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THE WORLD'S
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Don't Miss The SUNDAY WORLD EASTER NUMBER To-Morrow.

EXTRA.
2 O'CLOCK.

OXFORD THE WINNER.

Dark Blue Finishes First in the Great 'Varsity Race.

Cambridge Was No Match for Its Old Rival.

Light Blue Loses by Three and One Half Lengths.

(Copyrighted, 1894, by the Associated Press.)

LONDON, March 17.—The fifty-first boat race between crews representing Oxford University and Cambridge University Boat Clubs took place this morning over the usual four mile two furlong course, from Putney Bridge to the Ship at Mortlake. Oxford won by three and a half lengths.

Of the previous contests between these two universities, Oxford won twenty-seven, including the races of the last four successive years. The Cambridge victories amounted to twenty-two, and one race, in 1877, resulted in a dead heat. Last year the Dark Blues won a really splendid race by two and a half lengths in 18 minutes 47 seconds, the best time on record.

After the customary course of strict training at home the two crews arrived at Putney on Monday, Feb. 26, and since that time have been practising daily on the Thames. Crowds of sightseers each day thronged both banks of the river when the men were out and the boathouses of the two universities were constant centres of attraction.

The crews generally practised twice a day, and frequently rowed the full course at a racing pace. During these trials Oxford obtained a good margin of the time in its favor, and consequently the Dark Blues were strong favorites in the betting. The Oxford crew improved very much in form and speed since its arrival at Putney, and showed that it was composed of a powerful and even-pulling lot of men.

The Light Blues rowed very neatly and prettily in practice, but were lacking in leg work and required a longer finish. In the Cambridge boat, four of the men had previously rowed in the inter-university contest, while Oxford had five old hands among its crew. M. B. Cotton, of Magdalen, again took the bow oar in the Oxford boat, but the Dark Blues had a new stroke in C. M. Pitman, of New College. In the Cambridge boat, T. G. Lewis, of Third Trinity, pulled stroke, the same position which he occupied in last year's race. The Cambridge crew had a new bow oar and a new coxswain. The names and weights of the rival eights were as follows:

OXFORD.

Position.	Name.	College.	Weight.
Bow	H. B. Cotton	Magdalen	132
No. 2	M. C. Pilkington	Magdalen	173
No. 3	W. B. Stewart	Brasenose	190
No. 4	J. A. Morrison	New	174
No. 5	E. G. Tew	Magdalen	190¾
No. 6	T. H. E. Stretch	New	176¼
No. 7	W. E. Crum	New	169¼
Stroke	C. M. Pitman	New	168¾
Coxswain	L. Portman	University	110¼

CAMBRIDGE.

Bow	A. H. Finch	Third Trinity	155
No. 2	N. W. Paine	Third Trinity	155
No. 3	Sir C. Ross	Third Trinity	162½
No. 4	H. N. Blunt	Third Trinity	166
No. 5	L. A. E. Ollivant	First Trinity	200
No. 6	C. T. Fogg-Elliott	Trinity Hall	165½
No. 7	R. O. Kerrison	Third Trinity	164½
Stroke	T. G. Lewis	Third Trinity	160
Coxswain	F. C. Begg	Trinity Hall	116

There was no wind this morning; the weather was cold, and the water was smooth. Great crowds witnessed the race from the tow paths, bridges, river banks and other points of vantage, and on all sides were to be seen the colors of the rival universities, the dark blue of Oxford and the light blue of Cambridge, but, this year, these colors were plentifully intermixed with the green of old Erin, for, to-day, for the second time only in the history of these great aquatic contests, was the race pulled on St. Patrick's Day. On March 17, 1869, Oxford won by three lengths.

The London Daily Graphic had a large balloon inflated and in the air this morning, with the intention of following the race from the clouds, as it were, but the wind was unfavorable, and The Graphic's balloon was hauled down amid howls of derision from the crowds who witnessed this collapse of journalistic enterprise.

Oxford won the toss and took the Surrey side of the river. The start was made at 9.20, Cambridge getting away with a pretty forty-two to the minute galt, and Oxford starting with a long and steady forty stroke. At the soap works Oxford had the lead, though a grand race was being pulled, Cambridge being less than half a length behind.

