THE EVENING SUN has a larger circulation than any other evening newspaper.

The Sun.

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VOL. LV.—NO. 348. NEW YORK, MONDAY, AUGUST 13, 1888. PRICE TWO CENTS.

BLAINE MARCHES ON TO-DAY

HE JUST MISSED JOHN SHERMAN DOWN AT MANHATTAN BEACH.

Did Not Try a Bath, But Sat Around and Rested—Nine Speeches on his Programme for To-Day—Eight to be from the Train.

The Hon. James G. Blaine of Maine spent a restful and decorous Sunday at the Oriental Hotel, Manhattan Beach, yesterday, to his own great satisfaction. The quiet was, in some degree, the result of the rainy weather of the morning, and was therefore not so thoroughly satisfactory to Manager Shelley of the hotel. A further result of the rain, according to Mr. Thomas C. Platt, was Mr. Blaine's failure to attend the religious service in the concert amphitheatre and hear a sermon by the Rev. Merritt St. C. Wright, a Harlem Unitarian clergyman. Mr. Blaine rose and breakfasted so late that it seemed safe to say that he had not intended to go to church any way. So a wicked bystander said to Mr. Platt: "My case is similar to Mr. Blaine's. I shall tell my wife that I didn't go to church on account of the rain, and sunshine would have kept me away, too."

"You might tell her," suggested Mr. Platt, "that you would have put on your bathing suit and gone away if you had been a Baptist. Or, if she is a Presbyterian, tell her that it was more than a sprinkle."

Mr. Blaine's morning was very short, as his party did not go to breakfast until 10 o'clock, in a private dining room. But, short as it was, Mr. Blaine had time to see Senator Quay a few minutes. He had breakfasted earlier and left for New York at 2 o'clock. Another caller was John J. O'Brien, the Republican boss of the Eighth Assembly district, who is to be the local manager of the campaign. But he called simply to pay his respects and introduce three friends, who looked as though they might be district leaders some day, but who are as yet unknown to fame. The visitors came in the midst of the rain, in a coach, up the little-used drive to the rear entrance of the hotel. They were in Mr. Blaine's parlor some time, and Mr. O'Brien, who voted for Blaine at Chicago when nearly all the other New Yorkers were voting for favorite son Chauncey M. Depew, told his candidate how sorry he was not to have been able to swing the Convention around his way. Mr. Blaine responded that, while he wished to thank Mr. O'Brien for his loyal support, he had no regrets.

Commodore William H. Thompson, formerly of the White Star line, a personal friend of Mr. Blaine's and a fellow passenger with him on the City of New York, paid him a visit. A committee appointed at a meeting of manufacturers at the Brighton Beach Hotel, headed by Landlord C. T. Cunningham, also called to see Mr. Blaine. They wanted him to visit the hotel and hear saw concert. Mr. Platt saw the committee and said he would try and induce Mr. Blaine to comply. It may be that he did, but nothing came of it.

Except for those already mentioned, he saw no one outside of his own party and the Platts, except Senator Fassett and his friend John M. Dwight. He sat comfortably in the private parlor of his suite, and rested, as he declared, splendidly.

A swimming party was made up, but he did not join it. Mrs. Blaine, Mrs. Platt, Miss Harriett Blaine, and several other ladies, and Frank and Harry Platt, Col. Coppinger, Walker Blaine, Senator Fassett, and Mr. Dwight were the party, but only the Platt boys, young Blaine, Fassett, and Dwight went into the water, the others looking on from the pavilion.

This made luncheon pretty late, and as the big dining room was nearly empty at 3 o'clock, the partook seats in one of three private rooms opening out of it. Mr. Blaine sat opposite the broad open doorway, and nearly every one left in the big dining room had a good chance to look at him. They fell to discussing the conflicting stories as to his health while abroad, and to some extent justified the wide variance in these reports by failing to agree in their own conclusions after inspection. Some thought that he was hale and hearty enough, and others that he had aged greatly and had a tendency to stoop.

After lunch, Mr. Blaine stood about the piazza, near the main entrance, for a little while, and this was all the time he spent outside of his rooms all the day, except in going back and forth to meals.

