AMERICAN DANCING GIRLS.

THE NEW BALLET CORPS IS GOOD-LOOKING AS WELL AS AGILE.

All the Girls Born Since the War, Too—A Sly Young Man Goes to See Them Dance, and Miss Daisy Captivates Him.

Part of the big contract undertaken by the American Opera Company, when it started out to create a full-fledged opera from the virgin talent floating around in this broad land, was to train a band of primitive American girls into a gauzy, bouncing, prancing, twisting, and generally alluring ballet corps. This work, which has been a most interesting and instructive one, was confided to M. Mamert Bibeyran, ballet master and professor of dramatic action.

Mons. Bibeyran himself is a being most attractive—one whom an artist would love to study or a poet yearn to sing. A pupil for ten long years in the dancing academy of Bordeaux, he came forth the very ideal of all that is graceful and light and prancing. With him it is second nature to dance on the tips of his toes, and his arms seem restless and unhappy whenever they are not describing graceful, airy curves. His feet, almost too small to be worth mentioning, remind one, when he walks, of the restless twinkling of the stars, and the two little black waves into which his shining locks are carefully parted are poems. As for his smile, it never fades, and it never varies except to grow just a little bit happier when some favorite pupil digs her toes with more stubborn earnestness into the slippery floor. And with all this Mons. Bibeyran is charmingly polite, and supplied with even more graciousness than most Frenchmen. For when a youth with no claim to such an honor craved permission to see how the embryo ballet was coming on, he bent his graceful little body double, and repeated, *Mais si, mais si, mais si, mais si* with lightning rapidity as much as thirty times. After that he led the way with many a graceful skip into the big hall where his pupils were at work.

Long rows of benches stretched along the walls, and these were dotted all along with rose-shaped clouds of pink and white and yellow gauze. Bright eyes sparkled through the gauze, and white arms and pink tights protruded from the clouds; but the inspiration of the little ballet master was needed to stir the gauzy beings into action. He tripped down to the far end of the hall, the youth humbly following behind a wee little fiddler, tucked it under his chin, swelled his chest out proudly, and uttered mysterious orders in a mixture of pure French and adulterated English. As if by magic every cloud of gauze developed into an American girl dressed out in the unpretentious costume that so many generations of young men have thrown bouquets at. The ballet master tapped his little right foot on the floor, swayed his body from side to side with dreamy grace, and drawl and sweet sounds from the little fiddle. All the girls came trooping toward him with the waving of arms and quivering of toes that we know so well, and ranged themselves in three long lines before the Professor, who played right on, and kept them steadily dancing. A sudden twist of the music's bow sent the long rows of maidens whirling round and round, and a sharp "zip" brought them to a sudden stop, every girl's right slipper pointing with deadly aim at the point in the Professor's hair. Other sounds from the fiddle brought a complicated waving of the arms and twirling of the body and wrists, first that forms the A, B, C of ballet dancing, and must be gone over and under and over. A bright jerky polka sent the girls skipping first to the right and then to the left, with wonderful series of short, quick steps, and then the crowd of girls resolved itself back into clouds of gauze, and the Professor proudly called up his stars and doled out information.

"Rosa!" he called, in stern, deep tones, and a diminutive apparition in yellow and pink came hopping out of the shadow. It was a wonderfully small specimen of the girl tribe, with the blackest of eyes and hair; very little above the master's knee, and with thin, spoklike arms and legs. Rosa is only 10 years old, and very small indeed for that age, but she can dance, and she proved it. With a smile of labored sweetness at the Professor and another which would have gone into the boxes from an ordinary stage, she twirled her pipe-stem arms and hopped around on her very small feet in a graceful and complicated way. And she liked it, for she confided to a youthful companion that she thought she would soon be a star, since the Professor was so proud of her and always showed off her steps. The Professor told Rosa that she would be great some day beyond all doubt, and then called up two sisters, very pretty and plump and remarkably small, who exhibited with great pride the wonderful things that they could do. Some, the Professor said, might think it cruel to make such little children dance, but these were the people who did not understand things, and imagined that a dancing teacher could be so inhuman as to force little children beyond their strength. Little girls, he said, were made to dance, and loved to dance, and could do it even if she never thought of going on the stage, for a good ballet dancer never in the world knew what it was to be weak or ailing. The only trouble with his young pupils was to keep them from dancing too much, for they were never happy unless struggling to make their legs go faster than he could play the fiddle.

All the youthful pupils were brought up in succession, and all verified their instructor's words, for their great desire seemed to be alternately to dance and squeeze unfortunate Mons. Bibeyran's knee.

Of the older pupils, the teacher said that it would spoil them to let them dance alone before strangers. Nothing was so dangerous as to praise a young woman learning to dance; for as soon as she became satisfied with herself she ceased to improve. Therefore, he sent half them out in the long line and told about their different wonderful performances in a whisper. There was that tall girl so very blonde and graceful. That girl was born to be a dancer; and her love for the art was wonderful. She was a Boston girl, and had come all the way on here to learn. No one could be more faithful and energetic.