Opposite the lead mills, and nearing Hammersmith Bridge, Oxford put on a beautiful spurt in order to have the honor of being first to pass under the bridge, and this honor the dark blues won handily by a length. At Thornycroft works, Oxford seemed to have the race so well in hand that the dark blue crew dashed up and yet increased their lead to about four lengths. Here, however, the Cambridge men made a splendid spurt and succeeded in cutting down Oxford's lead to about three lengths at the Devonshire Meadows.

At Barnes Railway Bridge, Oxford was leading by a clear four lengths, and passed the winning line, at Mortlake at [illegible] winner by three and a half lengths.

HARMONY IN BROOKLYN.

But the Green Emblem Was Missed from the City Hall.

St. Patrick's Day is being vigorously celebrated in Brooklyn. The devotees of Ireland's patron saint are vieing with one another to do his memory honor. The fine weather this morning gave sheer to thousands of expectant Irishmen who celebrate on the 17th of March whether it rains or shines, but who, of course, prefer a fine day.

Early this morning preparations for the proper observance of the day were in evidence everywhere. The national flag was flying from hundreds of flagstaffs, throughout the city, and many times it was accompanied by the green flag of Erin, with a golden harp.

Men, women and children were on the streets early in large numbers, each one displaying a neat bit of green ribbon or a shamrock. The day opened for many with special services in the numerous Catholic churches of the city.

St. Patrick's Day this year in Brooklyn was unique in two respects. In one that the Irishmen were a unit in the celebration, and the other is that the green flag did not fly from the City Hall or county buildings. This was the one feature that cast a cloud over the day for those most interested. Since the war it was the first time that hte green flag was not displayed on the public buildings of Brooklyn or that the day was celebrated harmoniously by the Irishmen of the city.

As is well known, the Board of Aldermen and the Board of Supervisors both passed resolutions directing that Erin's emblem should be permitted to fly on the public buildings, but hat the resolutions were vetoed by Mayor Schieren and Supervisor-at-Large Fitchie.

Hibernians Were United.

For years there has been an effort made to have the factions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians come together and make one grand celebration on St. Patrick's Day. The efforts of the peace-makers have at last been crowned with success. The Hibernians in Brooklyn, are divided in two branches—the Band of Erin and the American Branch—but more familiarly known as the Gold and Canton street wings.

The American branch holds its business meetings at 228 Gold street, and the Canton street wing at 108 Canton street. The Gold street wing has thirty-five different divisions or lodges in the city. The Canton street wing has about the same number.

The first business transacted this year in connection with to-day's celebration was done Sunday, Feb. 11.

Both wings met and talked over the idea of a union celebration. The Canton street wing made the most progress. A committee was appointed to wait upon the Gold street people the following Sunday in relation to the matter. They did so, headed by Chairman Miles F. McPartland went to the Gold street headquarters and asked that the Gold street people appoint a committee of six to confer with the Canton street wing in reference to a union celebration on March 17.

The request was granted and a committee was appointed. The members of the committees are as follows:

Canton street—Miles McPartland, John McWilliams, Patrick Lowe, James Laselle, C. Gallagher and Anthony Duffy.

Gold street—Patrick McGuire, James O'Donnell, John Clark, Bernard Morgan, Michael Keeney and Lewis Innis.

The Committee organized a Conference Committee at once. Miles F. McPortland was elected Chairman and James O'Donnell Secretary.

DUCK CHU AND THE OPIUM.

The Drug Was Smuggled, but It Is Hard to Make Out a Case.

Duck Chu, who was arrested on March 8 by Secret Service Officer Britton, at 15 1-2 Mott street, for having in his possession smuggled opium, was before United States Commissioner Shields this morning.

Katie Poy, a pretty Caucasian girl, the wife of Charlie Poy, a Chinaman, who gave the Government the information on which the arrest was made, was an interested spectator of the proceedings. Katie is a slender girl of medium height, with a typical oval Italian face, lighted by large black eyes.

George S. Scally, of 186 Chrystie street, testified that he was present when the arrest and seizure were made in Duck Chu's house. There were forty-two cans of opium prepared for smoking, closely packed in a zinc trunk.

