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MISHAPS BESET CHANLER.

Von Hohnel, His Comrade in Africa, Tells About the Expedition.

YOUNG EXPLORER HIGHLY PRAISED.

Plans of Exploration Well Laid and Party Thoroughly Organized.

BATTLE WITH THE FIERCE WA-MSARA.

While Elephant Shooting the Lieutenant Was Knocked Out by a Savage Rhinoceros.

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VIENNA, Feb. 25.—Lieut. Ludwig Ritter von Hohnel, of the Austrian Navy, has returned to Vienna. He was met last week at Fiume by his old comrade explorer, Count Samuel Teleki, who accompanied him to Budapest, where a wound caused by a rhinoceros's horn

WILLIAM ASTOR CHANLER.

was operated upon by Prof. Lumnitzer. The Lieutenant is now rapidly recovering his health.

Von Hohnel was born in Pressburg, Hungary, in 1857, was educated at the Naval Academy in Fiume, and joined his first ship as midshipman in 1876; but as his great desire to travel only found partial gratification in cruising about the Mediterranean, he gladly accepted Count Teleki's invitation to accompany his expedition in 1887, which, after two years' exploring, resulted in the discovery of Lakes Rudolf and Stefanie in Northeast Africa.

Von Hohnel is tall and stalwart, with determination stamped on every feature. His physique is hardened down to whip-cord toughness by the excessive hardships of African travel and his face is tanned brown. He speaks English with remarkable fluency and is exceedingly affable.

The correspondent found him with his charts and diaries scattered about him.

"You wish me to tell you about the Chanler expedition," Lieut. Hohnel responsively remarked. "Well, we had desperate ill-luck. It followed us everywhere and, during the time I was with Mr. Chanler, rendered all our best efforts resultless.

"I made Mr. Chanler's acquaintance by means of a letter written to me from the base of Kilimanjaro, in 1891. The same year I met Chanler in Vienna, when he told me his intention to explore the Borana country, lying eastward of Lake Rudolf. The district he believed to be fertile and interesting. I expressed great willingness to accompany him.

"We discussed the plans of the routes and determined to land at Lamu, on the Zanzibar coast, sail up the Tana River to Boratt (once called Hargazo), and then strike northwards through the Mount Kenia District to the Rudolph Lake. After thoroughly exploring the Borana country in that neighborhood, we were to march directly across to Berbera, on the Gulf of Aden.

"If ever success seemed to favor an expedition at the outset, it was this one. We started from Lamu Sept. 18, 1892, with 185 men, all in good health and in the best of spirits. George Galvin, Mr. Chanler's servant, accompanied us. We were thoroughly organized, thanks to young Chanler's marvellous administration. We had cattle, donkeys and camels, and ten canoes laden with food were accompanying our caravan. The Tana route to Boratt is a very bad one. The banks are lined with thick jungle and our progress was dreadfully slow. Nov. 23 had arrived when we reached Boratt, all well.

BEASTS OF BURDEN DIE OFF.

"Then came our ill-luck. Our beasts of burden began to die at Boratt, as if stricken with a pest. This was a serious plight for us.

"We formed a store camp here inside the deserted pallisade erected some time previously by the British East African Company. Our caravan had come to a dead halt from loss of transport.

"Chanler and I determined to proceed northward to the Guasso-Njiro River, whose source and course I discovered in the Teleki expedition. I knew the Rendill, a nomadic tribe, possessing camels and donkeys in large numbers, lived near this river, on the north side. George Galvin went to the coast on a similar mission.

"From the date of our departure on Dec. 5, 1892, to the day the rhinoceros charged at me, Aug. 22, 1893, we explored without success the entire district for transport beasts. Four years ago a cattle plague swept over the whole of Northeast Africa, and, I assure you, you may search for ten years where we were without obtaining cattle.

"We wished on starting out to strike northwards of Boratt over the plains, but they were sandy, stony, acacia-covered and absolutely devoid of water. We had not gone far ere we turned back to Boratt, and ascended the Tana River's banks to the Mackenzie River, and thence to the Djamboni range.

"The long and broad plateau of the Djamboni—7,200 feet high, with its bracing atmosphere excellent for Europeans—is thickly inhabited by the Embes, a very powerful tribe, numbering 20,000 in all. They grow in this plateau-beans, sweet potatoes, millet, &c. They possess very few cattle, goats and sheep. They are warlike, using spear, slings and poisoned arrows. The poison is vegetable and weak, unless when freshly made. The Embes refused to sell us any cattle, but they did not molest us.

