UNLICENSED DIVE KEEPERS.

WHERE THEY HAVE GOT THE BULGE ON THOSE WHO PAY LICENSE.

The Remarkable Workings of a Wonderfully Constructed Excise Law—About the Only Power Possessed by Anybody in the Dive Keeper's Power of Defiance.

There are three ways in which a man may get permission to open an art gallery and sell beer, whiskey, and other beverages. He can either get the approval of the Excise Commissioners and pay $75 for a saloon license, $30 for an ale and beer license, $75 for a storekeeper's license, which will not allow him to sell drinks by the glass, or if he wants to run a hotel he must pay $100 for a second-class and $250 for a first-class hotel license. If the Excise Commissioners will not grant a license he can either "iron" the police and run without a license or apply to the courts for a mandamus to compel the Excise Board to grant the license.

There are now some 14,000 places in New York where liquor is sold. Only some 10,000 of them are licensed, and the others run their chances, either paying for protection and securing it, or submitting to the occasional arrest of a bartender when he sells liquor to a policeman. In the present Excise law and the way it is enforced there are so many loopholes that not one of a hundred arrests for violation of the law is ever heard of after $100 bail has been given at the police court the morning after the arrest is made. In fact, a man who runs a place without a license is better off than a man who has one. He can keep his place open all night and all day Sunday, and the most that can be done is for a policeman to arrest a bartender or waiter wherever he can buy liquor. A licensed place has to close at a regular hour every night, and is not allowed to sell on Sunday. The Excise Board can revoke the license at any time if its conditions are not carried out, while an unlicensed man's place cannot be closed or raided unless the neighbors complain that he is keeping a disorderly house.

Even when a man's license is refused or revoked he can apply to the courts for a mandamus. All the Excise Board can do under the law is to defend the case through their counsel. They have no power to take any further action than the mere passing upon the fact of licensing. They can neither order the police to close the place or to make arrests. Nor can they make the District Attorney present and the courts speedily hear what causes there are. Their sphere was limited formerly, and it has become still more narrow by the changes in the Excise law made by the Legislature last winter, and Judge Ehrlich's decision on the construction of the new law. Judge Ehrlich decided that it was the duty of the Court to grant a mandamus in case the Excise Board did not base its finding on legal and sufficient evidence. Hearsay evidence would not do, nor would opinions or charges not legally proven be sufficient for rejection. Under this decision James Thorn of Eighty-sixth street and Avenue B, for whom a mandamus was first granted, went to the Excise Board's office at the Bowery and Bond street on Tuesday and demanded his license. The Board asked him if he would not wait until the appeal which they have taken would be decided. He refused to wait, and said that he wanted his license right away. It was given him, and a memorandum was made on the minutes of the Board that the license was given only under protest, and that the money received for it would not be turned in to the city treasury, but would be held as a special deposit to be repaid if the case on appeal was decided in favor of the Board. A minute was made that the Board did this only because they did not want to be fined or sent to jail for contempt of court, and not because they believed that Judge Ehrlich had power to grant the mandamus.

Like proceedings might be taken by Mr. William McMahon of the Haymarket, Mr. Thomas E. Gould of the Sans Souci, Mr. Harry Hill, Mr. William McGlory of Armory Hall, Mr. Frank Stevenson, and other gentlemen to whom licenses have been refused by the Excise Board in the same way in which Thorn's was returned.

The police are as much tangled up in the meshes of a faulty law as the Excise Board. All they can do is to make arrests. They cannot force a man to close up, and even if a squad of police went in and arrested every bartender and waiter in a place there would be no law compelling to prevent the proprietor from bailing them all the next morning, and having them all at their old places the next night. The police might repeat the arrests night after night, and the only effect would be a piling up of bail bonds. And in case there were no legal evidence against each bartender and waiter that he had individually sold what the policeman would swear positively was intoxicating liquor, it would be the duty of the Police Justice to discharge him at once, no matter how great the moral proof might be.

The case would then go to the District Attorney's office, where it would be put with the thousands of other small bail cases to stay at the tail of a crowded calendar. There are a way so many more important bail cases, and so many prisoners in the Tombs awaiting trial, that it is a thousand to one against a man arrested for violating the Excise law ever getting as far as the court room door. Even then, supposing the District Attorney were to lay aside the other business of the office and hurry up the excise cases, it would be hard to convict. The policeman would be the only witness. In the lapse of time after the arrest his memory might become faulty, and he might not be positive that the stuff he bought was not weiss beer or the whiskey cough medicine or sarsaparilla. The defendant would have evidence on his side, and each case could be dragged out for a day, until all the parts of the criminal calendar would not much more attend to them.

Even on conviction the penalty at the worst would be slight, and on the revocation of the license, if the defendant had one, a new license could be applied for under another name, and if refused a mandamus could be asked, or the place continued without license, the occasional sacrifice of a bartender or waiter being only a slight addition to the expense account.