At a previous hearing of the case it was shown that Duck Chu had been seen by Katie Poy to take opium from the trunk on three separate occasions, but it was not proven that Duck owned the trunk or that the opium he took was stamped. The opium belonged, presumably, to one Quong Sing, with whom Katie Poy was apparently on very familiar terms.

Ex-Police Justice Morgan, who appeared for Duck Chu, moved for the discharge of his client without submitting any evidence.

Commissioner Shields stated that while a case had not been clearly made out against Duck Chu, yet he was not prepared to discharge him, and would reserve his decision.

PRISON FOR MRS. DUNNE.

Found Guilty of Manslaughter in the Second Degree.

Mrs. Mary Dunne, who has been on trial for the past three days in General Sessions for the murder of her husband, George H. Dunne, on Oct. 14 last, will not die in the electric chair.

The jury which took the case in hand last evening returned their verdict just before midnight. It pronounced the woman guilty of manslaughter in the second degree, and was supplemented by a strong recommendation to mercy.

Up to the last ballot taken the jury stood seven for acquittal and five for manslaughter in the second degree. The indictment charged murder in the first degree. The woman killed her husband with a hammer.

The penalty for the crime of which Mrs. Dunne has been found guilty is imprisonment for not more than fifteen years and not less than one year. She will be arraigned for sentence on Monday morning.

DYNAMITE IN A STORE.

One Dead, One Dying and Three of Wagner's Family Hurt.

(By Associated Press.)

DULUTH, Minn., March 17.—Edward Wagner, a German laborer, put three sticks of dynamite in the oven of the family cookstove to thaw out yesterday.

The house is now in ruins, and Otto Wagner, aged thirteen, is dead, and Mrs. Edward Wagner fatally injured. Edward Wagner, Rhea Wagner and Baby Wagner were also hurt.

[illegible]

BLOOD FOR "HONORS."

College Students in Hospitals After a Great Bowl Fight.

University of Pennsylvania Men Win Brutal Distinction.

Contestants and Umpire Bruised—The Wicked Spike.

(By Associated Press.)

PHILADELPHIA, March 17.—There were more broken bones, more bruised and battered bodies and more damaged clothing at the great annual bowl fight between the Sophomores and the Freshmen at the University of Pennsylvania yesterday than ever before; consequently it was the greatest bowl fight in the history of the institution. The struggle lasted for over an hour, and was a most desperate one, some of the contestants being so badly injured that they had to be carried off to the university hospital, and many of them had their clothes torn entirely from their backs.

The battle took place on the athletic grounds at Thirty-seventh and Spruce streets, the Freshmen lining up upon the north side of the field, with the big wooden bowls in their possesion, as is the custom, and the Sophmore forces assembling on the south side.

There were fully 1,500 spectators of the fight within the grounds, including many fathers and other relatives and friends of the combatants, who watched the affair with the deepest interest, urging on their favorites with cries and shouts.

It was a little before 2 o'clock when Umpire Beaumont dropped his white handkerchief as a signal for the combat to begin. Immediately there was a rumble of many feet, and the Freshmen, 150 strong, began their rush for the gateway with the precious bowl in their midst. But the army of the Sophs did not permit them to go far. The two opposing forces came together with a shock, and for a few minutes all that the onlookers could see was a confused mass of struggling, squirming, shouting humanity, men piled upon one another, stray arms and legs sticking out in all directions and an immense cloud of dust stred up by the scurrying feet.

When things had somewhat settled down after the first burst of combativeness it was found that Osgood, the big football player, had tackled Bowlman Uhler and had secured possession of the trophy. The fight had divded itself into sections; one attempting to get the bowl-man out of the gate, which would have been equivalent to a victory for the Sophomores, and the other to gain possession of the bowl.

Cook, Thayer, Newling and others were carried entirely off their feet, ground down in the dust, trampled upon and otherwise demoralized. Several frantic rushes were made by the Sophomores, during which Bowlman Uhler had nearly off the clothes torn from his back. About a half score of fighters had their shirts torn off, and were stripped to the waist.

Rogerh, of the freshmen, had one of his hands badly injured by somebody jumping on it with a pair of spiked shoes, literally pinning the member to the ground. Cuts and bruises were plentiful, and blood flowed freely, but nobody retired from the field unless his injuries were so severe as to incopacitate him for further service.

