FLYNN, HE GOT HURT.

Ex-Alderman Dowling Punches the "Soger" in a Bar-Room.

IT CAME ABOUT THROUGH ABUSE OF MAYOR GILROY.

THE "SOGER'S" HEAD WAS BADLY CUT.

Mayor Gilroy found an unexpected defender and Alderman "Soger" Flynn got a new idea of a Mugwump's fighting abilities, all in a few minutes, on Thanksgiving Eve.

About 8 o'clock Wednesday night ex-Alderman Daniel E. Dowling, Collector of the Washington Market, went into McKeever's saloon in Vesey street, between Washington and West streets.

The big Alderman was drinking at the bar. The two City Hall statesmen shook hands with becoming dignity. They had not met for some time. Alderman Flynn made one of his pleasant remarks about when "we were legislators together, Dan, me boy," and turned again to his party of companions. The ex-Alderman was accompanied by a butcher from the market. Above the merry Thanksgiving celebrants towered "Soger" Flynn's herculean form.

Of a sudden his voice rose to a similar altitude.

"Mayor Gilroy is a thief and a loafer!" he shouted bringing his fist down till the glasses shivered on the bar.

A silence fell upon the throng. Dowling stopped his glass of sarsaparilla half-way to his lips. Nobody said anything.

"Yes, that's what he is," said Flynn, glowering around him and shaking his head till the ends of his fierce mustaches cracked. Encouraged by the continued silence, he brought his glass down and added: "Wait till I run up against him. He'll know I'm in the game."

"Ain't I right, Dowling? He's a thief, ain't he?" demanded Flynn.

"No, I don't know that he is," answered Dowling.

"What? You say you don't know?" said Flynn, quivering with rage. "Hah! You're a trimmer, that's what you are!"

Dowling cast one look at the Alderman's 250 pounds of avoirdupois and moved down to the other end of the bar.

"Look here, Flynn," chiped in Tim Govan, the bartender, "if you want any trouble, go out on the sidewalk."

This sudden call-down from a little fellow made the "Soger" foam more than ever. He began raging. For the next five minutes his epithets expended themselves on the big plate mirror.

"Come, let's go," said Dowling, as a lull came in the Alderman's explosions.

Flynn turned just as Dowling passed him. "Oh, you're a fine one, you be blessed, as he swings around, at the same time aiming a right-arm swing at Dowling's head. The latter threw up his left hand and let fly his right. It landed just over the ear, and the big Alderman went down full length beside the bar.

"Pick him up," said Dowling to Bartender Tim, and passed out.

Tim hurried out from behind and raised the City Father upon his unsteady feet. From a gash in his head blood was flowing in a free stream. The wound was staunched with a temporary bandage, and the Alderman celebrated a few more times before going home. Experts in those little matters around the bar could no Flynn's black eye the day declaring that he received the cut when he fell. Those who saw the blow tapped by the 250 pounds of Dowling's compact figure have a clear idea of where the gash came from.

No effort was made yesterday to find "Soger" Flynn, but he was neither at home nor at any of his usual haunts. Ex-Alderman Dowling was seen, and said:

"It was simply a mistake on Flynn's part because he is a Tammany man and I have always been anti-Tammany, he looked for me to indorse his attack on the Mayor. I'm not that kind of a man. When he asked me to indorse his low, vulgar abuse of the Mayor I promptly called him down. I didn't want any trouble. When he called me a 'trimmer' I saw he was in an ugly mood, and went to the other end of the room. It was lucky I kept my eye on him as I was going out, for he swung savagely. I just hit out once and knocked the business. It was all over with one blow."

"Soger" Flynn, though a veteran of the Mexican war, is still powerful and quick-tempered. His sobriquet he won from the belles who saw him parade on his return from the Mexican war in 1849. He has been a prominent figure in the politics of the First Assembly District for nearly forty years. Back in the '60s he was a Coroner. He has long had the reputation of being the most popular man in the Cooper Union district. He has been on the Board of Aldermen since 1884. He has not wavered in his allegiance to Tammany for years, and this report of his denunciation of the Mayor will cause a shock in the Wigwam.

