The Sun.

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THE JAVA EARTHQUAKES.

AWFUL EXPERIENCE OF THE CREW OF THE BARK W. H. BESSE.

A Heavy Rumbling Followed by Flashes of Lightning—The Day Darker than the Darkest Night—Showers of Sand and Ashes—The Water Covered with Dead Bodies.

BOSTON, Dec. 6.—Capt. J. W. Baker of the bark William H. Besse of Wareham arrived here this morning, 195 days from Manila, and related the following story:

"We sailed from Manila on May 25, with a fair breeze and everything favorable for a speedy passage home, but, as they say in Coshin China, 'You can't tell from the sunshine in Kesho how the wind blows in Shanghai.' We found that out long before we reached Boston, as every sailor finds the same thing on any voyage. We were laden wholly with sugar. We sailed along through the China Sea—there are a great many islands there, you know—until, when thirty days out, we were near the Straits of Sunda, which are between Java and Sumatra. Here we had heavy weather, and in the night ran upon a rock, which is not down on the charts. We were damaged considerably in the hull, and had to put in at Batavia. We found it necessary to return to Manila, which we did at once, and after a short delay we set sail once more for home. This explains how it happened that we were near Java at the time of the great earthquake there in the latter part of August.

"We left Batavia again on Aug. 26. At sunrise the next morning, when we were distant from Bezee Island about five miles, we saw a heavy bank rising from the westward. At the same time the barometer began to fall rapidly and vary in the most extraordinary manner. It fell to 29° 40', and then suddenly bounced up to 30° 70'. This, of course, meant danger, and something very unusual at that. The bank kept rising and growing more dense, and at last covered the whole sky and filled the atmosphere, and completely obscured the sun. As soon as the barometer began to make those strange variations, I ordered all hands on deck, and every sail was quickly furled. We let the port anchor go, and none too soon, for darkness shut in around us, and heavy showers of sand and ashes began to fall. At the same time, mind you, the wind rose and blew steady and harder, until at noon we were in the midst of a perfect hurricane. All the elements seemed to have combined to make the strangest, most remarkable sight I ever witnessed. You could hardly call it a sight, though, for it was darker than you can imagine. I've seen all kinds of nights and days, and have been about in what I thought was total darkness many a time, but I never knew what darkness was until the 27th of August last. It's no use trying to describe that time. The air seemed thick with blackness, the whistling wind took the breath away, the falling sand and ashes choked you and settled into your clothing in a manner that was horribly suggestive of burial, the heat was intense and stifling, and the sea, although the wind continued to blow a tempest, remained perfectly calm. The tide set strongly to the westward, and we drove through the water at the rate of fourteen knots an hour. All this time we heard constantly heavy rumblings of distant thunder, but long continued; every now and then the darkness was lit up for a second by blinding flashes of lightning, and a nauseating smell of sulphur made breathing not only difficult, but disagreeable. It was enough to frighten any man. None of us had ever experienced anything like this before, and the majority of the seamen were sure that the end of the world had come. Why, one of the officers—a sensible, steady-going man—thought it was the day of judgment. I shall never forget that time. I suppose you do not know how on such an occasion the total darkness confuses a man. Now, every sailor knows his ship as you do your desk, and probably much better; every inch is familiar to him. Yet we were all turned round, and knew not where to step. One of the seamen was on top of the house—on duty, of course—and he stepped off from the roof and fell on the deck, striking on his head and receiving serious injuries. Well, this sort of thing lasted for hours. When at last it cleared up we began to realize what had taken place. The shower of ashes kept up until we were hundreds of miles away from the scene of the disturbance.

"On the 28th we entered the Straits of Sunda and could plainly see the tremendous extent of the damage. Many an island was so changed in appearance and coast line as to be wholly unrecognizable, and we knew them only by their positions. Others must have entirely disappeared, sunk clean out of sight. The forests on Verlaton and Lang Island were completely obliterated, and the northwestern part of Krakatoa was gone. The sea was full of floating trees and other débris, and the surface of the water was covered with ashes. For 600 miles we seemed to be sailing through fields of lava. The decks and rigging were covered with ashes and fine sand to a depth of several inches. At times we entered extensive fields of cocoanuts, the numbers of which it is impossible to estimate. But the most remarkable and fearful thing of all was the sea of corpses. For nearly three days we came across body after body of persons who had lost their lives in the earthquake. One man alone was said to have counted sixty bodies in plain sight, and how many more there must have been throughout the Straits you can tell as well as I. Thousands must have perished. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

"We continued on our way, having a little tussle with the seas off Cape of Good Hope. After this the prospects seemed good again for a comfortable voyage home. The winds were favorable, but fate came down on us in a new storm. Sickness also broke out among the sailors, and nearly everybody was down. On Oct. 23, in latitude 16° 37', longitude 17° 16', Srit Salenson died, and was buried in the waves. On Nov. 27, in latitude 35° 05', longitude 74° 28', just off Cape Hatteras, we fell in with a hurricane from the northeast, which piled up a very heavy sea. The storm lasted three days, but we had rough weather up to the time of our arrival in this port. In that storm the sea broke over the bark and swept everything off the decks, flooded the cabin, and tore away a part of the bulwarks. We had to throw over a considerable portion of our cargo. We were very shorthanded then, and when we got to Boston we had hardly half a dozen available seamen."

