THE SUBWAY RING WEAKENS

FLYNN HAD LAID PIPE TO RUN IT IN AQUEDUCT SUB-CONTRACT STYLE.

"Damn 'Em, I Own 'Em, and if they Kick I'll Crush 'Em," was his Notion of Managing the Commission—"And when this Thing is Over, I'm Going for Grace"—Lauterbach with him, "You Bet"—Now there are No Men and No Money to Back the Hoss, and No Contract that is Worth a Copper Cent.

"The trouble with M. B. is," said one of Flynn's best friends yesterday, referring to the boss, "the trouble with M. B. is that he has undertaken too much. He is a manipulator, but knows as little about practical business as a child. His genius conceived the new aqueduct scheme, the Fifth avenue paving, the Arcade Railroad, the dredging of the ship channel at the entrance to the bay, the electrical subway project, and others of considerable magnitude. He doesn't pretend to pose as a public benefactor. He was laying out big jobs from which to make money, and he took very good care to shape matters so that he could control them. But, as I said, there is no practical business in him. The control of the aqueduct business he left with his partner O'Brien. The subway, which he considered a much bigger scheme, he undertook to manage himself, and a pretty mess he has made of it. To be sure, he has got his contract; but what sort of a contract is it? Why, it's like the handle of a jug, all on one side. So long as he can control the Subway Commissioners it may be all right enough; but what assurance can he give of his power to control that body a single day? And what then? Why, he and his construction company are absolutely at their mercy. The Commission can compel him to expend three millions or thirty millions in the construction of the work, just as they please, and when the work is finished they have no assurance whatever what it may yield them. The Commissioners may allow them to charge a rental, which would make it a big investment at a fair cost; or they may screw them down to so low rates that the revenue will not pay running expenses. Why, they do not know to-day, within three days of the time for beginning work on Sixth avenue, either what sort of a conduit they are to build there; whether they are to put it three feet or fifteen feet under the surface, and they haven't got a dollar in their treasury to begin work with, or a bona fide subscriber to their stock. And yet they have given a bond of a half a million of dollars to begin this job on Wednesday next. Is it any wonder that they find it difficult to enlist capitalists in the undertaking? What honest business man would put a dollar in such a blind pool as this?

"But Mr. Lauterbach says the directors are all men of means and ready to advance all the money that may be required?"

"There is not a man on that Board of Directors who voluntarily entered this company. Every man of them was solicited, either by Lauterbach or Flynn, to permit his name to be used as a director or officer, with an offer of stock as a free gift in return for the favor. They can't show a genuine subscription with one of the nine directors. They are more figureheads. Some of them have never attended a single meeting of the Board or company. Fitzhugh, the President, tumbled to the racket and got out. Hoey and Houston refused to go in any further. Davison says he wants no more of it. They can't find one of them now willing to be President except Balthazar, the banker's clerk, and he only accepts it temporarily. Men having such a low estimate of the company and its franchise are not likely to advance three or four millions of dollars to put it afloat, even if they had it to advance. Who is behind this Board of Directors what is the company? Maurice B. Flynn and John O'Brien. Yes; there's Lauterbach, the paid attorney of the concern, and Sefton, the hired secretary, and Thomson, who figures as their consulting engineer. That's all. That's the Grand Consolidated Telegraph and Electrical Subway Company in its entirety, and such are its financial resources. Why, man, it is an actual fact that the concern has not got money enough to-day to pay office rent. They are actually using one of the rooms of the Adams Express Company which happens to be vacant, and which John Hoey permits them to occupy, rent free."

"They must have some scheme for beginning work next Wednesday. They certainly do not intend to forfeit their bond?"

"Don't worry about their bond. That never will be resorted to, whatever else happens or fails to happen. But they will make a show of regard for it, of course. As Lauterbach said at the meeting the other day, 'We must either go ahead and begin work or file a protest.' And that's just what they propose to do. They will file a protest setting forth that they have used the utmost diligence, but because of the vastness of the undertaking, and certain indefiniteness in the specifications, they have been unable to perfect all their arrangements, and require more time. And the time will be given them. Flynn will take good care of that."

"Who's this new engineer they are talking so much about?"