Flynn was seen late last night. He had a gash in his head.

"Trouble with Dowling? Not at all," he said. "I slipped on a banana-peel and got this cut. That's right."

"SHED" SHOOK A LANDLORD.

He Will Hereafter Preside Over the Destinies of the Merton House.

The Merton House has changed hands. The patrons of the place can no longer speak of "mine host" Charles E. Vernam. It is now "mine host" Sheridan Shook, or "shed" Shook, as the venerable promoter of theatrical enterprises, ale brewer and Republican leader is better known. The property was transferred from Mr. Vernam to Mr. Shook last week.

Mr. Shook was found in the cafe of the hotel yesterday and admitted his proprietorship, but refused to say anything more than that the change was the result of a business transaction. Mr. Vernam is still living at the hotel. It is said that he is not in the best of health, and that this fact had more than anything else to do with Mr. Shook's acquirement of the hotel property.

Mr. Shook, through his long connection with the Union Square Theatre, in the proprietorship of which he was a partner with A. M. Palmer in the famous days of that house, is such a familiar figure at the Merton House that his presence there in the role of proprietor will not seem at all strange to the guests of the house. There he has lived, and in the hotel cafe he could generally be found by the politicians and theatrical men who wished to consult him.

FOUND—A MAN'S HAND.

It Flew Off the Wrist of a Football Enthusiast When Princeton Won.

While the enthusiasm was at its height over Princeton's touchdown yesterday, Roundsman Wendle, of the One Hundred and Fifty-second street station, saw something fly through the air and fall on the track in front of the grand stand. He picked it up and found a gloved hand, not of flesh and blood, but hard and artificial. The fingers were movable. The gloves bore the mark of a retailer in Johnstown, Pa.

He looked up into the sea of faces. Arms were waving, but he could not detect the handless one. The enthusiast had not discovered his loss or, perhaps, was too much chagrined to claim the artificial member.

The hand is at the Washington Heights police-station awaiting its owner.

DIED FROM A BROKEN FINGER.

Lockjaw Set In and Farrell Hughes Expired in Horrible Agony.

Farrell Hughes, a fifteen-year-old boy, who fell downstairs in a saloon on Chambers street, New York, on Saturday, and broke his first finger, died at his home in College Point, L. I., yesterday from blood-poisoning.

Lockjaw followed, and just before death the boy suffered terrible agony.

WAR UPON PHTHISIS.

Drs. Shrady and Jennings Agree with Dr. Biggs as to the Means.

IT CAN BE STAMPED OUT BY SYSTEMATIC EFFORT.

ACTION IS URGENTLY DEMANDED.

The recommendations made to the Board of Health by Dr. Herman M. Biggs, bacteriologist to the department, regarding the nature of tuberculosis and the measures which should be taken to prevent its spread in this city have excited much interest in the medical profession. So far as could be judged yesterday, these recommendations meet with general approval among physicians and surgeons. Dr. Biggs, in the report he has submitted after four years' study of the disease, says it is preventable and curable and that it is the most common and fatal disease prevailing in this city. He recommends a general education of the public to the dangers arising from intercourse with infected persons, that hospitals and public institutions, as well as private practitioners, be required to inform the Board of Health of the names and addresses of all persons suffering from the disease, that special inspectors be appointed for the investigation of the disease and that a consumptive hospital be established.

Dr. Biggs says that tuberculosis is not essentially confined to the lungs, but may affect any organ of the body, that one-half the adult population at some time in life acquire it, and that it has been proved beyond a doubt that a living germ is the sole cause of the disease.