The Besse was not the only Boston vessel that saw the results of the earthquake. The Anahuac, Capt. W. H. Summers, arrived at this port from Calcutta a little in advance of the Besse. According to Capt. Summers, on Aug. 27, when the ship was lying becalmed in latitude 6° 10' south, longitude 89° 51' east, or at a point several hundred miles from the disturbance, a loud report was heard from the eastward. Thinking that it was heavy ordnance, he ordered a man to the masthead to see if a ship was in sight. While he was aloft four more reports were heard in quick succession, which made the vessel quiver and tremble in every beam. It was then thought that it must be a heavy earthquake, and soon afterward the sun became obscured and it grew dark, although it had previously been very clear. The reports were heard at about noon. The next morning, the 28th, the decks were found to be covered with a fine white sand, and the sea filled with pumice stone. The shower continued more than two days, and was swept off the deck by shovelfuls. The Captain gathered a bottleful of it. He thought the phenomena were caused by the earth passing through a meteoric shower, and knew nothing of the earthquake until he called at St. Helena, where he was informed of some of the particulars. He met an English vessel which had been showered with sand, though her position was 600 miles away from the Anahuac at the time of the earthquake.

Earthquake Shocks in Arkansas.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 6.—Seven shocks of earthquake occurred yesterday at Rosenden Springs, Arkansas. They lasted forty seconds, and broke glassware and crockery in the stores and houses. Large rocks were detached and fell in the mines. The Cairo City Newspaper and Memphis Railroad near by. The shock was accompanied by a loud noise, and there was a violent jar of the earth.

Sale of the Bessemer Coke Works.

MOUNT PLEASANT, Pa., Dec. 6.—The Bessemer Coke Works, consisting of 173 acres of coal land, 170 ovens, 51 dwellings, a storehouse, &c., were sold at auction today for $166,000. McClure & Co. of Pittsburgh were the purchasers.

The Texas Cotton Swindler.

DALLAS, TEXAS, Dec. 6.—Additional affidavits against Lebustein, charged with the sale of mammoth swindles in cotton, are sworn out daily since his arrest. Three more were sworn out today.

Killed by a Mad Bull.

MONTREAL, Dec. 6.—J. L. Duval, 70 years of age, was attacked by a mad bull in the street here today, while on his way to market, and was thrown over a high fence and instantly killed.

Little Golden,

In book form, complete. Ask for Munro's Library, No. 91.—Ads.

HENRY MILLWARD'S SUICIDE.

A Mock Tragedy so Affects One of the Jokers as to End in a Real Tragedy.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Dec. 6.—Henry F. Millward, a noted mechanical engineer and expert, committed suicide in this city on Saturday last. Some weeks ago Millward, who was of a jolly nature and had a great relish for practical jokes, assisted by a number of friends, constructed a dummy corpse out of a bundle of towels and pillows, and laid it on a bed in the Arcade Hotel in this city. The room was carefully darkened, and the dummy covered with a sheet. A pasteboard head with grotesquely painted features was attached to the body so as to be in plain sight when the sheet should be removed. When all was ready the report was circulated through the city by the jokers that a drummer had committed suicide at the hotel after a protracted spree, and that his body was deposited in room 64 of the Arcade Hotel. The report attracted hundreds of citizens, including the Coroner, who were piloted up to the room one by one, and the grotesque corpse exhibited to them. The sell lasted a whole day, and produced no end of merriment, generally ending in the person fooled treating the crowd.

A few weeks later Millward shot himself through the brain, after a week's absence on a drinking spell, in the Arcade building, the mock tragedy and real tragedy corresponding in every particular. The night before the deed Millward came home very late, and, after a few words with his roommate, went to sleep. The latter heard him sobbing during the night, but thought nothing of it, and never saw him again until he entered the room the next day and found him gasping his last with a bullet hole in his head. The surroundings showed that the man had gotten up, dressed himself, and, after lying down on the lounge, had deliberately shot himself in the head.

The remarkable part of the case was that the real suicide tallied with that of the pretended suicide in every particular. The time of day was the same, the weapon the same, the place the same, and the wound the same. The Coroner's jury decided that mental depression was the cause of the suicide, but there can be no doubt that brooding over the mock tragedy suggested and was the cause of the real one.

Henry F. Millward came of a family of world-wide renown in engineering pursuits. He was formerly employed on engineering works for the English Government in England and Jamaica, and also held important positions in this country, being a man of the highest intelligence and professional skill.

HIT A BIG MAN FROM BOSTON.

