# WHELMED BY HUGE WAVES.

## THE STORY OF THE SURVIVOR OF THE CONEY ISLAND WRECK.

**Only One Man Left out of a Crew of Fifteen—A Body Washed upon the Beach Yesterday—Relic Hunters Stripping the Wreck.**

Pietro Sala, the only survivor of the crew of the Italian bark Ajace, which was wrecked on Rockaway shoals, near Coney Island, on Friday morning, was brought to this city yesterday morning by Capt. Bevensee of Life-Saving Station No. 37. He was dressed in the clothes in which he escaped, a well-worn oilskin suit. He is about five feet eight inches tall, of medium build, sharp features, with a grizzly brown beard and moustache, black hair, and piercing gray eyes. He talks rapidly, and, when describing the terrible sufferings of his companions, his manner was animated. He can write, but he has little education. His general appearance yesterday was that of the ideal weather-beaten tar. He was taken to the Italian Consul's office, 62 Cedar street, and there, in the presence of those who could speak his native tongue, he retold the story of his shipwreck. No official record was made of his story, which will be taken in writing on Monday. He was not capable of giving a consecutive narrative of the shipwreck. He seemed to have been dazed by the scenes through which he had passed. His story was as follows:

"I am a native of Trieste, 46 years old. I have followed the sea for 35 years, and was never shipwrecked before. I do not know the names of all the crew. The officers we called by their titles. I only know that the Captain's name was Frederick Morice of Genoa, Italy. My fellow sailors I knew only by their first names. There was Georgio, from Genoa, aged 50; Michele, 35, and Giovani, 25, Neapolitans; Giovani, 30, an Austrian; Georgio, 25, an Austrian; two boys, Carlo and Luigi, about 15 years old, from Genoa; and Davide, 20, from Genoa.

"The bark Ajace sailed from Antwerp on Dec. 17, 1880, in ballast with iron and empty kerosene barrels, consigned to Seager Brothers. Capt. Morice has been in this trade a long time, and knew the coast well. The bark had been brought into the port of New York very often. We had an ordinary voyage up to Friday morning, when we were struck by a terrible gale that soon tore the rigging to tatters and snapped the masts and yards. The deck was strewn with the pieces. The gale lasted four hours. The vessel was driven off her course, and at about 7 o'clock on Friday the Captain found that the water was gaining on us, and the bark was leaking badly. The Captain said he would run the bark ashore. He put her before the wind, and at 8 o'clock ran ashore on Rockaway shoals. Then the waves began to wash over her. They seemed to be mountain high, and every wave carried something with it. One after another the men were washed off and drowned. In one hour after she struck the bark went to pieces.

"At the time she broke up the men were huddled near the after gangway Davide, Georgio, the cook, the carpenter, Juan, and myself. All but myself became frightened at the fate that had befallen our companions and talked with one another of the death that awaited them. They had the sailor's superstition of dying by drowning in the sea. They said they would 'die the sweet death,' and made up their minds to cut their throats. They drew their knives across their throats and awaited the coming of the waves. They were not killed at once, but the carpenter made one effort to get on the poop deck with me and failed. After they had cut their throats I spoke with two, who said they thought it best to die that way. They lay on the deck for a while alive. Then the great waves came and washed them overboard. Very soon after that the final breaking up of the ship took place. I had lashed myself to a part of the poop deck near the mizzenmast. I floated off toward the shore and was almost dead with despair when I was picked up.

"I was not injured in any way by the wreck. I cannot account for the fact that I alone escaped and all the rest were lost. I suppose it was my good luck. I am not a married man."

The Italian Consul will put Sala in a boarding house, and await the first opportunity to send him home.

The consignees of the vessel, Seager Brothers, had heard nothing from any of the rest of the crew yesterday, and had received no advices as to the cargo of the vessel.

