SHE WHISTLES DIVINELY.

A BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN WHO MOCKS AT A FOOL'S PROVERB.

Her Puckered Lips are Filled with Music, and She Can Whistle and Look Pretty at the Same Time—Mrs. Shaw's Successes.

Mrs. Alice J. Shaw, who is variously described as "the whistler," "the girl whistler," and "the lady whistler," is a new musical celebrity as well as a musical celebrity in a new line. She is not only one of those rare women who can pucker up their pretty lips and whistle a good, honest, non-squeaky whistle, but she is also inspired by an ambition to make whistling an art. Mrs. Shaw is not restricted to her talent in this direction for powers of attraction. Her personal charms are many and are equalled by her graces of manner. Her features of classic regularity but fuller and more material beauty are lighted up by large, dark eyes and crowned by a wealth of black hair whose curl and wave are natural. The mouth is neither small nor large, but is so fully in harmony with the face that even when the lips are drawn to a whistling position there is none of the usual effect of a grimace such as distinguishes the inartistic efforts of the small boy. Her figure is the full, rounded, well-developed form of a more than ordinarily healthy young womanhood, coupled with matronly beauty and dignity that combine to justify the often misused words of description, "stately" and "queenly." The twin daughters to whose care the matronly aspect of this young mother is largely due, are as worthy of being introduced to THE SUN's readers as she is herself, for very few of those readers have ever seen, except in a painter's ideal on canvas, such doll-like prettiness. The round, peachy cheeks, the red, rosy lips, the big blue eyes, and the blond hair in tight curls all over the little heads are easily itemized, but the bewitching beauty of their combination must be left to the imagination. And the fancy must not fail to grasp the fact that there are two of this description, little tots of five summers, and so much alike that even their mother cannot tell them apart. She does not even attempt it, as it is unnecessary. One has to be cared for exactly as the other, and the call of "Baby" is sufficient. Both respond, and both alike are washed, dressed, taught, praised, scolded, or put to bed, as the case may be. Add to this that both of them are whistlers, and that the baby lips can pucker up an air with surprising volume and perfect tune, and you have the most uniquely beautiful and interesting pair of mother's darlings in all New York.

This goes to support Mrs. Shaw's theory that whistling is natural to her. She does not know how else she came to develop a special talent in the direction of whistling. She is the daughter of W. Norton, and was born in Elmira, though a New Yorker by adoption and long residence. She doesn't know to what nationality her musical streak is attributable, as on both sides her family is of American birth for so many generations back that the old-country ancestors are lost in the past. But the taste is there, and Mrs. Shaw is a thorough musician. She has always played the piano well, and has a good voice, though it has never been brought under cultivation. So when she determined to make the plunge and come before the public as a woman whistler she did it with the enthusiasm of a pioneer in a new art. She thinks that it can be made as much of an art as singing. She whistles as a solo singer sings, with an orchestral or piano accompaniment, and only on the expiration of the breath. She would no more think of whistling while inhaling than a singer would of using the voice while taking breath. The result is the same perfect control of expression and the same accuracy of what may properly be called phrasing as in the trained use of the voice. In the case of ordinarily accomplished whistlers, the trick of keeping up the sound while drawing breath through the puckered lips is practised. Some of them find it difficult to get a half a tone difference between the inhalation whistle and that of exhalation. It is similar to the operation of the harmonica where the tone differs as the performer blows out or draws in upon the peculiar instrument.

Mrs. Shaw accompanies this careful attention to method in her whistling by an equally great care in her selection of music. She confines herself to the rendering of pieces of a high musical order, and considers that the cultivation of a good musical taste may be accomplished as well by the training of the lips as of the voice. Any one who is naturally musical can be whistled with as readily as taught, that few suspect the possibilities of. But there are few who can hope to rival Mrs. Shaw in the development of a natural gift to such rare perfection as a musical novelty. The rich tones that issue from her pursed-up lips without any artificial aid or instrument are full, strong, sharp, and clear as bugle call, or soft, sweet, plaintive, pure, and birdlike at her pleasure, according to the sentiment of the piece or passage she is rendering. The power of the piccolo, softened from the sharpness and shrillness of that instrument, distinguishes her forte whistling, and in the softer passages the sweet tones of a cornet-a-piston seem combined with the melodious breezes that have stolen through an eolian harp. The capabilities of the flute, the flageolet, and the piccolo seem to be all centred in those puckering lips and to be supplemented by a power of rendering expression that is beyond the power of any instrument, and which has been hitherto supposed to be confined to the human voice. In other words, what Mrs. Shaw cannot accomplish with her unassisted lips no player of flute, flageolet, or piccolo need venture to attempt, and any effort on the part of these instruments to reproduce her melodies of expression will result only in their failure. The compass and volume of her whistle and her mastery of it in difficult and florid passages show the combination of powers that are phenomenal, with a skill that is most unique.

