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THE WIDOW NORRBY'S LOVE.

MR. MUGFORD LOSES IT AND SUES FOR BREACH OF PROMISE.

She Says She Would Not Marry a Man More than 50 at the Utmost, and that She Found Out that He was not 59, as He said, but 60—The Widow's Other Reason.

A brief and romantic acquaintance, which has existed between Henry L. Mugford of 218 Prospect avenue, Brooklyn, and Mrs. Jane Norrby, of 61 Second street, has been shattered. Mr. Mugford has been a widower for nine years, and eighteen months ago Mrs. Norrby followed the remains of her husband, Oscar Norrby, who for several years had been the janitor of the Long Island Historical Society, to their last resting place in Greenwood. Each has a daughter, widow Norrby's being a very pretty blonde of 8 or 9 years. Mr. Mugford is a brown haired little man of rather stout build and with iron gray whiskers. Until a few weeks ago when he moved to his present residence, he had lived for ten years in a two-story frame house at 106 Eleventh street. He was quite active in politics in the Twenty-second ward of Brooklyn, and, it is said, steadily voted the Democratic ticket. According to his own statement made to the registers at the last election, he was 50 years old and had lived thirty years in Kings county and the same length of time in the election district.

Until two month ago Mr. Mugford and Mrs. Norrby were ignorant of each other's existence. The exact circumstances under which they met for the first time have not so far been revealed, but striking events followed each other with startling rapidity in their brief acquaintance. Mr. Mugford made desperate love to the widow. Mrs. Norrby's heart was again touched with the tender passion; a marriage engagement was made and April 4 was set as the day when Mrs. Norrby was to become Mrs. Mugford. The day passed, however, and the marriage was not celebrated, and the sequel to the episode came yesterday in the shape of a complaint, filed in the County Clerk's office in Brooklyn, in a suit for $10,000 damages for alleged breach of promise of marriage. The curious and unusual feature in the case is that the groom who was to be is the plaintiff and the prospective bride the defendant.

Mr. Mugford's complaint is exceedingly brief. He simply swears that in March last Mrs. Norrby promised to marry him on April 4; that he is still unmarried, and he is ready to carry out his promise to her, but that the defendant has refused and still refuses to marry him. Therefore he claims damages to the extent of $10,000. The only additional fact set forth in the document is that James H. Egins of 930 Broadway, Williamsburgh, is the plaintiff's lawyer. The summons and complaint in the case have not yet been served, and it was not until last night, when a reporter of THE SUN called on Mrs. Norrby, that the lady became aware of the fact that she was about to be forced into court. Mrs. Norrby is a stout little English woman with dark hair, dark and pleasant features. She acknowledges forty summers. She does not look a day older. She lives in a two-story and basement brick building. The parlor is furnished in modern style and the decorations show excellent taste. The walls are covered with pictures, and a handsomely-framed portrait of the late Mr. Norrby occupies the place over the mantlepiece. When she was informed of the fact that Mr. Mugford had filed a complaint in a suit for breach of promise, in which Mrs. Norrby's name was named as defendant, Mrs. Norrby said:

"There is no doubt that I am the person referred to. He wants $10,000, does he? Well, this part of the case is highly amusing no matter what its other features may be. He will have a hard time to get $10,000, or, indeed, 10,000 cents from me. I have my own property, and have to work for my living. My husband left this house to our little girl, and she is the ownership I have in it is to use it as a residence as long as I live. I go out every day to work, and very few women in Brooklyn work harder than I do. It is only two months ago since Mr. Mugford and I became acquainted. Just under what circumstances I met him I need not state. I regret them very much, indeed. Our friendship progressed very rapidly, and when he asked me to marry him, I consented, and it is true, as he says in the complaint, that April 4 was the day on which the event was to come off. Before I made the promise to marry I believed Mr. Mugford was a man in excellent circumstances and the owner of considerable property. Before the day set for the wedding, however, I discovered that such was not the case, and that he had considerable difficulty in supporting himself and his daughter. I never could marry a man without some means, for I promised that good man (pointing to the picture of her husband) when he was on his deathbed that if I ever should marry again it would only be a man who could comfortably support me and my little girl.

"Mr. Mugford tried to explain his circumstances to me, and to make it appear that his embarrassment was only temporary. After a careful investigation, however, I found out that all his property consisted of a few vacant lots, and that his daughter had the principal claim on them. Then there was another point in which he deceived, and this I considered equally as important as the other. He told me he was only 50 years old, but I found from documents at his own house that he was 60 at least. I am only 40 myself, and I would not be willing to marry any man who was more than 50, in short, I realized that Mr. Mugford was mercenary in his intentions, and I determined to break off the engagement as quickly as possible. Mr. Mugford was very importunate in his demands that I should carry out my promise, but finally I told him flatly, one night in this parlor, that we could never be more than friends to each other. He continued to tell me that I was his ideal of a woman, and that he never could be happy if I would not become his wife. No words of his, however, could bend me from my purpose, and I tried to prove to him that it would be better for both parties that we should continue to be merely friends.

