HOW JEW BAITING BEGAN.

A CUP SQUABBLE IN BRESLAU FIRES HALF OF CHRISTIAN EUROPE.

Behind How Great a Matter a Little Fire Kindles—Herr Friedman was in the Wrong Reserved Seat, and How Many Exiles Have Suffered in the Storm he Raised.

The congregation of the Shaarai Rachmim is one of the best-known Hebrew organizations on the east side of the town. It is attended chiefly by Poles and Russians, and is orthodox—fiercely so. The synagogue is at 146 Norfolk street, near Stanton. Among those who participated in the services, which began at sundown on Friday evening last, was Herr Andreas Schultz, a prominent Hebrew, from the province of Prussian Silesia, and the confidential business representative of one of the largest money-lending banking houses in Breslau. He is making a pleasure tour of the United States, and in conversation with a SUN reporter gave a brief narrative of the origin of the anti-Semitic troubles which lasted for four years in Poland and Russia, and drove thousands of destitute and proscribed Hebrews to seek shelter and an asylum in the United States. Many of them are still in New York, and are a serious charge on the more enterprising Jewish benevolent organizations.

It is remarkable how great national movements spring frequently from causes to all appearance the most trivial. Thus the bitter hostility of many Russians and Germans toward the Jews had its origin, Herr Schultz says, in a petty disagreement to which is traceable many shameful and sanguinary excesses.

"The population of Breslau," said Herr Schultz, on Friday evening, "is now 315,000. Of these persons 180,000 are Protestants, 100,000 are Roman Catholics, and 35,000 are Jews. Of late years—that is, prior to 1878—they all dwelt in the utmost harmony, though the germs remained of much bitter and unrelenting creed hostility. The Jews of Breslau are very prominent in the business affairs of the province, and in some lines of trade they easily excel. Their club house was always the resort of the wealthier members of their various congregations. It was maintained for the benefit of Jews exclusively, and none others found admittance. In prominence in a social organization had, however, the effect of debarring Hebrews from membership in other clubs, notably the 'Zwinger,' a venerable institution of a rigidly exclusive character which was founded in the year 1745 under a charter originally granted by Frederick the Great. The 'Zwinger' was established for the benefit of the oldest families, the nobility, and those employed in Government business. They always excluded Jews, denying them admission to their club house and grounds. In 1878 a change was made in the management. Under Dr. Stratberg, one of the most liberal Germans I ever met, then acting as President, it was resolved to allow Hebrews to become guests of the club. They had the privileges of the library, the parlors, and, above all, the use of the magnificent grounds and gardens, an introduction by a member of the association being all that was necessary to secure a welcome.

"In July, 1878, the first difficulty arose. There resided in Breslau at this time Mr. Albert Friedman, a banker, reputed to be a man of large means. Although moving in the best society and related to Mr. Bleichroder, the well-known banker in Berlin, he was nevertheless a man of rather uncouth manners.

"One Saturday afternoon early in July, 1878, Mr. Friedman was enjoying a concert given in the garden of the Zwinger Club. Wandering about, he came to a part of the garden which was reserved for that afternoon for the ladies' club association. After he had been seated a short time one of the gentlemen connected with the management informed him courteously that that portion was reserved for ladies, and invited him to find a seat elsewhere. Friedman at once became abusive, saying that he would keep the seat he then occupied, as he had a right to it, and defied any one to remove him. The gardens were at the time crowded. Mr. Friedman, however, could not be quieted, saying many unpleasant things, and mentioning the fact, in the hearing of many, that he had made a donation to the club, and, in consequence, would do as he pleased. To preserve order it was found necessary to take him out. That same evening a meeting was called, and Mr. Friedman was expelled from the club, unless he would consent to make a public apology. This he absolutely refused to do, thinking himself insulted, and demanding that an apology be made to him. On the Monday following the report of the difficulty spread, the newspapers took hold of the matter, and two of the four daily journals in Breslau defended the Zwinger. One owned and controlled by Jews took Mr. Friedman's part, and the "Lookout," by the Hebrew Club, attacked what it termed the intolerance of its rival.

