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BULLER'S WAY OF ESCAPE.

PROPOSING TO MAKE A DASH ACROSS THE DESERT TO BERBER.

Gen. Gordon's Unvailing Appeals for the Relief of the Garrison at Khartoum—Pointing Out the Route for the Relief Expedition and Urging It to Come Quickly.

LONDON, Feb. 23.—The latest advices from the Soudan say that the hostile Arabs reappeared at Abu-Klea on the night of the 19th instant, and were dispersed by a few rounds from Gen. Buller's Gardner guns. This intelligence, which is conveyed in a despatch dated Abu-Klea, Feb. 20, also contains the statement that the Arabs taken prisoners by Gen. Buller say that El Mahdi has returned to Khartoum.

Mr. Charles Williams, the special correspondent of the Cable News with Gen. Buller at Abu-Klea, has sent a despatch in which he reports a new plan which is now contemplated for the escape of Gen. Buller's detachment. He says that if 1,000 fresh camels can be procured Gen. Buller will attempt a dash across the desert to Berber, instead of falling back upon Korti by way of Gakdul. The distance to Berber is about 115 miles, and to Korti about 185 miles. The route to Berber is probably no more difficult than that to Korti, and the force will be about as safe at one place as the other. Once at Berber, Gen. Buller would hope to soon form a junction with Gen. Brackenbury, who commands what is left of Gen. Earle's column, and thus the chances of safety of both detachments would be greatly increased. Moreover, the instinct of self-preservation prompts Gen. Buller to get to the water for the sake of his men, horses, and camels. The supply of water at Abu-Klea is already so limited that each camel is allowed a bucketful twice a week only, and the camels are dying by scores. If Gen. Buller retreats to Korti he can get plenty of water at Gakdul, which is only about fifty miles from Abu-Klea, but it is impossible to say how long he would be able to hold Gakdul.

The messenger who was sent to Khartoum on Monday last failed to reach that city and has returned to Korti. He said that while on his journey he met a native who told him he was present at the capture of Khartoum. The native said the soldiers killed Gen. Gordon with swords and spears. They considered him the cause of their trouble, and feared that the Mahdi would spare him. All the regular soldiers of the garrison were spared except the men who were holding the Boori Gate. He repeats the story that no women or children were killed by the Arabs.

The Pall Mall Gazette says the papers in relation to Egypt which are to be submitted to Parliament will contain a statement from Lord Wolseley that the Faiss Prophet on the condition that the Mahdi should become, as Gen. Gordon had proposed, Sultan of Kordofan.

The Marquis of Lorne publishes a letter in the *Pall Mall Gazette* this afternoon in which he deprecates a British advance against Khartoum now that Gen. Gordon is dead. The British, the Marquis contends, should be satisfied to take up a position on the Nile to block the Mahdi from advancing upon lower Egypt.

GORDON'S UNVAILING APPEALS FOR RELIEF.

The Egyptian Blue Book, issued to-day, contains a letter sent by Gen. Gordon to Gen. Lord Wolseley on Nov. 4, 1884. This says:

"I have five steamers and nine guns at Metemneh awaiting your orders. I can hold out forty days longer, with ease. After that it will be difficult. The loss of Cossawart is terrible. I have had no regular information possible. He had my journal from Jan. 1 to Sept. 30. The Mahdi is eight miles from Khartoum. Send an answer to this, if you can, to tell me that you are coming. My journal from Sept. 30 to date is on board one of the steamers which you will find at Metemneh. I continue to have occasional fights with the Arabs. The news that all the Europeans with the Mahdi, including Slatin Bey and the nuns, have become Mussulmans, Linton (the) Times correspondent, have escaped, messengers in all directions during the last eight months. Do not send private letters to me, the risk is too great. Do not write one in cipher. I have none, and it is of no use. The Mahdi knows everything.

"Take the road from Ambukol to Metemneh. You need not fear the Mahdi.

"Both the Greek Consul and the Austrian Consul are safe. The Mahdi has captured a letter from the King of Abyssinia to me.

"Your expedition, as I understand, is for the relief of the garrison of Khartoum, which I failed to accomplish. I decline to admit that it is for the rescue of me personally."

A letter from Gen. Gordon, dated Sept. 9, contains the following:

"We have sufficient money and provisions here at Khartoum to last four months. If the expiration of the period we shall be much embarrassed. At Sennaar there is dours enough. The garrison at Gaishat and the people in that neighborhood are friendly thing, and the inhabitants are opposed to the False Mahdi.

"Although we wrote you that it was impossible to send Col. Stewart to Berber, on account of many things which had occurred, we afterwards sent that head man, together with the French and English Consuls, in a small steamer to Dongola, to communicate with the British commander there concerning your coming. We detained two large steamers to accompany them to Berber to keep the way clear for them to pass by Berber toward Dongola.

