THE EVENING SUN
Has a larger circulation than any other evening newspaper printed in English.

The Sun.

THE EVENING SUN
is the most popular and successful evening paper ever known.
Price One Cent.

VOL. LV.—NO. 130. NEW YORK, SUNDAY, JANUARY 8, 1888.—SIXTEEN PAGES. PRICE THREE CENTS.

LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE.

TORY JUDGES HAVE ONLY INJUSTICE FOR IRISH PATRIOTS.

Mr. Blunt Must Serve His Sentence—Many New Arrests in Ireland—Gladstone the Hero of the Day in Italy—The Man Who Will Probably Step Into Bismarck's Shoes—Thrifty Economy of England's Queen—The Prince of Wales Makes Friends With Beatrice's Husband—A Brisk Year For Gamblers at Monaco—Suicide of an Opera Singer—Gossip.

Copyright, 1888, by THE SUN Printing and Publishing Association.

LONDON, Jan. 7.—It is probable that at the opening of Parliament, or shortly afterward, the Government forces will appear in somewhat modified battle array, and the political atmosphere is full of guesses as to what the changes are to be. The smooth, pink, and bald Mr. Smith, according to popular belief, will be deprived of his pleasing task of applying cloture, and will be laid away on one of the benches of the House of Lords. The question as to who shall succeed him as leader of the House in the task of interfering with the rights of Irish members is, of course, a vastly interesting one to the coercionists. Churchill is still in disfavor with Salisbury. Hicks-Beach seems somehow out of touch with his colleagues. It would be too melancholy a confession of weakness for the Tories to place the so-called Unionist Goschen in the breach. So, in the opinion of many, it looks very much as though we should have the lank and lean Balfour performing in the new rôle.

Balfour, like all his predecessors of late years, has found his work as Chief Secretary for Ireland very fatiguing, and would gladly exchange his post for that of leader of the House, which must be congenial to one who has proven himself so well adapted to the work of coercion.

Many Tories exult this week over their majority at the Winchester election, but that is silliness on their part. Winchester is a fossilized borough, with no political life, where no voter believes in the secrecy of the ballot, and where voting is done to please landlords, or on some "Slocum cum podger" point in local political aspirations. A brewer, always hard to beat in England, was elected, and there were almost enough soldier votes, all Tory, of course, to account for the increase in the Tory majority. Even the *Times*, which has flashes of political fairness, declares that no political significance attaches to the result.

Mr. Gladstone, who is becoming a grander as well as an older man all the time, is still at Florence enjoying himself and seeing the sights with all the enthusiasm of a Cook's tourist. His only sorrow lies in the fact of his being constantly recognized in his walks abroad, lionized without limit, and made to play the part of the principal point of interest in Florence. The Italians remember the Grand Old Man's services to their country when Italian unity was only a patriot's dream, and they have taken pains to prove their appreciation. Deputations loaded with speeches pour in on him very plentifully and tell him in soft Italian that history will load him with glory when his Tory detractors are long forgotten. Gladstone, who, without being vain, is not given to self-detraction, smiles a great deal, and complies with a degree of readiness dangerous to his right arm with the unlimited requests to shake hands proffered by enthusiastic Italians in the streets. Let us hope that this display of kindness toward the man who is working so hard for Ireland may serve to establish some sympathy between the Irishman and his despised Eyetalian brother in New York. It is thought that the Grand Old Man will go to Rome, and have a talk with the Pope on Irish matters, but nothing has been settled as yet.

James G. Blaine, who is also in the south, is likewise bound to reach Rome eventually, and will certainly not fail to visit the Pope politely while there. How lovely a trio it would make if the Pope, Gladstone, and Blaine could all meet together and talk things over.

A fine performance in Ireland of the highly successful Tory farce, called Justice, terminated at Portumna this morning. Early in the week Mr. Wilfred Blunt, in a published letter to the electors of Deptford, for which constituency he is the Home Rule candidate, announced that he had received information that the Judge who was to try his appeal from the sentence of the Woodford magistrates had made up his mind to deliver judgment against him. Everybody in Ireland knew the same thing. A little surprise was consequently felt to-day when the Judge dismissed Mr. Blunt's appeal, and ordered him to go to prison for the two months to which he had been sentenced for the dreadful crime of attempting to hold a public meeting in Ireland. While the trial was a shameful travesty of justice, and similar burlesques are enacted in every petty sessions court in Ireland day after day without attracting much attention, probably not fewer than fifty honest Irishmen have been sent to prison this week alone, and the number constantly increases. As the reassembling of Parliament approaches Mr. Balfour is anxious to do as much mischief as possible while his acts remain free from criticism and denunciation in the House of Commons. Fortunately, Mr. O'Brien and Lord Mayor Sullivan will be out of prison in time to take their places in Parliament, when they will speak with all the prestige of a series of demonstrations which are being organized in their honor by the British democracy. Addresses of welcome and sympathy will be presented to them at every station at which the train will stop on the journey from Holyhead to London, and on their arrival in the metropolis they will be conducted through the streets in triumphal procession to the House of Commons.