Some comment was heard at the Beach at the fact that Mr. Blaine's arrival there was almost coincident with Senator John Sherman's departure, and it was recalled that the grizzled Ohioan left the Fifth Avenue Hotel just in time not to meet Mr. Blaine on his arrival there. This is not the first time that it has been noted by red-hot Republicans that "Brother John" has been acting more coolly than usual since the collapse at Chicago of probably the last boom in his stock. This and Democratic Executive Committee Chairman Brice's Ohio connections and confidence lead them to fear that the Buckeye State's plump electoral vote is likely to go for Cleveland and Thurman. No one in Mr. Blaine's party would admit that there had been any notice taken in it of the Sherman episode or any comment made on it.

The dinner hour of 6 o'clock was the signal for a hasty gathering of the whole party, including Senator and Mrs. Don Cameron, so that they might dine comfortably, and yet have time to catch the 7:20 train for New York. This was accomplished, the party going directly from the table to the track, where the special parlor car Jockey Club was awaiting them. Everybody tumbled in, and hand shakes, kisses and good-bye were exchanged until the car had been run down and coupled on to the head of the regular train for Long Island City. Then the Platts and the Camerons got out, and the original Blaine party, including Col. Coppinger and Miss Dodge, were left to journey to New York. Emmons Blaine, who left for Chicago last evening, came to the city on an earlier train to get ready.

Every one on the train speedily knew of the presence of the distinguished party, and at the Long Island City depot and on the ferryboat there was much crowding and pushing to see Mr. Blaine. On the New York side carriages were waiting inside the gates, and the drive to the Fifth Avenue Hotel was rapidly made.

Joe Manley was there, but he is afraid he can't go East on the Blaine train to-day. Unless telegrams come this morning to change the situation of a business matter, he will have to stay in New York and read about the progress through New England in the newspapers.

Gov. Alger was there, too, having arrived from Washington, where he went to attend Gen. Sheridan's funeral. He is going to Narragansett Pier this morning, but will be back to-morrow. As National Committeeman Sanborn has gone home, Gen. Alger will represent Michigan at to-morrow's meeting, and report upon the outlook in his State. He says his report will be highly encouraging and is founded on facts. He saw and spent a few minutes with Blaine soon after the latter reached the hotel.

Chairman Quay, the chief engineer of the Republican campaign machinery, was at the Fifth Avenue with Committeeman Clarkson very soon after Mr. Blaine's return, and a conference of some length followed. Dr. Burden of the Massachusetts Republican State Committee saw Mr. Blaine long enough to tell him that the Cadet band was the one that would serenade him in Boston to-night, and Mr. Blaine went to bed to rest in advance for what will be, if the weather is good, a lively day.

The plans, as published in yesterday's SUN, have not been changed. Mr. Blaine starts for Boston on the regular 11 o'clock express train. He will show himself and speak a word if called upon at Stamford, Bridgeport, New Haven, Meriden, Hartford, Springfield, Worcester, and South Framingham.

To-morrow he leaves Boston at 12:30 P. M., and with a fifteen minutes' stop and hurried reception at Portland, is due in Augusta at 7:15 P. M., where a neighborly greeting awaits him.

The Fast St. Louis Train on the Erie Wrecked by an Open Switch.

ELMIRA, Aug. 12.—The St. Louis limited, the fastest and best appointed train in the Erie service, while dashing westward at 2 o'clock this morning through a violent storm struck an open switch two miles east of Corning and collided with tremendous momentum with a freight train and was wrecked. The big Mother Hubbard engine, weighing over fifty-five tons, was smashed and overturned, and Engineer John Mercereau of Hornellsville was buried and crushed beneath the debris. Engineer Fisher of the freight engine, which was demolished, escaped with slight injuries. The two baggage cars and smoker were badly broken up and the day coach injured slightly, yet no passengers were injured. The darkness was intense and the rain storm a cloud burst, and when the passengers stepped out of the smoker into a hole filled with water they thought they were in the river. The railroad officials have investigated, and think that the switch was opened by miscreants. The same train has been similarly wrecked twice before at Solo and Whitehouse.

A Novel Safeguard from Fire.

A patent has been issued for a contrivance called the "Tongue and Groove." By its use the door joints of a fireproof safe cannot open or expand when heated. The device is the invention of and is used exclusively by the Marvin Safe Co. of New York.—*Adv.*

TEEMING WITH SENSATIONS.

The Local News in an Iowa Town Gives the People Plenty of Excitement.