"Haven't you seen him yet? Well, you should hunt him up at once. Its J. C. Henderson, the man Villard had as his consulting engineer during the period of his prosperity. He was with Villard about ten years. He now lives in San Francisco, where he has acquired eminence as an electrical engineer. Henderson was the first engineer to make a practical application of incandescent lighting afloat. He lighted the new steamer Columbia, plying between San Francisco and Portland, Oregon, with incandescent lights, and they are still working perfectly. When Commissioner Loew died, Flynn thought it would be a bright scheme to have an engineer in the Subway Commission, and he sent to California for Henderson. Henderson came on, not knowing what was wanted. When he got here and the project was submitted to him he at once pointed out his ineligibility, having lost his New York citizenship by long residence in California. That burst that project. Later, when Flower's engineer, Kearney, began to kick, and it was found that Engineer Thomson couldn't control him, Henderson was sent for again post haste. He refused to come at first, but they plied him with telegrams, telling him that this subway was the biggest thing in the world and would make him famous, and Henderson yielded and came on again. Before he got here Thomson had made up his mind to stick as engineer of the Commission, and Henderson was assigned to the company. That is, he was told that he was to be their chief engineer and Flynn introduced him to the officers and dummy directors. Henderson took the contract and began studying it. It didn't take him long to find out that it was no contract at all and he told M. B. so. But Flynn insisted that it was all right; that he controlled the Commission, and that they could not interfere to injure the company. 'Damn 'em!' said Flynn. 'I own 'em, and if they kick I'll crush 'em,' emphasizing his language by tightly shutting his extended hand. But that did not satisfy Henderson, and he continued his investigations, discovering that there was really no company—that the whole thing was a fraud from beginning to end—and he determined to shake it and return to California. And so the company has lost its big figurehead engineer."

"Do you happen to know what caused Fitzhugh to get out so suddenly?"

"Yes; you printed in THE SUN a report of a mysterious meeting at Lauterbach's office the first part of the week. When that meeting adjourned, Fitzhugh asked Henderson to accompany him (Fitzhugh) to his office. They went. On reaching the office Fitzhugh pulled off his coat and told Henderson to do the same. 'Now, sit right down there,' said Fitzhugh, and tell me all about this business.' 'What business?' asked Henderson. 'This subway business,' replied Fitzhugh, adding, 'for I don't know anything about it.' Henderson did as requested, and he made a full disclosure of the nature of the contract; showed the uncertainty of the specifications; said that in the matter in dispute as to the depth of the trench was involved the question whether a given job should cost $1,000,000 or $3,000,000 dollars; characterized the whole proceeding as a transparent job and a fraud, and said that for himself he had resolved to have nothing more to do with it. Fitzhugh thought a moment, and then said he had had enough of it, and at once wrote his resignation, which was a surprise to everybody connected with the business.

"I see you mention that meeting at Lauterbach's office. Do you know about that?"

"I do, all about it. Your report was perfectly correct so far as it went, but you might have gone further."

"Was Flynn at the meeting, as THE SUN said, or was he not?"

"Certainly he was, and the most active man there. Lauterbach pretends to question his presence there. You just ask Mr. Lauterbach if he does not remember Flynn's saying, 'After this thing is over I'm going for Grace,' and, turning to Lauterbach, adding, 'and you are with me, ain't you, old boy?' and ask him if he didn't clasp Flynn's hand cordially and reply, 'You bet.'"

"Was Gibbons there?"

"Certainly he was, and he and Thomson, Flynn's engineer, had it hot and heavy. They don't love each other, and Gibbons was at the bottom of the reports that Thomson had resigned as engineer of the Commission. Thomson got his mad up at that meeting and told Gibbons that he not only had not resigned but didn't intend to resign, and defied Gibbons to get him out. It was very funny to see Gibbons wilt. He was as white as a sheet."

"Was it true that all hands went out and took a drink together after the meeting?"

"As true as preaching. M. B. led the way to Halbert & Berrick's saloon and set 'em up for the boys. There were plenty of people in the saloon at the time who saw them there."

"Well, you seem to be thoroughly well posted. Tell me about the material these people propose to use."

"There is no secret about that. Flynn through Judge Kelly, controls the Dorsett patents for this city, and they will use the Dorsett coal tar stuff, for which they have put up a $10,000 plant at the foot of East Twentieth street. But the funny part of this business is that Flynn has conveyed to the Subway Company only the right to use the material, reserving the right to manufacture it. This is the same tactics employed on the aqueduct. He proposes, of course, that the company shall subject the contract for constructing the work, and then he'll sock it to the poor sub-contractor for the material, making a profit on that, which the company will not share. That's his style of financiering."

"The specifications require that the conduit is to be laid upon a foundation of hydraulic cement, with a foot of the same material on either side of it. That will call for a good deal of cement. Do you know who is to supply it?"

"Alston Gerry & Co. have already coppered on that. That's another of M. B.'s bright schemes to make extra profits. Of course you know that Alston Gerry & Co. is only another name for Maurice B. Flynn."

"What do you know of the reasons for selecting Sixth avenue for the first subway?"

"I only know that the Western Union Telegraph Company have a permit to extend their underground system up that avenue from Twenty-third to Forty-second street, and it is reported that the subway people selected that avenue so as to head the Western Union off. But it was a very foolish selection. It is the worst avenue in the city in which to construct such a work. There are more water, gas, and sewer pipes crossing it than any other; the foundations of the elevated railroad occupy much of the space, and above thirty-fifth street it is all rock under the pavement. Henderson saw those difficulties at a glance and pointed them out. He insisted that it would be impossible to dig a trench there of the required size without disturbing the foundations of the elevated road, which he insisted they would not be permitted to do. He went to Flynn about it. Flynn heard him and then asked him what they should do? 'Why, take some other avenue,' replied Henderson. 'What avenue would you take?' asked Flynn. 'Why not try Fifth avenue?' suggested Henderson. 'Oh, for God's sake, there's been enough about that Fifth avenue pavement already; don't talk about disturbing it again,' cried Flynn, and there the matter dropped."

