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A GREAT DAY FOR ALBANY.

BEGINNING HER THIRD CENTURY WITH A GRAND DEMONSTRATION.

The Day Ushered In with the Thunder of Cannon and the Blowing of Horns—Welcome to President Cleveland—Imposing Military Parade—Gov. Hill's Oration.

ALBANY, July 22.—Albanians have given themselves up to-day to the task of celebrating the incorporation of their city by Gov. Thomas Dongan just 200 years ago. The uproar that broke loose at midnight, when the bells announced the arrival of the anniversary, continued until daylight. Men, boys, and even women, went up and down the principal streets blowing horns and singing until morning, stopping before hotels and private residences, and giving impromptu serenades. Small cannon kept up their salutes and bonfires lighted up the principal streets, and the red fire's glow was reflected from the skies above until they paled in the gray of approaching morning. The pent up noise and enthusiasm of the last two centuries seemed to have suddenly found vent.

The arrival of President Cleveland was the first important event of the day. The time fixed for his coming was 6 A. M. Before that hour the Burgesses Corps, under command of Major Van Zandt, with the Plattsburgh band at their head, marched to the West Shore depot and drew up in line. Carriages containing Mayor Thacher, ex-Mayor Banks, and other city officials were also in waiting. Without the lines formed by the militia stood five or six hundred citizens who had come to welcome the President. A few minutes after 6 the expected special train bearing the President's party steamed into the depot. Mayor Thacher, ex-Mayor Banks, and several of the Anniversary Committee boarded the train and exchanged greetings with the President. Mayor Thacher, on behalf of the city, bade him welcome, and warmly thanked him for coming from Washington to join them in celebrating the anniversary of Albany's natal day. The President greeted his friends warmly, and said it gave him pleasure to be with them again. Secretaries Bayard and Whitney and Private Secretary Lamont, like the President himself, looked bright and fresh after their night's rest in the sleeping coach. The party were immediately escorted to the coaches in waiting. Before entering a carriage, in which he rode with Mayor Thacher, President Cleveland was warmly greeted by an old farmer from Delaware county, who broke through the line and clasped the President's hand before any one could stop him.

"Well, this is Grover, is it?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir," answered the President, smiling pleasantly.

The Burgesses Corps, which acted as an escort for the President, then took up the line of march, and the President's party were driven to the Governor's mansion. While passing a handsome private residence, one of the blinds opened just sufficiently to permit a white, shapely arm to be thrust forth. The arm waved a handkerchief, and the President doffed his hat in response to the greeting. On the arrival of the visitors at the Executive Mansion, Gov. Hill received them as his guests.

Having discharged their duty to the President the Burgesses Corps marched down to the steamboat wharf to welcome the veteran corps of the Seventh Regiment of New York. The Drew, bearing their expected guests, arrived at its landing at 8 o'clock. The veterans disembarked and, with Cappa's band at their head, were escorted to the armory of the Burgesses Corps.

After the Governor and his guests had breakfasted President Cleveland, accompanied by Col. Lamont, went to Secretary Manning's residence. Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Manning remained in conversation for an hour and then the former returned to the Governor's Mansion. At 10½, escorted by Mayor Thacher and members of the Anniversary Committee, the President, Secretaries Bayard and Whitney, and Col. Lamont entered carriages and were driven down to State street to take their places in the procession. A few minutes later Gov. Hill, escorted by members of the Reception Committee, was also driven down to take his place in the line. Ten o'clock was the hour fixed for the head of the procession to move, but it was almost an hour later when the order to march was given. The route of the procession was through State street to Eagle, to Washington avenue, to Lark street, to Clinton avenue, to North Pearl street, to Columbia, to Broadway, to State street, to South Pearl, to Hudson avenue, to Dove street, to State street. The procession marched in the following order:

First Division (Brig.-Gen. Robert Shaw Oliver commanding)—First Regiment, Tenth Battalion, Companies A, B, C, and D, Sixth Separate Company of Troy, Seventh Separate Company of Cohoes, Twelfth Separate Company of Yonkers, Fifth and Tenth Separate companies of Newburgh, Eleventh Separate Company of Mount Vernon, Fourteenth Separate Company of Kingston, Fifteenth Separate Company of Poughkeepsie, Sixth Separate Company of Catskill, Twelfth Separate Company of Poughkeepsie, Twenty-third Separate Company of Hudson, Provisional Battalion D Company, First Regiment of Philadelphia, Ninth Separate Company of Whitehall, and Twenty-second Separate Company of Schenectady.

Second Division (Major-Gen. George H. Tredwell commanding)—First Regiment, Tribes Veteran Association of Troy, and a number of G. A. R. posts of Albany and other cities of the state.

Third Division (Capt. Thomas W. Cantwell commanding)—Albany Jackson Corps, the Hose Guards of Philadelphia, disabled members of the Albany Republican Artillery in carriages, St. Joseph Cadets, M. J. Severance Guards and Keck Zouaves of Johnstown.