There has been no change in the state of affairs on the Continent as regards the probability of a conflict, but a healthy reaction in opinion has taken place during the week, and alarmists, recovering their senses, have come around almost unanimously to the views which have been expressed in these columns for weeks past, namely, that there is no immediate danger of war. The tone of despatches from the Continent has changed entirely, and numerous mysterious officials, high in office, who have been telling us to expect bloodshed at once, now consume columns in telling us, as every common-sense man has known for himself, that everything points to a prolongation at least until spring of the nervous peace under which Europe has trembled for so long a time. The Russian army which had been expected to start the bloody ball rolling is fully occupied fighting against home troubles. Dysentery is prevalent among the troops stationed on the frontier, and there is frightful suffering from cold, many men and horses having been frozen to death. The cold has been especially severe in Poland. In Warsaw it was so intense that the inhabitants dared not venture out of doors for fear of freezing, even with all their knowledge as to needful preparation for such weather, and the authorities were obliged to order bonfires lighted in the open streets to form places of refuge for foot passengers. In many places the temperature fell 22° below zero.

Mr. Carnot, who may still be alluded to as the new French President, is beginning to have the hard time that was predicted for him. The Ministry is shaky now, although Parliament has not yet opened. De Mahy, the Minister of Marine, has resigned, and though a new Minister has been unearthed in the person of Admiral Krautz, President Carnot is destined soon to find that Ministers are at a premium just now and to spend much of his time in hunting for them. Gen. Logerot, Minister of War, has announced his intention of very soon resigning, and it appears that he is really Minister in spite of himself. It seems that the well-meaning and inoffensive officer was spending his evening at a provincial ball, letting his fatherly eyes rest lovingly on his daughter's graceful capers, when one of his staff officers came up to him with despatches offering him the portfolio of War. "I am not such a fool as they take me for," cried the General. "I certainly refuse."

"Well," answered the officer, "you will not deprive your daughter of her ball. Remain here to-night and write to-morrow." Next day Logerot wrote declining the office. "Too late," was the answer. "Silence gives consent. Not hearing from you we concluded that you accepted. Your nomination is in the *Moniteur Officiel*. There is no backing out."

The new President's first grand reception took place yesterday at the Elysée. All the diplomatic corps had been invited to the dinner that preceded it, and on the whole everything went off very well, though as the palace was open to anybody who choose to enter, a few visitors elected to display their republican sentiments by walking calmly past Mr. and Mrs. Carnot without a look, as though the Elysée were a public hall. The President is evidently determined to make himself agreeable if he can, and announced his intention of receiving every Thursday evening. This has caused Paris tradesmen to grovel at his feet, for the pomp which follows royalty and which is left out in republics does more than anything else to strengthen reactionary hankerings in commercial Paris.

On the other hand, Carnot has stirred up strong disapproval in financial circles for not feeling sure of the French money market. He has had the wisdom to invest about $1,000,000 of his large fortune in America.

The condition of the Crown Prince remains unchanged. It is remarked from Berlin—although, I am glad to say, not on the most reliable authority—that young Prince William has been so spoiled by the prospect of sudden and unexpected greatness that he has come to believe himself a replica of Frederick the Great, and does little or nothing to rebuke the general hostility to his mother, the Crown Princess. It is true that the Crown Princess is herself the decided personification of selfishness after the model of her careful mother, Queen Victoria, and that her great dread is that the death of her husband may relegate her to comparative obscurity by depriving her of the title of Empress to which she has all her life looked forward. Strong evidence of sympathy for the Crown Prince is sorrowfully furnished by the manager of a famous Berlin restaurant, Unter den Linden. Of thirty-one Christmas balls, &c., which had been ordered there long in advance, twenty-eight have been countermanded on account of the Berliners' disinclination to make merry while their Fritz is ill. The other three festivities were weddings, which, of course, had to come off.

Our enterprising young friend, Prince Ferdinand, has received a New Year's snub. He telegraphed congratulations to the Austrian Emperor signed "Ferdinand, Prince De Bulgarie." He received a not over enthusiastic answer, addressed in German, to "his Highness, Prince Ferdinand of Saxe Coburg," which shows that the worried little Prince has still long to wait for any official recognition of his rank as a reigning sovereign.

