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SENATOR BRICE'S HOPES.

SEEKING TO CONTROL THE OHIO DEMOCRACY.

OUTLOOK FOR THE COMING SPRINGFIELD CONVENTION—BUCKEYE DEMOCRATS WHO ARE NOT ANXIOUS TO BE CATSPAWS—SORG AND CAMPBELL.

Springfield, Ohio, Aug. 18 (Special).—A portentous political campaign is on in Ohio. The Presidency may depend on the result in November. Republican defeat in Ohio (which calamity can hardly be imagined) means the triumph of Senator Calvin S. Brice, means his re-election to the Senate and means his possible elevation to the Presidency, for there is no limit to his ambition. Every intelligent voter in Ohio knows all this, and thus the campaign is more National in character than local. But Brice will first have to assert his domination of his own party in the State, and he will attempt to do it during the present week. The Democratic State Convention meets in this city on Tuesday. Already Democrats of the Brice persuasion are here.

BRICE'S ARMY OF RETAINERS.

Brice has an army of retainers who never fail him. No man in Ohio politics ever had such a remarkable personal organization. He will have use for that organization for the next three days as he has never had use for them in the past. This convention is called to nominate candidates for Governor and State offices. Alas, the nominations are hardly talked about! The main issue before the convention will be a living one, namely, Brice himself. He wants not only indorsement, but he is hungry for vindication. A year ago the Columbus Convention got away from him. He sat on the stage expecting to make a speech defending his course. That speech, so carefully prepared, was never delivered. An angry anti-Brice element in the convention scorched him with insinuating speeches. He was abused to his face for his defence of Democratic doctrine as proposed by the Wilson bill. Delegates roared and condemned Brice, Gorman & Co., and referred to the Senate as a combination of plutocrats—a rich man's club. All this was heaped upon Brice in person.

Then the convention passed resolutions advocating free coinage of silver. Allen W. Thurman, called "White Wings" because he never grows weary, led the silver men, and the delegates followed like sheep. Brice at once declared himself at variance with the silver plank of the platform, took his special car to New-York and let the Ohio campaign go by default. He sent in his contribution to the campaign fund as usual, but that was all. It is interesting to relate that his contribution was as much as all other Democrats of the State together put up. The State went against the Democracy by 137,000. Brice smiled, and bided his time. This year he has proclaimed that the silver nonsense of the last campaign was largely responsible for the disastrous defeat. He consistently contended, as he did a year ago, that if the Ohio Democrats wanted any measure of success they must repudiate the silver plank of 1894. He is coming to the convention insisting upon a strong indorsement of the National platform, and of an equally strong indorsement of Grover Cleveland's financial policy as enunciated by John G. Carlisle.

TO PLAY THE ROLE OF DICTATOR.

What is more, Brice will be chairman of the convention. He will make a speech, and therein give notice to his Ohio constituents that unless the silver nonsense of a year ago is repudiated he can take no part in the Ohio campaign. This is a bold move by a convention chairman. It places Brice in the role of a dictator. He has openly declared that he is not bothering himself about the Senatorship, that, first of all, he wants to set his party right on the financial question. A month ago it was generally conceded that Brice would have a convention after his own heart. His agents, office-holders and employes have been quietly at work choosing delegates in all the counties. For a time they were carrying everything. But within a week the enemies of Brice have been aroused. Defeated candidates for Federal offices saw a chance to get even. Failing to get Brice's indorsement for the places they wanted, they now seek to keep him from getting an indorsement which is essential to his future political success. They have started in late, and the chances are that Brice will control the convention as he set out to do, but the anti-Brice delegates will be able to give him a mighty hot road to travel.

Several ambitious and sarcastic Democrats are coming to the convention for the express purpose of castigating Brice. They don't expect to turn him down, but they want the delightful pleasure of bestowing oratorical abuse, as was done a year ago. Some of these sarcastic orators have in mind the splendid newspaper advertising that such a display will give, and Mr. Brice has a fine entertainment in prospect, unless his satraps vigorously and swiftly demand the previous question.

If Brice can secure even a passive indorsement from the convention it will be a remarkable personal victory, coming so soon after the terrible abuse which was heaped upon him a year ago. He will arrive here on Monday, coming directly from New-York in his private car. This will give his enemies another chance to howl about a Senator from Ohio living in New-York who comes home for a few hour each year to whip his constituents into line.

There is additional interest in the convention because it is held in the home town of General Asa Bushnell, the Republican candidate for Governor. The convention was sent here at Brice's dictation and, although it is a strong Republican centre, Brice even hopes to elect one Democratic legislator. The Democrats, Populists and Prohibitionists of the county have united on the same Legislative candidates, a deal which was instigated and assisted by Brice.

A NOMINATION GOING BEGGING.