Those who have never heard this accomplished artist's melodious whistle cannot begin to form an idea of her wonderful talent or the musical possibilities of a woman's mouth when trained to a proper pucker. Sober and practical people stop short in the effort to describe her whistling, and take refuge in the comprehensive assertion, "She is a perfect genius."

Some new musical terms should be coined for the use of the new school of music. The critics stammer and hesitate between the technical terms of vocal and instrumental music in attempting to talk to Mrs. Shaw, or about her wonderful powers. But they have gradually settled to a use of the majority of the vocal music characterizations. So she is frequently asked, "What is your register?" The character of the music that she gives is more strongly indicated by the answer than by any words of description. It is two and one-third octaves. And the highest notes are as sweet and pure in tone, and the lowest as clear and penetrating as those of the middle of the register. And in producing them there is a wonderful absence of the appearance of effort. The singer with a phenomenally low or high note frequently seems able to reach it only by most distressing efforts, and the extreme capabilities in either direction of a cornet or other wind instrument always seem to tax the performer to the limit of his power to blow. But the range of Mrs. Shaw's bird-like whistle, and the ease with which she controls it, are so thoroughly and comfortably apparent to her auditors that they sit with all the pleasure of and are as completely captured as those who have sat under the spell of Patti's voice, Ole Bull's violin, or Levy's cornet. The art of the whistler has the further merit of remarkable adaptability. Mrs. Shaw can render a large variety of music almost equally acceptably in a parlor or in the Metropolitan Opera House.

Mrs. Shaw has a great advantage over singers in respect to the dread of colds and hoarseness that is the constant companion of such bugbear stands in her path. The delicate susceptibility of the vocal organs does not extend to the lips, and the only result of even a heavy cold in her case is that she is, perhaps, more easily tired by her efforts under such circumstances. But she has one dread, and that is that the colds may develop into the peculiar annoyance of sore lips. The whistling woman with sore lips would be like the violin virtuoso with a string or two missing from his instrument, or a cornetist with a leaky and battered bit of brass.

Mrs. Shaw has been delighted with her reception and treatment and the success that has attended her experiment. After she had decided that whistling was her special gift, and that, despite the prejudice against whistling girls, she was justified in making use of it, she had some misgivings as to the result. But she reasoned that she ought to utilize her talent. From every station in society the ranks of music and art have been recruited, and she felt that the simple fact that her gift was in a novel direction was no reason for her to neglect to test its worth. She is so fully convinced of the enduring popularity of the art of whistling that she intends in another season to go abroad for study and to make a few appearances. Her plans on either side of the ocean are the same. Although a professional in the sense that her engagements are for money, she has refused many offers, and will continue to refuse them, to connect herself with any troupe or company, or to make any contract for a regular tour. Her first plan has proved by experience to be one of wisdom. Her project was to appear in private musicales, parlor entertainments, church affairs, and society reunions. On two or three occasions, under urgent solicitations, she has consented to appear on a regular stage at a benefit or charitable performance. She enjoyed these occasions in more ways than one. In the first place, they gave her an opportunity of satisfying herself that she could please and interest large audiences without in any way deviating from the high standard she had set up for herself. And it also gave her the chance to make the interesting experiment of whistling with a full orchestral accompaniment. The success of this venture was more than gratifying. Mrs. Shaw's appearance at an afternoon private musicale in the parlors of Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew was an interesting feature of the programme, and made her success in that field assured. Another example of the engagements that come to her through society people's appreciation and interest is one which gave Mrs. Shaw as much pleasure as she certainly gave to her listeners. It was an appearance before Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt's sewing class at the Mission for Poor Women. It is a Lenten occupation of Mrs. Vanderbilt's, and she, after hiring the women to sew, gives them the work they have made up, and winds up with an entertainment and dinner.

The appearance of the woman whistler at Mrs. Harriet Webb's benefit in Chickering Hall was the occasion of the introduction of a piece written for her by Miss Laura Collins, a young woman nearing her 20th year. It was called "The Message of the Nightingale," and was as pretty as its title. It was especially calculated to exhibit the capabilities of Mrs. Shaw and the beauties of her accomplishment. Mrs. Shaw visited friends in Washington recently and accompanied them to a private afternoon reception of Mrs. Cleveland's. It was during the short stay of the President's sister, Miss Rose Elizabeth, at the White House. The latter knew of Mrs. Shaw's musical talent, and when she mentioned it Mrs. Cleveland eagerly requested her to whistle. An hour later the President's wife let her stop, not because she had heard all she wanted to, but to be polite and considerate in not asking too much. Mrs. Shaw will soon visit Washington again, and has several engagements there during the Grand Encampment of the G. A. R. She has engagements as far ahead as in July.