At the end of the first half hour neither side had made a point, but the sophomores, although but 100 in number, were seen to be physically the superior, and the victory now began to lean their way. Their man, Osgood, finally obtained possession of the bowl and it was hustled out the gateway. A free fist fight ensued at this point, which was joined in by members of other classes and in which many men were knocked down and trampled on. Suddenly the medical students, who had been anxiously watching the struggle, made a rush for the bowl intending to carry it to Medical Hall, but they were ignominiously beaten back by the men of '95 and '96 classes.

"To the training-house," was the cry now raised, and the victorious sophs, with the bowl in their possession, made a rush for the building, closely pursued by a hoard of Freshmen, medicals and other students. Upon the steps another desperate fight took place, when Thayer, of the Sophomores, was badly injured by being thrown down and jumped upon, and one of the glass doors was smashed to smithereens, but the Sophomores succeeded in getting the big wooden trophy inside.

Through the umpire's decision the sophomores were declared victors by a score of 8 to 5—that is eight Sophomores and five Freshmen had their hands upon the bowl when t was gotten inside the building. The Sophs thus honored were Woolman, Fraley, Kimball, Uhler, Thayer, Dale, Morgan, Dallmland Winneberger; the Freshmen were B. Dixon, Winsor, Carson, Latrobe and Goodman.

Umpire Beaumont, whose office required him to keep close to the bowl in the thick of the fight, was badly bruised and beaten, and his clothes were ruined.

STOLE A SMALL-POX PATIENT.

Putnam Woman Carries a Sick Child from Boston.

(By Associated Press.)

HARTFORD, Conn., March 17.—The officials of Putnam found a child ill with small-pox yesterday, which had been abducted from a hospital in Boston by a woman named Walton. The woman went to the hospital in Boston to see the child, and she managed to escape without being observed.

The woman carried the child all the way on a train, and many of the passengers were exposed to the dread disease. The tenement here where the child was found was quarantined by the health officials.

FANJOY'S TWO WIVES.

Denies He Married the Second When Released from Prison.

James J. Fanjoy, of 784 Grand street, Williamsburg, was held in the Lee Avenue Police Court to-day on a charge of bigamy.

Fanjoy is not a particularly prepossessing man, and his two alleged wives are middle-aged women, with sad faces.

Lucy Redwozzi, of 86 Eldert street, was the complainant in the case, and says that Fanjoy married her last Spring, shortly after he came out of prison. Fanjoy denied the second marriage, and Justice Petterson adjourned the case for examination.

Missouri Banker Arrested.

(By Associated Press.)

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., March 17.—When Cashier A. Bascomb Crawford, of the American National Bank of this city, has been arrested for having embezzled about $16,000 of the bank's funds.

EXILE SUTHERLAND.

General Belief that the Justice Is in Canada.

McKane's Crowd in Gravesend Panic-Stricken.

Half of the Indicted Men Expected to Sue for Mercy.

The whereabouts of Police Justice Kenneth F. Sutherland, who was convicted of oppression in the Brooklyn Court of Oyer and Terminer on Wednesday and who failed to appear for sentence yesterday is, so far as Kings County Sheriff's office is concerned, still a mystery. No clue of any kind had been discovered this morning.

The suspicion that Sutherland has sought refuge in Canada has taken root, and friends and enemies alike believe he has taken that step. No credence whatever is now placed in the stories that he is on a spree, and hope has been abandoned that he will appear on Monday and save the $2,500 which his bondsmen—ex-Senator James Birkett and Robert Furey—must otherwise forfeit.

The warrant for Sutherland's arrest was placed early yesterday afternoon in the hands of Deputy Sheriff Thompson. The warrant was applied for by Furey, who seems to be thoroughly disgusted at the turn affairs have taken. Thompson at once hurried to New York and searched around their haces where the convicted man was supposed to frequent.

Failing to find him, the Deputy Sheriff returned to Brooklyn and made the rounds of the resorts. Those of Sutherland's friends who might possibly know of his whereabouts, were not seen, and then Thompson hurried down to Coney Island.

That stamping ground, according to information given out at the Sheriff's office this morning, was searched carefully, and Sutherland's house was watched all night, but all to no purpose. Thompson returned to Brooklyn this morning worn out and hopeless. He is at a loss to know where next to look for his man.