Fourth Division (Major Edward Wolff commanding)—Albany Burgesses Corps and their veterans, Mayor Thacher, President McCann of the Common Council and other city officials, the Biennial Committee, members of the Legislature, and other invited guests.

It was in this last division that President Cleveland rode. He was in an open carriage with Secretary Whitney, and held his hat in his hand while he bowed acknowledgments to the rounds of cheers that accompanied his progress. The Governor's staff followed, and behind them rode the Governor in a carriage. The procession was the finest in every respect ever seen in Albany, and ranked with the best military pageants ever witnessed in the State. Thousands of persons thronged the streets along the entire route. In addition to the thousands of visitors already in the city, extra and regular trains and boats during the morning were constantly arriving with crowds of accessions from every point within fifty miles of Albany. The city probably never before contained such a number of people at one time.

Immediately after the procession the President, Gov. Hill, Secretaries Whitney and Bayard, and the other distinguished guests of the Reception Committee went to the large rink on Lark street, which was already packed. It was 1½ P. M. when President Cleveland and the party reached the rink. It was after 2 when the members of the Legislature and the city officials arrived, and although the hour assigned for beginning the exercises was 12 o'clock, it was 2¼ when the first number on the programme, the overture from "William Tell," was begun by the orchestra. This was followed by a prayer by Bishop Doane, the reading of a poem entitled "Peter Schuyler's Mandate," by its author, Wm. H. McElroy, and then came the oration of the day by Gov. Hill.

The Governor spoke of Hendrik Hudson's voyage in the Half Moon in 1609, and related the events which led up to the celebration of to-day, dwelling upon the importance of Albany during the Revolution, and paying a full measure of praise to the services of that most distinguished of Albany heroes, Gen. Philip Schuyler. He gave a brief historical sketch of the various political movements of which Albany was the centre and her sons the leading spirits in the early days of the republic, telling the history of the legency and of the famous men of which it was composed. Albany, he said, was full of the recollections of men great in its own history, great in the history of the State, and great in the history of the nation. It was, and it would undoubtedly continue to be, the proud capital of the Empire State, and the possibilities open to it were beyond human ken. Referring to the grand demonstration by which the bi-centennial was celebrated he said:

> Every banner that is grandly spread upon the breeze, every beautiful decoration that adorns your homes or places of business, every display of your citizen soldiery, every imposing procession that is formed in your streets, every gun that is fired, every bugle note that is sounded, every flag that is unfurled, every song that is sung, every eloquent word that is uttered—all these are tokens of your appreciation of the achievements of your patriotic revolutionary sires, of the inestimable value of municipal independence and chartered rights, and of the glorious memories that cluster around this bi-centennial Day.

When Gov. Hill had concluded and the applause had subsided, Mayor Thacher attempted to announce the next thing on the programme, but his voice was drowned by cries of "Cleveland!" "Cleveland!" The President arose, bowed, and sat down again in his chair in the centre of the platform beside Gov. Hill. This did not satisfy the audience, and the calls were renewed with added vigor. At length he arose, and, advancing to the front of the platform, said:

CITIZENS OF ALBANY: I came here today as an invited guest to a family reunion. I desire to be modest, and not mingle too freely in the congratulations and celebrations, which belong more properly to you. I do not wish to sound a single note of discord, but I have heard so much of the Dutch of this being a Dutch city, so much talk of the olden time and of its customs, that when I remember that I dwelt two years among you I wonder whether I am in the right place or not. At the risk of creating discordance, I will say that in my time Dutch was not the language of the town. The people spoke English, and to me words in English of kindness that I will never forget. I am glad, however, that you have got your charter. When I lived here it was, I think, under a charter, but according to my remembrance, it was a charter passed by the Legislature of the state in the first year I spent here and approved by me. I must not detain you longer, but I cannot refrain from expressing to you my appreciation of the kindness with which you have received me, and from repeating the homely and old-fashioned wish, may the citizens of Albany and their descendants see many happy returns of the day.

President Cleveland spoke in clear, ringing tones that were audible in every portion of the large building, and his brief remarks were received with enthusiastic applause. When he sat down the audience called upon Secretary Bayard and Secretary Whitney, who made brief speeches.

The music was rendered by an orchestra of fifty pieces and a chorus of 100 male voices from the Schubert Club of Albany and the Troy Vocal Society, under the leadership of Carl N. Greig. The principal number on the programme was the "Bi-centennial Ode," the words of which were written by Bishop Doane and the music composed by George Edgar Oliver. The "Chiquita Waltz" was rendered by the orchestra, under the baton of J. Albert Joffery, the composer of the piece. The exercises concluded with the singing of "America" by the chorus and audience.

At the conclusion of the exercises President Cleveland, Secretaries Whitney and Bayard, and ex-Mayor Banks drove to Secretary Manning's residence, where they remained about an hour. They then drove to the Governor's residence, where, with Secretary Manning, Francis Kernan, Lieut.-Gov. Jones, Rufus W. Peckham, Col. Lamont, Dr. Samuel B. Ward, and Col. Rice, they dined with the Governor at 6½ P. M.

