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SEE THE SUNDAY WORLD.

The EVENING EDITION World.

De Maupassant's Last Story.
Written just before the Great French Novelist was incarcerated for life in a madman's cell.
SEE THE SUNDAY WORLD.

PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1892. PRICE ONE CENT.

EXTRA.
2 O'CLOCK.

MR. TOM GOULD'S LEAD

Dan Scribner Follows It and Has a Dive Auction.

And Carey Welch's "Hole in the Wall" Is To Let.

Decision Reserved by the Excise Board in the Case of Dive-Keeper John Wulfers.

NEW YORK'S OUTLAWS.

[A Table Subject to Daily Change.]

In the Penitentiary.

BILLY M'GLORY. | AUGUST GUIDON.

Indicted and Dives Closed.

TOM GOULD. JOHN KELLY.
CAREY WELCH. PAUL M'CARTHY.
LOUIS WALTHERS. J. J. M'ALEER.
DAN SCRIBNER. CHARLES SMITH.
J. H. M'GURK. THOS. M'CORMICK.
TOM STEVENSON. AL DAVIS.

Licenses Revoked.

TOM STEVENSON. ALFRED DAVIS.
AUGUST GUIDON. CHARLES SMITH.
CAREY WELCH.

Dive Annexes Closed.

JOHN WULFERS. JOHN J. MURPHY.
SIMON BUTTNER. FRANK STEVENSON.

Dives Open.

IGNATZ BUTTNER. | LOUIS STAJER.

Evidence is accumulating of the good effect of the crusade waged by THE EVENING WORLD in the public service.

The example set for New York's outlaws by Mr. Tom Gould is becoming popular with the keepers of dives that were once notorious, and auctioneers and real estate agents are having quite a little business boom in consequence.

Not to be outdone by Mr. Gould, Mr. Daniel Scribner yesterday caused the fixtures of his saloon to be returned to James Everard, the brewer, and had the remainder of his effects sold at auction.

THE EVENING WORLD has already told of Mr. Scribner's throwing up his license and betaking himself to a clime where searchlights "cease from troubling and the weary dive-keeper finds rest." Yesterday's auction was the "last sad (to Mr. Scribner) rite" in the case of a defunct den that once was in the van of New York's princely assignation-rooms. At last accounts Mr. Scribner was still in hiding.

The "Pickwick" last night was gloomier than ever, and the windows have been transformed into bill-boards for theatrical lithographs.

AND THE "HOLE IN THE WALL" IS "TO LET."

Simultaneously with the news of Mr. Scribner's auction came an announcement that is likely to create a slight ripple of excitement in real estate circles. It was made yesterday in the window of Mr. Carey Welch's "Hole in the Wall," at 147 Fourth avenue, with large black type that briefly stated:

THIS STORE
TO LET.
Inquire
Upstairs.

Pedestrians who passed there last night stopped and read the announcement and smiled. They remembered Mr. Welch's original placard reading "Closed," which has since been copied by Mr. Paul McCarthy, of 285 Bowery, and then they indulged in speculation as to the next announcement to be made, an auctioneer's flag having the call in all the predictions made.

OTHERS THAT HAVE BEEN CLOSED.

The other once notorious dens that remained tightly closed last night were Mr. Jim Sullivan's "Farley's Hotel," 78 Third Avenue; Mr. Charles Smith's, Mr. John H. McGurk's, Mr. Louis Walthers's, Mr. John J. McAleer's, Mr. Paul McCarthy's and Mr. Alfred Davis's "Excise Exchange," at 195, 253, 285, 290, 327 and 336 Bowery, respectively; Mr. Tom Stevenson's "Slide" at 157 Bleecker street and Mr. August Guidon's "French Hotel" at 235 Sullivan street.

Mr. Louis Walthers's little den, like Mr. Scribner's more palatial "Pickwick," has been converted into a theatrical bulletin board, and the once uproarious "Slide" is now a quiet, temperance pool-room.

Also tightly closed last night were the dive-annexes of Mr. Tom McCormick, and Mr. "Honest" John Kelly at 526 and 520 Sixth avenue, Mr. Frank Stevenson, at 78 West Third street and Mr. John J. Murphy, at 34 Bond street. Mr. Murphy now closes his bar at 11 o'clock.

Mr. Simon Buttner's pool-room, at 304 Bowery, still retains the "box" feature, where the attractions of his former dive-annex are still preserved on a small scale.

THEIR TIME IS ALMOST UP.

Licenses for Buttner's and Stajer's Places Expire on Monday.

Unless Mayor Grant renews their theatrical licenses to-morrow night will witness the last of the "sacred concerts" given under the auspices of Mr. Louis Stajer and Mr. Ignatz Buttner at their "concert halls," Nos. 255 and 204 Bowery, respectively.