Prince Bismarck is still at Friedrichsruhe, although rumor has summoned him to Berlin, and even to Vienna, a score of times since he returned to his favorite country seat, after the famous interview with the Czar at which the Orleanist plot was exploded. It has been vehemently asserted, too, that the Man of Iron is deteriorating mentally and physically, and that the time is not very far distant when, however reluctantly, he will be forced to lay aside the cares of state. Things are not quite so bad as that, but Prince Bismarck's health is gradually becoming worse, and sooner or later he will have become a chronic invalid. In these circumstances he has manfully looked the future in the face and has decided upon the man who shall best serve Germany when his own hands shall have dropped the reins of power. Count Hatzfeldt-Wildenburg, at present German Ambassador in London, is the man. Count Hatzfeldt, as I saw him in London a few weeks ago, is little more than 50 years of age, tall, lean, with sharp-cut features, close-cropped iron-gray hair, and clean shaven save for a big gray moustache; a striking figure, and one to command attention in any assembly. He is an early riser, of very frugal habits, and has, when he likes to exert himself, vast capacity for business. Shady in his morals, indifferent in regard to his pecuniary obligations, a staunch friend and good hater, and, above all, passionate in devotion to the interests of Germany—such is the man whose opinion even Prince Bismarck is glad to ask, and who one day will almost certainly be Chancellor of the German empire.

Count Hatzfeldt comes from a remarkable family. A female member of his house was the Countess Hatzfeldt, who was the *bonne amie* of Lassalle, the founder of the new German social democratic movement, and who supplied the funds for his defence when he was arraigned before a tribunal for propagating his revolutionary ideas. Count Hatzfeldt entered the diplomatic service about twenty years ago, and soon attracted Prince Bismarck's attention. Upon one occasion during the Franco-German war, when the Prussian Foreign Office officials were worked like galley slaves, Prince Bismarck remarked that Hatzfeldt was the best horse in his stables. It is well known that Prince Bismarck never forgets persons who have proved themselves useful to him and whom he can trust. It was, therefore, no surprise when Count Hatzfeldt was appointed German Ambassador at Constantinople. There he initiated a policy which soon resulted in the establishment of phenomenally friendly and confidential relations between Germany and Turkey. From Stamboul Hatzfeldt was transferred to the important post of Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Prince Bismarck was at that time suffering terribly from neuralgia and other nervous complaints, which kept him away from Berlin, and he felt that Hatzfeldt was the only man whom he could trust to do his work out of reach of his eyes.

But the transfer was not effected even by Prince Bismarck without considerable trouble. Firstly, Hatzfeldt's financial difficulties, in which he had been involved for years, were apparently approaching a crisis, and secondly, the aristocratic and sanctimonious clique at the Berlin court professed to be shocked at the Count's gallantries, which had ended in his being divorced from his wife. The prospect of having such a reckless gallant among them shocked all the old dowagers of Berlin, and it is said offended the sense of propriety of the Empress Augusta. But Prince Bismarck triumphed, and Hatzfeldt was duly installed in the Foreign Office and soon proved invaluable to his chief. When the important moment came which the Chancellor deemed propitious for drawing England into the German alliance, Hatzfeldt was selected for the work. Count Munster being unceremoniously transferred to Paris to make room for the younger and more energetic and far abler diplomat. Hatzfeldt justified the confidence of his chief, for, as all the world knows, England at the present moment, if not an actual member of the German league of peace, is at any rate its most cordial friend.

You have been informed by cable this week of the arrest at Zurich, with dynamite in their possession, of Socialists Schroeder and Haupt, and of their proved connection with the German secret police department. Inspired German newspapers have at length condescended to take notice of the scandal. They wisely admit the facts, but plead extenuating circumstances, and in doing so they let out some additional and interesting details. The Imperial German secret police keep spies among revolutionary refugees in all foreign countries, America not excepted. Herr Krueger, Chief of the Berlin Bureau, occasionally goes abroad to look up his agents, and not very long ago he was in Zurich and other Swiss towns. The duties of the police agents are, however, strictly defined, and if they exceed them they and not the department must be held responsible. The German police were virtually driven to the policy of permeating revolutionary organizations with their spies, on account of the ease and secrecy with which some of the earlier political crimes were committed. For instance, they received practically no warning of the first attempt against the life of Emperor William, in 1878. Moreover, it is alleged that France, in order if possible to weaken the offensive strength of the German empire, actually went so far as to subsidize agents whose chief duty was to foster social democratic and anarchistic movements in Germany. This was proved during investigation of circumstances connected with the murder of Police Inspector Rumpf at Frankfort. This crime was planned by a committee of German Anarchists in London, of which the French police agent, the only non-German member, acted as Secretary. The shoemaker Lieske was the only one of the three actual assassins whom the German police succeeded in capturing, and he was duly hanged. The other two escaped to France, and although full proof of their guilt was submitted to the French authorities, Herr Krueger himself visiting Paris for the purpose, their extradition was refused, and they are still at large in France, and to all appearance well provided with money. Is it to be wondered, therefore, asks the German press, that it was found necessary for Herr Krueger to have his secret agents among the revolutionists?

We cannot too much admire the thrifty economy of England's Queen. At present there is bitter grumbling below stairs at Windsor, Balmoral, and Osborne. The Queen's servants had fine new clothing given them in honor of the jubilee, and gorgeous liveries were provided for additions to the household staff rendered necessary by the festivities. The joy which then burst forth has melted at the news that the gayly dressed ones will be called upon to receive only two-thirds their wages, to make amends for the additional outlay. It is fine to be a Queen's servant in red and all kinds of colors, and to have lions and unicorns on one but it also has its reverses.

