BROOKLYN PAGE.

HAS BROOKLYN A SLASHER?

John Laughlin Stabbed by a Mysterious Stranger.

As He Is Reported to Be a Brawler the Police Doubt His Story.

Detective Weiser, of the Thirteenth Precinct, Brooklyn, is to-day investigating the story told by John Laughlin, a colored laborer, living at 93 Gwinett street, Williamsburg, who claims that he was mysteriously stabbed early yesterday morning.

Laughlin spent Saturday night drinking with friends on Myrtle avenue. He started for home shortly after 4 o'clock yesterday morning, he says, and was nearing Walton street on Marcy avenue when a man sprang out from a doorway with a knife glittering in his upraised hand.

Laughlin threw up his arm, and at the same moment felt a stinging pain in his left shoulder and something warm running down his back. As he fell to the sidewalk his assailant ran towards Myrtle avenue and disappeared. The wounded man then lost consciousness.

That was the story Laughlin told the policeman who found him and summoned an ambulance. Laughlin had a cut nearly three inch s long on the top of the left shoulder. He had been cut with a very keen weapon, for the blade had gone clear through a heavy overcoat, an undercoat, vest and two shirts.

Ambulance Surgeon Fanning, of St. Catherine's Hospital, dressed the wound, and Laughlin was taken home.

But for Laughlin's reputation the police would think a "Jack the Slasher" had begun work in Brooklyn.

About a year ago Laughlin was attacked on Harrison avenue and beaten so severely that he was laid up in St. Catherine's Hospital for three weeks. His assailants were never captured.

Early in January last Laughlin attended a dance at a hall in Throop avenue. He was asked to leave, and on his refusal to go the Reception Committee threw him downstairs. Then he hung about outside and got into a quarrel with John Dixon, a colored man from New York. Dixon cut him in the stomach, and is now in Raymond Street Jail awaiting trial.

SOME PRETTY SCHOOLGIRLS.

They Make Joralemon Street Joyous Twice a Day.

Every morning and evening there is a constant stream of bright and pretty young girls along Joralemon street, Brooklyn. In twos and threes they walk, with books in their arms, and such a gay chatter they keep up on the mysteries of Greek and Latin that one is led to suppose their only thought is the study and discussion of these languages.

They are the scholars of the Packer Institute, and their approach is always the signal for the gathering of young men, single men and even married men, on the stoop of Police Headquarters and in front of the Court-House.

Some of Brooklyn's fairest daughters are included in the passing array of beauty, but, unmindful of the glances that are fixed on them, they move along to their homes, strengthening the belief in the minds of their admirers that the brightest and prettiest girls are only to be found in the City of Churches.

"I have seen many girls in my day," said an old court attache to an EVENING WORLD reporter, "but I tell you that the institute girls are the prettiest. It does my heart good to watch them as they pass, their faces beaming with innocence and girlish delight. The animated discussions they indulge in, the total disregard for what is passing around them, and their regulshly pretty faces fully compensate for the trouble of devoting a portion of one's time to admiring them. For years I have watched this panorama of girlish beauty, and hope to be able to continue to do so for some time to come."

SHE IS A PROUD MOTHER.

Mrs. Helen McDonnell Talks of the Boyhood of the Bishop-Elect.

The mother of Bishop-Elect McDonnell, of Brooklyn, has a cosy little home in a two-story frame house at 165 Rockaway avenue, where her youngest son, Joseph, who is engaged in clerical work, lives with her. Mrs. Helen McDonnell is sixty years old, but well preserved and of a sweet disposition. She is very proud of the honor conferred upon her elder son, and speaking of his early life said:

"My son differed greatly from other boys, and I think this difference was due to the extreme delicacy of his physique. The sports of his more robust schoolmates had no charm for him. He found his greatest pleasure in books. He was an omnivorous reader, and his close application to his studies often occasioned me much alarm. I thought his health would not prove equal to the strain. As he approached manhood his health improved, but he has never been very rugged.

"While I am naturally rejoiced at his elevation, I cannot rid myself of the dread that the onerous duties that will devolve upon him in his new position will prove too trying for his strength. I cannot bear to think what I would do should anything untoward befall him.

"I think the new Bishop will endear himself to his people in a short time. Yes, I believe he will readily acquaint himself with the requirements of the office. As a boy he was very methodical. He always knew where to find anything for which he had any use. That is why I think he will have the affairs of the diocese running smoothly in a short time. My son has been so busy with the affairs of the archdiocese that I have not seen him since his return from the Bahamas with the Archbishop, but he has promised to call on me at the earliest opportunity."

CHOKED HIMSELF TO DEATH.

While His Family Was at Church Wendler Committed Suicide.

Coroner Lindsay was notified this morning of the suicide by hanging of Adolph Wendler of 578 Bushwick avenue, Brooklyn.

Wendler had been employed in Moulton's Moulding Works, but recently lost his place. He was fifty-five years old and with his increasing years was unable to hold his own with younger men. This made him despondent.

