THE GARDEN CITY BURNED.

FLAMES APPEAR JUST AS SHE GETS OUT OF HER NEW YORK SLIP.

Pilot Nelson and Engineer Facey Stick to their Posts, Though Scorched, and Get her to Shore—Passengers Safely Landed—The Fireman Escapes by a Port Hole.

The double-deck ferryboat Garden City, Pilot Neil Nelson, left her slip at Hunter's Point for James slip ten minutes late at 11:10 yesterday morning. She was run at full speed to make up the time, and arrived at James slip only two minutes late. In a very short time she had taken on from 25 to 35 passengers, three double trucks, and four single trucks. At 11:33 she steamed out of her slip to make the return trip. After she had headed up stream against the strong ebbtide, the wind blowing with her, a deckhand came out on her deck and went into the pilot house, reappeared, and ran rapidly along the upper deck, and disappeared down the companion way. A thin blue smoke curled up from under the forward part of the painted canvas hood that surrounded the smokestack, and drifted away up the river and toward the shore. Two little colored children, a girl and a boy, were playing among the horses. The older one, the girl, suddenly stopped, looked above her, clasped her hands, and shrieked at the top of her voice, "Fire! The-the-boat's on fire!"

Pilot Stillwell of the ferryboat Idaho in the Roosevelt Ferry berth saw the smoke and blew three long blasts on the Idaho's whistle. They were answered by like blasts from two or three tugs, and a policeman in South street sent out a fire alarm. The speed of the Garden City suddenly slackened and then her paddle wheels stopped. Her pilot put his head out of the window and gave an order to some men on her bow, and they endeavored to raise out the pin that secured her rudder at that end. Seeing that the pin could not be moved the pilot whirled the wheel over some 45 strokes to make the rudder at the down stream end of the boat point in toward the shore, and then the pilot house was lost to view in the dense black smoke which was by that time pouring out around the smoke stack and blowing upstream.

As the vessel glided broadside with the tide flames began to light up the smoke, and a few passengers came to the upper windows and flattened their faces against the glass and then disappeared. On the main deck several men ran to the rail with buckets, which they filled from the river and then ran back into the boat. One or two teamsters turned their horses around, and the passengers gathered on the down river end of the boat holding on to the chains. One man leaned against a heavy post reading a newspaper until the others began to jostle him. Then he looked up, and, seeing the flames and smoke almost over him, dropped his paper and it blew away. As the boat passed down the tide the flames spread and the upper cabin seemed to be all aflame, but as the wind blew in gusts, the aft pilot house was seen to be intact, and the pilot was at the wheel. Opposite the upper slip of the Roosevelt Ferry the going in the engine room of the Garden City ceased, and the paddle wheels stopped. A minute later the blazing boat struck the long pier running out under the bridge, and glanced in toward the Idaho, that was coming out to meet her.

Then Engineer Samuel Facey came out of the engine room of the Garden City and Pilot Nelson emerged from the smoke that enveloped the outer end of the boat. The shirt on Facey's back was blazing. Pilot Nelson ran along the deck with his hand to his eyes. His eyebrows and eyelashes had been scorched off. Reaching the end of the first upper deck he jumped to the awning and then to the deck. He ran to the engineer and asked where Fireman James Reil was. He was told that Reil was still in the stokehole, and that the burning woodwork was piled high over the exit.

The deck hands, James Rogers, and James Joyce, were in their places as the boat ran in toward the Idaho, and kept the passengers back until the guard of the Garden City ran clear over the bow of the Idaho. Then deckhands George Smith and Gerrit Brevoort of the Idaho came on and began helping passengers to the Idaho, while Pilot Nelson and the engineer ran out a hawser and lashed the two boats together. The passengers were soon transferred. Several were children, and they behaved coolly. The three horses that were clear of the flames were taken off.

Pilot Nelson walked over the guard rail, last of all, a small river boat, rowed by Patsey McDonald and Michael Padden, pulled under the up-stream side of the Garden City and stopped by a small open port. A man was leaning out of it, shouting. They pulled him into their boat. He was Fireman Reil.

When the tug Chester City came alongside the Garden City her Captain shouted to James Stafford to jump his horses over to the tug.