The surf roared along the beach at Coney Island yesterday, but the sea beyond was quiet. The forces with which the Ajace had struck on the Rockaway shoals had entirely passed away, and the sun shone brightly on the shore, strewn with wreckage. From the remains of the wooden pier at the West End to the Life-Saving Station east of the Oriental Hotel were fragments of a wrecked bark, two or three hundred empty kerosene barrels, and débris from the bulkheads and breakwaters at Manhattan Beach. A good many visitors, attracted by the story of the wreck, strolled along the sand. East of the Brighton Beach bathing pavilion lay the wreck of the cabin of the Ajace, where it had drifted ashore. At low tide it was entirely out of water. As it came ashore on Friday the cabin, berths, and lockers were quite intact, with ten feet of the shattered mizzenmast pointing upward at an angle of 45 degrees. Yesterday, after the wreckers had abandoned it because nothing else that was movable could be found, it was but a skeleton. The sides of the cabin were entirely gone, and only the uprights were left to support the deck above. The berths were torn away, and the lockers had been rifled and knocked to pieces. The wheel was stolen, the brass hooks and stanchions were carried off, as well as the fragments of the binnacle. In one of the lockers were some oilskin leggings and coats, a gun and a revolver, a barometer, a sextant and a card compass. The log books and some bills of lading and other papers were there too, as well as a few French coins of small value. All of these things were carried away by the wreckers and relic hunters. The sextant was marked "Bertie Bros., North Shields, manufacturers, England." The index was broken. The log books are said to have been taken by a man from Sheepshead Bay, where, indeed, most of the wreckers belong.

High up on the beach, and not far west of the Manhattan Beach Hotel, a part of the forward deck came ashore, bearing the heavy iron capstan. Yesterday a gang of men cut this from the planks of the deck and rolled it farther up the beach, beyond the reach of high water and the waves.

The empty oil barrels are marked, "Standard Oil Company, refined standard petroleum, Long Island City." They are rolled up out of reach of the sea all along the beach for two miles.

About 3½ o'clock yesterday afternoon a body was seen floating in the surf just off the Manhattan Beach station of the marine railway. Steve Williamson, a fisherman, was among the first to see it, and he waded out into the water and drew it ashore. The body was that of an Austian sailor. He appeared to have been about 48 years old. The hands were crossed in a peaceful manner over the breast, and the face wore a natural expression. There was nothing to indicate that the man had struggled to save himself, and it is thought that he died from exhaustion before he left the wreck. Around his neck was a comforter, tightly tied, and in his pocket was a pair of worsted mittens. His sheathknife was inside of his pantaloons, and attached to a belt.

The life-saving patrol along the beach yesterday and last evening failed to find any further relic of the wreck, and it was generally believed that the other bodies would be washed up at Rockaway, as the bark struck the shoal, in all probability, on the easterly side. All day yesterday several wrecking boats were anchored off near the place where the wreck went to pieces. The wreckers were knocking bolts out of the timbers of the vessel, and fishing for the railroad iron which composed the ballast.

The schooners Samuel Davis, Samuel Decker, Esther J. Duncan, and R. Buckley, all of New York, and the sloop J. R. Brown, went ashore on Friday off Barren Island. A sudden squall at the same place struck the schooner Livania, laden with sand. She capsized and two of the crew were drowned.

## MATILDA MASON'S MOTHER.

**Speaking of her Child with an Affection not Shown in her Alleged Will.**

Sarah Boston, whose $50,000 of property is in contest in the Surrogate's Court, is styled a mulatto, but it is said that she would have passed everywhere for a white woman. She was the keeper of a low resort in Greene street, and when she died, last October, a will was produced by which all her property was left to a white man named William Gladding. No mention was made in the will of any relative, but she had a daughter, Mrs. Matilda Mason, who resided before the Surrogate yesterday, in the proceedings now pending to set aside the will.

Mrs. Mason presents no negro characteristics in her appearance. She was well dressed in dark clothing. Her demeanor is that of a lady, her complexion is fair, her features good, and her expression pleasing. Her story was that when a little girl, she was taken charge of by her father, Charles S. Lawrence of Providence, who brought her up and educated her. She did seek her mother four or five times after her father had left Providence and gone to New York, and had received presents from her.

Charles S. Lawrence testified that he had known Sarah Boston from the time she was 12 years of age, and that Mrs. Mason was her daughter, born in 1831. In 1840 Sarah Boston came to New York to live, but he saw her often up to 1876, calling on her when he came to New York. She used to talk constantly about her daughter and grandchildren during his calls, would send money and presents to Mrs. Mason by him, and tell him that she intended to leave all the property she could collect to her children at her death. She was anxious that Gladding should not find out anything about her plans.

## OPENING THE REICHSTAG.

**A Yankee Girl's Description of the Occasion and her Comments Thereupon.**

BERLIN, Feb. 17.—On Tuesday, the 15th, I attended the opening of the Reichstag or Parliament for the entire German empire. The sessions, if you can dignify their short meetings by such a name, always occur in the great palace of Berlin. This is not the palace where the Kaiser lives, but where all the State dinners, balls, ceremonials, &c., take place. One of the large salons in this palace is called the White Salon. Why, I do not know, unless it is that its decorations and upholstery are red. In this elegant salon the members of the Reichstag first meet. At either end of the room are two balconies reaching the entire breadth of the hall. One of these is given up to visitors bearing tickets from members; the other is occupied by representatives of the diplomatic corps. From these high-perched alcoves one can look down upon the great salon, resplendent with much gilt and tinsel. The high windows are hung with red velvet, the floor is one dangerous surface of highly polished wood, and from the ceiling hang immense glass chandeliers well supplied with candles.

