TALKING WITH HARRISON.

BUTTERWORTH AND HANNA CLOSETED WITH HIM THREE HOURS.

They Say Only First-class Orleans Will Get Office—Harrison Will Favor Large Sums for Coast Defences—His Memory—The General's Turkey and who Ate It.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 29.—A conference between Ben Butterworth and Mark Hanna and the President elect was unexpectedly prolonged last night. Although Gen. Harrison was due at Judge Martindale's reception at an early hour, he sent off Mrs. Harrison and the rest of the family and remained behind himself to talk with the Ohioans. It was 10:30 o'clock when at last the General got to the reception, and the Congressman and his companion returned to the hotel. Partner Miller was present during a part of the conference, and Ohio politics seem to have been pretty thoroughly discussed. Butterworth and Hanna were in the best of spirits when they got back to the hotel, and while they carefully refrained from saying so, they evidently believed that they had got a good hold on the Ohio end of the patronage of the next Administration.

"Will the Sherman men dominate the party in Ohio during the next four years?" Butterworth was asked.

"Nobody will dominate Ohio Republicans," he replied. "There won't be any dominating. There is no State in the Union where there is less bossism than among the Ohio Republicans. They won't stand it. But the next Administration will give the offices to able, honest, and capable men. That is all that is necessary in Ohio, and the man or the party or faction that does that is secure. The man who appoints bullies and bad men to office for the purpose of strengthening himself cannot last longer than the first, or, at the most, the second election."

This manifest reference to the fire alarm of Columbus led to a question as to whether Butterworth's own ambition might not be tending toward the seat of Foraker.

"Are you going to be a candidate for Speaker?" he was first asked.

"Well, I cannot say much as to that. I don't know what Major McKinley is going to do yet. There is plenty of time to think of the Speakership before next year, December of next year, and I don't believe in getting ready to jump a stile until I come to it."

"Are your friends speaking by authority when they say that you may be a candidate for Governor to succeed Foraker?"

"Perhaps that's a question I had better leave my friends to answer themselves," was the cautious reply.

Butterworth and Hanna both insisted after the conference, as they had before, that their visit had nothing to do with Senator Sherman or his chances for the Cabinet, and that they were totally ignorant on that subject. They sought to give the inference that their three hours' conference with Gen. Harrison was devoted entirely to the consideration of the question of the offices in Butterworth's district.

One thing upon which Gen. Harrison is going to take strong grounds in his message is the necessity for liberal expenditures for coast defences. It has become known since election that while writing his letter of acceptance the General had under consideration the famous letter of Samuel J. Tilden upon that subject, and the question of whether or not the recommendations made in it should be incorporated in substance into the letter of acceptance, was discussed by the General and his advisers.

It was finally agreed that it would be better policy to leave the matter alone, lest the Democrats should claim that it was simply taking a leaf from their book. Now that the election is over no such considerations need interfere with the free expression of his views by the President elect, and those who profess to know something of his mind say that the inaugural address will strongly reiterate the views so ably expressed by Mr. Tilden.

It is said that Gen. Harrison has a poor memory for names and faces. However that may be, there is no doubt that he has a remarkable memory for facts. Visitors from all parts of the country are astonished at the familiarity he shows with the events of the campaign in their localities. His recent letter to a Southern newspaper man, in which he refers to the position which he had noticed that man's paper took during the campaign, is an instance of this.

A travelling man from a large New York dry goods house called on him the other day and, as soon as the name of the firm was mentioned, the General referred to the vigor the employees of that house had manifested in the canvass, as indicated by a list of the Harrison and Morton men in its employ which he had received during the campaign. There is scarcely a visitor whose name, residence, or business does not recall to the General some incident of the campaign, mention of which tickles the vanity of the caller and sends him away feeling that Harrison's eye has been right on his "section" all through the fight. The faculty is very good one for a politician to have, even after he gets to be President.