SHENANDOAH, Page county, Ia., Aug. 12.—About 11 o'clock on Friday night a mob of 200 men broke down the doors of the jail in this town, and took therefrom one Frank Phillips, a prisoner committed for trial for attempted assault on the little six-year-old girl of F. J. Pine, a hardware merchant of this place. After stripping him naked a liberal coat of tar and feathers was applied all over his body, and after a severe whipping with a heavy whip was administered he was allowed to go, followed by the crowds through the streets to the jail. At 2 o'clock this morning the jail was again entered by about a dozen masked men, who, placing a rope around the prisoner's neck, led him to a telegraph pole. After being hauled up by the neck and then lowered, he made a full confession of the crime, also admitting having committed several similar offences upon other little girls of about the same age of well-known families of this place. On a promise to leave the city, he received his freedom.

About 9:30 o'clock last night F. J. Pine, the father of the child, was shot and instantly killed by Frank Gallop, a notorious tough of Shenandoah. A family row was in progress at the Gallop house, and Mr. Pine with some other citizens stopped in front of the house to see what the trouble was, when Frank Gallop came forward, saying, "D—— you, take that," shooting Pine twice and killing him instantly. On the fact being known the militia company was called out to surround the house, after which Frank Gallop's mother appeared at the door and invited those on the outside to come in and see that her son was not in the house. Immediately members of the militia company entered the house.

They were instantly fired upon by Frank Gallop, who was concealed in the cellar. He shot four persons, Bert Rice of Imogene fatally, Dave Campbell, I. H. Winfrey, and another man whose name was not learned were wounded, but will probably recover. In the shooting that followed, Gallop's father was wounded, and, as was afterwards learned, Frank Gallop was shot and killed. The rest of the Gallop family, consisting of the father, mother, brother, and wife of the murderer, were arrested. Great excitement prevails.

THE KILLING OF AARON WILLIAMSON.

A Galveston Lawyer Shoots a Negro who Threatened to Kill Him.

GALVESTON, Aug. 11.—Aaron Williamson, a negro drayman, was shot and killed by John Lovejoy, an attorney, yesterday. Williamson had gone to Lovejoy's office to dun him for money which he said Lovejoy owed him for electioneering services rendered four years ago, when Lovejoy ran for the office of Criminal District Attorney. Mr. Alex. Sampson, a lawyer, occupying the same office with Mr. Lovejoy, was the only eye witness to the shooting. He testified that in the forenoon Williamson came into the office and asked for Lovejoy. Witness told him that Lovejoy was out, and that he did not know when he would return. Williamson at that time appeared to be sober. At about 3 P. M., as witness and Lovejoy were coming down stairs from the office, they encountered Williamson at the foot of the steps. Williamson said that he had come to get the money that Lovejoy owed him, and was going to have it that very evening. Lovejoy replied that he was going out of town, but would leave $15 for him with Mr. Sampson, which he could get on Monday.

Williamson replied: "You white ——, I'm going to have that money this evening or kill you." He repeated this several times. Mr. Sampson grabbed him, but the negro, being the more powerful, broke away from him. Lovejoy told him not to advance on him but to go away. He continued to advance, calling Lovejoy a "white ——." Lovejoy then retreated a few steps up the stairs and drew his revolver. Sampson stepped back to get out of range. Lovejoy fired two shots. Williamson staggered at the first shot. Sampson did not see Williamson attempt to draw a pistol. No weapon was found on the body.

HERR JOSEF SCHULHOF HERE.

Father of Chess Players, Crack Shot, and Magazine Gun Inventor.

Herr Joseph Schulhof, the well-known Austrian pistol shot, arrived last week by the Britannic, and is at the Belvidere Hotel. Besides being a crack shot, Herr Schulhof, who is about 60 years old, is known as "the father of chess players" throughout Europe. It was through him that Herr Steinetz came to visit this country. Herr Schulhof hopes to be able to meet the great American players before his return to Vienna.

But it is chiefly as a marksman that he is known. He shot against Bismarck at Gastein, and has with him the pistol used in the contest. He also shot with Kaiser Frederick and the Emperor of Austria. One of his best records was made before the Emperor of Austria, when at 400 paces he scored twenty-eight bull's-eyes out of thirty shots. He would be glad to shoot against Capt. Bogardus, Dr. Carver, or any other crack shot of this country.