"A week ago last Thursday night he called on me for the last time. He spoke to me in the most endearing and even extravagant terms, and told me that it was inevitable that we should get married. He left, however, without receiving the slightest encouragement from me, and on the following day I wrote him a very plain and decisive letter, which I think I can repeat to you word for word. It was this:

"DEAR FRIEND: Excuse me writing again to you. But I should not. I ought not. I will not see you again until you can come and see me and say: 'Mrs. Norrby, I forget all the old relations,' and see me as a friend only. Don't think too harshly of this letter, as you are so persistent, and will not take no for an answer, as you should. Therefore, you leave me no other way than this, to be so plain. Sorrowfully yours, MRS. J. NORRBY.

"To this I received a dreadful answer. It gave me a shock from which I have not yet recovered. It was filled with horrible threats and insinuations. He said, among other things, 'I intend to bleed you to the very quick.' 'If you ever dare to marry any one else I will find him out and blacken your character so that the man of your choice will have little enjoyment of your charms.' I did not keep this letter, but after reading it to a friend sent it back to Mr. Mugford, envelope and all, and on the outside of the envelope I wrote this: 'You wrong me. Never mind; do your worst.' This was the last communication between us, and I supposed had closed the whole affair, which has been the most unpleasant in my life. Now it seems that this man is going to drag me before the public, but I have nothing to fear."

When last engaged in business Mr. Mugford was a broker in hops and malt, but his acquaintances in the Twenty-second ward say that he has done nothing for some time. He could not be found last night. At the flat building, 218 Prospect avenue, into which he moved after leaving the Eleventh street house, it was said that he had moved out a few days ago.

Mind Reader Bishop in an Asylum.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 23. — W. Irving Bishop, the noted mind reader, is an inmate of a private asylum in this city. When he came here several months ago he appeared to be partially demented. It was said at the time that this was due to overwork and the worry caused by the suit for divorce which had been brought by his wife. He consulted Dr. Whitwell, an alienist and expert on nervous diseases, but he failed to follow the advice given by his physician—to keep quiet and cease appearing in public. He continued to give his exhibitions through the State until his nervous prostration, combined with a severe attack of rheumatism, compelled him to go to a sanatarium, where he will probably be compelled to keep his bed for months to come.

When Bishop came here he loafed about the street, appearing dressed in the height of fashion, and he gave it out that he came to the coast to marry an heiress, and that he was going to do it. He lounged about the hotel corridors, frequented the theatre lobbies and boxes, and ogled every girl he met, but as a masher of heiresses he was a flat failure. This failure doubtless aided in intensifying his nervous prostration.

Money Can Be Saved

In the purchase of furniture at the bargain sale now in progress at Flint's, 104 West 14th st. They are selling handsome, well-made furniture at a sacrifice.—*Adv.*

THE CRUISE OF THE YACHT MARIA.

Starting to Search for Treasure Buried by Pirates 52 Years Ago.

PROVIDENCE, April 23.—The story of the search of the crew of the yacht Maria of Brooklyn for the treasure supposed to be sunk off the shore of Central America is full of interest. Capt. Charles J. Ward, who arrived here yesterday after the wreck of his yacht, says he was hired during the early fall to act as master of the yacht Maria, while she sailed on a gunning and fishing voyage with a party of gentlemen. It was said the voyage would take several months, and the Captain was told to hire a crew. The person who hired him was a certain John B. Peck, said to be a New York journalist, who introduced the Captain to a man whom he called Judge Davison of the Pacific slope, and to Messrs. Horn and Richards. On Oct. 19 the yacht started from New York down the coast. It put into Kingston, Jamaica, and there a little trouble arose between the members of the party on board. Davison said to Peck that he did not believe Capt. Ward was a proper man to put on the vessel where they were going. The Captain was informed of this, and was likewise informed of the object of the expedition. He said they were going to British Honduras, or Belize, to try to recover $15,000,000 in Spanish doubloons buried there by pirates fifty-two years before. A coffer dam in the hold, which the sailors had not been able to understand the necessity of for such a trip as they thought they had undertaken, was to be used in digging for the gold, as it was buried on the shore. There were maps on board the yacht and complete tables of the soundings in the keys along the shore of British Honduras. The Captain and his men, it was intended, should help in the work as well as guide the yacht to the place. The Spanish doubloons were said to have been buried on Turnell Key, about thirty miles east of Belize.