"It wasn't a steeplechaser, and I told him I guessed we'd stay," said Stafford, afterward. He stood by his horse till the fire dropped down and burned the blanket off the animal's rump. The tug took off a lady and a child and steamed away. The tugs Indian and John Fuller tied fast to the ferryboat, got their hose out, and started heavy streams of water. The tug Devoe did the same. The Idaho shoved the Garden City out in the stream, and the tugs pushed her into her old slip. Three more hose pipes, with their heads and nozzles, were laid off hose, leaving four burned. The fire engines were waiting on shore, and in a short time the flames on both ends were under control.

When Pilot Nelson got on shore he began to feel very lame about the legs and inquired. He had got the hem of the slip his pilot house was on fire. He started out toward the companion way, but the deck began to sink under him, and he ran back and jumped off the upper deck to the one below. He could not see it for the fire and smoke, but he thought that it was there. He struck his shoulder as he fell.

"When Deck Hand James Rogers came into the pilot house," said Pilot Nelson, last evening, "we smelled smoke. I sent him to see where it came from, and then I saw the smoke come out about under the bed. I rang to slow ahead then to stop, and then ordered the pin pulled from the rudder, so that I could go to the other end, and steer her into the slip. The rudder pin could not be got out, so there was nothing for me to do but to throw over the other rudder and run her for the bridge pier, and I got her there all right."

Mr. Nelson has been an East River pilot for twenty-two years. He was on the Flushing about six years ago when a fire started in her upper deck. He and a deck hand with quick work put it out before much damage was done. He lives at 58 Dupont street, Brooklyn, E. D.

Samuel Facey, the engineer, was in the engine room when he heard the alarm of fire. He remained at his post and observed all the signals to the pilot until he received the final signal to stop. Then he started to leave the engine room. A ball of burning embers was pouring down the gangway by which he had to reach the deck. He lowered his head and ran. When he reached the open air his blue flannel shirt was burned from his back, and one of his hands and his neck and ears were painfully scorched. He says that there was not the slightest evidence of fire in the engine room, and he has no idea how the fire started.

James Stafford was in charge of a truck of the Composite Iron Works. He said that he first saw smoke around the smokestack. The horses did not seem frightened, and the twenty-five or thirty passengers acted very sensibly. The deck hands busied themselves in distributing life preservers.

President Withers of the East River Ferry Company said that he had ascertained that the fire originated forward of the smokestack and in the upper cabin. How it originated he did not know, but he was sure that the smokestack had nothing to do with it.

"The Garden City," he said, "was our best boat. She is insured for $50,000, which will cover the loss. She will probably be rebuilt, as her hull is not seriously damaged. I don't know when the boat will be ready to go to work."

At 3 o'clock two tugs started to tow the Garden City up the river to Hunter's Point. She looked like a complete ruin. Most of her woodwork was destroyed, and the posts which had supported the cabin roofs were like charred sticks. The smokestack rose naked from the deck and leaned a little to port. The port supporting chains were gone, and the forward and starboard chains hung limp. The firemen had chopped away the tin of the cabin roofs, and the hull of the boat was nearly as bare as a scow. On the deck were the ruins of the trucks, and a twisted mass of iron pipes, oranges, potatoes, and other vegetables lay near the remains of the grocer's wagon. The dead horses were buried under charred wood.

The Garden City was built by John Roach in 1872. She has an iron hull, was double decked, and was the handsomest ferry boat on the East River. She was 186 feet long, and could carry 1,500 passengers. She cost something over $100,000. The damage to her is estimated at only $15,000 or $20,000.

The loss by the destruction of trucks and horses amounts to less than $5,000. The Havemeyer Sugar Refining Company lose two double teams worth $1,800, and two double trucks and their harnesses, a wagon filled with sugar, belonging to Newman Brothers, grocers, of Long Island City, a truck loaded with fancy iron work, from the Composite Iron Works, and a wagon belonging to the Daylight Oil Company, were also burned up. The horses which were saved belonged to the Standard Oil Company, the Havemeyer Sugar Refining Company, Newman Brothers, the Composite Iron Works, the Daylight Oil Company, and the Long Island Butter and Cheese Company. The horses which were burned to death stood in the centre of the boat. Joseph Moody, who drove one of the teams, says that he tried to back them on to the aft deck, but was prevented by the quick spread of the flames, which drove him from them.