The theatrical licenses for both these assignation-rooms expire on Monday, Feb. 1, and for the last week the proprietors have exerted themselves as never before to throw a cloak of respectability over the vicious character of their dens. As far as outward appearances are concerned, they have apparently succeeded, and for the last week it has been almost impossible for "ladies" to gain admission "without gentlemen escorts."

But once inside these places the mask is thrown off, and the women, as usual, permitted to ply their shameless vocation, although they must do it quietly. During the last three nights an EVENING WORLD investigator has witnessed assignations made in both Stajer's and Buttner's, and in the latter's place was personally solicited. Within the week, too, he has been accosted by shameless women in Stajer's, and in both places he has repeatedly heard women use profane, foul and indecent language that would not be tolerated in the better class of barrooms, even on the Bowery.

Both Stajer's and Buttner's were open last night and probably will be to-night and to-morrow night. Unless women are entirely excluded it will be possible to witness just such occurrences as are mentioned above. It is not likely, however, that the women will be excluded. They are the drawing cards of both places, and with their expulsion business would at once come to a standstill.

TO STUDY THE EVIDENCE.

The Excise Board Reserves Decision in the Case of Wulfers.

The Board of Excise has not yet decided the case of John Wulfers, the dive-keeper at 72 University place, who has been charged by Capt. Ryan, of the Fifteenth Precinct, with keeping a disorderly house and a resort for women of lewd character.

At the hearing yesterday afternoon before the Board testimony was given showing that Wulfers's place was the habitual resort of abandoned women, who went there for the purposes of soliciting, and that the Liquor law had been violated constantly. A number of Wulfers's customers swore that the place was conducted in a quiet and orderly manner.

Commissioners Meakim and Fitzpatrick were the only members of the Board present when the testimony was closed. The former expressed a very decided opinion that Wulfers's license should be revoked at once, but Commissioner Fitzpatrick refused to vote on the question and demanded time to consider the evidence.

The result was that the decision of the Board in the matter was reserved.

Commissioner Meakim stated that he had personal knowledge of the disreputable character of the place, and testified that he had repeatedly visited it and had been openly solicited by the abandoned women who congregated there nightly.

Last night Mr. Wulfers's annex was lit up, but none of the Thirteenth street harpies were admitted.

DENIES THAT TAMMANY IS SHIELDING WULFERS.

Commissioner Thomas F. Gilroy makes a very emphatic denial of the rumor that the political influence of the Tammany Hall organization is being exerted to shield Wulfers from criminal prosecution.

"Tammany Hall," he says, "would never lend itself to such practices, and although I have no personal knowledge of this case, I do not hesitate to say that all reports that the influence of the organization is being used to protect law-breakers are absolutely without foundation. You can make this denial as positive and emphatic as you please."

TAKES CHARGE NEXT WEEK.

Health Officer Jenkins to Relieve Dr. Smith Promptly.

Dr. Wm. T. Jenkins had not received his warrant of appointment as Health Officer of the Port this morning when an EVENING WORLD reporter called on him at his residence on East Twenty-fifth street. He said that he expected it would arrive to-day, and that on its receipt he will go to the Quarantine Station and confer with Dr. Smith regarding the time of taking charge of the office.

Dr. Jenkins said that he will probably assume control of Quarantine Monday or Tuesday of next week.

BEADY-BOTINE is for no other pain but Headaches. ¢.*

DR. KEELEY.

HOW ABOUT KEELEY?

DR. KEELEY has a so-called cure for drunkenness. We have heard of its virtues for months. The reports have almost all been in favor of his system.

THE WORLD sent a special commissioner to Dwight, Ill. He spent several weeks on the ground and will make a careful report of his investigations in THE SUNDAY WORLD TO-MORROW. It will interest every Keeley supporter and every Keeley sceptic.

THE LAST STORY by the great French novelist, Guy de Maupassant, was "The Ghost of Saint-Gery; or, Can a Brave Man Be Afraid?" As he was completing the last chapter De Maupassant became a raving maniac, and he is now in an asylum for life. A friend finished the story and it will appear in the SUNDAY WORLD TO-MORROW.

McD. has prepared an accurate pictorial history of our late war with Chili.

ANOTHER good feature of to-morrow's WORLD will be an article by Jerome K. Jerome, the author and playwright.

THERE are many good features besides these.

ORDER YOUR
SUNDAY WORLD
TO-DAY.

FIRE IN A FINE DWELLING.

Lawyer Prentice and His Family Had a Narrow Escape.

Two Alarms for Manhattan Square, Near the Beresford.

Two alarms were sounded at 4.45 o'clock this morning for a fire that had broken out on the first floor of the handsome, new private dwelling at 7 West Eighty-first street. The house fronts on Manhattan Square, is almost opposite the Museum of Natural History and is only two doors distant from the Hotel Beresford. The clatter caused by the fire engines caused some alarm among the guests of the hotel, but this was speedily allayed.