Dr. George F. Shrady said yesterday that the recommendations of Dr. Biggs ought to carry a great deal of weight with the Board of Health and the general public. "There is no doubt," said Dr. Shrady, "that phthisis is the most common and fatal disease. Every physician comes in contact with it and knows the extent to which it prevails. It may, as Dr. Biggs says, affect any organ of the body, but the form in which it is most fatal is what is called consumption. It is mildly contagious. Not, however, in the sense in which New York is the greatest danger of its dissemination. It may be acquired by riding in an elevated railroad train or horse-car, or in a theatre or other public place. The gravest danger, however, is from intercourse or contact with infected people. Consumption, however, is not hereditary, as many people suppose. It is a germ which cannot be transmitted by heredity. The liability to the disease, however, is hereditary. When the ground is favorable it quickly takes root and thrives, but people who inherit a liability to the disease may be cured, avoid it.

"Now, it is obvious," continued Dr. Shrady, "that consumption cannot be treated by the Board of Health like small-pox, typhus or other virulent contagious diseases. The public authorities, however, can do a great deal to prevent its spread. It is in this respect that I believe the recommendations made to the Health Board by Dr. Biggs. The public ought to be made aware of the dangers surrounding this disease and of the measures which would ward it off. Everybody understood how it was spread and took care to avoid it. There would be a great falling off in the number of deaths. Dr. Biggs is quite correct in treating it as a preventable disease. Everybody ought to be made to know that a tubercular person may be a source of great danger to his associates. The recovery of persons affected with the disease, moreover, would be made easier if they understood its foul nature and the measures which destroy its germs. In this respect the Board of Health, as suggested by Dr. Biggs, can do a great deal in good by its authority in putting the public as to tuberculosis. Again, if all persons affected with the disease were known to the health authorities, steps might be taken to inform them and their associates of the facts they should know. In this respect the recommendations of Dr. Biggs, that all practising physicians, hospitals, asylums, dispensaries, etc., notify the Board of Health of the names and addresses of affected persons, is a sagacious one. The Board of Health has the power to treat this disease as vigorously as small-pox, but it can do so only in a limited way. The public needs to understand thoroughly that consumption is preventable and that nobody can acquire it except through carelessness or ignorance, for it is not hereditary, and people who inherit a liability to it need never develop it.

"Dr. Shrady was asked if Koch's lymph cured the disease in other organs of the body than the lungs. He replied that Koch's lymph, even with recent improvements, did not cure it in any organ, that it had been repeatedly tried and was not the great cure which was supposed to be two years ago. In conclusion Dr. Shrady said the recommendations of Dr. Biggs were deserving of the most careful consideration, and it carried out would undoubtedly do much to improve the public health.

Dr. A. L. Jennings, after reading the recommendations of Dr. Biggs, said: "The Board of Health could not receive suggestions from a more competent authority. The people of New York easily realize that over five thousand deaths occur in this city every year from consumption and that it is the most prevalent of all diseases. A great deal has been learned about it of recent years. It is now recognized to be a germ, that it may affect any organ, and that it is not hereditary. It is not only preventable with care, but it is curable in a large number of cases. The time is coming when even more stringent measures than those suggested by Dr. Biggs will be taken. Then it can be stamped out. Not being hereditary, the disease might in time be made to disappear in one generation if the proper measures were taken everywhere. I would go further than Dr. Biggs and, in all cases, as is done in small-pox, for it is distinctly contagious, and the most stringent measures should be taken to destroy the germs. The Health Board ought to have absolute power in such a matter and ample funds to do its work, which concerns the highest interests of the public. The consumptive hospital suggested by Dr. Biggs is an excellent idea. In a city where there are 5,000 deaths a year from this disease there should be a separate public hospital for its treatment. In addition to what the Board of Health can do, the general public can help greatly if it is forewarned. Every sensible person would avoid the risk of contagion if made aware of the danger."

