THE REBEL

FOUNDED ON THE GREAT IRISH PLAY BY

ANDREW MACK

THE FAMOUS IRISH COMEDIAN

The play upon which this romance is founded is now running successfully at the Academy of Music, with Andrew Mack as the dashing hero, Jack Blake.

Jack Blake is a leader of the Irish rebellion of 1798. The rebels' meeting place is the house of Squire Hagenall, whose daughter, Norah, loves and is loved by Blake. Her brother Ned suspects one of the rebels, Capt. Armstrong, of being a spy.

A letter, proving Armstrong to be a spy, comes into Ned's possession. Armstrong steals it. Ned denounces Armstrong and they fight.

Armstrong wears a chain shirt under his clothing and thus escapes injury. Ned is killed. Blake vows vengeance on Armstrong.

The rebellion fails. Blake is in hiding. He comes to Dunleckny to marry Norah. The ceremony is performed by a priest who is also in hiding. Armstrong and a company of dragoons search the house for the fugitives.

The priest is captured. To save him from death Blake gives himself up. Blake is put in prison, but is substituted for a dead body and carried out in a coffin. The progress of the coffin is stopped by Armstrong.

Armstrong's suspicions are aroused and, failing to cause the coffin to be opened at the jail, he follows it to the vaults, where he and his men find Norah about to rescue Blake. By Armstrong's order a volley is fired through the coffin.

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CHAPTER VII.

The Blind Man's Curse.

IT was long after midnight.

The servants were gathered in the main hall of Dunleckny, awaiting anxiously the return of Norah and the Squire.

A tap sounded on the door.

"In truth and in trust!" called old Andy, giving the password.

"In unity and in liberty," responded a voice from without.

At sound of the countersign Andy threw wide the door.

A cloaked figure strode in.

"Mr. Ryan!" exclaimed Andy, as the stranger threw off his cloak.

"Yes. I was to have sailed back for France to-day, but here I linger, hoping against hope that Jack Blake may find some means of escape and come here. If he does we'll up anchor and fly with him and his bride back to the land that has offered us refuge."

"No hope, I fear, sir," was Andy's lugubrious reply. "He's to hang at daybreak. God rest his soul!"

"What's that racket?" asked Ryan, as the sound of hobnailed shoes rattled on the porch outside.

"Sure it's me! Let me in. I've ran all the way from Dublin with a message."

"It's Micky Rafferty's voice," said Andy, unbarring the door.

The little red-headed tailor ran in, out of breath.

"I've news!" he panted. "Grand news! Miss Nora told me to run ahead with it."

"Well, well? Speak up, man!" cried Ryan, as Micky stopped for breath.

"She told me to run ahead and hunt up Your Honor, and tell you to hold yourself in readiness, for she and the Squire'll be here with Mr. Blake before morning."

"You're mad! Blake dies at dawn."

"They smuggled him out of prison in a coffin. He was to be taken to St. Olaf's vaults, and there Miss Norah and the Squire are to rescue him and bring him here. She says: 'please don't sail till sunrise, but keep close to shore to take them aboard.'"

"That's the grandest news I've heard in months!" cried Ryan in joy. "I'm off to give my men the orders. Micky, you know our hiding place. Come for us at the time they want to sail."

The cloaked figure strode into the outer night.

Grief and suspense among the servants changed to jubilation at Micky's news.

Five minutes later the clatter of many horses' hoofs sounded along the drive.

"Here they come now!" shouted Micky. "Hurroo!"

But his shout changed to a yell of terror.

For a cordon of red-coated soldiery entered the room.

By the light of torches outside the courtyard was seen to be full of soldiery. In their midst was a carriage, from which Norah and the Squire could be seen descending.

Helping them to alight was Capt. Armstrong.

The trio came into the hall.

"Close these doors, Sergeant," ordered Armstrong, "and see every entrance is guarded. Mr. Hagenall, make yourself perfectly at home, I beg."

"I should be following your example by doing so," remarked Hagenall dryly.

"I have a right to behave as I do," asserted Armstrong. "I am not here as your guest. It remains to be seen whether or not I allow you to be mine."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply that this lady and yourself are my prisoners. I have brought you here instead of to prison merely because it suited a certain plan of mine."