This old schloss, like most of its modern rivals in the way of houses here in Berlin, cannot boast gas. Upon this occasion, all along one side of the room stretched a low sort of two-grade platform covered with brick red baize. I saw only two purposes that this answered; the lowest level served as a sale promenade ground for the leader of the Conservative party, and for a sufficiently high stepping stone to the elevated window seats, to which the wearied representatives betook themselves, for they were furnished with no chairs. Opposite this baize platform was the throne, covered with red velvet. In fact, this was its only covering during the entire ceremony, for neither the robes of royalty nor royalty itself came to grace the occasion. The throne speech was read by one of the Ministers. At the left hand of the throne was a row of chairs. During the reading of the speech the Ministers of the various departments stood before these chairs; no one sat upon them, so, probably, they were more marks of distinction, and equally meaningless with many of the German honors. However, I think those grave and reverend signiors felt the better for being backed by those chairs.

A little before 2 o'clock, some time before the first member had appeared, two immaculately liveried lackeys appeared. Each bore in his left hand a large iron spoon. These spoons were evidently hot, for when from a bottle in the servant's right hand, liquid was poured into the bowl, we heard a sizzle and saw fumes rising into the air.

When this fumigating had been carried on long enough to satisfy these flunkies, the members began to arrive. All were dressed in full dress, and many carried opera hats. One of the most characteristic individuals was the leader of the Conservative party. His name has slipped my mind for the moment. He is a short, rather slightly-built man. His hair is snowy white, making his yellow, wrinkled face look all the more like a piece of old parchment. He seemed very affable, and shook hands heartily with all who approached him. But all his spare moments he spent walking to and fro on the baize platform. The members kept arriving until about half past 2. They seemed to entertain themselves by exchanging words of greeting and discussion. About fifty members were present, and they were as a body and individually remarkably fine appearing men.

At about half past 2 the Ministers and officers of the Assembly filed in. Immediately the Reichstag drew itself into one mass in front of the baize platform. The new arrivals took positions directly opposite. When all were in order the two bodies solemnly bowed to each other. Then one of the Ministers read the speech. At the end some one cried, "Long live our Kaiser!" Thereupon the whole Assembly, raising the right arm, cried "Hoch!" three times. Hoch means high, and signifies may he live high—happily.

Then the members began to disperse. There was no roll call, no disputing of seats (perhaps because there were none to take), no ceremonial. The affair was surely uninpressive. In less than three minutes after the completion of the speech every man had disappeared, and the lackeys, with their numerous bunches of keys, had come, and the White Salon was closely barred and locked.

In the Assembly—unlike most important gatherings here in Germany—representatives from the army were mostly conspicuous by their absence. However, one representation from the military made up in greatness for their lack in number. Von Moltke is a member of the Reichstag. Having seen him only in a carriage, I was not prepared to see so tall a man; nor without his hat does he appear so old. He appears like a great awkward boy. He seemed to avoid all courting, shook hands with few, early escaped to one of the window seats, and immediately upon finishing the chat for his Emperor, left the salon. Bismarck was not present. He seldom appears, except when there is some thunderbolt to be hurled at radicalism.

In the evening of this same day I was invited to attend the celebration of Lessing's birthday at the Schauspiel Haus. One of Lessing's plays was given. Nathan the Wise," a play somewhat in defence of the Jews, is usually given, but, owing to the agitation here now, another was this time selected.