Aloud Mons. Bibeyran said: "Yes, she does fair y well, but she is too tall to be naturally graceful, and must work very hard to overcome that."

Then there was that girl with the wonderfully red cheeks and black hair. Any one could see that she was Italian as soon as she made a movement. Only Italians were born graceful, and only Italians were born so awfully lazy.

The latter part of the sentence was said a oud, whereat the young woman, who is 15 years old and named Dora, smiled scornfully, and executed a jump which made Mons. Bibeyran look happy in spite of himself.

Any others, ranging from 12 to 18 years of age, were praised according to their merits, until the Professor reached the end of the line, when he at once became enthusiastic. That young woman in white, he said, was Dora. She was worth looking at with care. No one could raise that girl too much, for she was too hard a worker ever to be spoiled. She had joined the class long after the others, and yet had gone ahead of them all. She was unfortunately 17 years old, which is ten years later than she should have begun, but that would make no difference with her; she would live to surprise people yet. After this speech Mons. Bibeyran got his fiddle and told Dora to dance, and she did, in a way that surprised the youth and backed up everything that had been said. She was very dark, which the Professor sagely remarked would not keep her from being blonde on the stage if she chose. Her eyes were black and fierce, and the tight lines that gathered around her mouth when she danced would not be broken by any conventional smile. That young woman meant business.

While the pupils were thus being discussed a young man had been walking around with proud superiority stamped on his features. His hair was long and curly. His body was supple, his waist was thin, and his legs tapered away beautifully. The master called that young man Victor and made him do some things that were wonderful. He jumped into the air and spun round and round without coming down. It was hard to believe that anything but wings would enable a man to stay off of the floor so long. The wildest leaps that he could possibly make left him standing erect and undisturbed in the most graceful of attitudes; and he was as limber that when he threw his body forward through the air, his arms and legs waved back of it like ribbons. Victor was the teacher's assistant. He had been taught to dance in Italy, had worked hard there for five years, and was studying still with Mons. Bibeyran, asking for no reward except a share of the Professor's store of knowledge.

American girls, the teacher said, might learn to dance, but American men were of no earthly use. An Italian learning how to dance had but one idea and one ambition, to become an artist. His wildest hopes went no further. An American might do well for a while, but at the bottom of his heart there was sure to lurk a secret hope of one day becoming President, or something, and that ruined him. To become an artist the soul must be all given up to art. Victor's soul evidently was given up to art; he seemed not to have the slightest regard for his legs, and showed a truly noble indifference to the cruelty of admiration which the throng of maidens poured out upon him.

When Victor ceased doing his wonderful things it was growing dark, and the youth arose to go. But the Professor showed signs of a breaking heart, and vowed that no one must leave his class without first beholding "Mees Daisy." A loud clamor from the Professor and all his pupils caused the door of a dressing room to open; and Miss Daisy came out, with her pink tights oscillating back and forth under a long ulster. Grief lit up the master's face, and he said:

"Mees Daisy, you surprise me. Take it off."

Miss Daisy took it off, and appeared in the costume worn by the others. The youth who was there is not going to attempt any such impossible task as a description of that creature. She was not a fairy creature, because she must have weighed 145 pounds at the very lowest calculation. And yet when she smiled a smile that curled the youth all up, and began to dance, it was hard to believe that she weighed an ounce. She flew all around that hall at a rate that made it painful for the eyes to follow her. The desire of her heart plainly was to keep six feet above the floor as much as possible and as soon as she began to whiz round and round it became plain why she wore no covering for her shoulders. The mysterious layers of pink gauze climbed up and kept them very comfortable. It was hard to imagine any movement at all graceful that Miss Daisy did not go through, from the time she started off until she came to a sudden standstill five minutes later, poised on one firm toe, with the other toe pointing straight and true at the ceiling, and the cold-blooded Victor supporting her waist.

Miss Daisy is Mons. Bibeyran's star pupil; she has been studying with him two years, and has never let a day pass without making her toes and arms and legs work their hardest for at least five hours every day. It seems that natural born ballet dancers are born with dark complexions. Miss Daisy is dark—very dark—but that doesn't make a bit of difference. Those who would know more are recommended to be at the Academy of Music on the American opera's opening night.

All of the girls in the ballet were born in this country; that is the first condition; other imperative conditions are that they must be strong and healthy, and pretty. They must be pretty, and they all are. Out of deference to the prejudice which prefers to have children starve or freeze in private rather than earn an easy living by pleasing the public, only those of the pupils who are more than 16 years old will actually dance on the stage. But the ambitious Rosa need not despair, for the tots will be used as cherubs and cupids and in forming groups. The pupils who have been studying but a few months will, of course, appear merely as everybodies to form, so to say, the chorus part of the ballet dancing. The soo business will be intrusted to premieres danseuses who have been hired in Europe, and who bring over with them legs well seasoned by the long years of labor through which they have passed. Popular interest will probably not centre in the seasoned legs.