"Whats it all about, Miss Nora?" whispered old Andy. "We heard Mr. Blake was free."

"He is free. Free forever! But I shall never see him again," sobbed Norah. "That fiend had him shot."

"Dead! God help you to bear it, madam!"

"And when your end comes, John Armstrong," shrieked the madman, as he reached the door and clung for a moment to the sill, "when your end comes may you die without a man to help you or a woman to weep for you! May you go down to the depths with the curse muttering in your ears! The blind man's curse!"

The door slammed and Armstrong was alone.

Trembling, despite his courage, he rose to his feet.

"Perdition take the blind beggar, and the blood-money, too!" he growled. "As if there wasn't curse enough on the money without his adding to it! Pshaw! My nerve's shaken. I'm a fool to let such a thing disturb me. Ah, Mrs. Blake," as Norah entered. "Through dinner so soon? I said I'd send for you both, but I changed my mind and decided to talk with you alone. Sit down, won't you?"

"I prefer to stand. What do you wish?"

"I wish you, Norah! You alone! That's why I killed Blake. I want you to be my wife."

(To Be Continued.)

THE BLIND MAN'S CURSE.

"CURSE YOU, WAKING AND SLEEPING!"

(From photograph of scene in Act 4 of "The Rebel," now playing at the Academy of Music. Edwin Brandt as Capt. Armstrong, Giles Shine as Michael Ogle.)

"Come, my daughter," said the old Squire. "Let us go to the dining-room. You must force yourself to eat something. It will help you to be brave. And you mustn't break down before that man," pointing to Armstrong, who was giving directions to the sergeant.

"When you have dined," Armstrong called after them, "come back here. I want a talk with you. In case you should forget, two of my men shall wait on you at table and bring you back when you are through. Pardon my strictness, but I dare not hold too light a hand on such important prisoners. Good appetite!"

"A man—a blind man—is outside, Captain," reported a corporal, "and he says he must see you. He says he has information for you."

"Very good. Have him in. And clear out, all the rest of you."

Michael Ogle, haggard, emaciated, ragged with a terror-stricken look on his sightless face, was led in.

"Well?" queried Armstrong. "What is it?"

"I've come to make you keep your bargain."

"You talk in riddles. What do you want? Speak up!"

"I want my half of the £1,000."

"What £1,000?"

"Jack Blake's blood money!"

"Go to the authorities for it, then. What have I to do with paying you?"

"You got that £1,000 reward. You know you did! It was paid you this very day. I want my half."

"Well, what business is it of yours if I have the reward? I captured Blake. The reward is mine."

"You captured him, eh? It was I who tracked him down for you. You promised me half the reward. Pay me."

"Nonsense. You can't prove I promised you a penny!"

"You'd cheat me, you robber? I'll have that money, John Armstrong, by fair means or foul!"

Armstrong laughed.

"If I hear any more talk of that sort," he replied, "I'll have you jailed."

"Do you mean it, Captain? Sure, you're joking! You'll pay me something anyhow?"

"Not a penny, I say."

Ogle choked down his rage and spoke pleadingly:

"Captain, for two days I've had no food. There's not a man or woman in the county that 'd sell or give it to me or raise a hand to save me from starvation. Not a roof 'll shelter me. I daren't lie down to sleep, for fear I'd be murdered there. And all because I sold Jack Blake! I'm ruined in this world and damned in the next! And what pay have I? 'Not a penny!' says you."

"You annoy me. Clear out!"

"John Armstrong!" shrieked the blind man, insane from rage. "I'd die this minute for the sake of bringing Jack Blake here from his prison to kill you! Curse you!"

"Sergeant!" called Armstrong, "bring a couple of men and carry this ruffian out. Give him a dozen lashes and turn him loose."

But Ogle did not heed the words nor the entrance of the sergeant.

The blind man's withered form seemed glorified by his hate.

"Curse you, John Armstrong!" he screamed. "Curse you in waking and sleeping, in standing and sitting! May your days be few and filled with horror. May you melt off the earth like snow in Spring! May the grass grow before your door! May your remains find refuge in the stomachs of hogs and vultures! For the blind man's curse is on your soul!"

The sergeant caught Ogle's uplifted arm, but the blind man shook him off and strode nearer the object of his hate.