"We then struck the Guasso-Njiro, had days of weary wandering along its banks, seeking for transport animals, suffered cruel hunger and finally, on Jan. 21, after a hopeless search, again set out, with seventy-five men, for the Djamboni range, with the intention of once more crossing it at the extremity looking towards the slopes of Mount Kenia.

"Before we struck the Djamboni we had to cross the country of the Wa-Msara, a tribe with the reputation of having destroyed a caravan ten years previously. They number 1,000 warriors, and soon showed us their intentions. We fought a battle with them throughout a whole day's march. They appeared and reappeared at every nook and defile, and at times the odds were in their favor. We cut our way through, however, and our Mannlichers and Werndts must have created heavy losses in their ranks.

"On our arrival at Boratt on Feb. 10, 1893, we found all the remaining beasts of burden in our laager dead. It may have been that the Tzetch fly was the cause. Unfortunately, I cannot speak definitely upon this important point, because I had never seen the fly identified until my arrival in a wounded condition at Mombasa on the sea coast. Mr. Newman there gave me four specimens he had received from the Zambesi. I have these with me now, but, among the myriads of flies buzzing about our cattle at Boratt, it is impossible for me to recall from memory any exact resemblance to these specimens. Some boldly declare that the Tzetch fly has invaded these districts through which Chanler and myself alone have travelled, but, if we are uncertain, no one else can speak definitely.

THROW AWAY GOODS AND START ANEW.

"At Boratt on March 9, 1893, we determined, by throwing away a great part of our goods, to set out for Daitcho, a place forty-five miles northeast of Mount Kenia. We had obtained twelve head of cattle.

"We had again a weary struggle for a passage along the densely jungled banks of the Tana River. We passed the juncture of the Mackenzie, and, moving further up, entered the Ura River district. On March 27 we arrived at Daitcho, having lost heavily in loads, beasts and through runaways. But the climate was good and the people were peaceful.

"Leaving Galvin at Daitcho in laager, and sending runners to Mombasa for cattle and men, Chanler and I again started out on June 5 to find the Rendili. We soon crossed the Djamboni range, and afterwards the Guasso-Njiro River, and then we struck out in every direction to northward beyond.

"The land was being explored for the first time. It is studded with isolated mountains, thinly populated, and generally waterless. The highest peak is the Gargues, 10,000 feet in height. It forms the southernmost end of the Gen. Matthews range. Another mountain, 6,500 feet high, Lollokue by name, has a billiard-level plateau. We explored there and found twelve members of the Wondrobo tribe and a herd of wild buffaloes which the plague had not destroyed. The buffaloes never leave the plateau, and the disease was not carried there.

"At last our efforts were rewarded on July 2 at Komi, to the far northeast. We discovered the nomadic Rendill there. They had camels, goats and sheep in their possession, but they demanded such exorbitant prices that Mr. Chanler could only afford to purchase ten donkeys.

"Only one hope was now left. There were still the Turkanas, living south of Lake Rudolf, and they, we knew, had spare supplies of transport animals. We set out for the Loroghi range, which lies in the way, and arrived at Sayaa, about one hundred miles north of Mount Kenia. It was here my adventure with the rhinoceros occurred.

ATTACKED BY A RHINOCEROS.

"We were out elephant shooting. Chanler, with a black tracker and nine or ten men, was about four hundred yards ahead of me in the thick bush forest, through which we were following a spoor. We were working along a straight, open line, and I had the same number of men with me Mr. Chanler had. Signs on the track showed us that the elephants were quite near at hand.

"Just at that moment I heard behind me the 'Hoosh, hoosh, hoosh' of a rhinoceros coming up like an express engine at full speed. On the right side of the path, and close at hand, was a big tree, and, as I have a great contempt for the 'rhino' (Count Teleki and I having shot ninety-nine head during our expedition in 1886-88—I resolved to spring sideways under cover of this tree. Besides, I did not wish to startle the elephants with a gunshot.

"The 'rhino' was a full-grown cow, and her six-months-old calf followed her. She came rushing along with her head down and mouth wide open. Just as I was to make my spring aside, I found that the negroes accompanying me were all jammed up behind the tree. It was too late then.

"I raised my rifle in desperation to my shoulder, but a branch of the tree jammed down my right arm, and before I could put finger to trigger the 'rhino' had charged my legs and sent me flying ahead like a skittle-alley pin. I landed on my back, and saw the two black monsters go bounding over my body. My rifle was snapped across in the 'small' of the butt.