This evening thousands of the Albanians and their guests flocked out to Washington Park, where an elaborate display of fireworks was given.

After the dinner at the Executive Mansion the Governor and the Presidential party went to the Senate Chamber, where a public reception was held. The Speaker's desk was buried in a mass of potted plants. In front stood the President, Gov. Hill, and Secretaries Bayard and Whitney and ex-Senator Kernan. They were flanked on either side by the gold-laced members of the Governor's staff. The chamber was thronged with Assemblymen, Senators, and citizens. A line was formed, and for more than an hour men, women, and children passed by and shook hands with the President, the Governor, and the Secretaries, while musical selections were given by a band in an adjoining room. At 10:30 the President and those accompanying him went to the rooms of the Fort Orange Club, where a reception was given in his honor. At 11:30 o'clock the President, Secretaries Bayard and Whitney, and Gov. Hill went to the Governor's residence and were immediately afterward driven to the West Shore depot, where the special train stood waiting on a siding, with steam up, ready to start.

While the President was receiving the public in the Senate chamber a man with a swarthy face, short black side whiskers and black moustache, and shabbily dressed in a well-worn light suit of clothes, was noticed hovering about Mr. Cleveland. Finally he stealthily crept up behind him. The police had been noticing his movements, and at this juncture he was arrested and taken out of the room. When the attention of the President and those who accompanied him was drawn to the man they remembered that he had been hovering about him all the afternoon. The man was searched after he was arrested, but was led off to the Second precinct station house. There he was searched, but no weapons were found on him. He said his name was Nathan Schuler, and that he lived in Kingston. He was a peddler by occupation, he said, and had been selling medals, bananas, and other articles in Albany during the bi-centennial celebration. When asked why he had followed the President about, he said that when Cleveland was a candidate for President he introduced his name in various towns and cities throughout the State, and spoke to people for him. He thought he deserved an office, and that if the President knew what he had done for him he would give him one. He was only watching for an opportunity to speak to him. The police decided to lock the man up until the President was out of Albany.

A REAL INDIAN RIB ROAST.

A Sharpened Stick for Fork and Table and Straw for a Table Cloth.

After the Wild West exhibition on Staten Island yesterday afternoon a number of invited guests partook of a rib roast with Buffalo Bill, Nate Salsbury, and the Indian chiefs. Two huge slabs of meat, each including all the ribs on one side of a beef, were wound with telegraph wire and swung from a pole supported on crotched sticks over an open wood fire. To each a line was attached to draw it away when the blaze beneath was too fierce, and each line was managed by a really good-looking squaw with brilliantly vermilioned cheeks and crazy-quilt skirt. The meat did not look appetizing, but Nate Salsbury said it would be good, and he was right. A layer of clean straw, more than a foot deep, beneath a very large tent served at once as carpet, table cloth, and napkins. Inside a long oval enclosure of broad benches, at each man's place was stuck upright in the straw a stick, two or three feet long, sharpened at both ends. Each sharp stick was at once table and fork during dinner, handy to poke seeds out of watermelons with afterward, and finally convenient for picking teeth. The meat was served around in huge tin pans. The ribs had been divided and sawed into four-inch lengths. Sweeter, more juicy, and better cooked meat one could not desire.

Before the meat was served whiskey was handed around in frontier fashion, but there were two departures from barbaric simplicity in the shape of beer and lemonade. These, however, could easily be overlooked in view of the eight or forty-odd Indian braves, men gnawing meat off bones that they had speared with sharp sticks, and using straw for napkins. The Indian chiefs were introduced, and they went to work vigorously on the meat. A fork, three feet long, and sharp at both ends, in the hands of a pace face is apt to endanger the eyes of his neighbors, and so it was made safe when stuck upright in the ground as a table. But the red men handled theirs with dexterity and safety, even when they discarded the benches, and made themselves quite at home by sitting on the table cloth in the centre of the ring. Each man got a tin plate, with crackers, pickles, pepper, and salt upon it; and a metal mug, in which he might have firewater or beer as he pleased, ad libitum—except the Indians, to whom firewater is taboo. When they appeared everybody said "How!" to them in chorus, a salutation that seemed quite satisfying to them, and when, a little later, Nate Salsbury introduced Gabriel Dumont, the hero of Batoche, they shook hands with him.

After the dinner American Horse, Flies Above (Sioux), Young Hawk and Eagle Chief (Pawnees), U. S. Grant (Pawnee), interpreter, and William Irving ("Broncho Bill," who was raised by the Sioux and has a Sioux wife), gave a very interesting exhibition of the Indian universal sign language. In this wholly pantomimic mode of expression the Pawnees, Sioux, Wichitas, and other tribes all understand each other perfectly, though unable to speak a word of each other's tongues.

TURTLE AND SONG.