His principal object in visiting this country is to show to the Government a new repeating rifle and pistol of which he is the inventor and which has been adopted by several European Governments, although in its improved form it was completed only last month. He has been working on it for eight years. In the sides of the magazine is a slot covered by a trap. The six cartridges are in a tin case which is put into the slot and the case is then withdrawn and thrown away. When the trigger is pulled a bolt drives one of the cartridges into the barrel and fires it. The cartridges never enter the barrel except when the trigger is pulled, so there would be no danger of explosions from dropping the gun as in ordinary cases. The return action of the trigger removes the empty shells. The gun can be reloaded and fired with extreme rapidity.

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A hack was standing at the door, into which the party jumped.

"Drive to the St. Julien," said Sullivan.

One of the party protested, but Sullivan ended the dispute by growling: "I said drive to the St. Julien, and that goes!"

A reporter heard Sullivan's own account of the affair. He said: "Me and Hogarty had been out to Deer Park and were comin' in nice and quiet. The next thing I knew I saw two coppers having a hold of Billy. I told 'em to take their hands off him, and just then seven more coppers grabbed a hold of me. I shot away, but there were so many of the coppers that I went along with 'em. You bet your life I wasn't going to stay in that cell all Sunday, though I wouldn't have squealed, would I, Tom? You've known me a long time and know I wouldn't. I sent to every friend I had and got bail. Waiter, bring the same all round again."

As the reporter departed he heard Sullivan growl: "Where's that whiskey?"

Small-pox in the State Prison at Trenton.

TRENTON, Aug. 12.—Small-pox has broken out in the State prison here. A convict named Thomas Kenny, from Essex county, was found to be suffering from the disease yesterday. He was at once isolated from the other convicts by being placed in the old prison morgue, which had been converted into a pest house. Kenny is supposed to have contracted the disease from Charles Platt, a colored convict from Camden county, who was lodged in prison on July 24. Platt, it has been learned, was then recovering from varioloid. He and Kenny worked in the same shop, and their cells were on the same tier.

There seems to be no doubt whatever that Kenny has a genuine attack of the malady. In his isolated cell he is attended by two convicts who have had the small-pox. Dr. Hutchinson, the prison physician, and Head Keeper Patterson are taking every precaution to prevent an epidemic. The prison has been thoroughly fumigated, and nearly all of the convicts have been vaccinated. The prospect of an epidemic has caused much alarm, and some of the night watchmen have asked to be relieved from duty.

Wright Sanford's Health.

A story got into print yesterday that A. Wright Sanford was down with hasty consumption at Paul Smith's hotel in the Adirondacks. It is not true. He has had stomach trouble for a month past, and last Wednesday he left New York for Saratoga, where he is now. His health has improved.

ELSEY CHAPEL'S JUBILEE.

ELDER RAYMOND BAPTIZES SIX CONVERTS TO THE FAITH CURE.

Little Clement White Liked It, but the Baby Didn't—Old Mr. Elsey to be Baptized Next—Mrs. Tulp's Hearing Restored

The Elsey Memorial Faith Cure Chapel on Jewett avenue, Jersey City, held its second jubilee service yesterday at Saltersville, Pamrapo, the home of the most ferocious mosquitoes in the State. John White, his wife Georgianna, their children, Minnie aged 12 years, Clement aged 7 years, and Florence aged 4 years, and Miss Josie Holthusen, aged 15, were baptized. The ceremony was performed by Elder Raymond, who is now pastor of the Elsey Chapel in place of Mr. Edward Albert Philips. Mr. Philips offended Mr. and Mrs. Elsey by telling them that it was harder for rich people to enter the kingdom of heaven than for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, and was unceremoniously bounced for his "impudence," as Mr. Elsey's friends termed it. Mr. Raymond is 72 years old, and has been a minister for forty-five years. Until six years ago he was a Baptist. He was taken sick. Doctors said he had a tumor in his stomach, and, after a year, informed him that he couldn't live. Mr. Raymond says that he was in awful agony one night and went out in the woods back of his house to die. When he got there he thought he would make a final appeal to God for his life. In a few minutes he felt new life, he says, and in ten minutes he knew that he was cured. He has not felt the tumor since. He resigned as pastor of a Baptist church in Detroit and started out as an evangelist to preach the faith-cure doctrine. He has been at it ever since, and tells of wonderful successes both in making converts and in effecting cures. He is greatly liked by the Elsey congregation.