## A TRAGEDY WITH A ROMANCE.

**De Jarnette's Devoted Affianced Marrying Another While he is Awaiting Trial.**

DANVILLE, Va., March 5.—Last summer Thomas De Jarnette of Milton, N. C., which is not far from this place, came into Danville at night, and, going to a house of ill repute, asked for Miss Mollie De Jarnette, his sister. When shown to her room he drew a pistol and shot her five times, from the effect of which she died. He gave as an excuse for his crime that he wished to preserve the honor of the family, and he shot his sister because he did not want her to lead a life of shame. A day or two after the murder Mary Allen Murray, De Jarnette's affianced, came here from Milton, and showed much devotion to the prisoner, visiting him daily in his cell. De Jarnette was sentenced to be hanged, but the Supreme Court granted him a new trial, which will be begun in a short time. Recently Miss Murray has not been so constant in her visits to the prisoner. It seems that at the time of her engagement to De Jarnette, Mr. Charles Gordon and Mr. Alexander Bonhum, two young men of Milton, were also rival suitors for her hand. About a week ago the announcement was made by the young lady and her friends that she was to be married to Mr. Bonhum, and that the marriage was fixed for next Thursday night. Last evening Mr. Gordon went to see the young lady, and she told him that she had come to the conclusion that he was the only one she had ever loved, and she was willing to marry him. Gordon, although he knew that her marriage with Bonhum was fixed for next Thursday night, proposed an immediate solemnization of the nuptials. This morning he obtained the marriage license, and this evening a magistrate, with witnesses, met the couple by appointment on a bridge which crosses the stream near the suburbs of Milton, and there Miss Murray and Gordon were quietly married. De Jarnette is quite ill in his cell, whether because of this marriage or long confinement is not known.

**Effect of the Snow Blockade in Milwaukee.**

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**Pumping Out Mines.**

*From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. 25.—One of the most difficult tasks of the Comstock miner is to control the water which is constantly threatening to drown him out. In order to raise to the surface the immense body of water which finds its way into all mines, expensive pumping machinery has been introduced, and built and maintaining the pumps constitutes one of the heaviest expenses of the mines. Under the present system there extends from top to bottom of the mine a tour line of fourteen inch timbers bolted together at the ends, at intervals of 300 feet are pistons which all rise and fall together. The water forced out by the pumps is raised from one level to the one above, where it is taken by another pump, and so on. The enormous weight is counterbalanced by levers known as jacks, but the energy required must be of great size and strength, and costs a small fortune. The Yellow Jacket mine engine cost $400,000, and mining men have been trying for a long time to devise some less expensive and cumbersome pumping machinery. At last a new system has been invented, which it is claimed, will prove a success and reduce the cost of machinery ninety per cent. In the new system there extends from top to bottom of the mine an endless wire rope, which, at the various pumping stations, passes around large pulleys fifteen feet in diameter. To these pulleys are attached shafts driving the pistons of the pumps. The engine sets everything going, as on wire cable street railroads. This machinery can be driven by an engine consisting of two sixteen-inch cylinders with a four foot stroke. It has not yet been tested in any mine, but, if successful, it will have great influence on mining in the Comstock, as it will materially lessen the cost of production of bullion.

**Sliding Down a Flume.**

*From the San Francisco Chronicle.*

Not long since at Gold Run, Cal., a man by the name of Taylor slipped into a flume in which the water was running at so fearful a rate that, like a flash, he was carried through the flume a distance of 3,50 feet, then over the dump, a fall of eight feet, then down the cañon stream, a further distance of 500 feet, before he could possibly stop his involuntary journeying. With the exception of a few flesh bruises, he escaped without injury.

## A COW BOY'S LIFE.

**Crossing the Rocky Mountains with Four Thousand Cattle.**

*From the San Francisco Chronicle.*

"Gabriel will require a large club attachment to that horn of his, or else he will never be able to reduce the mountain cow boys," remarked Ben Heywood, a Utah cattle dealer.

"Why so?" asked the reporter.

"Because," replied Heywood, "there are no circumstances under which a cow boy will not sleep if not physically molested. In the midst of a mountain storm, when the crashing thunder comes simultaneously with the glaring sheets of lightning, the cow boy sleeps peacefully; in a dry creek bed, with his head down grade, he slumbers sweetly; in view of tarantulas, rattlesnakes, and centipedes for bedfellows, he closes his eyes, and dreams of a heaven of unlimited plug tobacco and unstinted sleep. Gabriel's trumpet would indeed sound in vain when the time came to check off a drove of cow boys. Last spring I was driving four thousand head of cattle over the Rocky Mountains by the South Wyoming Pass, and a 'run'—the terror of cattle drivers—took place under circumstances which showed just how sound is the sleep of a cowboy. I had fifteen boys—a 'boy' with the 'cow' prefix may mean a forty-year-old man—with me. It takes nearly as many to start a drove of four thousand cattle, though a half dozen boys can take care of the drove after the first week on the road. By that time the cattle know what is expected of them, and give us very little trouble.

