WILL FIGHT FOR A FORTUNE.

The Will of Mrs. Henrietta Barnum to Be Contested.

As a Preliminary an Application Will Be Made for a Receiver.

The will of Mrs. Henrietta Barnum, widow of Jeremiah G. Barnum, sr., has just been offered for probate in the Surrogate's Office, in this city.

The estate covered by the will is comparatively small. Up to a year ago it was worth over $1,000,000.

Mrs. Barnum signed the great bulk of the property over to her son, Robert Duke Barnum, and her daughter, Henrietta V. Wheeler, within a few months before her death.

The children of Jeremiah G. Barnum, jr., Mrs. Barnum's oldest son, are practically ignored, and a fight for their rightful portion of the estate has been begun, which will involve almost limitless litigation.

Stephen M. Hoye has been retained by Ida McKenzie Houston, Mary Florence Barnum and Franklin H. Barnum, children of Jeremiah G. Barnum, jr., to get their share of the estate for them if possible.

Mrs. Barnum's will is as follows:

Last will and testament of Henrietta Barnum—In the name of God, Amen.—I, Henrietta Barnum, of the city of New York, do hereby make and publish this my last will and testament:

I appoint my son, Robert Duke Barnum, executor, and my daughter, Henrietta V. Wheeler, executrix of this my last will and testament, and I authorize, empower and direct my said executor and executrix or such one of them as shall undertake the execution of this my last will and testament upon my decease to enter in and take possession of all my real property and estate, and to let or lease the same for any term of years or shorter time, and to collect and receive the rents, issues and profits thereof, and at such times or times as they may deem best for the interest of my estate to sell at public auction or by private contract all of my said real property, and I direct my said executor and executrix to collect, convert and get in my personal property.

And of the amounts derived on the sales and rents of all my said real property and from the conversion of my personal property I give to my daughter, Henrietta V. Wheeler, the sum of $3,000, and to my son, Robert Duke Barnum, the sum of $3,000.

All the remainder of said amounts, being all the rest, residue and remainder of all my estate, real and personal, I direct said executor and executrix to divide into three equal parts, which I give, devise and bequeath as follows:

To my said daughter Henrietta Wheeler, one share; to my said son Robert Duke Barnum, one share, and to the three surviving children of my deceased son, Jeremiah G. Barnum, one share.

I hereby revoke and annul any will or wills heretofore executed by me.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this 18th day of May, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

HENRIETTA BARNUM. (Seal)

Witnesses: Silas D. Griffard, Tuckahoe, N. Y.; Franklin B. Bernard, Westchester, N. Y.

Subscribed by Henrietta Barnum, the testatrix named in the foregoing will, in our presence, and at the time of making such subscription declared by the testatrix to be her last will and testament, and each of us signs his name as a witness at the end of the will at the request of the testatrix and in her presence.

SILAS D. GRIFFARD,
Tuckahoe, N. Y.
FRANKLIN B. BERNARD,
Westchester, N. Y.

Whereas, I, Henrietta Barnum, of the city and county of New York and State of New York, have made my last will and testament in writing bearing date the eighteenth day of May in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight. Now therefore I do by this writing which I hereby declare to be a codicil to my said last will and testament and to be taken as a part thereof, give, devise and bequeath to my daughter, Henrietta Wheeler, all my household furniture, beds and bedding, together with all my wearing apparel and all my silver and plated ware, and, lastly, it is my desire that this codicil be annexed to and made a part of my last will and testament as aforesaid to all intents and purposes.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this twenty-seventh day of November in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six.

HENRIETTA BARNUM (seal).

Witnesses: Samuel M. Pardy, G. De Witt Cooke.

Lawyer Hoye is already preparing a long list of objections to present to Surrogate Rollins against the probate of the will. He claims that the will is very defective.

He says it does not designate all the property left by Mrs. Barnum, nor does it provide for the payment of the debts of the deceased.

Mr. Hoye claims that as a legal document it is not strong enough to hold itself together.

When Mr. Barnum died, on June 18, 1875, he left about fifty acres of real estate, a large amount of which was located in New York City.

He owned the property at one time where R. H. Macy's store now is, on Fourteenth street, besides a dozen pieces of valuable tenement-house property and vast estates in the Annexed District.

