MR. BROWNSMITH'S BURGLAR

One Case Where Hard Language Was Justifiable.

He Was Prepared to Sally Forth and Do or Die.

The Brownsmiths have not been married long. They live in a suburban town in the Queen Anne house to which they are in the habit of inviting their friends from the city, apparently for the purpose of telling them how well the trains are arranged, and that they intend to raise all their own vegetables next year, says the Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Brownsmith is also in the habit of telling his intimate friends just what he would do in case he should discover a burglar on his premises, and his wife has been known timidly to express the hope that Henry would confine himself in such a case to inflicting merely moderate injuries upon the would-be marauder.

The other night she was aroused by sounds proceeding from the lower part of the house. The long expected burglars had arrived. Her husband was sleeping the sleep of the suburbanite by her side, and she shook him, whispering tragically in his ear: "Henry, Henry, I hear some one moving about downstairs!"

"Um—hm!"

"Henry, Henry, wake up. We will be murdered in our beds!"

The response was a murmur in which the only articulate words were, "the cat."

"No, it isn't the cat. Oh, why did I ever leave my comfortable home, where there were burglar alarms at every window, and come out here to be murdered in my bed?"

To which Mr. Brownsmith, nettled and wide awake, made reply in sarcastic tones: "But, my dear, you are not murdered yet. When you are it will be time to complain."

"This is no time for joking, Henry Brownsmith," retorted his wife, "and I thought you intended to steal down and surprise any burglars who entered the house, overwhelm them and march them to the station-house."

But Henry displayed a singular caution not in keeping with his words. "You see," he explained, "we don't know how many may be down there, and"——

"But, oh, Henry, my new bonnet! I left it on the library table."

"Never mind, my dear," with a groan, "the bill is with it. He may take that, too. Besides, you oughtn't to be so careless."

"Oh, Henry, how can you be so cruel? But why don't you go down and scare them off?"

"All in good time, my love. It is best to move cautiously in these cases. Besides—ah—my—my life insurance policy has run out. I do not fear death myself, but the idea of leaving you penniless"——

"Oh, Henry, how brave you are! But perhaps it is only the wind."

"No, I am sure that it is burglars, and I will go boldly down. But promise me that if I am killed you will not marry that abominable cousin of yours."

"Oh, Henry," weeping, "don't go, don't be so rash! Never mind about the bonnet. It was not so very becoming, after all."

"Very true," with alacrity. "Besides, if I were killed, you would have to wear a black one."

"Ye-es. Oh, why doesn't somebody come along? We could call for them to send the police. What time is it, Henry?"

At this Henry, glad of a diversion, began feeling under the pillow. Suddenly he sprang out on the floor, crying: "By George, it isn't there! I must have—I did leave it on the mantelpiece after I wound it up. I say, this is an outrage. That watch cost $200. I'll go down and"——here he began to search for his clothes.

At this his wife began to weep wildly. "Oh, Henry, don't go; he'll kill you! Oh, there he is coming upstairs now!"

And, sure enough, a rather heavy footstep was heard coming up the stairs, and Mrs. Brownsmith rapidly got behind her husband.

"Who—who are you, and what do you want?" he called, in rather shaky tones.

"It's me," replied a familiar and injured tone, "an' breakfast is ready, as ye told me. Th' train'll go in three-quarters of an hour."

"Oh, Henry," cried his wife, "I forgot all about it! You see, I wanted to go into town and do some shopping, and I thought I would take the 5 o'clock train, so I told the girl to have breakfast, and—oh, Henry, if you continue to use such language I shall certainly go home to mamma!"

HOW THEY DUN MRS. MAIN.

Mrs. Sarah C. Main, of No. 1304 Garden street, Hoboken, yesterday charged Henry and Fritz Thuesen, sons of S. C. Thuesen, a grocer, at Eleventh and Garden streets, Hoboken, with disorderly conduct and malicious mischief. She alleges that the boys pulled her doorbell and annoyed her in various other ways because she refused to pay their father 69 cents.

Mrs. Main acknowledged that she owed Thuesen 69 cents for groceries, which she was willing to pay, but Thuesen and his wife had insulted her and she had refused to pay the claim, although her husband requested her to in order to avoid notoriety.

Mr. Main complained to Mayor Fagan about the annoyance his wife suffered, and asked for protection. He said the boys chalked the doors, steps and house with the figures "69," and annoyed his wife by calling "69" while passing. The Mayor advised Mr. Main to consult Recorder McDonough.

Mrs. Main appeared in court as complainant against the boys. Both were placed under bail for examination.