"As an early outgrowth of the controversy, some injudicious friends of Mr. Friedman discharged from their service all who were not Hebrews, and the adherents of the Zwinger side retaliated in kind. The men thrown out of work established other, and the police, in interfering, sided generally against the Hebrews. The feeling entkindled by these proceedings soon spread, and "Jew baiting" became rife in Liegnitz, Giesen, Stettin, Halle, and finally in Berlin. The commercial depression of the time in Germany, as is alleged, gave the Government an opportunity, to divert the attention of the unemployed workingmen from the destructive schemes of the Socialists to the assault on the Hebrews as a remedy for combined evils, and thus the propaganda of persecution was extended to Hamburg, Frankfort, Hesse, Bremen, and Leipsic. Even the court preacher, the Court Chaplain in Berlin, whose zeal outran a modern precedent, the fires of sectarian strife were enkindled throughout Germany, and peace was not secured till the fury of the persecutors had spent itself in the contemplation of improved times. Exhausted in the extreme, the persecuted Jews retreated into hovels and Austria and culminated in the conflagrations in Odessa and the sensational and inescapable doings of the Hungarian peasantry. Herr Friedman was forgotten in the later stages of the controversy, and when I left Breslau in November the Zwinger Club had abandoned its prejudice and its progress and resumed into its former quiescent and exclusive condition."

The efforts of the committee of Hebrews in New York to aid the fleeing and stricken coreligionists from Russia by making of them successful farmers here were not crowned with success, and many of these immigrants have since returned to Europe. The men, however, who devoted themselves to trade have prospered, and have no cause to regret the disaster destiny which drove them from their homes in the Old World.

HOUSED IN HIS PATENT MEDICINE.

An External Application, He, by the Russian Exile's Literary Wife.

Adolph Z. Germains, a Russian exile, came to this country several years ago with his wife, Emma Anna, an Englishwoman. He says he was exiled from his country because of his connection with a revolutionary society. He had studied medicine, and had been graduated from a Russian university as a physician. Shortly after his arrival he invented some medicines, which he declared would prove panaceas. He patented them, and organized a stock company with a paper capital of $50,000. David M. Tier of Astoria was chosen President, Max Steinert, a Yorkville lawyer, was elected secretary, and Germains was Treasurer. Very little cash was subscribed, and the expenses of advertising were paid for in the stock of the company. Circulars setting forth the wonderful qualities of the medicines, and mentioning remarkable cures, were scattered broadcast. Twenty-four young women were hired to go to all the drug stores in the city, and ask for the "Notesco remedies," in order to prove to the druggists that there was a demand for them. But all these schemes were of no avail. The orders came in very slowly, and meanwhile the enthusiastic inventor, his wife, and four children were starving. Still his faith, like that of Col. Sellers, was unconquerable.

Things became so bad on Friday that he applied for relief to a charitable organization. He received $1 with which to pay his rent. Instead of applying the money to that purpose he spent it in getting drunk. He was in fighting humor when he reached his bare rooms in the tenement house at 314 East Sixty-second street. He tried to use his wife in breaking up the furniture. She seized a pot which contained some boiling patent remedies and emptied it over him. Her cries brought a policeman, who arrested Adolph. He was so badly burned and cut that it was found necessary to take him to Bellevue Hospital.

Yesterday he was brought to the Yorkville Police Court. His wife, a comely looking woman, who said she had wealthy connections in England, said that his visionary schemes had wrought their ruin. "When I was married to him I never thought I would have to come to this," she said. "I am an authoress, and have written a novel entitled, 'Left to Starve,' which was published in England and America."

Germains was sent to the Island for a month. At the suggestion of Roundsman Muldoon, he was first taken to Bellevue Hospital for treatment. His face was in a frightful condition, and the doctors say that he will certainly lose one eye, if not both.

Prof. Byrnes Keeps School.

Inspector Byrnes conducted the civil service examination at the City Hall yesterday of candidates for promotion in the police force. Those examined were Roundsmen Cornelius Keed, Patrick Coffey, Patrick Green, Patrick Masson, William Crause, William Hogan, George O. Chapman, and Baron Cahill, candidates for Sergeancies, and Sergeants Donald Grant and Whitney Hughes, candidates for Captaincies.

THE FIRST TRIP OF A SMILE.

When it is that of a Burlesque Actress Fronted by the Scowl of a Leader.

The hardest test of a blithesome smile's endurance on the face of an actress is not when she has neuralgia in the teeth that must be shown in farces, nor when the gleaming crockery grin which she uses in the ballet is composed of false teeth that have become half displaced by the jolting of the dance and are likely to drop out, nor yet when the mimic lover, for whom she lovingly parts her lips, is in reality her sworn enemy, suspected by her of plotting disaster for her.

"I wasn't ever so scared in my life," said a professional smiler in a burlesque, "as I am tonight. My best mash is a nice little fellow—just as polite as they make 'em, and he usually sits in the dude row, where he looks up into my face over the orchestra leader's head. But tonight he was in a box, where he got on to the conductor's profile for the first time. The precious fellow didn't know the ways of leaders, how they make faces and talk awfully at us whenever we get out of time or key; and our specimen is as cross as a pius mark, pulls mugs like a low comedian, and breaks the anti-swear commandment into little bits to scatter through his sentences. My song is sweetly sentimental, you remember, and I warble it with a gentle smile on. Of course, I'm used to the leader's grimaces, and when he hums me back into tune—sometimes muttering awful shes! words to the air that I am celestializing—I take it kindly. But my best mash wouldn't have it that way—vowed nobody should abuse the girl he loves, and seems determined to knock out our leader early to-morrow morning. I hope 'twas wine that was talking, but I don't know."