In the way of very important court news, there also comes information that the unpleasantness between the Prince of Wales and his brother-in-law of Battenberg has been made up. The trouble originated in some unpleasant remarks which the Prince made when Battenberg missed nine consecutive pheasants at a drive and hit one or two gamekeepers. Mutual friends will be glad to learn that Battenberg has accepted an invitation to dine with the Prince, and it is believed the incident is closed. The bird-shot wound in the Prince of Wales's nose is all right also.

The report issued to shareholders of the gambling bank at Monaco informs them that the game never had so profitable a season as the last. It concludes with this cheering bit of statistical information:

There were seventy-six suicides during the season.

The statement that the Pope fainted twice during the ceremonies attending the jubilee turns out to be absurdly untrue. A friend who sat close to his Holiness writes me that he was pale and agitated, but that he gave the closest attention to the proceedings throughout.

The most sad and romantic story that has been heard of in a long time comes from Italy. For some months past there has lived in a lonely villa at Pavia an opera singer named Maria Bastia, who achieved a great reputation throughout Italy as *Aida*. She lost her voice, and retired from the stage with a large fortune, but could not live away from the scenes of her triumph, and resolved to end her life. On the pretence of taking a long journey she discharged all her servants, and then dressed in the costume which she used to wear as *Aida*. She locked herself up in the cellar of the mansion to die of hunger, as *Aida* did in the opera. She actually had the strength and courage to persevere in her dreadful scheme. On New Year's eve some relatives broke into the cellar and found her dead on the stone floor. There is no reason to believe that the woman was insane, but she must have had a wonderfully strong dramatic instinct.

From China a good story comes, by way of the North China *Herald*, which proves also ability to bear starvation with cheerfulness, although not voluntarily. The city of Shanghai was bothered with a bad man named Koh, who was wicked in many ways, and in prison blackmailed and terrorized his fellow prisoners. A Chinese magistrate, determining to make him relent, adopted strong measures. Koh was put at the entrance to the prison in a wooden box, with his head through a small hole in the top. He could only reach the bottom of the box with his toes, and could only secure relief from toe ache by letting his weight come on his neck and head. The magistrate's sentence was that he should remain there to warn and amuse the people until death by starvation, strangulation, or toe ache should end his career. Koh, who is something of a popular hero, took things calmly, and joked on tiptoe with the bystanders with such success that they could not bear to have him leave them. One gave him a stone to stand on, others have had much fun feeding him with rice and water, and at last accounts he was still there waiting gayly for the much delayed end.

When a Cape Dutchman undertakes to admit that he was in the wrong he does it thoroughly. Here is a really ample apology translated from *Di Afrikaanse*, a patriot Transvaal newspaper:

The undersigned, A. C. Du Plessis, retract hereby everything I have said against the innocent Mr. G. P. Bezuidenhout, calling myself an infamous liar and striking my mouth with the exclamation: "You mendacious mouth! why do you lie so?" I declare further that I know nothing against the character of Mr. G. P. Bezuidenhout. I call myself besides a genuine liar of the first class.

A. C. DU PLESSIS.

Witnesses:
J. DU PLESSIS,
J. C. HOLMES.

Duplessis's composition may serve as an excellent model to some gentlemen in America, whose souls are badly in need of some such confession.

The eccentric young woman, Baroness de Zuylen, formerly Helen de Rothschild has more troubles. I told you some time ago how, disgusted with the duties of married life, she had put her husband the Baron on an allowance of 50,000 francs a month, making him housekeeper. While this stout and wayward young person was trying to marry herself off to the Baron, despite her relatives' strong opposition, she was aided and abetted by Mrs Potter, an American lady. Of course, small souls declared that Mrs. Potter was moved by a desire for personal financial prosperity in bringing the young people together. Now, some malicious persons have caused infamous stories to be printed concerning Mrs. Potter, and these have been sent to all who might have known or heard about her. The result is that Helen, the rich young Baroness, is so disgusted that she will not go out at all. What is worse is she won't receive. This last offence Paris society will not forgive, and it is beginning to throw stones at her. So here is her position: Her family will not see her because she married a Christian, her husband's family won't see him because he married a Jew, and now the crowning offence of not giving fêtes makes even society turn her virtuous old back on them.

The latest fashion in Paris is for every woman on every possible occasion to wear a big fur boa. The boa reigns triumphant at this moment, and no self-respecting Parisian female is without one. Your correspondent even saw two women of fashion at the opera very décolleté, and with two immense blue snakes curling around their necks and falling to the ground. A ball is even promised in the rich Jewish society, where boas are to be offered as accessories *de cotillon*.