"I think it is pretty safe to say Sutherland has really fled and is in Canada," said an attache of the Sheriff's office to an "Evening World reporter this morning. "In fact, no one seems to doubt it. A bondsman for some of the other indicted men was in here yesterday. He would not want to have his name published, but he was as close to Sutherland as any one. He was satisfied that Sutherland had fled, and said he had reasons for believing so."

While Lawyer Wernberg, one of the active spirits of the prosecution, professes to believe Sutherland will be on hand Monday, it is evident he is worried over the stories that many others of the indicted men will also seek safety in flight. Not only is he looking carefully after the bonds, but he is hurrying along the prosecution of the others. He has notified the counsel of all the indicted Brooklyn men to plead to the charges on Monday morning.

It was stated on good authority this morning that of the indicted Gravesenders, fully one-half will withdraw their pleas of not guilty when called for trial, and throw themselves on the mercy of the Court. They will argue that they obeyed McKane's orders, and that if they had not done so they would have been driven out of business or ostracised. They will also plad ignorance. These pleas will, in the main, be accepted by the prosecuting officers.

The stories published that Sutherland had first fled to Yonkers and afterwards crossed to the other side of the Hudson River in an open boat, then taking a West Shore train, was read with surprise by Sheriff Butting and his subordinates. Apparently no one knew that Sutherland had relatives in Yonkers. No one has been sent up there to investigate the story.

FIRE IN MOBILE.

Several Concerns Burned Out, and the Damage Is $200,000.

(By Associated Press.)

MOBILE, Ala., March 17.—Fire broke out last evening in Lienkauf & Straus's wholesale dry-goods and notion store, at 13 and 15 Water street, and spread rapidly to S. Lahn & Co.'s cigar manufacturers, next door, north, and then burned though St. Francis street and destroyed the building and contents of the Mobile Drug Company and S. Bidgood, books and stationery. The buildings on Water and St. Francis streets, opposite the fire, were scorched and considerably damaged.

The wind blew a gale from the southeast, and at one time it was feared that a general conflagration was impending. The Battle House is just west of the locality of the fire and in the same square, and everybody in the hotel packed up and moved out. The gale was followed by a heavy fall of rain, which greatly aided the firemen in overcoming the flames. The loss is put at $200,000.

PEST SHIP AT HONOLULU.

Whaler Reaches There with Thirteen Cases of Small-Pox Aboard.

(By Associated Press.)

SAN FRANCISCO, March 17.—Late advices from Honolulu give definite news concerning the whaling bark Horatio, which arrived at Honolulu, from this port, with thirteen cases of small-pox on board. The bark left San Francisco Nov. 23, and made one stop before arriving at Honolulu. This was at Van Doren's Bay, Central America.

The first case of small-pox appeared Feb. 8. It is believed it was contracted at the bay. Two of the crew died on the trip and six are suffering severely. The others are convalescent. The bark was quarantined, and as the authorities at Honolulu are exercising every precaution it is not probable that the disease will have much chance to spread.

COLLECTOR MIGHT MISSING.

His Wife Says She Fears He Has Met with Foul Play.

The police of the Stagg street station, Williamsburg, have been notified to look out for Henry Might, a brewer's collector, who disapeared from his home, 1, Maujer street, last Saturday.

Mrs. Might says that her husband left his home that morning and started for the office as usual, but has never been seen or heard of since. She does not believe that her husband committed suicide or has run away, but thinks he has met with foul play.

SLOW PROGRESS INDEED.

As Far as the Public Can See the Boat Doesn't Move at All.

COOLER WHIPS THE CYCLONE.

Morris's Seconds Threw Up the Sponge in the 18th Round.

Rattling Fight in Private Proves Craig's Superiority.

Frank Craig and Fred Morris, the colored middle-weights, known respectively as the "Harlem Coffee-Cooler" and "Black Cyclone," met in a road-house near Stamford, Conn., last night to decide the question of superiority. The "Cooler" was the victor after eighteen rounds of hard fighting.

The contest was pronounced one of the best private fights seen about here in some time. Both men have good records, and there was more than the usual amount of interest in the affair. It was witnessed by a crowd of about two hundred sports, who gathered early, but were slated for a long, tiresome wait before the fight began. It was close on to midnight when time was called.