The dancing master will remain constantly with the ballet, instructing the ambitious young Americans every day, and building them into stars as rapidly as possible. As for the management of the dancing school, it is the proud boast of Mons. Bibeyran that no better place could be found for a musician to send his daughter. The strictest rules will be maintained as regards the conduct of the girls. Single-eye-glassed young men need positively not apply.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

The week's pieces at the Thalia are musical.

New Year's matinees will be given at most of the theatres.

The Japanese village remains at the Madison Square Garden.

"Only a Woman's Heart" at the Mount Morris Theatre this week.

The extension of "Evangeline" is remarkable at the Fourteenth Street.

Ope a will have another season in German at the Metropolitan from Jan. 4.

Holiday specialties have been placed among the exhibits at the Eden Musée.

"Siberia" is on for the week at the Lee Avenue, Williamsburgh, Academy of Music.

Pictorial melodrama has notable representation at Wallack's in "Hoodman Blind."

The variety programme at Koster & Bial's still includes a condensed one of "The Mikado."

Keller's entertainment of mysteries naturally has a holiday popularity at the Comedy.

Mr. Gus Williams will appear to-morrow at the Grand Opera House in "Oh, What a Night!"

Prof. Cromwell shows Great Britain and Ireland at the Grand Opera House this evening.

Aldo's has a continuation of opera, spectacle, and drama combined, in "The Ratcatcher."

The Theodore Thomas concerts will fill an afternoon and an evening each week at the Academy.

Changes of the short pieces which comprise the bill of Miss Minnie Yokes and her company at the Standard are made for the second week of the engagement.

The 500th performance of "Adonis" is to near as Jan. 7 at the Bijou, and the occasion will be marked that night by the Dixey ball in the Metropolitan Opera House.

Miss Effie Ellsler will celebrate with souvenirs her hundredth performance of "Woman Against Woman" at the People's, on the Bowery, to-morrow evening.

One of Mapleson's new Italian opera singers is billed as Signor Vestri, but it is more the wonder for having sung in the minstrel troupes of J. H. Haverly, George Thatcher, and others.

Variety holds Tony Pastor's stage for the week, except on New Year's Eve, when it will be transferred to the Academy of Music for the afternoon and evening. This is an annual custom with Mr. Pastor.

The American opera enterprise makes an amazing bustle at the Academy of Music where the vocal, scenic, and human elements are in full activity. The Lamoureux are so nearly complete that there will doubtless be entire readiness on Jan. 4.

There has long been the greatest kind of a breach between Miss Rose Eytinge and Mr. Sidney Rigdon, opera. The cause is obvious. Among the theatrical people who linger about Union square it was told with sorrow last week that a who had once been the fiancee of anti-Pinkerton Rigdon had turned out to be the rather busy. The designer proved to be J. K. Tillotson.

The souvenirs given to the audience by Miss Dauvray, at the fiftieth performance of "One of our Girls" at the Lyceum, on Thursday evening, were little souvenirs, a cast of the play, a portrait, an autograph, and a boudoir-ideal glorification of the actress, all tied with ribbon and very pretty. On the outside of the cover was a reproduction of the Washington cent which Miss Dauvray purchased some time ago for the benefit of the Bartholdi fund.

The run of "A Night Off" will have two or three weeks more at Daly's, where it is ready for a revival. "The Merry Wives of Windsor" as soon as it shall be required. Manager Daly is understood to have purchased the American right of return of the new play, "Sapho," recently produced at the Paris Gymnase. The bargain was made through William Terriss, the English actor, who looked after the tour of the Daly company in England.

The management at the Union Square has found it worth while to continue the run of "Romeo and Juliet" beyond the week, performances now are each afternoon as well as evening. Miss Marguerite Sylva will then have added another consecutive fortnight to the preparations for "Love, the Jokeaker," on Jan. 4, at the Estelle, and the old drama will at least have all the advantages of a fortnight's preparation, a fine scenic effect, and art accompaniment. Miss Marie Van Zandt is not an ex, erienced, though new to this city.

Pugilist John L. Sullivan, at the expiration of the minstrel contract, will make a tour of Europe under John Rice's direction. Mr. Mr. Meagher, partner in the project of turning the old Horticultural Hall into a theatre. There was it is safe to say now, a fair excuse for the rumor that Sullivan was to marry Annie Livingstone, a burlesquer. The packet denied it at the time, and said Miss Livingstone; but Miss Livingstone has left the company in which she was performing, and if Sullivan were really free to marry, it is probable she would be made happy.

The scenes of "Saints and Sinners," at the Madison Square, wherein the clergyman and his erring daughter appear together, have become movingly powerful. Mr. Stoddard was at first too slow and quiet, but is now more effective than in anything she remembered of him. Miss Marie Burroughs to go with the weight of her role palpably felt; for it was her debut, certain, as an actress of a leading part in a New York company, but she has grown accustomed and competent. Mr. Langdon Mason, the hero of the piece, is her husband. She is from California.