The worthy solicitors who are going down to Wales next week to seize and sell the stock of all those farmers who refuse to pay tithes to the church to keep the local parsons sleek, have issued invitations to come down to witness this lively sport, particularly as some conflict is expected between the tax-ridden farmers and the bailiffs, who are emergency men imported from Ireland. The fact of the invitation is not in itself much, but these pious lawyers seal the envelope containing the invite with a large red dab of sealing wax on which is conspicuously impressed:

Read the 18th Psalm, 1st and 2d verses.

I open the Bible accordingly and read:

I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength.
The Lord is my rock and my fortress and my deliverer; my God, my strength in whom I will trust; my buckler and the horn of my salvation and my high tower.

The question that presents itself is, do lawyers who represent the parsons believe that the Lord would do as much for them as is put down? and if so, why do they not depend on Him to get the tithes from the farmers, instead of taking down emergency men? It seems to imply a greivous lack of faith on the part of the parsons. On Tuesday Mary Anderson played *Hermione* and *Perdita* in "The Winter's Tale" for the hundredth time at the Lyceum. The house was crowded and enthusiastic, and after the performance there were gay festivities in a room back of the curtain, up among the scenery. Miss Anderson was lovely in her *Hermione* costume, and was embraced by many ladies, while a lot of men in white shirt fronts drank her health in champagne and ate chicken sandwiches. "The Winter's Tale" will go on until the close of the season.

Miss Kate Forsyth has arrived in London to buy a play if a good one is to be had, and to act if a pleasing opportunity presents itself. In a few days she goes to the south of France. Her mother and Mrs. John T. Raymond are with her. Helen Terry, whom John M. Hill is soon to present to the American public as a great star with all the pomp and ceremony of wise advertising, has been achieving genuine success and stirring up real enthusiasm in the Channel Islands. The local papers rave about her and local magnates make speeches and presentations to her.

Buffalo Bill, the great North American star, is at Manchester, prospering and still making speeches to as many of England's aristocracy as can be got at in regard to our friendly relations and the sameness of blood, language, &c., which mark the two nations. His exhibit of wild Westerninsm is now established on the same basis as when at Madison Square Garden. Miss Cody, Buffalo Bill's accomplished daughter, does a great deal of shining in Manchester society.

Wheat this day week showed a good all-round demand strong, and advancing. On Monday, however, a sudden change of weather caused buyers to pause, and since then very little fresh business has been done. Holders are firm, decline any abatement from previous prices, and do not press sales, while millers have again assumed a waiting attitude, thinking thereby to do better, particularly as Continental politics seem more settled. London futures have given way fourpence halfpenny to sixpence per quarter. American futures broke down on Tuesday on hearing of realizations. Fresh business has been restricted, and the majority of operations seem to favor the bull side, but wait for some further concessions in price before committing themselves. The return of frosty weather would soon stimulate the demand. Corn, with milder weather, relapsed again into dulness. London as well as American futures have exerted little or no interest.

The Stock Exchange opened after New Year with a dull and quiet tone, which was disappointing, as a lively market had been anticipated and many dealers had laid in stocks at the close of the year in expectation that the public would take them off their hands at higher prices; but as there has been no appearance of this they have been selling out, which has kept prices flat. The public are evidently holding back for the moment on account of the unsettled state of foreign affairs, failures in Paris, and labor troubles in America. But with these matters out of the way there would be a distinct upward movement, especially as there is a very large amount of money waiting investment.

WHY WOOD DESERTED THOEBE.

He had Several Grievances, and Aired them for Thoebe's Benefit.

COVINGTON, Ky., Jan. 7.—Col. S. A. Wood, formerly the attorney for George Thoebe in his contest against Mr. Carlisle, presents in reply to Thoebe's charge that Wood was hired to withdraw from the case, this letter:

COVINGTON, Oct. 4.

Mr. George H. Thoebe.

SIR: For reasons which you already know, and many others which I might mention, only a few of which I will here recite, you need not call to see me again about your contested election case, or for any other purpose.

"1. After serving you in every conceivable way in my power, you have not only shown an utter failure to appreciate anything I ever did for you, but you have manifested an unpardonable betrayal of confidence by casting me aside and taking up others as friends, as well as attorney.

"2. By giving Gen. Sypher that power of attorney in the case with absolute, exclusive, and irrevocable power and control over your case—and this against my earnest protest (on your account, not mine), you, by your own act, excluded me from the case, surrendered to Sypher all your own rights, privileges, and power over the case, so that now you have no more control over it 'than the man in the moon.' And now, when there is some more proof to be taken, you ask me to do it. No! No! Not much!

"3. You refused absolutely to nominate me in the Convention, at the request of my friend, John Shushanick, Esq., as he informed me.

"4. While I was serving you as personal and political friend and attorney, you came to see me two or three times a week, sometimes oftener; but when it came your turn to show your friendship for and gratitude to me, you ceased to come at all.

"5. My sons—in fact, my whole family—feel so incensed and outraged at your betrayal and mistreatment of me that they will not tolerate your coming about our house. Nor can I any more than they. No, no! I want nothing more to do with your case or with you. Your conduct toward and treatment of me has been outrageous, intolerable, and unpardonable. From this time on our intercourse must cease, and 'never speak as we pass by.'