It is a curious fact, as intimated by Flynn's friend in the above interview, that though Wednesday next is fixed upon as the day for beginning work on this Sixth avenue subway, and though Lauterbach and Sefton are daily trumpeting the company's readiness to begin work at that time, no preparations have yet been made for doing so. True, Flynn is ready to furnish the material for the conduit through his Dorsett Company, and the necessary hydraulic cement through his firm of Alston Gerry & Co., but the company has not got one dollar in its treasury with which to pay the labor required in digging the trench and putting down the subway, nor has it been able, as yet, to make a contract with any parties to undertake the job for them. At a recent meeting a contractor did come before them, and offered to take a contract for the work without price, agreeing to leave it to the company to fix what he should be paid. And Treasurer Balthazar made a motion to accept the proposition, and award the contract there and then. To this Vice-President Davison, who is an old engineer and familiar with legitimate contract work, objected, saying that the fellow would begin a suit against him within a month if he should carried his point, and the generous no-price contractor was bowed out. Nor has the company made any survey of Sixth avenue to ascertain what obstacles are to be overcome. When Engineer Henderson pointed out the necessity of such a preliminary survey, and suggested that trenches should be opened across the street at every three or four blocks, an engineer was sent up to make such an exploration. He opened a trench five feet in width, and extending out seven feet from the gutter at a point opposite 446, at the corner of Twenty-seventh street. But he was soon called upon to show his authority, and, having none, was compelled to desist. This was on Thursday. The company then got Gibbons to apply to the Commissioner of Public Works, in the name of the Subway Commissioners, for permission to make such openings in the street. The Commissioner referred the application to the Corporation Counsel for advice, and there it now rests. So that if, as by this action they seem to admit, such exploration is necessary as a preliminary, how can they possibly be ready for work on Wednesday?

A reporter asked a competent contractor to make an estimate on the cost of the work this moneyless company has undertaken to perform. The gentleman took the specifications, a sheet of paper, and a pencil, and began figuring. After calculating the width and depth of trench, the cost of asphaltic cement for the conduit and hydraulic cement to surround it, the cost of manholes, one at each street intersection, and the restoration of the street after the work, without estimating engineering and supervision, or any office expenses, he said that under the most favorable auspices the work might be done for $75,000 a mile. The Sixth avenue conduit is termed a trunk or main conduit, though it is by no means the largest that will be required. There are twenty miles of these trunk conduits to be built. Thus their cost will be $1,500,000. Then there are forty miles of lateral or cross conduits in the system, somewhat smaller in capacity, but the contractor insisted that they would not cost materially less to build. But counting them at only $50,000 a mile, their cost will be $2,000,000, or $3,500,000 in all. Now add 20 per cent. for office expenses, engineering, supervision, and contingencies, and the bill runs up to $4,200,000, and not a dollar in sight to begin with. Surely nothing further is required to show the utter lack of business sagacity displayed by this grand Consolidated Telegraph and Electric Subway Company—or else that it is simply what has been alleged, a scheme of fraud.

OYSTER SLOOPS RACING.

Second Annual Regatta Under the Direction of the Larchmont Club.

Forty-two pretty sloops, as near like yachts as it is possible for oyster sloops to be, courtesied to the waves in Larchmont harbor yesterday morning, waiting for the signal to send them over the line for the second annual race for oyster sloops given by the Larchmont Club. From all along the Long Island coast, and even from New Jersey, the oystermen had come, not only for the $255 offered by the club in prizes, but for the day's sport.

At 11:55 the blue peter, the signal for getting ready, was run up on the shore below the club house, and in a moment the harbor was full of life. It was a pretty sight as the white winged fleet bore down toward the line, skirmishing for position, and it was a still prettier sight when, five minutes later, in a bunch like a flock of white swans, they crossed without a handicap.

Thirty-five out of the forty-two entries started, and nearly all finished. The course was a triangular one, about nineteen nautical miles in length. Following the fleet was the tug W. G. Godwin, with the regatta committee—E. J. Greacen, John T. Fisher, S. Wainwright, Augustine Monroe, W. S. Alley, Commodore of the club, F. M. Scott, and other members, on board.

The wind was due east and blowing fresh, and most of the way the tide was flood, but coming home the boats had to make against it. The winners in the classes were as follows:

Cabin Sloops—The Grace Mackey, Port Washington, George Mackey owner, won in 3 hours 28 minutes 48 seconds, with the Watson, Bayonne, E. E. Van Buskirk owner, second in 3 hours 29 minutes 33 seconds.