The fire was caused by a defective flue, and was extinguished without much difficulty. The damage to the building is estimated at $3,000, and the loss on furnishings at $1,000. The house is owned and occupied by Lawyer Augustus Prentice. It was recently erected at a cost of $100,000.

The house is not quite completed, and carpenters are still at work on the parlor floor. Mr. Prentice, with his wife and son, have been living on one of the upper floors, and two servants slept on the top floor.

Mrs. Prentice was awakened by smoke in her room. She aroused her husband and her son and set the electric bells ringing through the house.

The fire was downstairs, where the beams in the wall between the front and back parlors had caught fire. Some minutes were lost in bringing the firemen, owing to the signal box at Eighth avenue and Eighty-first street being out of order.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentice, their son and the servants escaped by the back stairs and sought shelter at the house next door.

The firemen had to tear out a big section of the wall in the parlor to get at the seat of the fire.

Lawyer Prentice became so much excited over the outbreak that two policemen had to assist him from the building.

WORLD'S FAIR BONDS.

Chicago's Mayor Has Sold $3,000,000 of Them in New York.

Mayor Hempstead Washburne, of Chicago, is in town trying to raise money for the World's Fair.

He has $5,000,000 in 4 per cent. thirty-year bonds, the issue of which was authorized by the Illinois Legislature, which he is endeavoring to place, and bids have already been received by the American Exchange Bank, it is said, for $3,000,000 of these bonds, which have been accepted.

Mayor Washburne says Chicago ought to get at least $5,000,000 or $10,000,000 from Congress to help her out with the Fair.

AUTOPSY ON MRS. STOCKER.

Her Husband's Bullet Severed the Spinal Cord—His Sister's Wedding.

By an autopsy performed on the body of Mrs. Kate Stocker, who was shot and killed by her husband, Arthur Stocker, at their home, 90 Zabriskie street, Jersey City Heights, last Thursday, the cause of death has been definitely ascertained.

The wound on the head was found to have been caused by her fall. Death resulted from the severing of the spinal cord by a bullet which entered the left shoulder and passed upward in an oblique direction, lodging under the right ear. Her body was to-day removed to her mother's home, from which the funeral will take place.

Stocker was arraigned in Police Court to-day on the charge of murder, and by request of counsel the examination was adjourned till next Tuesday.

A sister of the prisoner was married last evening to Arthur Hanley, of Hoboken.

POINTERS ON THE RACES.

Horses That Will Run for Purses at Guttenburg To-Day.

A Good Track and a Fine Field of Entries.

The card of races to be run off at Guttenburg to-day is the best that race-goers have seen for weeks, and it should furnish some very good sport. The track has been gotten into good condition once more, and owners of good horses will enter them and start.

Among high class horses that are sprinkled through the various events to-day are Kempland, Duke John, Zenophon, Text, Ma Belle, Dr. Helmuth, Noonday, Stratagem, Comet, Sallie Harper, Van, Yazoo and others. Text and Ma Belle should make the prettiest race of the day. It is at a mile and Ma Belle receives eight pounds allowance. The entries for the various events are as follows:

First Race.—Purse $400 for beaten horses, five and a half furlongs.

	Lb.		Lb.
Signature	120	Algebra gelding	117
Early Dawn	120	Blackwood	116
Vandal	120	Brevier	116
Lady M	117	Hope Call	116
Gladstone	117	Montreal	113

The opening event may go to Blackwood, who has shown the most speed of the lot. Signature performed well in his last race, and he may be second, and Alegebra gelding third.

Second Race.—Purse $400 for maiden three-year-olds; six furlongs.

Mart	116	Excellenza filly	113
Darius	114	Longing gelding	113
Little Tuesday	113	N. Hubbard colt	112

This race may go to Mart, who, though he carries top weight, ought to have no difficulty in beating the others. The Nannie Hubbard colt may be second and Darius may be third.

Third Race.—Purse $500, selling allowances, six and a half furlongs.

Zenophon	115	Dr. Heimuth	113
Lady Pulaster	113	Duke John	109
Kempland	112	Bass	99

Kempland looks to have an easy thing of it in this race, and as the track will be soft and suitable for him he will probably start. Duke John and Xenophon may fight it out for the place, with the chances in favor of the former.

Fourth Race.—Purse $500, penalties and allowances, one mile.

Text	114	Forest King	91
Fabian	114	Baylor	86
Ma Belle	106		

Text and Ma Belle appear to be the only two in this race, and they should finish as named. Fabian should beat the others.

Fifth Race.—Purse $400, selling allowances, five furlongs.

Comet	118	Spaniard	105
Stratagem	108	Sam Morse	103
Noonday	105	Snitter	102

Noonday is always a good horse after a rest and he ought to win easily to-day. Comet may be the place horse and Stratagem may be third.