Billy Edwards Tempted to Sprain His Hand in the Hoffman House Barroom.

"How about that story in the Washington *Star*, which says that you knocked out a big man from Boston?" said a reporter of THE SUN to Billy Edwards, in the barroom of the Hoffman House last night.

"It's true," Edwards replied, putting aside the newspaper he had been reading. "My right hand is bad yet."

"How did it come about?"

"In this way: It was on the night after Evacuation Day, and two men came in. One of them, whom I have since learned is a Major Giore, struck the glass which covers the Bougereau painting several times with his stick. I asked him to stop it. He said: 'Attend to your own business.' I replied that I was doing so, and turned to walk away. The next instant he had me by the neck and planted two blows in my face. He was a very big man, at least six feet tall. I couldn't break from him at first, but managed to run him against the bar. Then I got free. I struck him one with my left which made him draw back, and them gave him a swinging blow with my right over the left eye. It opened the skin and dazed him. It also disabled my hand, knocking some of the bones out of joint."

"What became of the Major?"

"I don't know. He was assisted to the street, and that was the last I saw of him. Of course I would not have struck him if he had not tried to choke me and given me two blows."

Edwards is the ex-champion light weight pugilist of the world, and is retained in the Hoffman House to look after the barroom. He is entitled to be the quickest man with his hands in this country, and can hit hard."

MRS. COLEMAN'S RETURN HOME.

She Asks the Authorities to Compel her Husband to Support Her.

A woman, aged about 40, came into Clerk Short's office, at the Brooklyn Charities Department, yesterday, and said:

"I want to get my husband put in jail."

"What for?" asked Mr. Short.

"Because he has stopped supporting me. My husband is Frank Coleman, jeweller, of 373 Myrtle avenue. I have not lived with him for twelve years, but he made a home for me in Closter, N. J., and gave me $16 a month, on which I had to live and support my three girls. In June last he stopped sending me money, and I have struggled on as best I could. I have finally determined to make him support me."

Mr. Short wrote a letter to the woman's husband and a policeman delivered it.

Mr. Frank Coleman is a manufacturing jeweller, and a brevet and ex-Lieutenant in the Thirteenth Regiment. He said last night that years ago his wife ran away from his home and disgraced him. He began suit for an absolute divorce, but his wife returned, and she and her friends convinced him that he had misconstrued her conduct, and he quietly dropped the suit. Later he received positive proof of his wife's unfaithfulness, and refused to live with her any longer, but until recently he has supported her in New Jersey. He cut off her allowance a few months ago because she was circulating damaging stories about him.

Capt. Gordon will Remain in Jail while the Grand Jury Attends to his Case.

The examination of Capt. George I. Gordon for the abduction of Addie Bresnan of Astoria was concluded in Jersey City yesterday. The young girl told her story again, and Capt. Gordon testified without adding any new facts. Justice Stilsing said that he would require Gordon to furnish $5,000 bail to answer to the Grand Jury, the decision being under section 82 of the Crimes act, which makes his offence an abduction, whether the girl went with him willingly or unwillingly, and whether his intentions were honorable or not. The decision was received with cheers by the spectators. Gordon was unable to furnish bail, and was taken back to jail. The girl was returned to the custody of Patrick Bresnan, her foster father, the management of the Children's Home of Jersey City being satisfied with the treatment she has received.

Judge Stilsing said that he had learned that Gordon had been convicted of assault upon a child in Venezuela and was sentenced to be hanged, but had escaped.

Two Thieves in a Dilemma.

George E. Lake and Warren Clay, the supposed thieves who were arrested in De Kalb avenue, Brooklyn, on Wednesday evening by Detective Shaughnessy, are regarded as important prisoners. None of the detectives of this and the adjoining cities has identified them. Lake's wrist is broken and his face badly cut. It was found that a portion of the stone over the doorway of G. B. Morrison's jewelry store, 352 South Portland avenue, was broken off, and the police believe that Lake, in trying to climb to the second story window, broke off the stone and fell; thus receiving the injuries. It is believed that the prisoners are Boston men, and that they are the perpetrators of the numerous second-story robberies which have been committed in the towns between this city and Boston. They tell contradictory stories about themselves. Clay said that he came from Boston with Lake yesterday morning, while Lake said he never saw Clay until he met him in De Kalb avenue.

Disastrous Snow and Wind Storm.

DENVER, Dec. 6.—A snow and wind storm visited this region last night, which in its disastrous effects, is without parallel in the history of Colorado. The snow began falling at noon yesterday and continued all night. The weather was warm, and the snow stuck to the telegraph wires until they were two inches in diameter. At 4 this morning the wind blew almost a gale in about half an hour 300 poles, eighteen inches in diameter, were blown down, carrying a mass of wire. Fifteenth, Eighteenth, and Lawrence streets, for a dozen squares, were blockaded. All trains were delayed until this evening. Outside communication was completely cut off. The telephone companies probably lose $15,000. The damage to railroads and telegraph lines is heavy.