Other physicians said yesterday that the recommendations of Dr. Biggs were of a conservative nature and evidently made with a view to the case with which the Health Board could carry them out. The fact was pointed out that this matter had previously been brought to the attention of the Health Board on several occasions, and it was said that any action they might take would meet with the hearty approval of the medical societies. Four years ago Dr. Biggs, in conjunction with Drs. T. Mitchell Prudden and Henry P. Loomis, presented a special report to the Board of Health on the subject of pulmonary consumption. Meanwhile the number of yearly deaths in this city from this disease has been steadily increasing, and recent investigations have tended to show more and more its preventable and curable character. Dr. Biggs's report will form the subject of discussion at an early meeting of the County Medical Society. It has been referred to the Sanitary Commission, of which Dr. Cyrus Edson is Chairman.

ABOVE ALL OTHERS. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the medicine for the blood. You'll be willing to believe this, perhaps, if you think of the way it's sold to you. *On trial*—that's what it amounts to. In any case where it fails to benefit or cure, your money is returned. With any doubtful or ordinary medicine, this couldn't be done. And it *isn't* done, except with the "Discovery."

In every disease caused by a torpid liver or impure blood, this medicine will certainly cure. For the most stubborn Skin and Scalp Diseases; the worst forms of Scrofula, even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages; and for Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," and every kindred ailment, nothing approaches it as a remedy.

Nothing else, at any price, is really *as cheap*. You pay only for the *good* you get.

It's a permanent *cure*, that you get with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. The makers offer $500 reward for an incurable case.

SCANLON'S SAD FATE.

Many Folks Believe His Conviction for Burglary Was Unjust.

STILL, HIS SENTENCE WAS FIFTEEN YEARS IN PRISON.

EMBEZZLER WEEKS GOT ONLY TEN.

The case of the boy James M. Scanlon, who was sent to Sing Sing for fifteen years for a crime of which he claims to be innocent, continues to attract attention. The hundreds of thousands of poor people whose means of redressing wrongs are comparatively weak look to the press as their champion, and the action of The World has called forth numerous expressions of gratitude.

There have been many letters received, which contain the outpouring of sympathetic natures. There is a sameness to them that renders their publication unnecessary beyond an example such as the following presents:

To the Editor of The World:

The facts mentioned in your paper of yesterday in the case of young Scanlon, convicted of burglary, seem to warrant a pardon from him. Clearly, a boy who is credited with being not strong minded would not have the courage to commit a daring burglary at night.

In fact, the evidence seems very flimsy to send a boy to Sing Sing for fifteen years, especially for a first offence. Surely this is a miscarriage of justice.

Hoping you will do all in your power until something is done for this poor unfortunate, I am yours truly, JUSTICE.

No. 880 Second avenue, Nov. 29.

The friends of Scanlon continue to furnish testimony concerning the efforts of prejudiced policemen to injure the boy. In the neighborhood of First avenue and sixteenth street much is said about the determination of Butcher Lissner to break up troublesome collections of boys near his shop. Scanlon's relatives charge that Lissner believed that a stern example would be useful to him. They say Lissner has stated that since the conviction of Scanlon he has experienced comparative quiet. On the other hand it is known that after Scanlon had been incarcerated the transom above the butcher's front door was opened at night and several hams abstracted from hooks near the window.

Louis Kelley, the brother of the Miss Kelley who raised Scanlon from early childhood, resides in the flat at No. 105 East Sixteenth street. He is a bricklayer and mason and finds plenty of work during these dull times. Mr. Kelley has given the World an affidavit covering the statement published in relation to Policeman Jennings that was described in the affidavit of Mrs. Hanson in The World of yesterday. Mr. Kelley swears that on the night when Jennings followed Scanlon into the hallway of the house No. 105 West Sixteenth street and clubbed him there he heard the noise of the boy, and went out of his room to ascertain what was the matter. He heard the policeman call Mrs. Prender, who resided on the second floor, an opprobrious name. The following morning Louis Kelley went to a police court to ascertain what had been done with the boy. "I ascertained," he states, "that he had been fined $2 for disorderly conduct on the complaint of officer Jennings."