DEMOCRATS PUT OUT.

The Norwalk Iron Works Has Work for Republicans Only.

ALL WHO VOTED FOR TARIFF REFORM DISCHARGED SUMMARILY.

THE MANAGERS SAY IT'S FAIR PLAY.

All Democrats in the employ of the Norwalk Iron Works at South Norwalk, Conn., were summarily discharged Saturday. No man who is known to have a leaning towards Democracy will be permitted to work in the establishment. A notice announcing this ultimatum of the company is posted conspicuously in the works. Here is the self-explanatory letter which was handed to the discharged employees:

SOUTH NORWALK, Conn., Dec. 9, 1893.

We will not need your services after this day. This action is forced upon the management, not by any reason of dissatisfaction with your work, but in view of the hostile tariff legislation it is not advisable to continue the ordinary rate of manufacture. Do not neglect to take at once any job offered elsewhere, as we cannot give any encouragement regarding future employment.

THE NORWALK IRON WORKS CO.,
E. HILL, General Manager.

Here is the explanation given by Manager Hill:

"Our business has fallen off, owing to the tariff, and hence we had to reduce the wages and the number of employees. The men who were discharged helped to make the tariff. Why should not they be made to feel the result of it?"

Only eight employees received their discharge Saturday, but they were men whose position in the factory and long services—some having been there from ten to fourteen years—made the announcement of the action taken by Manager Hill come like a cloud-burst to the other employees. A small reduction of wages in the finishing department was made, and there too is posted conspicuously one of the type-written letters which the discharged employees received. It is intended to be a warning to the men in that part of the works and was posted up by order of the company.

The citizens of Norwalk, independent of political affiliations, are up in arms against the outrageous manner in which the Norwalk Iron Works for the past two years have treated their employees, and there is little doubt that the discharged workmen will find employment. To two of them employment was given at once in the W. B. Hubbell hat factory when the circumstances of their discharge became known.

James P. Punzeit, head filer and finisher, was the first man to receive his letter of dismissal. Mr. Punzeit is not poor. He is a member of the Congregational Church. "I would probably have been dismissed before," said he last evening, "but I had been quite a while in the works and was in a way needful. Oh, there is no doubt but that politics was the only thing considered, and for fear that some of the men might not understand the letter pains were taken to explain it to them.

"No, I never took much interest in politics, one way or the other, only I was born a Democrat and generally voted that way. I did discuss the Presidential campaign just once, and that was with Mr. Hill. He came upstairs one day during the last Presidential campaign and said, 'By the way, I understand you are a Democrat, but I guess you aren't, are you?' 'Well, I have been,' I replied, 'and I don't see any reason for changing now.' 'Well, we have a staunch and true man travelling in the West now who can't vote. You just pair off with him, and so you won't lose your vote or hurt your conscience. That's the way we will do with all you tariff fellows.' That was the only talk I ever had with Manager Hill or any one else."

"How did the Norwalk Iron Works Company view Manager Hill's conduct?"

"Mr. Hill is the Norwalk Iron Company."

James Costello, another of the discharged employees, said: "It is an outrage. I don't say that because I was discharged, for I go to work the beginning of the week without the loss of a day, but the letter handed us was intended as an insult pure and simple. I have been all my life a Democrat, and have been a good many years in that factory. I was rather lonely, too, for there were only seven other Democrats employed in the working force of some hundred-and-odd men. It was the banner factory of Republicanism in this section, and Mr. Hill always kept it up to that point. There was a band and a marching club and all that sort of thing made up from the employees, but Punzeit, Bradley, Billy Simonds and a few more of us had the laugh on them after the campaign was over. Oliver Wed, the head foreman, was a rabid Republican, and I guess we did guy him a bit on that account.

"It was generally understood in the factory that when the rush was over all of us Democrats would be fired. We did think we could write a tariff essay like that, though. I believe every man would be taken back to-morrow if he would reform his politics."

William Simonds, another of the discharged men, tacked his letter up on the water tank when he left the building. "They used to put bits of Republican literature on the tank," said he, "and I thought my letter ought to be added to the collection there. Yes, I am a Democrat. I never was around shouting about it, but I voted that way and now I intend to be more positive about it. They would never employ a Democrat unless he was a good mechanic when they absolutely needed at the time. And for that reason the men discharged will get places easy enough. All the helpers and that sort of labor at the works were Republicans, or at least were rated as such."

Albert Bradley took his discharge as a joke. He is a good mechanic and had been with the Norwalk Iron Works for many years, and has something in the bank.