Open Sloops—The Suyi, Far Rockaway, A. H. Mott, owner, won in 3 hours 45 minutes 41 seconds, with the J. A. Willis, Port Washington, James A. Willis, owner, second in 3 hours 51 minutes 58 seconds.

Catboats—The Mamie, Portchester, W. J. Martin owner, won in 4 hours 9 minutes 5 seconds, and the Joker, Port Washington, E. C. DeVoe owner, second in 4 hours 12 minutes 12 seconds.

In class one the prizes were $75 for first and $35 for second, in class two $50 for first and $30 for second, and in class three $40 for first and $25 for second.

A protest was made against the Mackey for going inside Hen and Chickens buoy, but as she was forced in it was disallowed. The Mamie was also protested against on the ground that she was entered under a false name and that she was not an oyster boat. This protest has not yet been decided.

WAITING FOR THE ECLIPSE.

Scientific Men Go to Grenada to Study and Photograph the Sun.

BOSTON, Aug. 21.—Mr. W. H. Pickering, the head of the Department of Photography of the Institute of Technology, with two other skilled photographers and several English observers is on a visit to the island of Grenada, one of the British West Indies, for the purpose of observing the total eclipse of the sun on Aug. 29. The path of the eclipse stretches across the Atlantic from the west coast of Africa. A position in mid-ocean would be the most favorable for observation where the sun will be eclipsed at midday, but no island is there available. The sun will be eclipsed at Grenada about 9 A. M. The photographing of the corona is the special object in view.

Before starting on this trip Mr. Pickering tested a new photographic apparatus for scientific purposes at Harvard College. It is in the shape of a wooden trunk forty feet long and four inches interior aperture. Through this aperture the light of the sun was transmitted, being reflected from a mirror at one end of the trunk to a telescopic lens and photographic plate at the other, the lens being forty-foot focal length. An image of the sun four inches in diameter on the photographic plate is thus secured. This apparatus will be used in Grenada.

Thrown from His Wagon on the Bridge.

Henry Buddine of 15 Cannon street received severe scalp wounds yesterday by being thrown from his wagon on the Brooklyn Bridge. He was removed to the Chambers Street Hospital.

Sunday, Aug. 22, Long Island Grounds, Grand st. Long Islands vs. Jersey Blues. Admission, 10c.—ADV.

THE TORNADO IN THE GULF.

FURTHER DETAILS OF THE INUNDATION OF GALVESTON CITY.

One Hundred and Fifty Houses Wrecked—A Vessel Capsized and Four Lives Lost—Seventy-five Houses Demolished at Victoria, and Indianola Nearly Swept Away.

GALVESTON, Aug. 21.—The easterly gale, which set in here on Thursday forenoon, as the day lengthened, became a veritable tornado. All day long the Gulf waves thundered and roared, and rapidly encroached upon the island. By 9 P. M. people living in exposed situations in the eastern and southeastern portions of the city began to seek safety in the central portion of the city. By midnight St. Mary's University, on East Broadway, and the Ursuline Convent, at Bath street and Avenue N ½, and many churches were filled with refugees who had been driven from their homes by the fast encroaching waters, which soon became so deep in the remote eastern and southern portions of the city as to render transportation by vehicles impossible. At this hour the wind, which had attained a fearful velocity, drove the tumultuous waters over the sand hills and far into the city. In streets contiguous to the beach a frightful scene of devastation was in progress. Houses careened and went down before the fury of the gale and the force of the waves like cockle shells, and affrighted men, women, and children were frantically struggling through the surging waters for places of safety. Many narrow escapes from injury from floating timbers and drowning occurred. It is estimated that fully 150 houses have been wrecked and ruined, while a great many more were either knocked from their foundations or flooded with water and badly damaged.

The business parts of the city after 8 o'clock, as the storm increased in violence, became a scene of activity, and all goods on the ground floor were hastily elevated to shelves or tables or were removed to upper stories, and preserved from the damaging influences of the salt water, which by this time had begun to creep in and flood the lower floors. But for this timely action on the part of the merchants on the Strand, the wholesale centre of the city, much damage would have been inflicted. As it is, the loss has been trifling. A number of retailers on Mechanic, Market, Post Office, and Tremont streets did not escape so luckily, but suffered considerable loss to their stocks on lower floors, which in many instances were several inches under water. Nearly every store on the south side of Market, between Nineteenth and Twenty-sixth streets, and between Bath avenue and Twenty-eighth street, was inundated, while corner groceries and other stores in the outskirts of the city, where the water was highest, suffered severe loss. Beginning at the foot of Ninth street, of the bay shore, extending around the eastern end of the island to the Gulf and thence west, the full limit of the city presents a woeful scene of destruction, and where on Thursday evening there were pleasant homes and cultivated yards, was last night a sea of water and desolation. At 10 o'clock yesterday the wind, which had reached a velocity of forty miles an hour, began to abate and the waters receded. Then came heavy dashes of rain. As evening approached the wind which had blowed slightly to the south, began to freshen, and at 9 o'clock had increased to a gale, and it was feared that before morning the flood tide would cause further devastation.