The nomination for Governor goes begging. Brice has endeavored to persuade several eminent Democrats to take it. Somehow they all decline. Paul Sorg, the millionaire Congressman, of Middletown, could have been crosen by acclamation. Brice conferred with him in Washington and at the Manhattan Club in New-York, urging acceptance. Ohio Democrats always rejoice when they can get millionaires into politics. Brice was smart enough to see that Sorg with his millions would be acceptable and also useful in helping out the campaign fund. Inadvertently came the claim from the Brice boomers that it would be possible to elect a Democratic Legislature and not a Democratic Governor. Sorg has not been in politics very long, but long enough to see the scheme in all its beauty. He declined emphatically to be a catspaw to help pull out the Brice chestnuts. Aside from his wealth, however, Sorg is really a popular, capable man. He was too busy making money during the war to be a soldier himself, but in Congress, with a National Soldiers' Home in his district, he has been phenomenally spry in getting pensions. Besides, he is considered sound on the money question. He is a National bank president, and that alone is considered enough to make him proof against the seductions of the free-silverites. He pleads ill-health and business pressure, and yet he may be forced to take the honor. It will be a great disappointment to Ohio voters if Sorg is not nominated. Bushnell is a millionaire, and, with the nomination of Sorg, an unusual political spectacle would be presented—two millionaires rival candidates for the same office. Neither Sorg nor Bushnell is much on speech-making. They would make a handshaking campaign, visit county fairs, reunions and the like, and draw great crowds, for the average rural voter of Ohio looks upon a man worth a million as a great curiosity. No attraction advertised for a county fair would draw so well as a millionaire who would gladly shake ten thousand horny hands a day.

EX-GOVERNOR CAMPBELL'S POSITION.

Ex-Governor James E. Campbell, who is personally the most popular Democrat in the State, could have the nomination, but he declines. He has had business embarrassment and cannot afford the luxury of a Democratic nomination in a Republican State.

With the disappointing declinations of both Sorg and Campbell, the Ohio Democrats are actually in a dilemma. There is talk now of nominating Colonel James Kilbourne, a wealthy business man of Columbus, who has never been heard of in politics. Ex-Governor Campbell "discovered" Kilbourne some time ago, and if Campbell continues to decline and Sorg refuses, Kilbourne may get the honor. In Hamilton County there has been a spasmodic movement in favor of Judge Hiram D. Peck, a clean Democrat, who has had the honor of several defeats in hopeless campaigns, but the prevailing desire is yet strong for either Sorg or Campbell, despite their emphatic refusals.

Should Campbell eventually accept, the campaign would become of National importance. He wants to be the choice of his State for President next year. If he could reduce the majority of last year by 100,000, he would acquire a National fame and prestige which Brice could not combat, even if the Senator should develop the Presidential desire.

If the anti-Brice men and the silverites are badly "thrown down" they may leave the convention in a body and nominate a ticket of their own. In that event, Ohio Republicans can complacently keep on at work and even increase the phenomenal majority of 1894.

CAMPBELL REPEATS HIS DECLINATION.

(United Press Dispatch.)

Cincinnati, Aug. 18.—When the returns from the county conventions yesterday showed such general indorsement of ex-Governor James E. Campbell for the nomination for Governor at the Democratic State Convention next week, a correspondent called on him at his home in Hamilton. He said emphatically that he could not and would not accept the nomination. He said, candidly, his only reason for declining was his present financial condition.

DEMOCRATIC PRIMARIES IN OHIO.

Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 18.—Judging from the reports of yesterday's county primaries throughout the State, and the gossip current here to-night by those well informed in matters political, it is reasonably sure that Calvin S. Brice will control the Democratic State Convention, which meets at Springfield next Tuesday to nominate a full ticket. The sound-money men believe themselves to be in control of the situation, but the fight, which has been long and bitter, will be renewed with increased vigor upon the taking up of business in the convention. The county conventions have, in many cases, been attended by bolts, and nearly always by the bitterest strife. In the Cuyahoga Convention at Cleveland yesterday there was a bolt, and, instead of the 59 votes from that county next Tuesday, 118 delegates will clamor for admission. In this case, the Brice forces were the bolters and will have to make good their claims against the "regularly" chosen delegates before they will be permitted to take their seats. After the bolt, the regular convention passed the following resolution, which was introduced by Colonel Sahlen, Tom Johnson's lieutenant.

Resolved, That the delegation selected to-day be instructed to vote as a unit in favor of any proposition which will lead to the retirement of Calvin S. Brice as Senator and as a leader of the Democratic party.

In the Muskingum County Convention at Zanesville, the anti-Brice men were successful after a bitter struggle. The delegates, however, are not all silver men, but the free-silver platform of last year was indorsed.

At Akron the Brice men had things their own way, and the twelve delegates chosen will follow the bidding of Brice.

Seneca County Democrats in their meeting at Tiffin, selected nine silver and two gold delegates. There was much opposition to Senator Brice, and it is believed that all but one will oppose the Senator.

The silver men are not doing much talking, except to say that there will be many changes before the 808 delegates give their votes to the Convention.

HE KILLS HIS SISTER BY ACCIDENT.

A YOUNG WOMAN PASSES IN FRONT OF HER BROTHER'S GUN AND GETS A BULLET IN HER BRAIN.