"The letter explains itself," he said. "The talk about the tariff making a reduction of the working force necessary is all nonsense. What has the tariff to do with compressed-air machines and their manufacture, anyhow, I would like to know. I never talked politics much, but the foreman used to say that all the Democrats would get the run when they could be spared. A poor Republican mechanic and a good Democratic one were merely suffered to exist in that shop, and both for the same reason—politics."

James Lawry and three other discharged lathe men went to Bridgeport yesterday, where it is said they expect to go to work within the next few days.

The Norwalk Iron Works has always been prominent in Republican politics. It has always during the past year turned out a uniformed marching club and band, and while the campaign lasted all employees were furnished free with Republican literature and newspapers. Mr. Hill, who owns 80 per cent. of the stock in the company, has always been a liberal contributor to the Republican campaign fund and has taken an active part in local politics. His cousin, E. J. Hill, is at present State Senator from this district. It was owing in main part to Mr. Hill's untiring efforts that his cousin secured his political preferment.

The consensus of public opinion here is strongly against the open action taken against the Democratic employees. There was talk Saturday evening of holding a mass-meeting of citizens to compel, if possible, the Norwalk Iron Works to reinstate the men. The men themselves discouraged the idea and declared that they would not return under such conditions.

It is a remarkable fact that the combined property of the eight men discharged would be more than any like number of mechanics that might be selected in and about South Norwalk. Three of them are married and own their homes.

Eighteen months ago a number of workmen were discharged from the lathe rooms in the works, and it is a fact worth mentioning here that the men discharged at that time were Democrats. They, however, were not openly dismissed for that reason as in the present case.

CRISP'S FAVORITE SANDWICH.

A Delicious Lunch Which Congressmen Call "Mr. Speaker."

There is served in the House restaurant—and, for that matter, at the Senate restaurant—a dish that is fit for the interior of any man, high or low, rich or poor, old or young. It is composed of a couple of slices of tender beef divinely roasted, inclosed between slices of bread divinely browned, and over all is poured a half-pint of the golden juice of the meat, vulgarly known as gravy, but whose right name is "ambrosia."

This dish in its entirety is down on the bills as "hot roast beef sandwich." It had its birth, says the Washington Post, in the once famed Astor House, and is the favorite brain child of a cook upon whom one day descended an inspiration.

For a long time it was distinguished upon the Capital cartes as "a la Astor House." It has become so much a favorite with the feeders in the big building, however, that its New York patronymic has been dropped. Over at the Representative end it is called "Mr. Speaker."

It is in every way worthy of its high title, which it derives from the fact that Mr. Crisp, a man of taste in things gastronomic, esteems it more precious than rubies. He is a temperate eater, who insists on having the best.

He lunches every week day at exactly 2 P. M., and on five days out of six the Astor House miracle finds its way to his table.

It was Thackeray who held that, man to man, the Saxon was always better than the Gaul, for the reason that the Englishman eats roast beef while the Frenchman eats veal. Some such belief may dominate Mr. Crisp in his steady preference, more especially as he is English on both sides of his house.

At any rate, his faithful and tasteful consumption of this solid, nutritious, digestible and delightful food should go far to account for his uniform good humor, good health and exemption from all ills, saving only the toothache—a complaint, by the way, which drove De Quincy into swallowing eighty teaspoonfuls of laudanum a day.

It is not generally known that the Speaker has a private dining-room. It is a small, cheerful and well-lighted apartment on the ground floor, a little to the right of the southeastern elevator. On one side of it is the Committee on Library, on the other the Committee on Territories. The simple word "Private" is marked on the door. He does no dining in the room beyond his luncheons.

At this refreshing repast he is served by his messenger, "Henry," a slimly built mulatto, who performed a like office for Speaker Carlisle. Every day at 2 P. M. the doors of the room close upon Mr. Crisp and his son Charles. No others are present. The doors remain closed for twenty minutes. Then they reopen and the chief officer of the House rea
It is said that he is also shaved in this room, and by so doing avoids that harrowing experience of waiting to be "next."

RETURNS TO AUSTRIA.

It Is Said Consul-General Von Palitschek Will Not Come Back.

HIS COURSE IN THIS COUNTRY HAS AROUSED ENMITY.

MANY COMPATRIOTS ANTAGONIZED.

The announcement that Dr. Anton von Palitschek, Austro-Hungarian Consul-General in this city, will return to Europe on the Normannia to-morrow, without taking leave of his compatriots, will create little surprise among those who have watched the career of the young Bohemian since he was accredited here four years ago. It was freely reported last night that Dr. von Palitschek would not return to this country.