The "disorderly conduct," according to the policeman's testimony, consisted in his carrying beer in a pail to the back door of the house in which he lived. It was after this heinous offense that he was clubbed until he shrieked for help from his friends, and for which the officer broke the plastering in the hallway with a jam of his club.

Louis Kelley states in his affidavit that he gave Scanlon a dime. When he was at the clerk's desk to pass over the money Jennings came up beside him and said in tones loud enough to be heard by the clerk, "I will see you outside." This speech was construed by Kelley to mean that the officer was offended because he had fined the boy and saved the boy from prison. The clerk spoke up and said, "If you want to see him anywhere see him here."

Kelley swears that he has carried considerable sums of money in his pocket at times and not a soul knew of the circumstance. He could have stolen the money had he been a thief.

No one of scanlon's friends claim him to be perfect. They say he has been given such help as its kind adopter would provide, but that like average east side boys his play ground has been the street and his friends and playmates have been street boys. They are firm in their conviction that he never committed the crime charged against him.

Mrs. Lissner, the wife of the butcher, has expressed herself to people in the vicinity of the shop on First avenue as being doubtful of the recognition of Scanlon by her husband, who, when he jumped out of bed from profound slumber, thought he saw Scanlon's face through the balusters of the front stairs. He just swore that he saw the boy at the front door. Then he ordered his wife to go downstairs, and finally he admitted that his first statement was incorrect and that he saw him through the balusters.

WILL CATCH THIEVES NO MORE.

Eva Verzimer, the Girl Detective of Grand Street, Resigns and Weds David Marlow.

It was a busy Thanksgiving in the Verzimer household, at No. 111 East Eighty-fifth street, such baking and cooking and preparing it had never known. Added to Thanksgiving festivities was a wedding. The most distinguished member of the family, Miss Eva Verzimer, who has gained fame as the girl detective of Grand street, was married last evening.

MISS EVA VORZIMER.

Those who read The World know all about the young women who for [illegible] years have been employed in Ballery's store, in Grand street, and who has been a detective there for nearly half that time. Her exploits have created quite a sensation in the same line by which that of Rosie, the manicure, who stole a pair of diamonds in the store.

Many people came to the flat at 6:30 P. M. David Marlow, the bridegroom, was clerk of the Jefferson market court, and lives at No. 142 East Eighty-fourth street, so it follows that they have many friends in common. They are popular young people. The number of guests would have been much larger had there been room to accommodate them, and then Miss Verzimer preferred a quiet wedding.

The ceremony was performed by Rabbi Sonneborn, of the Henry street synagogue, at 7 P. M. The bride wore a light gray travelling dress. She has a very handsome cream colored silk for a wedding robe, but preferred the quieter raiment. Then again it was impromptu affair, as they started for the train immediately after the service. They will spend a week in Washington, and when they return they will go to their own home on the corner of Lexington avenue and Eighty-fourth street. Mrs. Marlow has resigned from the store.

Practical Politics.

(From Puck.)

"Peter has been nominated for Congress to fill a vacancy."

"How do the Republicans think he can serve them? He stammers horribly."

"He can make a dilatory motion and still be in order."

Holiday Presents

of useful and lasting furniture can be had for least money at FLINT'S, West 14th st.

CUT INTO HIS SPINE.

Dr. Wyeth's Remarkable Operation on Paralyzed Joseph Cook.

A BULLET LODGED IN THE YOUNG MAN'S BACKBONE.

HIS RECOVERY DEEMED CERTAIN.

In the Polyclinic Hospital, of No. 214 East Thirty-fourth street, is a young man who is recovering from a remarkable operation on his spinal column. He is Joseph Cook. He was brought here from Paulding Township, Jasper County, Miss., by his brother, Dr. Isham H. Cook. The young man's body is almost complete ly paralyzed. In his body is a fine assortment of bullets, such as is seldom met with nowadays. When Prof. Wyeth made an examination he decided that the paralysis was due to the pressure of a bullet against the spinal marrow. Six scars, each made by a bullet, marked the Southerner's back, and as these were inflicted last April and the wounds had healed, it was difficult to determine which caused the trouble.