"The blind man's curse!" he screamed again. "May it haunt you through all eternity! May it drag your body to the dogs, your soul to perdition! May you dream it in your sleep and see it in the eyes of the woman you love!"

Again the sergeant seized Ogle and, despite his struggles, dragged him back toward the door.

SURRENDER OF M'GLORY.

Notorious Uptown Dive Closed by The Evening World.

"Billy" McGlory has finally given it up in despair. The doors of what was to be the new Armory Hall in Fifty-ninth street near the Grand Circle have been closed and the brilliant electric lights have been dimmed.

Publicity killed his business. The police would not allow him nor his agents to do business in the way they wanted to. Few would enter the place and so it was decidded to close.

When McGlory, easily the "prince of divekeepers" in this city, decided to open up in what is called the new Tenderloin a wave of indignation swept over the upper west side. Led by The Evening World, a crusade was entered upon which resulted in the cancelling of his liquor tax certificate, although it was held in the name of his nephew. Undismayed, he began again. He succeeded for a time, but again he was defeated. For the third time he tried, and this time the failure has broken his spirit.

A week ago McGlory wrote to the Paulist Fathers, who have been very active against him, begging them to let up on him. They refused.

"HUSBANDS OF LEONTINE" NEEDS DISINFECTING.

French Farce at Madison Square Theatre Embarrassed Even Its Actors.

Grandmamma need have no hesitancy about bringing her only daughter's little children to the Madison Square Theatre these days provided she gets them out in time. By all means let Peggie and Harold, and Dottie and Tessie see "Ib and Little Christina," but please remove them before the curtain rises on "The Husbands of Leontine."

The former is a bit of a play founded on a fairy tale which children will certainly enjoy, provided they understand it, while the latter is a French farce unsuited to the infantile mind—and to the mind matured, very likely.

"Ib and Little Christina" is wholesome, although it does introduce a Danish woman with a past. But it has children of the "Editha's Burglar" school of acting, while the sound of sleigh bells from the stage was quite enjoyable in that sweltering playhouse Saturday night. There is nothing about this dramatized fairy story to particularly arouse one's enthusiasm, nor was it especially well acted, but it served to give balm to one's conscience, because one could leave the theatre and say: "I diluted my drink. I took the seltzer of Ib with the whiskey of Leontine. I took Virtue and Vice in equal doses. Therefore I am as I was before. I am nebulous!"

"The Husbands of Leontine" is essentially French, particularly wicked and tremendously unclean. As a successor to "Coralie and Company" I cannot recommend it. "Coralie" was always bright and dashing and full of color and trapdoors. "Leontine" has nothing on this order to make her popular. The most blase can be shocked by her, of course, but can hardly go home and chuckle in an ecstacy of unrighteous reminiscence. "Leontine" is not an interesting play because the risque situations are palpably the result of long study and contemplation.

Amusing impropriety is like a flashlight picture; not like a long-planned Seely dinner. "Coralie" and her associates were amusing because all that was unconventional was spontaneous, apparently; but "Leontine" lacked this finesse. She stalked about the stage with a half dozen latchkeys on her chain, and was, therefore, altogether too common a type even to attract. She hit you with a bludgeon of wickedness instead of deftly opening up a vein with a sharp surgical instrument. After three acts of "Leontine" you felt like sending in an ambulance call and having her thoroughly washed in antiseptic fluids.

Unquestionably there are many persons who will enjoy this play, and quite likely it will have a long run; but I hope not, because, to my mind, it is lamentably unworthy of so clever a band of players as Charles Frohman's comedians. Not one of them seemed happily cast. It was apparent at all times that Miss Isabelle Irving was not in sympathy with her mimicry. And how could she be?

E. M. Holland, a character actor of such excellence that no one need usually fear using the superlative in adjectives in referring to his work on the stage, actually stumbled through his part, while Fritz Williams, undeniably clever, reminded one of a polar bear trying to climb a volcano in eruption. Mr. Lyndel appeared dazed; Mr. Jepson as if he would pay $5 if the play would only end. Miss Derickson walked through three acts, while Miss Lambert and Miss Butler were more fortunate—they appeared on the stage for only five minutes, exposed two charming gowns, and then returned to their homes.