There are about 20,000 Hungarians and 5,000 Austrians in this city. Among the well-known American citizens of Austro-Hungarian descent are the Havemeyers, Oswald Ottendorfer, Marcus Schnitzer, Dr. A. Z. Gerster, a brother of the celebrated Etelka Gerster, and Morris Cukor.

Dr. von Palitschek is about thirty-seven years old and is a bachelor. He was formerly Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of Prague. By birth a Bohemian, he is Bohemian in the ordinary acceptation of the word in his tastes and habits, and since his advent here has been criticised by the more conservative element of Austro-Hungarian society. Many men of prominence who came from the banks of the Danube and Weser have refrained from social association with the Consul-General on account of the alleged lack of dignity he has displayed in the management of his official and social duties.

At the opening of the Chicago Exposition, to which he was the accredited Austrian Commissioner, he aroused indignation among the Czechs in the United States by ordering that all placards and notices in the Bohemian section should be printed in German and not in the Czech tongue. A meeting of Czechs was held in this city at the time, at which Dr. von Palitschek was strongly denounced.

His course with the Moses Mendelssohn Lodge, No. 34, Independent Order of the Sons of Benjamin, also provoked expressions of disapproval. This is a society for mutual aid and protection. On the death of a member his widow receives a certain sum of money. Siegmund Danziger, a member, died Jan. 28, 1890. His widow returned to Benegssass, in Hungary, and wrote to the lodge asking for the insurance money, less the funeral expenses, which had been borne by the lodge. She named Dr. von Palitschek as her representative to transmit the money to her. The necessary papers were certified to free of cost in Budapest by Louis Ziester, Vice-Consul of the United States there, and transmitted to the Austrian Consulate in this city. Dr. von Palitschek, instead of putting the papers before the lodge, turned them over to S. D. Sewards, attorney for the Consulate, who brought the matter before the lodge. A check for $813.25, the amount due Mrs. Danziger, was made and sent by the treasurer to Dr. von Palitschek. Thus far there had been no expense in the matter. It was not expected that there would be any charge for the receipt and transmission of the check. Yet Dr. von Palitschek, in reply to an inquiry from the lodge, said he had sent to the widow only about $736, Lawyer Sewards having retained about $140 as fees.

Great indignation was felt among the members of the lodge when the facts became known. It was not asserted that, according to the rules of the Austrian consular service, the charges were absolutely illegal, but it was maintained that the action was such as to bring the high office Dr. von Palitschek filled into disrepute. From that time on all death benefits payable in Europe have been paid through a banking house, without the intervention of the Consulate. The matter became public property. The Hungarian Aid Society took up in a very earnest manner, and formal charges were made against Dr. von Palitschek to the home Government in Vienna.

Another matter which greatly incensed the Hungarians was the attempt made three years ago by Dr. Von Palitschek to organize an Austro-Hungarian Society, in opposition to the Hungarian Aid Society. The Consul-General sent out circulars inviting subscriptions, and although the affair ended in a fiasco, Dr. Von Palitschek declaring that he only received one subscription, which he returned, it increased the feeling of animosity towards him. Marcus Schnitzer, the Financial Secretary of the Hungarian Aid Society, says his society has over $10,000 in bank, and that Dr. Von Palitschek's project was simply for his own personal glory, without the authorization of his countrymen.

Then came the affair of the Bohemian exhibitors at Chicago. It was openly charged that Dr. Von Palitschek had furnished space assigned to the Austrian exhibit to exhibitors of other nations, and it is a fact that Director-General Davis wrote an exceedingly curt letter to the Austrian Commissioner, informing him that if certain booths in the Austrian department, which had been given over to other exhibitors, were not vacated or occupied by persons having a legal right to them, the Director-General would attend to the matter himself. Mr. Davis's hint was acted on immediately and further trouble avoided. Petty squabbles between the Commissioner and the exhibitors were so numerous and so well known at the Fair that when the Arch-Duke Franz Ferdinand visited the Exposition he made a very pointed request to be excused from association with the Austrian Commissioner.

Dr. Von Palitschek's last assertion of authority in Chicago was his order to build a high wooden fence around the Austrian exhibit as soon as the Fair closed. The exhibitors of other nations were still disposing of their goods, while the Austrians were shut in by a Chinese wall. An injunction was obtained against the Commissioner from Judge Brentano, and the matter brought to the attention of the Vienna authorities by cable. On the following day the Austrian department was again opened.