The Attempted Lynching in Alabama.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Dec. 6.—The situation here remains unchanged. Scouts who were sent out side the city observed at about midnight as many as one hundred armed men in a clump of woods a mile from the city, discussing whether or not it would be advisable to make an attack on the jail in which Wesley Foster, charged with assaulting James Boyle's little daughter, is confined. From words caught by eavesdroppers it was learned that the attack on the jail has been put off pending expected reinforcements from other quarters. Judge Sprott this morning appointed three prominent lawyers to conduct the defence. The trial will begin at 9 A. M. tomorrow, and some apprehension is felt of a renewal of the excitement.

A Railroad War Threatened.

ATLANTA, Dec. 6.—A railroad war is threatened between the Central and East Tennessee systems. The latter has been giving rebates privately, which fact came to the knowledge of President Raoul of the Central, and he threatened to cut rates.

To-day the Executive Committee of the pool referred the matter to a special committee, which will report to the Rate Committee in a few days. If an adjustment is not effected, a serious railroad war will follow.

REV. J. O. BACHE GARROTED.

SET ON BY THREE MEN NEAR THE FIFTY-FIRST STREET BRIDGE.

One Chokes Him, and the Others Rob Him of $300, His Watch and Diamonds—Left Disabled and Voiceless in the Gutter.

The Rev. John Owen Bache, rector of Grace Church, Harlem, entered a Madison avenue car at the City Hall yesterday afternoon to go to his home at 131 East Fifty-second street. He left the car at Fifty-second street about 6¼ o'clock. He walked leisurely eastward along Fifty-second street toward his house. He turned down Fourth avenue to cross the bridge over the railroad track at Fifty-first street. He crossed the bridge and entered Fifty-first street east of Fourth avenue. Just as he passed the corner, he says, he was grasped about the neck by some one from behind. His head was thrown back violently, and he was choked so that he could make no outcry.

At the same time two men appeared in front of him. They seized him, and one of them tore open his waistcoat and took from its inner pocket $300. The other took from his waistcoat pocket his gold watch, valued at $250, and robbed him also of a diamond breastpin valued at $350, and a diamond scarfpin worth $200.

While this was going on Mr. Bache struggled to release himself. In the struggle he was dragged across the street and was knocked down. His hip was wrenched so that he could not rise for some time afterward. The men ran across the bridge that he had just passed over and disappeared.

When he rose he saw a man approaching him. He tried to speak, but was still unable to do so. He made with his arms the Masonic grand hailing sign of distress. The man was not a Mason and failed to understand him. He looked curiously at Mr. Bache and passed on.

Mr. Bache limped toward the bridge that he had just crossed. At the bridge he met a colored man, to whom he managed to whisper that he had been robbed, and he asked the colored man to cry "Stop thief!" As he was saying this two white men approached and asked the negro what the matter was with "that man." Mr. Bache was then able to tell them who he was and what had befallen him. He pointed in the direction that his assailants had taken when they fled. They had run up Fifty-first street toward the Cathedral.

The colored man started on a run in that direction. Just as he was passing Cardinal McCloskey's house, at Madison avenue, he met a policeman, with whom he returned to where Mr. Bache was still standing on the bridge with the two men who had remained with him. Mr. Bache told his story over again to the policeman. The policeman assisted him to the Fifty-first street police station, between Lexington and Third avenues.

At the station Mr. Bache described minutely the manner in which he had been robbed and the property which had been taken from him. He could give no description of his assailants. After telling his story he was unable to walk. A carriage was called, and he was carried to his home, a policeman accompanying him. When he reached his home he was exhausted. He suffered from great nervous excitement and considerable pain. He was put to bed at once, and two physicians were summoned. They came speedily and kept a watch in attendance upon him until 10½ o'clock. By that time he had become quiet, and was free of pain and resting well. The physicians said that the injury to his hip was not of a serious nature, and that he would be fully recovered in a few days.

Mr. Bache said to the reporter, who visited him last evening, that he thought he had been followed by the men from the time he got off the car. Still he had no recollection of seeing them before the assault occurred. He had been down town for the purpose of drawing from a bank the money of which he was robbed.

Mr. Bache is 36 years old. He was assistant rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity when the Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., was rector.

TRADING ON CHARITY'S NAME.

An Attack on the Society Whose Business is to Stop That Sort of Thing.

The Charity Organization Society of this city held a largely-attended meeting last evening in the Union League Club Hall. Messenger boys posted in the hall distributed circulars attacking the society and Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell of the State Board of Charities. The circulars appeared to have been inspired by the Rev. D. F. Robertson's "Juvenile Guardian Society," with which the State Board of Charities has had occasion to deal roughly. This is a sample from the documents:

"The organization is one supercilious innuendo that the New York charities, equally intelligent, equally honorable, with tenfold more experience, are yet the silly creatures of an imposition, and must sit at the feet of a self-appointed dictatorship, shallow, and a triple lobbyist charity junta of practised rogues) and learn for the first time a new gospel of philanthropy."