"I half raised myself on my side, shaken but not hurt, and glad at my escape, when again in the rear I heard the 'hoosh, hoosh, hoosh' of the 'rhino,' still bent on mischief. She came to a halt beside me, and began to gore me with her horn. Lying on my left side, I raised my right leg to escape the blows, but at length she struck the fleshy part of my hip, driving the horn upward. This seemed to satisfy her, as she and her young one went off snorting into the forest again.

"Chanler came up a moment later, was not aware in the excitement that I was so badly wounded. The wound was five inches deep. Mr. Chanler gave me a drink of brandy and supplied surgical dressings. I was placed in an improvised hammock, and the march back to Daitcho was commenced.

"I left my kind friend at Daitcho, and, under care of George Galvin, set out down country to Mombasa. It was useless to go in a wounded condition to Lamu, at the mouth of the Tana River, as there was no medical man there. At the Scotch Presbyterian Mission at Kibwizi I was fortunate enough to meet Dr. Charters, a young Scotchman, stationed there. He performed an operation, and, after lying under his care from Oct. 15 until Nov. 1, I arrived here at Mombasa. He was kind enough to accompany me the whole way. I reached Zanzibar Dec. 1, and entered the hospital there.

"I wish you to tell through the American press what a clever, well-educated, straight-minded gentleman Mr. Astor Chanler is. His sense of honor is great, his faithfulness as a comrade unswerving and his generosity no less remarkable."

The Western Society's "Smoker."

One of the series of monthly "smokers" given by the Western Society, was held in its rooms, 19 West Twenty-fourth street, Saturday evening. The talent was of an exceptionally high order, and included among others: Miss Richmond and Miss Nolan, vocal soloists; the Lenox Banjo Club; Mr. Errol Dunbar, elocutionist, and James Henry, baritone soloist. After a collation Sir Mazzetti Major a Jay Portge held the audience spellbound with his seemingly inexhaustible supply of "yarns." Dr. Richmond, prestidigitator, did several clever tricks with cards, and gave an exhibition of mind reading that puzzled the audience greatly.

BIG FISTS MADE THE DOUGH.

Enough for 144,000 Loaves of Bread Turned Out by the Great Athletic Carnival in the Garden.

JUST THINK OF THE HUNGRY MOUTHS.

Everybody from Jim Corbett Down Says It Was the King of Benefits, and There's No Doubt About It.

In sporting circles—in fact, in every other circle of society in the city—the athletic carnival in Madison Square Garden for the benefit of The World's Bread Fund Saturday night was a leading topic for discussion yesterday. On all sides it was conceded that the entertainment was by far the best of its kind ever given in New York, besides being the most successful.

Everybody wanted to know yesterday how many loaves had been realized for the poor. Shrewd managers like W. A. Brady, Charles E. Davis, Jack Harley, Frank McKee and Billy Thompson, all estimated the profits at less than $5,000. Happily the net receipts, as nearly as can be estimated, will exceed these figures by $2,000 or more. In other words, the efforts of Corbett, Mitchell, Dixon, Griffo, Attila, Campoeli, Debaun, Muldoon, Roeber and the many other athletes who participated in the big show have borne fruit to a greater degree than was expected even by the most sanguine of the men interested in the management of the carnival. To the credit of the suffering poor in The World's Bread Fund 144,000 loaves of bread have been added by Saturday night's exhibition.

It was no easy job to arrange the details attendant on such an entertainment. The trials and tribulations of the manager of a theatrical benefit are hard enough. Even "rank outsiders," who do not know the color of the green room, know this. But his work is mere pastime when compared to the arrangement and successful completion of the details of an athletic exhibition. Where the theatrical man has one hundred and one things to attend to the man who brings the athletes to the scratch and the pugilists to time has one thousand and one details to think about at one and the same time. The principal reason for all this is because pugilists of note do not make New York their headquarters. They are either off in the country training, or else travelling with their combination.

When pugilists are billed to appear at a benefit there is generally more or less doubt that they will keep their engagement, but there was no such doubt prevailing before the Bread Fund carnival was held. The one thought of charity—charity of the truest kind, which meant bread to starving mouths, new life and hope to hungry mothers and children, and encouragement and energy to despondent fathers—put to flight all thought of arguments, contracts, bets and jealousies, and the result was that every one who went to the Garden knew he was going to witness the best and greatest athletic exhibition ever given in America, if not in the world.

To the two stars of the evening, Corbett and Mitchell, not too much credit can be given. They entered into the contest from the first with the greatest warmth and enthusiasm. Through their appearance at the Garden, by way of a special elevated train, Corbett lost much money, as he was playing at the Columbus Theatre, in Harlem, last week, and naturally the house both at matinee and night performances was very slim. Jim noticed this, of course, but said that he would have played to empty seats rather than fail to appear at the benefit.