"How many times have we written, asking for reinforcements, and calling your serious attention to the Soudan, and no answer came! Men's hearts become weary of delay. While you are reading and drinking, and resting in good beds, we, and those with us, soldiers and servants, are watching night and day, trying to quell the movement of the Mahdi. Of course, you take no notice of our success this year, but of our serious reverses of which are the reverse of victorious for you. Neglect thereof won't do.

"Now it starts in two days. The reason for sending him is because you have been silent. All his whine you have neglected us. We have lost time without doing any good. If troops be sent as the rebellion will cease. When they reach Berber the mountains will return to their former occupations. Therefore it is hoped you will listen to all that Stewart tells you and regard it seriously. Send the troops we have asked without delay.

Gen. Gordon's messenger on Dec. 14, informed Gen. Wolseley that Khartoum was besieged on three sides, and that the fighting was carried on day and night, but that El Mahdi's men could not take the city except by starving out the garrison. Gen. Gordon also instructed the messenger to deliver the following message to Lord Wolseley:

"Don't water your horses. Bring plenty of troops. The enemy is numerous. We still hold Omdurman. The Mahdi's works are within rifle shot. The Mahdi lives beyond gunshot. The Mahdists a month ago attacked Omdurman and disembarked one of our steamers. We disabled one of their guns. The fighting was renewed on the south side three days later. The rebels were again repulsed.

"Come quickly. Don't leave Berber in the rear. Keep the enemy in your front. Don't let rumors of your approach spread.

"Let the relief expedition follow the right bank of the Nile from Wady Haifa to Berber, in the hope of surprising Berber. If you find it impossible to follow the Nile route take the Massowah, Sankeit Kassala road. I would not leave Khartoum if I could.

On Aug. 24 Gen. Gordon wrote to the English naval commander at Massowah:

"We have five months' provisions and hope to get more. Our country's role has not been very noble in Egypt or the Soudan.

Prince Hassan's departure from Cairo to the Soudan is postponed. He insists upon a suite of 38 officers and attendants and 250 camels. This would raise the cost of the mission to $100,000.

A Suakim telegram says the arrival of British troops has alarmed Osman Digma, who is trying to gather a large force at Tamai. Osman recently killed a messenger from Taka bearing the news that the Emir of Dongola, assisted by the Shakrat tribe, engaged in battle the Hadendowas, who had attacked the friendly tribe that were supplying the English with grain. Two thousand of the Hadendowas were reported killed by the Mudir and his allies.

TURKEY MAKING TROUBLE FOR ENGLAND.

The *Post* says that Musurus Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador at London, and Fehmi Pasha, the special Envoy, on Saturday communicated to Lord Granville an important despatch from Constantinople with respect to Turkish intervention in the Red Sea. England and other powers, the *Post* says, had asked the Porte to occupy the chief ports on the Red Sea. This the Porte refused to do unless the British would consent to evacuate Egypt and permit Turkey to garrison Alexandria. France and Russia, the *Post* says, have been influencing the Porte to pursue a policy in relation to Egypt which, if carried out, would interrupt the friendly relations between Turkey and England, and would compromise the peace of Europe. It, however, the course Fehmi Pasha has suggested to Lord Granville should be carried out, the Eastern question would be resuscitated, and the result would be beneficial to the Porte. The *Post* declares that Lord Granville is disposed to again favor the intervention of Turkey in Egyptian affairs, on condition that Turkey shall in her actions be in accord with England and her allies, and shall not undertake intervention as a mandatory of hostile powers.

The *Standard* says the Porte has sent to all the powers a protest against the occupation of Massowah by Italian troops. Great irritation exists at Constantinople over the action of Italy, as the Porte believes that that country has a secret treaty with England.

ROME, Feb. 23.—The Italian force at Massowah will be raised to 5,000 effective troops and eighteen cannon. The Italians are increasing the earthworks about Massowah and are placing torpedoes in the harbor. Strong sea and land defences are being constructed.

Fall of a Meteor in British Columbia.

VICTORIA, Feb. 23.—A meteor passed over this city this morning at about 9 o'clock. It was of enormous size, and appeared like a mass of molten iron. The noise caused by its passage was like that of escaping steam. Smoke and flames were thrown off by the meteor. It was seen to descend into the sea, a cloud of spray and steam marking the spot where it met the water. This extraordinary phenomenon was witnessed by many persons.

POLICE CLEAR THE HALL.

Springhall Makes it Lively for Joe Denning for Just 64 Seconds.

About 9 o'clock last night, when the smoke in Clarendon Hall had become thick enough to form blue rings around the gas jets, the black moustache of Ed Mallahan appeared above the stage and some sparring bouts began. Inspector Murray and Capt. McCullagh walked in during the first bout and watched the young men who handled the gloves. There were in all three bouts, which the Inspector and his companion watched calmly, but before the last one was ended they crossed the hall in front of the stage and went down stairs. There they met Joe Denning, the Brooklyn heavy weight, and William Springhall, the Englishman, who were booked for four rounds, Queensberry rules. The two pugilists assured them that the fight would be strictly scientific. The spectators meantime had become frightened lest the entertainment had been stopped. They were reassured by the appearance of Springhall, waited on by Arthur Chambers and Al Luntz, and Joe Denning, attended by Jack Dempsey and Al Power, and cheered loudly.