Coroner Miles, of Yonkers, was called to Worthington, near Ardsley, last evening, to hold an inquest upon the body of Mrs. George Smith, thirty-five years old, a farmer's wife, who was instantly killed yesterday afternoon by her brother, Louis Isnigger, eighteen years old. Isnigger was shooting at a target near the house and his sister sat on a wall near by watching him. She held an infant in her arms. Just as he was about to shoot Mrs. Smith arose and passed in front of the rifle. Isnigger did not see her and pulled the trigger, sending a bullet into her brain.

Coroner Todd, of Dobbs Ferry, and P. H. Pyne, of Yonkers, held an autopsy upon the body and found that the bullet passed through the brain and lodged back of the ear. Coroner Miles placed Isnigger under arrest and committed him to the county jail pending the result of the inquest.

HOLMES CASTLE BURNED.

THE NOTORIOUS CHICAGO BUILDING, THE SUPPOSED SCENE OF MANY MURDERS, DESTROYED BY A NIGHT BLAZE.

Chicago, Aug. 19.—The big flat building at Sixty-third and Wallace sts., Englewood, in which is located the notorious Holmes "Castle," was destroyed by fire early this morning.

The fire was discovered shortly after midnight. The Englewood Fire Department was on the scene in a short time, but owing to the flimsy construction of the building, it gained headway rapidly and was soon beyond control. Engines were sent from Morgan Park, the Fiftieth-st. station, the Sixty-third-st. house and one or two other departments, but as the distance from the fire was considerable, the flames gained such headway that the building was destroyed.

THEY GOT SOME BICYCLE ICE CREAM

A WHEELING COUPLE WHO CALLED FOR IT IN A FACETIOUS WAY AND WERE AMAZED AT HAVING IT PROMPTLY SERVED.

Two wheelmen—perhaps it would be better to say a wheelman and a wheelwoman—rode slowly down Fifth-ave. yesterday. It was just about noon, when the sun was hottest. The wheels glistened in the midday sun, while the riders wiped the perspiration from their heated faces. They wore costumes of striking design and apparently were at peace with the world. The man had on the regulation golf stockings, negligee shirt, brown jacket and a natty cap with a monogram on it.

It was the other member of the party who attracted the most attention. She wore a neat Alpine hat that might be referred to as a Tyrolean symphony. Around her neck she had knotted a linen handkerchief. Her dress was one of an exaggerated barred pattern, the checks on which were so large that it would have taxed the resources of anything short of a National bank to cash them. She wore a neat pair of leggings, and was, in fact, a typical nineteenth century athletic girl. The man seemed quite proud of her, and as they passed the Brunswick, noting the way the heat was affecting her, he suggested that they go in and get something cooling. She readily agreed and the "silent steeds" were brought up to the curb and the pair went into the hotel cafe.

Once seated, she declared positively that she really didn't want anything to eat and cared only for some kind of an ice to cool her off. The waiter asked what kind of ice cream she wished. She glanced carelessly over the bill of fare, and then said jokingly, as she glanced out on the street where her wheel was standing:

"Oh, I guess I'll have some bicycle ice cream."

Her escort laughed heartily at her witticism and said:

"That's what we want. Bicycle ice cream."

Then he went off into another paroxysm of laughter. When he looked around the waiter had disappeared. He thought that this waiter must be a touchy one, and was about to send for the manager and complain that the waiter did not know his place, when the waiter reappeared, carrying some dishes. While he and the girl watched the waiter with silent astonishment, the latter began to arrange the dishes on the table. The ice cream served them indeed caused them to open their eyes. It was literally bicycle ice cream.

The ice cream served was moulded in the shape of a wheel with a devotion to detail that was remarkable. The base of the mould represented the grass and was green pistache ice cream. The tires of the wheels were chocolate ice cream, and the deep brown was almost the color of a rubber tire. The wheels themselves were vanilla, while the diamond-shaped frame was chocolate. A tin rod capped with a tiny leather seat and a pair of tin handlebars stuck in the cream with a tiny American flag completed the mould. It was a really artistic affair and when the couple recovered from their astonishment they ate it as heartily as if it had been in the regular brick shape.

The management of the hotel said that these bicycle moulds had become extremely popular with the growth of the wheeling craze.

DOWN GOES THE CHANDELIER

IT GRAZES SEVERAL WORSHIPPERS IN A BROOKLYN CHURCH.

ONE OF THE LAMPS EXPLODES AND THE MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION START FOR THE DOORS—CALMED BY THE MINISTER.

A panic was narrowly averted in the Greenwood Episcopal Church, in Greenwood, near Prospect-ave., at 8:30 o'clock last night by the dropping of the central chandelier holding several lighted oil lamps, which went down to the tops of the seats with a crash. An anthem was being sung at the time and the music stopped instantly, as the worshippers began a stampede for the door.

The Rev. George G. Hoyt, the rector, calmed the audience and prevented a panic. One of the lamps exploded and set fire to a seat. The flames were put out without much difficulty.

There were no people standing directly under the chandelier when it fell, although one or two people were grazed by it. The church people are at a loss to account for the accident. The church is comparatively new and the chandeliers appear to have been put up in a workmanlike manner.

FATHER DUCEY GREW ANGRY

DISCUSSION WITH AN ATHEIST IN FRONT OF A POLICE STATION.