"Well, we had camped one night on the very summit of the mountains. The sleeping ground for the stock was in a little five-acre patch of grass; all around were sagebrush and rocks of volcanic formation. You understand that after cattle are quietly settled for night on good sleeping ground three or four men slowly ride in a circle around them. This is done by relays of men in 'watches,' the watch being changed at midnight. I have many a time seen a cow boy on a broncho, riding round and round the drove all night fast asleep in his saddle. On the night in question I happened to be standing the first watch myself, and only had two boys with me. The night was overcast and dark, the few stars which shone between the rifts of driving clouds just serving to outline the mass of sleeping cattle. The air seemed surcharged with electricity, and though there had been no lightning it was just such a night in which runs always occur. I have heard no end of scientific and practical explanation of stock runs or stampedes—generally by men who never saw one in their lives. It is well enough to say that something frightens them, if you know nothing about it, and want to explain it; but that don't explain it, no way.

"They say that a coyote, or some other prowling beast, creeps into one of a drove, and that one infects the others with panic, and the stampede begins. Well, it ain't so. If you have a drove of a thousand or ten thousand, the panic affects every one of them at exactly the same instant. It is something harder to account for than by a prowling coyote; and because the run never occurs except on such a night as I have described, I leave it to those who know all about atmospheric influences and such to tell just what it is. Anyway, I was a little uneasy that night, for one of the two boys on watch with me was only a tenderfoot; but I knew that I was safe for the business, and fresh from the East. It was nearly 12 o'clock, and I had just turned my horse's head toward camp, which was about fifty yards in the rear of the sleeping ground, to make up the relief watch, when the run commenced. Every one of those 4,000 cattle was on its feet like a flash, and exactly at the same instant. With a rush like a whirlwind which levels a forest they were off in the darkness, the strong and heavy ones in the lead, of course. The rattling of horns and the thundering of hoofs was deafening. The effect it has on a person who experiences it for the first time was shown by the action of the tenderfoot.

"He turned his horse's tail toward the stampede, buried his spurs into his broncho's flank, and never stopped until he was out of hearing. He was crazier with fright than the wildest steer in the drove. Well, seeing $800 worth of stock frightening away in the night, and having had thirteen years' experience, I naturally acted different. By the spectre starlight I could see the cattle outlined as a black, rushing, clattering, thundering stream, rushing wildly and at each instant becoming more frantic. Over rocks and a stretch of sagebrush, my horse was trained in the business, and knew what was the trouble as well, and just as soon, too, as I did. I did not have to guide him. I followed along by the side of the stampede, and soon overtook the leaders. It don't do to try and turn a run too quick. I kept by the side of the leaders and quartering on them; striking their flanks and pushing gradually against them on the left, slowly turns the leaders slightly to the right. If that can be done it is only a matter of time before the run will turn itself. The leaders only need be turned—the rest all blindly follow. By constantly keeping them turning to the right the leaders were swung clear around finally, and overtook the tag end of the line.

"Then they were rushing around in a circle, the centre of which soon closed up and they were 'milling;' that is, they had formed a solid wheel, and kept going round and round themselves in the same space of ground. I tell you that was a pretty sight. Not a sound had risen above his Emperor, left the salon. Bismarck was not present. He seldom appears, except when there is some thunderbolt to be hurled at radicalism.

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## THE BLOODHOUNDS' BAY.

**Successful Revival of an Ancient Southern Pastime.**

*From the Chicago Times.*

BRUNSONS, S. C., Feb. 21.—A scene familiar in the South before the war, but rarely witnessed since, was enacted near here last night—that is, the hunting down of negroes with bloodhounds. The pursued in this case were Tom Hitchings and Bob Bronnell, two negroes accused of robbing a merchant near this place of several hundred dollars' worth of goods Saturday night. Hitchings and Bronnell were heard of last night in the Brunsons turnpike. A party was immediately made up and five immense bloodhounds secured for the purpose. The members of this party were mounted and many of them old fox-hunters, accustomed to the chase. The negroes had several hours' start of their pursuers. The road which they were traversing is a splendid one, smooth, broad, and almost level. The moon shone almost as bright as day, and everything was propitious to a spirited race. The negroes pursued their course along the highway at a moderate walk, wholly unconscious that they were pursued. The animals were given the scent and sped away after them like mad, the hunters pressing on as rapidly as their horses could carry them.