Fifty-two years ago a pirate vessel was sighted by a British man-of-war off the Isle of Pines. The pirate ran on, closely pursued, and tried to make Grandboug, the entrance to the Bay of Turneff. It failed to take the clear course, and struck upon the reef. The Englishman had fired on the pirate and killed two of the pirate's crew before the bay was reached, but the others got off and had opportunity to remove the treasure which was on board. The treasure consisted of gold, two cases of diamonds and other precious stones, and a quantity of plate. The pirates took everything ashore they cared for, except the plate. There was a great deal of this, and it was left to delude and satisfy the English. But the other treasure, in thirty-eight ale kegs, was buried in the sand on the shore. The spot was a certain distance from an old ruin at a deserted Indian village. The treasure was buried in this manner: A hole some twelve feet deep was dug, and the kegs placed in it. Over them was thrown a great mound of earth, but enough was left of the excavation to make a double grave. In this were placed the bodies of the two pirates who had been killed, and the top of the hole was left looking like two graves.

Two days afterward the Englishmen shelled the hiding place of the pirates and forced them to surrender. Two men were wounded during the shelling. The captured men were taken to Jamaica and tried. It was proved to the Court that two among the pirate crew were not pirates at all. One of these was one of the two who had been wounded. The Court allowed them both to go free, but the rest of the pirates were hanged. Subsequently the wounded man died. This left only one man alive who knew of the hiding of the treasure. He turned up, it is said, about twenty years ago, on a steamer in the Pacific Ocean. He died on the steamer, and before he died told what he knew about the secret. From him the news got into Judge Davison's possession, and Davison interested Peck and the rest.

After Peck left them the crew were to have sailed from Belize on March 29, but on account of not receiving sufficient stores they were delayed until March 31. On April 1 they started for home, having anchored the day previously at Master Island, Turneff Island, 40 miles off. They were in sight of Cuba. On the 5th, with heavy easterly winds and heavy seas, the yacht rolling heavily, they found water in the galley and coming through the cabin floor, and gaining on the men who were pumping. There was three and a half feet of water in the hold at noon, and the yacht was down by the head. At 3 P. M. they sighted a ship and hoisted a signal of distress, and she hove to and waited for them to board her. She proved to be the ship Arbela of Windsor, N. S., bound from Pensacola to Buenos Ayres, and there being 3½ feet of water in the yacht's hold, the crew were glad of the chance to board her, as they could not have kept the Maria much longer afloat. Soon after leaving her the yacht foundered in north latitude 23° 22', west longitude 84° 45'. On Thursday, April 17, they sighted the schooner Williamine, Capt. Babbage, and were taken on board.

STEEL HANDS AT WORK.

The Edgar Thomson Mills Reopen with Non-Union Men.

PITTSBURGH, April 23.—The Edgar Thomson Steel Works at Braddock, Pa., resumed today. About 500 non-union men are at work.

The day passed without any breach of the peace, and to-night quiet reigns about the big works. The strikers kept away from the company's property all day, and beyond the jeers of a few as the workmen returned to their homes there was no disorder. The report that outside men would take the vacant places if the strikers do not return to work by Wednesday excited the Knights and was the principal topic on the streets of Braddock. In one crowd a striker said: "We have decided to have no trouble and to keep away from the mill and preserve the utmost peace. But if the firm decides on bringing a lot of non-union strangers here we cannot answer for the consequences. It is useless to deny that there exists much feeling under an apparently quiet exterior, and that trouble may occur if strangers are brought here."

Capt. Jones is still of the opinion that the strikers will return to work. The Knights still say that they will win, and this feeling was strengthened when the report got abroad this afternoon that the Carnegies had decided to give a premium of $25 to all who go to work immediately and continue at work, and the same amount to the men who are now at work. This report was emphatically denied at the offices of the company.

Among the residents the impression prevails that there will be an amicable adjustment of the differences in a few days, and that the old men will return to work. In fact, some of the strikers themselves say that if Pinkerton's men had kept away there would have been a settlement to-day.

Capt. Jones says he will have 2,000 men at work by Wednesday. He will wait to-day and to-morrow for the old men, and if they still refuse to accept the company's terms he will import enough men to run the mill. Fifty special officers and 100 Pinkerton men are on guard.

NELLIE DANIELSON'S SUIT.

Justice Bartlett's Remarks on the Relation of Lawyer and Client.

The trial of the suit of Nellie Danielson, a pretty Swede, against Aaron Bergen Burr, a law student and a descendant of Aaron Burr, for $10,000 damages for alleged breach of promise of marriage, was continued yesterday in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn. The girl was a dairy maid in the house of the defendant's father. Young Burr, as she avers, fell in love with her, and obtained her under promises of marriage. Her first action against him was settled by his father, but she now declares that the defendant renewed his attentions, and again promised to marry her. William A. Abbott, who was her counsel in her first suit, testified that on Aug. 31, 1885, the plaintiff, on receiving $500, signed an agreement releasing Burr from all claims she had against him. He was proceeding to relate some private conversations he had had with his former client, when Justice Bartlett said:

"You can go on if you wish to, but if I were a lawyer I would not. Lawyers should not get informing evidence of a client's client, but when they do it should be kept as sacred as that between a doctor and a patient or a priest and a penitent."

One Successful Strike.