He declined to accompany his wife and daughter to church last night, pleading that he was not feeling well. Upon their return to the house about 9.30 o'clock, Wendler was not seen. Mrs. Wendler called him, and getting no answer, began a search for him.

When she came to his bedroom she found him hanging by the neck in the doorway, dead.

Wendler had taken a piece of clothesline, tied one end to the door knob, thrown the other end over the door, and forming a noose about his neck, dropped his weight on it. He had slowly strangled to death. He had wealthy relatives who would have assisted him had he asked for aid.

HANGED TO A DOOR.

Engraver Wander's Suicide to Be Investigated by the Coroner.

Coroner Lindsay, of Brooklyn, was to-day notified of the suicide of Adolph Wander, a German fifty-three years old, who late last night hanged himself to a door on the second floor of his home, 578 Bushwick avenue. Wander was an engraver by trade. He had been out of work for some time and had become despondent.

He was discovered about 9.30 o'clock. He had not yet breathed his last and Surgeon Somers was summoned. Wander died, however, before the physician arrived.

ANY ONE TO BEAT HARRISON.

Blaine's Friends in Brooklyn Engaging in Faction Fights.

There May Be High Old Times at the Twelfth Ward Primary.

The approaching primary of the Republicans in Brooklyn is causing a bitter fight among ward politicians, and partisans of President Harrison and Secretary of State Blaine in the various wards are as actively at work as if Mr. Blaine had not declared himself out of the Presidential race.

Democratic majorities have no terrors for these partisans, and the war is being waged without regard to the opposing party. The fight is within the Republican camp, and is inspired by factional animosities, which seem to be as plentiful as flies in Summer time.

The primary has not been called as yet, but the general understanding is that it will take place in April, probably about the 22d. Its object is to select delegates to an Assembly Convention to select delegates to the State Convention, and a strong contingent is determined that Mr. Harrison shall not carry off all the honors, whether Mr. Blaine wants the nomination or not.

The fight is most bitter in the Tenth Ward, where there is a Blaine Club and a Federal Club, the latter championing Mr. Harrison's cause. The Blaine Club was organized just one week before the Secretary of State made known his determination not to allow his name to be presented to the National Convention. His action in that matter was a blow at the purpose for which the Club was formed, but not a death blow. Opposition to Harrison played a prominent part in that work and is still holding the members together. Their intention is now to secure the selection of unpledged delegates.

George Kennith, formerly the Republican leader in the ward, is at the head of the Blaine Club, and Ben Ostrand is marshalling the Harrison forces. It is thought that the Blaine party is the stronger.

Meetings of the two clubs will be held this week and lively discussions are expected to take place. An innovation in ward politics at the primary will be the wearing of badges by the members of the opposing organizations. The ward seems to be hopelessly divided and the solid Democracy is smiling.

In passing it may be mentioned that this ward now contains a man whose friends contend that he caused the appointment of Benjamin F. Tracy as Secretary of the Navy, and their story is worth repeating if only to emphasize the importance of work at the primaries. Mr. Tracy lived in the First Ward and could not carry it. He failed of election as delegate to the State Convention of 1888, and would not have had a seat in that body had not M. J. Hyland, of the Tenth Ward, given him a proxy. The present Secretary of the Navy was chosen Chairman of the Convention, and it is held by Hyland's friends that that fact largely influenced President Harrison in selecting him for the important office he now holds.

John McGuire and James Johnson are leading two factions in the Twelfth Ward. The fight is an inherited one, the animosity having been aroused by the appointment of Johnson as Executive member of the General Committee by the Chairman of that body. McGuire was an aspirant, and he and Johnson are carrying the fight into the primary election.

LECTURES AT THE INSTITUTE.

This Week's Programme of Papers on Arts and Sciences.

Following is the programme of lectures before the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences for this week:

Monday, March 14, 8 P. M.—Illustrated paper by Arthur C. Perry on "Multiple Stars and Star Clusters."

Tuesday, March 15, 4 P. M.—Illustrated lecture by George Makepeace Towle on "The House of Lords and the English Government."

Tuesday, 8 P. M.—Lecture by Dr. H. H. Rusby on "The Quinine Tree."

Wednesday, March 16, 8 P. M.—Illustrated lecture by Rudolphe L. Daus on "Some Instructive Examples of Chateaus in the Early French Renaissance."

Thursday, March 17, 4 P. M.—Lecture by Prof. Thomas Davidson on "Socrates and Institutional Ethics."

Thursday, 8 P. M.—Illustrated lecture by George O. Simmons on "The Minerals of the Feldspar Group."

Friday, March 18, 4 P. M.—Lecture by Prof. H. H. Gardiner on "Dante's Last Guide—St. Bernard."

Friday 8 P. M.—Lecture by Thomas C. Martin on "The Counting and Tabulating of the Last American Census by Electricity."