Meeting of the Men Who Never Eat Hoboken Turtles, or Turtles in Hoboken.

The Hoboken Turtle Club, famous for good eating, good singing, and good after-dinner speaking, met yesterday to celebrate its 90th summer jubilee in the club pavilion adjoining Gabe Case's. Nearly a hundred members and guests sat down promptly at 5 o'clock when the cooking committee announced that the turtle soup was just right, and they proceeded like veterans to chop up eggs in their soup plates, pour the soup on it, and add a drop of lemon juice and a very small thimbleful of brandy, merely to flavor it. The bill of fare was therefore something like this:

Soup—Turtle, liquid.	Entree—Hard-boiled eggs.
Reptile—Turtle, solid.	Drinks—Brandy.
Relish—Lemon.	Dessert—Watermelon.
Condiments—Brandy.	

President J. Rockwell Fay made a speech which would have brought tears to the eyes of any hungry tramp if he had happened to come that way, and would have secured him a square meal on the spot out of pure sympathy. George Edgar recited two blood-curdling selections from tragedies. Waldo Copper and Thomas Murray spoke, W. S. Pontin sang "In Days of Old," and James Higgins revived "Mahony's Fenian Cat."

Did She Put Ether Into the Milk.

Patrick H. Condon, who is a cripple, has been out of work for several months. A neat little cottage, which he rents in Pearsall avenue, near the old Bergen road, in Jersey City, was mysteriously set on fire twice on Sunday afternoon, and Mary Higgins, a colored servant 21 years old, was suspected, and Detective Haltie had her watched. Yesterday morning Mrs. Condon was preparing breakfast when she noticed that the milk, which she had sent Mary for, had a peculiar odor and smell. Mrs. Condon carried the can of milk to a drug store and found that it contained a quantity of ether. The servant was arrested.

At Police Headquarters Mary denied putting the ether in the milk, but confessed to the charge of setting fire to the house. She declared, however, that Mrs. Condon had told her to do so. As the furniture was insured Mrs. Condon was sent for. She is detained pending an investigation.

Do You Ever Look Into Your

Kitchen and laundry? Be sure Pearline is there.—*Adv.*

THE FRANCHISE A FREE GIFT

SIGNING THE CONTRACT FOR THE SUBWAY SYSTEMS.

The Secretary of the Commission Suddenly Becomes the Secretary of the Construction Company—Who will Eventually Control that Public-spirited Concern?

There was no end of commotion yesterday over the independent movement of the Electric Lines Company in jumping the Subway Commission and applying to the Public Works Department for permission to open certain streets, under its franchise of April 10, 1883. Commissioner Squire referred the application to the Corporation Counsel for legal advice.

The Subway Commissioners hold that the franchise claimed by this company from the city was repealed by the act of the Legislature of June 13, 1885, creating their Board and giving to it control over all electrical subways. A clause of that act repeals all acts or parts of acts inconsistent with its provisions. The Electric Lines Company claim that such a provision does not disincorporate a regularly incorporated company, or annul a franchise granted by the municipality.

The Subway Commissioners met at 3½ P. M. to close their contract with the Consolidated Telegraph and Electrical Subway Company to construct and operate the general subway system devised. The Commissioners were all present with their counsel; also President Fitzhugh of the consolidated company, and Mr. Edward Lauterbach, their counsel. Mr. Lauterbach presented the bond of the company in the penal sum of $500,000. The seal of the company attached was attested by "William J. Sefton, Secretary."

Mr. Sefton has, until yesterday, been assistant secretary and stenographer of the Commission. His transfer from that office to the secretaryship of the newly organized construction company was remarkably sudden, but was accomplished without the slightest jar. Commissioner Flower said he thought they would not have to fill the vacancy.

The sureties on the bond were Alfred Sulley, President of the Ohio Southern Railroad Company; Aaron B. Cohu, 197 Water street; David R. Paige of Paige, Carey & Co., contractors, South Yonkers; John E. Hoffmire, President of the Knickerbocker Steamboat Company, and Clinton Beckwith of Beckwith, Quackenbush & Company, contractors, of Washington. The Commissioners approved the bond.

Mr. Gibbens, counsel of the Commission, suggested that the contract be provisionally executed at once, its formal and final execution to be deferred until the company got its other papers ready.

Mr. Gibbens added that the contract was very stringent. The company was to furnish all the money that might be required, which was, however, to be expended in every detail of the construction as the Commission might from time to time direct. The management and rental of the subway is to be in the hands of the company, subject at all times to revision and reversal by the Commission. When the company declines or refuses to subject itself in these matters to the Commission, the management and rental revert to the Commission. The company must make fair rates of rental, which must be uniform, with no preference to any one user. The management and control of the conductors placed in the subway will be left to the owners of such conductors severally, subject to the general rules of the company, which in turn will be subject to review by the Commission. For its compensation the company must rely absolutely upon the success of the operations of the Commission. In no event can their charge for rental exceed the present cost of maintenance of aerial wires, and it may be materially less.