THE NAPOLEON OF CHESS PLAYERS.

Reminiscences of Paul Morphy—A Great Player when 14 Years Old.

When Paul Morphy first appeared as a great chess player in the city of New York at the first American Chess Congress in 1857, he met in a social way the players of New York at a restaurant at Nassau and Fulton streets. Over a glass of sherry and a biscuit, which he usually took there before beginning one of his famous games, the then leading players of America first made his acquaintance. He was 21 years of age, small of stature, and of slight frame. His eyes were dark and piercing, and they glowed under a broad, square forehead. In his bearing he was a prince in politeness, and never seemed conscious of the possession of great abilities. Probably the most salient point in his character was his self-possession.

Paul Morphy was of a chess-playing family. He was born in New Orleans in 1857. His grandfather was a Spaniard, and on his mother's side he was French. When a mere child he watched his father play chess, beaing the boy's interest in the game. Paul's father taught him the value of the pieces and the laws of the game, and at 10 years old the old gentleman found his time pretty fully occupied when the young Morphy sat opposite him at the chess board. Within two years Morphy contended successfully with the foremost amateur chess players in New Orleans. He considered pawn and two a game, and he nothing more, and sacrificed them in order to give free range to his pieces, which he threw into his adversary's territory like a little avalanche, and kept up so fierce an attack that his opponent had hardly a chance to breathe. Once in a while a foreign player of distinction visited New Orleans, and every time the foreigner tackled the boy the foreigner was metaphorically wiped out.

When not 14 years old Paul Morphy won nine-tenths of the games he played in New Orleans with Eugene Rousseau, who had played with the famous Staunton in 1845 and with Kieseritzky, the Hungarian player. Ernest Morphy, Paul's uncle, was almost equal to Rousseau, and the boy won every game he played with his uncle. Lowenthal, a really great player, visited New Orleans, and in five games with him Paul won two games, lost one, and two were drawn. In the New York Chess Congress in 1857 Morphy easily defeated Paulsen, the great blindfold player, Fiske, Nourse, Lichtenhein, Thompson, Meade, Ferrie, and others, who were considered the best in America. In the following year he went to London, and won a majority of the games against the best players in the British kingdom, performed the then unparalleled feat of playing eight games without the sight of the board by his opponents. At Paris he played at the Café de la Régence, and defeated Rivière, Larche, Jowmand, and Divinck. Harwitz he defeated five times in seven games. Out of sieven games with Anderssen, Anderssen was beaten seven times, and two games were drawn.

On his return to New York in 1859, a reception was tendered to Morphy, at which the intellect, wealth, culture, fashion, and beauty of the metropolis vied in doing him honor. Charles O'Conor presided. President John Van Buren made the address of welcome. Mr. Morphy's admirers, through Mr. W. J. A. Fuller, presented him with a set of gold and silver chess men. Morphy shortly afterward admitted to the practice of law in New Orleans, but he was never active as a lawyer. It was believed by his friends that he greatly injured his health by the strain on his faculties occasioned by blindfold playing. He gave up playing chess many years before he died.

Chess players were seen Morphy's games for his power of combination. His invention was marvellous. He was eminently an attacking player. His schemes for harassing an adversary were as various as they were brilliant. His great power of analysis was effective in involved and complicated positions of the pieces. He was wont to say that he aimed to look just one move beyond his antagonist's *coup d'état*, confident that none of the thousand intermediate variations of play had been overlooked. Morphy's temperament favored his play. He was always calm and self-possessed. He forgot nothing. What delighted him more than anything else was to study up some of the bold dodges of the famous player he was to play with, and trip his antagonist into a trap once used by himself, but long ago forgotten and disused.

His most wonderful performances were those in which he made some of his best moves by intuition, as it was impossible for the human brain to thoroughly analyze the various possible results. One instance will suffice. In a game with Paulsen in the Chess Congress in 1857, Morphy offered his queen for a bishop. It looked suicidal, and Paulsen deliberated an hour whether he should take or refuse the queen. He could not resist the offer. Many players, who studied the game on their own boards, failed to discover Morphy's subsequent moves. Morphy edited the chess column in Mr. Bonner's *New York Ledger* for a year.

A COLORED CITIZEN THE PLAINTIFF.

It's the ex-Janitor of Republican Hall who Seeks to Enjoin Northern Pacific.