Sixth Race.—Purse $400, selling allowances, seven furlongs.

Van	114	Mulligan	107
Somerset	111	Yazoo	104
Sallie Harper	111	Harry Ireland	104
Silver Mint	111	J. B.	103
Lost Star	107	Little Jake	102
Algernon	107	Kingdom	96

The closing event may go to Sallie Harper, with Yazoo second and Little Jake third.

The Card at Gloucester.

Judging by the usual conditions of weight, form and distance, the races at Gloucester to-day may result as follows:

First Race—Repeater, Gloster, Lendor.
Second Race—Silence, Nettie, Defendant.
Third Race—Bitthder, King Solomon, Brown Charlie.
Fourth Race—Belisarius, Cartoon, Lonely.
Fifth Race—Emma J., Red Elm, Hawkeye.
Sixth Race—Pacific, Urtanna, Baby.

Morning Papers' Selections.

First Race—Brevier, Blackwood.
Second Race—Mart, Excellenza.
Third Race—Kempland, Duke John.
Fourth Race—Ma Belle, Text.
Fifth Race—Stratagem, Noonday.
Sixth Race—Silver Mint, Sallie Harper.

First Race—Signature, Vandal.
Second Race—Mart, Excellenza filly.
Third Race—Kempland, Duke John.
Fourth Race—Ma Belle, Text.
Fifth Race—Noonday, Stratagem.
Sixth Race—Silver Mint, Kingdom.

First Race—Brevier, Blackwood.
Second Race—Darius, Longing gelding.
Third Race—Xenophon, Duke John.
Fourth Race—Text, Ma Belle.
Fifth Race—Noonday, Comet.
Sixth Race—Van, Yazoo.

First Race—Brevier, Blackwood.
Second Race—The Nannie Hubbard colt, Darius.
Third Race—Kempland, Duke John.
Fourth Race—Ma Belle, Text.
Fifth Race—Noonday, Comet.
Sixth Race—Van, Algernon.

First Race—Blackwood, Signature.
Second Race—Darius, Mart.
Third Race—Kempland, Duke John.
Fourth Race—Ma Belle, Text.
Fifth Race—Comet, Noonday.
Sixth Race—Silver Mint, Harry Ireland.

GREATEST OF POULTRY SHOWS.

Thousands of Entries for the Display at Madison Square Garden.

The poultry and pigeon show which will be opened at Madison Square Garden next Wednesday promises to be the finest exhibit of its kind ever seen in this country. All the best-known fanciers, professional and amateur, will contribute the pick of their flocks, and the entries for the single-class competitions run away up into the thousands.

Besides these an important feature of the show will be the breeding-yard pens, each consisting of a cock and four hens, and the entries for these are still more numerous. There will be sixty yards of Indian game fowls, twenty yards of Plymouth Rocks, eighteen of black Lang Shangs, eight of buff Leghorns, twelve of Cochin Chinas, twenty of light Brahmas, beside partridges, ducks, peacocks, pigeons, guinea fowls, fancy bantams and other rare feathered breeds by the hundred.

Some of the prominent exhibitors are F. Whitfield, G. N. Sharp, Mrs. Thomas H. Terry, Kirby E. Smith, the Buff Leghorn Club, the Hempstead Farm Company, Mrs. McCann, Theodore Havemeyer, D. G. Hatfield, D. E. Newell, H. R. Crawford and the Homing Federation of New York.

WESTCHESTER'S MISER'S MONEY.

Alexander Valentine Believed to Have Left Nearly $200,000.

Alexander Valentine, the octo-narian miser of Westchester Village, who died last Thursday, will be buried to-morrow.

For the last thirty years he has lived in the old, tumble-down house, which was the homestead of the Valentine family in Revolutionary times, apparently in most abject poverty.

It appears, however, that he was the possessor of a fortune, estimated at $150,000 or $200,000, the greater part of which is invested in well-secured loans.

As he left no will, there is likely to be a contest for the possession of his estate, for he left several near relatives, including a younger brother, who is a poor and hard-working carpenter in this city, but whom the old miser has not seen in many years.

PANL PANL PANL.
best all tobacco cigarettes, 10 for 10 cents. *

THREE ROBBER MAIDS.

Locked Up for Stealing Mrs. Stewart's Jewels.

A Diamond Necklace That May Have Been a Bracelet.

The Able Defense Presented by Maud, Lizzie and Sarah Jones.

No. 283 West Seventieth street is a pretty homestead owned and occupied by Mrs. Cora Stewart, the bane of whose domestic happiness is colored help.

My early morning push of her bell-button brought a big greenhorn girl with sore eyes and baseball fingers to the door.

"Is Mrs. Stewart at home?"

"She is then."

"May I see her?"