"L. A. WOOD."

Col. Wood says the charge that he was bribed is a lie out of whole cloth.

BATTLE WITH OYSTER PIRATES.

A Police Schooner and Five Dredgers Exchange Volleys—The Dredgers Captured.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 7.—A fierce battle took place last night on Bodkin Point, in the Eastern bay, between five oyster dredging vessels and the police schooner Frolic, commanded by Capt. Bryan. The pirates sailed past the police schooner, which was lying at anchor, and made for the forbidden ground. The Frolic promptly gave chase. The dredgers seemed to have no fear of the police boat, but sailed together for consultation, then tacked off and formed in line for battle. When the Frolic came within 100 yards she sent a rifle ball across the bows of the dredgers as a signal to heave to. Instead of surrendering, the dredgers sent back a volley. Thereupon Capt. Bryan hove the Frolic to in the midst of the pirates and opened on them from either side with his rifles. This was returned with interest. Fiercely the battle raged for nearly an hour, and bullets flew around the police boat like hail. The dredgers evidently aimed to kill, as they fired for the rifle flashes from the schooner's deck, and balls hit all around each man of the Frolic's crew. The dredgers kept sailing round the schooner, firing into it from all sides. Both fought under cover, and so well were they protected that no one was seriously wounded.

Finding the police schooner determined to fight to a finish, the dredgers finally sailed away. The Frolic's sails were ribboned with iron hail, and a number of shots were lodged in her hull. The steamer McLain, being posted as to the pirates, set out in pursuit, and succeeded in overhauling them. All five were captured and brought to St. Michael's to-day. They were charged before a magistrate with dredging on forbidden ground, and fined $50 each and costs. When the hearing was over and the dredgers were being turned out into the stream some of the tongers on the shore cheered, whereupon the enraged pirates fired into the crowd, seriously wounding a colored man.

Universal Sentiment.

No house ever known to the trade can produce better fitting, more style in make, cut or finish, or ever gave such universal satisfaction as the garments made by Arnheim, Bowery, corner Spring st. A written guarantee is given with each order that every garment he makes is good for one year at least.

Suits made to order for $20 of unquestionable quality; also trousers of same for $5.

Overcoats of genuine Elysian, Chinchilla, or Kersey, with silk trimming throughout, made to order for $18. Look at these goods; they are special and genuine bargains.—4dv.

FREDERICK C. ACKLEY LOST.

THE AQUEDUCT STOREKEEPER REPORTED MISSING TO THE POLICE.

John Brunton & Co.'s Orders Said to have been Unpaid to a Large Amount—One Brunton was a Partner and Wanted a Receiver—What Ackley's Friends Say.

Frederick C. Ackley, the dealer in aqueduct supplies, whose grocery store was at the corner of 165th street and Tenth avenue, and who lived in West 164th street, near Kingsbridge road, started between 9 and 10 o'clock yesterday morning from the store to come down town, and has not since been heard from. His family believe that he has met with foul play or has become insane and wandered off. He has been greatly worried for some time by business troubles arising from complicated relations with the Bruntons, who had the contract for that part of the aqueduct upon which the store is situated.

He was with the firm of Cornell & Carpenter, 41 Jay street, that had control of all the aqueduct stores, and nineteen months ago he was put in charge of the Tenth avenue store. After some months he bought out Cornell & Carpenter's interest, and gave, it is said, a one-third interest in the business to George Brunton, father of John Brunton, who, with Dennis Ryan, forms the firm of John Brunton & Co., which had the aqueduct contract. It is alleged by Ackley's friends that this gift to Brunton, Sr., was necessary to secure the business on Brunton & Co.'s part of the aqueduct. The store's business amounted to $10,000 a month (it is one of the "order stores" of which the aqueduct laborers complain of), but it was necessary to accept Brunton & Co.'s orders, and at the monthly settlements the firm, it is alleged, would pay only part cash, and give notes for the balance. These notes, it is said, accumulated until Brunton & Co. owed Ackley $60,000 or $70,000. All of Ackley's own money and $10,000 of his wife's was sunk in this way, and finally Ackley & Co. were forced to suspend, with liabilities aggregating, it is said, much less than the Brunton notes.

Some weeks ago matters were complicated by an application by Brunton, Sr., for an injunction to restrain Ackley from selling the store, and for the appointment of a receiver to settle the partnership accounts. Ackley, the day before the injunction was granted, sold the store to John Coyle, another Cornell & Carpenter man. The matter has been in litigation since then, but Coyle has been running the store.

This action of Brunton, Sr., seemed to worry Ackley greatly, and of late his friends have feared that his mind was failing. He was employed in the store by Coyle. He made mistakes in change and was absent-minded. Once he went away during the day and could not be found until 10 o'clock at night, when he came back and professed to have no idea where he had been. Two days ago he told a friend that he wished he were dead. On Friday, riding down town on the cars with his father, he fell asleep or into a stupor, and was awakened with difficulty. Yesterday morning Mr. Coyle had to send down town, and asked Ackley to go, thinking it would take his mind from his troubles if he got out of the store for a while. It could not be ascertained last night whether he had transacted the business or not.