Such being the state of the law and its administration, there is no need why any man who wants to sell liquor should bother himself further than to get place and secure ready bondsmen in case there are any arrests. There are quite a number of men in New York who have found this out, and do it, and if some of the places which have licenses under the old Board are refused by the new one they will be addition to the saloon and dive keepers who will profit by their knowledge of legal flaws.

There are to-day thousands of places in New York where liquor is sold without a license, and openly. Mr. Thomas F. Gould, manager for Thomas F. Foley, the lessee of the Sans Souci, has carefully reopened his new and enlarged place, the Sans Souci, at 50 and 52 West Thirty-first street. The place is as well and prettily arranged as any saloon in New York where only men go. The house next do r, formerly known as the French Madam's, has been thrown into one with the old place. There is a large concert room with chairs and tables and a stage at one end; the bar is in a side room. There are some tables and bills of fare in the lunch room, and upstairs there are private rooms with tables and chairs. Weiss beer, wines, ales and bourbon, weiss beer, weiss claret, and quite a number of other weiss drinks are sold. The place is open a couple of hours later than it used to be when a license for it stood in the name of Mr. T. F. Parker. There are a few score women constantly present, but there is no disorderly or noisy conduct. The only thing that would warrant the police in closing the place would be for the neighbors to complain that it is a disorderly house, and Mr. Gould takes good care of that. Anybody who gets too drunk is carefully taken outside and away. No concealment is made about the selling of liquor, and anybody who wishes can get a drink the same as at the Fifth Avenue or the Hoffman House. Fourteen of Gould's bartenders and waiters are now "out on bail."

The licensed place of the Haymarket at Thirtieth street and Sixth avenue expires on Sept. 9. A renewal has been refused. Inside of a fortnight it will be added to the list of places that sell without a license. For a long time it has kept open over hours, although within the last two months, while Mr. McMahon's application for a license was being considered, it closed promptly at 1 o'clock every night.

A few doors away, at 306 Sixth avenue, is ex-Alderman Jim Irving's Empire Garden, for which the new Excise Board has granted a license in the name of George T. Dolger. The place is on a par with Gould's, that has no license, and McMahon's, that was licensed by the old Board, except that at the Empire Garden there is no music. The old Empire was one of the toughest places in the Twenty-ninth precinct. Irving gets in the habit of doing his own slugging with his private slung shot. Men would be assaulted and fired out to the sidewalk, but Irving's political pull was so great that the cases never came to trial. Policeman Evanhoe was on the beat, and he had a hard time of it with Irving and his cases. Finally one man was half killed, and the case caused so much excitement that an old charge against Irving was pressed and he was sent up for smashing Dick Darling over the head with the butt of his revolver. While he was gone the old place was kept up as before, only the doors were closed. The old tables and chairs stayed in their places, the rent was regularly paid, and the place was dusted out weekly, waiting for the time when Irving would get out. A few months ago his time was up, and application was made for a license. A pretense of fitting the place up as the Franklin House, a semi-hotel, was made, and the new Board granted a license. The night of the opening Jim Irving himself was there and opened wine for his friends. The newspapers commented on his presence and he has since not been conspicuously present. But there are the same waiters, the same women, the same management of the tables, the same chief beeler, Mike Coburn, and everything as before except the stage that is vacant, and there is no orchestra. It was openly said there, however, that there would be music as soon as things quieted down again. The new Excise Board inspected the place personally and were told that the platform was retained as a pedestal to a fountain that was to be put in. A few tables with cloths over them are the only pretence of a hotel at present.

The Chelsea and Cremorne are two other places of the same character. One has a license, the other has not. Prostitutes sit around and solicit. Liquor is sold at all times and prices, and the Excise law is openly and constantly violated as at the other dives.

Armory Hall, on Hester street near Elizabeth, is another prominent place that has no license, but where liquor is sold. It is nothing now to what it was in the glorious times before Proprietor William McGlory was sent to the Island. A few tough girls hang around the big dance hall; there are as many waiters present as there are male visitors, and the few bartenders are solitary and growing fat through idleness. Drinks are sold over the bar to whoever calls for them. They are served at any of the tables and in the billiard room until as near daylight as anybody will stay. The place has no license, and applications were refused by both the old and new Boards.

The Allen's old dive and dance hall on Bleecker street, within sight of Police Headquarters, is still running. Liquor of all kinds is sold openly and after hours. At 1 o'clock the up stairs part is closed, and proceedings are continued in the cellar. The dive is comparatively quiet now, and little is doing.

Harry Hill complains of hard times at his place on Crosby and Houston streets. He says he has been losing money steadily all summer. He has no license, and has not had one for some time. An occasional bartender or waiter girl is arrested, and there are ten or a dozen of them out on bail, but the place keeps right on, and liquor is sold all day and almost until daybreak. There is a variety performance and dancing nightly.