The frantic gesticulations of women who want to stop a street car and their inability to make equals when they can decide to make a noise for the same purpose, are so familiar to drivers and conductors that Mrs. Shaw sometimes astonishes them into a helpless condition of wide-eyed, open-mouthed wonder. Whistling comes so natural to her that she sometimes forgets herself when a car that she wants to take goes rolling by the corner with the driver looking persistently in another direction. Her loud, clear signal brings him around, and after braking up the car as speedily as possible, he looks for the man. The astonishment comes in when he finds that his passenger is not a man, but an elegantly dressed lady, whose face by this time is straightened out, and whose severe dignity of expression and bearing are utterly inconsistent with anything like a whistle. Mrs. Shaw has indulged in a little freedom with the ancient proverb that slow conservatism might apply to her case, and renders the couplet thus:

"Whistling girls and hens that crow,
Will make their way wherever they go.

Among the treasures of her scrap book none is more highly prized than the clipping of a Boston newspaper poet's opinion on the subject. The first and last verses are:

"A whistling girl and a crowing hen
Will surely come to some bad end."
By rhyming rules this should rhyme,
Worn threadbare, both by tongue and time.

Then let the wise ones have their say,
And let the prude o'er mope away.
Old maids in scorn their lips may curl,
But I'll stand by the whistling girl.

Mrs. Shaw's claim to position as a musical novelty does not signify that she is the only woman whistler. There are two others, but they are widely different from her in plans and purposes, as well as method. One is Miss Chamberlain of Boston, and the other is Miss Adelaide Detchon, who is now in London, giving society recitations, and varying the programme with whistling. She will be remembered in New York, where she appeared in comedy on Wallack's and other stages.

WRONG WAY TO BUY HORSES.

Almost Everybody Knew it Before, and Stevedore Sinclair Knows it Now.

N. B. Sinclair, a boss stevedore of 45 South street, who lives at 308 Stuyvesant street, is a plain, farmer-like man, whose eyes twinkle with good nature and shrewdness. The good nature is rather on the ascendant, and sometimes rather eclipses the shrewdness. Or, it may be said, the shrewdness is merely local, and applies principally to South street affairs.

By one of the oldest and most time-worn confidence tricks of the horse sharps Mr. Sinclair was induced the other day to give up a check for $300. But on the tip of more knowing friends he was able to stop the check in time. He chuckles over it, and admits that the joke is on him. But he said yesterday:

"Let her go. They didn't get any of my money, and I got as much experience as though it had cost me $300."

Mr. Sinclair has a farm in Westchester county, and some nice stock that he is willing to improve. So he went up to the American Horse Exchange to look on at the cattle sale. He made the acquaintance of a pleasant gentleman who said his name was Wheeler, and was invited around to Mrs. Morgan's stable in Sixty-fifth street to look at a fine cow and calf. Mr. Wheeler said that Mrs. Morgan was anxious to get board in Westchester county for them as she was going to Europe for the summer. Mr. Sinclair soon concluded arrangements to board them on his place, and then his interest was gently led along to a fine sorrel mare which Mrs. Morgan wanted to sell. While Mr. Sinclair was admiring her a supposed stranger appeared and opened negotiations for the mare. They ended by a bargain being struck at $350. But when the stranger gave his name Mr. Wheeler said he could not have the mare, as Mrs. Morgan had ordered that she should not be sold to any one who kept a livery stable.

The usual proposition was then secretly made by the confederate to Mr. Sinclair to buy the mare at $300 and sell her to him at $350, so as to get around "Mrs. Morgan's" stipulation. Mr. Sinclair promptly drew his check for $300 and concluded that he would wait till morning before deciding whether to let the livery man have the mare at $350 or keep her himself. He knew she was a bargain, and he was tempted to hold on to her. But a better informed friend to whomhe told his good fortune assured him that he would never be able to find the mare or the livery stable man again, and he made haste to stop the check.

This scheme for swindling is old and simple, but the devices are various and ingenius by which a man is got into the clutches of the swindlers. A Police Headquarters clerk was stonped in the neighborhood of Cooper Institute by a horsey looking individual.

"Say, Mister," said the latter, "you look like a man who knows a good horse when he sees it, and who would take good care of one. I would like to give you a horse to use for the summer for his keep. You can borrow or hire a wagon, and then you will be fixed."

The clerk took a bright new $2 note out of his pocket and twirled it around his fingers. "I am not much interested in horses," said he, "but I will just give you this fine engraving of Gen. Hancock if you will tell me what the gays."

The fellow didn't take the offer, but got away with rather an ugly expression. He was simply trying to get the gentleman to look at a horse, and then try him with this old fake. "I will sell him to you, and the livery stable man will give you $50 more for him, but I cannot sell him to the livery man direct, for the owner's orders are positive."

WATSON'S WIFE LILLIAN FOUND.

The Man who Carried Her Off Disgorges Her Money and Jewelry.