His friends declare that there was no reason why he should have gone off at this time, if in his right mind, for his affairs were not particularly uneasy over his business, as it was certain that he could pay 100 cents on the dollar in time, and in any event both his own and his wife's family are in good circumstances, and he was in no danger of being left uncomfortable home or being hard pressed for a living.

He was 38 years old, 5 feet 11 inches tall, of medium and well-proportioned build, with black hair and moustache, and gray eyes. He wore dark clothes and a blue checkbook overcoat and had a gold watch, a pearl pin, and a seal ring. It is not known that he had any money with him. He drank no liquor except an occasional glass of beer, and is not known to have had any bad habits. His family consists of a wife, and a child about 4 years old.

At the store the man in charge said: "He's been going out of his mind for three or four weeks. I could see it working with him. He was that square himself that the way the Bruntons have dealt with him has just worried him crazy. He can't be anywhere about here, for every man along the aqueduct for miles knows him, and they all like him and would take care of him if he got among them."

The police were asked last night to send out an alarm for Ackley, but they refuse to do that until a man has been missing over one night.

CASHIER WICKES A DEFAULTER.

He Played Poker and Took the Money of his Bank to Pay his Losses.

TROY, Jan. 7.—Asa W. Wickes, cashier of the Central National Bank of this city, with which institution he has been connected for nearly thirty-five years, has been found to be a defaulter. It is the custom of all banks to make semi-annual inspections, and the Central Bank made one last month. On the afternoon of Dec. 10, when Teller Kirsop counted his cash, it was found to be short about $3,400. He informed the cashier, who took the amount out of the vault and handed it to the teller. It was currency that Mr. Wickes had only a few minutes before borrowed of the Union Bank on a "slip account," which banks are often in the habit of doing. The Central Bank at the time had more currency than it cared to handle, having a surplus of over $60,000.

Moses Warren, the President of the bank, when told of the Union Bank transaction, had his suspicions aroused, and these were confirmed by an investigation. When Wickes was confronted with the facts he confessed to Mr. Warren that he was short in his accounts, having used the bank's funds. He could not tell how much he had misappropriated, but he thought it was less than $4,000. A meeting of the directors was held, and Mr. Wickes's resignation was demanded. He complied, and William H. Van Schoonhoven was chosen his successor. Mr. Wickes then turned over to the officials some of the bank stock that he had held, and a few shares of Rock Island which he owned. This brought the defalcation down to about $2,050, but it was subsequently learned that he had also used some interest money on demand loans, one known amount being that paid by Oliver Boutwell of $130. The most of the money was taken from the cash reserve, which the Government requires all national banks to keep. The bank was secured by a $20,000 bond given for Mr. Wickes by the Guarantee Company of North America, a Canadian company that makes a business of furnishing securities for officials trusted with funds. The bank people paid the cost of insurance, and the bond was only renewed in October. The company will make good the shortage. It is not believed that any criminal proceedings will be had.

Mr. Wickes the day after his resignation was stricken with apoplexy and is seriously ill in his room at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where he resides with his invalid wife and two daughters. Mr. Wickes was better yesterday, but was worse to-day, and it is feared that the publicity of his defalcation will cause his death. Mr. Wickes was passionately fond of playing poker, and could be seen almost nightly going to a centrally located place where a big game is always running. He is said to have lost heavily lately. He received a comparatively small salary, and did not live extravagantly.

Cashier Van Schoonhoven said this evening: "Mr. Wickes has also used some private funds left in his charge. From one firm he has taken $1,500, and from another about $3,000. His defalcation will amount to not less than $8,000. I have only conversed with Mr. Wickes a very little in regard to the matter, and that was yesterday, as his condition is so critical. He does not appear to think he has done wrong.

Warning to Herring Fishermen.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Jan. 7.—The schooner Senator Saulsbury, the first of the Newfoundland frozen herring fleet, arrived here to-night with 500,000 frozen herring. Capt. McKenzie reports that the Newfoundland Government has issued the following proclamation, which has been posted up in every harbor:

On and after Jan. 2, any one caught seining herring, capelin, squibs, or other fish used as bait, will be fined $1,000. Fishing craft, tackle, houses, and land will be taken for the same; one-half the fine to go to the informer. J. N. FIELIX, Colonial Secretary.

The inhabitants protested against the Government taking such harsh measures, which are detrimental to the fishermen of the colony.

The Political Murder in New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 7.—The Coroner's jury, after examining a number of witnesses to-day, returned a verdict that Patrick Mealey came to his death from a gunshot wound in the abdomen, the same having been inflicted by Louis Clare, who is now in custody.

E. & W.

Collars and Cuffs bearing this brand are always correct in styles. A new collar just out, "Cogebic."—4dv.