Craig was the favorite. He is taller than the "Cyclone," although it was announced there was only a pound difference in their weights. He has a longer reach and showed himself to be cleverer than the "Cyclone." Both men were in splendid condition.

While the "Cooler" is a dark-complexioned man, he looked like a blond by the side of the charcoal-tinted Morris.

Excepting in the tenth round, when he came within an ace of going into an involuntary slumber from the "Cyclone's" stiff punches, Craig's chances to win always seemed better than his adversary's. The "Cooler" dispelled, in a measure, the impression that he couldn't stand the gaff" in this round. But Morris was the worse punished of the two, and he kept coming back gamely until his seconds threw up the sponge.

Craig's seconds were Prof. Desverney and Julius Mack. Prof. Nixey, Dick Baker and Dan McGinnisn looked after Morris's needs. P. J. Donohue was referee and did his work well.

The fight, which was with small gloves, lasted about an hour and ten minutes, and was anybody's battle until it was over. Following is a description by rounds:

First Round—The men sized each other up for about a minute, keeping at respectful distances. Morris was the first to lead. He sent his left out, but it didn't do any harm, grazing Craig's cheek.

The "Cyclone" put his left into Craig's face a couple of times and then rushed. He was stopped by a stiff left-hander. Hostilities were fairly opened by this time, and the fighting was fierce to the end, Craig having a shade the best of it.

"Twenty-five dollars even on the 'Cooler,'" was shouted, but it went begging.

Second Round—Neither man stood on ceremony. The men right at it, rushing in a clinch and doing some vicious in-fighting. A stiff jab on the mouth brought a stream of blood from the "Cyclone's" lip. They kept mixing it right to the call of time, Craig getting in with right and left handily several times. Fifty to forty was offered on the "Cooler" at the end of this round, although it was a pretty even thing.

Third Round—Morris reached the "Cooler's" jaw with a stiff left, but it was a little too low. Both were tired and took things comparatively easy until just before the gong rang, when Craig got in a left-hand punch flush on the "Cyclone's" face.

Fourth Round—Both came up in good shape from the way they went at it. It didn't seem as if the fight would last over a round or two longer. A stiff, straight punch on Morris's nose not only damaged that organ considerably, but sent the owner reeling under the ropes. Morris was wobbly when he got up, and was saved the call of time after at least the right place for him.

Fifth Round—The "Cooler" went in to finish his man, but the "Cyclone" had recovered considerably, and he showed great skill in dodging Craig's swings. He couldn't avoid a wicked upper cut, however, which distressed him greatly towards the end of the round.

Sixth Round—Little work was done.

Seventh, Eighth and Ninth Rounds—Honors were about even. Craig was eager, but Morris cleverly evaded him, and at the same time let the "Cooler" know he was in the ring by stiff ones on the face and ribs.

Tenth Round—This was the most exciting round of the fight. Morris had things all his own way. He opened the round with a terrific right-hand punch on Craig's jaw, the "Cooler" coming down hard. He staggered to his feet after a hard effort, and the blow was repeated. It was otherwise bare for him to rise again, but he did so and clinched to save himself. Morris threw him to the floor, slamming him down like a board. The Morris adherents were yelling like crazy men for the "Cyclone" to go in and knock Craig out, when some outsider shouted time. The men started for their corners, but were called back. The brief full did rCaig a world of good, for he rushed at Morris and staggered him with an upper cut just before time was called.

Eleventh to Eighteenth Rounds—There was little advantage either way during these rounds. Craig was the aggressor, and hit Morris hard and frequently, but the "Cyclone" generally managed to give as good as he got, though not landing so often. Both seemed strong and willing.

Eighteenth Round—The fighting was fast and furious from the start. Craig was all over his man, punishing him hard, and Morris fighting back gamely. The beginning of the end came when Morris was knocked to the floor by a right-hander. As fast as he could get up he was knocked down by the "Cooler's" stiff and well-aimed blows. As he was trying to rise, after the fourth knockdown, one of his seconds seeing his man was probably too groggy to recover threw up the sponge. This occasioned considerable surprise, as it was thought Morris was good for several rounds more, and there was only a second more to fight in this round.