"You may not."

"Why?"

"She's in bed."

"When does she breakfast?"

"At 1 or 2 o'clock."

"Will you ask her to speak to a woman from THE EVENING WORLD office?"

"No, I will not. I came here a day ago, and if I woke her I'd be walkin' the streets again with a newspaper in my hands."

"Did Mrs. Stewart find her diamond necklace?"

"How should I know when I am below all the time at the tubs or the range or the furnace?"

The turnkey in Jefferson Market thought he could arrange a tete-a-tete for me with the unhappy cook, chambermaid and laundress in the matron's room, and he did so.

There was grim humor in the presentation made by Miss Harrison.

"Here's the ladies!" was her style of phraseology, which an anti-Delsartian wave of the hand and a good-natured sniff emphasized.

This criminal reception room was painfully clean, demonstrably warm, and tantalizingly bright, considering the melancholy of the women who use it.

Off in the corner, under the little Queen Anne window, as meekly arrayed as Faith, Hope and Charity, sat three pretty yellow girls—Lizzie Powell, Mary Maud Fuller and Sarah Jane Archer, the unhappy innocents according to their own statements—charged with stealing a $1,500 necklace, a diamond ring and the body linen, napery and bed linen belonging to Mrs. Stewart.

A graceful manner, a gentle voice and personal beauty will do wonders for a woman. It was the defense of these poor creatures and turned one heart dead against the lovely plaintiff.

Maud, who has a voice like a mandolin, told her story in a straightforward manner. She told some very funny things about herself, some very pathetic things about her life and some hair-raising things about her former mistress.

"Now the good Lord knows I don't want to say a word against Mrs. Stewart," she began, with welling eyes, "but she hasn't treated me right. Mr. Jack Arthur, of West Forty-third street, gave me a letter to her saying I was a first-class cook and a good, capable servant. I didn't only cook for her, but I did the chamberwork and run the furnace and went for cabs and carried letters, and just about ran my legs to pipestems.

"Mrs. Stewart is a pretty lady, but, my lands, Mrs. Harrison herself couldn't please her. She don't get up to her breakfast till noon, she don't get her lunch till night, and it was mornin' when I got her dinner ready. Laws a mercy, I used to be dreamin'. I was so sleepy, cooking eggs and opening wine for her friends at 3 o'clock in the morning. And then she says I took her diamonds and linen."

Mary Maud's breath gave out, and pretty, olive-tinted Lizzie seized her chance to say a good word for her companion.

"She couldn't get her pay no how. Mrs. Stewart owed her $37.50, and she owed me $8.50, and when we left we just made up our minds to collect the money."

"How?"

"Well, we knew her hours, and we went to collect between 11 and 12 o'clock at night.

"One of us took the basement and the other the upstairs door, and we just kept those two bells ringin' like a church steeple New Year's Eve."

"Did they let you in?"

"Laws, no. We didn't want to get in. All we wanted was our pay, and we got some of it. Mr. Ferris Thompson was there at the time, visiting Capt. Stewart. He's a holy terror, he is, but rich as a gold mine, and don't care no more about money than he does about going fishin' in Winter.'

"He came out, asked what the racket was all about, and when we told him he gave Maud $13.50 and me $4.50. That's all the pay we ever got, and Sarah Jane got left."

"About the necklace? Well, now, I'll just tell you," continued Lizzie, digging a pin in the flower garden of her calico dress, "Mrs. Stewart hasn't got a necklace, or she would have worn it. She has a heap of diamond rings, and she wears them all—on her thumbs and in. My lands a-livin', if you could see her when she has 'em all on, you'd think her hands was afire.

"But are you sure you did not borrow her necklace?"

"So help me," here Maud interrupted to say that the jewel of their discontent was a bracelet, and Lizzie proceeded to describe Mr. Stewart's hasty visit to her country place in Castle Hill on a Monday, and the return of her diamond bracelet from the jeweller's the following day.

"The gentleman made me sign his book; he sharpened the pencil so he could have no mistake, and told me it was very valuable and to look out for it. And so I did. I put the box in my stocking, and when Maud came in from market I told her where I had it. Then when I went out any place I took it out of my stocking and Maud she put it in hers. And at night she slept with it under her pillow. Mrs. Stewart didn't come back for a week and a day, and that's the way we kept her valuables so that burglers couldn't find them."

"And did you wear the bracelet to a ball?"

"Sakes a live! I never was to a ball in all my born days," and Lizzie's pretty hand fell with force on the patch of scarlet geranium growing in the lap of her dress.

"I went to a dance," Maud remarked with a proud pride, "Christmas, but I was lever to a ball, and I swear I didn't wear a diamond, not even in my stockin'."

All this time patient, faithful, sorrowful-looking Sarah Jane sat quietly trimming her finger-nails with her teeth and nodding assent to the lumps of evidence advanced by her friends in their own defense.