THE PRIEST RESENTED HIS ADVERSARY'S IMPERTINENT ATTITUDE AND DROVE AWAY HURRIEDLY TO PREVENT HIS INDIGNATION CARRYING HIM TOO FAR.

Father Ducey, of St. Leo's Roman Catholic Church, and an atheist had a discussion regarding religion outside the East Thirtieth-st. station last night, at the close of which the priest soundly berated his adversary. It was about 10 o'clock when the priest drove to the station and complimented Captain Pickett on the manner in which he was enforcing the Excise law. After leaving the captain, the priest stopped to talk with several persons who were listening to the singing of the colored congregation of the church across the street.

While Father Ducey stood there, a respectable looking, well-dressed, elderly man, who had been asking Sergeant Lane some question, emerged from the station and stopped alongside of the priest, listening to the singing. Some one remarked that the colored people were very enthusiastic in their form of worship.

"All religion is nothing more than enthusiasm," remarked the gray-bearded man.

"Why do you say that when we have such master minds as Cardinal Newman who believe otherwise?" retorted Father Ducey.

"Talking about master minds," answered the bearded man, "how about Alexander von Humboldt?" at the same time shaking the index finger of his right hand in Father Ducey's face.

At this demonstration Father Ducey seized the man's wrist and shoved his arm to his side, demanding in an angry tone to know what he meant by assuming a threatening attitude.

"You have insulted my cloth, sir," hotly declared Father Ducey, "and I have a mind"——

Saying this, Father Ducey walked quickly to his carriage, and, as he entered it, turned about, saying, "I am a member of the church militant."

"Oh!" answered the gray-bearded man, "I did not know you were a clergyman. Anyway, one would never think so, judging from your language."

The sentence was lost on Father Ducey, for by the time it had been finished he was being whirled down through Thirtieth-st. in his carriage.

Those who were present during the short argument believed for a time that the priest and atheist would come to blows. After Father Ducey departed the bearded man scratched his head, looked up and down the street, and started to walk, thoughtfully, in a direction opposite to that taken by Father Ducey's carriage.

HURLED THROUGH AIR BY THE ENGINE

THE WAGON STRUCK AND SMASHED INTO KINDLING-WOOD AND THE DRIVER PICKED UP UNCONSCIOUS.

William E. Van Horn, more than sixty years old, had a miraculous escape from instant death in East Orange, N. J., on Saturday evening. He is employed as superintendent of the kindling-wood mill of C. S. French, near the Arlington-ave. crossing of Main-st. with the tracks of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad. Alongside of Mr. French's office a private road runs across the tracks into the yard. On Saturday night Mr. Van Horn was driving across the tracks with a delivery wagon. He is slightly deaf, and did not hear the ringing of the bell of a wildcat engine eastbound. He drove on the tracks directly in front of the engine. Realizing his danger, he gave the horse a smart cut with the whip, and the animal sprang forward, clearing the track. The engine struck the wagon squarely, smashing it into kindling-wood, and hurling Mr. Van Horn for some distance alongside of the track. He was picked up unconscious, and was found to be badly cut and lacerated. After some time he recovered consciousness, and was able to go to his home, at No. 25 South Arlington-ave. His escape from instant death is looked on as little less than miraculous.

This crossing is one of the most dangerous places in the Oranges, and several accidents have occurred there. As the street is a private one and has not been accepted by the township, the railroad company cannot be compelled to place a flagman there.

A MINING CAMP WIPED OUT.

FOREST FIRES IN THE NORTHWEST SWEEPING EVERYTHING BEFORE THEM.

Spokane, Wash., Aug. 18.—Three Forks, a little mining camp in the Slocan country, in British Columbia, was entirely wiped out by the fierce forest fires, which continue to rage with unabated fury throughout the country north and east of here. The inhabitants left everything and fled for their lives. Several families have arrived at Kaslo and Slocan more dead than alive.

Rossland, B. C., was surrounded by the forest fires and for two days it was threatened with destruction. But for the heroic efforts of the citizens the bustling mining camp would have gone. The flames are now past and travelling east on their work of destruction.

MR. MAGOWAN HAS SOUGHT A DIVORCE.

THE REASON OF HIS ABSENCE FROM TRENTON, WHICH CREATED CONSIDERABLE COMMENT.

Frank A. Magowan, ex-Mayor of Trenton and head of several large manufacturing enterprises, disappeared from his home at Trenton a few weeks ago and much comment was made over his absence. A great deal was said about his absence from Trenton for more than a week, and it was intimated that he had failed in some of his large business enterprises. As Mr. Magowan may be a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor of New Jersey this year, his absence created a great deal of talk. Not until yesterday did it become known what caused his sudden disappearance. A dispatch from El Reno, Okla., says that ex-Mayor Magowan, of Trenton, had registered there on August 1 and that he had begun proceedings against his wife for divorce. This statement was verified yesterday by Mr. Magowan himself. A reporter caught him as he was hurriedly leaving the Astor House with some business friends. He was uncommunicative about his affairs, but he readily admitted that his journey to Oklahoma was for the purpose of getting a divorce, and that that was the cause of his absence from Trenton.