He left no will, and no letters of administration were ever issued. The present contestants claim that on the death of Mr. Barnum, his wife, Henrietta, and his son, Robert Duke Barnum, and daughter, Henrietta V. Wheeler, fraudulently took possession of the estate.

Mrs. Henrietta Barnum died on June 11, 1893. It is claimed that for five years prior to her death she was mentally weak, and was induced by her son Duke and daughter Henrietta to sign over large portions of her estate to them.

On Monday morning Lawyer Hoye will petition the Supreme Court for a receiver for the estate, and demand that an accounting be made of the entire property.

He will also present the petition of Franklin Henry Barnum, an infant of 14 years, that his sister Ida McKenzie Houston be appointed his guardian so that he can come in and join his sisters in their fight for their father's property.

INJURED BY EXPLOSION.

Several People Reported Hurt at Coney Island.

It was reported by telephone from Manhattan Beach at 2.15 o'clock this afternoon that an explosion had occurred in the amphitheatre where Pain was to open his fireworks exhibition to-night.

It was said that six or seven people were injured, one or more of them perhaps fatally.

No other details were given.

THE CZAR FILES A LIBEL.

He Wants $8,000 for the Damages to Dimitri Donskoi.

"His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of all the Russias, Alexander III., against the steam-tugs E. Helpershausen and B. T. Haviland," was the title of a suit brought in the United States Circuit Court before Judge Addison Brown to-day.

The cause of the libel is the collision which occurred on the morning of June 12 in the North River, when the two steam tugs towing a fleet of canal-boats bumped suddenly against the Russian warship Dimitri Donskoi, which was resting peacefully at anchor, scraped the paint off her side and knocked over and sunk the steam-launch which belonged to the man-of-war.

The sailor who was dozing quietly in the launch narrowly escaped drowning. When he was rescued the tugs were out of sight, or the warship might have given chase and exit with the depredators according to the laws of Alexander III.

The commander after some trouble discovered the identity of the mischievous tugs, but as he was obliged to conform to the laws of the United States in seeking satisfaction, he employed Goodrich, Deady & Goodrich, a Wall street law firm, to bring the case into court.

The suit is, however, brought in the name of the Czar, who is the owner of the Dimitri Donskoi, as well as all on board of her, and the amount of damages claimed is $8,000, and the cost of the suit.

The libel says that the accident was due to the gross negligence displayed by the captains of the tugs, and concludes by humbly praying to Judge Brown to grant justice to His Imperial Majesty.

BROOKLYN CANOE CLUB RACES.

Valuable Prizes to Be Competed For at This Season's Events.

Some of the Canoeists Who Make Alligator Lodge Their Home.

Alligator Lodge is the home of the Brooklyn Canoe Club. It is a cosy little house situated on the bluff at the foot of Fifty-sixth street, in the City of Churches, and it forms a part of one of the most complete canoe club outfits in this part of the country. The building is constructed on the Queen old organization, but it has improved its for the canoeists and their friends.

The Brooklyn Canoe Club is not an old organization, but has improved its opportunities, and is now regarded as

COMMODORE F. L. DUNNELL.

one of the leading aquatic associations in the neighborhood of New York. The Club was organized on Jan. 12, 1885, at 140 Berkeley place, Brooklyn. Those present at the initial meeting were: Robert J. Wilkin, M. V. Brokaw, Frederick Read, John F. Newman, J. H. Hull, William Whitlock, William J. Root, Thomas G. Budington, Charles Gould and H. B. Averill.

Organization was effected some time afterwards at a meeting held at 371 Fulton street. The new Club had a fleet of nine class B canoes. Among them the Whim, Minx, Pilgrim, Guenn and Sunbeam.

The officers elected at the first meeting were: President, J. H. Hull; Vice-President, John F. Newman; Secretary, M. V. Brokaw, and Commodore, Robert J. Wilkin.

The original members of the Club were enthusiastic canoeists and hard workers. From the beginning the aim of the members has been to confine themselves to pure amateur sport. This has not mitigated against the interests of the Club, as several very well-known racing men have been developed.