She said she was a laundress, that she worked two weeks for Mrs. Stewart, that she was not able to collect her pay and that she left of her own accord.

"Why, Sarah Jane?"

"Cause the sheets was too heavy for me, all linen and an acre wide. Gave me rheumatism of the spine puttin' 'em thro' the wringer.

"Make much? Good golf a mighty, no! The ladies up here just about starve their laundresses—go out at $1.50 a day, and if they give you $1 and let you go at 8 o'clock at night you can feel yourself lucky. Mrs. Stewart use to tell me I ought to be glad to work for $1.

Mary Maud Fuller has had a hard time of it. She married a young Othello some six years ago, who deserted her, leaving her to support herself and child.

Lizzie Powell fared better in the marriage lottery. She drew a big-hearted, big-shouldered porter who worked like a cake of yeast to raise her in life. New Year's brought them bad luck in the guise of the Russian grip, and the head of the house had to lay up for repairs. His beautiful, sweet-voiced wife put on the family spurs, got a situation in Mrs. Stewart's pretty house, and, to use her own rhetoric, "got in the worst fix of her life."

But her faith in her husband is broad and wide and deep, and she knows "if any livin' man can pull her through, he will." Every day he calls to see her, with ginger-snaps, chicken wings, oranges and similar delicacies in his tin-lined breast pocket.

The case is one of rugged pathos, and there should be some lily-white sister in society or among the Daughters of the Revolution to help them through.

NELL NELSON.

BEATEN BY THE STABLE GANG.

Five of Its Members Pounced Upon Policeman Moore.

Thomas Moore, a policeman attached to the East Eighty-eighth street station, was set upon and brutally beaten on Second avenue, near one Hundred and First street, shortly after midnight this morning by five members of the Stable Gang, an aggregation of roughs that infest the upper portions of First and Second avenues.

Moore's injuries were such as to necessitate his removal to his home at 338 East Eighty-ninth street, where he is to-day confined to his bed.

The officer's post was the west side of Second avenue, from one Hundredth to One Hundred and Tenth streets. During the past three weeks complaints have been received by Capt. Carpenter from saloon keepers in that district reciting that they were being annoyed by toughs who refused to leave their saloons when the hour for closing arrived each night.

The chief complainant was Thomas Graham, who keeps a saloon on the southwest corner of One Hundredth street and Second avenue. Moore was notified of the complaint and proceeded to carry out his instructions to rid Graham of the annoyance to which he was subjected.

Moore went on duty at midnight and relieved the officer on the early shift at One Hundredth street at 12.10. The neighborhood is not thickly settled, and it was very dark when Moore, in the line of his duty began to try the doors along his post to see if they were securely locked.

He was trying a door in the middle of the block between One Hundredth and One Hundred and First streets when he noticed five men leave Graham's saloon. Moore did not pay any particular attention to the men, but went along trying the doors.

The five men walked up the avenue and approached Moore, who had stooped down to try a cellar door. While in this position the officer received a kick that knocked him over on the sidewalk, and before he could reach his club, which was in his belt, the five men seized him and rained blows on Moore's face and body.

He was struck several times in the face and, on attempting to rise, was repeatedly knocked down. His club was taken from him and one of his assailants struck him with it. Moore finally managed to get on his feet and then he fought his assailants off.

Policeman Rehagn was patrolling his post on the east side of Second avenue when a passing milkman called to him to go to the assistance of another policeman who was in danger of being killed. Rehagn ran up the avenue and found Moore battling desperately with his assailants.

At the sight of the second officer the men started up Second avenue on a run. Moore and Rehagn gave chase. Four of the men outran the policeman, but the fifth was made a prisoner.

He proved to be John Griebin, a longshoreman, living at 203 East One Hundred and Third street. On the way to the station-house Griebin fought the officers and had to be clubbed into submission.

Moore's condition was very serious when he reached the station-house. His face was a mass of bruises and wounds from which blood was flowing copiously. Police Surgeon McCovern was summoned, and, after examining Moore, ordered that the officer be relieved from duty and taken home, which was done.

Policeman Rehagn arraigned Griebin before Justice Kelly in the Harlem Police Court at 10 o'clock to-day. The prisoner is a low-sized, typical tough. His head was swathed in bandages.

He declared that he had no recollection of what occurred. He was out drinking with some friends last night, he said, and became intoxicated, and what followed he did not know.

Justice Kelly held Griebin without bail to await the result of Moore's injuries.

The police say that the assault on Moore was in revenge for the officer's conduct in preventing the members of the gang from loitering on corners on Second avenue. The other four men who took part in the assault are known and the police are looking for them.

One of Moore's assailants is said to be "Burt" Scanlan, well known to the police as a desperate character. According to the police the unknown robber was once arrested for highway robbery, but was acquitted.