"I'm tickled to death with the success of the benefit," he said. "I never played an engagement in my life that I liked so well."

Mitchell, too, lost money by keeping his promise to appear with Corbett. He refused two engagements that would have netted him money into the thousands so that he could be here on time and go against his youthful conqueror. Both men are on the most friendly terms now and enjoyed their second meeting greatly.

Another man who lost money by the benefit was Dixon, who came from Wilkesbarre, Pa., with his entire combination. His only disappointment was that he couldn't get Plimmer here to meet him.

Creedon and Tom Tracey came up from their training quarters at Asbury Park, and were sorry that they were unable to appear. They soothed their injured feelings, however, by donating $25. Griffo, too, was disappointed at not being able to show his skill. He is still ready to bet Walter Campbell $100 that Campbell is four pounds heavier than he is. He thinks of giving an exhibition.

It is conceded by everybody that Attilla made the strongest impression of any strong man this city has seen. His work was marvelous from beginning to end. It will be a long while before the remarkable scientific and humorous performance of Prof. Murdock and his kangaroo will be forgotten. It was fully in keeping with the wonders of the entertainment.

There are a few others, outside of the athletes, however, who deserve favorable mention and the highest appreciation for their donations. They are the bill-posters, Harry Munson, Keegan & Clark, A. Van Beuren, and Shann Bros. They put up paper in their best style and then handed in their bills receipted to the management.

Last night the accounts were verified, leaving not a cent outstanding, not a cent missing, and the result shows something over $7,200.

ESCAPED PRISONERS CAUGHT.

They Broke Jail in Georgia and One Was Killed.

(By Associated Press.)

SAVANNAH, Ga., Feb. 26.—Three of the prisoners who escaped from the Thomasville Jail Thursday last, were captured. One of them, a murderer named Spencer, had to be shot before he would surrender. His wounds are not dangerous. John Williams and Alex. Glass were also made prisoners. Jim Kennedy led the posse and dogs a long chase, and was finally surrounded in a creek. He refused to surrender and was shot and killed.

Two of the jail-breakers remain at large. The Thomasville Guards are on duty at the jail to prevent an expected attempt to lynch the prisoners.

Coney Island Citizens' League.

A Citizens' League Club was organized Saturday night at Coney Island. Albert Chambers, long an opponent of John Y. McKane, was Chairman of the meeting. Ninety-six names were enrolled, and Mr. Chambers will probably be a candidate for supervisor at the coming election. There will be another meeting March 5.

Measles in Philadelphia.

(By Associated Press.)

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 25.—Measles have become almost epidemic in the northern part of the city. In many families every member is prostrated. At Girard College it is estimated that 4 per cent. of the students have been ill with the disease.

EXTRA.

THIRD HEGEMAN FIRE.

$50,000 Blaze in the Monroe Building, East 59th Street.

Hotel New Netherland and Savoy Guests Routed from Their Beds.

Drug Clerk Nearly Suffocated and Two Firemen Injured.

Just at the height of the rainstorm that followed the snow at 2 o'clock this morning a fire broke out in the five-story office building numbered 9, 11 and 13 East Fifty-ninth street.

Only one house separtes the office building from the Hotel New Netherland and this fact, coupled with that of the flimsy nature of the office building, caused four alarms to be turned in within half an hour of the discovery of the flames.

The first floor of 13 East Fifty-ninth street, is occupied by a cafe, conducted by Patrick Duffy. James Reilly, the bartender of the place, was just opening up, when he thought he detected the odor of burning drugs. Hurrying to the cellar, he found it filled with smoke. He broke open the door leading into the cellar of No. 11, and there found that the flames and smoke came from the cellar of No. 9.

That cellar, with the first floor, is occupied by Hegeman & Co., drug dealers.

Realizing at once that the fire had already gained some headway, Reilly ran up the stairs to the attic of the building, where the janitor and his family slept. This family consists of Martin Schweder and wife and two children, Frank, five years, and Robert, four. With them also live Frank Nordow, a man of all work.

Reilly waited only to awake Nordow before he ran to turn in an alarm. He was by this time laboring under considerable excitement, and rushing into the Madison Avenue Hotel, at Fifty-eighth street, he yelled:

"Everything is on fire!"

The clerk of the hotel caught the excitement, left his desk and ran from the hotel office with the cry of fire. This awoke the guests of that house, who made a great scramble for the street. Policeman Allen rang the first alarm.