The principal buildings which were totally destroyed on the beach side were the Beach Hotel, occupied by the immediate Convention was held; O'Keefe's Sea Breeze Saloon, a large two-story building directly opposite; the Pagoda bath house, and all the buildings of the inter-State drill ground. The lower floor and office of the Beach Hotel were flooded, and some slight damage was entirely suspended. The loss is roughly estimated at $100,000. Old citizens say that it was the most terrible storm ever known in Victoria. The telegraph wires are all down, and there is no connection south.

News from Cuero says the storm was very disastrous to property there also. Advices from the country say the storm was very violent, damaging crops and destroying property.

A special train from Indianola brings sad news as to that place. A relief party that went down on it report the following: When the train arrived within about four miles of Indianola the tracks were washed out very badly and were partly gone. The party walked within half a mile of the town in water waist deep, and could go no further. They saw Mr. Clements across the bayou. The bridge was washed away. He said we should have a train there very early in the morning, as everybody wanted to get away. They have nothing to eat and no clothes. It is reported that the lower end of the town is gone from Mrs. Logue's to the ice house on both sides of the street. The wharf is also gone. There are supposed to be many lives lost, as many persons are missing. The only body found was that of the sister-in-law of Mr. Hodges of Cuero, Texas. It was discovered this side of a stream, about two miles from town, lying in the water by the side of the track. Some houses were burned. The fire is supposed to have been caused by the lamps in the falling houses. Among the persons missing are Dr. Lewis, Capt. Reed, Dr. Rosenrans, Mr. Sheppard and family, and Mrs. Hodges and two children. Henry Sheppard was found across the lake badly bruised, but still alive. Mrs. Max Luther lost her two children. One of them died in her arms.

Further news from Indianola says that a fire broke out there yesterday during a heavy storm, destroying every building except two on both sides of the street from and including the Signal Office to Villeneuve corner. Capt. Reed, the signal officer, and Dr. Rosenkranz were crushed and killed in the Signal office. Dr. Lewis is missing, and is supposed to be lost. The Knapp family, Mrs. Shepard and her children, and a sister-in-law of Dr. Hodges of Cuero are missing. The water is said to have inundated the town worse than during the great storm of 1875. A relief party started for Indianola this morning. Last evening the body of a young woman, supposed to be that of Dr. Hodges's sister-in-law, was discovered alongside the road track by a party who went down on a special train. The dead bodies of two of Mrs. Luther's children were also found.

Do you ask for a test of Sozodont's power? Just talk to a lady for half an hour. If her breath is sweet, if her teeth are white, if her gums are coral, if her eyes are bright, if her breath is pure and her teeth are clean, she uses the Sozodont, then, we ween.

Ladies who use Sozodont have only to open their lips to prove its excellence. Their white, gleaming, spotless teeth and fragrant breath will tell the story. There is then demand for this wholesome and inexpensive preparation than for any other dentifrice in the market.—ADV.

On vacation or at work backache and other pains are sure to come. Therefore keep Benson's plasters within reach. They cure.—ADV.

DR. BEERS ARRESTED.

He is Accused of Assisting Mrs. Robinson to Murder Her Family.

BOSTON, Aug. 21.—Another sensational feature in the great Somerville poisoning case was developed to-day. Chief of Police Parkhurst caused the arrest of Dr. C. C. Beers of this city on a charge of murdering Lizzie A. Robinson in February last. The girl's mother was also arraigned as accessory. Mrs. Robinson was brought over to Somerville from the Cambridge jail. Dr. Beers is 74 years of age, has a ruddy complexion, full gray beard, and blue eyes. He is a man of smart appearance, carries his head high, and has a good presence. He entered the court room with an elastic step, and the first person his eyes met was Mrs. Robinson, attired in her sombre mourning dress and closely drawn veil. A slight nod passed between them and he took his seat by her side in the dock.

The Clerk asked Dr. Beers and Mrs. Robinson to stand up and listen to the reading of the complaint, which charges that Dr. Beers and Sarah J. Robinson, on Feb. 1, 1886, did feloniously administer white arsenic to Lizzie A. Robinson with intent to kill, and that the girl died from its effects.

"What do you say to this complaint?" said the Clerk to Dr. Beers. Dr. Beers drew himself up to his full stature, and, with great deliberation and in a clear voice, said in a solemn tone:

"In the presence of a holy God, I am not guilty?"

"Mrs. Robinson, what do you say to this complaint?" asked the Clerk. "Are you guilty or not guilty?" Mrs. Robinson stood up and said with a good deal of emphasis:

"No, sir, I am not guilty. I was out West when my daughter was taken sick. She was taken sick in November and died in February." The case was continued until next Friday, when the Robinson-Smith case comes up again. The couple were committed to Cambridge jail without bail.