Charles L. Watson, the wild young New Yorker who married Lillian Snavely at Sterling, Ill., representing himself as a wealthy cattleman and an ex-surgeon of the British army, and then appeared here with some of her jewelry and announced that he had lost his wife, is not likely to get her again. She has been found, but her mother, Mrs. Snavely, and not her husband, is enjoying her society. She is at her home in Sterling, Ill., while he is in Chicago, where he took her after their marriage against her mother's wishes ten weeks ago. It was at a lodging house in West Van Buren street in that town that he left her within a week of the wedding to come to this city. Her disappearance was due to Robert D. Davidson, an old lover, who presented himself before her the day after the newly married husband had departed. He told her that Watson was a bigamist and a blackleg, and he carried Lillian off. They first went to Omaha, and subsequently to Portland, Oregon, where they, together with Bell, a pal of Davidson's, were overtaken by Attorney Wolfersperger of Stirling, who persuaded the erring young woman to return to her mother. She reached Stirling last Sunday.

Davidson, who had managed while they were together to obtain everything valuable she possessed, travelled to Stirling on the same train. His presence in Stirling did not become known until the evening and when it did City Marshal Fitzgerald tackled him in the presence of Mrs. Watson and demanded the return of her stolen property. Davidson at first tried to bluff it out, but finally surrendered Mrs. Watson's watch, a lot of her jewelry, a note for $500, and a small amount of money.

A crowd of men assembled at Davidson's hotel that night, intending to lynch him, but he evaded them and took a train for Chicago. Mrs. Watson spent or was robbed of $1,000 during her excursion with Watson and Davidson. Bell and Davidson were about to open a detective agency in Portland when the furnisher of the capital was taken away from them.

Lindley Murray's $15,000,000 Claim.

PHILADELPHIA, April 23.—Receiver Keim of the Reading Railroad Company was shown a statement to day to the effect that a Mr. Lindley Murray of New York had issued a pamphlet claiming $15,000,000 worth of the Reading coal lands. "There is no basis for the claim," Mr. Keim said. "Mr. Murray is not unknown to us. He has called here and he has written repeatedly. His claim is based on a case which was long ago adjudicated in the courts of Schuylkill county. At that time the title to the property was challenged by other parties, who have since transferred their worthless deeds. It seems to this Murray."

PILFERING FROM THE WHOLE TOWN.

A Clever Woman who Played at Dressmaking in Order to Practise Larceny.

COOPERSVILLE, Pa., April 23.—A most remarkable case of systematic robbery, extending over a period of two years, has been unearthed here and traced to a woman whose reputation has been most exemplary. About a year and a half ago a woman apparently of about 50 years came here with her daughter and rented a cosey cottage. They surprised the landlord by paying one year's rent in advance. They never failed to attend services at the village church, but they rejected all social advances of their neighbors. The mystery of their lives piqued public curiosity.

One day, after three months of this secluded life, the mother and daughter threw open their neatly furnished house. On one of the parlor shutters was this sign:

MRS. J. H. WOODRUFF,
Fashionable Dressmaker.
Also Lessons on Fancy Needlework.

An hour later a neighbor called at the door, willing to risk the price of a new outfit in order to be the first to know the strange ladies. Mrs. Woodruff and her daughter received their first visitor with a cordiality that was calculated to insure for them not only an early acquaintance with the people of the town, but a lucrative business as well. Mrs. Woodruff's wardrobe, which she showed to the visitor, was sufficient evidence of her skill in the art of dressmaking. The rooms were adorned with the designs in plush, and Mrs. Woodruff said her daughter gave special attention to this branch of needlework.

Before the ladies separated Mrs. Woodruff confided to her new acquaintance that she was a Southerner by birth, and that her husband was killed in the war. She had come North, she said, to see the country, and had opened her dressmaker's rooms more for the sake of occupation than for revenue. Her charges were moderate, and in less than three weeks she was overrun with orders. She always went out to work at the homes of her customers.

It was not long after Mrs. Woodruff's advent as a dressmaker that articles were missed from houses where she sewed. Silver playthings, gold watches, and costly dresses were missed. Suspected servant girls were dismissed, but no clue was found to the thefts. No suspicion ever rested on Mrs. Woodruff.

Meanwhile Mrs. Woodruff had visited almost every house in the neighborhood, and had plundered them. The value of her stealings will reach $1,500. She made regular visits to New York, and on Thursday she announced that she was going to the city. She told some of her friends that she had a cousin employed as a detective in New York, and would consult him about the robberies. She added that suspicious persons proposed entering the house in Mrs. Woodruff's absence, and a party of men broke in. To their utter astonishment they found unmistakable evidence of the woman's guilt. There was evidence also that she had gone not to return, as the house was almost empty. A remnant of expensive dress goods belonging to a neighbor was found hid away.

Nearly every family in town had lost something of value. The imposition was so cleverly worked that the confidence of the people hereabouts will be withheld from all strangers in the future.

AUSTIN'S SANITY IN DOUBT.

Eight of the Sheriff's Jury Believe he is Not Crazy and Seven Believe he Is.

The Sheriff's jury, which has been sitting in the Oyer and Terminer court room during the afternoons of the past week inquiring into the sanity of the eccentric lawyer, A. S. Austin, concluded its labors last night.