Dr. Von Palitschek returned from Chicago about a week ago, but in reply to inquiries at the Consulate-General, No. 37 Broadway, it was said that he was not there and could not be seen. Contrary to all precedent, his departure will not be made conspicuous by a banquet or a formal farewell.

DR. PAXTON'S RESIGNATION.

To Be Read at the West Presbyterian Church on Wednesday Evening.

The original resignation written by Dr. Paxton, now in the hands of Robert Jaffray, an elder of the West Presbyterian Church, will be read before the congregation of that church on Wednesday evening. This was announced yesterday morning from the pulpit by the Rev. James Eells, who preached the sermon. Mr. Eells remembered Dr. Paxton in his prayer.

Dr. Paxton has instructed Mr. Jaffray to present his resignation to the Presbytery, which meets to-day. It is doubtful whether this body can take action in regard to it until the congregation has accepted or rejected it.

Nearly everybody connected with the West Presbyterian Church now refuses to discuss the muddle which has come about because Dr. Paxton resigned his place as pastor.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP is an unexcelled medicine for children while teething. 25c.*

SAVED LITTLE WILLIE.

A Thousand People Watched His Rescuer's Gallant Struggle.

HAD TO BREAK HIS WAY THROUGH ICE TO REACH THE LAD.

BROUGHT TO SHORE WITH CHEERS.

The heroic rescue from a watery grave of an almost lifeless lad was witnessed by more than a thousand people in Flatbush yesterday afternoon. They stood on the banks of the "old steamer" pond, on Malbone street, and when the lad was carried ashore a thousand voices swelled forth in enthusiastic cheers, while hats went flying in the air and women hugged each other in their emotion.

The lad who was saved is Willie Smith, of No. 1183 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn. His rescuer was William Morrow, whose brother John is a well-known milkman in Flatbush. With Johnnie and Joe McGinn, Jimmie Cunningham and Tommy Ward, little Willie trooped across the hills to Flatbush. "We came out to make some discoveries," he said to a World reporter yesterday, as old Julius Crump, the colored mascot of Flatbush, was vigorously rubbing down the lad's naked body at Schussler's Hotel, after his rescue. The little urchins disported themselves around the banks of the "old steamer" pond. They played "tag" and other boyish games to their hearts' content. Willie was being pursued by the boy who was "it," and he ran towards the pond to avoid being "tagged." For twenty-five feet from the edge ice had formed about half an inch thick.

In the middle of the pond a post stuck up, on which a board was nailed with the notice:

NO DUMPING HERE.

In running from his companion Willie ran out upon the ice, and, unable to check himself, went too far. The ice gave way under him and he suddenly disappeared beneath the water. His playmates ran off in terror shouting for help, and a long string of trolley cars loaded with passengers returning from the park to Greenpoint and Brooklyn stopped opposite the pond, while their occupants rushed to the scene. Women added their screams to the shouts of the men who yelled to the boy who was battling in the water: "Make for the board, make for the board." The child seemed to understand, and managed to flounder over to the sign. He hung on to it like grim death.

William Morrow was in the crowd on shore. He rushed out on the treacherous ice to try and reach the boy, but it broke under his weight before he got half way to him and he sank up to his chest in the water. He came ashore and removed some of his clothes and prepared to make another attempt. Detectives ran for a rope to the Malbone engine house and tied it around Morrow's waist so that in case he should stumble into a hole he might be hauled out of danger.

While the crowd cheered him, Morrow again went out on the ice, and again broke through. This time he stood in the water and broke off chunks of the ice in front of him to make his passage to where the boy was clinging to the board. He worked his way step by step into the pond until the water reached his chin and he was able to touch the lad, who, though numb from cold and almost frightened to death, still hung on to his grip. Morrow got him on his shoulders, and with the cry, "Let her go!" a hundred willing hands hauled on the rope and landed them safely on shore.

The scene following beggars description. Women cried, laughed and cheered, while men rent the air with their cheers and hearty "tigers."

The boy had been in the water three-quarters of an hour, and it was thought that he was dead. He fainted when Morrow got him on his shoulders, as he feebly gasped: "I was just going to let go." He was carried to Schussler's Hotel, where he was rolled and patted and chafed and wrapped in warm blankets near the great hot stove and hot brandy poured down his throat and was rubbed and doctored until he returned to consciousness. Then he was carried home in the police ambulance, when his mother cried and his father laughed and the other small boys and wondering girls stood around and gazed on him as if he were a miniature "Jack the Giant Killer."

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Actress Hattie Weems's Attempt at Suicide Results in a Reconciliation.

(Special to The World.)