CHICAGO, April 23.—The striking journeymen bakers were jubilant to-day. As early as 7 o'clock this morning a number of the bosses were at the hall waiting for the arrival of the strikers committee, in order to sign the contract and get the men back to work. Over 160 of the 200 bosses involved in the strike have already signed, and the rest, it is thought, will sign before to-morrow. The total number of men who quit work was about 1,100. Of these about 900 have returned to work, leaving only about 200 still out.

There was no question of wages involved, but the boarding system is abolished, the bosses agreeing to pay $4 per week for board money and to allow the men to board where they please.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

A perfect preparation for children's complaints.—*Adv.*

PLOTTED TO BREAK JAIL.

FOSTER'S SCHEME DISCOVERED BY INSPECTOR BYRNES.

A Lot of Crooks Bound for Bangor with False Keys, Saws, and Files—The Maine Sheriff to Look After his Prisoner.

Not long ago Inspector Byrnes heard that an attempt would be made by several New York thieves to secure the escape from Bangor jail of James Foster, alias Kelly, who, with Clarence Whitney, are accused of robbing Miser Peter Bennett of Newport, Me., of $32,000. After Foster and Whitney were arrested they pleaded guilty, saying that they had respectable friends, and didn't care to have them know of their disgrace. This statement failed, and they made a confession implicating a prominent physician of Newport, who, they said, had hired them, and taken $29,000 for himself. He had then deserted them. This story was not believed, and his New York friends set about to see if they could get Foster out of jail. The Inspector learned that about a month ago Frank Lawlor, or Lawthers, went to Bangor, represented to Sheriff G. W. Brown that he was a commercial traveller named Everson, and said he would like to inspect the jail. The Sheriff took him through the jail, and Lawlor secured a wax impression from the lock on Foster's cell. This is easily done by slipping in a blank key primed with wax, and turning it against the wards. When Lawlor returned to New York he had a key made, and ordered a second one slightly larger, so that Foster might file and adapt it to the lock if the smaller one should fail to work. Tommy Matthews, another crook, had made a lot of fine steel saws and files, with which Foster could saw the iron bars of the jail corridor after he had unlocked his cell. He was to drop down to the street, and Shang Campbell, Lawlor, "Pretty" Jimmy Wilson, and Matthews were to be there to get him away. Campbell left for Bangor on Saturday night, and the others expected to go on Sunday.

On Saturday night Inspector Byrnes arrested Lawlor and Matthews. Lawlor had false keys secreted between the skin and his undershirt, and Matthews had a lot of steel saws and files. Inspector Byrnes says that Lawlor made a confession of the plot, and insinuated that Foster had a friend inside the jail who was to assist him. Word was sent to Sheriff Brown.

PREPARED FOR THE RESCUERS.

BANGOR, April 23.—The news of the plot concocted by Fred Lawler and Tommy Matthews to release Foster, alias Kelly, and Whitney from Bangor jail made quite a stir here. Sheriff Brown was informed of the plot by Inspector Byrnes and was annoyed because the press had got hold of the story, as otherwise he thought he might have been able to add "Shang" Campbell and "Pretty" Jimmy to his list of boarders when they showed up here. Some time ago a man who described himself as Mr. Emerson, a commercial traveller, called at the jail several times to see the prisoners. Sheriff Brown allowed him this privilege, but doesn't see how he could have got any impression of the lock on Foster's cell, for extra precautions against any such thing were taken on the occasion of his visits, which excited not a little suspicion at the time. Mr. Emerson's presence in the jail seemed to excite Foster considerably. If Campbell and his pal started from New York for Bangor on Saturday night they should have reached here this morning, and the whole town is agape, as the city is full of strangers. Two good-looking crooks would be perfectly safe here unless some New Yorker should happen to recognize them and notify the authorities. They alone, unaided, couldn't catch room in a month of Sundays. At noon two well-dressed young men, strangers in Bangor, were seen hanging about the jail yard, but that circumstance amounts to nothing, as court is in session in the building next the jail, and there are always plenty of strangers about there during trials.

It would be very easy for Foster to get out of the Bangor jail, even with plenty of tools to work with. It is a massive granite building of modern construction, situated in the heart of the city, and within a stone's throw of Police Headquarters. Between the tiers of cells there is a wide walk, and wide windows are patrolled at night by an armed guard who has orders to shoot the first man who puts his head outside his cell door. Even if there were no guard, and an escaping prisoner should reach one of the windows, he would still have several very large bars to saw before he got out. The Sheriff and turnkeys sleep in the building, having a view of the corridors through wickets, and there are also two big and ugly dogs about the jail. If Foster and Whitney can get out of the Bangor jail they deserve to escape.

MR. MORFORD'S SELF-POSSESSION.

His Arm Being Injured in his Foundry, he Has his Foreman Cut It Off.