Dr. Albert B. Whitney testified for the defence yesterday that he believed that Austin was perfectly sane. Lawyer Hall, for Mrs. Austin, asked Dr. Whitney if, assuming Austin's delusions and actions to be as Mrs. Austin's witnesses stated, he would still regard Austin as sane. Dr. Whitney said he would not.

Dr. Thomas Cleeland, who said he had had seventeen years' practice as a physician, testified that he had recently examined Austin carefully with a view to ascertaining whether Austin was sane or not. He made Austin hold out his hand, and the hand did not tremble. Austin's tongue was not tremulous, nor were the pupils of his eyes unusually dilated. Dr. Cleeland thought that the testimony of the other doctors was illogical. He believed that Austin was perfectly sane. He had known Austin and his family a long while. He believed that Austin was sane even assuming that the facts as to his delusion as claimed by the petitioner were true.

Emile Paul testified that for some time Austin had roomed and boarded at his chop house in Twenty-sixth street, and that he believed Austin was sane.

Emmanuel B. Gattle, a jeweler, said that Austin had purchased of him jewelry, principally diamonds, to the amount of $800. Austin told Gattle that he was going to give some of this jewelry to a girl in Kiralfy's Black Crook company. He believed Austin was sane.

Wm. W. McLaughlin, a police sergeant attached to the Central Office detective bureau, said that Paul had told him that Austin was crazy. McLaughlin had seen Austin at Police Headquarters on one or two occasions, and he thought that Austin ought to be taken care of.

Then Mrs. Austin made a pathetic speech to the jury. She said that she loved Austin dearly, and that she was doing these public things for his own good. His father and mother, and herself and children were actually in want. She consented that her husband be released from the Northampton Asylum when she didn't know that her consent would alone release him. She was told that Austin could get out a writ of habeas corpus and make her a lot of trouble.

The case was submitted to the jury without summing up by counsel at 7 P. M. At 9½ o'clock the jury came into court, and reported to Commissioners Buck, Rannoy, and Cleary that they were unable to agree. They were discharged. Twenty good 8 to 1 in favor of pronouncing Austin sane. Judge Donahue will probably order another Sheriff's jury drawn.

PIERMONT HAS A MYSTERY.

Who is Prof. Tillingford and Why Did he Disappear That Way?

NYACK, April 23.—Last night, as Supervisor A. X. Fallon of Piermont and a companion were walking to the club house of the Piermont Rowing Association, they heard a cry from the foot of the railroad embankment on their left. They groped their way there, and found a well-dressed man lying prostrate and evidently in pain. Mr. Fallon and his friend lifted the sufferer and carried him to the boat house, about fifty yards distant. The man was unconscious. Of the the twenty club men who crowded around, eighteen drew something from their hip pockets, and under the influence of good brandy the man was partially restored. He bled from a cut in the forehead, and there were bruises on his chin and left wrist.

The first words he said were, "My money," motioning to his inside pocket.

An examination showed no wallet there.

"My watch, too," he murmured, but no watch could be seen upon him.

Under Dr. Metcalf's treatment he was braced up sufficiently to tell a brief story. He said he was Prof. Tillingford of Trenton, and that he had been waylaid on the railroad track, and robbed of his gold watch and $145. After the struggle he lost his footing and rolled down the embankment.

Two prominent citizens of Piermont, members of the association, agreed to set up with the sufferer. They played euchre until 2 A. M., when both fell asleep. Awaking as the rising sun lighted the mists of Piermont Bay, they were amazed to find the lounge empty, and search through the club house showed that their charge was gone. Half an hour later Jan Osterhaus found lying by the cannon on the edge of the club house pier the blood-stained bandage which had bound the professor's head, and blood was noticed on the stringpiece of the pier. Diligent inquiry for miles around has failed to throw any other light on the matter concerning the man or his story, and no one has seen any trace of him to-day. He was about six feet tall, and had "classical" features. His clothing was of good quality. He wore a black cork-screw suit, with cutaway coat. His tie was of black and white grenadine, tied sailor fashion, and his feet were encased in button shoes. His face was smoothly shaven, and he was apparently about 45 years old.

TRENTON, April 23.—Prof. Tillingford is not known here.

No Great Damage in the Old Armory.

A SUN reporter went through the old Twelfth Regiment armory building yesterday afternoon with S. M. Blakely, the agent of the owners. It was found that the Seventy-first Regiment, which will take possession on May 1, may very reasonably ask for some repairs and renovation. But no reflection on the previous occupants, who were there ten years, is to be inferred from this. The place was found in very good order, and Mr. Blakely said that it was better than he expected. In several company rooms some woodwork, like closets or lockers or cabinet mirrors, had been taken out, but the majority of even such fittings were undisturbed. Some glass panels in the company room doors were missing, but as they were marked with ground letters "Twelfth Regiment," the Seventy-first will probably not miss them. The condition of the gas fixtures and the scarcity of broken globes was especially remarked by Mr. Blakely, who said he wished that the private houses in his care were left as well off in this particular.