Springhall wore blue trunks and white stockings. He is 5 feet 6 inches tall, and old sporting men smiled on each other knowingly as they ran their eyes over his figure. His legs are noticeably well developed, and he uses them as nimbly as a dancing master. Denning seemed to be in the best trim. Both were feeling well and confident.

While they were receiving the attention of their assistants Inspector Murray and Capt. McCullagh walked in again and took seats at one side of the stage. The house at once became quiet as death. Mallahan advanced to the front of the stage, and, with a wave of his hand, said:

"Gentlemen, this is to be a set-to for scientific points; no slugging will be allowed. You will please remember that the Inspector is here, and not allow your enthusiasm to get the better of your discretion."

The chairs and the attendants were then taken out of the ring and time was called. The two men advanced to the centre of the ring, shook hands, and bowed profoundly. The difference in their appearance was striking. Denning was three inches taller and much heavier. He was slow in his movements, while Springhall was as active as a squirrel.

The greeting over, they retraced their steps to their corners, and then they came to the scratch with their hands up. There was not a moment wasted in play. Springhall led with his left, and the sound of the glove as it struck Denning in the stomach made the audience jump. This was followed by a stunner with the right, and Denning countered on Springhall's chest. For fifteen seconds thereafter Denning would have found it as easy to dodge rain drops in a thunder storm as to escape the blows which Springhall gave him. It was hammer and tongs on both sides, but Denning got worse staggered under a terrific left hook on Springhall's left temple that brought the Inspector to his feet. Although it was a heavy blow, Springhall caught Denning beside the nose, and followed that up with a dozen more hits, driving his opponent clear around the stage while the Inspector was trying to pull himself together to interfere. Finally, Murray got on the stage, and, waving his club, yelled:

"Stop that! Stop that!"

Then the spectators rose like a flock of crows from a cornfield and yelled: "This is a setup. Why didn't you stop them before they got at it?" and many other things, some of which were not complimentary to the police.

The Inspector, faced about and shouted, "Clear the hall." There were twenty-five policemen on hand to obey the order, and they plunged into the crowd, who, for the most part, tumbled over each other and the chairs with yells and execrations in their haste to get out.

The bout lasted sixty-four seconds, and about as much time was used in clearing the hall.

Opinions differ as to the two men. Springhall is much more active and forces the fighting, but Denning is a stayer. Neither showed any marks of the fight after it was over. No arrests were made.

CHARLEY MITCHELL AHEAD.

He Gets Just a Little the Better of Scholes in their Glove Fight.

TORONTO, Feb. 23.—The Mitchell-Scholes fight here to-night drew thousands of spectators to the Adelaide street rink. Many prominent men attended, among whom were his Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. The fight was finished without any interference from the police. Scholes had been training a great deal lately, and came on the stage in good trim. Mitchell, on the contrary, had made little or no preparation for the fight. This caused all the more interest, as it was thought Scholes would excel himself and provoke Mitchell into a good fight, the latter being looked upon as the better man.

There were four rounds, three minutes each. In the first round, Scholes was brought down by a breast blow. Mitchell in this and in the subsequent rounds hit remarkably low. Both men seemed to spar very carefully at first; but as the fight progressed they got more excited. Mitchell got the best of his man in the first round, which resulted in fourteen points for Mitchell and seven for Scholes.

In the second round Mitchell again knocked Scholes down with a heavy blow over the eye, drawing the first blood. This round yielded seven points for Mitchell and six for Scholes.

Mitchell was struck on his lips in the third round, Scholes getting in a good telling blow, for which he was paid with a regular volley of heavy blows from Mitchell. Time was called, and the result of this round was found to be four for Mitchell and six for Scholes.

In the fourth bout men came in fairly fresh. They commenced the round easily, hitting harder as the round progressed. Toward the last things commenced to look brighter for Scholes, and Mitchell was beginning to look as if he was afraid of his antagonist. The referee called time and the fight was ended, this round giving Mitchell ten to Scholes seven. Mitchell, therefore, won by nine points.

AFTER THE TARGET SHOOT.

Thomas Sullivan of Some Other Thomas Sullivan's Club Shot in Two Places.

Thomas Sullivan of 13 Bayard street is in politics in a small way, wears a special deputy sheriff's badge, and belongs to a number of social and political coteries. One of these is the Thomas Sullivan Association, which is named after a Sixth ward Thomas Sullivan. This club went on a target-shooting excursion yesterday, and on their return a gang of the members visited the saloons where they were known, and kept on drinking. The party were particularly distinguished for their willingness to be treated wherever they went.