A Ten-Year-Old Till-Tapper.

The Brooklyn Children's Society is to-day investigating the case of ten-year-old Lena Emonks, who lives with her parents at 203 Third street, Brooklyn. The girl confessed to tapping the till of Cigar Dealer Peter Lapp, at 340 Fifth avenue, at various times, stealing amounting to about $40.

Racing To-Day, Rain or Shine.

A despatch from the Gottenburg race track, dated at 10 o'clock this forenoon, states that the races announced for to-day will be run off, rain or shine.

Young & Smylie's "Acme" Licorice Pellets give instant relief to sore throat. Druggists. *

HALL'S "BEWEEN THE ACTS" and BRANO, 10c.; HALL DIME, 5c., All Tobacco Cigarettes are the only brands made by Thos. H. Hall, Estab'd 1836. *.

FOREIGN NEWS OF THE DAY.

William O'Brien Hooted by a Mob in County Tipperary.

Fortune Said to Have Fallen to the Duke and Duchess of Teck.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

DUBLIN, Jan. 30.—Mr. William O'Brien arrived at Tinodes, County Tipperary, to-day. While on his way from the railway station to the Episcopal Palace, the residence of Archbishop Croke, he was recognized by a number of Parnellites, who followed him.

They were joined by others until finally Mr. O'Brien was surrounded by a menacing crowd who kept him company to the very gates of the palace. He was hooted and jeered, and all manner of epithets were hurled at him.

Some of the mildest terms of reproach addressed to him were "Renegade!" and "Murderer!" and between the insults piled upon him the crowd amused themselves by cheering for Mr. John E. Redmond, who defeated Mr. Michael Davitt, the McCarthyite leader, at the recent Parliamentary election in Waterford, and other prominent Parnellites.

Fortune is Said to Have Fallen to the Duke and Duchess of Teck.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

LONDON, Jan. 30.—A report is published to-day that Lord Tollemache, who died recently, bequeathed to the Duke and Duchess of Teck, the parents of Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, the fiancee of the late Duke of Clarence and Avondale, the greater part of his fortune, amounting to nearly £70,000 a year.

Lord Tollemache was a neighbor of the Duke and Duchess.

If this report is true the fortune will be a godsend to the Duke and Duchess of Teck. They are not blessed with a superabundance of the world's goods. In fact, some years ago they were "sold up" by their creditors.

At this time they occupied apartments in St. James's Palace, but the Queen was so annoyed by the fact that the creditors of the Duke and Duchess had invaded the palace precincts that they had to seek a residence elsewhere.

Since last June they have lived quietly at the White Lodge, in Richmond Park, on the Surrey side of the Thames, close to the historic town of Richmond.

Opposition Gaining Seats in the Hungarian Diet.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

BUDAPEST, Jan. 30.—The returns of the elections for members of the Hungarian Diet are still being received.

This morning the returns show that the opposition is gaining a number of seats. This is due to the support given the candidates of the Opposition by the lower clergy, who, in so doing, have acted in defiance of the Bishops.

It is expected that the action of the priests will lead to agitation for the establishment of a Kitturkampff by the new Diet.

French Naval Officials Pay Their Respects to the Khedive.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

CAIRO, Jan. 30.—The Admiral commanding the French fleet, which arrived at Alexandria yesterday, and several of the higher officers of the squadron, came to this city to-day for the purpose of paying their respects to the Khedive.

No Improvement Noticeable in Rev. Mr. Spurgeon's Condition.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

LONDON, Jan. 30.—A despatch received this morning from Mentone says that the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon passed a restless night. There has been no improvement in his condition.

SMALL HOPE OF SAVING THEM.

Twelve Men Still Missing with the Webster and Scow No. 5.

The two men on Barney dumping boat No. 5, which drifted out to sea in Tuesday's terrible gale with the tug Webster and three other scows, have now been tossed about on the ocean for over a hundred hours, and if they are still alive must be suffering all the pangs of hunger, thirst and cold.

Along South street this morning the opinion prevailed that there was still a possibility of rescuing these two—Capt. Charles Crump and Mate Flavios Canale—but all hope of ever again seeing the ten men on the tug Webster alive was abandoned.

Even Capt. Ben Dessey, the aged owner of the Webster, and the man in the office of her charterer, Capt. John A. Maurer, 22 South street, have given up hope.

Only the oceangoing tug Edgar F. Luckenbach is now engaged in the search for the derelicts. In fact, it is said she is about the only tug in the harbor capable of continuing the hunt on the ocean.

At the office of the Luckenbach Towing Company, Broad and South streets, it was said this morning that it had been decided yesterday afternoon to again send out the Edgar F., and that she got away between 4 and 5 o'clock.