DID SHE SEEK DEATH?

Mrs. Grosvalet Receives a Disappointing Cablegram—Found Unconscious.

A young woman is lying between life and death in St. Vincent's Hospital, suffering from poisoning by street gas. Until she recovers sufficently to tell her story it is hard to say whether she inhaled the gas by accident or intentionally. The poisoning happened in the Pension Favia, 103 Clinton place, a respectable French boarding house.

"About 4 o'clock on Friday," said Mr. Favia, the proprietor, last night, "the young woman came in and asked if I had a telegram for her. Her name, she said, was Mrs. Grosvalet. 'No,' I said, 'not for you, but one to myself with a message for you.' I had that morning received a cablegram from Mr. Dingremard, a servant of an officer of the French Government. In it he requested me to tell Mrs. Grosvalet that he would be in this city on Jan. 15. She seemed much disappointed when I told her. 'It is a long time to wait,' she said. Finally she asked if she could have a room in the house. She had supper and went to bed early. A man servant showed her to her room. When he lit the gas she asked if she could have it burn all night. He explained that it would be turned out at 10 o'clock, but that she could burn a lamp which was in the room."

The gas was turned off at the meter at 10:30, Mr. Favia said, and at about 11:30 some one of the boarders noticed a strong odor of it in the upper hallway. "Every one rushed about," said Mr. Favia, "and two of the boarders broke the lock of her door. She was in bed and unconscious."

The lamp was burning on the bureau and the air was strong with gas. Dr. Clark, who lives near by, worked for more than an hour to restore the young woman, without success. At 2 o'clock she was sent to St. Vincent's Hospital. Dr. More, the house surgeon, remained with her until late yesterday afternoon.

"I cannot tell yet," he said last night, "whether she will recover or not. I have used three cylinders of oxygen for her, but as yet she shows only slight signs of recovery."

When she went to the Pension Favia she had with her a bundle, but no other baggage. She did not talk much about herself, but from what she said Mr. Favia thinks that she belongs in St. Pierre, an island near Newfoundland. Mr. Favia never saw the woman before. Mr. Dingremard he has known for some time. Dingremard has lived in St. Pierre.

ENDED HIS SPREE WITH SUICIDE.

John J. King, Major Sauer's Son-in-law, Blows Out his Brains in the Street.

John J. King, a son-in-law of George W. Sauer, proprietor of the Casino at 155th street and Eighth avenue, blew out his brains with a revolver last evening on the sidewalk in Church street near Dey street. He was a bartender in Sweeny's hotel on Park row for eight years, and one year for Frank Raub at the Brooklyn Bridge "Exchange," near the bridge entrance. Three years ago Major Sauer removed from his saloon at 1 Chambers street to the Casino, and gave the down-town saloon to King. King's business was not good, and two months ago he sold the property.

Yesterday King borrowed $3 of Mr. Raub to get some clean clothes so that he might go home. He said he had been drinking for three days. He lived with his wife, his invalid mother, and his sister, who is a school teacher, at 758 Third avenue, South Brooklyn. King told Mr. Raub that he had not been home for five days.

At 8 o'clock last evening King asked a watchman in front of the Astor House to arrest him. The watchman refused, and King got on board of a Broadway car, but was seen to get off half a block above the Astor House. Half an hour afterward he shot himself.

Policeman Cotton of the Church street police saw King fall. King died while policemen were carrying him on a stretcher to the police station. He had no money in his pockets. One of the unexploded cartridges in the revolver was indented as though King had failed to discharge the pistol when he first put the weapon to his head. In his pocket were four summonses and a complaint in a suit against him in the Ninth District Court by Cornelius Evans to recover $31 for ales bought by King.

King was fashionably dressed in a dark suit, with a Prince Albert coat, silk hat, and handsome overcoat, while a ring with a very large amethyst was on the third finger of his left hand.

RAPID TRANSIT PROPOSITIONS.

One Road to Run Itself and Another to Run 100 Miles an Hour.

The west side property owners' committee appointed to devise ways and means for more rapid transit met at the Murray Hill Hotel last night and listened to descriptions of various systems submitted by several mechanics and engineers. Abraham L. Earle of the New York Cable Railway system said that his company was ready to run a cable railroad through and around the city at a speed of 25 or 30 miles per hour and issue transfer tickets on all lines free of charge.

Frank Prantle, a mechanic in the employ of the Delamater Iron Works, submitted an original invention of inclined railway. He proposed, by the aid of an engine at the starting point and an incline of about eight feet to the half mile, to propel any number of cars to the next station, where they would be stopped in the ordinary way and started again in the manner described.

William Farr Goodwin of Stelton, N. J., who has a bill pending in Congress to subsidize his new system of surface and elevated railways, proposed to run trains at the rate of a hundred miles per hour. His idea was to have double trucks, and double tracks on each side, and have the cars built so wide that all danger of overturning would be removed. By the adoption of a certain kind of locomotive which he has invented he could cause an ord