About fifty members of the church were at the bay shore at Saltersville yesterday. Before the baptisms a meeting was held in the grove and stories of wonderful cures were told. Mr. Elsey was there and accompanied a reporter to the shore when the meeting was over. He said that since Pastor Philips had been discharged the church had grown in numbers, grace, and faith. He was very enthusiastic. As the candidates for baptism came down the hill to the bay shore dressed in black robes he said: "See, a whole family has been gathered to the Lord."

Elder Raymond passed just then, and waving his hand, he exclaimed: Yes, praise the Lord, they're all here, the whole family."

"Praise to God!" shouted Mr. Elsey, and the cry was taken up by the candidates. The little boy Clement and the baby Florence were the first to be taken into the water. The mother carried the baby and the father the boy. The boy liked it, and, when the ceremony was over, snuffed the water from his nose and laughed. The baby was afraid, and her father took her in his arms to hand her to the Elder. She clasped him round the neck and cried. Threats and entreaties were of no avail; she wouldn't loose her hold on her father's neck. The Elder talked to her and told her that it was all for the glory of Jesus. But the baby was too young to understand. Finally the Elder took both father and child in his arms and pulled them backward under water. The baby was nearly choked when it came to the surface, still clinging tightly to its father's neck. It was quickly taken ashore and soon recovered.

Minnie White came next, followed by her mother and father. The father was doubly cleansed, because the baptism he had received with his child didn't count. The last of the party was Miss Holthusen. She was the most enthusiastic. She says she was healed of cerebro-spinal meningitis and spine disease. Lovejoy then walked a few steps up the stairs and drew his revolver. Sampson stepped back to get out of range. Lovejoy fired two shots. Williamson staggered at the first shot. Sampson did not see Williamson attempt to draw a pistol. No weapon was found on the body.

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Foul Whisperings—Peddlers'

Arguments—Tyler's Peerless is never peddled.—*Adv.*

A CLUB IS NOT TO HAMMER BOYS WITH.

Donald Burns's Son Deaf and Young Kelly Dying and Both Lay it to Policemen.

Donald Burns, a bird dealer at 115 Roosevelt street, has complained to Inspector Byrnes that his adopted son James was unwarrantably clubbed by Policeman Gallagher of the Fourth precinct last Wednesday night, so that the boy's hearing is likely to be permanently affected. Young Burns is 18 years old, and of a delicate constitution. He was already deaf in his left ear, and the blow he received from Gallagher on the right side of the head has temporarily, at least, destroyed his hearing.

He was arrested in Chatham square for being drunk and for fighting. He says that he had done nothing of a disorderly nature, and never drank in his life. Justice Power fined him $5 the next morning, but afterward remitted the fine. Donald Burns, who lives at 82 Catharine street, says he will push the charge against Gallagher to the extent of his power.

Richard Kelly, Jr., a 17-year-old brass worker, lay yesterday afternoon at the point of death in his father's rooms on the second floor of the tenement house at 132 Cherry street. He has been sick abed since July 23, and three doctors have attended him. His father, who is a day laborer, says that the lad's dangerous condition is the result of a clubbing by Policeman Henry Herrlich of the Madison street station. Herrlich arrested Kelly in front of 3 Hamilton street at 9½ A. M. on July 13, and at the station house charged that he belonged to a "growler" gang, who were a great annoyance to respectable people in Hamilton street. Justice Ford sent Kelly to the Island for a month, but discharged him two days later on the application of his parents.

Young Kelly said when he got home that Herrlich had struck him twice on the head with sufficient force to break his Derby hat, and that afterward, when he tripped on the steps of the Essex Market Court House, Herrlich struck him again and brought him to his knees. Young Kelly was sickly after he got home, and had trouble with his head. Drs. McKenzie and Campbell were called from the Centre street dispensary to see him. They said that the lad was suffering from fright and exposure. They were not told of any clubbing. Young Kelly was delirious yesterday, and had been in that condition for two days. Dr. Hemingway of 57 Market street saw him in the afternoon. He told the lad's parents that unless there was a favorable change in the next twenty-four hours there would be no hope of recovery. Dr. Hemingway, like the other physicians, had heard nothing from the family about the clubbing.

At the Madison street station yesterday it was declared that Policeman Herrlich was not a clubber. Herrlich himself denies that he clubbed Kelly.

ORDERS TO SPRUCE UP.

Harlem Railroad Trainmen are in a State of Mind Just New.