RED BANK, April 23.—Thomas F. Morford was putting a belt on the rumbler in his iron foundry this afternoon when his fingers got caught. The engineer, who happened to be looking at him and who heard his outcry, sprang for the throttle and stopped the engine almost within a second, but meantime Mr. Morford's hand and arm had been wound around the shaft and he himself had been whirled around it twice, but not very rapidly, as the machinery was already coming to a stop. He remained hanging by his arm. The arm was unwound and he was taken down.

"Oh! he's killed; he's killed!" cried his son, who was present.

"No, Harry," said the injured man. "I'm all right, only my arm is gone."

Only a little flesh held the arm together at the elbow, and pointing to the forearm he said to his foreman, as if he were giving a routine order in the foundry:

"Cut it off."

The foreman did so without trouble with a knife. Mr. Morford was then taken to his home, a mile distant, in a carriage. He wanted to walk up stairs after being carried into the house. The arm will have to be amputated at the shoulder.

JUSTICE HUNTING NOT GUILTY.

He Hypothecated Willets's Bonds, but Only to Take Up Willets's Note.

Justice of the Peace and Lawyer John R. Huntting of Westbury, L. I., was arraigned in the Court of Sessions, Brooklyn, for alleged grand larceny. Fred Willets accused him of purloining certain securities, valued at $25,000. He testified that he first met Huntting in 1883, and that they became very intimate. In 1885, when he was lying sick in the United States Hotel in New York, he sent for Huntting. They took the securities from the New York Safe Deposit Company and placed them with the Brooklyn Trust Company. He gave Huntting a power of attorney, but did not authorize him to hypothecate the property. On Oct. 10, 1885, he asked Huntting to return all the securities, but he received no reply. He again applied for the property, whereupon Huntting sent back the tin box, which contained only a list of the securities and a promissory note for $25,000, signed by Huntting in Willets's favor.

During the cross-examination it was shown that the bonds had been hypothecated to take up a note made by Willets for $12,500, and the prosecution abandoned the case.

ATE GEORGE JONES'S PIES.

The Night Gang on the Times Building Lost their Job Rather Unanimously.

The night gang of the workmen employed in reconstructing the *Times* building are accustomed to take a midnight luncheon in the cellar. On Sunday night the lea boxes in Crook & Nash's part of the cellar drew their attention. Examination discovered pies and plum pudding. Yesterday morning, when the steward noticed his loss, he requested the foreman to see that the men did not take too much liberty with the contents of the cellar.

When the night gang, to the number of fifteen, reported for work at 6 o'clock last evening the alternative was laid before them if it can be called an alternative of surrendering the pie eaters for immediate dismissal, or of being dismissed in a body. They chose the latter. The half dozen men at work last night were not on duty Sunday night, and their stomachs were guiltless. There was some talk of the due force protesting against this severe treatment of their brethren for the trifling sin of "eating George Jones's pies," as the men phrased it.

The Brewery Hands will Try the Boycott.

CHICAGO, April 23.—The striking brewers are still confident of success. A committee is at work among the saloon keepers, and a mass meeting of the latter will be held probably to-morrow and an effort made to establish a boycott upon non-union beer. The strikers say that arrangements have been made to get beer from other points, and they are confident that enough saloon keepers will go into the scheme of refusing Chicago beer to make the brewers come to terms.

Clean House, Wash Clothes with

Pyle's pearline, the nineteenth century soap idea.—*Adv.*

GOING TO SING SING FOR LIFE.

Brewster Convicted and Sentenced Last Night, and Happy to Escape the Gallows.

Samuel Smith Brewster, colored, the hackman, who has been on trial for his life for four days before Recorder Smyth and a jury in the General Sessions, charged with the murder of Ebo Williams, a colored gambler, in a quarrel over the loss of ten cents in McShane's liquor saloon, 36 Grand street, was convicted of murder in the second degree at 10:25 P. M. yesterday. Brewster offered, before the trial began, to plead guilty to murder in the second degree, Assistant District Attorney Parker would not consent.

Brewster endured a protracted cross-examination yesterday by Assistant District Attorney Parker with cool and steady nerve. He said, over and over again, that he did not believe he killed Williams at all. He only hit Williams's left arm, he said, in which Williams held a big beer glass raised. Brewster insisted that he did not see Williams fall after Williams was stabbed to the heart. In fact, he said Williams began a struggle with Barkeeper Harnett after Brewster had left Williams, and while that struggle was going on he, Brewster, stood in the saloon three minutes, lighted a cigar, and went outside of the saloon and stood for two minutes more on the corner of Grand and Thompson streets. Then he walked up Sullivan street, when a white man told him Williams was dead.