Chief Parkhurst is not ready to make public his evidence against Dr. Beers. It is said he expects to prove that the Doctor instructed Mrs. Robinson in the use of poison, with a full knowledge of the use she was making of the information. Dr. Beers says that about two years ago he was called to attend Mrs. Robinson, who was then living in Cambridge. Since his removal to the home of his daughter, Mrs. Tucker, in Allstone, he has been attended once or twice to attend Mrs. Robinson, but owing to the distance he was unable to go. He adds that he was not called to attend any of the sick children, and consequently was not in a position to give any opinion as to the cause of their illness and death. He says he has never given, nor has Mrs. Robinson ever asked of him, any advice relative to the use of any medicine or poison. "Do you suppose," says he, "I would be so foolish or criminal as to advise any one in the use of poisons?"

Dr. Beers's specialty in medical practice has been the cure of alcoholism and the opium habit. He was arrested in 1878 on a requisition from the Governor of Texas, based upon an indictment for murder. The complaint was that a lady in Texas bought pills which Beers advertised for the cure of the opium habit, and died from their use. No serious consequences to the Doctor followed his arrest, and soon after he was advertising himself again as the savior of hopeless inebriates.

HOW ABOUT THIS SALOON?

A Key West Merchant Bunoed and Robbed at 23 Coenties Slip.

John R. Curry, a dry goods merchant at Key West, Florida, has been in this city with his son on business for the past week. He made Sweet's Hotel, on Fulton street, his stopping place. About noon yesterday he went out to buy some fruit, and at Fulton and Water streets a polished stranger approached him, and asked earnestly about Mrs. Brown's health. Mr. Curry corrected the man's error by telling him that he was not of the extensive Brown family, but his name was Curry, and he came from Key West to look about himself among the down-town dry goods houses. The stranger, after profuse apologies and the statement that he was a shoe dealer, left.

Mr. Curry stood on the same spot, waiting for a basket of pears which he had ordered from a stall keeper to arrive, when he was again accosted. This second stranger was well acquainted with Key West. He was Sylvester Allen, had frequently been there, and was an uncle to young Mr. Allen, who was at the head of a prominent Key West banking house, and, in a singular coincidence, he was also in the dry goods business, a jobber for a large house, and his invitation to Mr. Curry to come along and see some samples was gratefully accepted. Mr. Allen piloted his new friend to 23 Coenties slip, where Frederick W. Fiske keeps a beer saloon. Allen got a satchel from behind the bar, and led his companion into a small room. Here he emptied the satchel of a number of slips of calico. They were of antique pattern, and not such as Mr. Curry cared for. He was about to leave when another man entered. Mr. Curry had $60 in his hand, and the new comer, with a businesslike air, took a package of bills labelled, in large figures, "$1,000," from his inner coat pocket and slapped it on the table, with a bang. He next produced three cards, and said to the astonished merchant:

"Now's your time to make money." Allen was enthusiastic at once, but his companion arose from his seat to leave, saying: "I don't know anything about gambling, couldn't tell one card from another."

Before he could get out, however, the $60 was snatched from his grasp, the two men had disappeared, and a third man, a big, burly fellow, had firm hold of Curry's arms, and was shouting in his ear:

"Gamblin', hey? I'll fix yer."

Curry succeeded in wresting himself away, but not until the confidence men had escaped.

He then went to the Old slip station house, where he reported his loss. From his description of the man who had held him Detective O'Malley arrested John Dillon of 21 Coenties slip. He had the money, which he said the men had given him to return to its owner. The prisoner was taken to the Tombs Police Court and held for trial in default of $2,000 bail. He denied having taken any part in the accident, and Mr. Curry said:

"You had so much to do with it that if I'd had a gun and got a bead on you you wouldn't be here."

ANXIOUS TO JUMP FROM THE BRIDGE.

But they Go to the Other End of the Island to Announce their Intentions.

As Tommy Danforth, the light-weight pugilist, who did not succeed in getting Denny Butler, the swimmer, arrested Friday for not trying to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge, leaned against the bar of the Oliver Cottage, a nervous man, 38 years old, pulled out a lead pencil, and began to draw a diagram on a bit of paper. The diagram was to show how the nervous man intended to jump off the bridge head first. Danforth manifested no surprise at the proposition. He knew the Oliver Cottage. It is a small frame building, with bar attached, propped up on spiles at the edge of the Harlem River at Fourth avenue and 132d street. The peculiarity of the Oliver Cottage is that you can't go in there any time nowadays but what you run against somebody who is going to jump off the bridge himself or who knows somebody who is going to.

The nervous man was John Williams, a plasterer, who had come down from New Haven to give Gotham the benefit of some new ideas about bridge jumping. Williams took rooms at the Grand Central Hotel before going up to the Oliver Cottage to explain his idea. His explanation was that he could go over the bridge head first safely, by using his breakwater appliance. This is a large hollow shell of wood, shaped like a bag, open out in half. It has two handles fastened inside at the open end, and Williams declared that by crossing his arms at the wrists, and holding the handles firmly in his hands, the breakwater would protect his head from injury, and cleave so big a hole in the East River when it struck it that he will slide safely through it till the impetus of his leap is all exhausted.