Last evening the ferry boat Rockaway took the place of the Garden City.

Don's Buy

Holiday or fancy goods until you have priced them at Riker's, 353 6th av., one door below 22d st. It will pay to go there.—Adv.

A PARTY VOTE IN THE SENATE.

The First of the Proposed New Rules Leads to a Long Debate.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13.—The Senate to-day took up the report of the Committee on Rules, and began the consideration of the proposed new rules. The first one led to an earnest debate. The rule provides that in the absence of the Vice-President, the Senate shall elect a President pro tempore; that pending such election the Secretary of the Senate, or, in his absence, the Chief Clerk, shall perform the duties of the Chair, and that the President pro tempore shall have the right to name, in open Senate, or, if absent, in writing, a Senator to perform the duties of the Chair; and the Senator so designated may discharge such duties for a period not exceeding three days, unless the Senate shall otherwise order.

Mr. Bayard asked Senators to contemplate the effect of this proposed rule, which gave to the Vice-President a right to designate the person who, by possibility, may become the acting President of the United States. In his opinion the provision proposed admitted of the possibility of a Senator designated by the President pro tempore to temporarily occupy the chair of the Senate going back to the Presidential office, perhaps, to veto a measure which he was unable to defeat in the Senate. He hoped the Senators would pause before agreeing that the person who happens to be for three days pro tempore Chairman of the Senate may, in case of the President's death, resignation, or disability, succeed to the Presidency without any control of Congress, and upon the nomination of a single individual.

Mr. Garland moved to amend the new rule by striking out the three-day limitation, and inserting instead "but such substitution shall not extend beyond an adjournment," which is the provision at present in force.

Mr. Edmunds thought all must agree that the person who is called to the chair by the President pro tempore, or by the Vice-President if he be presiding, is not the President pro tempore of the Senate. The whole history of the country showed that, although we have had Presidents pro tempore of the Senate at probably every session since the adoption of the Constitution, no temporary occupant of the chair has ever signed a bill or joint resolution which must be signed under the rules. The fact that he is called upon to temporarily occupy the chair does not clothe him with the office of President pro tempore, and if it does not, then the person who has been elected President pro tempore continues to be President pro tempore, although out of the chair, and wherever he may be, at least within the United States—Edmunds would not say how it would be if he were out of the United States—until the Senate chooses to elect and qualify his successor. If this be so, the fact that the rule authorizes the President pro tempore to designate a person to occupy the chair, not to perform the duties of the office of Vice-President, but the parliamentary duty of keeping order in the proceedings of the Senate, does not in any sense become a designation of a person to perform the duties of the President pro tempore.

Mr. Bayard inquired whether it would not follow, then, that there would be an officer presiding over the deliberations of the Senate unknown to the Constitution—what Mr. Bayard would call a nondescript. That would be a delegation of delegated power—a function generally prohibited by law.

Mr. Edmunds replied that if what he had stated were true, then the Senate was in that condition at the present moment, and the Senator from Kansas was a nondescript. (Laughter.) There was no term known to the Constitution or the laws of the United States by which to address the Senator from Kansas, who is in the chair, and his presence there was certainly by a delegation of delegated power. The practice was founded in the necessities of the case and in common sense.

After further debate the vote upon the amendment of Mr. Garland was taken by yeas and nays and resulted—yeas, 24; nays, 29—the Democrats voting for the amendment and the Republicans against it.

Mr. Sherman said he did not like to see a matter of this kind become a party question. He had thought the modification proposed in the rule would serve the convenience of the Senate, but he did not want any rule that would meet the united opposition of any side of the Chamber.

Mr. Edmunds offered a resolution that the Senate proceed to the election of a President pro tempore, which by his request was allowed to lie on the table.

Mr. Dolph of Oregon reintroduced Mr. Frye's bill of the last session for the admission of Washington Territory as a State, and Mr. Morrill reintroduced his old bill for the appointment of a Commission on the liquor traffic.

Senator Van Wyck's resolutions, introduced yesterday, calling for information about special and assistant attorneys and detectives employed by the Department of Justice since March 4, 1881, and for copies of the papers relating to the attempted transfer of the Texas-Pacific land grant, were agreed to.