The officers of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company were moderately amused yesterday when report was made to them of the discovery of the nominal plaintiff in the injunction proceeding before Judge Van Brunt to arrest the construction of the company's branch across the Cascade Mountains. Edward S. Flow is the plaintiff in this suit. A diligent search of the Northern Pacific's stock ledger could not unturn Flow. He did not appear to be a stockholder of record. A search for Flow as a nominal plaintiff unearthed him in the top floor of 129 Broadway, where he is employed as a messenger by A. P. Thornton, the lawyer who is attorney in the suit referred to. He is a colored man, who was formerly the janitor at Republican Hall. He hesitated when asked if he had given the use of his name as plaintiff in a suit against the Northern Pacific, but finally admitted that he was the Flow. When congratulated on the prosperity that had made him the owner of a hundred shares of Northern Pacific stock, he affirmed that he owned the stock.

Sandy Hook Pilots and Senator Fry's Bill.

A delegation of Sandy Hook pilots has gone to Washington to present an argument against Senator Frye's bill, which proposes to reduce the revenue of pilots, and to authorize the Government Shipping Inspectors to license pilots for coastwise sailing vessels. One feature of the bill provides that a sailing vessel in charge of a tug need have no other pilot to bring the vessel into port, or take her to sea than the tug boat captain. This would carry one-half of the pilots' fees.

The Board of Marine Underwriters has forwarded a petition protesting against the innovation, and commending the pilot system of this port as "in general safety and fairly conducted."

SAVAGE TACKLED THE BEAR.

ALLEN WAS BOTHERED WITH A BULLDOG HANGING TO HIS NOSE.

He Was Only a Moment Making Broken Bones of a Footbaggy Mongrel, but This Dog Savage was a Brute of Another Sort.

SCRANTON, Jan. 14.—Farmer Ira Howland, whose farm is about four miles north of Tobyhanna, saw some big tracks in the snow back of his wagon barn yesterday morning. The front of the building rests on a wall not more than six inches from the ground, while the back side of it stands on stone pillars three feet or more above the ground. The tracks, which were unmistakably those of a large bear, showed plainly that the animal had gone under the building and was there concealed when Farmer Howland made the unexpected discovery. It was quite dark underneath the barn, and, as Farmer Howland stooped down and peered into the darkness, he fancied that he heard a noise like that made by a beast chewing food. He got a shovel and uncovered a heap of snow-buried stones near the corner of the building. Then he took a stone as large as his fist and hurled it under the barn. An angry growl from the darkness startled the farmer, and he hastened away to summon Hank Chase, his hired man, and to call the dog.

Chase was driving a load of wood through the lane, and, when he heard the voice of his somewhat frightened employer, he stopped the team, wound the lines around a stake in the sleigh, and ran to the barn. A minute later a large, shaggy, mongrel dog came bounding into the lanyard to see what was wanted of him. Farmer Howland told Chase that there was a ferocious wild animal under the wagon barn, and Chase got a long pole off the fence to poke the animal with. Farmer Howland told him to hold on a minute, and then he took the dog to the side of the barn and said:

"Fetch him out, Tige—fetch him out, sir!"

The shaggy dog rushed under the barn as brave as a lion, barking as he went, and the farmer got down on his hands and knees and looked after him. An instant later the dog ceased to bark, and the farmer imagined he heard a struggle. He continued to tell the dog to fetch him out, but the only thing that came out just then was the dog. He could not be made to go under the barn again, and in a few minutes he crawled around into the barnyard, lay down at the foot of a stack of straw and died.

As soon as the dog had abandoned the conflict Chase began to poke around under the barn with the pole. While has was doing this, Farmer Howland hurried to the fence and got another pole and began to poke, too. The only response for some time was a series of growls and grunts. They kept poking away, however, and the next thing Farmer Howland knew was that a black monster had suddenly shuffled from the darkened space under the barn and tumbled him head over heels into the deep snow. The surprised farmer scrambled to his feet in time to see Chase bring his pole down on the bear's back without harming the bear in the least. Chase dropped his pole when he saw what the animal was, and ran around the corner of the barn to find a place of safety. Farmer Howland undertook to do the same thing, but the bear had been poked so much that he was angry through and through, and he gave vent to some of his rage by knocking the farmer down again before he had time to set away.

Chase ran to the barn for a pitchfork, with which he prodded the bear, making him more angry and desperate than ever. Chase kept on sticking the fork into the bear's nose until he broke it, while Farmer Howland, whose clothes had been badly torn, was fast becoming exhausted from the violent exercise. The hired man was hurling around the field another weapon when he saw Hobart Allen and his big bulldog sauntering up the road.

"For God's sake, Allen, hurry up here with your dog and set him on that bear back of the barn!" he led Chase.