The organization was in its infancy when Mr. Whitlock won the three-mile race at a meet of the American Canoe Association at Grindstone Island, in the St. Lawrence River.

The Club secured its present float early in its career, and it was opened on July 1, 1885. The float served as club house and headquarters until two years ago when Alligator Lodge came into possession of the Club.

Now the float is used as a workroom and storehouse for the canoes.

Thomas G. Budington presented the Club with a beautiful trophy at the annual dinner held on Jan. 12, 1886. It is called the challenge cup, and is made of silver, weighing sixty ounces. The cup is eleven inches high and will hold about six quarts. It is handsomely decorated, the principal feature being an alligator, the Club emblem.

This trophy must be competed for over a three-mile triangular course, with a sail limit of seventy-five feet, the time limit being two hours. The holder of the cup must be prepared to defend it on five days' notice. Competition for this trophy is confined to members of the Club.

A very beautiful paddling trophy was presented by Joseph Rudd, jr., in 1891. This prize must be worked for over a straight away course of 800 yards. Ex-Commodore Charles P. Weeks presented the Pagan cruising trophy in 1891.

This Summer the members are striving for a new prize—the record trophy—presented by C. V. Schuyler. This prize is to be held for a year by the member of the club making the most points in club races during a single season.

The club has had five Commodores since its organization. They were: Robert J. Wilkin, the late John F. Newman, Joseph Rudd, jr., the late Charles P. Weeks, and the present incumbent, F. L. Dunnell.

Commodore Weeks was drowned last May in the Delaware River at Lackawaxen dam, while the club was on its annual cruise. The colors of the club a burgee, composed of three horizontal stripes of red, white and blue. This is used as a club badge, and figures in all the decorations of the organization.

Among the prominent racing men in the Club at present and their canoes, are as follows: R. J. Wilkin, canoe Unqua; M. M. Davis, canoe Adonis; W. McK. Miller, canoe Menanka; Irving Rulard, canoe Davy Jones; C. V. Schuyler, canoe Nipsic; D. A. Nash, canoe Dan, and F. L. Dunnell, canoe Eclipse.

The canoe Eclipse won the international trophy from Walter Stewart, the crack London canoeist, in 1888.

The Brooklyn Canoe Club is a member of the Atlantic Division of the American Canoe Association, and has always manifested de[illegible]t in its affairs.

The general meet[illegible]erican Canoe Association will be [illegible]at Long Island Park near Kingston, Ontario, from Aug. 12 to Aug. 26, this year. The Brooklyn Canoe Club expects to send a large delegation.

The Club has been very active thus far this season, and will be busy until the Fall is well advanced. Some of the coming events under its direction are as follows:

July 22—100-yard swimming race.

July 29—Three-mile handicap sailing race.

Aug. 5—A three-mile sailing and paddling combined race.

Sept. 9—Hoisting rig competition and sailing without rudder.

Sept. 16—Single paddling race.

Sept. 30—The season will be closed with sailing and paddling trophy races.

The Brooklyn Canoe Club is well known for its sociability.

No one is admitted to membership in the Club unless he is well known to and a personal friend of a large number of the members.

During the Winter months the Club holds various kinds of social entertainments at the houses of the members.

The officers at the present time are: F. L. Dunnell, Commodore; M. M. Davis, Vice-Commodore; W. McK. Miller, Purser; Percy F. Hogan, Measurer, and M. V. Brokaw, President of the Board of Trustees.

BIG RAILWAY DEAL.

Mortgage for $15,000,000 to Secure Jersey Franchises.

Some details of the $15,000,000 mortgage filed in the Register's Office, Hudson County, N. J., were made public to-day.

The mortgage is given by the Consolidated Traction Company to the Manhattan Trust Company, of New York. The conditions are for the securing of the issue of franchises which it now has or may hereafter receive or acquire.

The Manhattan Company is also given 9,989 shares of the capital stock of the Jersey City and Bergen Railroad Company, 6,000 shares of the Newark Plank Road Company and 991 shares of the Jersey City, Harrison and Kearny Railway Company.

The mortgage is executed and signed by E. F. C. Young, President; R. F. Bower, Treasurer, and T. G. George, Secretary.