Capt. Keane, of the tug, had orders to make a thorough search, and to stay out until he is satisfied that there is no possibility of finding boat No. 5. There was no expectation of sighting the Webster.

It was thought Capt. Keane had gone off from 150 to 200 miles toward the search. If he did not return by 6 o'clock to-night, it was said, his employers did not expect to hear from him before to-morrow night or Monday.

Capt. Dalton, on the towed boat No. 17, told an EVENING WORLD reporter yesterday that he thought the men on No. 5 had enough coal, water and provisions on board to prevent actual suffering until to-day. All the supplies, however, are believed to be exhausted by this time.

The Barnes Dumping Boat Company's officials fear that boat No. 5 may have sprung a leak and foundered. She is virtually two pontoons, hinged together, but held, and it is remarkable if her planking has not sprung in the high seas which have been running.

The names of two more of the Webster's crew have been learned. They are Finn Dancer, of Pennsgrove, N. J., and a man called Jake, of Philadelphia.

EXTRA.
2 O'CLOCK.

LAWYER JEROME IS RESTING.

He Expects to Resume Carlyle Harris's Defense Monday.

The Prisoner Desires to Testify for Himself and Has No Fears.

Many expressions of admiration have been evoked by the masterly way in which young Lawyer William Travers Jerome has handled the intricate and complicated scientific questions involved in the trial of Carlyle W. Harris, charged in the indictment with having poisoned his young wife, Helen Nellson Potts. These gave place to-day to words of sympathy because of the breaking down of his high-strung nervous system under the tremendous strain involved in the work of the trial.

At his mother's residence, 33 West Nineteenth street, Lovell H. Jerome, the Lawyer's elder brother, said this morning:

"Travers is all right. He is asleep at this moment. He was simply tired out and needed rest for mind and body. He has worked till late at night in preparing his opposition to the experts of the prosecution. He is extremely nervous anyway, and the work keyed him up to such a point that sleep refused its comfort to him.

"He simply broke down, like a man in a six-day race, who has walked himself to a standstill. All he needs is rest.

"He dined at the Union Club, for a change, last night, and played pool all the evening at the Club. Then he came home and has had a night of restful sleep. He will surely be in fighting trim Monday."

The questions asked by Mr. Jerome of the expert witnesses on the stand were replete with chemical and medical lore. Probably another lawyer in New York could equal him in such a battle.

In his utter weariness, resultant from the long strain of preparation and sleepless nights, Mr. Jerome's mind finally lagged and his last question was actually incoherent. Then he broke down and the trial was adjourned till Monday.

Carlyle W. Harris this morning came down from his cell on the third tier at the Tombs Prison to see a reporter for THE EVENING WORLD. His first question was about Mr. Jerome.

"It was an awful strain upon him," said Harris. "I had feared the result. I was much more worried over that than for the outcome of the trial. Knowing my own innocence I have never doubted the result.

"I desire to go on the witness stand. I have prepared a speech to talk, but I must say that I was less eager for this scientific combat and more desirous of meeting and refuting the absurd testimony regarding my alleged remarks about women. They are absurd!"

Harris was pale, but collected and cool. He smoked a cigar like an epicure and talked like a cool, self-contained student. He said of Mrs. Potts:

"She is a most magnificent woman. She adored my wife and she thought much of me. She thought more of my wife and myself than of all the rest of the world. Poor woman!

"As to my mother—she is a brave little mother! God bless her! She stands the strain well.

"I'm glad the prosecution did not see fit to place great stress on the fact that I, a student, pre-dosed to prescribe. All students prescribe. So does everybody else prescribe. If you sneeze, every friend you meet prescribes a remedy for it, and any one can buy drugs at any drug store.

"I don't deny that Canandaigua affair, but it is absurd as a motive for murder! Why, I never met that young woman till the day before and I've never seen her since. Like most college boys I have sown wild oats. I am not worse than other young men.

"I am much depressed to-day, but not from fear."

Harris's voice sunk to a murmur as he continued, his eyes moistening and his fingers twitching.

"You know to-morrow is the anniversary of my wife's death."

Then, after a pause: "And I have been locked up here ten months, charged with killing her. Is it wonderful that I am pale?

"I shall see my good mother to-day. She comes every day. She is my comfort."

Harris smiled pleasantly in bidding the visitor good-by and returned to his cell.

BELIEVE CHILI WILL SALUTE.

Washington Officials Expect No Trouble About the Flag.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30.—The Chilian Government has not yet been informed of any intention on the part of the United States to compel a salute of the flag in order to close the Valparaiso incident, but in all probability that request will be made and promptly acceded to.

It is customary in the adjustments of international disputes for the country tendering an apology to follow it with a salute to the national colors of the other country.

In view of the friendly tone of Senor Pereira's reply there is no reason to believe any hitch will be encountered on this score.

BROKE HIS SKULL ON THE STREET

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