SHOT BY HIS OLD EMPLOYEE.

Charles Higham on Trial for the Murder of the Wealthy Mr. Eames.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Dec. 13.—The case of Charles Higham, indicted for murder in the first degree, was called for trial to-day. The crime was committed in this city on April 20. Frederick W. Eames, a prominent manufacturer and President of the Eames Vacuum Brake Company, was shot down by Higham, who was a pattern maker and the superintendent of construction in the employ of that company. Mr. Eames was the inventor of the brake, and formed a stock company in 1870 to manufacture it. In June, 1882, while Mr. Eames was in Europe negotiating the sale of his brakes, the Vice-President, Secretary, and directors of the company entered into an agreement with Thomas Prosser & Son of New York city transferring to the Prossers all the property, including the movable machinery of the company, and the sole and exclusive right to manufacture the brakes in the United States and Territories under Eames's patents. Thos. Prosser & Son agreed to manufacture the brakes on Beebe Island, Watertown. The company owed the Prossers $47,000.

Immediately after the transfer, Mr. Eames returned home, and on Sept. 9 began action against the company, its directors and the Messrs. Prosser to set aside the agreement. The action was referred to Edward T. Jenny of Syracuse. The referee's report held that all the transfers to the Prossers were void, and the judgment directed the Sheriff to put Mr. Eames in possession of the works at once.

On the morning of April 20 Eames, his brother, Sheriff Smith, Under Sheriff Seaton, and the Rev. H. C. Townley, a Baptist minister, who was a stockholder, went to take possession of the works. The Sheriff had turned over the works, and Eames went down into the basement and shut down the engine. On his way he passed Higham and said something to him. Higham, whose working room was two flights up stairs, and in another building, went to his room. Eames, after shutting down the engine, went up to the office, caught hold of Charles Bingham, who had had charge of the works since the suit began, and attempted to throw him out of the building, but was prevented from doing so by the Sheriff. Eames then went up stairs to the end of the building which connected with the room Higham was in. A hole had been cut through the end of the building and a sash door put in. Higham saw Eames coming and locked the door.

Eames broke a window pane with his cane, and, putting his hand through, unlocked the door, pushed it open, and passed in. The workmen say they saw Eames raise his cane above his head, and Higham says he hit him twice. No one was in the room when Eames entered but Higham.

Two pistol shots were fired in quick succession. The Rev. Mr. Townley was the first person on the spot. He found Higham standing over the body of Eames preparing to shoot again. Townley beat him off with a club, and Higham gave himself up to the Sheriff. Two pistol balls were found in Eames's body, one of which caused instant death. Higham went to the house, spoke to his wife, and was then placed in jail, where he has been ever since. He pleaded not guilty to the indictment.

The Court was engaged all the afternoon to-day examining jurors from the extra panel of 250 men drawn for the case. Twenty were examined and two chosen.

Higham is 37 years old. He is an Odd Fellow, and has always borne an excellent reputation. Eames took him to Europe once, and also to South America. He was a fine mechanic. He asserts that he shot Eames in self-defence.

Jessup & Co.'s New Store.

The new clothing store of Jessup & Co., at 740 742 Broadway, on the corner of Astor place, is an ornament to the city and is a constant temptation to buy new clothing. All the stock is new. There is not an old garment in the place. Consequently the goods look as if they were all made to order. The patterns are very fashionable and the stock is so large that one can be fitted at once. A peculiar feature of this house is that any one who cannot be fitted will be supplied with clothing ready and made to order at the price of ready made clothing. The coats are very fine, and the assortment of children's clothing is something to gladden the hearts of parents.

The Lilliputian Bazaar.

Very appropriately for the time and occasion the Lilliputian Bazaar has opened a new department for dolls and toys. When shopping for a holiday suit or cloak for boys or girls, it will be found very convenient at this house, which devotes as much energies to supplies for little people to visit this new department and select the gifts in the form of rocking horses, printing presses, building blocks, games, magic lanterns, dolls, and dolls' houses and outfits which have been from time out of mind bestowed upon good children on Christmas morning. The variety of the stock of these goods found at the Lilliputian Bazar is only equalled by their excellent quality, beauty, and reasonable price.

AT THE BARTHOLDI EXHIBITION.