Saturday, March 19, 8 P. M.—Illustrated lecture by Prof. William H. Goodyear on "Roman Architecture East of the Jordan."

BROOKLYN'S NEW POST-OFFICE.

Citizens Like the Structure but Think It Too Small.

To a stranger Brooklyn's new and massive granite Post-Office seems to be situated in an out-of-the-way place. This impression, perhaps, is formed from the fact that the building Uncle Sam is erecting does not loom up in the immediate vicinity of the city's municipal buildings.

Citizens are taking considerable interest in this new and yet unfinished structure. They are satisfied with its location at Washington and Johnson streets and are looking forward with much pleasure to its opening which is announced for the first of April.

One complaint, however, has been heard on the part of certain citizens and that is the long time it has required to construct the building. From certain quarters it has also been declared that the building will not be large enough for the transaction of the ever increasing business.

Postmaster Collins is sure that the new Post-Office will be large enough, and he is making preparations to occupy it at the specified time. At any rate the new building is an imposing structure. It has cost nearly a million and one-half dollars, and took seven years to build, and it will be an ornament to the city.

SUES FOR $25,000 DAMAGES.

Williams Fell Into the Hold of the Steamship St. Ronan.

In the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, this morning Judge Cullen and a jury heard testimony in the suit of William Williams against Peter H. Walsh to recover $25,000 damages for personal injuries.

The plaintiff alleges that on Sept. 11, 1889, while working on the steamship St. Ronan, at the foot of Joralemon street, he fell through the hatchway and sustained injuries from which he says he will never recover. The case is still on.

SCALDED WITH HOT VARNISH.

A Pail of the Stuff Fell Over Chemical Worker Wingarten.

Charles Wingarten, thirty-eight years old, of 181 Hopkins street, Brooklyn, was frightfully burned about the arms and body this morning while at work in the chemical works on Harrison street, near Bartlett.

A pail of hot varnish tipped over on him while he was raking a stove and ran over his arms and back. An ambulance was called and he was taken to his home.

The "Evening World" will print on its Brooklyn Page announcements and reports of entertainments, meetings, &c., sent to this office by secretaries of literary and social clubs and like organizations that exist in Brooklyn.

ALL SWORE TO DIE FIGHTING.

An Oath-Bound Gang of Young Thieves Rounded Up.

They Had a Lair that Was Well Stocked with Plunder.

Four young desperadoes, members of an oath-bound society, were arraigned this morning before Justice Goetting in the Lee Avenue Police Court, Brooklyn. The oldest of the band was only sixteen, and when lined up before the bar their heads could not be seen by the Justice.

They were Bertie Beach, aged fourteen, of 228 Lee avenue; Bertold Rothman, aged sixteen, of South Eighth street and Wythe avenue; Frank Kummell, aged fifteen, of 243 Heyward street, and J. Schultz, aged fourteen, of Liberty avenue.

The technical charge against Beach and Kummel was grand larceny. Rotuman and Schultz were charged with vagrancy. But to the police they were known as the "Black Buccaneers," whose petty pilferings have been an annoyance to the shopkeepers of the Nineteenth Precinct, Williamsburg, for the past two months.

The Buccaneers had a lair at 774 Grand street, and were bound by a solemn oath to resist arrest to the death. Although equipped with bowie knives and bull-dog pistols, they were fortunately captured without bloodshed.

The story told by the police of the Graham avenue station is that a few days ago Mrs. Alice Bedenbeck, of 774 Grand street, notified them that the actions of four boys who had hired a second floor room in her house were suspicious.

Detective Carroll accordingly went to the house at midnight Saturday, and stationed himself in the hallway on the second floor. Shortly after 1 o'clock the four boys came home. When they opened their door Carroll went in with them. He ordered the boys to stand with their faces to the wall, and they submissively obeyed.

Piled around the room was plunder of all sorts. Heaps of groceries, packages of dry goods, parcels of shoes, boxes of jewelry, a Winchester rifle, four revolver, three knives and a miscellaneous lot of wild West literature were included in the stuff the boys had collected.

On the wall was the legend, "The Black Buccaneers. Beware!" It was flanked by two old army sabres.

The three younger lads said that Rothman had persuaded them to leave their homes, telling them as long as they were banded together and stood by each other they could come to no harm. They swore an blood curdling oath to be faithful to each other and adopted the name of "Black Buccaneers."

They secured a room at Mrs. Bedenbeck's by telling her they were orphans and worked in a glass factory near the Maspeth bridge. They had lived in the room nearly a month, always going out early in the morning and keeping the door locked.

Bertie Beach and Frank Kummell weakened after arrest and acknowledged the theft of many of the articles found in the room. They pleaded guilty of grand larceny this morning, and were held for the Grand Jury.

Rothman and Schultz were sent to the House of Refuge.

HANGED WITH A PIECE OF TWINE.

John Renker Wrote, "Out of Despair; Forgive Me," to His Wife.