After about two miles the scent became more and more distinct, and the yelping of the hounds grew louder and louder. The baying of these animals a mile or two off was the first intimation the negroes had of the pursuit, and the sound was too familiar not to cause them at once to quicken their pace. They quickly broke from a walk into a rapid run. They knew what it meant for one of these bloodhounds, and it might be the whole pack, to catch up with and pounce down upon them in the excitement of the chase. If there was no escape left in flight, and they kept desperately on, throwing all their energies into the uneven race. They were both splendidly formed fellows, athletic, sure-footed, and counted the best pedestrians in the county. Despite these advantages, the deep baying of the hounds, as they came nearer and nearer their prey, made the cold sweat break out upon the fugitives. The fear of the dogs, however, gave them renewed energy, and lent additional lightness to their limbs. The cry of the hunters and the yelping of the fierce brutes grew closer and closer. The darkies put on all possible speed, and seemed to fairly fly over the road. Had not the race been so uneven, the chances are that they would have come out best. The dogs, however, were fresh and powerful, and the hunters' horses in excellent trim. This, with the fact that Bronnell and Hichings were taken unawares, made against them. Just as they were putting forth their most desperate efforts and making their best time, the pursuers turned a bend in the road. The dogs were several hundred yards in advance. They sighted the two negroes, and gave a series of loud, wild yelps, breaking out at the very top of their speed. On they flew. The darkies heard them a few hundred paces in their rear, and knew that they were doomed, but they were determined not to throw up the sponge without a desperate attempt, and renewed their efforts. There was no chance for them, however, and a few moments later they could hear the quick breathing of the dogs as they ascended a slight hill over which they had just passed. A few moments more, and two of the hounds had seized the negroes and thrown them to the ground, where a moment later the whole pack were upon them. One of the hounds buried his teeth in Hichings's shoulder, and another fastened his in the man's leg. The other and the boys came up in time to prevent any serious damage being done to the negroes, who were arrested and committed to jail.

**Iron and Brass in Chicago.**

*From the Inter-Ocean.*

Mr. T. J. Morgan delivered a report on the iron and brass moulders' trade:

The number of moulders employed in Chicago are: Machinery and agricultural work moulders, 600; stove plate moulders, 200; brass moulders, 100; apprentices, 30. Sixty per cent. of the iron moulders, and 90 per cent. of the brass moulders are Scotch or Irish Protestants. The average wages by the day are $2.60, but the average weekly earnings for the whole year do not exceed $14. Stove work is all done by the piece. Nearly all who learn this trade serve as apprentices for three or four years. In some shops the apprentices are discharged as soon as their time expires, to make room for more apprentices. The brass moulders have no union. The iron moulders have—the National Iron Moulders' Union. Eighty per cent. of the moulders of Chicago are members of the union. This occupation requires considerable skill and experience.

Constant efforts are being made to adapt machinery to this work, and in cases where the work is of simple form and great quantities are required machinery is used. The Chicago Malleable Iron Works and the Crane Bros.' Manufacturing Company are using moulding machines, tended by boys and common, unskilled laborers. Machines are also used in other factories in moulding water pipes, gear wheels, pulleys, &c., but females and boys are employed, the females as coremakers and the latter on light work. Asthma, colic and consumption are the diseases peculiar to this trade. The general conditions of this trade are disagreeable for the workmen. The shops are filled with poisonous gases. Dust and dirt cover the moulders outside and fill up the pores of their skin and fill up their lungs. In the winter months they work in the damp, half-frozen sand, and are wet all through in the evening, while handling molten metal and shaking out red-hot work, by the heat, gas and steam that come from the hot metal and damp sand. In the summer the heat of these shops is so offensive, after reaching 120° Fahrenheit, that the men are forced to quit work. By proper construction of the foundries and blacksmith shops nearly all of these unhealthy conditions could be removed or prevented, but in the present scramble for existence and wealth the almighty dollar counts more than human life, and no relief can be expected unless the State and municipal Governments enforce proper sanitary regulations upon employers as well as upon employers, for the workman is as stupidly careless and reckless of health as the employer is indifferent to the health and safety of the employees and workmen, women, boys, and girls. Much cause of complaint exists in the custom of employers keeping their workmen waiting for melted metal after the quitting time, the men getting no pay for such time. This complaint is expressed by one of their poets thus:

Sometimes we get through at seven,
Oftentimes long after eight;
If our pay was struck by the hour,
Members would never be late.

The mental development of the moulder is circumscribed by the requirements of his occupation. The physical exhaustion by the day's labor prevents mental work after working hours. The trades union has no applicable influence in regulating the employment and the rate of wages. It is chiefly an organization caring for the sick.