Frank Stevenson sold his old Black and Tan at 151 Bleecker street to Billy May six months ago. May has since died and the place has been closed. There have been no shadow dances or French exhibitions either there or at Armory Hall for some time. The last application for a license for the place was made by P. J. Nee on Aug. 6, 1884, and it was refused.

These are only a few of the 4,000 unlicensed dives and gin mills. A full list would take up a page of THE SUN. There is no pretense of concealment about these places. They are open as licensed barrooms, but, as a rule, the liquor sold is of viler quality and higher price. They are open more hours than the licensed saloons, and when these latter are closed the dives in question keep their lights burning as long as the last maudlin customer has a nickel to spend.

The revenues of the city are less by thousands of dollars every year because the present law is not strictly enforced. Many of the largest hotels in the city have second-class licenses, and hard liquor is sold at many places that are licensed to sell only ale and beer.

If a high license law, with clear and unmistakable provisions and penalties, were rigidly enforced, the revenues of the city of New York would be enormously increased. A high license law would turn every man with a license into an officer anxious to see unlicensed liquor selling broken up. His license would be a valuable property instead of a cheap bit of paper, and he would cling to it and fear to violate its provisions. Still, nothing could be done without efficient coöperation of the Excise Commissioners, the police, the Justices, and the District Attorney's Office. There is no such coöperation or co-working now.

President Woodman of the Excise Board said: "We are doing all we can to see that no man gets a license who is unfitted to sell liquor or who runs a disorderly place. That is all we can do, and if the decision of Judge Ehrlich is sustained in the appeal we have made we will be limited even in our discretion in issuing licenses. We have now five places on trial for breaking the Excise law, among them are Tillie's old place, 61 West Fourteenth street, 295 Bowery, and 116 Third avenue. We have revoked the license of the old Windsor Garden, near the Brunswick, at 20 West Fourteenth street. We will revoke the license of every place where the law is violated, and when their licenses expire we will refuse to license all disreputable places. Where we have not sufficient proof to revoke the license we will take care to have our witnesses in future sworn, and have the testimony legally taken, and in proper form, so that Judge Ehrlich's chief objection in the mandamus cases will be removed.

"We want citizens to make complaints, and we will act on them as much as lies in our power. We hold ourselves responsible for the conduct of the places we license. I visited the Empire Garden before we granted it a license, and I was assured by Mr. Doll that Irving had no connection with the place. [Before the license was granted Capt. Williams reported to the new Excise Board that it was Irving's place.] If it is at all different from the representations made to us I will favor the revocation of the license. I saw the platform and asked why it was left, if there are no stage entertainments to be given, and I was told that a fountain was going to be placed there.

"The majority of the saloons of New York are respectable places, where a man goes, gets his drink or cigar, and goes away. We are sifting out the improper places as fast as we can, but we can't close up the dives in the Twenty-ninth precinct. There is friction between us and the Captain of the Twenty-ninth precinct, and it looks as if it is likely to keep on. We have not the power to close a place, neither have we power to make arrests. All we can do is to grant or refuse or revoke a license.

"I asked Super ntendent Murray why the police did not close the places like Gould's. He said that the police had not power to raid or close a place except on complaint that it is a disorderly house. If any citizen makes such a complaint the police will act. The Superintendent said that the law restricted the power of the police. I have have not looked it up, but if he said so I take it for granted that it is true, as I am sure that he is doing all that he can to suppress unlicensed places. He is a most capable and efficient officer. I have inquired at the District Attorney's Office about the cases there, and why they are not prosecuted, and I was told that many of them were so faulty arranged that a conviction could not be secured, and that in other cases the evidence was not sufficient. In but a small per cent. of the cases could a conviction be had."

Mr. Thomas E. Gould gave his side:

"I run an orderly place," he said. "I am willing to pay the license fee any time the Excise Board will grant me a license. I have a better class of customers than many licensed saloons, and I do not allow drunken and noisy men in the place. The police can not close my place unless a complaint is made that I run a disorderly house. They can not enter this place any more than they can enter any private house. The police can not inquire whether the women here are prostitutes or not. If liquor is sold to any policeman, the man who sells it can be arrested. That is all the police can legally do.

"The original License law was passed in 1857. Amendments about the issuing of licenses were made in 1873, and the law was left in a confused and contradictory state. Licenses are issued at present under the old and invalid law of 1857. Strictly and legally speaking every place where liquor is sold in this city is as much without license as my place. They refuse to grant me a license, but there is no law that says a man shall sell no liquor." The fact of selling the liquor must be proven in court, and the police and Excise Board can not set themselves up as judges to say whether liquor is sold here or not. If the Excise Board can not to blame. It is not the intent of the law to drive any man out of his honest business. If a line of policemen was stationed along this bar I could sell coffee and crullers or weiss beer and apple pie. There is no law under which the doors of my place can be barred.

"I wish you would correct the statement that Owen Lafferty, who was found drunk the other evening on Broadway opposite the Gilsey House, got any liquor in my place. I happened to be passing on Broadway and saw him and helped him to the Tombs. That's the way my name was brought into the case."