Still in favor is "The Grip" at the Park, where it will probably take the place of "Hazel Kirke." Frederic Paulton, who plays Paul Kirke, is not resting. Most of his spare hours are spent in his working room on the upper story of his house in Perry street, where the frames work of his next new play is well under years. Mr. Harrigan has big oak sashes a window looking out upon the wet kept roofs of the solid Ninth ward, and he claims there is inspiration in the view. Mr. Harrigan is a bachelor, and he is accounted one of the most earnest stage directors in the city. His father-in-law, Dave Braham, is his first lieutenant in play producing, and his comedian, W. J. Ryley, is a valuable assistant.

A stage novelty prepared in New York for the smaller cities is a genuine circus drama. The story of the play will treat of the adventures of a dashing equestrian, and his lion-hearted friend, Hercules. After a length of many years, however, it is said the claim of the person making the attempt may have been criminally, is certain to end in failure. All quotations from Shakespeare, the "Jesuits of Maryland," and the United States of America" are to be secured that their associations are simply money throw away if their object be the recovery of the Jesuits estates, and the Jesuits are represented by the members of the "Jesuitess Association," who had just been notified that a cent Lawsuit out of $5 had been levied for the year ending Dec. 26, 1884, and who, before paying the cent, inquired whether the legation could furnish any information regarding the Jesuitess estate, said to be pending before the Court of Chancery in a bight. He enclosed another cent for a pamphlet emanating from the association, in one of which it is stated that "the Finance Committee are fully satisfied with our agent's progress in the case, and further on, that "it becomes necessary for each and every member of this association to respond with cash as liberally as their means will afford to carry our case to a final issue, or, in other words, to the Jesuitess Estate. It was the "cent" provided the funds be furnished." Similar to this, we are the "Hedgeroll," the "Bradford estate," the "Hyde estate" the "Boone estate." And many others which are to be found in the "Jesuitess" myths by which so many of our country men have been beguiled."

With regard to large sums supposed to be awaiting American claimants in the Bank of England, Mr. White quotes from a letter written by the chief accountant of that institution as follows:

There are no large amounts of unclaimed stock or dividends standing in our books. Speaking generally, without having made an exhaustive research, which would involve some considerable labor, there are very few amounts of one thousand pounds, and probably none that exceed the sum by more than one hundred or two hundred pounds.

In regard to the fabulous fortunes locked up in Chancery, Mr. White says:

To judge from the letters received at this legation from the United States in reference to the unclaimed funds in Chancery, it would seem that people imagine that institution to be a depository of incalculable millions a goodly share of which could be easily withdrawn upon the mere application of the claimant or his attorney. Nothing of the kind. Without the name by the Court of any particulars as to the issue of the suit, the relationship of the claimant to the parties mentioned therein, or to the original owner of the estate claimed. It is very rarely that in any communication sent us on this subject a smaller sum is mentioned than several millions, and frequently the correspondents state that they are entitled to twenty, fifty, and even more millions. It will doubtless cause some surprise and disappointment to such as these to learn that the amount of money in the custody of the Court of Chancery at the present time is about $84,000,000, which consists of nearly one million suits of unclaimed or dormant funds.

The Death of Senor Alvarez.

HAVANA, Dec. 19.—By the death of Señor D. Alvarez Havana has suffered a great loss. The employees in his well-known cigar manufactory at Luyano all testify to his generosity and to the indefatigable zeal he displayed in caring for their material prosperity and moral progress. His establishment has for years afforded the means of subsistence to more than six hundred poor families residing in that district, which last caused him to be called "the father of the poor." Señor Alvarez left an immense fortune to his family. Señor Alvarez was a colonel of volunteers and a knight of the Order of Calatrava, and possessed in addition innumerable titles and distinctions.

A CABINET OF SECRETS.

Strange Tales of Terror and Misery the State Department Has Failed to Probe.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25.—Few would imagine that there was anything under the roof of the State Department that could excite the softer emotions of humanity. One of its branches is commonly associated with awesome international secrets, diplomatic dignity, and primeval silence; the other with consular reports and monotonous mercantile transactions. But in the room of Dr. St. Clair, Chief of the Consular Bureau, there is a cabinet the contents of which suggest tears and sorrow, deaths in strange lands, man's waywardness and woman's devotion. The collection is simply that of the effects, trinkets, and papers of American citizens who have died abroad, their abode and relatives in this country being unknown. The United States Consuls send these relics to the Consular Bureau. It institutes searches for heirs or friends of the mysterious deceased.