Allen ran up and followed Chase to the rear of the barn, with his faithful bulldog at his heels. Allen took in the situation at a glance, and in a low tone he said to his dog:

"Take him by the nose, Savage!"

As quick as a flash the bulldog ran between Farmer Howland and the bear, and then turning half way round on his hind legs, he seized the bear by the nose and settled his teeth firmly into the flesh before the bear had a chance to defend himself. Farmer Howland, all out of breath, became now simply an interested spectator. The bear groaned with pain and made several desperate efforts to shake the dog loose, but he might as well have undertaken to shake his hide off for the dogfish had a hold that could not be broken. The infuriated bear lifted his head and yanked the dog from the snow, and then lowered his head quickly with the apparent intention of knocking the life out of him, but Savage still held his teeth set deep in the flesh of the bear's nose. Then the bear rolled over three or four times and tried to crush the dog under his big body, but Savage was too agile for that game to be played on him, and to the nose he clung. Allen watched the struggle for ten minutes or so, when, fearing that the dog might get fatally hurt, he pulled out a big revolver and shot the bear through the brain. The dog could not be made to loosen his grip until the bear had been dead for some time.

SHE HAS LEFT MR. SLADE.

His Reputed Wife Denies the Relation, and Accuses him of Theft.

A handsome woman, who called herself Anita Eugenia Miller, appeared as complainant in the Yorkville Police Court yesterday against Frank W. Slade, a Franklin street merchant. She accused him of stealing from her three trunks, containing clothes and jewelry valued at $2,000.

"Your Honor," said Mr. Slade's lawyer, "this charge is entirely groundless. The complainant is Mr. Slade's wife, and she is now living with another man. The trunks and their contents were purchased by Mr. Slade."

"I deny that I am his wife," interrupted the complainant in a calm and dignified manner.

"Did you not live with him for eight years?"

"I did live with him, but not so long as that. But I could not be his wife, as I was married and he had a living wife when he married me."

"Where are you living now?"

"At the Vanderbilt Hotel, Lexington avenue and Forty-second street."

"Whom are you living with?"

"I am living with my child by my husband."

"Who occupies the room adjoining yours?"

"Mr. Slade occupies it."

"Did you write this letter?" continued the counsel, holding out a closely written letter signed "Anita Slade." The complainant admitted the authorship. "I think that this disposes of the case," said the lawyer. "Your Honor will please listen to what this letter says:

"I think it best that we should get a divorce without lawyers.

"This was written by the complainant to Mr. Slade, and was signed by her as his wife. It is her own evidence against herself."

Justice White decided that this proved the complainant to be Slade's wife, and he discharged the prisoner. He first made him promise, however, to give his wife all the property belonging to her which she herself had paid for.

Neither party would say anything further, except that a divorce case was pending.

THE NEGRO EXODUS.

Colored Men Leave North Carolina to Work in California Vineyards.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Jan. 16.—The exodus of colored laborers from North Carolina for points west is beginning to excite great interest. Charlotte is the railroad centre for the State, and it is here the emigration parties are made up, and here the railroad agents arrange for their transportation. Not less than 3,000 colored persons have recently left the State, mostly for Arkansas and Kansas. They continue to emigrate westward, but there seems to be no further demand for them in Kansas, and they are now going to California.

Last night seventy were turned over to Messrs. Ed P. Sisson of the Santa Fe route and A. A. Gallagher of the Missouri Pacific road for transportation to California. This batch of emigrants is bound for Los Angeles, having contracted to work in the vineyards and hop fields of E. F. Baldwin. According to agreement made with Mr. Baldwin through his agents before leaving here, they are to get $12 per month for the first year, with board and house free. Mr. Baldwin is advanced money to pay their transportation to Los Angeles, the price of each ticket being $22.70. The party left here last night on their journey.

Found Dead in the Area.

Frank Kottas, a musician, of 230 Second street, pawned his overcoat for $3.50 on Friday night, and got drunk with the money. He was found yesterday morning dead in the area of 345 Second street, at the foot of the steps leading to the basement at 180 Second street. How he came by his death is not known, but it is supposed that he had fallen down the steps and broken his neck. He was removed to Bellevue Hospital.

The Overworked Brooklyn Car Drivers.

The Executive Committee of the Brooklyn City Railroad Company will meet on Tuesday to consider the question of reducing the hours of labor of the drivers of its street cars from 18 to 12 per day. Twelve hours work, it is claimed, is the limit allowed, and some of the other members of the committee are in favor of concessions to the drivers. It is expected that a satisfactory settlement will be reached.

RULED BY LITTLE TOWNS.

Distortion of Popular Government that Takes in Connecticut.