The Number of Visitors Increasing—Fresh Interest in the Objects of Art.

The attendance at the pedestal fund art loan exhibition at Fourth avenue and Twenty-third street has increased every day. Nearly 1,500 visitors were in the galleries yesterday. The management have given no free tickets. Even Art League students are compelled to pay, and Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, director, has started a subscription paper for them. The expenses of the exhibition will be nearly $10,000. Mrs. Burton N. Harrison is to give a dramatic performance in the Union Square Theatre at an early date with the amateur company which earned hearty praise in the Academy of Music last winter. Mr. Dan Frohmann offers the Madison Square Theatre for a performance also. P. S. Gilmore's Twenty-second Regiment band is to play in the Academy of Design on Saturday evening. It was his own offer. The portfolio of sketches by Beckwith, Chase, Quartley, Smith, Boughton, Pennell, Rosina Emmet, Dora Wheeler, and others, and manuscripts of Longfellow, Bryant, Bret Harte, Aldrich, Howells, and others, have been bought by Mr. Lyolg Suydam for $2,000.

"Without the slightest exaggeration, this loan collection is the most complete ever got together in America," said Director F. Hopkinson Smith yesterday. "I have seen all that have been exhibited in New York, and there has been none which has been so select and in which there were so few bad things. The only department scantily represented has been the line of old china. We kept it small purposely in order to fill it with the Edward Joseph collection, sent here from England. The duty was enormous, and we could not afford to pay it, of course; so we brought all the pressure we could to bear on Secretary Folger to pass the goods free, as they were to be returned to England after the exhibition. The authorities would not remit, so the collection was sent back. Mr. W. C. Prime, however, has stripped his shelves of old china for us, and the collection will be arranged to-night.

"I do not believe it will be possible to collect such a valuable lot of treasure in New York in a lifetime," continued Mr. Smith. "Many of the contributors examined the arrangements for keeping the collection safe before they would consent to send their treasures. The collection is insured for $985,000, and that is a low valuation, because the owners did not want to have the committee burdened too heavily by insurance. One or two detectives are in each room all day. The doors of the cases are screwed fast, and over the screwheads is a seal stamped with my own intaglio, which is always on my person. If these arrangements had not been made we should not have obtained two or three of the choicest private collections in the exhibition."

Prosperity one of the objects of art most worthy of notice in the collection of fans in the northeast room is a case belonging to Mrs. J. J. Astor, and the choicest is a modern fan painted by De Beaumont, while on either end of the stick which holds the fan together is a large diamond. There are 200 miniatures in the same room, the frames of which are twenty-four in which to answer. Then they stopped work on me because I discharged a sub. I saw they were bound I should go, and I offered Mr. Reid my resignation. Mr. Reid returned it, and told me to take what measures were necessary to manage the office in my own way.

Three typesetting machines were in operation, and affairs in the composing room appeared to be proceeding as usual. Two policemen were in charge.

SCARING UP A WILD MAN.

Two Hunters Have a Bit of Experience with a Formidable What Is It.

CALCUTTA, Ohio, Dec. 10.—One day last week Messrs. A. Rauch and Robert Bradley left town for a hunt in the woods north of this place. The forest is very dense, and contains a number of rocky hills, precipices, and caves. It has long been the hiding place of criminals when eluding arrest.

While Rauch and Bradley were walking along the top of a bluff in the thick of these woods they were startled by a peculiar cry. They could at first see nothing, but soon a creature of formidable aspect rushed out from a cleft in the rocks. It was about the average size of a man, and somewhat resembled a gorilla. It stood perfectly erect, and was covered from head to foot with hair.

After staring a few moments at the hunters the creature gave another cry and jumped away into the woods. Never thinking of consequences, one of the hunters raised his gun and fired, wounding the animal in the arm. It turned with a horrible scream of rage and pursued the hunters, who threw away their guns and ran at the top of their speed. The creature gained on them until they reached a clearing and a house, over which they jumped. The animal then ran back into the woods.

The hunters declare they would not go back again for a mint of money. A posse of citizens, however, is looking for the animal. It is believed that the creature is an escaped lunatic. Some years ago a young man who had become insane, and was confined in the county poorhouse, escaped and took to the woods, where he subsisted by eating berries, nuts, roots, and small animals. He has been seen several times. It is thought that he will soon be captured.