Killed by his Defeat.

Joseph E. Taylor was one of the Democratic candidates for Chosen Freeholder in the Tenth district of Hudson county at the recent charter election. He was defeated by a small majority, and he intended having a recount. On Friday he was taken sick suddenly, and yesterday he died. Worriment over his defeat is thought to have been the immediate cause of death.

TUSSLE WITH GEN. WINSLOW.

ALEXANDER BONAPARTE SMITH THE MAN WHO TACKLED HIM.

One of Them a Deputy Sheriff with a Summons and the Other a Railroad President in a State of Siege in the Mills Building.

The contest between the present management of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad, known as the Seligman party, and the Oppenheim faction, which is seeking to obtain the control of the company at the election next month, approached the sanguinary stage yesterday. The immediate cause of trouble is the effort of the Oppenheim party to get hold of the transfer books and a stock list of the company, so that they can canvass for proxies at better advantage. Naturally enough, the present management does not want to open its gates to the enemy. The Seligman party avers that the Oppenheims have a stock list of recent date, but they are not satisfied if they have. They want the latest revisions since the closing of the transfer books. Consequently they have, through their counsel, John R. Dos Passos, gone into court to compel the production of what they want.

Judge Donohue, before whom the matter came, turned it over to a referee, and yesterday Referee Forster certified to the court that Gen. Edward F. Winslow, the President of the company, Thomas W. Lillie, the Secretary and Treasurer, and some of the clerks in the office were contumacious witnesses. His Honor at once signed orders directing the witnesses to appear before him on Monday morning to show cause why they should not be punished for contempt of court.

Deputy Sheriffs Alexander Bonaparte Smith and Crawford, and Managing Clerk William E. Davis of Mr. Dos Passos's office undertook to serve the orders. They served one or two of the clerks without much trouble, though one of the clerks tried to run out of the office of the company, which is on the seventh floor of the Mills Building. Then a break was made for Gen. Winslow. The versions of both parties as to what happened next do not differ materially.

Gen. Winslow was alone in his private office when Deputy Sheriff Smith opened the door. The attacking party say the door was barricaded by a chair. The General says not. Both agree that the officer did not announce himself, and that as soon as he opened the door Gen. Winslow was upon him with the view of keeping him out of the room. Gen. Winslow says he thought the intruders were Oppenheim men and some of his followers, and he did not want to have any verbal communication with them. For this reason Mr. Theodore Seligman, who was in Gen. Winslow's office on Friday, had prevented Mr. Walter Del Mar from entering.

The attacking party say that the contact between the deputy and Gen. Winslow was brief and in the nature of a general tumble on the floor; also that the subordinate of the Sheriff could have whipped the General if he had wanted to. For the defence it is said that Gen. Winslow, who is rather slender and very agile, landed Mr. Smith on his back as he entered, sending a screen to grass as well. Then he held up his left arm and let Deputy Crawford run his head under it, closed his arm around the officer's neck, and being somewhat aroused by the intrusion, was about to express his feelings with his right hand between Mr. Crawford's eyes. Before he could complete the gesture, however, Mr. Crawford cried out: "I'm an officer."

This saved his beauty. The General threw him away, and as Mr. Smith had by this time got himself in shape to be introduced, the ceremony of service was proceeded with. Gen. Winslow told his callers he felt rather foolish about the matter, and that while he wished to be always accessible to the court, he didn't propose to have strangers break unannounced into his private room, especially in times of war.

As to the merits of the controversy, the Seligman party say they are sure to win, and they certainly seem to appreciate the fact that possession is nine points of the law. On the other hand, the Oppenheim interest is making a plucky fight, and it is surmised by some that their attack is inspired or encouraged by Mr. Jay Gould. They give notice to the stockholders that they will expose any illegal acts the present management may have been guilty of, and warn them not to give proxies to the present management as they may be used at a special stockholders' meeting which has been called for the same day as the annual meeting, to ratify leases of other roads, guarantees and sales of bond issues, made in our opinion for the interest of parties connected with the management and to the disadvantage of the stockholders of the company."

The other legal steps taken yesterday were the filing of an application by Mr. Dos Possos for the Oppenheim party for another mandamus to get the books open pending the obtaining by the lawyers of the company of a stay in the first mandamus proceedings pending a decision in their appeal from Judge Donohue's action in appointing a referee.

HAS BEEN LICKED BY THIS TIME.

James Brown, Esq., Has a Fancy for Climbing Through Fanlights.

James Brown, an 8-year-old lad, was found at 3 o'clock yesterday morning sleeping soundly in an ice wagon at the corner of Ninth avenue and Sixteenth street. He was arrested and taken to Jefferson Market Police Court, where he told a tale.

