passengers of the Abyssinia had been taken off by the Spree.

TWELVE DEATHS FROM GRIP.

List of the Epidemic's Victims Daily Increasing.

Of the 150 deaths reported by the Board of Vital Statistics, to-day, twelve were caused by grip and its complications.

There are 149 names on the police sick list, only three or four, however, being ill from grip. A statement yesterday that 143 policemen were sick from grip was erroneous.

Hotel Burned—Guests Escape.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

MALVERN, Ia., Dec. 24.—The Foster House has been entirely destroyed by fire. There were about twenty-five guests, and several narrow escapes were reported. Loss, $25,000, uninsured.

Young & Smylie's "Acme" Licorice Pellets pronounced invaluable by users. Try them. *,*