FIRE-ESCAPE NET ON A TRUCK.

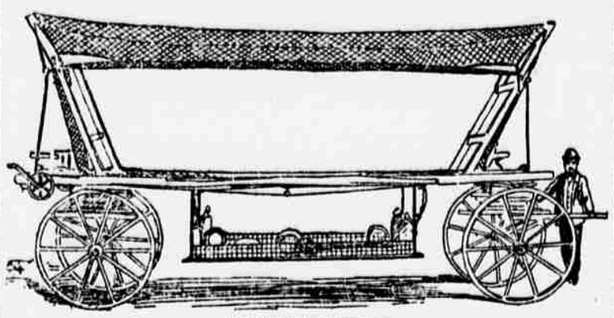
It May Be Spread Quickly, in Front of a Burning Building.

James Ryan's Novel Invention for Saving Human Life.

James Ryan is the inventor of a life-net fire-escape truck, the first evice for saving life at fires which may be kept in portable form, yet always in readiness for use.

Mr. Ryan lives at 1020 Avenue A, and is in the employ of Curtis & Blaisdell, coal and wood dealers, at Sixty-fifth street and East River.

The new device is intended for use as a part of a regular fire department's equipment. It was patented Aug. 2, 1892.



RYAN'S LIFE-SAVING NET.

The fire-escape truck is thirty feet long, made light, but strong, at a cost of about $500. Attached to the frame of the truck at either end are hinged standards, which lie in the bed of the truck when not in use, the ends of the truck there. By a simple mechanism the standards are raised and extended at an angle to s[illegible]'n the net.

Between th[illegible]ndards is stretched a netting of [illegible]e rope. This netting passes over rollers at the tops of the standards, and the ends are connected to the truck frame below by means of wire springs, so that a boy weighing 150 pounds dropped upon the netting from a height of forty feet would cause the net to yield about twenty-four inches, breaking the fall.

The standards are ten feet high, and are strengthened, while they are at the same time made flexible, by the use of tightening ropes that pass from the tops of the standards down and over suitable drums that work upon shafts in the truck frame, on the same principle as that employed in every hoisting machine.

By this method the net is kept stretched taut between the two standards, while at the same time it is given the elasticity necessary for the safe reception of a heavy body that may fall upon the netting.

The net is eight feet wide and thirty feet long when stretched for use. There are wings three feet wide at either side of the floor-net, and flaring so that the two wings add about four feet to the width, making the surface of netting into which a person may leap about 30 by 12 feet.

The flexibility of the netting saves the person leaping from a high window from severe shock, while the flaring sides or wings, of course, are forced into a perpendicular and form a straight side wall three feet high which prevents the person from bouncing out of the net.

The length of the fire escape truck is sufficient to cover the whole front of an ordinary building, and when the truck is driven within eight or ten feet of the front of a burning building, the standards raised and the net extended, it would be difficult for a person, however terrified, to fail or leap outside of the net.

ST. JOHN'S GUILD WINS.

To Get $10,000 of the Fund Left by Mrs. Fogg.

Judge Ingraham, of the Supreme Court, has decided that St. John's Guild is entitled to share in the proceeds of a certificate of stock for 1,000 shares of the Gutta Percha and Rubber Manufacturing Company, valued at $100,000, which Mrs. Elizabeth Fogg left to Charles B. Fosdick, the proceeds to be distributed among ten different institutions.

Mrs. Fogg died Jan. 3, 1891, leaving over a million dollars in property, and gave about $465,000 to different institutions, $200,000 of which was given to Harvard.

When Mrs. Fogg was on her death bed on Dec. 19, 1890, she made a transfer of this certificate of stock to Mr. Fosdick, making the indorsement on the back of the certificate, intending to make a present of it to charitable purposes. Mr. Fosdick to carry out her wishes.

That night her secretary prepared a list of ten charitable organizations, among which she intended that the proceeds of the stock named should be distributed. That list included the following institutions:

Young Women's Christian Association, Diet Kitchen, Training School for Nurses, Aged and Infirm Clergy Fund, St. John's Guild, Home for Working Girls, West Eleventh street; New York Homeopathic Medical College and Hospital, the Unitarian Employment Society, the Home for Aged, and the Old Ladies' Home in Charleston, Mass.