There is now a current advertisement in the papers for the heirs of Joseph Heidesberger, who died in Havana. Some curious cases have been developed in the endeavors to establish the identity of Americans who have died at consular stations without removing the veil of mystery enveloping their past careers. Some years ago Mark Hamilton died at Nice, France. He had lived there in the opulence of a retired life, in questionable intimacy with a woman. His name was presumed to be an alias. After his demise and the usual effort had been made to trace his heirs, the Public Administrator of New York came to the State Department and demanded the effects which the Nicene Consul had sent over. The gold coin, gold watch, and personal papers were turned over to him after proper authentication of his official position. He had himself secured in New York city $12,000 belonging to the estate of Mark Hamilton. Afterward letters came from persons in Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Ohio claiming kinship with the dead. They were all transmitted to the Public Administrator. Here was a man whose papers disclosed the fact that he had had extensive stock dealings with brokers in New York, Chicago, and St. Louis. He had even had his orders for the purchase of $25,000 worth of stocks honored, and yet his death seemed to be a complete extinguishment of self, either as a memory or an ever existent fact. It is not known here whether any distribution was ever made among those who asserted heirship.

In one corner of this cabinet is a small package, which comprehends the entire estate, "devised and residuary," of S. Sanders, alias Isaac Landers, of the British ship Robert Pearce. This seaman died at Havana in 1881. In the package are $25, a Testament, and some letters. Upon the fly leaf of the Testament is written: "Presented to Isaac Landers to commemorate a solemn vow—Hattie." Who could not guess that that vow was abstinence from grog? The letters are from this sister, Hattie Landers, who writes from Bradford street, Lawrence, Mass., and also from Boston. And yet she has never been found by advertisement.

In a common wooden box are some of the "estates" of unknown Americans who died at Shanghai. The handwriting upon many of the packages is that of Burg Rawle Lewis, whose tragic fate was as sad as that of these fellow countrymen whom in death he sought to befriend. Lewis was summoned to this city from China as a witness in the George F. Seward investigation. When he was set free back in was penniless. Though the orders were explicit for his reinstatement, Seward successfully obstructed their execution. Finally poor Lewis was restored to his place, but the debts contracted during enforced idleness so preyed upon his mind that he ended an oppressive life by a bullet through his brain.

In this box is an ordinary black muslin-covered portfolio. In it is an envelope with no enclosure. Upon it is written in a plain, bold hand, suggesting high intelligence: "My mother's address is Mrs. Nathaniel Ruggles, care of Mrs. E. D. Taylor, Evanston, Cook county, Illinois. I believe I should be overtaken by some accident overtake me, some kind soul may write my mother." The writer of this pathetic memorandum was Jonathan Ruggles, who died at Shanghai Dec. 19, 1869. Sixteen years have passed; years, may be, of a fervent hope and despair in a mother's breast broadening into her son's waywardness.

In a pasteboard box are some trinkets that indicate feminine ownership. A velvet case encloses the daguerreotype of a man whose features suggest the libertine. This was what Leonora Williams left when a depraved life ended at Shanghai. It has been the unusual for women who have gone astray in San Francisco to stagger down further along depravity's career in some Chinese port, and there die in abject poverty and degradation.

There are more of these personal effects of wanderers and fugitives. They are not relics of the saints, rather of the mysterious sinners. When the work of tracing personal histories is begun by the departmental officials it proceeds almost invariably through details of liaisons, aliases, flights from justice, dispositions to roam, and all the shadows that fall upon human life.

NO UNCLAIMED MILLIONS IN ENGLAND.

Americans Regulled Into Believing That They Are Heirs to Vast Estates.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 26.—A paper on the subject of unclaimed estates in England, prepared, under the direction of Minister Lowell, by Mr. Henry White, one of the American Secretaries of Legation, has been sent by the President to Congress, with other state papers. Mr. White says:

There seems to be no doubt that many are led to believe themselves heirs to vast estates in Great Britain by designing persons on both sides of the ocean, who, with a view to personal gain, insert notices in local newspapers in the United States to the effect that a large property left by a person of the same name with that of some well-known family of the district, or of some exceedingly common name likely to occur anywhere, such as smith or Jones, or who distribute far and wide lists of unclaimed estates which do not exist. Large sums of money are annually thrown away by the dupes of these advertisements and circulars, and a handsome revenue is made by the agents, as they call themselves, for the discovery of heirs and the recovery of unclaimed estates. The usual modus operandi usually adopted by these agents is to ask first for a remittance of £2 or £1 to cover the cost of copying the will upon which the claim purports to be based, then a larger sum for the expenses of instituting inquiries, and at each successive stage more blackmail is levied, the correspondence being so cleverly conducted that several years frequently elapse before the fraud is discovered.