RUN OVER BY A CULVER ROUTE TRAIN.

August Ludwig, thirty-two years old, of Parkville, Brooklyn, was probably fatally injured yesterday at Van Siclen station. As a Culver route train was slowing up he tried to get on it, but slipped and fell under the wheels. His legs were cut off and he was otherwise injured. He was taken to the Kings County Hospital.

VALKYRIE III SAFE IN PORT.

A PASSAGE WITHOUT MISHAP

THE ENGLISH CUTTER CROSSES IN 22 DAYS 9 HOURS 57 MINUTES.

ONE GALE ENCOUNTERED, WHICH DID SLIGHT DAMAGE—HOVE TO ONLY ONCE DURING THE VOYAGE—HEAD WINDS MOST OF THE TIME.

Looking little the worse for her long journey across the Atlantic, Valkyrie III, the challenger for the America's Cup, dropped anchor off Liberty Island last night at 10:25 o'clock. Although during her passage she had encountered plenty of heavy winds and rough seas, she bore very little appearance of any rough handling as she made her way past Sandy Hook, towed by a tug which had picked her up twenty miles west of the Fire Island Lightship. In fact, she looked almost as neat and trim as if she had just returned from a short summer cruise in the home waters.

The Dunraven cutter made the ocean voyage from Gourock, whence she started, to Sandy Hook in 22 days 9 hours and 57 minutes. She covered a course of 3,016 miles, averaging a speed of 129 miles a day.

The Vigilant last April made 2,934 miles from the Lizard to Sandy Hook in 18 days 1 hour and 45 minutes, a daily average of 168 miles, but the Vigilant had more favorable winds than had the English cutter.

Although the time of Valkyrie III breaks no record, yet she has in many ways made a noteworthy trip. Clever management and a plucky crew brought through many battles with stiff winds and heavy seas the low-lying racing craft with flush decks and little or no protection for those on board. No serious mishap occurred to the yacht, and none of the crew suffered from either sickness or injury in any part of the journey.

WHEN THE YACHT WAS SIGHTED.

The yacht was first sighted yesterday afternoon at 12:45 from the Moriches, and proceeded under her own sail to about twenty miles west of the Fire Island Lightship, where she was taken in tow by a tugboat at about 6 o'clock in the evening and came into harbor in company with two other tugs and the propeller City of Bridgeport, which is to act as her tender during her stay in this country.

The City of Bridgeport started out at daybreak in search of the yacht, which it had been estimated by careful calculations would arrive sometime during yesterday. Aboard the Valkyrie's tender was Arthur Glennie, Lord Dunraven's personal friend. As H. Maitland Kersey, the agent of the challenger's owner, was in Newport, Mr. Glennie was in charge of the arrangements connected with the arrival of the Valkyrie. The City of Bridgeport reached Sandy Hook at 6 a. m., and when hailed by a newspaper boat Mr. Glennie, in answer to inquiries, said he hardly thought the yacht would be in before Tuesday, but he would run out as far as Fire Island to see if there was any trace of her.

SEEN BY LA GASCOGNE.

In the mean time the French liner La Gascogne was hailed and reported having passed the Valkyrie the day before, and the pilot, Thomas Leonard, who was on the steamer's bridge, said: "She ought to be in this afternoon."

About noon the City of Bridgeport returned to the lightship and Mr. Glennie at once ordered the tender to put out in the direction of the cutter.

The latter was met by The Tribune tug and by the City of Bridgeport about seven miles east of the Sandy Hook Lightship, and it was here that the first hearty welcome was given to the English racer. In addition to the tugboat which had passed her a line, the tug F. B. Dalzell was also hovering around, and from each of these boats a series of lively tootings on their whistles was started, to which the crew of the Valkyrie responded by waving their hats.

Captain Cranfield was soon afterward sighted, standing amidships on the deck, and he returned a hearty greeting to the shouts of welcome wafted over the water to him from the press boats and the City of Bridgeport.

ALL WELL ON BOARD.

"Are all well?" he was asked by a Tribune reporter at the highest sounding capacity of his lungs and vocal organs.

"All well on board," came back the answer.

"Have you had any mishap?"

"No."

"Is the yacht strained at all?"

"Not a bit," he replied.

"How much of a crew have you aboard?" the reporter asked, to which the genial British captain responded:

"Forty-six."

And with one of his hearty laughs he added: "And one dog."

On the arrival of the Valkyrie's namesake and predecessor in 1893 it will be remembered that she carried a mascot in the shape of a pigeon, but if the dog aboard the present competitor for the America's Cup brings no better luck than the pigeon the Britishers will once more be compelled to return home minus the coveted cup.