MARSHON'S STORY OF HIS FORTUNE.

A Lodger for 20 Years with Grocer Schmidt—His Father's Will.

DIED SUDDENLY, WILLIAM MARSHON, AGED 51 (formerly of East Broadway). Relatives or friends, for further information call C. SCHMIDT, 70 West Broadway.

"William Marshon came to me over twenty years ago," said Mr. Schmidt, the grocer who had published this advertisement. "He asked me to take him into my house as a boarder. He had been a member of my family since. He was excellently educated. He never did any work. Sometimes he was entirely without money, and again he would have as much as a thousand dollars. He would never say exactly where he got his money. He said that his grandfather was a surgeon who came to this country from France with the Marquis de Lafayette, and bought a plantation. Just before the grandfather died he let his plantation for nine years. This lease Marshon said would expire in 1888, when Marshon would come into a fortune.

"He did not go into society. When he was a young man and was about to marry, his lady love died. This made him a little misanthropic. He always wore a ring which she gave him. It was a plain gold band. After his death it was taken from his finger by some one from the Public Administrator's office. On the inside was engraved 'From Jane to William.'

"He was a member of the Lutheran Cemetery. He left no will. His papers, several gold watches, and other jewelry were taken charge of by the authorities.

"Mr. Schmidt's son made inquiries at the surrogate's office about Mr. Marshon. The surrogate learned that Marshon's father had died in 1867, leaving a large estate, the heirs to which were Mr. Marshon, two brothers, and a sister. The executor of his will was Joseph Pigott. The name was spelled Mershon in one of the papers.

RECRUITS UNDER POLICE ESCORT.

Marching Printers from Philadelphia into the Guarded Tribune Office.

Groups of printers stood all yesterday afternoon at the corner of Nassau and Spruce streets talking and watching the *Tribune* building. Two policemen were on duty at the *Tribune* entrance, and at 3¾ P. M. Inspector Murray entered with a roundsman.

"We have a sufficient force to get the paper out," City Editor Bowers said to a reporter afterward, "and shall have more to-night. Some of the printers show a very disorderly disposition. Late last evening Mr. Hall, our business manager, got out of a hack in front of the building, and a lot of these men rushed up and hustled him. We shall board and lodge our printers in the building as far as it is necessary. We have a restaurant on the upper floor for the convenience of the printers."

Roundsman Farley of the Oak street station, in citizen's clothing, was at the depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad in Jersey City with a squad of twenty uniformed policemen when the Philadelphia express arrived, at 5:30 P. M. Six men, nearly all young, who left the train in a group, were approached by a man in citizen's dress, who, after conversing with them for a moment, pointed them out to the roundsman. The men were then surrounded by the policemen and marched on board the ferryboat. On the New York side the six men fell in in single file, and, with a file of policemen on either side, marched to the *Tribune* office. A body of about two hundred men were in the street and gathered at neighboring corners when they arrived. As the policemen marched through with their charges a shout was raised by the crowd, which attracted several hundred more spectators. As the newly arrived printers entered the building the roundsman gave an order to clear the space in front of the building. The policemen turned on their heels and hustled the crowd out beyond the Franklin monument.

"Here is the original agreement made between the *Tribune* and Typographical Union No. 6," President O'Donnell of the latter body said last evening. "You can see who has violated it."

The agreement is dated Nov. 19, and is made between W. P. Thompson, the foreman, in behalf of the *Tribune*, and John R. O'Donnell and the Executive Committee, for the Typographical Union. The *Tribune* agrees to pay the union scale of prices, 46 cents per thousand ems, to all men employed, for the term of one year from date, and is to be a union office for the same term. The union agrees not to interfere with the typesetting machines or the machine men so long as the latter receive the scale price of $22 per week. The union agrees not to interfere with, annoy, trouble, or attempt to interfere with Foreman Thompson so long as he keeps his part of the agreement. The union agrees not to interfere with the status of apprentices or other boys in the office. It is agreed that either party can, on thirty days' notice, revoke or modify its agreement.