TAILORS ON STRIKE, TOO.

Going Out of the Shops To-day to Help the Locked Out Clothing Cutters.

The five branches of the United Tailors' Union resolved at a meeting in Everett Hall in East Fourth street on Friday night not to go to work this (Sunday) morning, and to remain out until a satisfactory settlement is arranged between the clothing manufacturers and the clothing cutters. The members of the United Tailors' Union are Hebrews, and do not work on Saturday. The cutters say they found that work was being taken to Newark and Somerville, N. J., but they requested the cutters there not to take the work, and the cutters promised not to take it.

The Committee on Arbitration will confer with the clothing manufacturers on Tuesday. On Monday the clothing cutters will have a parade before that of the Central Labor Union.

The Plumbers' Strike.

The Journeymen Plumbers' Union say that 330 men were locked out in sixty shops yesterday because the union insists upon the enforcement of its apprenticeship rules. The boss plumbers say that 750 men on strike would be much nearer the correct number. In the shop of President John Byrne, Grand and Attorney sts., the journeymen put down three men locked out. Mr. Byrne says that there are fifteen.

Secretary James J. Gallagher of the Plumbers' Union says that the plumbers are considering a proposition to establish cooperative shops. The plumbers will meet in Clarendon Hall at 2 P. M. to-day.

Strike of Cap Makers.

The cap makers met in Germania Assembly Rooms yesterday afternoon. It was announced that the cap makers in Marks Brothers', 121 Greene street, had struck against a reduction of 25 cents upon boys' hats and 20 cents on men's.

Striking Boxmakers.

The 250 men employed in Smith's box factory, Box and Oakland streets, Greenpoint, struck yesterday for an increase of wages. Mr. Smith says he will not take them back, and will employ only non-union men in the future.

DORSEIT'S PITCH WON'T DO.

THE SUBWAY COMPANY TRYING TO GET SOMETHING ELSE.

Will It Beg Off From Its Contract and Give Up the Ghost (the Ghost is Flynn) and Try and Bing in as a New Company?

Subway mysteries are deep and sometimes unfathomable. THE SUN has succeeded in getting at the bottom of most of them. It has been so clearly shown that the present scheme was conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity that the scheme has naturally proven a miserable failure. It is clung to now only to cover the intriguing which is going on preparatory to the adoption of something else. And therein lies the present mystery which THE SUN has not yet fathomed.

Dorsett coal tar pitch was the rather slippery and uncertain foundation of the scheme recently adopted with so much of a hurrah, and Maurice B. Flynn lay concealed in the pitch. The work of construction was begun last Monday with a progress of 250 feet daily promised on the bond. The week closed last night with nearly one hundred feet of the marvellous pitch conduit laid down. During the week thousands of visitors have been attracted to it by curiosity or interest. Among the latter have been the engineers and electricians of every electrical company of the city. These have carefully inspected the specimens of conduit obligingly brought upon the ground on Monday morning by the Dorsett people, and the actual thing itself as it is being enveloped for protection in Contractor Cummins's excellent brick and cement work. And the almost unanimous expression of these experts is that the pitch will not answer the purpose; that they cannot safely recommend their several companies to intrust their conductors to such a fragile, porous, badly joined receptacle, and that, even were the receptacle now perfect, no amount of packing in brick and cement will prevent its disintegration under the action of the gases which so thoroughly saturate the soil beneath the city.

Under the influence of this practical criticism, further aided by the original prejudices of Chemist Ledoux, and the more blunt opinion attributed to Contractor Crimmins that "the stuff is no good any way," it has been secretly and informally resolved to abandon it. But does its abandonment mean the abandonment of Maurice B. Flynn, its proprietor and the hidden mainspring of the company using it? Without Flynn the Consolidated Telegraph and Electrical Subway Company resolves itself into an industrious and enterprising attorney, a Secretary who is never at his office, and a bond for half a million of dollars. Lawyer Lauterbach could probably drop Dorsett easily enough, but Flynn is the sticker. And the companies owning other patents and processes which would be available refuse to sink them under the not cleanly name of the Consolidated Company. True, the Consolidated Company might change its name to the North American, the Averell, or something else, still retaining its contract. But will those companies, or any of them, except Maurice B. Flynn as a member, assume his obligations, and undertake to carry out his contract? Thus far the answer has invariably been "No." And Mr. Lauterbach has received that answer from more than one source.

Well, what then? Nothing but a new deal all around. The Commissioners must be prevailed upon to cancel the existing contract and release the bond given for its performance, and enter into a new contract with another and a genuine company.

Commissioners Hess and Moss are anxious for the return of President Flower to the city so that a special meeting of the Commission may be held. The mystery that THE SUN has not fathomed yet lies in the method proposed to be pursued to induce the Commission to annul the existing contract, cancel the bond given for its performance, and enter into a new contract with a company to be named by Mr. Lauterbach.