Mr. Parke Godwin presided, and said that the object of the meeting was to bring into more pointed contrast or the sympathies of the people of this city the methods of the society. "Cheats, thieves, and sharpers," he said, "as well as professional beggars, profit by indiscriminate almsgiving. It is the business of the officers of this society to find out who are the honest poor and who are struggling manfully against some reverses of fate. The officers are weeding out impostors."

Mr. Godwin made an evident allusion to the circulars which he saw in the beloved hands of many of those who listened to him when he added that the organizations which are as great impostors as individuals. They are doing a profitable business in the name of charity, without charity or its works. Of course, we do not enjoy their good opinion."

Mr. Joseph H. Choate spoke on the benefits of the association to the community; Judge Daly and Judge Patterson on the necessity of colleration among the charitable societies. The Rev. Dr. Rylance spoke of the benefits of the new system to the poor, because they are visited in their own homes. Assistant Bishop Littlejohn said that it will be difficult, if not impossible, ever to solve the question of poverty until we can get on the poor man's side of the question. The Rev. Dr. Moore Williams of All Souls' Church told how the system worked in Boston, and George William Curtis summed up the whole matter.

Death of Michael W. Burns.

Harbor Master Michael W. Burns died early this morning at his residence, 58 Beach street. He was born in county Louth, Ireland, in 1834, and came to this city as a boy. When not 21 he went into the cattle business with Senator McPherson of New Jersey. At the outbreak of the war he took part in raising and equipping the second New York Fire Zouaves, and left for the front in command of Company A of the Excelsior Brigade, to which Burns's regiment belonged, served in twenty-six general engagements. Capt. Burns was promoted Colonel for bravery. He was wounded and taken prisoner at Bristow Station in July, and exchanged out of Libby Prison. He returned to the Colonelcy of his regiment upon its reenlistment. He was once an Alderman at large, and was the Republican leader in the First district.

Fire at Midnight in a Tenement House.

A kerosene lamp fell from its place and set fire to the room in which Clara Kupferschmidt and her baby were sleeping in the rear tenement at 65 Mott street at 1½ o'clock yesterday morning. Olga Braunstein, a girl boarding with Mrs. Kupferschmidt, roused the inmates of the house. The smoke quickly filled the hallways, and the flames from the burning room enveloped the fire escape. Most of the dwellers in the house escaped by the roof. Two men jumped from a third story window without injury. Several were slightly burned. Julia McGrath, an elderly woman, was found lying unconscious at the door of her room in the third story and was carried out by the police. At the New York Hospital it was said that she had become by smoke and probably would not recover. The fire was confined to the room in which it broke out.

Fears of the Steamship Plantyn.

The steamship Plantyn, which left this port for Antwerp on Nov. 11, has not yet reached there. She was due before Nov. 25. At the office of Funch, Edye & Co., the agents, it was said yesterday that no tidings had been received of the Plantyn since she left this port. No vessel had reported speaking her. "There is a possibility that she is merely disabled," it was said, "and it is also possible that she has sunk."

The Plantyn was commanded by Capt. R. Scott, an old and experienced sailor. She had a crew of thirty four men, and carried twenty-seven Italians as steerage passengers. Her cargo was chiefly provisions and grain, and was valued at $140,000. She was an iron vessel, built on the Clyde in 1879, and worth $100,000.

The Horse Railroads Manage to Get Along.

The horse-car railroads of this city paid dividends as follows in the year ended Sept. 30 last: Twenty-third street, 8 per cent.; Broadway and Seventh avenue, 8¾; Sixth avenue, 10; Eighth avenue, 12 (and an extra dividend of 6 per cent of the real estate sold); Dry Dock, East Broadway and Battery, 4; Forty-second street and Grand Street Ferry, 13; Third avenue, 17; Harlem Bridge, Morrisania, and Fordham, 5¾; Second avenue, 10; Christopher and Tenth street, 5. The Ninth avenue line and the Houston, West street, and Pavonia Ferry paid expenses, but no dividends. The twelve roads carried in the year 145,000,000 passengers, or 396,000 a day.

Reported Assignment by Gen. N. M. Curtis.

Reports from Ogdensburg say that Gen. Newton Martin Curtis, who is Assemblyman elect for the First St. Lawrence district, and whose trial under the Civil Service reform laws in New York city for collecting political assessments while he was a Navy Yard department will be remembered, has made an assignment. He carried on a large stock farm for many years, and about six months ago bought out a large flour mill, which, it is said, swamped him. His liabilities are not definitely known, but are probably about $50,000.

Trouble with a Gas-lighted Buoy.

A gas-lighted buoy floats above the wreck of the steamer Nankin in the Swash Channel. Yesterday the Pintsch Lighting Company offered a reward of $250 for information establishing the identity of persons who may have maliciously injured the buoy. The gas on the buoy is compressed in a metal globe, and is furnished to the burner by means of an automatic regulator. It is suspected that the buoy has been meddled with on several occasions.