When the subways are completed the Commission "will use all manly means in their power to compel all companies that employ electrical conductors to use their subways and to pay a fair rental for such use."

Mr. Lauterbach said that he had experienced difficulty in securing the approval of the contract by his Board of Directors because of its stringent nature. It had been asked why, if the obligations they assumed were so great, and the risks so unusual, and the promise of return so small, they entered into the contract at all? The reply was that the public had long clamored for the removal of the unsightly poles and wires from the streets. His company had come forward in response to public sentiment to undertake the work.

President Flower held a whispered conversation with Mr. Gibbens, when that gentleman asked Mr. Lauterbach, categorically, if his company would accept his (Gibbens's) interpretation of the contract?

Mr. Lauterbach—Your interpretation is substantially correct.

Mr. Gibbens—Will your company accept and act upon it as a part of the contract itself?

Mr. Lauterbach—I see you have a stenographer here who took down your remarks. When they are written out, if you will give me a copy I will submit them to our directors and have them express themselves by resolution.

Mr. Flower to Mr. Lauterbach—We want you to understand the contract as we understand it.

The contract was then signed provisionally with the understanding that it would not be operative until the company, by its directors, formally ratified Mr. Gibbens's interpretation of the instrument, after which it will be definitely executed.

The meeting then adjourned until next Tuesday at 3½ P. M.

Comment is made on this contract and the indemnity bond that neither amounts to much. The bond is for $500,000, but the Commissioners and their successors. The terms of the Commissioners expire on the 1st of November, 1887, and no provision is made for any successors. The law plainly contemplates that at that time the Commission shall go out of existence, and the bond will be lacking the party of the second part. Then the contract comes, it is hardly supposable that this extended subway system can be completed during the life of the Commission. Who then will there be to supervise and control this company, which meantime has acquired absolute control of all electrical transmission in the city?

Mr. Lauterbach says that John Hoey of the Adams Express Company and Edward F. Gedney of the Irving Bank have been elected new directors of the Consolidated Subway Company. This was since the company's golden streak of luck appeared.

MRS. RAMSEY CONVICTED.

She and Private Nicodemus Not to be Tried for Murder.

The trial of Mrs. Mary Ramsey and her daughters, Mrs. Rosa Hansen and Mrs. Evelina Travis, on a charge of keeping a disorderly house at Fort Hamilton, was continued yesterday in Brooklyn. They kept the "Live Oaks," where Peter Hansen, Rosa's husband, was mysteriously shot and killed. Mrs. Ramsey testified that the place was conducted as a hotel and that a register was kept. Rosa and young Hansen, she said, went to school together. Hansen was infatuated with Rosa, and begged her (the witness) to let her marry him. Mrs. Ramsey admitted that she ran away to Maryland with Private Nicodemus directly after the shooting, and that she changed her name to Mrs. Williams. The cause of her flight was to start business in some other place, and she changed her name because her own name had been disgraced by the newspaper reports about the Fort Hamilton house. She knew that Nicodemus was a deserter, but she did not think that was any of her business. She had never seen the pistol with which Hansen was killed.

Rose Hansen testified that she was faithful to her husband, and that she did not allow Nicodemus or any one else to kiss her. She frequently danced with the soldiers in her husband's presence and with his permission. It was at her husband's request that she put on the sailor's suit the night he was killed.

In summing up for the defence Lawyer Kurth referred to the death of Hansen, and asserted that it was a suicide and not a murder. Privates Simms and Gray, he said, had witnessed the shooting, and the former picked up the pistol with which young Hansen had killed himself, and could produce it any time. He explained that the reason the soldiers had not been called at the time of the inquest to clear away the suspicion against his clients was that they were absent from the fort that night without permission, and were liable to be punished if the fact were known.

The jury retired at 2½ o'clock, and just before midnight they agreed on a verdict. Mrs. Ramsey was convicted and both daughters were acquitted. There was a tearful separation between mother and daughters as the former was taken back to jail to await sentence to-morrow.

District Attorney Ridgeway announced yesterday that the charge of murder against Private Nicodemus and Mrs. Hansen would not be pressed, as he had found it impossible to secure the evidence necessary to convict. Nicodemus was therefore sent back to the fort to be tried for desertion.

The River and Harbor Bill.

WASHINGTON, July 22.—The conferees on the River and Harbor bill have had several meetings without reaching a definite result. There is a prospect that the 25 per cent. reduction will be accepted by the House conferees, but that there will be a hitch over the sandy Hook, Hennepin Canal, Potomac flats, Sturgeon Bay, and Portage Lake Canal items.

Gentlemen: If you smoke, sweeten your breath with Sozodont for the sake of friends.—*Adv.*

NEW YORK'S LOST CITIZENS.

The Canada Colony Apparently as Secure as Ever—Billy Moloney Still in Paris.