Foreman Thompson said last night: "I have forty-three compositors now at work, and that is more than our usual force. The union has in substance violated its agreement with me, for it has sent committees to me twice to ask me to join the union, giving me twenty-four hours in which to answer. Then they stopped work on me because I discharged a sub. I saw they were bound I should go, and I offered Mr. Reid my resignation. Mr. Reid returned it, and told me to take what measures were necessary to manage the office in my own way."

Three typesetting machines were in operation, and affairs in the composing room appeared to be proceeding as usual. Two policemen were in charge.

SCARING UP A WILD MAN.

Two Hunters Have a Bit of Experience with a Formidable What Is It.

CALCUTTA, Ohio, Dec. 10.—One day last week Messrs. A. Rauch and Robert Bradley left town for a hunt in the woods north of this place. The forest is very dense, and contains a number of rocky hills, precipices, and caves. It has long been the hiding place of criminals when eluding arrest.

While Rauch and Bradley were walking along the top of a bluff in the thick of these woods they were startled by a peculiar cry. They could at first see nothing, but soon a creature of formidable aspect rushed out from a cleft in the rocks. It was about the average size of a man, and somewhat resembled a gorilla. It stood perfectly erect, and was covered from head to foot with hair.

After staring a few moments at the hunters the creature gave another cry and jumped away into the woods. Never thinking of consequences, one of the hunters raised his gun and fired, wounding the animal in the arm. It turned with a horrible scream of rage and pursued the hunters, who threw away their guns and ran at the top of their speed. The creature gained on them until they reached a clearing and a house, over which they jumped. The animal then ran back into the woods.

The hunters declare they would not go back again for a mint of money. A posse of citizens, however, is looking for the animal. It is believed that the creature is an escaped lunatic. Some years ago a young man who had become insane, and was confined in the county poorhouse, escaped and took to the woods, where he subsisted by eating berries, nuts, roots, and small animals. He has been seen several times. It is thought that he will soon be captured.

MARSHON'S STORY OF HIS FORTUNE.

A Lodger for 20 Years with Grocer Schmidt—His Father's Will.

DIED SUDDENLY, WILLIAM MARSHON, AGED 51 (formerly of East Broadway). Relatives or friends, for further information call C. SCHMIDT, 70 West Broadway.

"William Marshon came to me over twenty years ago," said Mr. Schmidt, the grocer who had published this advertisement. "He asked me to take him into my house as a boarder. He had been a member of my family since. He was excellently educated. He never did any work. Sometimes he was entirely without money, and again he would have as much as a thousand dollars. He would never say exactly where he got his money. He said that his grandfather was a surgeon who came to this country from France with the Marquis de Lafayette, and bought a plantation. Just before the grandfather died he let his plantation for nine years. This lease Marshon said would expire in 1888, when Marshon would come into a fortune.

"He did not go into society. When he was a young man and was about to marry, his lady love died. This made him a little misanthropic. He always wore a ring which she gave him. It was a plain gold band. After his death it was taken from his finger by some one from the Public Administrator's office. On the inside was engraved 'From Jane to William.'

"He was a member of the Lutheran Cemetery. He left no will. His papers, several gold watches, and other jewelry were taken charge of by the authorities.

"Mr. Schmidt's son made inquiries at the surrogate's office about Mr. Marshon. The surrogate learned that Marshon's father had died in 1867, leaving a large estate, the heirs to which were Mr. Marshon, two brothers, and a sister. The executor of his will was Joseph Pigott. The name was spelled Mershon in one of the papers.

DRAWN FOR A SPURIOUS COUSIN.

Life Insurance Alleged to Have Been Fraudulently Obtained.

Dr. Rufus W. Peacock of 234 Eighth street, Jersey City, and Elam W. Cory, a car inspector for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, were arrested yesterday on charges of forgery and conspiracy. The Doctor is 50 years of age, and has borne a good reputation. He was supposed to have a large and lucrative practice. Cory has been with his employers for twenty years.

The complaint was made by Frederick W. Pangborn. It charges that a fraudulent insurance was obtained on the life of Cory's son Marvin, who died in October last. Young Cory was a member of the American Legion of Honor, which pays $5,000 to the heirs of a member on his death. Dr. Peacock was examining physician of the order. He passed young Cory, who was in delicate health. The society gives each member a certificate for the amount for which his life is insured, in which are written the names of the persons to whom the money shall be paid on the member's death. Dr. Peabody is charged with manufacturing such a certificate, assigning $2,000 to Elam W. Cory, Marvin's father, and $3,000 to Eva Williams, stated in the certificate to be his cousin. The money is alleged to have been paid to Dr. Peacock and Elam W. Corey.