Proceeding under tow, the challenger, still accompanied by the retinue before mentioned, passed Sandy Hook Lightship at 7:40 and reached Quarantine at 9:45 p. m., when the deputy medical examiner, by special request, went on board

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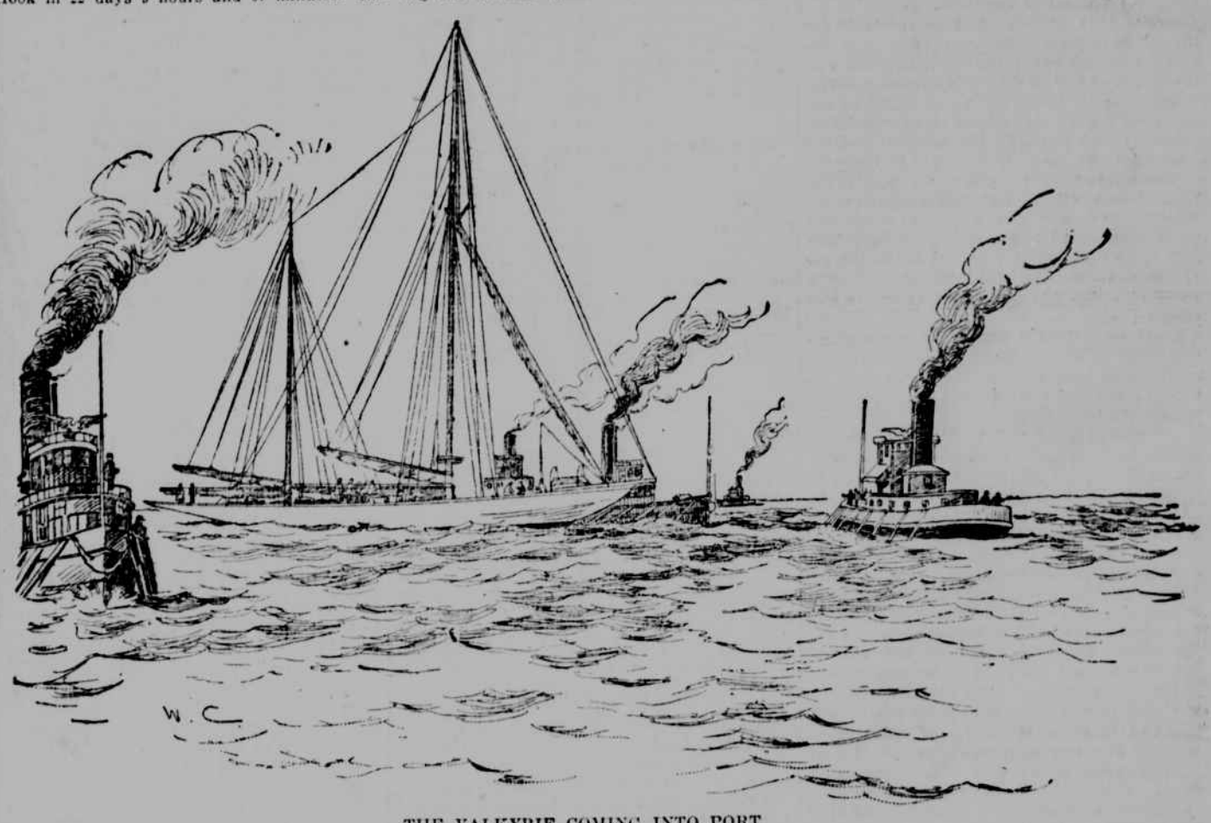

THE VALKYRIE COMING INTO PORT.

A SUMMER HOTEL BURNED.

THE OCEAN BAYVIEW AT ROCKAWAY, LONG ISLAND, DESTROYED.

GUESTS LOSE NEARLY ALL THEIR VALUABLES—SLEEPING CHILDREN CARRIED OUT IN THEIR NIGHT-CLOTHES—EXCITEMENT AMONG THE WOMEN.

The Ocean Bayview Hotel, in Dodge-ave., near the Hammell's Station, Rockaway, Long Island, was destroyed by fire last evening. The furniture of the hotel and the effects of the guests on the second and third floors were lost. A portion of the furnishings of the first floor were saved, but the flames spread so quickly that the greater portion of the heavier articles were burned. The fire started through the exploding of a lamp in one of the rooms on the third floor. The explosion occurred about 8:50, and in ten minutes the flames had spread through the floor and down into the rooms on the second. The windows were all open at the time, and there was considerable wind blowing, causing the fire to spread quickly.

The Fire Department was summoned, and the engines from Seaside, Hammell's and Oceanic were soon at the fire. By that time, however, the flames had taken such a hold on the building that it was impossible to do more than prevent the spread of the fire. This the firemen succeeded in doing. The wind carried the sparks in the air for some distance, and, as it veered several times while the fire was burning, there was considerable danger. After the last fire which swept Seaside, the beach was equipped with first-class engines and other apparatus, and the fire last night was the first really big one that demonstrated the value of the purchase. The owner of the building and contents was H. Bremen, of Rockaway Beach. William Plimmer was manager of the hotel.

There was considerable excitement just after the fire broke out. There were twenty-eight rooms in the hotel, and seventy-five guests were registered. Many of these were children who were there with their parents. When the alarm was given most of the smaller ones and many of the larger ones were asleep in their rooms. The grown persons were mostly on the porches. The children were carried from the burning building in their night clothing. Several of the women became hysterical, and only cool, quick work on the part of the hotel people cleared the building.