"I think you're a big chump," said Tommy Danforth, frankly.

"No, I ain't," retorted Williams. "I'm an expert swimmer, I practised for this thing by jumping off the crosstrees of ships' masts. Once I was thrown overboard, tied hands and feet, into the Kennebec River, and swam all the way across."

"You make me tired," said the pugilist, wearily, as he unloaded a schooner of beer.

Charles E. Bishop, the balloon from Maine, who wants to down Steve Brodie by jumping from a balloon fifty feet higher up than the bridge drive, was at the Oliver Cottage yesterday, too. The people up there don't think the Bishop balloon will ever get up from terra firma. Bishop says he won't jump unless somebody bets him $500 that he won't.

Denny Butler was at the Cottage, too. He insists that he will jump the bridge some day. Billy Oliver wants to jump off the bridge, too. Billy Oliver owns the Oliver Cottage. He is 35 years old and weighs 150 pounds. He says he is in regular training for the bridge leap, and has jumped off High Bridge several times for practice.

Cholera Infantum.—The greatest cause of this dread disease are excessive heat and improper food. Infants who are fed upon Mellin's food will pass through the hot summer safely. A physician in one of our largest cities brought up his babe upon it, and wrote the following as his experience: "During these two years, while living in the most densely populated and most sickly part of the city, during the intensely hot and intensely cold seasons, at no time has our child been seriously affected in comfort or health."—ADV.

It is no longer necessary to take blue pills to rouse the liver to action. Carter's Little Liver Pills are much better. 25 cents.—ADV.

The Ridgewood and Arlington Clubs will play at the Ridgewood Base Ball grounds to-day, 4 P. M.—ADV.

WAR ON THE ANARCHISTS.

THE POLICE HAVE ONLY JUST BEGUN THE HUNT FOR CONSPIRATORS.

Chicago Intends to Rid Herself of Anarchist Nests—The Female Relatives of the Condemned Men Hold an All-Night Meeting.

CHICAGO, Aug. 21.—Capt. Michael Schaack, who is credited with having obtained the chief evidence against the condemned Anarchists, was asked to-day if the police were now through with their labors. "Through," said the officer, "why, they have but barely commenced. The Anarchist business in Chicago has only commenced, and before it is through we will have them all in jail or driven out of the city."

"Will any of the women be arrested?"

"Why not the women? Some of them are a good deal worse than the men.

"Do you think," continued the Captain, "if I had told the newspapers what I was doing while the Anarchist trial was going on that the jury would have brought in the verdict of yesterday? No, sir. The prisoners would have gone free. I was working up the evidence little by little, piece by piece, and putting it together where it belonged. If I had told all I knew as fast as I got points, the defence would have known what evidence was to be brought against them, and have been prepared to meet it. There was but one man besides myself who knew what I was doing."

The attorneys for the State from the first relied on a verdict of guilty. They believed there was no doubt concerning the result. Had Schnaubelt been at the bar they could have produced testimony corroborative of Gilmer and Thompson which was excluded under the rules of evidence. They regret that Balthazar Rau was not indicted for murder with the condemned men. There was not sufficient evidence implicating him, however. The most important points against him were developed during the trial and by the witnesses for the defence, and especially by Spies and Schwab. There is some talk of having Rau and Most indicted for murder by a future Grand Jury. Had Schroeder testified in accordance with his first story to Capt. Schaack, Neebe, it is said, would have shared the fate of his co-conspirators. The socialistic labor unions labored over him, and thus saved Neebe from the gallows.

The most active worker for the defence was Capt. Walters, who, Jansen swore was drilling the armed sections. He, it is said, procured the "pairs" of witnesses referred to by Mr. Grinnell in his closing speech. It is said he induced Schroeder to testify for the defence. The Anarchists who testified for the defence, the police say, were drilled by him.

It is said that Rau has fled from the city. He has not been seen in his accustomed haunts for the last four days. A detail of ten policemen from Capt. Schaack's force spent the night at the jail as a special guard. They were relieved by another squad this morning. The prisoners had a long talk with Capt. Black their chief counsel, this morning regarding their efforts to have the verdict set aside.

A meeting of all the female relatives of the sentenced Anarchists was held last night. They were reinforced by men from all parts of the city, and Miss Spies subsequently said that over $1,000 was subscribed to the fund to carry the case to the Supreme Court. Miss Spies said: "We have been watched and hounded by detectives and newspaper men until we are nearly harassed to death. But we evaded them all last night and had our meeting.

"The law may beat us by Judge Gary's rulings and by the special pleas made by Mr. Grinnell, but the Supreme Court never will endorse or rule the same way. Judge Phillips and others have told us that. Think of my brother being hanged, when he was only trying to do the best he could for the working people."