Mr. Pangborn is a member of the American Legion of Honor, and learned about the case from Miss Eva Williams, who told him that Dr. Peabody showed her a paper purporting to be a certificate of the society, on which she was shown as a cousin of young Cory, and had $3,000 assigned to her. Dr. Peabody, she said, wanted her to sign this paper. She refused, as she had never even heard of Cory.

Dr. Peacock admits that he received $3,000 of the insurances, but makes no other statement. Mr. Cory insists that he did not knowingly do anything wrong. He says that Dr. Peacock induced him to endorse both checks, which he got cashed at the Germania Bank, Jersey City. He gave Dr. Peacock $3,000, believing that he was the representative of Miss Williams. The case was before Justice Stilsing yesterday, and much testimony was given. A spurious letter signed "Eva Williams" was read.

MR. CLAYBURGH TELLS HIS STORY.

He Is His Wife's Slave and Doesn't Want To Be Her Divorced Husband.

PITTSBURGH, Dec. 13. Miss Lillian Spencer, the actress, before her marriage with Mr. Clayburgh, was well known in Pittsburgh society, and the story of her husband's abuse, which has led to her suit for divorce, excites great interest here. Mr. Clayburgh to-day remained at his hotel. His wife is at the residence of her uncle. Clayburgh said to-day that the application for divorce was entirely unexpected by him. He said, in reply to a question:

"We have had misunderstandings, but nothing amounting to a quarrel. On two or three occasions we have had a word or two, nothing more, and I deny the allegation of cruelty."

Clayburgh would say nothing with regard to his wife charges that he threatened a revolver and threatened to shoot her. He said he was sure the divorce would not be granted.

Mr. Clayburgh became quite melodramatic. He posed before the mirror with his hand on his breast and his eyes fixed on vacancy.

"Our life has been a continuous honeymoon. She would tell you, if her mother would let her, how often I have gone on the stage and told her that if she did not stop acting in that intense manner I would ring down the curtain. She would say, 'Do not do that to-night, I would take off my own coat to shelter her. She is the best and dearest little woman in the world, and I am her slave, and will always continue to be.'

"She says he will not attempt to take his child away from its mother.

FLANAGAN'S STORY.

He Thinks he was Driven to Crime Because No One would Befriend Him.

Francis J. Flanagan pleaded guilty in the Court of Over and Terminer two days ago to an indictment charging him with burglary in a butcher shop on Second avenue. Judge Brady deferred sentence to investigate the culprit's affirmations, and Flanagan is still in the Tombs. He is a good-looking young man. He is barely of age, but seems younger. This is his story:

I was born in Washington, New York. At the age of 19 I was sentenced for burglary and served two years. The man associated with me in that crime was an old convict, who put all the blame on me. I resolved in prison that I would lead an honest life ever after, and when I was discharged the first thing I did was to go to Mr. Cutter, Secretary of the Prison Association, and I have my pardon, and that helped him to find work for me. He gave me a ticket to go to Troy, where the members in the Malleable Iron Works were then on strike. I soon learned the moulder's trade, and went to Troy. A couple of blocks from the Union Depot I asked a policeman the way to the Malleable Iron Works. He told me, and a moment after told a gang of strikers that I was probably a moulder looking for work, and showed them the way I went. They followed me up, overtook me, and talked to me. They said I had spoiled their trade, and that if I went to work, told me their story, and got no sympathy, and finally raised among them two dollars which they gave me for a ticket to Albany. I went to work, but did not go to the Malleable Iron Works, but stayed around Troy for three days, looking for other work. It was very cold, hard weather. I was discharged from place to place, and finally, being out of money, I had a little to eat, and finally nothing at all, and I gave up hopeful finding work in Troy. I had to beat my way back to Albany on a freight train, standing on the bumpers between two cars, and returned to Mr. Cutter. He said he couldn't do anything for me. I sought work in vain in Albany, and then came to New York. I was hanging around Bowery lodging houses