Mr. White says that the archives of the legation show that a considerable proportion of its foreign correspondence is composed of letters upon this subject. He describes the results of inquiries made in the Bankruptcy Department, by which there were many American claimants, showing that the property went to the heirs at law long before American claimants were heard of, and that the latter never had the "shadow of a title to it." Moreover, had the title once been a good one, it would long ago have become worthless by the operation of the statute of limitations. Mr. White continues:

Any attempt, therefore, to recover real estate from the rows, or lodgings, after a lapse of twelve years (which may be extended to thirty under certain circumstances, if the claimant be a minor, or after a lapse of many years, however) and the claim of the person making the attempt may have been criminally, is certain to end in failure. All inquiries addressed to "the Jesuits of Maryland" or "the United States of America" are treated as waste paper. Many subscriptions are simply money thrown away if their object be the recovery of the Jesuits estates, and the Jesuits are represented by the members of the "Jesuitess Association," who had just been notified that a cent Lawsuit out of $5 had been levied for the year ending Dec. 26, 1884, and who, before paying the cent, inquired whether the legation could furnish any information regarding the Jesuitess estate, said to be pending before the Court of Chancery in a bight. He enclosed another cent for a pamphlet emanating from the association, in one of which it is stated that "the Finance Committee are fully satisfied with our agent's progress in the case, and further on, that "it becomes necessary for each and every member of this association to respond with cash as liberally as their means will afford to carry our case to a final issue, or, in other words, to the Jesuitess Estate. It was the "cent" provided the funds be furnished." Similar to this are the "Hedgeroll," the "Bradford estate," the "Hyde estate" the "Boone estate." And many others which are to be found in the "Jesuitess" myths by which so many of our country men have been beguiled."

With regard to large sums supposed to be awaiting American claimants in the Bank of England, Mr. White quotes from a letter written by the chief accountant of that institution as follows:

There are no large amounts of unclaimed stock or dividends standing in our books. Speaking generally, without having made an exhaustive research, which would involve some considerable labor, there are very few amounts of one thousand pounds, and probably none that exceed the sum by more than one hundred or two hundred pounds.

In regard to the fabulous fortunes locked up in Chancery, Mr. White says:

To judge from the letters received at this legation from the United States in reference to the unclaimed funds in Chancery, it would seem that people imagine that institution to be a depository of incalculable millions a goodly share of which could be easily withdrawn upon the mere application of the claimant or his attorney. Nothing of the kind. Without the name by the Court of any particulars as to the issue of the suit, the relationship of the claimant to the parties mentioned therein, or to the original owner of the estate claimed. It is very rarely that in any communication sent us on this subject a smaller sum is mentioned than several millions, and frequently the correspondents state that they are entitled to twenty, fifty, and even more millions. It will doubtless cause some surprise and disappointment to such as these to learn that the amount of money in the custody of the Court of Chancery at the present time is about $84,000,000, which consists of nearly one million suits of unclaimed or dormant funds.

FARMER GILLSON'S YOUNG WIFE.

Incidents of the Life of the Mysterious Stranger in the Newburgh Almshouse.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 26.—Mrs. Catherine Yuber is the mother of the young wife of Farmer Gillson, now in the almshouse at Newburgh. Since her separation from her husband Mrs. Yuber has been living in a single room on the third floor of 1,734 North Eleventh street. She expressed much surprise when told that her daughter had been committed at her own request to an almshouse, but said she was "likely to take all sorts of notions into her head."

Until Alice was about 16 years of age she lived with her mother and attended the public schools. While at home she learned to sew until she was quite an expert. About five years ago the girl was sent to the corner bakery for a loaf of bread. There was no money in the house, and the baker refused to let her have the bread unless it was paid for. This affected the child, who was naturally nervous and excitable, to such an extent that, instead of going home, she travelled all the way out to the Girard avenue bridge over the Schuylkill River and threw herself into the water. She was rescued by the park guards and taken to the German Hospital. Her nerves had received so great a shock that it was nearly three weeks before she was allowed to leave the institution. When she did leave, it was to go to the house of a lady who had taken a great fancy to her, and who desired to give her some employment. For several years she lived with this lady acting as a seamstress and companion, and made several trips to New York and Boston. This lady never saw any signs of insanity in the girl, but several times heard her say she was "tired of living" and "I wish I were dead," but paid no attention to her.

A little over a year ago Alice left this comfortable home and neither her benefactress nor her mother heard anything further until they found that she was living as a companion with Mrs. John Clarke of Lawton. Later on she wrote to her mother of her marriage to Farmer Gillson. Soon after her marriage the mother received letters from the girl complaining that she did not have sufficient clothing and enclosing money, which she directed should be expended in purchasing dress goods. This was done from time to time, and about two weeks ago the goods were sent to her in care of Gillson. A few days ago the mother received a postal card of which the following is a copy:

You need not write any more. We have moved and so won't get your letters. Don't answer any letters from Alfred. He is only pumping you. You s

ALICE EDGAR.

Mrs. Yuber says her daughter gave the name Edgar when taken to the hospital after attempting to drown herself, and has made use of it ever since. Friends of the young woman say that her character is above reproach, but that she is a little flighty, and while suffering from some of her nervous attacks often does things of which she is afterward heartily ashamed. They can give no reason why she should go to an almshouse, and think she will soon tire of the place and either go back to her husband or come to her mother in this city.

AN AGED BRIDEGROOM INSANE.