FILLING UP DUTCH INTERIORS.

The St. Nicholas Society Eats For Two Hours and a Half and Begins Talking.

The St. Nicholas Society celebrated its forty-eighth anniversary last evening by a dinner at Delmonico's. The large dining hall was crowded, and nearly 200 members were turned away for want of room. Before the dinner hour the new officers were installed. Nathaniel P. Bailey is President. After the installation the society marched into the dining room. A stout cornetist led the way, playing a lively air. He wore a white wig, and was dressed in dark blue coat, orange waistcoat and knickerbockers, and white stockings. Then came six colored men dressed in light-blue coats and knickerbockers, and orange waistcoats. Next was President Bailey in a three-cornered hat and a long brown coat, with an orange sash bearing the badge of the society, and following him were the ex-presidents. Behind the President's chair was the banner of the society, with the motto, "Oranje Boven." The walls were decorated with flags and bunting.

On the table in front of the President was a statuette labelled, "Dutch Interior, New Amsterdam, 1660." It represented an old chimney corner with a wood fire burning on the andirons. Near by was a fat Dutchman, asleep in a chair, and on a table by him was a bottle of schiedam and a stone jar marked "Kannister." A boy in front was pulling the tail of an angry cat. The upper part of the Dutchman's body could be lifted off, revealing a large supply of sausages, sauerkraut, and beer.

The Minister of the Netherlands sat on the right of the President and the Rev. Dr. Noah H. Schenck on his left. Other gentlemen present were Hamilton Fish, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Judge Larremore, and Chauncey M. Depew. Chaplain Vermilye made a short prayer, and two hours and a half were devoted to a long bill of fare. Monsignor Capel came in at the end of the dinner. Another procession marched in with the cornetist again at its head. The venerable weathercock followed, and the stewards brought up the rear. Cock-a-doodle-doos resounded all over the hall. This was the signal for the beginning of the toasts.

JUDGE BARRETT'S PLAY.

"An American Wife" to be Produced at Wallack's in a Fortnight.

Stage carpenters, scenic artists, and actors are busy at Wallack's getting ready for a new American drama entitled "An American Wife." The drama was written by Judge George C. Barrett of the Supreme Court.

The play deals with the dangers incurred by American girls of wealth who marry foreign noblemen. The heroine makes such an alliance. Her husband abuses her. Her escape and his downfall are eventually accomplished by the hero, who is an American lawyer, with a leaning to Puritanical ideas. Rose Coghlan will play the heroine and Osmond Tearle the hero. The reading of the play began on Tuesday. The play will probably succeed "The Road to Ruin," and will be produced within two weeks.

The play was written by the Judge during his summer vacation in Schwalbach, Germany. It occupied his spare time between the 15th of July and the 15th of August.

A friend who had read the Judge's opinions on divorce, as expressed in a morning paper a week ago last Sunday, asked him if "American Wife" was an artistic reflex of those opinions.

"In a sense it is," he replied. "Without dealing with the subject as a partisan on either side of the question of divorce, I have endeavored to paint a picture of the facts."

"How did it happen that you became a playwright?"

"It was all an accident. A party of ladies and gentlemen were at a Vermont village a year ago last summer. Every day we chose some subject for discussion. One day we had 'The American Drama' for a subject. Somebody said it was impossible in the hurry of American business life to find a real drama. I opposed that view, and they asked me why I didn't write a drama. I said I would."

The play was first read to Mr. Arthur Wallack. It was then submitted to his father, and was accepted within forty-eight hours. It is a part of the contract with Mr. Wallack that the Judge's name shall not be used in the bills

Obituary.

Ex-Mayor Alexander Henry of Philadelphia died yesterday at his residence in Germantown.

The Rev. Dr. A. W. Weddell, a prominent minister of the Episcopal Church, died at his residence in Richmond, Va., yesterday evening, aged 42 years. For several years past he had been rector of St. John's Church, the church in which Patrick Henry made his famous revolutionary speech.

James Leighton of the Yale class of '81, and lately a member of the Yale Law School, died at Glendale, Pa., on Thursday from typhoid fever contracted at New Haven two weeks ago.

A cable despatch announces the death in Rome yesterday of Alexander C. Joslin, formerly owner of the Burnet House in Cincinnati, and more recently part owner of the Buckingham Hotel in New York and the Brunswick in Boston. He was born in Pittsfield, Mass., 65 years of age, and spent his winters in travelling. He was about 65 years of age, and leaves a widow, son, and daughter, who were with him when he died.

Mrs. Hannah S. Dillon, wife of Mr. Sidney Dillon, President of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, died in this city yesterday morning. She was a native of Amherst, Mass. The funeral services will be at the residence 5 West Thirty-seventh street, at 2 o'clock to-morrow.