Surely Mr. Frohman has concealed in the big trunk he recently passed through the Custom House something better than "The Husbands of Leontine." It would be wise if he delved deep within its recesses and brought it forth.

WILLIAM RAYMOND SILL.

MINERS ARE ALL AT WORK

Possibility of a Strike Is Lessening—The Cause Is a Mystery.

(Special to The Evening World.)

SCRANTON, Sept. 10.—Every miner in the Lackawanna region went to work this morning, and the possibility of a strike is lessening.

Speculation is rife over this turn of affairs, and many and varied are the explanations vouchsafed.

No one here, however, is in a position to give any authoritative explanation, and until the national officers make known the "intervention" that they say causes the delay the speculation will continue.

A feeling of distrust in the leaders is growing.

A strike to-day would have had more than general significance, for it is the third anniversary of the Lattimer strike.

Just three years ago Sheriff Martin, with some eighty-five deputies, lined the road to Lattimer along which 500 strikers were marching to stop work at the Lattimer mines. The Sheriff ordered them to disperse and they refused. A struggle ensued and the deputies emptied their Remingtons and Winchesters into the crowd, killing nineteen and wounding fifty. Commemorative services are being held to-day.

SHIPPING NEWS.

PORT OF NEW YORK.

ARRIVED.

La Bretagne	Havre
Nuestris	Marseilles
Amsterdam	Rotterdam
Tauric	Liverpool
Alene	Savanilla
Capt. Bennett	Port Antonio
Californian	Glasgow
Pontiac	Genoa
Manna Hata	Baltimore

OUTGOING STEAMSHIPS.

SAILED TO-DAY.

Iroquois, Charleston. Ragusa, Pernambuco.

TO SAIL TO-MORROW.

Lahn, Bremen. El Paso, New Orleans.
Advance, Colon. New York, S. Domingo.

INCOMING STEAMSHIPS.

DUE TO-DAY.

Rio Grande, Brunswick, Anchoria, Glasgow.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

SCHOOLS OPEN; 450,000 PUPILS.

Army of Children Resume Their Studies and New Schools Give Room for Nearly All.

The public schools of New York opened to-day, and an army of children, reinvigorated by the Summer vacation, resumed their studies. Books in hand, they paraded through the streets nearly a half million strong.

There will be room for them all this year. In the Borough of Manhattan the half-day classes will be cut down fully one-half from the beginning, and before three months, it is expected, will be entirely done away with.

The total number of pupils is expected to approximate 450,000, about 20,000 more than last year. The figures cannot be given accurately until the schools have been open a few weeks and the routine thoroughly established.

Two of the new schools and annexes in process of erection will be thrown open this week. One of them is the Attorney street school, one of the largest in the city. It will open to-morrow. Another about ready is the school at One Hundred and First street and Second avenue, which will be opened next Monday. Fourteen others will be opened during the first term of three months.

In Brooklyn the outlook for the schools is not so promising. At the close of the last term there were about 41,000 children in the part-time classes, and there appears to be no immediate prospect of their number being materially reduced.

In Queens half-time classes will only be continued in Long Island City, where it is estimated that 4,000 to 5,000 children can only be provided for in this way. In Richmond there will be abundant room for all the children.

Among the new teachers who will begin their duties this term is Frederick Winkelman, a young man totally blind, who has been engaged to deliver lectures on music.

Winkelman is only twenty-four years old. Although blind from his birth, he needs no guide in going about the city. He is familiar with all the streets and car routes.

The great majority of children who will have to wait for accommodations until the new schools are completed are Brooklynites. There it is estimated 17,000 will be turned away temporarily and about 34,000 will have to be content with half-day sessions fo rthe present.

Since consolidation Tammany has not put up a single school-house in Brooklyn.

The barred-out children who live in thickly populated districts are in the primary grades. They catch only a glimpse of education at best.

It is thought that no less than 100,000 Brooklyn children applied for admission to the schools this morning.

Members of the Brooklyn School Board say that in January next three new schools will be opened in the tenement-house district. Twelve classrooms will be added to School No. 89, at Putnam avenue and Macon street, and the same number to No. 61, in Hinsdale street, near Glenmore avenue.