The jury were out for three hours and thirty-five minutes. Brewster's wife and a young colored woman were the only spectators in court when the jury returned. The jury at first had stood six for murder in the first degree, four for murder in the second degree, and two for manslaughter. Lawyer Friend moved for a new trial. The motion was denied. In sentencing Brewster, Recorder Smyth said:

Brewster you've had a narrow escape. The evidence showed that you were guilty of murder in the first degree. The fact that you changed your knife from the position in which you first held it, according to your own testimony, to that in which you held it when you plunged it into Ebo Williams's heart, was the strongest evidence of premeditation and deliberation on your part. You deprived a man of his life who had done you no injury, and who had not said a word to you. There was not a shadow of excuse for taking his life. There is but one sentence, and that is that you shall be imprisoned for the term of your natural life in Sing Sing prison.

Brewster said afterward that he was "perfectly happy" at the verdict. He will be taken to Sing Sing to-day.

THREE PENSION BILLS VETOED.

In One Case a Similar Bill had Already Been Passed and Approved.

WASHINGTON, April 23.—The President has vetoed the House bill granting a pension to Hannah C. Dewitt, on the ground that he had already approved an act, the precise duplicate of it, which was passed by Congress earlier in the session, and because, in consequence thereof, the name of the beneficiary is already on the pension rolls.

He also vetoed the House bill granting a pension to Moses T. Mantor, on the ground that his claim for a pension was wholly without merit, and had been properly rejected by the Pension Bureau. The President says in this case:

The reported conduct of the claimant on the last examination, and his evasive and prevaricating answers in their testimony, adds weight to the proposition, quite well established by the proof, that his claim to a pension lacks merit.

The President also returned without his approval the House bill granting a pension to William H. Brokenshaw. He reviews the record in this case, and says:

It will thus be seen that he was in the service a few days more than three months just at the close of the war. It is not alleged that he did any actual fighting. In 1868 he filed an application for pension alleging that on the evening of Sept. 25, 1865, being the day before, he received at rendezvous he was injured in his ribs while getting into his bunk by three other recruits who were scuffling in the room and who jumped upon him or crushed him against the side of the bunk. An examination upon such application, made in 1884, tended to show an injury to his ribs, but the claim was rejected on the ground that no injury was incurred in the line of duty. It must be conceded that upon the claimant's own showing, he was not injured as an incident in military service. I am satisfied that no injustice will be done if the disposition made of this case by the Pension Bureau is allowed to stand.

DR. LORING DIES SUDDENLY.

Attacked by Apoplexy in Park Avenue while Going to See a Patient.

Dr. Edward G. Loring, the eye and ear specialist, was crossing Park avenue at Seventy-fourth street at 6 o'clock last night, on his way to visit a patient, when he was seen to stagger and fall on the flagging. He was dead when help came. His death is ascribed to apoplexy. The body was removed to the Sixty-seventh street police station and thence to Dr. Loring's house, 128 Madison avenue.

Dr. Loring was born in Boston in 1837. His father, Judge Edward G. Loring, who is still living, and resides in Washington, was at one time a member of the Court of Appeals, and rendered the famous decision which sent the colored fugitive, Andrew Burns, back to slavery. Young Loring graduated at Harvard and went through the Harvard Medical School. He studied his specialty in the Boston City Hospital under Dr. Henry W. Williams. His first practice was in Baltimore, to which city he went after his marriage to Miss Jarvis, a daughter of James Jackson Jarvis. Dr. Loring came to this city in 1867 and began practice in partnership with Dr. Agnew, who died last week. This association lasted six years. Dr. Loring was one of the founders of the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital, and at the time of his death was an attending surgeon at the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary. He was the inventor of the improved ophthalmoscope, which gave an impetus to the study of his specialty. He was the author of a treatise on refraction and ophthalmoscopy and had just published one volume of his work on diseases of the eye.

His first wife died several years ago, and in 1886 he married Miss Swift, who survives him. He had no children.

THE IROQUOIS BANQUET.

Chicago's Big Democratic Club Has its Annual Spread.

CHICAGO, April 23.—The fifth annual banquet of the Iroquois Club, held to-night, on the anniversary of the birthday of Stephen A. Douglas was a great success. Plates were laid for 350 guests, and every seat was taken when President Newberry called the assemblage to order. Many prominent Democrats from all parts of the country were present. Among the letters of regret was one from George William Curtis, who expressed confidence that the counsels of the Iroquois Club would aid a wise popular decision in the impending campaign. Chairman Mills of the Ways and Means Committee wrote in praise of Cleveland and the Mills bill.

The first toast to "Stephen A. Douglas" was responded to by Melville W. Fuller. Gen. Black, Pension Commissioner, responded to the toast "Triumphant Democracy." He said the success four years ago of the Democratic party had cured all radical defects and made the country sound and healthy.

Ex-Gov. J. Sterling Morton of Nebraska asserted that laws usually worked more harm than good to the people. As a shining example the Morrill tariff was cited as the father of all "trusts." T. M. Patterson of Colorado responded to the toast "Grover Cleveland."

WANTS TO SEE ENO'S ACCOUNTS.

The Fugitive's Assignee Proposes to Cross-question the Brokers.