Francois-Adolphe Chambolle, the French journalist, is dead, aged 51 years.

Reappearance of the Sea Serpent.

Capt. Frank Green, keeper of the life-saving station at Long Branch, Charles Wardell, and Charles Casey, all residents of Long Branch, report that while fishing in the ocean off Green's Pond, a few days ago, they saw a huge sea serpent a short distance from their boat. Green says: "The serpent was fully ninety feet long and twenty feet in size. We did not see the entire length. There was a blow hole about nine feet long and two feet wide about twenty feet from the end of his nose. He was yellowish in color around the head. The rest of his body was black. The head was short, and near the nose were two stubby horns."

It is also reported that several other persons who saw it off Asbury Park say that it was from eighty to ninety feet long, and was swimming slowly toward the south. Capt. Green has made a report of the matter to the superintendent of the life-saving service in Washington.

Declining to Bull the Trade Dollar Market.

F. B. Thurber wanted the Chamber of Commerce yesterday to endorse Secretary Folger's recommendation that the Government redeem the trade dollars at par. Col. Frederick A. Conking said that there appeared to be a difference of opinion between the President and the Secretary, and that consequently it might be dangerous for the Chamber to endorse the scheme. Moreover, he said, the trade dollars are for the most part in the hands of speculators, who bought them at low figures when the scare was most intense, and he did not see why the Chamber should assist them in getting out. Col. Conkling's views were sustained by a majority of those present, and Mr. Thurber's resolution was laid upon the table.

Mr. Sloan's Good Resolutions.

Sam Sloan testified yesterday in the elevated railroad suit to set aside the October agreement that he went into the Metropolitan direction in 1881 at Mr. Kuseland's request to aid in extricating the road. He paid 93 for 100 shares of Metropolitan stock in order to qualify as a director, though stock for that purpose was offered to him. He never was concerned in any conspiracy to injure the road. The October agreement was the best they could get at that time.

"I supposed everything done was legal," Mr. Sloan said. "They won't catch me in such a scrape again."

Mr. Bassford's Horse Killed on the Road.

Mr. Stephen A. Bassford was driving on Central avenue in his family carriage on Tuesday evening, and a short distance above Case's Hotel met Carl Ledderhos, who was driving on the wrong side of the road. The shaft of Mr. Ledderhos's vehicle pierced one of Mr. Bassford's horses to the heart, killing him instantly. The horse was valuable, having been sired by Aberdeen, dam imported Countess, and could trot in 2:20 or better.

War Between Coney Island Railroads.

The Manhattan Beach Railroad Company has lately been constructing a boulevard north of the Brighton Beach race track and extending to the Manhattan Beach Hotel. The road has been cut through as close as the Brighton Beach Railroad track, when the work was stopped by an injunction obtained by the latter company. It is expected that the war between the rival companies will break out in earnest next season.

Improvements at the Academy of Music.

The project of the amateur dramatic societies of Brooklyn to erect a new theatre will probably be abandoned, the stockholders of the Academy of Music having made overtures to them for the terms of the lease. It is proposed to furnish the Academy with new scenery and place it under new management. The deadhead system will be given up, sooner than run the risk of seeing a rival opera house established.

Sad Result of a False Alarm.

The servant at the residence of T. H. Pappe, 953 Greene avenue, Brooklyn, found the basement window open, and told Mr. Pappe there were burglars in the house. Mr. Pappe, revolver in hand, hurried down stairs. Before reaching the basement the revolver exploded and the bullet struck the big toe of his right foot. No burglars were found.

Fishing Vessels Given Up for Lost.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Dec. 6.—Three more of the missing fishing vessels have been given up for lost. They are the schooner Sultan, with a crew of fourteen men; the Maud F. Leighton, twelve men, and the Rutherford Grover, with twelve men. The schooner Rutherford B. Hayes has been absent on a George's Banks trip for six weeks, and great anxiety is felt for her safety. Three others are also overdue.

A Fatal Weeing.

By Laura Jean Libby. Ask for Munro's Library, No. 91.—Ads.

NEWS FROM THE OLD WORLD.

WOLFF'S SCHEME TO BLOW UP THE GERMAN EMBASSY IN LONDON.

A Part of Belgium's Legislative Palace Destroyed by Fire—China Refusing to Recede from her Claims in Regard to Tonquin.

LONDON, Dec. 6.—At the Bow Street Police Court this morning William Wolff, the Socialist, and the Frenchmen Bondurand were charged, under the Explosives act, with having in their possession an explosive substance for an unlawful purpose. They were arrested on the 22d ult., and two infernal machines were found at Wolff's house in Vincent square. Major Majendie, Inspector of Explosives, deposed that the machines, if used, would have caused a dangerous explosion.