Some persons on the second and third stories of the hotel threw their valuables out of the windows on the water side and they fell into the surf. Some things were recovered, while others were either ruined or carried out when the tide began to recede. The guests, after the fire, took stock to see what they had lost. Jewelry and small articles of value were for the most part saved, but the clothing and trunks of most of the guests were destroyed.

The Florence Hotel, which stood close to the burned building, was in constant danger and only hard work by the firemen saved it. The loss on the hotel building will be about $4,000. Estimates of the other losses are as yet impossible to obtain. There was no insurance.

ADMIRAL MEADE AS FIRE CHIEF.

LOTS OF EXCITEMENT, WITH A LITTLE FIRE, AT THE PHILADELPHIA UNION LEAGUE.

Philadelphia, Aug. 18.—Had it not been for the prompt action of Rear-Admiral Richard W. Meade, Major A. L. Williams and other members of the Union League yesterday, the handsome clubhouse of the League might now be a pile of ashes. At 3:30 o'clock it was discovered that the rear roof of the building was on fire. Admiral Meade and Major Williams were both in the corridor, and the Admiral, who has more than once had to cope with fire aboard ship, took command and ordered the alarm to be rung to "fire quarters."

The fire brigade of the League responded to the call and rushed to the third story, where the fire paraphernalia is located. There were many members of the League present, and they wildly rushed upstairs to assist in quenching the flames. It was soon learned that the fire was in the annex chimney, where the motor which furnishes air to the kitchen is located, and in less than five minutes the roof was full of excited members and employes.

Admiral Meade directed the hosemen where to play the stream, and the flames, after thirty minutes' battle, were stifled without the aid of the engine company, and all hands adjourned to the captain's cabin for refreshments.

The only casualty was a severe wetting which was given to coat-room keeper Charles Dorsey, who got between the hose and the fire.

The loss by the fire was only $500, of which amount $350 is the cost of the motor.

ARREST OF FOUR FOOTPADS.

THE POLICE OF THE WEST THIRTIETH-ST. STATION MAKE AN IMPORTANT CAPTURE.

Four young colored men, all of whom are thought to have bad records as thieves and highwaymen, are now locked up in the West Thirtieth-st. police station, as a result of the work of Detectives Day and McGovern. The prisoners are Joseph Johnson and Sandy Jones, of No. 549 West Forty-eighth-st.; James Jackson, of No. 250 West Forty-seventh-st., and William Jones, alias Thaddeus, whose address is not given, and who is thought to be an ex-convict. Jackson was arrested on Friday, but the other men were caught yesterday.

On August 13 Albert W. Wishey, whose business address is No. 46 Cedar-st., was held up and robbed about 2 o'clock in the morning in Thirty-second-st. The thieves escaped with a gold watch, valued at $125. Detectives Day and McGovern, who took hold of the case, learned that on Friday Jackson had left a watch like that lost by Wishey with a jeweler in Seventh-ave. Later he sold it to a jeweller in Eighth-ave. for $2. The detectives arrested Jackson after he had made his bargain with the jeweller.

In investigating the case the detectives learned that "Sandy" Jones had taken the same watch on Friday morning to a jeweller and had a new chain ring put in it. This information led to the arrest of Jones. The detectives succeeded in learning many things from Jackson, who gave the names of all four men who robbed Wishey.

Jones and Jackson have been identified by Patrick Baker, the chef at the Gilsey House, as the men who robbed him of a gold watch on the morning of August 14. The prisoners were found to have nearly fifty pawn tickets, representing clothing and jewelry.

Jackson has told the detectives that he will give them all the information he possesses if they will promise to deal lightly with him.

SEVEN PEOPLE DROWNED

FATAL RESULT OF THE OVERCROWDING OF A SMALL SAILBOAT.

ALMOST AN ENTIRE FAMILY, WITH SEVERAL FRIENDS, PERISH A SHORT DISTANCE FROM LAND AND WITHIN EASY REACH OF HELP.

Ocean City, Md., Aug. 18.—Seven lives paid the penalty yesterday of the overcrowding of a small sailboat and the unreasoning fright of the women aboard, who, by springing to one side when the little craft shipped some water, overturned it and threw its occupants into the water. The boat contained ten persons, and of these ten only three were rescued when the boat capsized. The dead are:

William Storrs, forty-five years old, a sign-painter; his wife, Mrs. Laura Storrs, thirty-eight years old; their two daughters, Ida May and Eva, fourteen and sixteen years old respectively; Lula and Lena Hall, sisters, sixteen and eighteen years old respectively, of Bishopville, Del., and Miss Myrtle Stevens, fourteen years old, of Selbyville, Del.

The Storrs family were residents of Philadelphia, and lived at No. 4,849 Lancaster-ave. The bodies of Storrs, his wife and two daughters and Miss Stevens have been recovered, but those of the Hall girls are still in the water. Mrs. Storrs was a native of this place, and since her marriage she and her husband and children have spent their vacation here every summer. Yesterday Mr. Storrs made up a sailing party, and, as the day was fine, a pleasant time was expected. The boat of William Hudson was engaged for the party. Hudson's boat was a small one, and when nine persons came trooping gayly down to the wharf to embark, he protested against so many people going in her. Mr. Storrs laughingly jested his objections aside, and further said that as the water was shallow near shore, where they intended to sail, there would be no possible danger.