SCANDALS OF THE PENSION BUREAU.

It was Run by the Republicans as a Part of Their Political Machine.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 4.—An unusually forcible campaign document was published by the Democrats to-day, its subject being the management of the Pension Bureau of late years. The Republicans have always advertised themselves as the special and only friends of the soldier, and have assumed a proprietory right to all the praise and thanks given to the Government for its liberality in the matter of pensions. To any fair-minded person who watched the campaigns of 1880 and 1884 it was, however, evident enough that the Pension Bureau was used merely as a Republican political machine, and that the party's love for the veterans was continued solely upon their voting the party's ticket.

The pamphlet is devoted to proving the shamelessly partisan and corrupt conduct of the pension officials during these campaigns and throughout Arthur's administration, and, second, to a vindication of the Democrats' claim that since President Cleveland's inauguration the veterans have been treated better than ever before, and the bureau has been managed for the first time in its history on a really unpartisan basis. It shows that from 1880 to 1885 the pension authorities were bitter and unscrupulous partisans, who made use of the machinery of the office to perpetuate Republican supremacy by taking clerks from the pensioners for pensions, and buldozing them into voting the Republican ticket by threats of refusing their applications unless they did so. The notorious conspiracy of Dorsey, New, Hubbell, and Bentley in 1880, designed to corrupt and control the soldier vote, is detailed, and the secret official correspondence between the leaders in the plot is published in full, showing the part which the Pension Bureau took in furnishing Dorsey with his famous "soap."

When a committee of the Senate was appointed last winter under the spur of Commissioner Black's report to investigate these and other abuses in the Pension Office, the Republicans on the committee voted down a motion by Senator Kenna asking Gen. Black to lay before the committee the documentary evidence in his possession material to the inquiry. This evidence, thus suppressed, is now given to the public in this pamphlet. Dozens of pages are filled with letters and other documents showing that in the campaign of 1884 Republican Commissioner Black and other officials in the Pension Office made use of their positions to aid and advance the cause of the Republican party in all manner of corrupt ways.

The records of the office show that the special examiners were delegated to work in the different districts and at the polls for Republicans on the Blaine and Logan, and that they did as they were directed. It is also shown that in spite of their professed fidelity to the civil service law, the Republican officials appointed none but Republicans on the Board of Special Examiners, and to other important positions in the bureau, and that Commissioner Dudley on more than one occasion recommended and secured the rejection of Democrats connected with or applying for offices in the bureau. The pamphlet concluded with a counter statement showing the comparative fairness and unpartisanship of Commissioner Black's administration.

Doubted in Bridge Jumping Circles.

Sergeant Phillips of the Bridge police says he has had rigged up underneath his desk an electric apparatus which goes off when a bridge jumper comes upon the bridge. When the apparatus goes off he dispatches a policeman to keep a sharp look out.

"No one has jumped off the bridge since Larry Degnan did," Sergeant Phillips said. "The fellows who claim to have jumped are the worse kind of fakirs, and haven't nerve enough to jump off the front doorstep. We await the coming of the Chicago champion, Maude Dolaro, with much impatience."

In bridge jumping circles doubts were expressed yesterday about the truth of Sergeant Phillip's electrical apparatus story.

Duff Got the Worst of It All Around.

James Lewis, the laundryman at 286 Elizabeth street, who is charged with shooting Charles Duff, the husband of one of his laundry girls, was arraigned for examination in the Tombs yesterday. He brought with him a bevy of his laundresses to prove that he was innocent of the offence. It was shown that Duff had entered the place to quarrel, and that he had previously served a term on the Island. Lewis was discharged, and Duff, who has recovered from his wound, was arrested on a charge of disorderly conduct and sent to the Island again for six months.

Martin Kalbfleisch's Sons.

Messrs. George F. Gantz, William Brookfield, and F. D. Locke have been appointed a committee of the creditors of Martin Kalbfleisch's Sons to continue the business. The plan adopted by the creditors for the relief of the firm and their own benefit was filed yesterday with the Kings County Clerk.

A Mad Dog Killed in Thirty-eighth Street.

Policeman Gregg killed a rabid dog in front of 151 West Thirty-eighth street yesterday.

A Disciple of Epictitus.

I sleep well at night
Without sting or bite
From a bed long mosquito or fly, tra la;
While the roach on his back
Murmurs death is Buhach
To all bugs that breathe through their gills, tra la.

Buhach, the great California Insect Powder, put up only in sealed tins with yellow labels, covered by our trade mark, Buhach. Every tin is guaranteed. *Try it.* Of druggists.—*Adv.*

If you wake in the morning with a bitter taste in the mouth, coated tongue, perhaps headache, your liver is torpid. You need Carter's Little Liver Pills.—*Adv.*

A NEW SYNAGOGUE.

To be Built by the Congregation Kahale Adas Jeshurum in Eldridge Street.