John Powers, who keeps a saloon at 43 Bayard street, happened to meet the gang at the corner of Bayard and Chrystie streets. He was known to some of them, and was vociferously invited to set up a round of drinks. They were willing to go to his place or to drink at the nearest bar, but persisted that they must have a drink at his expense. Powers was no less persistent in refusing to buy the drinks, and the dispute waxed angry, as neither side seemed to be disposed to yield.

Sullivan, who claimed to be best acquainted with Powers, was particularly incensed at the refusal, and finally, the latter says, knocked him down. Powers drew a pistol while on the ground and fired three shots, fearing, as he says, that he would be surrounded and kicked to death. Sullivan got two of the bullets. One took off the top of his thumb, and the other, striking his left cheek, came out of the back part of his neck. He sank to the pavement and when the police arrived he was already too weak from shock and loss of blood to say anything. The gang scattered and only Powers was arrested. He stuck to his story of self-defence, but was locked up. Sullivan was taken to the hospital.

Congress of Dynamiters.

LONDON, Feb. 23.—A Paris despatch gives an account of the congress of dynamiters in that city to-day. An eyewitness to the proceedings says:

Around a table were seated eleven delegates. Two of these represented the Irish revolutionary party in Great Britain; three extremists reported from the United States of America, two from Ireland, two from the Continent, and two others represented the Irish Invincibles.

Thirteen Fenians sat behind the table, against the wall. These were prohibited from taking part in the debates. A Russian Nihilist stood in one corner of the room in company with a manufacturer of dynamite, who was present for the purpose of arranging a sale of his explosive wares.

Every person present was armed with a revolver and in readiness to shoot any detective who might interfere with the proceedings. The meeting was called to order by a man who was called Kent, but whose real name is John Morrissey, a native of county Carlow, Ireland.

A Brooklyn Warehouse Burned.

The Eagle storage warehouse, at 244 and 246 Harrison street, Brooklyn, burned down last night. Loss $70,000. The Grand Union Hall adjoining was threatened, but was saved by the firemen.

RUMMAGING FOR A WILL.

MRS. DELACROIEX'S HOUSE IN YONKERS INVADED BY LAWYERS.

She Receives Them in Her Own Way, and Makes Such Remarks as She Thinks They Deserve—Dr. Darling's Room as He Left It

Mr. E. F. Underhill, under direction of the Surrogate, continued his search yesterday for Dr. Darling's alleged missing will. He went to Yonkers on the 1 o'clock train, accompanied by Lawyer Skillen, who represented Dr. D. B. St. John Roosa, and his mission was to examine the papers in Mrs. Delacroix's house, which Dr. Darling had left there. At Mrs. Delacroix's house Lawyers John G. Boyd and W. C. Kellogg, who appeared for Mrs. Delacroix, and Lawyer Walter Edwards, who appeared for Mr. John Darling, were patiently waiting before the cosey fire in Mrs. Delacroix's snug back parlor when Mr. Underhill and Mr. Skillen arrived.

Mrs. Delacroix, in a black gown and with a blue knit worsted wrap around her shoulders, soon appeared, and gave her callers a not overcordial welcome. She is a well-made woman of middle age, with jet black hair, and eyes of a kind which sparkle and snap with the keen wit that lies behind them.

"You are welcome to look, gentlemen," she said, "and much good, I hope, it will do you."

She led the way up stairs to what had been the Doctor's room. It was an exquisitely neat little room, with windows that looked out over the icy Hudson upon the bleak, snow-streaked Palisades across the water.

"Everything is just as the poor Doctor left it," she said, "except a few things of my own that I have put in here."

Snowy-haired, white-moustached Mr. Underhill made for the bureau and began rummaging the drawers unceremoniously.

"You mustn't disturb things," said Mrs. Delacroix. "They are just the way the poor Doctor left them. There, you have gone and taken his pench out of the slip where he put it the last time he was here. I would not have the room touched or his things disturbed. It's too bad!"

The sun streamed in on the bright Brussels carpet, and fell upon the dead doctor's gaily-embroidered smoking cap that hung upon the wall, and upon his neat embroidered slippers, that rested side by side in a corner where he had put them. Five razors were unearthed in one drawer.

"The Doctor seems to have had a mania for razors," said Mr. Underhill. "We found at least twenty-five of them in his room in the city. That room was a curiosity. It certainly could not have been touched for ten years, and the Medical College people assured us it had not been cleaned for nine years."

Nothing was found in the bureau, and Mrs. Delacroix, talking animatedly with a strong English accent, led the way to the attic.

"I hope you will get rid of your rheumatism," she said to Lawyer Skillen, who found the chambers chilly. "You told stories about me. And that Roosa—I hope he will get the rheumatism."

She unlocked with a snap the door of a room she called her rubbishing room, and the searching party nearly choked and stupefied in the piles of books, boxes, surgeon's instrument cases, and a wonderful collection of at least twenty walking sticks strewed the floor.

"The Doctor had a great fashion," said Mr. Underhill, as he attacked a chest full of books, "of having his trunks covered and of shipping papers in between the cover and the bottom."