BALTIMORE, Dec. 10.—Hattie Weems, a young actress, attempted suicide on Thursday by taking morphine.

"Miss Weems" is the wife of John Dowd, the actor, but the union proved unhappy and the couple separated about nine months ago. Last summer she was injured in a railroad wreck and was not only obliged to cancel her engagements, but was unable to accept any for the present season until recently, when she was engaged as leading lady in the "Killarney on the Rhine" company.

Upon presenting herself for the rehearsal she was surprised to find herself face to face with her husband, with the prospect of a great deal of stage lovemaking between the two. This, with her physical afflictions, so preyed on her mind that she determined to end all.

On Thursday she sent her servant to a neighboring drug store for three grains of morphine, which she swallowed. Soon afterwards she became drowsy, and, telling the folks in the house she was going to die, gave directions as to the disposition of her property, and bade them bury her in her "Ophelia" costume, which consists of a blue silk dress with slippers and stockings to match.

Physicians were called in, and after working assiduously all Thursday night and Friday morning they brought her out of danger.

Her husband was most attentive to her, and they have now become reconciled.

IT DOESN'T GO FAR ENOUGH

—the usual bowel medicine. It cleans out your system, in a more or less unpleasant way—but that's all. You're left to yourself again, when that is over.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets go farther, give better help, do more good. They have a tonic or strengthening effect on the lining membranes of the intestines. This assists and increases the *natural* action of the bowels. By this means, they *permanently cure* Constipation, Biliousness, Jaundice, Sour Stomach, Indigestion, Dizziness, Sick or Bilious Headaches, and every like disorder.

They're tiny, sugar-coated granules, a compound of refined and concentrated vegetable extracts—the smallest, the easiest to take, and the easiest in the way they act.

They're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, in every case, or your money is returned.

No matter how bad your Catarrh, Dr. Sage's Remedy permanently *cures* you.

LOCKED UP FOR WHAT?

For "Sassing" an "L" Guard When No Witnesses Were Around.

THE NOLLS RESENT AN INSULT AND THE POLICE DO THE REST.

THEY WANTED THE CAR DOOR SHUT.

Theobold Noll, a merchant, living at No. 1390 Boston road, a fashionable section of trans-Harlem, and his son were insulted by two Second avenue "L" guards, arrested by a policeman, locked up for the night, and lined up in police court among vagrants and disreputable women, for presuming to request a guard to close a car door, and, upon his refusal to do so, daring to ask him for his name or number.

Justice Welde, before whom they were arraigned, was astonished when he heard the story. Of course, he instantly discharged the father and son. They did not consider the dismissal of the complaint, however, as reparation for the indignities they had suffered, and the affair may get into the courts and before the Police Commissioners.

Mr. Noll is fifty-two years old and not in the best of health. An attack of the grip rendered him peculiarly susceptible to colds and resultant ailments, and he has been compelled to exercise constant watchfulness.

Mr. Noll's son, who is in his early manhood, is associated in business with his father. They were detained at work late Saturday, and it was midnight when they found themselves speeding homeward on the Second avenue "L." They sat in the second car of the train.

Only a few passengers were in this car. The conductor left the front door open at several stations. Fearful of the effects upon his father of the sweeping blasts of damp night air, young Noll left his seat station after station to shut the door.

This soon grew tiresome. At length, when nearing the terminus of the line, young Noll asked the conductor why he didn't attend to his business and keep the door shut. The Nolls, at this time, were the only passengers in the car. The conductor retorted angrily that he was running that train and didn't propose to take instructions. Hot words followed, in which the elder Noll joined. The dispute ended in young Noll's demand for the conductor's name or number. He says the conductor, with an oath, refused to tell him. They continued on the journey uptown, young Noll closing the door while the conductor reopened it.

At the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street station the conductor disappeared suddenly. His place was taken by one of the guards, Robert Brasch, of No. 218 East Thirty-eighth street. Mr. Noll, jr., asked him where the conductor had gone, and was told to mind his own business.

"What is his name?" insisted the son.

"Go to —— and find out," was the retort.

The terminus had been reached, and the guard ordered them from the car. They refused to leave their seats until they learned the name of the conductor. Several guards seized them and hustled them to the platform. They resisted, and Policeman Polly was called. He placed both men under arrest. The charge on the blotter of the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station-house was drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Despite the fact that neither father nor son appeared to be under the influence of liquor, the charge was entertained by the sergeant, and the father and son were hustled into separate cells and locked up. It was too late to communicate with friends, and no facilities were accorded them for securing bail.