The Committee on Rumors gravely announced yesterday that Billy Moloney would sail from Havre to-morrow on the steamship La Champagne, and that, in view of his return, Assistant District Attorney Semple had gone to Montreal, under District Attorney Martine's orders, to tell John Keenan that he would miss his chance to turn State's evidence if he did not get to New York before Moloney did. Mr. Martine said the report was comically untrue.

Another official said that the real purpose of Mr. Semple's visit to Canada was to consult with the best legal talent of the Dominion as to whether there was any chance under the new treaty of extraditing John C. Eno and the other notorious defaulters that have sought gilded exile in Canada. Maybe it was, but there isn't any chance, unless we can persuade the fugitives to come back after the treaty is ratified, steal something more, and fly again. That would bring them under the terms of the treaty, if they stole as much as $50.

A report that ex-Alderman Charles B. Waite is growing restless in the House of Detention, and is making efforts to secure his release, was communicated yesterday to District Attorney Martine.

"Of course Waite is uneasy," said Mr. Martine. "It is only natural that he should be. But he must stay where he is unless he can furnish $30,000 worth of gilt-edged bail. The only effort that I am aware of to secure his release was made about a week ago. He wrote to me from the House of Detention, saying that his sister-in-law had died, and that he would like to attend the funeral. I did not answer the letter, but I telegraphed to Mrs. Waite at Essex that I regretted that her husband could not be with her in her bereavement. I did refuse to allow one of Waite's brothers to see him, but that was mainly out of consideration for Waite. The brother said that he wished to see Waite about money matters, and, as I knew that Waite had no money, I declined to allow the brother to see him."

"It is rumored, Mr. Martine, that Waite has intimated that he will not testify, as you expect, in future Aldermanic trials, if he is kept much longer in confinement," said the reporter.

"Waite will testify," rejoined Mr. Martine, somewhat warmly. "There need be no uneasiness on that point. But, even if he were unwilling, I have enough of his own handwriting to make him tell what we want. Moreover, if anybody believes that I rely solely upon Waite for future convictions, he is mistaken. Waite has been more valuable than he ever will be again, because the mere fact that he has given us lines of inquiry have resulted in securing other and more valuable proof than his own testimony. I feel kindly toward Waite, and will not allow him to suffer any discomfort. But he is best off, so far as the prosecution of the Aldermen of 1884 is concerned, where he is, and there he will stay. After all, he has no right to complain, so long as he is not in State prison, serving a long term. Indeed, none of the indicted Aldermen of 1884 has any right to complain, and they should be thankful that they are not also in State prison."

District Attorney Martine will leave the city to-morrow to spend a vacation at Richfield Springs. He will be represented during his absence by his assistants, Messrs. Nicoll and Fitzgerald, with whom he will be in daily communication, and he will be prepared to return whenever his presence may be desired.

EXPERT WALKING.

Brother Cooper and Sister Yancie Easily Take the Mount Horeb Cake.

J. Thomas Cooper unlimbered himself last night as do the petals of the top flower on a stately hollyhock after a July shower. During week days he is a waiter at Nash & Crook's; on Sundays he is Brother Cooper, assistant Superintendent of the Mount Horeb African Methodist Episcopal Sunday School. But on the one great day of every year, when the time comes for the annual cake walk, he gets out the white waistcoat with pearl buttons, the broad white lawn tie, the alpaca coat, black trousers, undulating collar, and springy shoes, and when he has put them on there isn't a youngster in the congregation that can walk any cracker, much less a sugar-flagreed prize cake, away from him.

Juan Frank Beato stood at the door and sold tickets, which had to be handed to Solomon Samuel Brown before anybody could get into Mission Hall, at 1,552 Third avenue. By 9½ o'clock, when the thunder of the drum-and-fife corps was heard outside, the room was beautiful. At one end was a long table. On the table was a tail cake dish, with yellow china lemonade bowls and ice-cream plates clustered around it as a frontiersman would gather his children to defend them from the attacks of the Indians. The cake dish was a beautiful dream of icing, raisins, and plums. Pink tea berries were stuck in cracks in the icing. There were hundreds of plums and thousands of raisins. From the three chandeliers floated six flags. In the rear of the room was the organ, and on a platform beside the organ four little boys, a yard high, and three little girls, a few inches shorter, sang "Salvation's Free," while the poor people paid 15 cents to come in. Two little boys stood on the platform and took turns sucking their fingers and lisping:

> I love my teacher dear,
> I love my Sunday school.

Their recitation was interrupted by the entrance of Drummer Samuel Henry Griffin and Fifer Caledonia Phillips at the head of the Thaddeus Stevens fife and drum corps. The fifer was propped up on three cornets, and Ed Lewis, grappling the cordwood drumstick with both hands, tried unsuccessfully to rupture the drum head.

J. Thomas Cooper stood in front of the platform proud and defiant. Forty years ran from his shoulders like a landslide. By his side stood Mrs. Lucy Caroline Yancie in a pink blue cashmere dress, with three rows of lace ruching in front and a gauze overskirt. Her gloves were yellow, and heavy gold bracelets encircled her wrists. The corsage was cut low and arrow shaped, and was filled in with lace and blue ribbons.