HARTFORD, Jan. 16.—New Haven, with about 70,000 population, pays something like one-fifth of the State taxes. Hartford, with some 50,000 people, pays perhaps one-seventh of the taxes. The four cities of New Haven, Hartford, Bridgeport, and Norwich, with nearly one-third of the population of the State, pay not far from one-half of the entire State taxes. Yet these four cities are allowed to send only two Representatives each to the Lower House of the Legislature, and, until very recently, Bridgeport was permitted to send only one. Union is a barren, bleak township in the northeast corner of the State. It has less than 700 inhabitants. It pays into the State Treasury only a few hundred dollars a year. It receives from the State School Fund as much, if not more, money than it pays in taxes, yet its representation in the Legislature is as great as that of New Haven, and until recently was greater than that of Bridgeport.

Since 1818, when the State gave up the colonial charter government and adopted the present Constitution, there have been only two changes in the system of representation. One increased the number of Senate districts, and the other permitted new towns having more than 5,000 inhabitants to send two representatives to the House. These slight changes were reluctantly permitted by the Legislature to go to the people in the shape of a constitutional amendment, but when the people had the opportunity to vote they were adopted as amendments by an overwhelming majority. If the people ever have an opportunity to change the present monstrously unjust system of representation they will do so by another overwhelming majority. But they will have no such opportunity at present, and it is doubtful if they ever get it short of downright revolutionary measures.

Gov. English, one of the heaviest taxpayers in the State, once remarked that it might come to the point when New Haven would decline to pay its State tax on the same principle that led Connecticut colony to revolt from Great Britain, namely, that it was taxed without representation; for there two representatives that that large city is permitted, are nullified by the two others sent by any one of a hundred towns having less population than live on a single street in New Haven. The form of representative government in this State is an illustration of democracy, in one sense and simple, carried to its extremes. A hundred towns, with perhaps 100,000 people, are keeping in absolute subjection the other 550,000 people of the State, and there is no way to overcome it short of revolution. It is not popular government at all. It is a government by 150 autonomies through representatives.

In Connecticut not people but a lot of little democracies, as pure and perfect as ever existed, called towns, govern. Except so far as these towns have granted some rights to the representative body, they are as independent and as absolute as are the States of this union in their reserved rights. They have jealously guarded from the darkened space under the barn and tumbled him head over heels into the deep snow. The surprised farmer scrambled to his feet in time to see Chase bring his pole down on the bear's back without harming the bear in the least. Chase dropped his pole when he saw what the animal was, and ran around the corner of the barn to find a place of safety. Farmer Howland undertook to do the same thing, but the bear had been poked so much that he was angry through and through, and he gave vent to some of his rage by knocking the farmer down again before he had time to set away.

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ICE FROM MAINE.

A Fine Crop on the Penobscot—Thousands of Tons for Export.

BANGOR, Jan. 16.—The Bangor ice dealers are in high feather over the prospect of big business this year on account of the discouraging reports from the Hudson River and the almost complete ruin of the Kennebec crop by freshet and anchor ice. The Kennebec crop will be about 600,000 tons short, and this is enough to guarantee the largest operations ever known on the Penobscot. This river has frozen smoothly, and the ice was never better.

All the home companies will cut to their fullest capacity, and outside concerns are coming here. Various parties are trying to make contracts for Bangor ice, and one company has sold 8,000 tons for the low price of 55 cents a ton, while another company, almost on the same day, sold for $1.10. Scraping and planing have already commenced here, and cutting will begin next week, and there are not a great number of laborers available just now, most of the rivermen having gone into the woods, but it is expected that many of the Kennebec's idle men will come over to Bangor during the winter for employment. The probable cut here for shipping purposes will be about 200,000 tons or upward.

HURRAH FOR CAPT. KEENEY.

The Maritime Exchange Compliments him on his Life-saving Feat.

Capt. Nathan Keeney of the fishing smack Stephen Woolsey, who picked up Capt. Colvin and his boat's crew of eleven men from the Hylton Castle, and thus saved their lives, was invited to the Maritime Exchange yesterday. When he arrived President John P. Townsend called the Exchange to order, and said to Capt. Keeney:

"It is said that American commerce is dying out. This may be true, but we certainly have some brave hearts left to uphold the honor of our flag, and we are proud to know you did in rescuing Capt. Colvin and his men after they had vainly endeavored to reach the shore."

Then Mr. Townsend handed a purse containing $305, contributed by members of the Exchange, to Capt. Keeney, who was roundly cheered. He thanked Mr. Townsend, and said that he had done nothing more than any American seaman would have done under the circumstances.

The List of Referees.

The following referees were appointed in cases in the State courts in this city last week:

SUPREME COURT.

By Judge Van Brunt.