The bullet which made the scar at the base of the brain has been extracted. The scientist carefully examined the other scars and finally fixed upon one as the source of the paralysis. Dr. Wyeth traced the track of the bullet by following a line which new tissue had formed. The operation took place last Friday. With his scalpel the surgeon struck a bone protuberance, which he recognized as the seat of the disease. The bullet was so firmly imbedded in the fifth dorsal vertebra that he thought it unwise to remove it. The bullet had broken two small splinters of bone from the fifth vertebra and had driven them into the very centre of the spinal marrow.

Then came the extreme delicacy of the operation. When the splinters were removed the cerebral fluid came out with them. It was necessary to take two stitches in the spinal cord itself. This was successfully done.

Dr. Wyeth and other physicians think that Cook will recover the use of his limbs. The operation is of the greatest scientific importance. Heretofore an injury of that kind to the spine has been looked upon as incurable. Cook lies helpless in a plaster jacket, but he is gaining every day. It will be weeks before the result can be fully determined.

Cook is thirty-one years old. He kept a general store in partnership with his uncle, in Scranton, Miss. April 11 last, while he was working on his books after closing the store, Jim Smith, a youth of nineteen and the son of a saloon-keeper, asked Cook to give him change for a bill. He opened the door and Smith entered with another youngster, Charles Taggart. Cook opened the safe to get change. When he turned they covered him with revolvers and told him to throw up his hands.

The young desperados took about $1,000 from the safe. Then they took Cook from the store to a place about two miles from the town on the edge of Blackland Pond. There was a heavy storm that night, but the youths kept a revolver pressed to Cook, so he he didn't cry out.

Near the pond one of them pushed him forward and another shot him. The powder was fired so close to him that his face is yet blackened by the powder. The ball passed through his neck and came out just beyond tongue and lodged in the palate, where it still remains. Other reports followed in quick succession, until seven in all were fired. Six bullets took effect, one penetrated the base of the skull. Another struck the cheekbone while another crashed into his right shoulder blade, splintering it. The fifth bullet struck below the right shoulder blade and lodged in the spinal muscle. The sixth bullet caused the paralysis.

Cook fell at the edge of the pond. His assailants supposed him dead and left him there in the snow. He could not move. His head was in the water. Cook tells a graphic story of that night beside the pond.

"I remembered," he says, "I saw some dead people look with their eyes open, so I closed mine and crossed my hands on my breast so that I could be mistaken for dead. I wanted my assailants punished, and yet as I thought I was going to die I dipped my finger into the clots of blood that were about my mouth and with my blood I wrote on my white shirt front in large letters 'Jim Smith and Charley.' I had to dig my fingers into a wound to get enough blood to paint the names. When I finished that of Charley I fainted from exhaustion."

Cook lay at the edge of the pond until 2 o'clock the following afternoon, when he was found by a truck farmer and carried home. Three bullets were taken from his body and three remain there.

ACCIDENTS IN CENTRAL PARK.

It Was Thronged with Drivers and Pedestrians and Many Casualties Were Reported.

There were many accidents in Central Park yesterday, Thanksgiving Day and the unusually fine weather attracted crowds of people.

At 11.30 A. M. Robert Hewston, of No. 342 West Forty-eighth street, driving a high-stepper attached to a light wagon, ran over Andrew Ryan, an old gentleman from Waterbury, Conn., who has been paying a visit to his daughter at No. 24 West Fifty-ninth street. He was badly hurt and was taken home in a carriage. Hewston was locked up.