In the police court Policeman Polly, who had charged both men in the station-house with drunkenness and disorderly conduct, admitted after close questioning that the elder Noll was not drunk at the time of the arrest. After more close questioning he wasn't sure the son was drunk either. To protect himself he said the police had made the charge, and he simply had done his duty.

Brasch was in court and Justice Welde questioned him closely.

"They were drunk and refused to step lively," was all he had to say.

The Nolls as yet have been unable to find out the name of the conductor who refused to shut the door.

Policeman Polly's record is a good one. He frequently gets on and off trains at the terminus of the Second avenue line, and is on friendly terms with every "L" road employee there. The sergeant who accepted his complaint against the Nolls is named Sullivan. Sergt. Sullivan has been on the force over twenty years.

SHERIFF TOFFEY'S JURY.

The Hudson Public Think It Is an Excellent Selection.

Sheriff Toffey, of Hudson County, has announced the names of the men whom he has selected to serve on the Grand Jury for the December Term of court, which opens to-morrow. This is the list:

Jersey City—George L. Record, lawyer; W. H. Turner, merchant; Dennis Reardon, milk dealer; W. W. Coffin, retired merchant; Patrick H. Nugent, retired merchant; Marcus B. Coughlin, coal dealer; Peter W. M. West, stock broker; Dr. Josiah Hornblower, physician; George Miller, merchant; Henry Brautigam, produce merchant; Leonard J. Gordon, physician; Dr. Benjamin Edge, retired; Richard C. Fessenden, insurance; George Stratford, paper manufacturer, and J. W. Dusenbery, grain merchant.

Hoboken—Aaron S. Baldwin, live stock; William Utz, agent, and Philip Hexamer, jr., livery.

Bayonne—Henry Meigs, lumber dealer, and Aries P. Brooks, merchant.

West Hoboken—Benjamin Day, sr., retired.

Kearny—Jacob Stumpf, leather merchant.

Arlington—Joseph Parker, jr., lawyer.

North Bergen—Hamilton N. Weeks, lumber merchant.

It is Sheriff Toffey's first jury, and the men composing it are of such high class as to inspire public confidence. Foreman Record and nine of his colleagues are Democrats. The other fourteen are Republicans.

Foreman Record and Messrs. Gordon, Edge, Utz and Hexamer are members of the new reform Democratic County Committee. They were all active in the campaign that resulted in Col. Toffey's election. They did effective work against the Democratic ring. Patrick H. Nugent, another of the Democratic members, was formerly Treasurer of Jersey City, and Dennis Reardon, another anti-machine Democrat, was formerly an Alderman.

Messrs. Gordon and Edge were on the Grand Jury that indicted the election officers for ballot-box stuffing at the election in 1889. Dr. Gordon was foreman of the body, and it was because of his determined stand that the indictments were found. The other members of the jury are equally well known. As a whole it is considered to be the best Grand Jury that has been drawn in Hudson County in years.

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REBUKED THE GERRY MAN.

Justice Koch Indignantly Refused to Allow Him Custody of Children.

James Pallas, one of the agents employed by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, was in such a condition of unsteadiness when he came to attend to his business in Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday that Justice Koch refused to recognize his ability to do his duty and took from his custody two children that were in his care.

Pallas came into court with the children and their mother. The woman, who appeared to be respectable, had applied the previous night at the Mercer street police station for shelter. She gave her name as Mary Ashley and those of her pretty children as Jennie and May, aged respectively eight and six years. She said her husband John had deserted her and taken away their youngest child, Willie, three years old, and she did not know whither he had gone. For thirty-six hours neither she nor the children had tasted food and she could stand it no longer. Their old home, No. 12 Varick street, was devoid of furniture, and she was willing to have she children committed to the care of the society so that she could go out to work.

Detective Dourrigan took the children to the Childrep's Society's rooms on Twenty-third street and provided quarters for the mother. He then gave her a good, hearty meal.

Yesterday morning Agent Pallas went to court to get a formal commitment for the children, whom he fetched along. The mother was there with Detective Dourrigan. Pallas made several attempts to write out an affidavit in the case, but only succeeded in scrawling a lot of hieroglyphics which no one could decipher. He cursed and swore at Mrs. Ashley because she could not tell him where her husband was, and behaved in such a generally boisterous manner that Sergt. Foody's attention was attracted to him. He tried to suppress Pallas without avail. The poor woman put up with his insulting language, for she could do nothing else.