He drew letter after letter, and paper after paper out of the receptacles he had described as he spoke. They were all unimportant, many of them bearing British postmarks, and all tending to show the wonderfully wide range of the medical consulting correspondence. Among other papers unearthed were scores of the Doctor's schoolboy task books, containing mathematical problems worked out and copied in a full round boyish hand. They were dated, several of them,

"Edinburgh, 1825."

"Perhaps you had better look into the instrument cases," said Mrs. Delacroix. "You may find a will there."

A box was opened. It was filled with rows of ivory-handled glittering dental instruments, but the will wasn't there.

Among other curious papers unearthed which the Doctor had carefully preserved was a little pamphlet containing a reprint of the Locke moon hoax story, printed nearly fifty years ago in THE SUN. But no will appeared, or anything that gave the slightest hint of the Doctor's will or of the disposition that should be made of his belongings.

"The books belong to my son Arthur," said Mrs. Delacroix. The Doctor gave them to him to use when he grew up to be a man. The Doctor idolized Arthur and me. Here is a box that will be a loss for you," she added, turning to Lawyer Skillen, "for it contains my correspondence with the Doctor. I have things in black and white there. Oh, that man Roosa's turn will come. The Doctor hated doctors, but he liked lawyers. It was often said to him that he would have made a good lawyer himself."

Mr. Underhill had ransacked all the chests and boxes by this time, and Lawyer Skillen officially gave up the search. It was asserted by his side that on or about Dec. 25 Dr. Darling had drawn and signed an instrument by which he conveyed to Dr. Roosa and others, in trust, the anatomical dissection, which was very extensive and valuable. It was thought that in addition to this the instrument might touch on the disposition he intended of his other property, which under his will as probated all goes to Mrs. Delacroix, his former housekeeper.

A FARMER ACCUSED OF MURDER.

Nearly $2,000 Worth of Silks, Satins, and Other Goods Found in his Garret.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 23.—The murderer of William Russell, the wealthy storekeeper, at Reisterstown, Md., who was shot and killed two years ago by a burglar, whom he detected in the act of robbing the store, has, it is believed, been discovered in the person of Philip Blizzard, a farmer, residing about five miles from the scene of the tragedy. The discovery was made to-day through information given the authorities by the aged mother of the suspected person. She called on a Justice of the Peace and asked that she be protected from the violence of her son, who had threatened to kill her if she revealed a crime he was connected with. A warrant was issued for Blizzard's arrest. In serving the warrant the officers found in the garret of the house about $2,000 worth of silks, satins, and other valuable goods. Some were identified as those stolen from stores in the neighborhood. As the marks on all the goods had been removed, it was difficult to trace the property. A large quantity is believed to have been stolen from Russell's store.

The prisoner refuses to explain how he came in possession of the goods. His mother says he would go away and remain over night, and on returning he would bring the goods with him. The large quantity of stolen property alarmed the old lady, and, fearing trouble, she informed her son of her intention to reveal the secret. He thereupon threatened to kill her, and she caused his arrest. Blizzard is 45 years of age.

Two Sisters Fatally Burned.

PETERSBURG, Va., Feb. 23.—Miss Bertha Clay and her sister, Miss Sallie, live with their mother in the family residence on Washington street in this city. Miss Bertha is 22 years old, is a teacher, is highly accomplished, and of marked personal beauty. Her sister is 18 years old and a favorite in local society circles. To-day at about noon Miss Bertha was polishing the parlor mantelpiece, while Miss Sallie was standing near the fireplace holding a pot of varnish. By some mishap the vessel containing the varnish fell from her hands into the fire, and the flames immediately enveloped Miss Bertha, who ran screaming from the room. Miss Sallie followed, trying to tear the burning clothes from her sister, and was herself set on fire in the effort. Both ran in a state to the apartments of their mother, who cried for assistance. Dr. D. W. Lassiter, who happened to be passing by, responded to the cry, and after considerable effort, in which he himself was painfully burned, managed to extinguish the fire. Miss Bertha is so disfigured as not to be recognizable. Neither of the sisters is expected to survive the night. The young ladies were preparing to take part in the marriage of their brother on Wednesday.

Elopement of a Canadian ex-Minister's Daughter.

DETROIT, Feb. 23.—Annie, the 17-year-old daughter of Canadian ex-Minister of the Interior Mills, and a school teacher named Watts eloped and have been married in this city. Watts was a teacher in Palmyrus, county of Bothwell, and boarded with the family of Mrs. Mills. Efforts were made to break off the attachment, but without success. Watts had been away from the place for some time, but returned recently and came to Detroit with the girl. Her brother followed them, but arrived after the ceremony had been performed.

Oregon's Governor to Appoint a Senator.

SALEM, Or., Feb. 23.—Gov. Moody to-night, speaking of the failure of the Legislature to elect a Senator, said: "I think I shall appoint a Senator. This much, however, is certain: I shall not appoint a Senator until there is a vacancy, which does not occur until March 4. It would be impossible for any man whom I could name at that time to arrive in Washington to attend the short executive session; and unless the new President calls an extra session there will be no need of a senator until December, and I shall be in no haste to fill the vacancy."