John Renker, a German shoemaker, fifty years old and married, was found hanging from a ring beside the door of his shoeshop at 356 Bleecker street this morning. He had committed suicide during the night by tying a piece of twine around his neck and fastening the other end to the ring.

Renker lived alone in his little shoe-shop. John Mahoney and William Asmussen, two friends of his, called at the store this morning and were surprised to find it closed.

Breaking out a pane of glass and raising a window they saw his body hanging near the door. They notified a policeman, who broke in the door and cut the body down.

In one of Renker's pockets was found a letter which read: "Out of despair. All to forgive me," and which was addressed to his wife.

Renker had been married twenty-seven years and had three children. His wife lives with the children at No. 217 Terhune street, Greenville, N. J. Renker had been drinking to excess.

DEATHS IN BROOKLYN.

The following is the official list containing the name of every person in Brooklyn over ten years old whose death was reported to the Department of Health yesterday:

Elizabeth H. Aldrege, 84, No. 164 Hope st.
James Atkins, 77, No. 8 Tompkins ave.; machinist.
John Benig, 69, No. 678 Flushing ave.; tailor.
Jessie F. Bryant, 16, No. 355 Humboldt st.
Annie Fagan, 40, No. 44 Prince st.
Elizabeth Fahnestock, 84, No. 392 St. Mark's place.
Charles Fallon, 25, No. 161 Wythe ave.; blacksmith.
Eleanor Getty, 75, No. 21 Halsey st.
Andrew Herslein, 36, No. 201 Montrose ave.; tinsmith.
Anna A. Lynch, 65, No. 300 Warren st.
Peter F. A. Mohr, 80, No. 428 Bushwick ave.
Catharine Haviland Montgomery, 71, No. 263 Tompkins ave.
Mary Moore, 53, No. 942 Herkimer st.
Agnes W. C. McIndoe, 37, No. 386 Carlton ave.
Ellen O'Regan, 82, No. 34 Cheever Place.
Mariana Peitler, 75, No. 80 Bartlett st.
William T. Pratt, 44, No. 287 Quincy st.; broker.
Charles Rosenberg, 35, Methodist Episcopal Hospital; sailor.
Emma Schoeffler, 14, No. 244 Stagg st.; weaver.
Bridget Smith, 33, No. 112 Richards st.
Margaret Stevens, 80, No. 30 15th st.
Zachariah Story, 55, No. 277 Dean st.; clerk.
Annie Tobraski, 19, No. 347 Hoyt st.
Thomas Treaby, 42, No. 23 Clermont ave.
Joseph Wicks, 11, No. 79 Douglass st.

APPRECIATED WATER THEN.

A Wounded Soldier Never Thought to Be So Reduced.

"It was after the fight at Pittsburg Landing," remarked the old soldier in the Detroit *Free Press*, "and I was going over the field picking up the wounded. We passed a lot of dead men in a clump, and over beyond them a hundred yards or so I heard a faint cry and started to see what it was. I found it pretty soon. A man shot through the breast was lying in a little thicket, groaning in great pain.

"'Water,' he moaned. 'For God's sake give me water.'

"I put my canteen to my mouth and as I knelt beside him I noticed he wore the gray and belonged to some Georgia regiment. He almost emptied the canteen before he took it from his lips and as he looked up at me gratefully the tears rolled down his cheeks and he stretched his hands feebly out towards the canteen, which I was about to sling over my shoulder again.

"'It's pretty good, ain't it?' I asked, when he had given it another pull.

"'Good?' he repeated feebly, between gasps, 'good, pardner? I should say it was. I've been cryin' for it for six hours an' I never thought I'd been cryin' for water—anyhow, not to drink. But, pardner, this blamed war has upset things so that there ain't no tellin' what a man will do.'

"He didn't say it as smooth as I do, boys, for every word hurt, but he got it out at last and then we laid him back in a dead faint. We took him in and he got well enough in three months to drink something stronger than water. But I'll bet a horse he never got a drink that did him as much good as them two swigs of water I let him have out of my canteen when that holler track was like a string of fire clean through him."

BROOKLYN GOSSIP.

Dr. B. G. Latimer, the President of the Brooklyn Throat Hospital, of South Third street and Bedford avenue, Williamsburg, will start out on Monday for a two weeks' sojourn in the South. The doctor has been working very hard of late to forward the interests of the institution, and it is said that he has been advised to take a trip to Florida and breathe a change of air if only for a few days. The Throat Hospital has progressed much under his direction, many improvements having been effected which have made it prominent in that neighborhood.

The famous old Wall House, that has stood for so many years at the corner of Bedford avenue and South Fifth street, Williamsburg, is no more; or at least it no longer bears that name. Those who now enter its doors find a comparatively new hotel, with new management; Mr. J. H. Stokes and his brother, Mr. J. S. Stokes, having leased it from the proprietor, Mr. Edmund E. Price, for a term of years, and given it the title of the Hotel Roswyck. It is the family hotel of the Eastern District.