When he presented the affidavit upon which he hoped Justice Koch would give him a commitment the magistrate looked at him a moment and then at the affidavit. Calling up Detective Dourrigan, he said: "Take these children back to the society's rooms until to-morrow. This man is not fit to care for them."

Dourrigan went to the rear room to get the children and Pallas attempted to prevent him. The detective took them and the mother in his charge and was starting for the society's rooms when another Gerry officer appeared and took control of them.

Pallas has been connected with the Gerry society for less than a year. He was considered a good man.

WAS THAWING OUT THE DYNAMITE.

That Was the Way Rizzo Rosario Came to Be Blown to Pieces.

What was left of Rizzo Rosario, the laborer killed by the explosion of dynamite on Saturday afternoon at the east end of the new tunnel leading into Kensico, near Armonk, was gathered into a box, and lay all day yesterday in a stable near the scene of the disaster. The other men employed on the work stood about and gossiped over the matter.

James Tracy, of Yonkers, the man injured by the explosion, was half unconscious yesterday, and though he could articulate, was unable to give any account of how the accident happened. His leg was badly shattered, and he sustained severe injuries about the body.

The two men were sent by Michael Flanigan, the "heading boss," out from the tunnel to "thaw out" two boxes of dynamite cartridges to be used in the blasting. This work was done with a steam pipe, the mouth of which was on the bank of the stream, about 100 feet above the tunnel entrance. The general supposition among the men was that Rosario, in turning on the steam to thaw out the fifty-pound box of dynamite, had given it a pressure higher than that prescribed. It was stated, though, that he had been doing that very work, under Flanigan's direction, for about two months.

RAVES OF HER LOVER.

Miss Agnes Scott, Who Tried to Kill Herself, Is Now a Mental Wreck.

THE MAN SHE WAS TO HAVE WED SAYS HE IS NOT TO BLAME.

STORY OF A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

Miss Agnes Scott, who fired four bullets into her breast at her home, No. 111 Avenue E, Greenville, Jersey City, Nov. 29, because, it was said, she was jilted by her lover, Linn Bruce, has lost her reason. The bullets had been extracted from her body, and Dr. Finn, who was attending her, was confident of her recovery.

Her mind began to wander Friday, and now she is a mental wreck. She raves continually, and says and does many strange things. She sat up in bed yesterday and tore one of the bed sheets into long strips. These she rolled up into coils, and, placing them on a chair alongside the bed, remarked that they were for "Linn," and should not be disturbed. She talks incessantly of her former lover, but says nothing harsh about him.

Bruce has not been seen in Greenville since the unfortunate affair. He is a lawyer practising in New York, and has an office in Wall street. His brother, the Rev. W. P. Bruce, is pastor of the Greenville Reformed Church. Miss Scott was an active worker there. Lawyer Bruce went to live with his brother two years ago. He attended services in the church and took an active part in Sunday-school work. Miss Scott was a teacher in the Sunday-school. She and Bruce became quite friendly, and it soon became known to the members of the congregation that they were lovers.

The wedding engagement was announced, and the friends of the young couple agreed that it was an excellent match. The wedding was fixed for Thanksgiving day. Miss Scott had made all arrangements for the happy event, even to the buying of her trousseau. Early in November she went on a visit to some relatives in Wilmington, Del. While there she received a letter from her lover, in which he told her he had decided to break the engagement because he had discovered he did not love her as much as he thought he did. Miss Scott hurried home, and at her request was met at the railroad station by her lover. He repeated to her the words he had written in the letter.

Miss Scott, although almost heart-broken, took the matter in good part and returned to Bruce the engagement ring he had placed on her finger. She returned to her home that night a changed woman. She tried to live down her disappointment, but the more she thought of the matter the more despondent she got. Finally, on the day before Thanksgiving, she broke down completely, and in a fit of desperation sought to end her troubles in death.

Miss Scott is thirty years old, and was a favorite in Greenville church and social circles. She is a sister-in-law of ex-Tax Commissioner Michael Schultze.

DELHI, Dec. 10.—M. Linn Bruce was found this morning at the house of his father, the Rev. James Bruce, in Andes. He said that his engagement to Miss Scott was dissolved by mutual consent. He offered, he continued, to marry her if she thought best, but she decided to break off the match.

"Miss Scott's people are aware of the circumstances," he continued, "and a week after the engagement was declared off she visited my brother's family, and saw me frequently. No one can regret more than I this painful matter. I have heretofore refused to talk of the matter, but think the occasion demands that I speak now. I have always had the highest regard for Miss Scott and am greatly shocked to hear of her condition."

A Good Team.

(From Life.)

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Richley—No; I do not.

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