**Robbed Four Times in Seven Months.**

Henry Faran, a homeless man 25 years old was held in $500 bail in the Jefferson Market Police Court, yesterday, for stealing a silver cup valued at $10, the property of Mrs. Winifred Tilton of 1,127 Broadway. Mrs. Tilton has been unfortunate for since last August she has been robbed four times, losing property valued at several thousand dollars.

**Coal Shovellers Demanding Higher Pay.**

The coal shovellers on the East River, who have been paid at the rate of from 10 to 12 cents per ton, decided in a meeting of their union, yesterday, not to work for less than 14 cents per ton, and order Monday next. There are about 9,000 coal shovellers employed on the East River.

## FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

**New York Stock Exchange—Sales March 5.**

UNITED STATES, STATE, AND CITY BONDS (IN $1,000).

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 11 U. S. 5s '81, r | 101¼@¼ | 3 N. C. deferred | 21 |
| 10 U. S. 4½s, r | 111 | 1 Va. coupons, O. A. m. | 84½ |
| 20 U. S. 4s, c | 112¾@¾ | 10 Tenn. 6s, old | 67 |
| 2 Ala., class A | 2 | 5 Tenn. 6s, new | 67 |
| 10 Ind. 5s, new | 122½@¼ | 15 Tenn. 6s, old | 66@67 |
| 10 N. C. 4s, coup | 94¼ | | |

RAILROAD AND OTHER BONDS (IN $1,000).

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 3 B. H. & E. 1st | 50@60½ | 4 M. & St. P. 1st | |
| 3 B. C. R. & N. | 90 | 1 L. & D. 5s | 98½ |
| 3 Ches. & O. 6s, c | 90 | 6 L. S. & P. 1st, L. & M. | 112½ |
| 12 Ches. & O. 1st, int. | 93½ | 10 M. & C. 1st | 107 |
| 1 C. B. & N. w. c. | 125 | 5 M. & L. 2s, int. | 137 |
| 1 Chi. & N. W. c. | 123½ | 30 Mo. 1st | 106@106½ |
| 11 Can. So. 1st | 110 | 5 Mob. & Ohio, st. d. | 75 |
| 2 Cent. Pac. 6s | 110 | 5 Mob. & Ohio, int. d. | 20 |
| 10 C. C. & I. c. 6s | 122 | 2 N. J. Cent. 6s | 117 |
| 42 Del. & H. c. | 106 | 10 N. J. Cent. 6s | 117 |
| coup. | 113@113½ | 4 N. J. Cent. 6s | 116½ |
| 9 Erie 2d | 106 | 15 N. J. Cent. 6s | 102½ |
| 3 Erie 1st | 117 | 247 N. Y. L. E. & W. | |
| 2 Erie 4th, ex | 90 | W. 2d | 90@91 |
| 6 Erie con. 1st | 125½ | 110 N. Y. L. E. & W. | |
| 1 Hun. Tex. Cent. | 25 | 2d | 55 |
| 34 Mich. Cent. | 120 | 4 N. Y. Cent. 6s, reg. | 117 |
| 510 Ind. Bl. & W. 1st | 87@88 | 7 North. N. J. Gat. | 115 |
| 2 Iron Mt. Ark. R. | 112 | 201 N. Y. El. 1st | 119@¼ |
| 2 Iron Mt. 1st, int. | 112 | 5 Nor. & W. 1st | 110 |
| 5 Int. & G. N. 2d m. | 90 | 72 Ohio I. & W. 1st | 90 |
| 2 Ind. D. & Sp. 2d mort. | 50 | 6 Pa. R. R. 1st | 107 |
| 2 Ind. D. & Sp. 1st | 100 | 3 Mono. W. & C. 1st | 105 |
| 20 Kan. Pacific coup. | 104@105 | 8 St. L. & Iron Mt. | 105½ |
| 30 Kan. & Tex. coup. | 107¾@108 | 2 Sou. Pac. 1st | 108 |
| 167 Kan. & Tex. 1st | 61@61½ | 2 St. L. & S. F. 1st, C. B. | 93½ |
| 5 L. & W. B. cons | 111@110 | 11 Tex. Pac. L. G. | 7 |
| 10 L. E. & West. m. | 70 | 4 | 27½@28 |
| 19 Lou. & N. gen. | 103¾@104 | 112 Tex. Pac. L. G. | 8 |
| | | 5 Tol. & W. 1st | 110 |
| | | 4 Tol. & Wab. 1st | 71 |
| | | St. L. | 100 |