He Married a Girl of 17 on Dec. 4 and was Taken to an Asylum on Christmas Day.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 26.—Dr. Wm. McDaniel, a wealthy physician of Calvert county, and Miss Carrie Gale, sister of Dr. Wm. H. Gale, a member-elect of the Legislature from Somerset county, met in a North Baltimore boarding house last fall. Dr. McDaniel was a widower, having being married three times, and was 74 years of age. Miss Gale was 17 years old. She was inclined to be stout, and had a full, round ruddy face. The aged widower began to woo her, and the friends of both were much surprised, on Dec. 4 last, to hear from their own lips that they were going to be married. Dr. McDaniel's physician told him plainly that it would be unwise for one of his years to enter the marriage state, but this warning was unheeded. The Rev. Peregrine Wroth, rector of the Church of the Messiah, performed the ceremony.

Dr. McDaniel took his bride to his home in Calvert county and they settled down in peace and quiet. The bride's dream of happiness was, however, blasted ere a fortnight had elapsed by unmistakable evidence that the mind of her husband was becoming impaired. Everything possible was done to restore his reason, but without avail, and his mind lost its balance altogether. It became necessary to place him in Mount Hope on Christmas Day. Dr. McDaniel has lived in Calvert county all his life, and was well and favorably known throughout southern Maryland. He was a witness at a recent murder trial in Annapolis and testified to the sanity of the prisoner.

ATROCIOUS MURDER IN CHICAGO.

Thomas King Beating Out His Wife's Brains With a Club on Christmas Eve.

CHICAGO, Dec. 26.—Thomas King of 2,529 Cologne street, in a quarrel on Christmas Eve, murdered his wife by beating out her brains with a club. The murderer fled, but was captured this afternoon. The murder was one of peculiar atrocity. After killing his wife, King remained in the house all that night, all of yesterday, and the greater part of last night, going out frequently to visit neighboring saloons. The fact of the murder was not made known until this morning, when King visited a sister of the dead woman and informed her of the tragedy. She told the police, who at once put men on the track of the murderer.

King, who is 40 years old, has been married twice, and has three children by the first marriage. The woman whom he murdered he married in Washington three years ago. They lived alone and had frequent quarrels. King had scrubbed the blood from the floor and removed some other traces of the crime, but the walls and furniture were besprattered with blood revealing the brutal nature of the conflict. King is a packing-house employee and is a hard drinker. The murdered woman was 37 years of age, and it is said that she, too, was frequently under the influence of liquor.

Warming Up Mr. O'Brien.

Michael O'Brien, the oldest among the Tombs lawyers, was around yesterday with a new shiny silk hat, a warm overcoat in place of his winter linen duster, and a smile of satisfaction wrinkling up his time-worn face. Some of the folks around the Tombs had straightened out the snarled ends of his fortune and set a thirty-two-pound turkey up to Mr. O'Brien, in the top tenement of 140 Mulberry street.

Mr. O'Brien got wind of who his well-wishers were yesterday afternoon, and he called up Justice Divver's chief clerk and went around to thank them. He thanked Fox's oldest in the Tombs Court; Hugh Conway in Micky Martin's, on the Leonard street corner; Jack Keake, the rich German restaurant owner, who is backer to the Tombs; Downey Cavanagh in his saloon, and Lawyer John Stacom.

She Leaped Into the Narrows.

Annie Wahlow, 30 years old, leaped from the Staten Island Gas Light Company's wharf, at Clifton, yesterday noon. Philip Lander and Gottlieb Kroener plunged headlong into the surf that a northeast gale was driving in shore, and, despite her resistance, rescued her, she said that, becoming low-spirited, not having heard from her well-to-do relatives in Germany, she had concluded to leave Philadelphia, Pa., she resolved to die. She was staying temporarily at Mrs. August Hausch's house, in Clinton. It is said she is partly deranged. She seems to be well educated, and is very reticent. She is now at Police Headquarters on Staten Island.

Not the Innocents they Pretended to Be.

Mary Ann O'Connor and her sister Annie, who told Justice Gorman a pitiful story after they had been found asleep under a stoop on Wednesday night, were prisoners in the Harlem Police Court yesterday. John Kelley of 2,232 sixth avenue, who had read an account of the girls' adventure, was complainant against them. He said that Mary Ann was in his employ until Dec. 15, when she left without warning. She was in his employ again on Christmas Eve, and Mr. Kelley's $100 diamond pin went with her. Mary had no defence to make, and was held in $500 for trial. She was committed for examination on a charge of vagrancy.

Felled with a Club and Robbed.

The New Rochelle police are searching for Isaac King, a negro. Henry Newey, a clerk in this city, was stopped in Main street, New Rochelle, on Christmas night by King, as it is alleged, with the request "Give me, tell me what time it is." As he pulled out his watch he was struck on the head with a club and was felled to the ground. The assailant took his watch and left him insensible on the sidewalk. It is feared he may have concussion of the brain. He was also a short time after the attack to walk to the police station.

Business Troubles.