It was reported that Mrs. Holmes made an energetic plea to the meeting in favor of awaiting the decision of the Supreme Court. The women said they were not in any fear of starvation or of being distrained for rent, as the oppressed of all nations would come to their succor. The meeting did not adjourn until early in the morning. The women all embraced and declared that they would stand by each other.

W. H. Parsons, a brother of the condemned Anarchist, said to a reporter that the case would be carried to the Supreme Court of the United States if necessary. It is very well understood that the leading exception will be the refusal of Judge Gary to give for the defence the instruction which gave to all men the right to peaceably assemble, and to repel by force any attempt either by the authorities or private individuals to break up such a meeting. If the State Supreme Court overrules them on this point they will appeal to the United States Supreme Court, on the ground that the question is a constitutional one.

The *Arbeiter Zeitung* this evening, in a long editorial, says the "capitalistic press" lies speaks very hopefully concerning the condemned Anarchists, whose case, it announces, will be taken to the highest court in the land. "We do not say too much," says the *Arbeiter*, "when we assert that the jury yesterday by their verdict drew a line into our camp who had heretofore been our opponents."

State's Attorney Grinnell, having completed his arduous labors in connection with the Anarchist trial, left for New England this afternoon. Immediately before leaving the city, Mr. Grinnell held a private consultation at his office in the Criminal Court with Chief Inspector Bonfield and his assistants, Mr. Walker, and Mr. Furthman. The principal question discussed was the attitude of the State toward the remaining Anarchists in Chicago, who have not been arrested or presented for indictment by the Grand Jury.

At the close of the conference the State's Attorney was asked: "Do you propose to go ahead at once and bring other well-known leaders of anarchy to the halter?"

"We intend to leave the Anarchists alone for a time to see whether they have now learned what the indictment free speech means in this country; whether they still hold it to mean that they may incite men to riot, murder, and plunder. I will say this. We have had in this trial men who were called squealers and informers. There were three or four of them. One of them was called to the witness stand. From these men we have obtained the names of all the principal Anarchists in Chicago. We have these lists, and the Anarchists do not themselves know it. I want them to know it now. I want them to know that they are marked men. And if ever a hand is raised to injure a hair of the head of any juror or person connected with the trial that is now over every Anarchist might as well consider that his death knell has been sounded. We have their names and will bring every one to the gallows. Let them understand that."

AN EXCITED ANARCHIST.

On His Way to Chicago, with Others, to Try and Save the Necks of the Condemned Men.

PITTSBURGH, Aug. 21.—A German, with shaggy, unkempt whiskers and dark skin, jumped off the train from the East at the Union Depot this morning, and in great haste purchased a morning paper, when he began reading, with no little degree of interest, the despatches concerning the conviction of the Anarchists in Chicago. The correspondent of THE SUN, noting the eager manner of the stranger, asked him if he was specially interested in the case. He replied quickly that he was, and was on his way to Chicago to see what could be done toward securing a new trial for the condemned men.

"Are you an Anarchist?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "and I do not believe those convicted in Chicago have had a fair trial. Public sentiment, sir, has been much against these poor men ever since they were arrested. Tyrants and capitalists have lost no time and spared no money in placing them in the most unfavorable light. They have plenty of friends in New York, who are ready and willing to contribute largely toward their defence. If they are hanged, Anarchism will then have been truly born in this country."

"What will you do upon your arrival in Chicago?"

"I will at once confer with our friends in that city. Representatives of anarchistic societies throughout this country will be present in Chicago within the next twenty-four hours. There will be other prominent Anarchists from New York who will go to Chicago in a short time."

"Are you not afraid of the police?"

"No, sir. The police, in the first place, will not know us, and, in the second place, we propose to resist, as far as our revolvers, should they attempt to hunt us down."

The German talked on at length after the peculiar manner of the Anarchists. When asked his name he replied that it was August Leifar, but in such a manner as to arouse the suspicion that such was not his real name.

Is It a Case of Somnambulism?

James Hanaway, aged 27, a pilot employed by John H. Starin, and living in Schmidt's Hotel, 119 Washington street, fell from the fourth story to the sidewalk yesterday morning, and died soon after his arrival at the Chambers street Hospital. It was said at the hotel that he had retired at his usual hour, and nothing more was thought of him till he was picked up unconscious on the sidewalk at 3 o'clock yesterday morning. It is thought by the inmates of the hotel that he walked out of the window in his sleep.

His Lawyer May Get him Five Months.

Policeman Weimer and Agent Ciardi raided the stale-beer dives at 59, 41, and 35 Mulberry street on Friday night and made fourteen prisoners, five of whom were women. Justice Duffy gave the women six months each and the men one month. Daniel Quinn, one of the defendants, employed Lawyer Gleason, between whom and his Honor there was a war of words. The lawyer waited on examination for his client, which was granted. The little Justice said he would give him six months all the same.

It is no longer necessary to take blue pills to rouse the liver to action. Carter's Little Liver Pills are much better. 25 cents.—ADV.