The conductors and trainmen of the Harlem Railroad are in a state of mind. A few of the more excitable among them say that there will be a strike, though they have no effective organization. This notice, which has been handed to every conductor and train hand, is the cause of their excitement. It was posted up in the depot on Friday:

To all Passenger Conductors:

Complaint has been made that the Harlem Railroad trainmen are the dirtiest on the road. I think so, too, to a great extent. I want the conductors to be careful to see that their crews are always in the same uniform, particularly as to caps and coats, and that no citizens' clothes are worn with the uniform.

Conductors and crews, on arrival at terminal stations, must remain in uniform and assist in unloading passengers, and not put on their citizens' clothes until this is done. On arrival at Mott, C. T., the conductor is often the first to leave the train and puts on citizens' clothes, hat, or coat while the train is still in the yard. This must absolutely be stopped.

I also wish to warn some of the trainmen that those who are continually dirty looking, have dirty linen, their shoes unblackened, holes in their clothes, that some of these will soon be laid aside in a month or two if they do not spruce up a little more.

For those who have to ride through the side tunnel, I would recommend the putting on of a large leather chief around their neck which would prevent a great many cinders from settling in the neck. Also celluloid collars are much easier to keep clean and cost less than linen collars. A great many uniforms are worn out or ripped out by the use they are subject to while off duty. You will find that your uniforms will wear a great deal better if, when work is over, you shift into citizens' clothes.

Conductors will give each of their trainmen a copy of this order. GEORGE H. WORCESTER.

Mr. Worcester is superintendent of the Harlem road between this city and White Plains. One of the trainmen said yesterday:

"This order is ridiculously unnecessary. There is a good deal that is sarcasm in it. We never can leave our trains until we sweep them thoroughly. Generally there are six cars in a train; never less than three. We are required to put oil in the lamps, coal in the stoves in the winter time, and water in the coolers. We never have any time to spare while in the yard. There is not a man of us but works twelve hours, some fourteen hours, and a few sixteen hours. We get $45 a month. We buy our $15 suits, a black cap, and a white cap in summer. It must be chalk white all the while."

CURED BY FAITH.

Wonderful Result Said to Follow Worshipping at a Shrine.

OTTAWA, Canada, Aug. 12.—Referring to the great number of cures which have been effected this year at Ste. Anne de Beaupre, province of Quebec, *L'Etendard* of Montreal says that at least three took place during the recent pilgrimage of the Catholics of Redford, N. Y., to that place. The mother of the Rev. Father Charleowneau of Lyon Mountain, who for nearly a year could neither walk nor use her hands—her limbs being paralyzed—after receiving communion at the shrine walked back to the boat and gained complete control of her arms and hands. Mrs. E. Viens of the same place had been given up by her physicians that she would never be able to walk. However after honoring the relics of the saint, she was able to discard her crutches and go back to her pew unaided and has been able to walk ever since. A young lady of Malone, whose name is not given, had a tumor in one of her feet, completely deprving her of the use of her foot. After her devotions at the shrine the swelling and pain commenced abating and she is now completely restored to health.

DYNAMITERS IN PITTSTON.

An Attempt to Blow Up the House of a Coal Company's Weighmaster.

WILKESBARRE, Aug. 12.—William Collier, weighmaster for the Paradise Coal Company at Pittston, was seated in his house this morning reading the paper, when he heard some one pass by the side window and remark: "Now, let it go!" The next moment there was a violent explosion, and the front part of the house came tumbling down. An investigation showed that giant powder had been placed under the porch and exploded with the aid of a long fuse. There is no clue to the perpetrators of the dastardly deed, but it is believed they were miners in the employ of the Paradise Company, who had a dislike to Collier because as weighmaster he docked them excessively. Had the powder been placed further in under the porch all the inmates of the house would have been killed. As it was, they had a narrow escape. Mr. Collier is a prominent man in Pittston and a well-known Irish Nationalist.

Swam 25 Miles Bound Hand and Foot.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 12.—Capt. Jack Williams, a professional swimmer and native of the Island of Malta, accomplished a remarkable feat to-day. He went up to Alton, Ill., and was taken out in the river and his hands bound to his sides. His two legs were strapped together and he was then dropped overboard. His object was to swim thus fettered to this city, a distance of 25 miles. He started a few minutes after 11 o'clock, clad only in a pair of trunks. He arrived at the big bridge a few minutes after 7 P. M., after having been eight hours in the water. He was accompanied by an excursion boat, and made the long swim without rest or stoppage. He propelled himself by working his bound legs and swam the entire distance on his back. It is the longest swim ever made in the river.