Ezra D. Fogg and Melzar P. Dunbar, composing the firm of M. P. Dunbar & Co., dealers in lumber at 25 William street, and also at New Haven, under the style of Fogg, Dunbar & Co., made an assignment yesterday to Charles MacVeagh without preference. Mr. Fogg was a partner in the lumber firm of M. C. Hurlbut & Hurlbut, who failed on Dec. 19 with liabilities of $175,000, and Mr. Fogg's firm was merely to such an extent that an assignment was necessary.

Edward Bumsten made an assignment yesterday to Augustus Strauss, giving preferences for 2681.

Firing at a Supposed Thief.

The house of John Stuyverson 563 East 148th street, was entered by burglars in the night of Dec. 19, and property valued at $100 stolen. Detective Cook thought that John Mahon was the thief, and tried to arrest him on Christmas night. Mahon resisted and the detective fired a shot at him, and hit him in the head with his pistol before he would give in. He was held for trial yesterday.

The Man from Orange Fought for His Watch.

Clifton J. Bailey of Orange was attacked by four highwaymen in Eldridge street, yesterday morning, and robbed of his gold watch. Bailey tackled two of the highwaymen and held them. He got his watch back. The robbers were Edward Ward, a son of Ex-Attorney Ward, and George Reilly of 122 Eldridge street. They were held in Essex Market Court.

DYNAMITE IN CHICAGO.

An Infernal Machine Found on the Porch of Judge Tree's Palatial Mansion.

CHICAGO, Dec. 26.—A little after 9 A. M. today a quart can of peculiar construction was found on the front porch of Judge Lambert Tree's palatial residence, 94 Cass street, by his coachman. The can was standing under the doorway, and the fuse was charred at the end, showing that it had been lighted and gone out. The contrivance looked like a common lamp, and, thinking it was put there by some practical joker, the coachman took it out into the yard. In laying it down he was horrified to see that a fuse was attached to the machine, and he started on a run for the Chicago avenue police station. He was pale with fright when he reached there, and telling Lieut. Shepard that he had found a can of dynamite, and where he had found it, asked that a policeman be sent down to investigate. Policeman Gallagher, who was sent back with him, carried the can to the Central station, where it caused the wildest excitement. Many of the policemen ran pell-mell out into the street, and Gallagher was forced to dispose of the machine himself. He carried it to a powder dealer on Lake street, but he refused to touch it. A clerk in the store, however, examined it, and at first sight pronounced it a finely constructed dynamite bomb.

"Take it out of here; explode it at once," shouted the frightened clerk, "or it will blow up the whole street."

Gallagher and the clerk hastened with the machine to the lake front, where a fuse five inches long was attached to it, and fired. Both men ran with all speed, and found to their joy that they had not gone 200 feet when the machine exploded with tremendous noise. The report was heard as far west as Fifth avenue, and the hard frozen ground was torn up to a depth of six feet. The clerk was of the opinion that the explosive was nitro-glycerine, and declared that enough of it was in the machine to blow up the City Hall.

Thus far the police have no suspicion as to who is responsible for the contemplated outrage, and it is not known that any motive existed for it. The Tree residence is one of the most elaborate and costly houses in the city, occupying one-quarter of an entire block in a fashionable residence district in the north division of the city. The building probably represents $200,000 with its valuable contents. It is a three-story structure of brown stone, rock faced, and covering a wide area. It has been occupied for some time by Gen. A. C. McClurg of the large publishing house of Jansen, McClurg & Co.

MISS ARABELLA FIELD'S WILL.

A Former Teacher who Travelled for the Improvement of her Mind.

The remains of Miss Arabella Field, formerly a public school teacher of this city, who died in a bath room in a hotel in El Paso, Texas, on Nov. 20, have reached the house of Mr. Joseph E. Tomes, 572 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn. The funeral services will be in St. Peter's P. E. Church, in State street, on Tuesday, and the interment will be in Greenwood Cemetery.

Miss Field inherited a fortune about fifteen years ago, after which she travelled extensively for the benefit of her health and also for the improvement of her mind. She was on her way from South America when her death occurred at El Paso. Mr. Tomes has the key of a safety vault in a bank. His wife's jewelry, money and other valuables, said to amount to $80,000, were deposited. By her will, all of which was written in her own hand, and which has just been admitted to probate by the surrogate of Hudson county, New Jersey, a portion of her estate is divided between three distant cousins and some personal friends. $2,000 is given to the Five Points Mission, and the rest of her property to the Ladies' Union Aid Society of the Methodist Church of New York. Charles Gates of Rossville, New Jersey, one of the executors, receives $2,500, and Mrs. E. Jay Tomes, the wife of Mr. Joseph E. Tomes, the other executor, receives all the wearing apparel and jewelry. Miss Field was 47 years old.

GOV. HILL'S MILITARY STAFF.

A Sergeant of the Seventh Regiment Promoted to the Inspector-Generalship.

ALBANY, Dec. 26.—Gov. Hill to-day announced the appointment of his military staff, as follows:

Adjutant-General—Josiah K. Porter, Col. Porter is at present commandant of the Twenty-second Reg