Mrs. Fogg executed a codicil about the same time, by the terms of which she named as beneficiaries of the proceeds of this certificate of stock the same institutions as above referred to, with the exception of St. John's Guild, which was omitted.

George Bliss, Henry Parish and Duncan Smith, the executors of Mrs. Fogg's will, brought an action in the Fogg's will, brought an action in the the codicil and for an adjudication from the Court as to which institutions were entitled to share in the trust fund.

Justice Ingraham holds that there was created an absolute gift of the stock to Fosdick in trust for the charitable institutions named in the list above given, and that he, as trustee, accepted the trust, and that the subsequent act of Mrs. Fogg in making a codicil attempting to distribute the proceeds of the stock among certain beneficiaries did not have the effect of revoking or impairing this trust.

SERGT. SHEEHAN A MESMERIST

Wonderful Powers Developed in a Modest Police Officer.

Drunken Army Officer Brought Out of a Stupor and Made to Walk.

Sergt. Michael Sheehan is a robust man. He says that in all his twenty-five years' service in the Police Department he has endeavored to so conduct himself as not to get into the newspapers, nor be called before the Commissioners. And now, with a clean record behind him and five golden bars on the cuff of his spotless blue coat, he has suddenly become famous because of the discovery in him of heretofore unknown powers of mesmerism that have been latent for forty-eight years or more.

He has received a flattering offer of an engagement at his own terms, and is being quizzed on every hand by his million friends. The flattering offer came to him in the shape of a letter that reads as follows:

The Municipal Permanent Co-operative Building and Loan Association,
14 and 16 Fourth avenue.

Sergt. Michael Sheehan, Nineteenth Precinct.

Dear Sir: Noticing by the morning papers that you are an expert in mesmerism, I beg to ask if you are open to an engagement. We are out of mesmerists at present and are anxious to secure a date for one of your acknowledged power. An early answer will oblige yours, GEORGE H. HUBER.

P. S.—Name your own terms.

All this is the result of the demonstration of the Sergeant's hypnotic powers upon a sad case of alcoholic paralysis that went twice to the West Thirtieth street station.

Capt. S. Spencer Smith, a retired British army officer, who is on his way to Chicago and the World's Fair, is spending a few days in town. He has been nominally the occupant of a room at the Hotel Brunswick since Friday last, but in that time he has spent two nights oblivious to all things in a cell in the Tenderloin Precinct station.

The Captain was brought in one night. He was a hopeless case. He hadn't life enough left to speak, and lay on the floor like a log. Sergt. Sheehan was asked to hypnotize him. It was a joke, but the big Sergeant bent over the prostrate little Captain, and passing his hands on his face and body called upon him to open his eyes. The man obeyed, staring fixedly at the Sergeant.

"Get up," commanded the Sergeant, with a few more passes of the hands on the prostrate Captain.

The man slowly scrambled to his unsteady feet, keeping his bleary eyes upon those of the Sergeant.

"Follow me," said the Sergeant, and the prisoner staggered after him out to the desk.

"What's your name? Your age? Your residence?" asked the Sergeant sternly, and the d and d replied:

"Capt. S. Spencer Smith, fifty-two years, Hotel Brunswick."

Then he followed the Sergeant out and into a cell. He was locked in and in thirty seconds was again in a drunken stupor. He paid $3 fine in the morning.

Sergt. Sheehan was chaffed a good deal about his hypnotic powers, and the other evening when he came in to the station for duty Capt. O'Connor, sitting on the stoop, said tauntingly to his old and beloved Sergeant:

"Your subject is inside, on the floor, worse off than he was the other night. He's dead to the world. Go and mesmerize him. It took four men to carry him in from a wagon, and if you can rouse him you are a wizard."

Sergeant Sheehan always obeys orders. He repaired to the back room and, bending over the man, made a quick motion with his hands on his face, and commanded him to arise.

The Captain had shown no sign of life in half an hour, but at the Sergeant's word he opened his eyes, struggled to his feet, and followed the Sergeant all over the station, while the Sergeant put away his street coat and fixed himself for duty. When the Sergeant withdrew his mesmeric influence, Capt. Smith sank again into a deep lethargy.