Cases.	Referees
Matter of Central Trust Co.	Edward S. Dakin.
Knickerbocker Trust Co. agt. Fahnestock	Clifford A. Hand.
Tower agt. Fisk	George Bell.
Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank agt. Great Western	Hamilton Cole.
O'Reilly agt. Sheehan	Edward F. Bonyngo.
Faber agt. Cooper	Eden Bennett.
Buckin agt. Kearney	Wm. L. Finder.
Darling agt. Mott	F. P. Vanderver.
Muirr agt. Salinger	Jesse S. Furlong.
Jones agt. La Farge	Ambrose Monell.
Matter of U. S. Trust Co.	Horace B. Cruttenden.
Kirk agt. Jolly	John A. Healy.
Matter of Jarlett (two cases)	Thomas F. Wickes.
U. S. Life Ins. Co. agt. Clear	Edward S. Dakin.
Matter of Bensenreuth	Delano C. Calvin.
N. Y. and Sea Beach R. R. Co. agt. McDonald	Porter V. Ransom.
Matter of Fiske	Wm. L. Finder.
Fuller agt. American Heating and Power Co.	J. Arthur Barrett.
Barrows agt. Dickinson	Easton S. Ransom.

By Judge Van Hoesen.

Cox agt. Hawes	Granville P. Hawes.
Smith agt. Smith	Samuel K. Sheridan.
Gallagher agt. Gallacher	Robert F. Little.

SUPREME COURT.

By Judge Freedman.

Beach agt. Griswold	Hamilton Odell.
Gomez agt. Moses	Benjamin W. Franklin.
Matter of Steckman	Josephus H. Shober.
Hanriques agt. Morrison	Thomas S. Moore.

COURT OF CLAIMS.

By Judge Daly.

Lewis agt. Rowe	George F. Betts.
Matter of Caldwell	Chas. F. Daly.
Master of Heath	Edward Patterson.

By Judge Van Hoesen.

Knowles agt. Lazare	A. S. Campbell.

Cost of the Northwest Rebellion.

OTTAWA, Jan. 16.—Up to the present time the Militia Department has authorized the payment of a little over $6,000,000 on the expenses of the Northwest rebellion.

BLOWN FROM A MINE'S MOUTH

THIRTEEN CARS SHOT OUT OF THE SLOPE AS FROM A CANNON.

Many Tons of Debris Scattered Over the Surface—Thirteen Men Killed and Two Hurled Out of the Mine—Buildings Damaged.

EVANSTON, Wy., Jan. 16.—Details of a fire-damp explosion, which occurred in mine No. 4, at Almy, at an early hour Wednesday morning, have just reached here, and show it to have been one of the most serious in the history of the Rocky Mountain coal mines. Occurring at night, when only a light force of miners were at work, the victims numbered only thirteen persons, but had the explosion taken place during the day the loss of life must have run up into hundreds, for every person in the mine met with instant death.

The whole face of the country and that portion of the settlement fronting the slope give evidence of the terrible force of the explosion. The weigh and fan houses were entirely demolished, and the engine house wrecked, while residences and business houses lost fronts, windows, doors, and chimneys. The mouth of the slope has the appearance of a huge funnel, from which fully a thousand cubic yards of rock have been torn and distributed over the adjacent country. A train of thirteen cars going down into the mine at the time of the explosion was broken into fra ments and shot out as though from the mouth of a cannon. William and Joseph Evans, passengers thereon, were most terribly mutilated, the former being blown over the engine house and a portion of the town. The body was found 700 feet from the mouth of the slope, minus the head and arms. It had bounded and rolled fully thirty yards after striking the ground.

Timbers and track for seventy feet inside the slope were torn up and scattered over the surrounding country, and the ground for fully half a mile from the mouth of the mine was covered with pieces of cars, ties, timbers, and other débris. Every air shaft was blown away, leaving huge pits. Many people living near the mine narrowly escaped death. Huge timbers crashed through the roof of Superintendent Faulk's residence, 250 yards from the slope, and fell between two beds occupied at the time by himself and family. John Smith lives in a house in front of the air shaft in the mouth of the mine. Here the force of the explosion tore a great hole in the earth twenty feet in diameter, and a rock weighing over a ton flew through the house, completely demolishing the stove. The store of Beckwith, Quinn & Co., 200 feet away, lost its front and some goods were damaged. The wheel from the pit car passed through an outhouse near by, as if thrown from a catapult. The miners are worked by Beckwith, Quinn & Co. under contract with the Union Pacific Railroad. Those at work in the mine at the time of the explosion were Enoch Thomas, Frank Mason, John Peake, Ellis Gridgerman, John Hunter, Joseph and William Evans, John Peterson, John Hood, Henry Nommack, William Hassely, Alexander Jones, and Henry Milliken.