Eighteen classrooms will be added to No. 84, at Glenmore avenue and Watkins street, and No. 63 will have the same addition. It is in Troutman street, between Central and Hamburg avenues. These additions will provide accommodations for only 4,500 more children.

It is different, of course, in the higher grade schools. In the six high schools of Brooklyn pupils will find ample accommodation.

One of the salient and best features so far suggested to meet this problem of lack of accommodation for the children is that of President Charles E. Robertson, of the local School Board. He proposes to erect ten or twelve portable buildings, each having full-term accommodation for 100 children.

German Doctors Indorse the Koch Cure.

After the representative physician of the Koch Lung Cure, of 48 West 22d st., returned from the International Tuberculin Congress of Physicians, which met in Berlin, Germany, last year, many articles were published in the daily press of the wonderful apparatus for giving the latest and newest treatment for consumption, catarrh and asthma. Over two thousand of the most learned specialists for lung diseases were present at the discussions, all eager to hear and learn the latest means of cure, especially for consumption. The latest Koch treatments received the most favorable recommendations, and are now given at this Koch Lung Cure, 48 West Twenty-second street. The five physicians in charge have each made a lifetime study of these diseases.

They charge nothing for consultation or trial treatments, and are always pleased to talk with the afflicted. These doctors have for many years been in New York City. They will spare no expense to stamp out the poisons of this fatal scourge—consumption. Their methods of killing the germs of this disease, their inhalation process for directing the healing oily vapors into the lungs, has met with most wonderful success. They have cured hundreds of patients in New York City, and will be glad to give the names and addresses to any person who will call for them at the original Koch Lung Cure, at 48 West Twenty-second street, or 1334 Arch street, Philadelphia.

Cigar Dealers Like
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5-piece inlaid Marquetrie Parlor Suits in silk damask and silk plush upholstery, worth $40.00 19.98
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Corner 46th St. & 8th Ave.
OPEN SATURDAY UNTIL 10 P. M.
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SMOKING TOBACCO.
The present revenue law does not allow manufacturers of Smoking Tobacco to place premium tickets in the packages—but *remember* that the FRONTS OF THE LABELS ARE
ALWAYS GOOD.
Until *we* notify you to the contrary—no matter what other manufacturers or the newspapers may say—SEND THE LABEL FRONTS, AS BEFORE, TO JOHN J. BAGLEY & CO., 71 Maiden Lane, New York.
Labels of Buckingham—the other 5c. package—good also.

Zenola
Makes Hard Water SOFT.
That means that you are saved an enormous amount of scrubbing. House cleaning time is coming. Do all your work with ZENOLA. You will have little vacations daily and your hands will be soft, white and beautiful, and not eaten by acids and alkalies of ordinary soaps and powders now sold. Nothing is so pure as ZENOLA, nothing so easy.
Ask Any Good Grocer or Druggist—5c. & 10c.
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CUSHMAN BROS. CO., Distributors, { 73 Hudson St., N. Y. / 126 So. Front St., Phila.

For Sale.
KEENE'S
WATCH AND DIAMOND
BARGAINS.
Only a few mentioned here. $50.00 Diamond Inlaid Watch (4 diamonds), $38. Waltham movement lady's size solid 14-karat gold. It's a beauty. Gent's high-grade Waltham watch, "14-karat solid gold," for $25; cost $46.00; used only two months. Girl's silver watch, $4. Lady's solid gold Waltham watch, $15, with a long neck chain; this outfit cost $32.00 last Fall. Diamond ring, lady's Tiffany, $10; sold for $18. Hearpin, $10; cost $22.00. Gent's diamond ring, $55; cost $115.00. KEENE'S WATCH STORE, 140 FULTON, NEW YORK (near Nassau st.). Hours, 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. Saturdays included. Telephone "5200 Cortlandt."
CREDIT FOR EVERYBODY—Anything you want, clothing, cloaks, jewelry, furniture, dry goods, shoes; business strictly confidential.
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62 Bowery, (or Canal street bank). Open evenings.
WEEKLY PAYMENTS—Fine diamonds, watches; delivered on first payment; lowest rates; business confidential. WATCH SUPPLY CO., THREE Maiden lane; no track; all goods guaranteed.