The Jewish Congregation Kahale Adas Jeshurum, which has worshipped for nearly forty years in a small synagogue in Allen street near Broome, began last Thursday to build a

new synagogue in Eldridge street, between Canal and Division streets. The new site includes street numbers 12, 14, and 16. A liquor saloon and two dwelling houses, which were purchased with the site, have been pulled down, and before snow flies it is hoped that the handsome building, of which a representation is herewith printed, will be a reality. The drawing is from the plans of the architects, Messrs. Herter Brothers of 191 Broadway. The cost of the synagogue will be $43,000, of which $18,000 will be spent for interior decorations. It will be built of brown stone and terra cotta.

The first rabbi of the congregation was Rabbi Mittelman, who died twenty years ago. There have been five rabbis. The last was Rabbi Solomon M. Siskind. He was discharged, not because he was not liked, but because the congregation voted to retrench in their expenses while building the new synagogue. When it is completed a new rabbi will be engaged. The old building was sold for $19,000 to the Beth Hamedrash Hagodol, now worshipping at Ludlow and Hester streets. The members of the Kahale Adas Jeshurum are less than 200, but the attendants at services are about 400. The Building Committee are Nathan Hutkoff, H. Glass, Max Rosenthal, A. Silbermann, S. H. Blum, L. E. Meyer, B. Valbers, S. Holser, and S. L. Brody.

BATTLING IN THE DARK.

A Man Shoots One Burglar and Wounds his Wife while Firing at Another.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 4.—The quiet little town of Collinsville, a few miles from East St. Louis, on the Vandalia Railroad, was startled by a shocking tragedy early this morning. Brent Willoughby, a harness maker, lives in a pretty home near the centre of the town, and is reputed to keep quite a sum of money in the house. Mr. Willoughby is about 45 years old and occupies, with his wife and six-year-old son, the front room on the ground floor. Willoughby was awakened by a noise in the room, and, thinking his son was restless, he spoke to him. As he did so he saw two men in the doorway. Before he could reach under his pillow, where he always kept a revolver, the men sprang forward, and while one grasped Willoughby the other caught hold of the wife. They were both forced back on the bed, and a terrible struggle ensued, during which the burglars used some blunt instrument and pounded the heads of Mr. Willoughby and his wife almost to a pulp. Mr. Willoughby soon became unconscious. Willoughby, however, continued to struggle, and at last, freeing his right arm reached under the pillow and got the revolver. Quickly cocking it, he fired point blank at the fellow on top of him. The man gave a groan and rolled off. Willoughby then turned his attention to the fellow holding his wife, and, pointing his revolver at him, again fired. Then occurred the most unfortunate part of the affair. Instead of shooting the scoundrel, his aim was wild, and the shot struck his wife in the left breast, and is supposed to have penetrated the lung. The assailant then ran through the door, and Willoughby again fired, but without effect.

When he looked for the fellow he had shot he had made his escape, leaving a trail of blood on the carpet. The neighborhood was aroused and search made for the burglars, while physicians were summoned to look after the Willoughbys, who were found to be terribly injured. The bullet in Mrs. Willoughby's breast was probed for without success, and it is feared that she will die. Her head is cut in such a manner that not one square inch of scalp is entire. Willoughby was also badly beaten, and it is thought his skull is fractured. The physician gives no hopes of his recovery.

At noon to-day a man was captured who was partially identified by Willoughby as one of his assailants. He is a stranger to all who have seen him and refuses to say anything. A trail of blood led from the house to the depot where it was lost. It is supposed that the man went off into the bushes to die, as Willoughby is confident he shot him through the breast. There is talk of lynching the prisoner if he is positively identified. The motive of the scoundrels was undoubtedly robbery.

ACCUSING A CANDIDATE.

Mr. McBride Says the Republicans are Trying to Smirch His Character.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Sept. 4.—John McBride, the Democratic candidate for Secretary of State, filed his answer to-day to the suit of Edward Neiswander. The latter in his petition asserts that McBride has alienated his wife's affections, and that he has had criminal relations with Mrs. Neiswander. To these charges McBride makes an indignant denial. Mr. and Mrs. Neiswander have not lived together for eight years. He is said to be a worthless, drunken person. He has allowed his wife to work in the kitchen of her father's hotel to support herself and child. She says that she has never been in the presence of John McBride alone, and that her husband is insanely jealous of any man who speaks to her. Admitting that if he would act as he should, she would live with him. McBride, in his answer, says:

"I shall move to have said cause set down for immediate trial, in order that I may satisfy the people of Ohio, by a judgment of the court, that the charges against me are utterly false, and were made for political purposes only."

Brutal Treatment of an Old Man.