Wr. William Moriarty, the Brooklyn Navy-Yard Paymaster, has a large circle of friends about the Eastern District. The other night a number of them met him by appointment in the Hotel Carlton Cafe and a merry scene was the result. After a little gossip regarding the happenings of the day, some one as a joke, and in a friendly way, made an unpleasant remark against Uncle Sam's Navy to arouse the Paymaster's indignation. The effort was received in the negative, and Mr. Moriarty gave his friends a line of talk that gave them no little information about our navy. The Paymaster has travelled the world over and pointed out the details in which other countries are now behind us in their naval protection.

Mr. Frank Seaman, the proprietor and manager of the Hotel Carlton, which is situated at the foot of Broadway, was one of the gentlemen present during Paymaster Moriarty's pleasant lecture, and says he enjoyed it much. He had never heard so much about naval matters before, and was deeply interested. The Carlton is the gentlemen's hotel recently opened, and has become the "Hoffman House" of Williamsburg. Its cafe is one of the marvels of the decorators' art, and consequently it attracts the greatest attention from stag parties. It seems to be specially attractive to politicians.

STABBED HIS NEIGHBOR.

Mr. Jones Shielded a Wife from a Drunken Husband and Was Hurt.

Patrick Curtain, of 133 North Sixth street, Williamsburg, was held in the Lee Avenue Court this morning charged with stabbing Daniel Jones, of 92 Wythe avenue.

Curtain is a painter, thirty-six years old. He went home drunk about noon yesterday and put his wife out of the house. Mrs. Curtain took refuge with her friend, Mrs. Jones.

Curtain followed her there, and when Jones went to the door he was attacked by Curtain, who had armed himself with a big knife.

MRS. M'LAUGHLIN DEAD.

Sudden End of the Wife of Hudson County's Collector.

Mrs. Josie McLaughlin, wife of Dennis McLaughlin, County Collector of Hudson County and one of the Executive Committee in charge of the Gutteburg trace rack died very suddenly this morning at the family residence, 186 Eighth street.

Death is supposed to have resulted from heart disease, Mrs. McLaughlin having been in good health up to the time of the fatal attack. She leaves five children.

MME CLEMENCEAU'S RETURN.

The French Statesman's American Wife Awaiting a Divorce from Him.

Society circles were startled by the announcement that Mme. Clemenceau, wife of the famous French statesman, who is now a central figure in the Chamber of Deputies, is at her girlhood home in Stamford, Conn., awaiting the result of her application for divorce.

Mme. Clemenceau was Miss Mary E. Plummer, daughter of a physician. M. Clemenceau met her while he was a teacher of French in the school of Miss Catherine Aiken in Stamford nearly twenty-five years ago. She has three children.

MUSICIANS IN CONVENTION.

Seventh Annual Gathering of Delegates from the Entire Country.

Musicians are here this week from all parts of the country to attend their seventh annual Convention, which will be opened at the Hotel Marlborough to-morrow at 10 A. M.

One of the principal objects to be discussed will be the contract labor question. The Mutual Musical Protective Union is the host, and concerts, banquets and other pleasures are in store for the guests.

BEATEN BY HIS SON.

An Old Man's Head Cut Open by a Blow with a Poker.

At an early hour this morning Luke Doyle, sixty-two years of age, entered the First Precinct Police Station, Jersey City, with his clothing covered with blood, and suffering from a severe scalp wound, which he stated had been caused by his son, Michael Doyle, striking him over the head with an iron poker.

Dr. Gray sewed up the wound, and the old man, who had become weak from the loss of blood, was sent home in the ambulance.

The son, Michael, had made his escape.

Big Six's Annual Ball To-Night.

The annual ball and reception of Typographical Union No. 6 will be held this evening at the Lexington Avenue Opera-House. Friends and members of "Big Six" will be present in force with their sweethearts, their sisters, their cousins and their aunts.

They Want the Fair Opened Sundays.

The Central Labor Union has resolved to petition the Legislature to reject a proposed bill to close the state exhibit at the World's Fair on Sundays.

Stealing Tobacco from Bond.

Treasury inspectors are conducting an investigation into the mysterious disappearance of several thousand pounds of tobacco from bonded warehouses in this city and Brooklyn. It is said that the law requiring all tobacco leaving the warehouses to be weighed has been extensively evaded.

Money for the Bicyclists.

This afternoon at Madison Square Garden Champion Bicyclist Ashinger and his six weary compatriots, will be formally presented with the money won by them last week. At the same time the four special racers will receive their money, not so honestly won by a good deal. Ashinger gets $1,000, and Lamb $500, the five other men proportionate sums.

DAY'S DOINGS IN BROOKLYN.

A Leaf from the History of the City of Churches.

Incidents of Minor Interest Told in Terse Style.

Binge in a Milliner's Shop.