Craig made a speech after the fight, saying he could have whipped Morris in the fourth round, but wanted to show he was a finish fighter. This announcement was received with yells of derision by the sports.

NO PIXLEY WILL CONTEST.

Fulford Has Settled with the Mother and Sister.

Now He Will Lay the Ashes of His Wife in the Grave.

There will be no contest over the will of Annie Pixley. Robert Fulford, her husband, has effected a settlement with the mother and sisters of his late wife, which, it is claimed, exceeds their expectation.

They have met several times, and, notwithstanding the damaging statements made by the mother, Mr. Fulford submitted an offer which they accepted. The mother of the actress, it is said, will receive $25,000 and an allowance for the remainder of her life, while the sisters will receive $10,000 and an allowance.

Col. Robert Haire, who represents Mrs. Fulford's relatives, stated to an "Evening World" reporter to-day that he did not know the exact provisions of the settlement, but it was entirely satisfactory to his clients, and all that remained to be done was the arranging of the details which the lawyers would draw up. He thought the figures mentioned were correct. Mr. Fulford, he said, had acted generously.

The statement that Mr. Fulford would sail for Europe to-day Col. Haire thought was erroneous. He would not sail for ten days, by which time the entire matter would be settled. In the meanwhile he will visit Canada and deposit his wife's ashes in the grave of their son.

TWO FIRES—A FALSE ALARM.

Flames Awakened Dr. Neville's Family, but Did Little Damage.

While the family of Dr. John J. Neville, of 31 West Thirty-eighth street, was asleep at 2 o'clock this morning fire broke out from some unknown cause in the cellar. An alarm was sent in and the flames were quickly extinguished with little damage.

Fire broke out in the one-story brick building at One Hundred and Thirty-second street and Brooke avenue shortly before 3 o'clock this morning. It was occupied as a storehouse by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company. The damage was small. The cause is not known.

At 4.45 o'clock this morning some unknown person broke open the fire-box at the Hotel Grand, Fifty-seventh street and Eighth avenue and sent in a false alarm.

BREAKS ALL RECORDS.
The World's
CIRCULATION
for the first two months of 1894 averaged Daily,
433,167.

HEMMED IN BY AN ICE FLOE.

Perilous Plight of the Dutch Tank Steamer Ocean.

All Night in Danger of Being Crushed by Falling Bergs.

(By Associated Press.)

PHILADELPHIA, March 17.—A thrilling tale of a vessel being hemmed in by an ice floe in the North Atlantic was told yesterday upon the arrival from Antwerp of the Dutch tank steamship Ocean, commanded by Capt. Lassens.

The Ocean left Antwerp on Feb. 26 and on March 8 the sudden change in the weather foretold the close proximity of ice. The vessel was soon enveloped in a dense fog and her speed was reduced. Suddenly the ship crushed into a hard formation which the officers realized was ice. Capt. Lassens alterd his course several degrees to the southward and rang the engines up "full speed."

But the ship again crashed into the ice and this time with such force that it was feared her bows would be stove in, and the engines were stopped. By this time the fog was so thick that the formast could not be seen from the bridge, but the rumbling sound of the ice told too plainly her perilous position. The cold was intense and the officers suffered severely. Night came, but the fog still hung over the surroundings, shutting out from view the true position of the ship. It was feared that some huge berg would topple over and crush the vessel.

It was an anxious time on board until 3 A. M. the next day, when the fog rose. Then Capt. Lassens found that not an inch of clear water was visible, and that the thrickly packed field of ice had jammed up against the imprisoned ship with such force that it was impossible to move her. To start ahead would endanger the breaking of the shaft or the propeller, and in this event she could not have gotten out of the obstruction.

Later in the day she worked out of the mass, and after several hours hard work and anxiety the vessel, in lat. 44.40, log. 49.12, again struck clear water and continued her voyage to port without further accident. This is the furtherest south a vessel ever encountered ice floes, and the hydrographic officers are warning masters of the dangers attending these northern voyages at this season.

WOMAN BURGLAR IN JAIL.

Her Husband Partially Exonerates Her in a Confession.

(By Associated Press.)