ARION'S FESTIVAL OF FUN.

Bismarck Sits on the Whole Earth Under the Electric Lights.

Skirmish lines of ticket speculators dodged the police at Madison Square Garden last night, and a swarm of men with tall hats besieged the ticket windows. In the Garden Capt. Williams lounged without his club. Ferns, palm trees, and cedars decorated everything on the floor; and banners, lamps, and giddy pictures hung from every rafter. The dancing floor was broad and long and covered with fancy costumes and pattering slippers. The long rows of boxes were filled with foreign Consuls, rich men, actors and their wives and daughters, and more foreign Consuls.

At 9 o'clock the grand orchestra and military band began to play alternately selections from Wagner, Bach, and Wallace. When this had lasted an hour the gates of the Royal Castle at the rear of the ballroom were thrown open, and the Arion committees emerged in gorgeous costumes of Lohengrin, Wallenstein, and Rudolf von Habsburg. With glittering legs and flashing helmets they performed much applauded military evolutions, and invited every one to join in a dance. Every one did until 11 o'clock. Then a troop of harlequins and clowns, acrobats hired for the occasion, dashed around the Garden, striking right and left with their bladders to make room for the procession that came behind them. Everything was there—the big men of the Arion Society in their fancy dress, and with electric-light scarf pins blazing on their breasts; a car drawn by hungry politicians, with a load of Presidential candidates, and an invitation to take your choice for 1888; the Congo Conference, represented by Bismarck sitting high and dry on top of the earth, with the diplomats who form the conference dragging him along; the Beekman Hill Ladies' Sanitary Corps, wading through a storm of applause, and behind them an excellent imitation of the Board of Aldermen, with the following prayer written over them:

Oh, ladies! try your powers anew—
Release us of this nuisance, too.

Arion and Prince Carnival wound up the long line, mounted on a splendid chariot, with maidens sitting at their feet, and more maidens scattered all around them, all in tights, and all bathed in electric light.

When this was over the music and dancers settled down to earnest work. Champagne corks popped between dances, and everything to eat could be had in pleasant places. The ball was, like all its predecessors, great.

HENRY GEORGE'S CURE FOR POVERTY.

He Explains his Doctrine as to Land Ownership to a Brooklyn Audience.

Henry George addressed a large audience on "The Crime of Poverty" in the Academy of Music in Brooklyn last evening. He said poverty was something more than a crime—it was the fruitful parent of crime. Western Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland were the poorest countries he had ever seen, but if he were compelled to dwell among the poor he would rather be there, as one did not meet among the unfortunate people there the degradation which exists in the centres of civilization. The man who is industrious was the man who ought to be rich, and yet the industrious were not always rich; labor did not always command wealth. If wealth were the result of work, then the workingmen would to-day be the well to do.

Except in the old Roman civilization no such thing as poverty existing in the midst of wealth was ever known in ancient times.

"It is not overproduction, but unjust distribution, that is now depressing trade. Is it a wonder that men all over the world are beginning to grow restive? The most dangerous men are not the socialists or anarchists, but the men who preach that this thing must be so, and who do not look for a remedy. Poverty cannot be cured by alms. It demands justice, and justice alone. The Christian church is shirking in its duty. Science has come to the help of the church against the condition of things which makes this terrible struggle for existence possible. Christianity involves social duties.

"The general cause of the existence of poverty is the fact that land is treated as private property. The private land monopoly necessitates poverty. There would be poverty in the kingdom of heaven if it were monopolized by a few. The reason that men are unemployed is because they are shut out from the land. So long as land is to be had by all who want it, there will be no question of employment. Every man has a right to hold a part of the earth which he is not using himself.

FUN FOR STUDENTS.

Trying to Haul Down the Freshmen's Flag in New Haven—A Fight.

NEW HAVEN, Feb. 23.—When the Yale Scientific Juniors went down town this morning they saw to their surprise the little blue flag of the Freshman Class fluttering in the breeze from the top of the City Hall. A rush was made for the building, and, while one party went up stairs, the other departed in search of boat hooks or poles with which to pull down the flag. When the students reach the battery room on the top floor of the building, they found a man on guard. They tried to bribe him to admit them, but failed. Then they waited for the other party, which soon came, and, armed with poles and hooks, they ascended to the top of the building, and, crawling out on the gable, fished for the flag. After a half hour's work they caught on the flag and began to pull it in. A freshman on the floor below grasped the flag as it swung against the building and captured it. A few hours later Fire Marshall Kennedy put out the national flag in honor of Washington's Birthday, and a crowd of students who watched it saw, some with delight and others with chagrin, that it was not long attempted to it. Hearing the cries of the students, nearly 600 persons gathered about the City Hall. Crowds of students met and engaged in a fight, until, fearing that a riot would ensue, the police dispersed the crowd. The freshmen's flag waved in triumph until evening, when it was taken in.