Fire in the millinery store of Harper & McCoy, 755 Fulton street, Brooklyn, at 12.30 o'clock this morning, caused a damage of $100 to stock and $200 to the building. Cause of the fire unknown.

Policeman Put the Fire Out.

Policeman Friel, of the De Kalb avenue station, Brooklyn, this morning discovered fire in the building at 70 Carlton avenue. It was extinguished without the aid of the firemen.

Lamp Exploded and Set the Fire.

A kerosene oil lamp exploded this morning in the apartments of John Booker, 6 New Jersey avenue, Brooklyn, and set fire to the furniture. The fire was extinguished in a few minutes after $200 damage had been done.

Hurt in a Remarkable Accident.

Daniel Dolan, of 408 Oakland street, Brooklyn, slipped in his room and fell upon a wash basin this morning at his home. Ambulance Surgeon Fanning removed him to St. Catherine's Hospital, where it was discovered that his skull was fractured.

Missing Man Found in Providence.

The Brooklyn police were notified this morning that a telegram had been received from Providence, stating that John O. Porthouse had turned up all right in that city. Porthouse was reported yesterday morning as having mysteriously disappeared from his home, 573 Warren street, Brooklyn.

Looking for a Wife Beater.

Rose McGibney, of 111 Schenectady avenue, Brooklyn, reported to the police late last night that her husband John had assaulted her, cutting her on the head. The officers have not yet found him.

Locked Up for Insulting Women.

Robert T. Buckley, forty years old, of 1213 Fulton street, Brooklyn, was under arrest this morning charged with insulting women. Policeman Gilpin, who arrested him, says that he caught the prisoner last night at the corner of Bedford and Gates avenues after he had addressed two young women who were passing.

Will Lecture on Beecher.

The late Henry Ward Beecher will be the subject of a lecture to be delivered in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, to-morrow evening, by Dr. Henry M. Gallaher.

Rev. Dr. Pattison's Lecture.

The Rev. Dr. T. Harwood Pattison, Professor of Homiletics in the Rochester Theological Seminary, will deliver a lecture in the Emmanuel Baptist Church, Lafayette avenue and St. James place, Brooklyn, to-night, on "The Making of William Corey."

Ohmis's Supper Cost Him $50.

The Brooklyn police are looking for a young clerk employed by Butcher Frederick Ohmis, of 72 Utica avenue. Saturday night the clerk, who was known only as George, robbed the till of $50 while Ohmis was at supper and disappeared.

She Broke the Clerk's Leg.

Jacob Hess, a clerk in Shear & Hyer's grocery, at 51 Tompkins avenue, Brooklyn, is in St. Catherine's Hospital with a broken leg. Mrs. Rita McDonald, fifty-two years old, of 44 Cook street, visited the grocery yesterday and the clerk began skylarking with her. She threw him to the floor and his left leg was fractured.

Honors for a Polish Priest.

The Pope has conferred the title of Monsignor on the Rev. Vincent de Bronitkowski, pastor of St. Casimir's Polish Church, Brooklyn. Father de Bronitkowski is the first Polish priest in the United States to be so honored. He has been in America six years. He was born in 1853, and educated in Ostrow and Cracow.

Vainly Tries to Plead.

"The Coroner is not yet ready with the papers in the case, and I would like to have the matter go over again," said the Prosecuting officer in Justice Tighe's Brooklyn court, when Thomas Brennan was arraigned to-day on a charge of having caused the death of James McNamara in a street fight. This was the fourth time Brennan had appeared before the Court to plead, and he was remanded once more.

Her Mother Caused Her Arrest.

Jauntily dressed and not at all depressed by her troubles Katie Zimmerman, seventeen years of age, faced Judge Tighe in Brooklyn Police Court this morning to answer a charge of vagrancy preferred by her mother. Katie's home is at 554 Sixth avenue, but her disposition is not domestic. Her mother says she has been unable to keep her at home, and was finally compelled to ask the aid of the police. An officer was detailed to find the girl and succeeded in bringing her back to her grieving parent.

Justice Tighe set her case for trial next Wednesday.

Found Thief and Four Stolen Watches.

Leon Abet, of 72 South Washington square, was arraigned in Jefferson Market Court this forenoon on the charge of robbing Honore Haulet's house, 220 Thompson street, of $235 in bills, a diamond ring and four gold watches. Abet was arrested in a club-house on MacDougal street, and in his room in South Washington square were found the four watches. He was remanded.

Lole Fuller Wants an Injunction.

Judge Giegerich in the Court of Common Pleas heard argument to-day upon an application by Actress Loie Fuller for an injunction to restrain the New York Concert Company and Rudolph Aronson from exhibiting lithographs of her in the costume she wore in her serpentine dance while with the Casino "Uncle Celestin" company.

Missouri's Sailing Postponed.

The sailing of the relief ship Missouri, which is to carry food to the starving people of Russia, has been postponed until to-morrow.

His Aim.

[*From Judge.*]

"It's funny to see what a fine shot Drewer is to-day. Why, when he was a boy he could not hit a barn door."