Caledonia Phillips tooted, Samuel Henry Griffin thumped, Mrs. Yancie timidly and firmly clasped the arm of J. Thomas Cooper, and, fixing their eyes on the cake, they started across the room. At the end they wheeled and returned. For four laps they kept perfect step. On the fifth turn Mrs. Yancie stumbled. J. Thomas Cooper looked at her reproachfully, then, proudly lifted her up, and she went on. Their step was as perfect as the tramp of a marching army and soft sounding as the footfall of a caterpillar. After the thirteenth round time was up, and the band played "Annie Laurie."

Miss Alice Zeno and Frank Burke and Miss Maggie Hart and John King started at the same time. They walked up and down seven times, traversed, crossed over and back; then open order, right and left, crossed again and back until five minutes are up.

Mrs. Beato walked with a young man, and other couples, with eyes glistening for the cake and perspiration swelling their collars, travelled up and down the room before the critical eyes of the judge, Mr. Samuel Hazen Crook.

When they had all had their show J. Thomas Cooper and Mrs. Lucy Caroline Yancie again arose. She drew her gown jauntily aside far enough to display a high-heeled French slipper, and the two did the great backward step without looking at the floor or each other. Timing their steps to the thuds on the bass drum, they walked backward to the café, and with the café as a receding beacon light, they walked backward to the bass drum. That gave them the prize.

Among those present were:

Mr. St. Jones and Miss Lucy Jones. Miss Jones wore a yellow hat with red feathers, a waist of saffron-colored gretonne with raised figures, a black skirt, black silk mitts, gold bracelets, and corsage red rose.

Miss Aiston, who wore a red hat with brown feathers, a high collar, red mitts, and black silk gown, heavily beaded.

Miss Griffin, a blonde with a low fang, who wore a black tailor-made suit, with gold ornaments.

Prof. Lockerman of Brooklyn, J. J. Moore, J. Wharton Johnson, Fred Collins, Prof. Robert Cooper.

Miss Margarite Beato, an attendant at the lemonade stand, who wore a plain black alpaca gown, white embroidered apron and plain cameo ring. Her hair was arranged pompadour.

Mrs. Mamie Bristow, who wore a Scotch plaid dress with red, white, and gray checks, and a white straw hat with white satin ribbons and carried a pale blue fan with hand-painted storks and other birds on it.

Mrs. Tillie Stevenson, who had forget-me-nots in her brown hat, a high choker, white tie, and white apron, with seven inch plaits.

Mrs. Lila Taylor and Miss Taylor.

Mr. Pierre Zeno, wife, and daughter.

Mr. Wm. Patterson, superintendent of the Sunday school.

Miss Hatty Tucker, Addie Winfield, Libby Brown, Frederica Randolph, and Chambers.

Mrs. Frazier, Mrs. Frazier and Mrs. Sarah Frazier. Mrs. Frazier wore a blue velvet jacket with large red bone buttons, a checked blue gingham skirt, lace cuffs, and daisies in her hat.

Miss Maggie Hart, who wore a white muslin gown with lace trimmings, and a blue satin skirt front.

A Mystery from Wappinger's Creek.

WAPPINGER'S FALLS, July 22.—This afternoon the body of a young man was brought to the surface of Wappinger's Creek by the steamer Dutchess. The body has not as yet been identified, but it is thought to be that of a peddler who lately visited this place. A large gash on the left side of the throat across the leading artery would indicate that the man had been murdered and cast into the creek. To all appearances he has been in the water for more than a week.

WILD TALK OF ANARCHISTS.

THEIR INCENDIARY WORDS BECOME EVIDENCE AGAINST THEM.

Inciting Men to Kill and Plunder—The Dynamite Found in Spies's Office—His Plan to Fire Bombs at the Police from Roofs.

CHICAGO, July 22.—In the Anarchist trial to-day M. P. Williamson, a reporter, testified that on the night of the opening of the new Board of Trade he attended the Socialist meeting in front of the *Arbeiter Zeitung* office. Parsons was the first speaker. He called the police bloodhounds and servants of the robbing capitalists. He called upon the crowd to follow him and attack several clothing houses (Marshall Field's store was mentioned), and help themselves to what he termed "the necessities of life." Fielden said the same thing. He offered to lead in an attack on the stores.

Q.—What was said about the new Board of Trade? A.—Both speakers said the building was put up out of money stolen from them; that every one who did business there was a robber and a thief.

The witness went up stairs later and asked Parsons why the Socialists did not march upon the Board of Trade and blow it up, as they had threatened to do. He said the police prevented it.

"Your party have revolvers. What preparation further do you need?" asked Williamson.

"The time hasn't come yet. When the time does come we will meet the police with dynamite and bombs," said Parsons. "The time will come some time during the year."