A Blind Man Accused of Wife Murder.

NEWBURGH, Feb. 23.—Hugh McCann was arrested to-day on a charge of murdering his wife. McCann is 60 years old, and totally blind. Mary Crawford, his wife, was 80. They lived at 374 Liberty street, and had the reputation of quarreling frequently. McCann lost his eyesight about thirty years ago while blasting rocks. He owned at one time considerable property, but is said to be very poor now. He has been intemperate, and is said to have frequently beaten his wife. Early on Saturday morning Mrs. McCann was seen in usual good health. Before noon she was seen by neighbors with both eyes blackened, and her face bruised and discolored. In the afternoon she had vomiting spells, indicating internal injury. She grew worse, and at 11 o'clock this morning she died. The physicians who attended her called in Coroner Messemer, who ordered Coroner Hamilton took hold of the case. His examination showed that the woman had been beaten with a clubbed or some kind. Dr. L. A. Higgins, who made the post mortem, says that death was caused by internal inflammation produced by the beating. McCann, who is at Police Headquarters tonight, says he supposes his wife was hurt by running against a door. His own face is scratched and bruised, and there are marks on his nose, forehead, and right jaw. When asked to account for them he said he had fallen on the sidewalk while drunk.

Dynamite Fright in Canada.

OTTAWA, Feb. 23.—A dynamite cartridge found on a window sill in the Custom House this afternoon caused much excitement in the city. The Superintendent of the Dominion police, after an investigation, found the cartridge non-explosive. Foreign dynamite sensations have been taken advantage of this season by Canadian members of Parliament for the benefit of personal friends and political supporters. A dozen or more have been appointed on the special force to guard the Parliament building. The ordinary guards were doubled to-day, and not only the outside of the building is now guarded, but the corridors, lobbies, and all the public entrances. Many additions have also been made to the constabulary force. Members of the press and the general public cannot enter the Senate Chamber.

Arrested for Killing the Sheriff.

PARIS, Texas, Feb. 23.—Ex-Sheriff Mack Crook, ex-Deputy Sheriff James Yates, and ex-Jailer Newt Harris were arrested to-day, charged with complicity in the murder of Sheriff James H. Black last fall before he assumed the duties of his office. He was called to the door of his residence at night, and shot dead. Detective Jack Duncan, who has been at work on the case, arrested a man named Middleton in the Indian Territory a few days ago, charged with horse stealing. Middleton escaped from the Paris jail about the time of Black's murder. It is alleged that Middleton did the killing at the instance of the persons named, and that he has strong state's evidence. All four were today lodged in jail.

The Accident at Four Mile Run.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—John T. Fraley, the colored postal clerk injured in the collision at Four Mile Run Thursday night last, is dead, making the seventh life lost from this accident.

It is stated that the loss to the Adams Express Company on property burned will not exceed $80,000.

He has Committed Suicide Somewhere.

Dr. F. A. Brodsky of 57 St. Mark's place notified Coroner Messemer late last evening that J. Rochal had committed suicide at 163 East Third street by taking an "infusion of matches." No one at this house or in the neighborhood knew of the suicide.

THE DROP FAILED TO WORK.

THREE FUTILE ATTEMPTS TO HANG A MURDERER IN ENGLAND.

The Culprit, at First Perfectly Firm, Sinks Down in a Swoon After the Third Failure of the Machinery of Death to Do its Work.

LONDON, Feb. 23.—Three attempts were made at Exeter to-day to hang John Lee for the murder of Miss Emma A. W. Keyes at Babbacombe, near Torquay, on Nov. 15, 1884, but the drop failed to work successfully. The details of the futile attempts to hang Lee make the case the most horrible that ever disgraced the gibbet in England. At first Lee was perfectly firm and went to the scaffold undaunted. When the first attempt to hang him failed the prisoner's spirit remained unbroken. He was led from under the gallows and walked back to his cell with a firm step and erect bearing. When he was first placed upon the trap he resigned himself completely, but firmly, into the hands of the executioner. He stood motionless during the preliminary ceremonies, and when the noose was placed and the spring was about to be touched he made an apparent effort to adjust his body to the expected drop, so that death might be as quick and easy as possible, and when the click of the spring sounded he drew a breath, as though he felt that he was taking his last. When the murderer was made to realize that the gibbet had not done its work and that he was not yet hanged, he appeared to start as though from a nightmare. But he quickly recovered himself.

The machinery was carefully examined and the wood work was found wet and swollen, so that the spring and trap would not move quickly and smoothly. The machinery was then oiled and moved until the officials were convinced that it was in perfect condition to carry out the sentence of the law. Lee was again brought out from his cell. He stood firmly again upon the trap, and, when the noose was fixed, again tried to fit his body for the fatal fall, and when the spring clicked its signal he seemed again to drop in perfect physical surrender. But the machine of death again refused to do its work. The victim shuddered, as though shaking himself out of some horrible dream, and the executioner pendled the framework and stamped upon the trap, but the trap would not move. Lee straightened himself up, and was a second time taken to his cell. It was evident, however, that his spirit was very much broken.