In the mean time, Norden was getting the janitor's family up. When he had succeeded in doing this he went to the floor beneath, which is cut up into little rooms and occupied by artists.

Among the artists on this floor are Benjamin Kramer, Edwin Foster, Miss Doner and Eliza Tompkins. All these, with the janitor's family, without waiting to dress themselves, got to the roof. From the roof a fire escape ladder runs down to the building No. 9, which is a story lower.

Down this the artists and the janitor's family made their way, Norden carrying little Frank and Schroeder the other child. They got safely to the street through the building.

Before the arrival of the engines Reilly remembered that Clarence Termilliger, a clerk for Hegerman, usually slept in the back of the store on the first floor. He broke in the door. The place was filled with a black, suffocating smoke, lit up by great masses of flames that were eating away into it.

Terwilliger was asleep in bed. Reilly shook him, but the clerk seemed unconscious, so he took him in his arms and carried him to the street. He revived in a few minutes, and was taken to the New Netherland Hotel. A physician said that in ten minutes more the man would have been suffocated.

When the firemen arrived the street before the burning was jammed with people. The flames were burning fiercely, having made their way from Hegeman's cellar to the stairway which led right up through the building.

Chief McGill immediately turned in the fourth alarm. The building is well known to the Department, having been turned into an office building from three private houses. Now it is known as the Monroe Building.

The firemen met obstructions at every step. The halls are narrow, and the fire having control of the stairway, it was impossible to get to the upper part of the house. While the fire fighters were at work great excitement prevailed among the guests of the Hotel New Netherland and the Hotel Savoy, which is opposite. The New Netherland's guests were especially excited, because two weeks ago they were aroused in the middle of the night by a false alarm. Despite this fact that the clerks, porters and bell boys did all they could, the halls were filled with frightened women and white-faced men.

The first line dragged in to the burning building was in the hands of Firemen Lottie McAuliffe and John McCue, of Engine 23, and Richard O'Brien, of Truck 27.

They had got the line only ten feet from the front door, when a portion of the ceiling above the third floor fell with a crash. For an instant all three of the men were lost to sight.

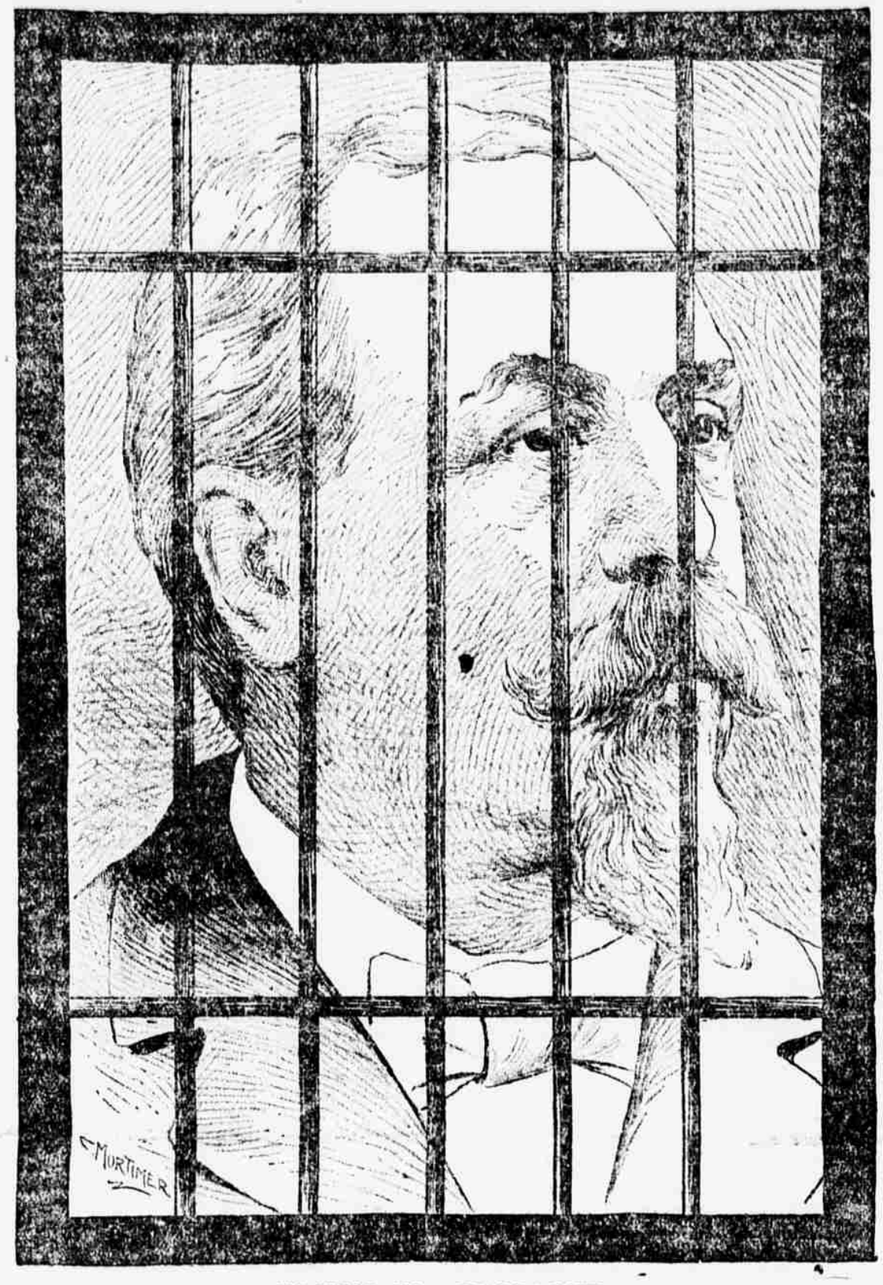
A dozen men sprang to their rescue. O'Brien ran from the building, his face covered with blood. McCue and McAuliff had to be helped out. Their faces and clothing were singed. All were taken to the New Netherland Hotel where, after their injuries had been attended, McCue and McAuliff were taken to the Presbyterian Hospital. Neither were badly hurt, and both protested that they desired to return to work.