The party crowded into the boat, and the start was made for Hammocks Point. The point was safely reached, and Hudson tacked toward the inlet. In coming about and in the shifting from one side to the other of the passengers, the boat keeled and shipped a few bucketfuls of water. The keeling of the boat frightened the women of the party, and some of them sprang to their feet. The sudden movement of the terrified women threw the boat over, and it capsized and the entire party was thrown into the water. The boat sank, carrying down with it its skipper, Hudson. Hudson, with the strength of despair, succeeded in drawing the mast from the boat, and it immediately rose to the surface again.

In the meanwhile Mr. Storrs had been supporting as well as he was able the struggling women. The water at the place where the accident occurred was only six feet deep and the shore was but a short distance off, and it seemed possible that the entire party might reach it in safety. When the boat rose to the top of the water, Mr. Storrs and Hudson succeeded in drawing the women of the party to it and getting them to grasp the rail. The terrible exertions he had undergone, however, had exhausted Mr. Storrs's strength, and as he reached out his hand to take hold of the boat he sank. The disappearance of her husband unnerved Mrs. Storrs, and she released her hold of the boat and threw herself toward the spot where he had gone down as if to try to save him. She, too, sank, and her children, horrified by the drowning of both parents, became hysterical, and, losing their strength, let go the boat and sank. The two Hall girls became exhausted and drowned together.

In the mean while the shrieks of the party had brought assistance from shore, and just as the rescuers were within a few oar-strokes of the capsized boat Myrtle Stevens slipped from it and went under. Hudson, William Hall, brother of the Hall girls, and Miss Ida May Hudson, who still clung to the boat, were rescued in an exhausted condition. The bodies were in a horrible state when drawn to the surface, the crabs having eaten them.

TIPPED OVER BY THE SWELL FROM A TUG.

ONE MAN DROWNED AND HIS TWO COMPANIONS RESCUED.

The pier at Stanton-st. is a favorite resort for the East Side mothers and their children on Sunday mornings. At 11 o'clock yesterday morning Joseph Glazer, twenty-five years old, of No. 10 Avenue A; Peter Eichorn, sixteen years old, of No. 186 Second-st., and Henry Young, twenty-four years old, of No. 19 Clinton-st., put off from the pier in a working boat for a pull up the river. They had not rowed a hundred yards toward midstream when a tug with two barges in tow passed up the river. The swell from the barges capsized the rowboat, and the three men were thrown into the river. A half-dozen rowboats started to the rescue, and the three men were carried to the pier. Glazer and Eichorn were unhurt, but Young was unconscious. An ambulance surgeon worked over him for nearly an hour and then pronounced him dead.

RESCUED AT THE LAST MOMENT.

John I. Egan, of No. 501 West Thirty-fifth-st., went yesterday to West Brighton and there narrowly escaped death, being rescued when nearly drowned, by the well-known life saver, "Captain" Sidney Hinman. Egan hired a bathing suit at Doyle's bathing pavilion, and went into the heavy surf, which made bathing somewhat dangerous late in the afternoon. There was a strong undertow, and Egan, who cannot swim, was soon beyond his depth. Hinman was out beyond the breakers with his partner, "Mickey" Kenney, and when he saw a commotion among the bathers he turned his boat toward shore. He anchored the boat just outside the breakers and jumped into the water to save Egan, who had sunk several times, and was in great danger. After hard work he got Egan to the shore. Egan was unconscious for half an hour, but was finally resuscitated, and was able to go home feeling pretty well. He gave Hinman $5, being the first of the sixty-two persons whom Hinman has rescued who has substantially rewarded his rescuer.

DROWNED WHILE BATHING.

Henry Ruber, thirteen years old, of No. 197 Eldridge-st., Jersey City, while swimming at the Port Liberty coal docks yesterday, was taken with a cramp and drowned. The body was recovered later and removed to the morgue.

SKIFF OVERTURNED AND ONE DROWNED.

Daniel Carney, thirty-five years old, of Phillips Alley, was drowned off Gold-st., Brooklyn, on Saturday night by the overturning of a skiff rowed by himself and William Cozine, of No. 198 Water-st. The swell of a passing steamer caused the accident.

THEIR VESSEL SANK AS THEY SLEPT.

Newburyport, Mass., Aug. 18.—The sloop Jumbo, stone laden, was sunk at the head of Balch's wharf early this morning. Captain Stephen Orr and a seaman, George Welch, were asleep on her and were drowned. Both were unmarried and lived at Pigeon Cove, Rockport. The vessel arrived in port yesterday afternoon, too late to discharge her cargo on the south jetty. The bottom of the river, where it was moored, slopes off toward the channel, and the vessel touched bottom close to the wharf. The sloop listed toward port, the water ran into the cabin, and she sank. The bodies have not been recovered.