When John C. Eno, now of Canada, was speculating with the money of the Second National Bank, Seymour, Baker & Co. were among the brokers he employed. After he got to Canada he now alleges he discovered that the brokers had cheated him. Eno's assignee is A. R. Dyett, and on his behalf Col. Ingersoll asked Judge Barrett yesterday for an order to examine the brokers as to the flight and compel them to show their books. Joseph H. Choate opposed the motion, said that monthly accounts had always been furnished to Eno, that the suit was based on stories of a discharged employee of the firm, W. H. Sanger, and that the books no longer existed. Decision reserved.

A Boy Killed by a Game Cock.

HOT SPRINGS, April 23.—Yesterday afternoon the 4-year-old son of A. B. Stringer went into the back yard to play. He had been outdoors but a few moments when a big blue pile game cock of great strength and fierceness flew into his face. The little fellow was picked dead when his mother came. Mrs. Stringer, who ran to her child's rescue, fainted. When the boy was taken into the house it was found that his face had been scratched by the rooster's spurs. Half an hour later the child died, and it was found that his neck had been dislocated by the game cock's assault, and that concussion of the brain had caused death.

THE KNIGHTS NEED MONEY.

SEEKING WAYS AND MEANS TO REPLENISH THE EMPTY CASH BOX.

Expenses Largely Exceed the Receipts—The General Board Decide to Sell Their Ohio Coal Mine—A Very Gloomy Outlook.

PHILADELPHIA, April 23.—The appropriation of $10,000 by the General Executive Board of the Knights of Labor at the recent session to start a printing office at headquarters was a farcical act. The money was appropriated from a depleted treasury. The need of ready money above current expenses, which are now paid with difficulty, has caused much concern. Schemes for raising the wind have been afloat for some time. Aside from the brown-stone headquarters, worth $60,000, the only available property is the Connelburg coal mine in Ohio. The General Board have authorized the sale of this property, and they expect to realize enough to enable the Trustees of the printing office to get the office well under way.

The trustees want to start the office badly, as they thus hope to lessen the enormous printing bill of the order, which was $49,000 last year. The sale of the mine will only provide a little ready money for exigencies, such as the printing office, and will do little to improve the frightfully bad condition of the finances. A member of the Board admits that there is barely enough money in the treasury to pay the current expenses and keep the machinery going until the payment of the July per capita tax.

The quarterly returns are far from satisfactory. Mr. Powderly has issued a special call, for the purpose of keeping the attention of the order on the glittering generalities of his to draw a little money into the empty coffers. Unless money is received between this date and July, the force at the general office will have to be further reduced. The question strikes higher than the clerks, however, and there is a strong probability, which is held by some of the Board, that before that time the general officers will not be able to get their salaries in full. The expenses of the order are now very heavy. During the year 1885-86 the order gained nearly 600,000 members, and the total expenses were $105,795. Under the present administration for 1886-87, the order lost 217,000 members, and the total expenses were $491,683.

At the close of the Minneapolis session of the General Assembly in October, 1887, the treasury was practically empty, as the payment of the expenses of the General Assembly about exhausted the paltry balance of $5,977. The Order had, according to Secretary Litchman, 458,000 members. This membership had paid into the treasury the sum of $495,656 while the yearly expenses were $491,683. The expenses and receipts for the year ended were about falling of in the membership or other causes affecting the income would force the receipts to fall below the expenditures. In 1886-87 each member of the order paid about seventy-five cents for the support of the order, every cent of which was used; and as the membership has decreased some 200,000 the receipts should have got any impression of the lock on Foster's cell, for extra precautions against any such thing were taken on the occasion of his visits, which excited not a little suspicion at the time. Mr. Emerson's presence in the jail seemed to excite Foster considerably. If Campbell and his pal started from New York for Bangor on Saturday night they should have reached here this morning, and the whole town is agape, as the city is full of strangers. Two good-looking crooks would be perfectly safe here unless some New Yorker should happen to recognize them and notify the authorities. They alone, unaided, couldn't catch room in a month of Sundays. At noon two well-dressed young men, strangers in Bangor, were seen hanging about the jail yard, but that circumstance amounts to nothing, as court is in session in the building next the jail, and there are always plenty of strangers about there during trials.

It would be very easy for Foster to get out of the Bangor jail, even with plenty of tools to work with. It is a massive granite building of modern construction, situated in the heart of the city, and within a stone's throw of Police Headquarters. Between the tiers of cells there is a wide walk, and wide windows are patrolled at night by an armed guard who has orders to shoot the first man who puts his head outside his cell door. Even if there were no guard, and an escaping prisoner should reach one of the windows, he would still have several very large bars to saw before he got out. The Sheriff and turnkeys sleep in the building, having a view of the corridors through wickets, and there are also two big and ugly dogs about the jail. If Foster and Whitney can get out of the Bangor jail they deserve to escape.

MR. MORFORD'S SELF-POSSESSION.

His Arm Being Injured in his Foundry, he Has his Foreman Cut It Off.