Kalborn, who was arrested as an accomplice, and who was accepted as a witness against the prisoners, deposed that they told him that they wished to blow up the German Embassy, and said that they were making plans for a much more terrible explosion than that which occurred at the Praed street station of the underground railway. They said that at least £2,000 reward would be offered for the authors; whereupon witness remarked that the undertaking would be a dangerous one. They replied, "But we have the police with us." Wolff said that five persons were concerned in the plot—himself, the two Bondurands, a police officer, and a Polish Jew. Wolff and the two Bondurands were to take the machines and a pot of petroleum to the German Embassy in a cab. Wolff and the policeman would then watch while the others lighted the fuse. Wolff at the same time throwing a letter, written in red ink, upon the spot where the explosion was to take place. Kalborn was to place some paper and red ink, the same as used in the letter, in the house of a German. The explosion having occurred, the policeman would arrest the German. Kalborn was to receive £100 of the reward which the conspirators expected to receive. Wolff told Kalborn to induce the German to walk near the German Embassy at the time the explosion was to occur. "The more people there were killed," said Wolff to Kalborn, the "better, as the reward would be higher."

Kalborn, on cross-examination, said he was a deserter from the German army, and that Wolff was one of the greatest scoundrels living.

CHINA WILL NOT RECEDE.

Preferring War to the Surrender of Tonquin—Massing Troops on the Border.

LONDON, Dec. 6.—Nothing is known at the Foreign Office or at the Chinese Embassy here of the reported outbreak of war between France and China.

HONG KONG, Dec. 6.—News has been received here from Tien Tsin, the port of Pekin, that the Government of China refuses to withdraw or modify its claims in regard to Tonquin, and that she prefers war to the surrender of the province to France. Large bodies of troops are continually passing Hong Kong en route to the Tonquin border.

PARIS, Dec. 6.—Admiral Peyron, Minister of Marine, has received a telegram from Admiral Courbet, dated Ha-Noi, Nov. 27, stating that the attack on Sontay has not yet begun, and he is still preparing his force for the campaign.

The *Telegraphe* says that the Marquis Tseng sent a note yesterday to Prime Minister Ferry relating to a suspension of fighting in Tonquin in order to prevent a conflict which might compromise the pending negotiations between France and China.

La Liberté says that England is taking energetic steps to bring about a treaty between France and China. It adds that the authorized information which leads to the belief that peaceful negotiations have made great progress during the last few days. It is probable, *La Liberté* says, that the event which the Government expects as likely to exercise a great influence upon the impending debates in the Chamber of Deputies is not so much a feat of arms in Tonquin as China's adhesion to the bases of a treaty which have been suggested by England.

Alleged Murder Conspirators Arraigned—Row in the Limerick Corporation.

DUBLIN, Dec. 6.—In the Court of Assizes today, Robert Elliott was indicted for the murder of Mrs. Smythe, in April, 1882. He pleaded not guilty, and was assigned counsel for his defence. Thirteen others, who were indicted for conspiracy to murder, at the same time she was killed, including Mr. Smythe, a brother-in-law of the deceased lady, pleaded not guilty. The cases were put over for trial on Monday.

The Pope has sent a congratulatory letter to Cardinal McCabe, commending his pastoral letter, which was read in the Catholic churches of his diocese on Sunday last denunciatory of secret societies.

LIMERICK, Dec. 6.—At a meeting of the corporation of Limerick last evening, a resolution was adopted to confer the freedom of the city upon the Hon. Charles Dawson, M. P., the retiring Lord Mayor of Dublin and formerly High Sheriff of Limerick City. The vote, however, on the resolution led to a row among the members, some of them calling others rowdies. Much excitement ensued, and order was restored with difficulty.

Belgium's Legislative Palace on Fire.

BRUSSELS, Dec. 6.—The palace of the Legislative Chambers took fire to-day. The Senate Chamber has been destroyed. The fire presents the appearance of an immense sheet of flame. The offices of the Ministers of Foreign Affairs and Public Instruction have been greatly damaged. The military have been ordered out to assist in saving property. It is hoped that the other public departments may be saved. Several persons have been injured.

The Palace of the Legislative Chambers is situated on the park on the east side of the city in the court quarters opposite the royal palace, and was originally built for the Council of Brabant. The Senate Chamber, adjoining the Legislative Palace are the buildings of the Home Department, the Department of Finance, and the Foreign Department.

10 P. M.—The fire is now practically under control. The Chamber of Deputies, with the outlying buildings, is a mass of ruins. The offices of the Department of Foreign Affairs and the Department of Education have sustained only slight damage. Several firemen have been injured, and it is reported that some grenadiers have been killed by falling walls. The Senate Chamber proper escaped the flames. It is believed that the fire originated in the cupola of the Chamber of Deputies, where there was a gas burner used for lighting the house. The flames, fanned by a draught from the ventilating shaft, spread rapidly, and were greatly helped by a strong northeast wind. The Chamber of Deputies was in session at the time the fire broke out.

The famous library, containing many rare books and important documents, was also destroyed. The archives of the Foreign Office were saved.

A Challenge to Fight a Duel Accepted.

ROME,