The next morning the Captain had to leave a seal ring with the clerk of the Jefferson Market Court as security for a loan of $3 spot cash wherewith to pay his fine, and at 11 o'clock he was sleeping soundly at the Brunswick. He left for Chicago yesterday.

"It was as much of a surprise to me as to anybody," said Sergt. Sheehan to-day. "I've been twenty-five years a policeman and seventeen years a sergeant, but I never discovered my mesmeric power before. It does come back to me now that I have always been very successful in arousing desperate drunks by rubbing their ears and faces, or by slapping them, but I never thought of it being a mesmeric power.

"It must be that I have it, though. It couldn't be just a happen so with this retired British army officer. He would follow me all around like a dog, and this experience brings up to me that I have had a strong influence on several persons in my day.

"I remember one man, a nice little man, who would meet me and follow me, and I had a lot of trouble shaking him sometimes. I wouldn't like to tell his name, but he's a nice man. I must have magnetized him—that's just it.

SERGT. SHEEHAN.

"Last night when I was up home—I live at 824 Eagle street, Morrisania—I stopped in Gus Keller's little place, at One Hundred and Sixty-first street and Third avenue, and he and a Mr. Reinhardt and I got to discussing mesmerism. Gus Keller, he's a hard-headed little German, said he didn't believe any one could mesmerize him. Reinhardt bet him the cigars I could.

"I just looked him straight in the eye and passed my hands over his face a few times, just for fun, and Gus says:

"'Well, I must admit that you [illegible]e my eyes feel a little f[illegible]ny a[illegible]ny head kind of queer, but [illegible]brace myself now and fight it off.'"

Capt. O'Connor said:

"I do not think there is any doubt of Sergt. Sheehan's mesmeric powers, but, although I have known him many years, I am beginning to be afraid of him."

The matrons at the Thirteenth street station will not approach the Sergeant for fear he'll mesmerize them, and he is looked upon as a phenomenon. He will give an exhibition of his mesmeric powers to a few select friends some evening next week.

Sergt. Sheehan is a powerfully built man of forty-eight years. He stands five feet eleven and a half inches in his stockings, and weighs 240 pounds. His hair used to be blond, but the wavy locks and mustache are now streaked with gray. He has full lips, a large nose and large, mild blue eyes and his big hands are as soft as a baby's and as gentle as a woman's.

The Sergeant says he will not accept an engagement. It is fair to say that the Ninth New York Corps of the Salvation Army has its citadel at 14 and 16 Fourth avenue, the address given in the letter, and that George H. Huber, the proprietor of the Fourteenth Street Dime Museum, denies the authorship of the letter making the offer of an engagement to the Sergeant, although Huber has found Profs. Stanton, Johnson and others drawing attractions at times.

THE SUNDAY WORLD.

Advice to Mr. Cleveland.

The President does not often need advice. This is one of the times he does. Increasing years have brought increasing stoutness. The Sunday World has consulted the ablest experts and will show Mr. Cleveland to-morrow the proper course to pursue to reduce his flesh. Several remedies are suggested. He may take his choice. So may other people of unpleasant burden of avoirdupois.

Labor's Friend, Mr. Ingalls.

Don't crowd the laboring man, says John J. Ingalls. Give him good wages and treat him like the independent American citizen he is. What is more honorable than labor, and who more entitled to respect than the faithful toiler? This is a great country, and we must live up to the Constitution.

Post-Office Discomforts.

Why should 800 faithful and efficient party workers and civil-service reformers be compelled to work in a Post-Office sweat-box? This is an important question where Park Row runs into Broadway. A Democratic Administration is going to see that the evil is corrected. How and when an interesting story will discuss.

Horse Guards on Parade.

Harry Furniss has seen the great parade of the Horse Guards and doesn't think much of it. Even the presence of the Prince of Wales cannot redeem it. Mr. Furniss emphasizes his objections with a few scornful pictures.

Bill Nye Knows Some Poets.

He feels sorry for them, but admits they are a hopeless lot. And he tells in his artless way what he knows about the trials of men who woo the muse for fame and their friends for a dollar.

THE SUNDAY WORLD.