For Sale.
Eye Glasses Free
THIS WEEK our optician will examine your eyes and sell you a pair of our $2.50 gold spring eyeglasses for $1, and give you a gold plated eyeglass chain with a safety hook, also leather case, "absolutely free." It's a $3.00 outfit for $1. Spectacles at the same price. KEENE'S OPTIC AL CO., 140 Fulton St., New York (near Nassau St.) Hours 8 A. M. to 6 P. M.
FURNITURE, $50 WORTHON $1 DOWN AND $1 WEEKLY. PRICES THE LOWEST. LEWIN'S, 48 WEST 14th ST. 267 WEST 125TH ST.
DIAMONDS, Watches, Jewelry. Weekly payments. Reasonable rates. All goods guaranteed. James Bergman, 37 Maiden lane.
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WALTHAM WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, $1 weekly; article delivered on first payment. EXCHANGE WATCH CO., 187 Broadway.

Patents
PATENTS—Advice free. Send for Inventors' Guide. Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway, New York.

Boarders Wanted—Country.
DELMAR, N. J.—Board at reduced rates. Mrs. S. Smith, S. McKelvey Cottage, Delmar, N. J.

ADVERTISE AND THE WORLD IS WITH YOU. A SUNDAY WORLD WANT AD. NEVER DISAPPOINTS.

TOTS SICK FROM HEAT.

Little Sufferers Relieved by Evening World Fund.

The Subscriptions.

Previously acknowledged	$2,959.50
Alice Hogan, Alma Van Brunt, May Dillon, Julia German and Emma Gruening, New York	7.00
Annie and James Gibb, Mabel Fyfe and Ella Fey, 174 Eighth street, Brooklyn	2.10
Alfred and Ben Bernstein and Joseph and Sadie Schwartz, 123 and 129 East Ninth street, city	2.07
May Gibbs, Cathleen Kelly, Kellen McKenna and Katie Dorser, 758 East One Hundred and Thirty-ninth street, city	1.87
Sadie Brunn and Sophie Wendt, Third avenue, Brooklyn	.85
Miss Hattie Plough, 1340 Fifteenth street, Brooklyn	.25

Many poor babies of the tenement-house districts are still suffering from the effects of the past red-hot summer. Illness and want have left their marks cruelly among these hapless children of the poor.

The terrible infantile death-rate has been greatly cut down by the Evening World Sick Babies' Fund, which sends a staff of skilled physicians to labor among these little unfortunate ones, giving sick babies the best possible medical attendance, food and medicines.

Each donation helps to increase the scope of the fund's work and each may help save some little life. No gift is too small to be of use.

Contributions should be addressed to the Cashier of The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City.

"Hope It Will Do Good."

To the Editor:

Please accept the small sum of $2.12 for the Sick Babies' Fund. We hope it will do some good to some poor baby.

Annie Gibb, Ella Fey,
Mabel Fyfe, James Gibb.
174 Eighth st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Four Children Collected This.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $2.07 for the Sick Babies' Fund. The children who helped to obtain this amount are: Alfred and Ben Bernstein, at No. 123 East Ninetieth street; Joseph and Sadie Schwartz, at No. 129 East Ninetieth street.

Fair for East Orange Militiamen.

A military "century" fair will be held by Battery A, Field Artillery, N. G. N. J., of East Orange, during the week beginning Dec. 3. The projectors hope to be able to raise sufficient funds to clear off a mortgage of $10,000 on the armory building. An honorary Fair Committee has been appointed, with Gov. Voorhees as Chairman.

AMBULANCE WRECKED.

Four Injured in Smash-up With Trolley Car.

A Roosevelt Hospital ambulance was smashed to kindling wood early this morning at Fiftieth stareet and Eighth avenue and four men in it escaped serious injury by a miracle only. A northbound car struck it squarely between the wheels.

William Johnson, of 546 Tenth avenue, a patient; Policeman Hauck, of the W st Thirtieth street police station; Dr. Fincke, the surgeon, and Driver William Walton were thrown in all directions to the street. With the exception of the patient, whose original injuries had been received in a fall in Seventh avenue, the other injuries were trifling.

Walton was senseless when picked up, but received only a scalp wound. Dr. Fincke received a scalp wound also, while the policeman was bruised about the knee and body.