He left his home in West Sixteenth street, he said, to play on the street with another small boy, who used to go to the Horatio street school with him. About 10 o'clock at night, when they were in Eighth avenue, near Twentieth street, two men, or, as Jimmie describes them, "two big boys," came up to them and told Jimmie and his friend to come with them. They walked up and down Eighth avenue until midnight, when the two men stopped in front of a grocery store near Twenty-fourth street. One of the men said that he wanted Jimmie to climb through the fanlight over the door and unlock the door. The men lifted Jimmie up, and he was about half way through the fanlight, he says, when the grocer ran out with a club and told him that if he didn't get back he would break his neck. The two men and the other boy ran away, and Jimmie dropped to the sidewalk and ran, too. He says he wandered down the avenue, afraid to go home, and finally climbed into the wagon to go to sleep.

It was found that Jimmie was not half so innocent as he seemed, for he gave the wrong address of his home at first, and no grocery store on Eighth avenue could be found where the alleged attempted burglary had been frustrated.

His parents were found at 455 West Thirteenth street in the afternoon. They had been looking for him all day. Jimmie has been in the habit of running away from home and being gone two or three days at a time, and he had been in the fanlight business before.

He was discharged yesterday, and went away with his parents, who promised to attend to his case.

Inter-State Commerce Notes.

The ruling of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, in which the law was interpreted and the powers and jurisdiction of the Commission were defined, was prepared by Commissioner Walker. The Commission will start for the South on Monday.

Leading merchants of San Francisco telegraphed to the Commission yesterday earnestly requesting that the petition of the transcontinental roads for the suspension of the long and short haul clause be granted.

The operation of the Inter-State law has compelled the abandonment of business at Sprague's box factory at Swanzey, N. H. The factory has been turning out over 3,000 boxes daily.

A despatch from Belvidere, N. J., says that the Inter-State law is interfering with the sale of roofing slate throughout the Bauger district. Other industries are also vitally affected. The railroads are unable to furnish freight rates, consequently the shipments of roofing slate are much lighter than they otherwise would be.

The Commission has made an order suspending the fourth section for seventy-five days, subject to revocation, and with the proviso that the rates shall not be raised above those in force on April 30. This applies to Northern Pacific, Southern Pacific, Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, and St. Louis and San Francisco lines.

A firm of scene painters in Chicago have received a letter from the manager of the Booth-Barrett combination cancelling an order for a large number of scenery which had been ordered for next season on the ground that the operation of the Inter-State Commerce law will make it impossible to transport that amount of scenery without serious loss to the company.

In the matter of a petition received from the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad, the Commission has ordered the temporary suspension of the long and short haul clause as regards passenger traffic between stations where there is competition with the Grand Trunk. These are stations between Norwood on the east and Cape Vincent on the west.

Murdered by Indians.

QUAYAH, Texas, April 23.—The intelligence that the Kiowa and the Comanche Indians are on the warpath, and that the large cattle man, W. A. Stinson, and two of his employees, have been murdered by them in Greer county, has created intense excitement. The killing of Stinson and his men is apparently only the beginning of a general outbreak by that part of the Kiowa and Comanche tribes, the anti-Lease Faction. They constitute the most savage and warlike portion of the Comanches. The Indians have threatened to take the lives of all the settlers in Greer county. It is probable that if the Comanches and Kiowas don war paint, they will be reenforced by the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, their neighbors on the north.

Proposed Monument for Engineer Kennar.

UTICA, April 23.—Thomas W. Spencer of Utica, expert for the State Railroad Commission, has made drawings of the scene of the landslide and accident on the New York Central Railroad near St. Johnsville on Tuesday last, by which Engineer Edward Kennar of Albany lost his life. The drawings will out next Tuesday. Mr. Spencer offers $25 as the nucleus of a fund for building a monument in memory of Engineer Kennar which shall bear the last words of the dying engineer: "Boys, flag the train!"

TREMONT GALLOPING AGAIN.

JOY IN THE GREAT RACING STABLE AT SHEEPSHEAD BAY.

Philip Dwyer Says that the Colt is Now Fit to Run for a Man's Life—Tremont Undergoes a Critical Examination.

The Dwyer Brothers sat in the main room of the Brooklyn Jockey Club yesterday looking over the entries for the spring races. Their faces wore a more pleasant and contented expression than they did a week or so ago, when Tremont was let up in his work on showing signs of lameness, which might or might not prove to be serious.

In answer to an inquiry as to how the colt was getting along, Philip replied:

"Oh, he is all right again; we had him out yesterday."

"But some of the sporting papers intimate that his tendon is involved, and that his legs may not stand the strain."

"I don't care what the papers say. There is nothing the matter with Tremont now. He is fit to run for a man's life whenever we call upon him to race."

"Did you see him this morning?"

"No; we did not care about going down in the rain. You can visit him and judge for yourself."

Frank McCabe, the trainer of Tremont, threw open the double doors of box No. 1 with a proud air. The black colt stood with his head well up in the far corner of his roomy stall. He pricked his ears and looked round at his visitors. Then turning slowly he walked with supple steps toward McCabe, and tried to get a bite of the cane with which Frank began to stroke his cheeks and neck.