RED BANK, April 23.—Thomas F. Morford was putting a belt on the rumbler in his iron foundry this afternoon when his fingers got caught. The engineer, who happened to be looking at him and who heard his outcry, sprang for the throttle and stopped the engine almost within a second, but meantime Mr. Morford's hand and arm had been wound around the shaft and he himself had been whirled around it twice, but not very rapidly, as the machinery was already coming to a stop. He remained hanging by his arm. The arm was unwound and he was taken down.

"Oh! he's killed; he's killed!" cried his son, who was present.

"No, Harry," said the injured man. "I'm all right, only my arm is gone."

Only a little flesh held the arm together at the elbow, and pointing to the forearm he said to his foreman, as if he were giving a routine order in the foundry:

"Cut it off."

The foreman did so without trouble with a knife. Mr. Morford was then taken to his home, a mile distant, in a carriage. He wanted to walk up stairs after being carried into the house. The arm will have to be amputated at the shoulder.

JUSTICE HUNTING NOT GUILTY.

He Hypothecated Willets's Bonds, but Only to Take Up Willets's Note.

Justice of the Peace and Lawyer John R. Huntting of Westbury, L. I., was arraigned in the Court of Sessions, Brooklyn, for alleged grand larceny. Fred Willets accused him of purloining certain securities, valued at $25,000. He testified that he first met Huntting in 1883, and that they became very intimate. In 1885, when he was lying sick in the United States Hotel in New York, he sent for Huntting. They took the securities from the New York Safe Deposit Company and placed them with the Brooklyn Trust Company. He gave Huntting a power of attorney, but did not authorize him to hypothecate the property. On Oct. 10, 1885, he asked Huntting to return all the securities, but he received no reply. He again applied for the property, whereupon Huntting sent back the tin box, which contained only a list of the securities and a promissory note for $25,000, signed by Huntting in Willets's favor.

During the cross-examination it was shown that the bonds had been hypothecated to take up a note made by Willets for $12,500, and the prosecution abandoned the case.

ATE GEORGE JONES'S PIES.

The Night Gang on the Times Building Lost their Job Rather Unanimously.

The night gang of the workmen employed in reconstructing the *Times* building are accustomed to take a midnight luncheon in the cellar. On Sunday night the lea boxes in Crook & Nash's part of the cellar drew their attention. Examination discovered pies and plum pudding. Yesterday morning, when the steward noticed his loss, he requested the foreman to see that the men did not take too much liberty with the contents of the cellar.

When the night gang, to the number of fifteen, reported for work at 6 o'clock last evening the alternative was laid before them if it can be called an alternative of surrendering the pie eaters for immediate dismissal, or of being dismissed in a body. They chose the latter. The half dozen men at work last night were not on duty Sunday night, and their stomachs were guiltless. There was some talk of the due force protesting against this severe treatment of their brethren for the trifling sin of "eating George Jones's pies," as the men phrased it.

The Brewery Hands will Try the Boycott.

CHICAGO, April 23.—The striking brewers are still confident of success. A committee is at work among the saloon keepers, and a mass meeting of the latter will be held probably to-morrow and an effort made to establish a boycott upon non-union beer. The strikers say that arrangements have been made to get beer from other points, and they are confident that enough saloon keepers will go into the scheme of refusing Chicago beer to make the brewers come to terms.

Clean House, Wash Clothes with

Pyle's pearline, the nineteenth century soap idea.—*Adv.*

HORNBACHER DEFEATS SOL WHITE.

A Savage Skin-Glove Fight Which Lasted an Hour and Forty Minutes.

Eugene Hornbacher of Harlem, and Sol White, a brother of the celebrated Frank White of this city, met on a barge on the North River last night and battled with skin-tight gloves for a purse of $500, in the presence of a crowd of 100 mixed sporting men. Hornbacher is 22 years old, stands 5 feet 4½ inches, and he weighed 118 pounds. He has figured as a principal in ten battles. White is also 22, is 5 feet 6 inches tall, and he weighed 112 pounds. He has figured in the ring three times, having fought draws on two of these occasions with Billy Clarkson, who, with his brother Frank, helped to second him last night. Hornbacher was also seconded by his brother Oscar and Frank Burns. Both men were bare from the waist up. Ed. Plummer was referee and P. J. Donohue timekeeper.

Hornbacher appeared to be much the larger man, but White was in the best condition. Hornbacher made play and got in a little left-hander on White's breast. After some counter hitting they got close together, when White twice upper cut his man with severity in the face. In the third round Hornbacher nearly knocked White's left eye out of his head with a left hand-punch. White was nearly crazed with pain for a moment and then gamely returned to the charge.

In the subsequent rounds to the eleventh Hornbacher kept banging away at White's bad eye, and soon closed it so tight that he could not see out of it. White made a game fight in return, and bumped and marked his antagonist's face with red bumps and knots, and he was rewarded with first blood