O'Brien did return, but twenty minutes later he was sent home, having been badly cut by falling glass.

From the cellar of the Hegeman drug store, the flames burst through and threw to the halls of the Hotel next door to No. 11. It was here that the flames got to the stairway, and thence rolled upward towards the roof.

It was not until the firemen got their lines to the roof through Park's building, which is No. 7, next door to the New Netherland, that the effective work was done. Even then it was terrible work for the rain and snow had made the roofs like a sheet of glass. After three hours' work, at 5 o'clock, the fire was under control and was soon extinguished.

Hegeman's entire place was gutted, and nothing but the burned walls remain. The men who fought the flames looked upon the origin of the fire as suspicious. It might have started from exploding chemicals, they said, but from the fact that not a particle of the place remained behind, no one would ever be able to tell how it did start. The fact that the flames started in the drug cellar, and that Hegeman's other place in lower Broadway had been on fire twice within a month, made the present fire look as though an attempt had been made to do damage to the Hegeman interests.



JOHN Y. M'KANE.

His Present Point of View.

(From the "Morning World.")

JOHN Y. M'KANE'S CAREER.

From a 50-Cents-a-Week Toiler He Rose to Be a National Figure.

John Y. McKane was convicted of conspiracy in aiding and abetting the Gravesend election inspectors in violating the law at the last election. The story of how he had Col. Bacon and the men who were sent to Gravesend by W. J. Gaynor to copy the poll lists put in jail, and how he disregarded the injunction issued by Justice Barnard, are well known.

The fact that the township of Gravesend was a hotbed of political corruption had been known for many years. McKane could make the vote anything he wished. In 1888 he threw the vote to Harrison, and did more than any one man to defeat Cleveland. Then he swung around to the Democracy.

He had been tempting fate for years, and had been so successful in his political manipulations that he went so far in the recent election as to give the registry of Gravesend as 6,218, although the population of the town is only 8,418. The efforts to get a copy of a registry list to prove that fraud had been practised, were laughed at by McKane, who defied the courts and gave utterance to the famous sentiment, "Injunctions don't go."

For contempt of court in refusing to recognize the injunction he was sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment, but immediately got a stay of proceedings. Then came the trial for conspiracy, which has resulted in the six years' sentence.

John Young McKane is one of the most remarkable figures in American politics. He is not sure whether his name should be spelled McKane, McCain or McKain. He has been ruler of Gravesend, and has been courted, petted and feared by some of the biggest politicians in the United States. Gravesend occupies the most southern point of Kings County, embracing Coney Island, Sheepshead Bay and many other resorts. McKane is fifty-four year old, and never took a drink of liquor in his life. He used to boast that he was brought to this country from County Antrim, Ireland, when only a few years old, and has five brothers living—Robert, Theodore, James, William and George. Young John made his first money picking strawberries at 50 cents a day.