"He is playful as a pet child," said his trainer. "He often takes my hat off and tosses it in the straw. I feel proud of him."

"Is he all right again?"

"Yes. He galloped yesterday and again this morning, and relished the work. He is in better form than he was a year ago, when you examined him previous to his two-year-old career."

"What was really the matter with him when stopped in his work."

"Well, you see, he had walked all winter around the line of stables under the sheltered track, which is nine laps to the mile, and is covered with bedding that had been used for the horses. After he had worked out of doors a while in a colder temperature, the skin of his ankle cracked, like skin will crack on the back of a person's hand sometimes in winter. The cracks filled with sand and became painful, and he showed it as he felt it. Then he was taken off for a rest."

While his trainer was talking the horse walked around in a playful manner. There was a heavy gray mist outside, and the weather boards protecting the front of the box made this light in the stable quite dim. But it was still the colt's coat glistened like satin, and the play of muscle beneath it was beautiful to behold. Artist Zalinsky, who stood sketching the racer, remarked: "How the colt has improved since the opening of spring even."

Tremont stood a little over 15 hands 3 inches. His hoofs were buried in the straw, and there was not a scratch even to be seen on him from his fetlocks to the tips of his ears. He has wonderful shoulders, good girth, strong back, not over long, and tremendous power behind. While looking large to one familiar with his form last season, the working of his muscles showed that there was not a pound of useless flesh on him. An examination of his legs proved that they were firm, muscular, and clean cut in proportion to his body, the elbows more particularly strong and full, and the cannon bones of sufficient substance without being too long. McCabe pulled the straw out from the colt's feet at the reporter's suggestion, and permitted an inspection of his heels and hoofs. They were sound and clean, with the exception of a slight fulness of the heel of the left foreleg, where the skin had cracked. There was no unusual warmth in the part, and a healing salve protected the part from the dust and sand.

Hindoo's bay son Hanover holds court in the next box to Virgil's famous son. McCabe's eyes glistened again with pride when the colt greeted his visitors with a proud toss of the head, and moved round his box with a lordly air. Hanover is a trifle lower in stature than his famous sire, and stands with his hocks somewhat shorter, but he is otherwise fully as muscular and bloodlike. If there was no Tremont in the stable Hanover is a colt that all would talk about.

The favorite filly, Bessie June, that hit her ankle and was let up in her work, is out again in excellent shape, and Luke, the young colt that was troubled the same as Tremont, is galloping gaily with the others. Taken all in all, the Dwyers have a promising string of horses for this season.

McLaughlin is getting down to his riding weight by easy stages. He now tips the scale at 122 pounds. A lighter lad rides Tremont in his work. McLaughlin put Fordham through his paces yesterday.

HARLEM'S RICH MAN DEAD.

He Started in as the Driver of a Dirt Cart—He Leaves an Immense Fortune.

James Wood, said to be the wealthiest man in this city north of Yorkville, died on Thursday night at his residence, 341 East 116th street, and will be buried from Trinity M. E. Church to-day at 4 P. M. Mr. Wood was born at Enniskillen, Ireland. He came to this country sixty-five years ago, and entered into the employ of a builder, for whom he dug cellars, drove a cart, and performed similar duties until by strict economy he was able to start in a small way for himself. His shrewd head and economy enabled him in a few years to invest a small amount of money in up-town property, which rapidly advanced in value, and in a short time he repeated the operation. In this way the growing value of city property soon made him wealthy.

Thirty-five years ago he moved to Harlem, where he has resided since. His income at the time of his death was about $12,000 a month.

He was not known widely as a philanthropist, yet he was a quiet but generous giver. Dozens of poor families in Harlem depended almost wholly on his bounty, and he was never asked to contribute toward a worthy object without responding freely. He was known to be an easy landlord, and many families to-day are living in his tenements who have not paid rent for years. He was a very earnest and religious man and a member of Trinity M. E. Church, toward the building of which he gave $35,000. The church is to be draped in mourning for thirty days.

In appearance Mr. Wood was striking, being about 6 feet 3 inches in height, and until seven years ago, when he met with an accident to his hip, very erect. He was nearly 80 years of age. He leaves a wife and one son.

Newport Cottages.

NEWPORT, April 23.—The influx of cottage seekers during the last few days has been unusually large. Mr. J. M. Hodgson of New York will occupy the small cottage belonging to the Carey estate, and Mr. Pierre Lorillard has agreed to pay $4,000 for the large residence belonging to the same estate on Narragansett avenue. Mr. Lorillard Spencer, Jr., of New York, one of Miss Wolfe's heirs, has taken the Sargent cottage on Bliss road and Kay street for three years. Mr. Ronald Thomas of New York, another of Miss Wolfe's heirs, has taken Richard Derby's cottage on Kay street for the season. The rent is about $1,000. Mr. O. M. Gleirscher of New York has hired Mr. Havemeyer's Kay street cottage for a term of years. Mr. and Mrs. Clement Ferguson of New York have arrived at their villa on Halidon Hill.