Six of the last two were found yesterday in the eleventh level. Only one, that of John Peake, was burned seriously. The remainder were evidently killed instantly by the force of the concussion. The body of John Hunter, who was driving a mule attached to a train of cars in the sixth level, was found between the first and second cars, and the mule had been blown backward and wedged into the fifth car with its legs in the air. The slope up to this point has the appearance of having been swept clean, but otherwise is the same as seen every day. The mine did not take fire, as at first reported, and nothing save the destruction of a portion of the machinery stands in getting pure air into the mine delayed the exploration and recovery of the bodies. All of the victims except two were Mormons, were married, and leave large families.

Two foremen are employed to examine the mine every night for fire damp, to see that it is circulated properly, and to see that the men carry both open and safety lamps, and it is believed one of them ventured into some room with an open lamp where an unusual quantity of gas had accumulated. An explosion occurred in mine No. 3 in March, 1883, by which thirty-two Chinamen and six white men lost their lives. Mine No. 4, however, was considered the model of the camp, and extreme carelessness is the only reasonable explanation of the explosion. An inquest is now in progress. The funerals of the victims will occur to-day.

ORANGES HAVE GONE UP.

The Frost in Florida Jumped them from $1.50 to $3.50 and $4.50 a Box.

The cold weather which descended upon this country a week ago, although it seemed very strong and quite healthy, sought a warmer climate than most cold weather does, and journeyed as far south as Florida. As that State is little prepared to entertain such a northern visitor, the presence of the cold wave was felt more keenly there than almost anywhere else. To learn the damage that the unexpected frost had caused to the orange groves of Florida a SUN reporter yesterday called upon a member of a prominent firm of fruit dealers.

"The Florida orange crop is no longer a curiosity," said the dealer. "Before the frost it was estimated at about 1,000,000 boxes. About half of that amount had been picked and shipped, the prices ruling so that the grower netted about $1.50 a box. That price was not very satisfactory to the growers, and they left the fruit upon the trees, hoping to create a scarcity here, and so raise prices.

"Then came the frost, almost unprecedented in its severity even above the frost line. Nothing like it had been felt so far south as Tampa since the winter of 1830. The fruit was frozen solid on the trees in almost every grove in Florida, and especially around Jacksonville. Even the fruit in the packing houses fared little better, as the houses are built of very light material. The trees were stripped of their leaves through the entire State. The young trees suffered more severely than the older ones, and the few lemon trees much more than the orange trees.

"Before the frost the Mediterranean growers had been holding back their fruit. As soon as the frost came prices of Florida fruit jumped up to $3.50 and $4.50 a box, while the average prices before the frost had been only $2.50. Oranges are high and will remain so. But there will soon be large arrivals from the Mediterranean. We, of course, however, look for good prices for all oranges. At this time last year the foreign fruit sold at $1.75 a box. All the Florida growers have picked the fruit, whether touched or untouched, and everything that looks as though it can bear shipment will be hurried north. Prices for this fruit will of course depend on the condition in which it arrives here.

"I estimate the damage at about $750,000, although, until a thaw comes, it cannot be determined. I do not think it will be great. I think that the frost will have a serious effect upon the crop for the next two or three years."

Orange trees do not bear until they are six years old. While the young trees are most probably killed, the older ones will probably have had their sap frozen and drawn back into the ground, from which it will be forced by starvation. At the last frost a large grower saved his grove by pruning his trees extensively, cutting away those portions of the trees in which the sap had been frozen. It is not known whether this plan can be followed successfully this year, as the frost has been so much more severe than ever before in Florida.

DOWN ON THE ROLLER RINKS.

Their Pernicious Influence in Maine—Decline of the Craze.

BANGOR, Jan. 16.—The clergy and other morally inclined people are making a great kick against the roller skating rinks in this State, especially in Portland and Bangor. In Portland and over on the Kennebec the young people have got themselves into lots of trouble by going hand in glove with everybody they met at the rink, and larcenies, elopements, the ruin of young girls, and various other evils are directly traceable to the roller craze.

Here in Bangor the biggest rink is closed, and the other depends on polo, negro minstrelsy, and base ball on skates for its existence. The roller rink is evidently not for long here. In one town down on the east coast they have no church, but rejoice in a big rink.

The $7 Emigrant Rate.

In regard to the $7 emigrant rate from New York to Chicago which was put into effect by the New York lines on Friday, an officer of one of the trunk lines said yesterday that this reduction was no indication whatever that the pool lines were weakening or intended to meet the cut rates of the Baltimore and Ohio on any class of business. "As a matter of fact," he said, "the $7 rate was forced upon the division of the trunk lines long before the Baltimore and Ohio announced a reduction in its first and second class fares from New York, and at a time when New York lines had no intimation of such a move on the part of the Baltimore and Oh