He was frugal, and learning the carpenter trade, he started, early in the days of the war, the Sheepshead Plaining Mill. He did an enormous business, and in later days he built all the stables and grand stands of the Coney Island Jockey Club, Brighton Beach Racing Association and Brooklyn Jockey Club, situated at Gravesend. Further on you can see Gravesend, Sheepshead Bay or anywhere throughout Brooklyn that an admirer of Chief McKane will not stop and say, "The Chief built that house and took a mortgage on it." That is the way all the way through.

Chief McKane has practically built up Gravesend, and some idea of the magnitude of his operations can be gathered from the fact that his annual income from buildings in the town is $30,000. His fortune is estimated at $500,000. He practically gave up the business of builder several years ago, handing it over to his brothers, some of whom are masons and contractors, so that it will be seen that the McKanes have far-reaching influence in a most practical way.

Chief McKane's parents were strict Methodists, and all the boys in the family were taught early to go to church and Sunday-school. McKane was at first a pupil, then class leader, and for twenty-five years he has been superintendent of the Sunday-school. McKane has lived at Twenty-fifth street and Voorhis avenue, Sheepshead Bay. His children are: Ira, eighteen years old; Fannie, ten years old, and George N., the eldest son, who is blind and who was recently married to Minnie Estelle, daughter of the Rev. J. B. Saunders, formerly pastor of the Methodist Church at Sheepshead Bay, and now pastor of the Seventh Street Methodist Church, New York City.

At about the time that McKane was admitted to the Methodist Church he began his political career by being elected constable of the town of Gravesend. He was a Democrat from the start, and with all the influences of a successful business career in a country town he was not slow in making friends. He was not long in making enemies by interfering with his politics or with his progress towards the leadership of the town. Step by step he advanced, and in a few years he was master of the town, and then all was plain sailing before him. He became the absolute boss of the town during the Tilden campaign. Shortly after that he was elected Supervisor of the town and then gave him a place on the Board of Supervisors of Kings County. McKane made himself President of the Town Board of Gravesend, the Police Board, the Board of Health, and the Town Improvement Board. He absolutely swayed all of these boards. As President of the Town Board he was the right hand of Chief McKane. He practically selected the Justices of the Peace, the Captain of Police, and the Sergeants, and furthermore he ran the Excise Board and the Fire Department. No Czar ever held in the palmiest days of his hard rule more absolute sway over his subjects than did McKane for nearly twenty years. There isn't a man, woman or child in Gravesend who doesn't like him personally. Now and then a rebellious head has popped up but McKane knew well how to knock it down.

For many years he was associated in council with Hugh McLaughlin, the democratic leader of Kings County for forty years. But just before the Democratic State Convention of 1888, he quarrelled with McLaughlin.

In view of this situation it will not be uninteresting to trace McKane's power as a vote-getter from 1876. In that campaign the vote of Gravesend was Tilden, 311; Hayes, 126. Coming on to 1880 Gravesend gave Hancock 78 and Garfield 79. In 1884 Hess McKane gave Cleveland 66 and Blaine got 25 votes in the town. The Folger-Cleveland campaign of 1884 should not be overlooked and yet that possibility was not a criterion. McKane's doings Cleveland got 234 and Folger 18. It was in 1888, when McKane was at war with his old Democratic friends, that Gravesend gave Harrison 86 and Cleveland 56.

Two years later, when there was no quarrel, the vote of Peckham and Daniels for the Court of Appeals bench will be interesting, in view of all that has been said recently. Gravesend gave Peckham 82 and Daniels 123. But after the Cleveland-Harrison campaign of 1888 the quarrel went on, and in the Gubernatorial fight of two years ago Gravesend gave Fassett 1,088 and Flower 180. After that the quarrel between McLaughlin and McKane was patched up.

The recent figures by which 6,218 persons were registered in Gravesend, whereas the population of the town is only 8,418, have caused the scandal which has brought McKane's name before the country at large.

With all the power of the Kings County Democratic machine behind him, and with full confidence in his own ability to checkmate any move made to punish him, McKane tried to thwart the efforts that were made to expose the apparent corruption. Those persons who were sent to Gravesend with Justice Barnard's injunction order were clubbed, beaten and thrown into jail as disorderly characters, and despite the fact that many watchers were on hand Election Day, McKane's backers returned nearly 4,000 votes, although not more than 2,000 votes were cast.

McKane was aided by the justices he had appointed in all his movements, and they are under indictment with him. Justice Newton will be the first of his followers to be tried. Justice Sutherland will probably be the next.

McKane is tall, stout, has a big paunch, sports a big diamond, and Winter and Summer, wears neat white ties.

FUNERAL OF MR. COTHEAL.