A valuable horse drawing a light wagon, and driven by P. Samuels, of No. 109 West Sixteenth street, fell on the west drive, near Seventieth street, breaking his leg. The animal was shot by an officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Patrick Cook, a coachman on the box of a carriage belonging to Mr. Terwilliger, of the Orlando Stables, at Fifty-eighth street and Seventh avenue, raced down the east drive at an eleven-mile gait. He ran into the road wagon of John Martha, of No. 152 Stebbins avenue, smashing the wagon. Martha ran and jumped on the box beside Cook. The latter next ran his heavy carriage into a wagon driven by Jeremiah Crowley, of No. 570 Lexington avenue. The wagon was upset, and Mr. Crowley's aged mother was thrown violently to the ground, sustaining severe bruises. Cook fled on his wild ride until overtaken by Mounted Officer Donnelly, who, assisted by Martha on the box, got the horses under control. Cook was locked up.

M. E. Dolan, driving a carriage, was upset on the east drive, near the boat house, injuring his kneecap. It was slightly scratched injury.

A runaway horse attached to a light wagon created some excitement on the west drive until caught by a mounted officer. The horse belonged to D. Bass, of No. 884 East One Hundred and Forty-eighth street.

Not the least remarkable arrest of the day was that of Aldhar Cicotte, on a charge of vagrancy. He was begging in the park. When his pockets were searched there were found $5 in cash, turkey enough for a family dinner, bread, cake, and an assortment of cigar stubs.

"It will all come out in the wash," if you use Pearline.

Young's Hats

"NONE SETTER MADE."

ALPINES $3.00 & $3.50

DERBYS $3.00 and $4.00

SILK HATS $5.00 AND $6.00

Young's Hats

199 BROADWAY, Near Dey St. 601 BROADWAY, Near Houston St. 1361 BROADWAY, Near 36th St.

BACK TO THE PADDLE.

Brockway's Messenger Calls at the Tombs for Poor John Gilmore.

A tall, well-built man with a long white beard, but no mustache, appeared at the north gate of the Tombs prison at 10 A. M. yesterday. He asked a messenger to the keeper and inquired as to a friend him to the Tombs. He had been there many times before. His arrival meant that some unfortunate young man were about to be chained and shackled to be taken to the Elmira Reformatory. The visitor was Hugh Brockway, the traveling agent of the reformatory and brother of Z. R. Brockway, the publisher. Hugh Brockway, however, does not publish men, nor does he receive raised boxes or the long rent bills with which his brother turns men out on their cells.

The transfer men at learned that there were four young men in the Tombs awaiting removal to Elmira. John Gilmore was one. He is the unfortunate young man whom the paddlers had recaptured six months ago for an alleged violation of the parole granted him five months previous by the managers of the reformatory. Gilmore was about to be "railroaded" to Elmira when Lawyer Frederick Hollander stepped in. Since then the case has been taken to the United States courts. Judge Lacombe dissolved the writ of habeas corpus last Monday and now Gilmore has to go back to the reformatory. A petition for Gilmore's pardon has been signed by more than seventy thousand persons and forwarded to Albany. Thus the concern will act in the matter is not doubted, but it is generally understood that he is opposed to doing anything just now. He has told that he spoke the report of the special commission of the state Board of Charities, which has been pending for months, of the cruelty and brutalities practised by the Werdens against Supt. Z. R. Brockway.

Hugh Brockway entered the new prison and walked directly to the Brockway cell on the ground floor in the north block, where John Gilmore was waiting for the interview. Hugh Brockway, stroking his long white beard, "Hello! Jack, I know you, you're better than I thought you. I'm going to take you home with me." Gilmore, in reply, said: "Hello, my child, I'm all right. You know I'm innocent. You know I didn't do it. I'm a deserter just broken loose from the paddle." Hugh Brockway was in a hurry. "Come, get your things together," said he. "Don't you forget anything, boys. Don't forget your Bibles, boys. Don't forget your Testaments, boys. Don't forget your prayer-books, boys. Come, get a move on, boys."

"Why, Hugh, I'm not ready," said Gilmore. "Why, you don't mean to say you don't know that I'm pardoned?" "Pardoned? Why, Jack, I don't know anything about it. I don't care a damn about it. I don't want to know anything about it. I don't want to know anything about it. I don't want to know anything