"He couldn't? Well, that is surprising."

"Not at all. There weren't any barns around where he lived."

Needn't Take His Own Medicine.

[*From Life.*]

First Citizen—What do you think is the chief advantage that Jay Gould derives from his wealth?

Second Citizen—It exempts him from the necessity of riding on his own elevated road.

Popular Science.

[*From Life.*]

He (of Boston)—Prof Sahbigh is going to lecture on sun spots to-morrow.

She (of Chicago)—Well, if I thought he could tell of a real, sure enough cure for them, I'd go to hear him. I freckle so easily.

CAPT. M'KELWAY HONORED.

Banqueted and Presented with a Diamond-Studded Gold Badge.

Capt. W. J. McKelway, of the Brooklyn police force, is to-day wearing a fine gold badge pendent from a cross-bar studded with four big diamonds. It was presented to him Saturday night at a banquet in honor of his forty-ninth birthday given by residents of the Fourth Police Precinct.

The banquet was spread in the Pouch mansion, corner of Clinton and Lafayette avenues, and more than two hundred persons sat down to it. Dr. William J. Smith presided, and among others present were ex-Congressman W. C. Wallace, ex-Senator Eugene F. O'Donnell, Sheriff Courtney, the Rev. Dr. Talmage, Editor St. Clair McKelway, Corporation Counsel Jenks and nearly all the police captains.

Editor McKelway made the presentation speech and pinned the handsome memento on the gallant Captain's breast. Capt. McKelway is a war veteran and one of the most popular of Brooklyn police officers.

CALLED MRS. GARRISON NAMES.

She Grew Weary of It and Now Mr. Brooks Is Locked Up.

"He followed me through the street, calling me vile names and telling everybody that I was a disreputable woman," said Mrs. Sarah Garrison, of 142 West Ninth street, Brooklyn, this morning in Judge Tighe's Court, where James Brooks was arraigned on a warrant she had caused to be issued.

Brooks was in a tremulous state and made no attempt to deny the charge.

Mrs. Garrison added that he had taken a strange delight in insulting her, and had called at her home on several occasions and hurled epithets at her through the doorway.

Judge Tighe held him in $200 to keep the peace. As he had no money he was sent to jail.

JOHN DAILEY'S WINDFALL.

It Was Half of a $50 Bill Accidentally Torn by Supervisor French.

Supervisor William E. French, of Brooklyn, is trying to recover the value of one-half of a $50 bill from John Dailey, of 14 Vine street. One-half of the bill is in Mr. French's possession, the other half was redeemed by the Treasury Department at Washington for Mr. Dailey.

On Jan. 7 last, Supervisor French claims, he accidentally tore a $50 bill in two while passing Mr. Dailey's house and one part of the bill was blown from his hand and lost. He forwarded the other part to Washington for redemption and was then informed that Mr. Dailey had the day before collected on the missing half.

Mr. Dailey subsequently declined to say when or how he had come into possession of the missing part of the bill and Mr. French caused his arrest. The case is set for a hearing this week in the Gates Avenue Court.

BALL TICKET SWINDLERS.

They Pose as Internal Revenue Officers and Victimize Cigar Dealers.

A general alarm was sent out from Police Headquarters this morning for the arrest of two men who represent themselves as Internal Revenue officers.

Capt. Schmittberger, of the East Sixty-seventh street station, reports that the men have sold hundreds of bogus tickets for a ball of the Municipal Association, to be held at Mt. Morris Academy April 6.

Their victims have been found among cigar manufacturers and liquor dealers.

One or the alleged swindlers is described as five feet six inches tall, with a sandy mustache and long nose. He wears a double-breasted overcoat.

The other is about three inches taller, has a short black mustache and wears a single-breasted overcoat.

MISS KING SUES FOR $15,000.

And Says Her Faithless Lover Can't Live in the Town with Her.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

RICHMOND, Ind., March 14.—Miss Helen King, daughter of a well-known physician, filed papers in a $15,000 breach of promise suit, this morning, against Dr. John D. Larimer, one of the best known practioners in West Indiana.

Dr. Larimer was engaged to Miss King, but a few weeks ago broke the engagement and married another young lady.

Miss King has also notified Dr. Larimer that he and she cannot live in the same town.

EX-SENATOR DALY DYING.

His Friends Do Not Expect That He Will Survive the Day.

Word was received at the Comptroller's office this morning that ex-Senator James Daly, Superintendent of City Markets, is not liable to survive the day.

Supt. Daly has been ill for several weeks at his residence, 174 Second avenue. A severe attack of the grip was followed by heart trouble, which is expected to terminate fatally to-day.

Mr. Daly, who was thought to be a confirmed bachelor, married about eighteen months ago.

HIS METHOD OF READING.

Mr. Gladstone Outlines His Plan of Marking a Book.