An Old-Time New Yorker to Be Buried in Trinity Cemetery.

The funeral of Alexander Isaac Cotheal, Consul-General to the United States for Nicaragua, who died at his home, 62 West Twenty-sixth street, yesterday, will be held in Trinity Chapel at 10 o'clock Wednesday morning. Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix will officiate, and the burial will be in Trinity Cemetery.

Mr. Cotheal was in his ninety-fourth year. He was the eldest son of Henry Cotheal, who was at the head of an old-time shipping firm. Alexander became a member of the firm in 1826, and was associated with it until 1849.

He was proficient in the Arabic, Turkish, Persian, Hindustani and Chinese languages, and made many translations, which were published. He was appointed Consul-General from Nicaragua in 1871. He was never married. Two sisters survive him.

DRIFTING DYNAMITE.

Derelict Schooner Reindeer Has a Dangerous Cargo.

The captains of vessels leaving this port for domestic or foreign ports will undoubtedly keep a sharp weather eye out for the dynamite-laden derelict schooner Reindeer, which broke loose from her moorings at Delaware Breakwater Saturday and drifted out to sea.

Numerous other derelicts have been recently reported in the regular course of transatlantic vessels, but none is so menacing or regarded with such awe as the Reindeer with her destructive cargo. Nothing has been seen of the schooner since she drifted out to sea.

With such dangerous obstructions in the ocean highway, and the tempestuous weather, navigation is rendered exceedingly perilous, and vessel-owners are, as a consequence, exceedingly apprehensive for their incoming ships.

EXTRA.

M'KANE MUST GO TO PRISON.

Justice Cullen Refuses the Certificate of Reasonable Doubt.

MAY GO TO SING SING TO-DAY.

To Begin His Six Years' Sentence for Conspiracy in Election Frauds.

CAN APPEAL TO GENERAL TERM.

But Unless a Stay Is Granted He Must Don the Garb of a Criminal.

Justice Cullen, of the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, filed his decision this morning in the appeal of John Y. McKane, the convicted ex-boss of Gravesend, for a certificate of reasonable doubt.

Justice Cullen denied the application. This vacates the stay of execution, and McKane, pending an appeal to the General Term, must go to Sing Sing.

Another course is open to the ex-Czar of Gravesend. He may procure another stay pending appeal to the General Term.

Justice Cullen's decision makes eight pages of typewritten matter.

He sums up the matter in the last paragraph, which is as follows:

"I have briefly reviewed the principal alleged errors on the trial of this case, so far as they have been presented to me. I can find no substantial or reasonable doubt as to the legality and correctness of the conduct of the trial, and must, therefore, deny the application for a certificate of reasonable doubt. Application for certificate denied and stay vacated."

McKane was not taken to court. The news of Justice Cullen's adverse decision was carried to him in Raymond Street Jail by a special messenger.

Lawyer Backus was the only one of McKane's counsel who could be found about the court-house when the decision was filed.

He refused to state what further steps would be taken by the defense to keep McKane out of Sing Sing.

Up to 10.30 o'clock Sheriff Buttling had not visited the jail, nor could he be found at his office.

It was announced last Friday that, in the event of Justice Cullen's decision being adverse to McKane, the prisoner would be taken to Sing Sing to-day.

It is presumed that Sheriff Buttling intends to carry out the programme originally decided upon, unless, indeed, the deposed Czar's powerful friends should prevail upon him to give McKane a little more time, so that another application for a stay and certificate or reasonable doubt can be made to some other Supreme Court Justice.

OUTSIDERS GOT THE CREDIT.

Members of the Agatha Dramatic Society Are Very Wroth.

Members of the Agatha Amateur Dramatic Association, of the Church of Our Lady of Grace, Hoboken, are excited over the appearance of an article in a local paper crediting the success of the last play, "The Colleen Bawn," to outsiders. The Association numbers some first-class actresses and actors in its membership, and many took upon the publication as the work of a practical joker.

Yesterday the members discussed the subject with much bitterness, and a man who figures as "Professor" in the article is credited with being responsible for it.

Coming Events.

Rev. H. B. Tyler, D. D.'s, lecture on "Signs of the Times" at the Thirty-fourth Street Reformed Church this evening.

Closing exercises of male senior evening school, No. 79, this evening at 42 East First street.

Seventh anniversary of the boys' Department of the Young Men's Christian Association, Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue, this evening.

Col. Alex. S. Bacon will make an address.

Eleventh masque ball of New York Turn Verein Bloomingdale at Lexington Avenue Opera House, Fifty-eighth street, near Third avenue, this evening.