They Want Restricted Immigration.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 12.—A statement has been published by the managers of the American Party Convention, now in session at Washington, that the Patriotic Order of Sons of America is an ally of that movement. Dr. F. W. Hendley of this city, the National Secretary of the Sons of America, says the statement is untrue. "Our order," he says, "is not a political order, and its membership comprises supporters of all the great political parties. It favors and demands a restriction of immigration which, while admitting all desirable classes, will keep out all undesirable persons from Europe as effectually as from China."

Gratton & Co.'s

Belfast Ginger Ale. For sale by Park & Tilford.—*Adv.*

MR. BOTT DID NOT APPEAR.

TOTTENVILLE MISSED THE PROMISED FAREWELL SERMON.

The Deposed Pastor Has Another Charge Near By, and Will Retain It, He Says—An Eager but Unsuccessful Search for the Editor who Charged Wife Beating.

The Rev. Thomas B. Bott, contrary to announcement, did not preach his farewell sermon in the Central Baptist Church at Tottenville last night. A large crowd of men, women, and boys had gathered in front of the church early in the evening. There were no lights in the church, and the doors were locked. The hour for service passed, and still Mr. Bott did not appear. The crowd increased until it became evident that Mr. Bott was not going to preach. Then it dispersed. The younger people showed an inclination to rowdyism. Passing Mr. Bott's house closed and darkened on the way home, some of them challenged the supposed occupant to come out. Others sang these lines:

Oh! Bott! Bott! T. B. Bott!
Don't you forget it, we'll make it hot!

Upon inquiry it was learned that the deacons of the church had anticipated trouble and requested Mr. Bott to preach his farewell sermon in the morning. This request he complied with very willingly, it is said.

The subject of his sermon in the morning was Christ's martyrdom. He drew a comparison between the persecution of Christ and himself. He spoke of his wife, and laid the blame of the present controversy entirely on her. The congregation was very small.

Deacon Johnson in an interview stated last night that Mr. Bott resigned his charge very peacefully and quietly. He couldn't say that the congregation were reluctant to accept it. Other members of the church said they were very glad Mr. Bott was gone. Trustee John Hoykas was so indignant that he wouldn't say anything.

Mr. Bott created a stir in Tottenville on Saturday afternoon by threatening to whip Editor E. Y. Hubbell of the Westfield *Times* for publishing these paragraphs:

At Bott's farewell service to-morrow, it is expected the blood-stained hand, stained by the blood of his wife, will be one of the interesting features of the services, and will be looked upon as a curiosity, such as none of our readers have ever before seen in a Christian pulpit.

The women will snivel and the men will look solemn, and then the old hypocrite will raise his blood-stained hands in the final benediction, after which he will go home and beat his wife again.

When he had read these paragraphs Mr. Bott rushed out into the street, and declared his intention of making Editor Hubbell eat his words. He took with him Benj. S. Guion, Valentine Hubbard, and Dr. Caleb Lyons of Rossville as witnesses. He went to the *Times* printing office. Editor Hubbell, who is a small, spare man, and by no means a match physically for the Rev. Mr. Bott, had his office boy on guard at the door. When the boy saw the linen duster and white slouch hat of the reverend gentleman coming around the corner he sent word to his editor. Then, it is asserted, Editor Hubbell went into a secluded part of the office, while the foreman locked the doors and the office boy hung this sign in the front window:

The Editor is Not In.

When Mr. Bott reached the place, he rattled at the door and called upon Editor Hubbell to come outside. But that editor did not come, and Mr. Bott relieved himself by denouncing him to the crowd that had gathered to see the fun.

The Rev. Mr. Bott is still pastor of the West Baptist Church, in a little town adjoining Tottenville. He says he will retain the pastorate of that church and his residence in Tottenville.

The charge against Mr. Bott is wife beating. Last week, it is alleged, he struck his wife in the mouth, and, when remonstrated with, said he had a right to slap his wife, that the law allowed him that privilege. His domestic troubles became the gossip of the town, and a few weeks ago the church asked for his resignation, which he tendered. He is about 50 years old and his wife is about 30. They have two children.

ESCAPED FROM THE STATE ASYLUM.

Eleazer T. Clark Slips Down a Rope Made of His Sheets and a Shirt.