A third time the machinery was overhauled and adjusted, a third time was it pronounced all right, and a third time was the murderer led out and placed upon the black trapped. The spring was again touched, and again it refused to operate. The strain and suspense had now overtaxed Lee. He sank down in a swoon, and had to be carried away from the place.

No words can give an adequate idea of the painfulness of the scene. A kind of overpowering stillness, like that of a supernatural sentence, to have got control of the Sheriff's officers. The gallows was deserted, and no one made any more attempts to put it in working order. The man that was to have been hanged was limp, motionless, and in a most pitiable condition, lying in his cell, pale, exhausted, dazed and stupefied, and physically exhausted. The Sheriff decided to abandon his task. He closed up the execution yard and went down to the Post Office, telegraphed to Sir William Vernon Harcourt, the Home Secretary, a full history of the horrible failures to hang Lee, and asked for instructions what next to do. Lee was subsequently respited by order of the Home Office.

Lee, who was an ex-convict, obtained employment from Miss Keyes as a valet by means of forged letters of recommendation. Lee wished to marry Miss Keyes, who was an elderly lady of wealth. She refused to wed him, whereupon Lee assaulted her. He then murdered her, and set fire to the house to cover his crime. The flames were seen extinguished by neighbors, and the murderer was soon afterward captured.

STOLE HEAVILY FROM THE BANK.

A Bookkeeper Dabbles in Oil and Makes a Big Hole in the Bank's Assets.

PITTSBURGH, Feb. 23.—Edward Voeghtley, bookkeeper of the savings bank at Butler, a member of the Presbyterian Church and a Sunday school teacher, is a defaulter to the amount of from $40,000 to $60,000. The shortage in his accounts was discovered last week. Voeghtley was forced to confess. He said he deceived the cashier by false entries and promises to straighten up the books on Sunday. In the meanwhile, however, he disappeared, and it is supposed he is on his way to Canada. Cashier Campbell said this afternoon.

Voeghtley has been bookkeeper of the bank for more than six years. He possessed every one's confidence, and was the last one we would think was a defaulter. I heard he had been dabbling in oil a little. We were about to let him go, but I told him if he would promise to stop he might continue. We never suspected that he had been using bank funds.

He came to the bank one night about 10 o'clock and told my father he was shot in his accounts. A meeting of the Board was called and he was told to go on with his books and show how much he was short.

His bondsman was his father, and the old gentleman has turned over everything he had in the world, amounting to about $10,000. The stockholders will make up the rest of the deficiency. The bank is well able to stand the loss, and is ready to pay every depositor in full. The total amount of the defalcation is about $48,000. Voeghtley has left a wife and several children behind him.

Three Unlucky Fridays.

POCONO, Pa., Feb. 23.—Jim Groves of Shadesville, aged 12 years, believes that Friday is an unlucky day. On the Friday before Christmas he went out hunting rabbits. In climbing over a fence one barrel of his gun was discharged. Part of the load went through his foot, taking off the big toe and the next two toes to it. On the Friday before New Year's a number of his playmates were shooting at a mark near his home. He was unable to get out and join in the sport. One of the boys came to borrow his gun. He was showing the boy how to work it at the breech when a cartridge was exploded, and three fingers on Jim's left hand were taken off, and the boy whom he was instructing in the management of the gun had one of his eyes put out. Young Groves had not ventured out with his gun since until last Friday. Then his mother wanted some chickens killed, and he took his gun and went out to knock them over for her. He climbed into the barnyard fence, and, sitting on the top rail, fired at a chicken. The recoil of the gun was so great that it knocked him off the fence. He fell on a stone and broke his right arm at the elbow.

Bridgeport's Unidentified Suicide.

BRIDGEPORT, Feb. 23.—The stranger who registered at the Atlantic Hotel in this city on Friday night last as Thomas Wilson of Detroit, and who died on Saturday night from the effects of morphine which he had taken, has not yet been identified. The body is now at Bishop's morgue. The man had gray hair and thin whiskers, and his age is about 60. He was 5 feet six inches in height, and well dressed. On his trousers watch pocket are the words J. Jones, April 8, 1879, and John Jones appears on his shirt, with the laundry number 704. No letters or papers were found on his person. His money was reduced to $1.05. He carried no watch, jewelry, or baggage. The authorities at Detroit have been informed, but no reply has been received.

The Damrosch Company in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Feb. 23.—The Damrosch German Opera Company began a two-weeks engagement at the Columbia to-night. The troupe did not arrive in the city until after 10 o'clock, and the very large audience had plenty of time to wait for the rise of the curtain, which occurred at 10½.

The company were detained by snow and went directly to the theatre on their arrival. The opera was "Tannhauser," with Frau Materna in the leading part, who received tremendous ovations upon