RAILROAD AND OTHER STOCKS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Railroads. | | 7,955 N. Pac. pf | 74@72 |
| 400 Atl. & Pac. | 45@44½ | 1,000 Ont. & West. | 24½@24¼ |
| 400 A. & T. H. | 122@123 | 400 Norf. & W. | 137 |
| 210 B. C. R. & N. | 97½@97 | 18 Ohio Ind. & Miss. | 40 |
| 100 C. C. & I. | 64 | 100 Ore. & Cal. | 47 |
| 2100 C. & A. | 27@26¾ | Co. | 18@18½ |
| 300 C. P. Min. | 21¼ | 2,700 Pacific Mail | 55@54½ |
| 8650 Can. South. | 50@49½ | 300 Pacific Cent. | 97 |
| 2300 Cent. N. J. | 116@116 | 300 Pacific D. & E. | 3 |
| 400 Cent. Pac. | 90 | 174 Pacific Express | 95 |
| 1,800 Chi. & Alt. | 143 | Panama | 250 |
| 600 Ches. & O. | 93 | 100 Pacific Mail | 55 |
| 300 Ches. & O. 1st | 93 | 200 Quicksilver | 16½ |
| 200 Ches. & O. 2d | 67 | 400 Quick. pf. | 60 |
| 1,000 Chi. & E. I. | 27 | 2,700 Rich. & A. | 1 |
| 1,000 Chi. & E. I. pf. | 67 | 100 Rock Isl. | 135 |
| 100 Del. & Hud. | 113½ | 1,300 St. L. & I. M. | 55 |
| 10,250 Del., Lack. & W. | 94@95 | 1,000 So. Pac. | 115½@115 |
| W. | 129@129½ | 2,000 Tex. Pac. | 8 |
| 5,000 Den. & R. G. | 34 | 200 St. L. & S. F. | 45 |
| m. | 74½@75½ | 2,000 T. P. L. G. | 8 |
| 23,900 Erie com. | 40½@40¼ | 2,000 T. P. L. G. | 8 |
| 5,000 Erie pf. | 80¼@80 | 1,000 Metro Union | 143 |
| 1,400 Erie West. | 39@38½ | 1,000 Kan. Pac. | 27 |
| 14,000 L. & M. | 96@95½ | 2,400 Un. Pac. | 124½ |
| 9,200 H. & St. Jo. | 37 | 1,000 Wab. & Pac. | 37 |
| pf. | 76¾@76 | 10,000 Wab. & Pac. | 37 |
| 7,050 Ill. Cent. | 128½@128 | Telegraph. | |
| 6500 Iron Mt. & S. | 60½@60 | 29,700 West. Un. | 110@110 |
| 6700 Kan. & Tex. | 46¾@46 | 200 At. & Pac. | 60 |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 272 Keo. & D. M. | 15¼ | 9800 Am. Dis. | 72@71 |
| 1600 Lake Sh. | 128¾@128¾ | 200 Gold & Stock | 150 |
| 12925 Lou. & N. | 95@95 | Express. | |
| 100 Lou. & Mo. R. | 52 | 46 Adams | 70 |
| 8800 Manh. El. | 41¾@41 | 5 Adams | 70 |
| 500 Marietta 1st | 114 | 15 Wells Far. | 112½@112¾ |
| 1000 Marietta 2d | 90 | 140 U. States | 56¾ |
| 1550 Met. El. | 122¾@121¾ | Mining. | |
| 11100 Mich. Cen. | 112½@112 | 1500 Standard | 20¼@20¾ |
| 25 Mob. & O. | 34@33 | 200 Arizona Cent. | 6 |
| 1500 Mor. & Es. | 122½ | 50 Keweenaw | 4 |
| 400 Manhat. Bch. | 34¼@34 | 2000 Little Pittsburg | 4@3¾ |
| 400 Mariposa | 1 | Oil Companies. | |
| 400 Mob. & Ohio | 42 | 11450 Cons. Crude | 58¾@51 |
| 11000 N. J. Cent. | 91¾@91 | 100 Eck Lies | 50 |
| 72,000 N. Y. Cent. | 145¾ | Total sales, 612,582 shares. | |
| 72,000 North. Pac. | 46¾@46¼ | | |

CLOSING PRICES.

| | Bid. | Asked. | | Bid. | Asked. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| U. S. 6s '81, r | 102 | 102½ | Mil. & St. Paul | 111¾ | 111¾ |
| U. S. 6s '81, c | 102 | 103 | Mil. & Tex. | 42 | 42½ |
| U. S. 5s '81, r | 101 | 101¼ | Mo., K. & Tex. | 45 | 46 |
| U. S. 5s '81, c | 101 | 101¼ |