An article in the *Young Man* describes Mr. Gladstone's method of marking a book. "The upright cross, the line down the side, the V are all different degrees of the N. B.: and when he wishes to qualify the text the Italian word 'ma' (but) is written in the margin.

"A St. Andrew's cross (x) or a wavering line expresses disapproval or disagreement; at the end of the book a list of the pages is always to be found, with headings of what has most struck him in the volume."

His Object.

[*From Brooklyn Life.*]

Travers—Say, old man, I wish you would propose me at your club.

Dashaway—Why, I didn't suppose you cared anything about joining a club?

Travers—I don't. But I've got to have some place to go where I can get away from my creditors.

No Wonder.

[*From Life.*]

He—There is a married couple who have not quarrelled in five years.

She—Indeed!

He—Yes—the last quarrel they had was so serious that they have never spoken to each other since.

At the Hotel.

[*From the Epoch.*]

"Why, Sam Tompkins," said Mrs. T., "I saw you kiss that common-looking, horrid chambermaid!"

"Now don't get angry, my dear. It was a mistake. I thought she was you. You are as alike as two peas."

Anxious Times.

[*From Judge.*]

Mother—What makes you so nervous, Charley, dear?

Charley—I've had two proposals of marriage, and I really don't know whether to accept Clara with her brains or Ethel with her money.

PARKHURST'S STORY HEARD.

District-Attorney Nicoll Takes It Before the Grand Jury.

It Will Be Left to That Body to Deal with as They Please.

District-Attorney Nicoll is in consultation with the Grand Jury this afternoon with reference to the charges made against the Police Department by the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst in his sermon yesterday at the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church.

Dr. Parkhurst renews his attack upon the city authorities, and says that the town is "rotten with a rottenness that is unspeakable."

He declared that his detectives of the Society for the Prevention of Crime have obtained evidence of the violation of the Excise law and of the law against maintaining disorderly houses in 254 different cases, and that he has as many affidavits as that to support of the charges which he makes.

The saloons, which he declares are running in open violation of the law, are situated in all parts of the city. When he went before a police justice some time ago at the Tombs, he says he was taunted with dealing in generalities, and he offers to his congregation and the general public the specific cases, which he enumerated in his sermon yesterday with as much particularity as he deemed proper in such a place and at such a time.

Mr. Nicoll says that he has heard nothing from Dr. Parkhurst in some time. None of the evidence which he claims to possess has been brought to his attention, and he thinks that the clergyman has a wrong conception of his duties as District-Attorney if he expects him to go out and gather evidence of all these alleged violations of the law.

"If he has this evidence why does he not go before a police justice and procure warrants for the arrest of the offenders? That is the proper course, unless he intends to bring the matter to the attention of the Grand Jury.

"My intention is to ask the Grand Jury today what they wish to do with reference to these statements by Dr. Parkhurst. If they wish to take up these cases they will have to take their regular course.

"If not, then I am through with the whole matter and Dr. Parkhurst will have to take his affidavits before some police justice before anything can be done. I'm not alarmed at Dr. Parkhurst's attack and the work of the District-Attorney's office will go on without interruption."

Mayor Grant arrived at the City Hall to-day about 10.30 o'clock. He said that he had not read the published reports of Dr. Parkhurst's sermon. "I have nothing to say on the matter," he said.

Comptroller Myers returned to his office this morning, and said that he was much benefited by his short rest from work.

"I have glanced over the report of Dr. Parkhurst's sermon," he said, "but not with sufficient care to express any opinion about it, even if I felt it incumbent upon me to do so."

TWO BOY FORTUNE-SEEKERS.

They Bought Big Knives and Ran Away, but Were Caught.

Two boys who had read dime novels, and as a consequence ran away from home to seek their fortunes, were returned to their parents to-day from Justice Davis's Jersey City Police Court. The lads are Chesdleff Waystrembi, sixteen years old, and Marti Shepski, fifteen, both of 119 Delancey street.

The boys both worked in a glassworks factory near the Desbrosses street ferry. They were paid off Saturday, and after buying each a clasp knife, they crossed the river westward bound. They were arrested in Jersey City as suspicious characters at 4.30 this morning.

In court they did not explain what use they intended to make of their weapons, but the police think they aspired to become highwaymen.

Was He Mrs. Bower's Assailant?

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

PATERSON, N. J., March 14.—Nicholas Vennemam was held in police court to-day, for examination on the charge of having criminally assaulted Kate Bower, a young married woman, who is in St. Joseph's Hospital in a very critical condition. She was found in the woods on the outskirts of Paterson yesterday in Venneman's company. He says that he had first found her, and she declares that the assault was committed by some other man than Venneman.

Horses Burned in a Jersey City Stable.

Fire at 1.30 this morning destroyed the stable at 156 Clark street, in the Greenville district of Jersey City. Two horses perished in the flames. The stable was owned by William H. Namey, of New York, and the horses belonged to Grocers Lawrence & Coney, of 137 Ocean avenue, and Plumbers Hetherington