Edward Kenney, a stylishly-dressed young man, who gave his residence as Brighton Beach, but refused to tell his business, was a prisoner at Essex Market yesterday on complaint of Henry Dies, an old man, who lives at 262 Bowery. Dies said that while he was crossing Third avenue near Cooper Institute about 2 o'clock yesterday morning he was roughly pushed off the sidewalk by two young men acting in concert. He turned to remonstrate with them, when Kenney struck him several blows on the head and face. His eyes were nearly closed and he was badly bruised.

"You must be a fine blackguard to strike that old man," Justice Gorman said to Kenney. "You ought to be sent to the penitentiary during your natural life."

The prisoner had nothing to say, and was held in $1,000 bail for trial.

Gaunt and Thin, but Alive.

Two months ago the family of Mr. Heman Clark of Portchester lost an Irish terrier dog. No search could discover it, and no one in the village had seen the missing beast. For a day or two after his disappearance muffled barks were heard, apparently coming from under the piazza of the house. But there was no sign of him there, nor did the family discover his whereabouts until fully five weeks after his disappearance. Then an unused cistern under the house was cleaned out preparatory to being filled up. The cistern had several inches of water in it, but on the highest part of the bottom stood the lost terrier, "Bob," gaunt and thin, but extremely glad to see his friends again. He is now alive and fat, and an object of admiration to his young owners.

A Train Cannot Be Run Every Minute.

Superintendent Martin of the bridge said yesterday that he did not think President Howell's plan of running trains on one minute's headway was practicable. "It is too dangerous," he said. A train cannot be unloaded in one minute. The bridge has reached the limit of its capacity, and to add the number of trains is to increase the risk. The best plan is to increase the number of cars in a train, and that will be done as soon as the New York extension is completed."

Will the Dock Board Shut Up Shop?

President Stark of the Dock Board is quoted as saying that on next Wednesday the Board may be compelled to dismiss the laborers employed on the water fronts and to suspend a number of clerks also, the reason being that the Board has no money to spend. It may be that the money authorized to be raised by an issue of bonds will come to the relief of the Board before the cash gives out.

Cholera Infantum.—The greatest causes 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 baby 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.*

MAGONE TURNS ONE MAN OUT

REPUBLICAN INSPECTOR HILL FIRST TO FEEL THE AXE.

He Was Allowing Pings & Pinner to Withdraw Gloves From Bond Without Paying Duty—The Firm Pays Up $17,000.

Collector Magone's first week in office makes Uncle Sam $17,000 richer. A Republican official of twenty years' standing is dismissed or permitting a big Broadway importing firm to withdraw goods from a bonded warehouse without paying duty.

The Collector determined on Friday to investigate the bonded warehouse of Andreas H. Gouraud, 102 and 104 Greenwich street. His men discovered that dutiable goods consigned to Pings & Pinner, glove importers at 386 Broadway, had been allowed to be taken from Gouraud's warehouse without the permit which certifies that the duties have been paid. The Collector's men fastened on one instance where 47 cases of kid gloves, worth $800 a case, had been thus removed to Pings & Pinner's store. Inspector Walker B. Hill was in charge of the customs service at Gouraud's warehouse. Collector Magone recommended his dismissal yesterday. That means go.

Hill is a Republican from the Fourteenth Assembly district. He was appointed Customs Inspector on May 31, 1867, and has been stationed at Gouraud's stores since February, 1881. He says that he allowed Pings & Pinner's goods to go out of the place expecting the permit to be handed to him later. Collector Magone sent for Pings & Pinner, and they gave him two checks for $6,000 and $11,000 to pay the duties on the forty-seven cases of gloves.

The whole matter was then referred to United States District Attorney Walker. Collector Magone ordered that no more bonded goods be sent to Gouraud's place pending investigation.

VICE IN HARLEM.

Serious Charges Against the Pavilion at the 116th Street Bathing Ground.

Martha Nachman, a handsome, black-eyed girl 15 years old, was a prisoner in the Harlem Court on Thursday, and has since been in the care of Mr. Gerry's society. She was arrested on complaint of her mother, who lives at 230 East 105th street. The girl's father died about seven months ago. The mother said that she could not control the girl, who visited places she did not approve of and was generally disobedient. Agent Knoll had, in endeavoring to learn how bad the girl really was, learned that she had been betrayed. She accused Frederick Kenyon, aged 21, who figured last season as the manager of the Coliseum Skating Rink, at 107th street and Lexington avenue. Kenyon is now manager of the Pavilion at the foot of East 116th street. The Pavilion is a structure included in the attractions of the Harlem beach bathing grounds, and overlooks them. Music and light drinks and refreshments are dispensed there, and Kenyon's office occupies a corner of the Pavilion and adjoins the ladies' toilet room.

The girl said that a score or more of the patrons of the rink patronized the bath since Kenyon took control of the Pavilion. On Aug. 9 she accompanied Rachel Jackson to the Pavilion. Rachel is 14 years old, lives in Astoria, and has been visiting her grand parents in East 120th street. Martha said that Kenyon came out of his office and invited Rachel to go into the ladies' toilet room, and Rachel accepted the invitation. Kenyon then went back to his office. Pretty soon he came out again, and told Martha that he had a pair of roller skates he wanted her to see. At his suggestion she went into the ladies' room. Kenyon opened a door between the ladies' room and his office and invited her in. While trying on the skates he accomplished his purpose. She said that Rachel was there at the time.