EMPORIA, Kan., March 17.—Before Mrs. Alice McGregor, the so-called "beautiful burglar," was taken to the penitentiary last night, some sensational developments came to light. Her husband, A. R. McGregor, a conductor on the Sante Fe, has confessed it was he who gave her the watch, the possession of which caused her misfortune. He also confessed that the real burglar who robbed the residence of Mayor Hood was A. B. Tredwell, the escaped convict and attempted robber of the post-office.

He had been sentenced to the penitentiary for five years, but on technicality was remanded back here by the Supreme court only to break jail and commit the Hood burglary. It is now likely that several others will join Mrs. McGregor in the penitentiary.

ROSE COGHLAN THROWN OUT.

Actress's Experience with Runaway Horses in Connecticut.

(By Associated Press.)

HARTFORD, Conn., March 17.—Rose Coghlan, the actress, with several other members of her company, while driving from this city to New Britain yesterday, were thrown from their carriage in a runaway accident. Miss Coghlan was badly shaken up, but sustained no serious injury.

EXTRA.
2 O'CLOCK.

IRELAND'S FETE DAY.

Birthday Anniversary of Her Patron Saint Generally Observed.

THE USUAL MONSTER PARADE.

Celebrations at Jones's Wood and Sulzer's Harlem River Park Day and Night.

CITY'S WEARING OF THE GREEN.

Erin's Flag Floated on the City Hall and Many Other Buildings in St. Patrick's Honor.

A CALL TO ERIN'S SONS.

Offspring of Erin! who revere
Your Motherland alway,
Meet as the sons of one great sire
Upon your patron's day.
Tho' seas and mountains separate
Where'er ye may abide,
Nor distance far nor discords bar,
Your hearts and souls divide.
That men may say on Patrick's day,
That underneath the sun,
The hearts of all the Irish race,
Do truly throb as one;
And be he bred on the old homestead
By Shannon, Boyne or Bann,
To whatso race his line he trace,
Each is an Irishman!
An Irishman in will and deed,
And not alone in name;
Whose chiefest heed is his country's need,
Whose pride is his country's fame.

Children of one fair Motherland!
Do you not count it chame
To ever play against yourselves
The crafty stranger's game?
From your poor land's sad history
The dear bought lesson know:
In union leal is only weal,
In discord only woe.
The valor and wit and loyalty
In other lands you've shown,
Combined at length in matchless strength
Exert now for your own!
And weary not nor rest content,
A man of Irish birth,
Till Ireland takes her place among
The nations of the earth,
And her gallant banner floating free
From mast and spire is seen,
The orange bright, the stainless white,
And the deathless Emerald green!
Or toil or fight with main and might
As each one best he may,
To hasten on the destined dawn
Of Independence day.
Consider not the time nor who
Heaven's instrument may be,
To lead your sore-tried nation forth
From its captivity.

Let each man dare his utmost share
For his dear country's sake,
The eternal power in his own hour
Her galling bonds will break.
Mayhap when midst war's gleam and crash
A host yield up their souls,
And the red tide of Victory
Against stark Albion rolls.
Aye, when down-darting eager death
Makes war-tried soldiers quail,
And ruin keen as the levin bolt
Rives helpless warship's mail!
If not, forsooth, when o'er the [illegible]
Triumphant reason reigns,
And universal peace at length
A bloodless conquest gains.
When to crowned fool or titled tool
No people bends the knee,
And class and mass are levelled
In true equality;
When long unhonored Truth and Right
Abolish guile and greed,
And no man clutches ponderous wealth,
Nor any is in need;
When in no land or heart or hand
Is either bought or sold,
And men within their souls prefer
Another God to gold;
And casting from their works and lives
Outworn hypocrisy,
All self-styled Christians follow Christ,
Then, Ireland will be free.

J. S. CANTWELL.

The saying, "It always rains on St. Patrick's Day," has gone out of fashion. Dame Nature puts on her "best bib and tucker" for the celebration of the anniversary of the Irishman's holiday, in the metropolis at least, and bright skies and balmy Spring breezes add to the pleasures of the day.

The dawn broke over the city beautifully to-day. The sky was as blue as the eyes of a pretty Irish colleen. There was hardly a fleck of clouds and the air was warm and balmy.

The rising sun shone upon a thousand flags of verdant green, each emblazoned with the golden harp of Erin, floating