One day last December Eleazer T. Clark, an expert accountant, applied to Superintendent of Police Murray for protection against a band of conspirators. He was sent to the Middletown Asylum, where it was said that he was suffering from melancholia. He had lived with his sister, Mrs. Jacob W. Wotton, and her husband, at 414 West Fifty-seventh street. When he was taken to the asylum he conceived a hatred for Mr. and Mrs. Wotton. "You are the chief of the conspirators," he told the former. Mr. Wotton is a brother-in-law of De Long, the ill-fated Arctic explorer.

At 1 o'clock yesterday morning, Clark, who had been quiet and tractable at the asylum, escaped. His room was on the third floor, and he had no companion except an an attendant. While the attendant was absent he wrenched the iron grating from the window of his room and lowered himself by a rope made by tying together the two sheets from the bed and his shirt to a point where he could reach a lightning rod and thence descend to the ground. He had on a dark brown business suit and an undershirt, but had no shoes or hat. He has not been found. Mr. Wotton thinks he is likely to come to New York, and has notified the police. Mrs. Wotton is afraid that he may appear at the house and attempt to do her a mischief.

THE WAR IN KANSAS.

All the Citizens of Two Rival Towns Deprived of Their Firearms.

LIBERAL, Kan., Aug. 12.—Four companies of militia passed through here on Friday, having been withdrawn from service in Stevens county. There are yet stationed two companies at Woodsdale and two at Hugoton, but it is expected that these will also be returned to their homes within six days unless some new trouble should occur. All the citizens of Woodsdale and Hugoton have been disarmed, and when Sam Robinson and his party returned from Topeka a few days ago they also had to give up their arms.

The military authorities have received in all about seventy-five rifles, guns, and pistols, but it is not supposed that these are all the arms which are owned by the inhabitants of the two towns. The weapons will be kept in charge until it seems likely that permanent peace has been restored. Adjt.-Gen. Campbell called a meeting of farmers of Stevens county yesterday and gave them a little talk, advising them to assist in keeping factional feeling down in the county. The inhabitants of Woodsdale and Hugoton, and of the county generally, have been informed that if further trouble and bloodshed occurs the Legislature will be asked by the Governor next winter to disorganize the county. This military expedition to Stevens county will cost the State about $15,000.

A Locomotive Engineer's Carelessness.

CHICAGO, Aug. 12.—Carelessness on the part of an engineer resulted in a collision between two "Q" freight trains to-day and caused a loss of $40,000. A number of oil cars were struck by the locomotive of the train coming in an opposite direction and upset. The oil, of which there was 20,000 gallons, was soon afire. It destroyed four Union Tank Line cars, and ruined the locomotive which was the cause of the trouble.

They Were Addled Republican Eggs.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 12.—The Democracy of Indianapolis held a ratification meeting and pole-raising in the east end of the city to-night. A hickory pole 120 feet high was raised amid enthusiasm. In the midst of the meeting some miscreants, thought to be secreted in the bushes and trees of the vicinity, threw addled eggs into the crowd. Pierre Gray, son of Gov. Gray, was struck by an egg.

Killed his Wife and Himself.

SANTA CRUZ, Cal., Aug. 12.—Zachariah Field, aged 55, fatally shot his young wife, aged 20, and then blew off the top of his head with a shot from a Winchester rifle. It is said that his wife's relatives have been endeavoring to induce her to leave him, and that was probably the cause of the tragedy.

Failure of the Luce Manufacturing Co.

NASHVILLE, Aug. 12.—The O. T. Luce Manufacturing Company, which has extensive wire works at West Nashville, made an assignment yesterday for the benefit of creditors, the largest of whom are in Nashville and New York. Mark S. Cockrell has been appointed assignee. The company owes the West Nashville Land Improvement Company $60,000, the Dewitt Wire Cloth Company of New York $18,000, J. Dewitt $14,000, and A. Hickox, New York, $4,000. The total indebtedness is about $150,000. It is understood that the company will be reorganized.

LAWRENCE R. JEROME DEAD.

Unconscious Since Friday Night—The End Came at Noon Yesterday.

SHARON, Conn., Aug. 12.—Mr. Lawrence R. Jerome passed peacefully away about noon today. He had not been conscious since Friday night, and had suffered no pain. His family were at his bedside. The funeral will take place in New York on Tuesday or Wednesday.

For a week no hope had been entertained of Mr. Jerome's recovery. His fatal illness was precipitated by over exertion during a hunting trip in the Adirondacks with the Duke of Marlborough last May. He travelled th