Martha added that the connecting door was hidden on the side next the ladies' door by the wall paper. Agent Knoll and Policeman Egan of the Harlem Court squad arrested Kenyon yesterday afternoon. They arrived at court too late to arraign the defendant, and he was locked up in the East 126th street police station. The society says it has upward of twenty or more names of children who are reported to have been badly treated at the Pavilion, but it doesn't care to make them public.

WAS HE DROWNED?

A Burglar Shot at as he was Leaping from a Pier into the East River.

Roundsman Gorman and Policeman Charles Quinn of Williamsburgh met two young men with four well-packed valises on Broadway, near the ferry yesterday morning. One of the young men spoke to the policeman, who recognized him as Charles O'Keeffe, a lineman, in the employ of a telegraph company. At wagon into his service and drove hurriedly to Broadway and Fourth street the policemen found that Wescott's express office had been broken into and the trunks in the place pillaged. The roundsman impressed a milk the ferry where he and the policeman, who had run down the street, overtook O'Keeffe and his companion. The latter ran down the pier, the other climbed a fence and ran down a pier.

The policeman shot at him as he climbed the fence and again as he reached the bulkhead. There, throwing off his hat and coat, the man jumped into the water. Policeman Quinn did not see the shot, because a deckhand and a pilot saw him place his hand on his knee before he sprang overboard. He was not seen again, and it is thought he was drowned. O'Keeffe refused to give any information of his companion.

Inside the burglars' tools and the valises, bottles of liquor were found in O'Keeffe's possession and in the pocket of the coat thrown away by his companion. The liquor was identified as the property of O'Keeffe & Doyle of North Fifth and Fifth streets, whose store had been broken open, and whose safe had been tampered with. John Clancy's coal office also had been entered by burglars and robbed of some small change.

Death of a Famous Poker Player.

SCRANTON, Sept. 4.—Sylvester Shively, one of the most successful and scientific poker players in the country, died here this morning of a stroke of apoplexy at the age of 50. He was born in Wilkesbarre. He had played great games of poker with the crack gamblers of New York, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, and San Francisco, and he was never so well pleased as when he got among the sharpest of the sharp, for he knew everything about cards, and made gambling his sole occupation. At a single sitting in Harrisburg a few years ago he won $25,000, and lost nearly that amount in New York a few days later. On another occasion he won $17,000 in New York in one night. He entered the Union army in April, 1861, and was a member of the G. A. R. His reputation as a gambler was national. He left $50,000 worth of property to his wife and two daughters.

Big Fire in a Lumber Town.

ZILWAUKEE, Mich., Sept. 4.—Twenty acres of buildings, lumber, and shingles were entirely consumed here last night. On the docks were piled 10,000,000 feet of lumber, and of this only 1,000,000 remains. Two million shingles were burned and thousands of cords of slabs. One-quarter of the mill transway, the planing mill, three saw and shingle mills, three drill houses, and three dwellings were destroyed. The loss is, on mills, $80,000; drill houses, $15,000; shingles, $2,800; docks and tramways, $15,000; lumber, $108,000; houses, $1,000.

The Storm King Bridge Project Not Dead.

NEWBURGH, Sept. 4.—It is reported from Cornwall that engineers have been ordered to begin at once the survey of the proposed road from Breakneck, the eastern end of the proposed Storm King Mountain bridge, to Brewster's, through Putnam county and the iron ore beds in that neighborhood. The same authority says the Storm King bridge project is not by any means dead, but that, on the contrary, in a few days a large railroad interests will take hold of it and put it through.

He Demanded Blood.

QUEBEC, Sept. 4.—Yesterday a newspaper here published an article to which the editor of another paper took exception. The latter went to the offending editor's office and demanded satisfaction according to the French code, at the same time drawing a revolver. The offence was insten ly disclaimed and the article submitted to the Mayor of Quebec and two other gentlemen, constituting a "tribunal of honor," who decided that the article was not undeserved. The affair has created much excitement in political circles.

In Honor of the First Congress.

READING, Pa., Sept. 4.—The 112th anniversary of the meeting of the first American Congress in Philadelphia Sept. 5, 1774, was celebrated here to-day by the American Protestant Association of Eastern Pennsylvania. Ladies were present from Philadelphia, Norristown, Pottstown, Conshohocken, and other places. A street parade of the ladies was followed by a picnic, at which there was a banquet and speech making.

Poisoned by Adulterated Milk.

LONG BRANCH, Sept. 4.—The analysis made by Prof. W. K. Newton, the chemist of the New Jersey State Board of Health, shows that the wholesale poisoning of guests in several