Parsons showed the witness a shell and a cap, and also a quantity of dynamite. These materials were kept in a drawer in a cabinet in the office. Parsons called for them and Spies got them. Parsons said these explosives were kept on hand in preparation for a war that was impending; that the laboring man was being robbed by scoundrelly Board of Trade men and others. The manner of warfare was to hurl bombs from the housetops, and in that way they could annihilate any force of police or militia that could be assembled. This conversation took place with Parsons, Fielden standing by. On going down stairs the witness met Detectives Trehorn and Sullivan. They went up stairs with him, and the statements were repeated to the officers.

At another meeting where the witness was present Fielden wanted the crowd to follow him to some store and get the necessities of life. Fielden advised the men to buy dynamite, saying that five cents' worth of dynamite was worth more than all the guns and revolvers in the Union. Parsons told the witness there were 3,000 Socialists in the city, and that the time came they would be armed with bombs. He said they were then drilling. When the time to act came they would begin operations on the Market street square and about the tunnel.

Lieut. Shea, chief of detectives, testified that he was at the *Arbeiter Zeitung* office on May 5, after Spies's arrest. He found a bundle of manuscript, type in forms, and a quantity of dynamite, all of which was taken to Police Headquarters. The witness identified the galley of type on which the "Revenge" circular was printed.

L. F. Buck, a mining expert, testified concerning the disastrous effects of the captured dynamite, which he had exploded.

Officer Wenke, one of the wounded policemen, took the stand with a bandage around his head. He said he had heard Engle early in the year make a speech advising the workingmen to buy revolvers to shoot the police.

Policemen Jones, McGough, and Flynn testified to the finding of several thousand copies of the "Revenge" circular in the office of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*. A great many copies of other circulars calling the workingmen to arms were also found. Several pounds of dynamite in one package was discovered. Mr. Grinnell offered to open the package if the defence desired. Policeman Duffy opened the package of dynamite on the floor at the feet of the jury.

"It is not dangerous," the witness said to the jurors, who were beginning to evince a disposition to edge off a trifle. Judge Gary expressed marked displeasure.

"Take that dynamite away," he ordered, and the package was hurriedly carried out.

Officer Flynn testified that Officer Jones and he searched Spies's desk, and found fuse, caps, and a number of sticks of dynamite.

John Ryan, a retired naval officer, testified that he had heard Spies, Parsons, Fielden, Schwab, and Neebe speak at Socialistic afternoon meetings on the lake front. On one occasion Parsons declared to the crowd that the police and the authorities were the natural enemies of the workingmen. He advised each individual present to purchase a rifle. If money enough he would not be hard for cartridges, let him buy a pistol. If a pistol was out of the question, then let him remember that he could get enough dynamite for 25 cents to blow up a building the size of the Pullman headquarters. Parsons told how dynamite had been experimented with by a young German at the socialistic picnic a few days before. He had it in a tomato can, and threw it into a small pond or lake in the picnic grounds. The sneaker told the crowd in glowing terms of the destruction that the experiment showed could be wrought with a very little dynamite. Spies said the same thing.

Harry Wilkinson, a reporter, testified that one day Spies showed him a small spherical bomb, an exact duplicate of the one exploded in the Haymarket, which he (Spies) described as "The Czar" and went on to tell of its superior destructive power. Several thousand of them, he said, had been manufactured in Chicago. They were sometimes distributed through the *Arbeiter Zeitung* office, but generally only a few were kept there for samples. Common dynamite of commerce contained only about sixty per cent. of explosive. The Chicago groups imported their own fusorial earth, and obtained an article in which the explosive figured at fully ninety per cent. When there was a conflict with the police at a public meeting at the intersection of two streets, and meetings would invariably be held at such intersections, the crowd was to open in the shape of a letter V. Then a sniper would fire from the windows of housetops adjoining, and if possible an infernal machine would be exploded in the midst of the police from the manhole of a sewer. The Anarchists had prepared maps of all the prominent street corners, the means of access to adjoining housetops, and were thoroughly posted in regard to the various underground systems throughout the city. If the workingmen struck to enforce the eight-hour movement, the conflict would probably occur then.

Obituary.

Nathaniel Walker, said to have been 100 years old, of 831 Eleventh avenue, died yesterday. He was a native of county Donegal, Ireland, and came to this city three years ago, bringing his wife, 70 years old, a son, and two daughters.

Peter F. Cullinan, formerly Supervisor of the Fifteenth ward, Brooklyn, died yesterday at his home, 440 Graham avenue Williamsburgh.

Désiré Mederic Leblond, the eminent French advocate and statesman, is dead.

Hugh McCulloch, a resident of Cuba, who owns a sugar plantation there of 2,000 acres, died at the residence of his son-in-law, Charles Crego, in Yonkers on Wednesday. He was born in Scotland seventy-one years ago. He married the eldest daughter of the late Robert Marshall of this city, by whom he had five children.

Mrs. Catherine Matilda Van Cortlandt Field, the wife of Benjamin H. Field, died yesterday morning at her home, 21 Madison square, North, of pneumonia