Gen. Harrison had "Dick" Kerns with his Thanksgiving turkey to-day. Richard C. Kerns of St. Louis is a gentleman well known in railroad circles in the West, being President of one of the lines west of the Mississippi upon which Jay Gould has only just begun to get his grip. "Dick" is the name Mr. Kerns bears among his friends when he is in politics. He was a prominent figure at the Chicago Convention, where he was in the Elkins syndicate to nominate Blaine. He was some time there by the cleverness with which he manipulated delegates from the Southwest, and came to be spoken of as worthy to enter the political prize show in the same class with Elkins, Quay, New, and other smart cattle. He was probably a little closer to Blaine than any other of the Elkins syndicate, because he had been traveling in Europe with the Maine statesman.

Mr. Kerns's visit was attended with more distinguished attention on the part of the Harrison family than has yet been accorded any visitor. The official statement of it is that Mr. Kerns was on his way home from the East, and that Gen. Harrison, with whom his personal relations have been close, invited him to stop off and take dinner with him. The facts in addition to these are that Russell Harrison went to the station to meet Mr. Kerns, and manifested the utmost eagerness to catch sight of him the moment the train pulled in. Mr. Kerns was standing on the platform of the parlor car, and as soon as he caught sight of Russell he jumped off at the risk of his neck before the train stopped. There were hasty greetings between him and Russell, and then the two hurried off, stopping a moment at the sleeping-car office to order a berth, and then going directly to the Harrison house. He remained there until early in the evening, when again Russell accompanied him to the station, where he took the train for St. Louis.

The next biggest thing to Mr. Kerns at the Harrison board to-day, barring, of course, the President elect himself, was the twenty-five-pound turkey that Comrade Anderson of Company E, Seventieth Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, brought around on Tuesday and left with the hope that it would agree with the health of his old commander. The turkey, cooked after the most approved style of modern gastronomy, under the personal direction of Mrs. Harrison, was one of the prettiest sights to be seen in Indianapolis for-day. There were also on the table some apples with a history. They came in a red, white, and blue barrel from Barton county, Missouri, and each apple was contributed by a different farmer. The dinner, except for the turkey and Mr. Kerns, was only an ordinary meal of the Harrison family.

After it was over Gen. Harrison walked a while with Mr. Kerns, and whether the subject of Mr. Blaine and the Cabinet was mentioned nobody but the two men can tell. Mr. Kerns got safely out of town without seeing anybody but the Harrison family. When he and Russell started for the train the General went out for his usual walk and Mrs. Harrison and the ladies of the family going to make a call at the same time, the house was left alone with the servants during the early part of the evening.

Senator W. M. Stewart of Nevada stopped in Indianapolis for Tuesday night on his way to Washington, and made a short call upon the President-elect. He professed to know nothing about the probable policy of the Senate as to the tariff bill, and said that he had heard no talk of any man from the Pacific coast for the Cabinet, although there was plenty of good material there in case President Harrison wanted to use it. Senator Stewart started east on the next train.

Another far Westerner to arrive to-day is J. W. Dwyer of New Mexico. He comes to see what Gen. Harrison is going to do about the admission of his Territory as a State. He interviewed the General, but hasn't made up his mind yet just what the course of the President elect will be.

Four drummers called in a body to-day and tendered Thanksgiving congratulations to the President elect. They were W. H. Boyd of Philadelphia, W. H. Gallenkamp of St. Louis, A. D. Adams of Hartford, and E. E. Yaslet of Providence. They came away greatly pleased with their reception, and said that Harrison was one of the pleasantest men they had ever met. Most of the drummers say the same thing. The General, for some reason, seems to have special kindliness for the travelling fraternity.

Gen. Harrison has made up for not being at home when the committee from the Newsboys' Association called to give him a banner a few days ago, by writing a letter to the boys through their committee. He says:

"I regret that I was not home when you called in behalf of the Association of Indianapolis Newsboys to present the interesting banner which they had prepared as a testimonial of their friendly interest in me. I have several times attended and addressed meetings called for the purpose of promoting the good of that interesting class of youngsters known as newsboys. They are a smart, enterprising, and courageous body of young Americans, full of pluck and energy, and our need to be saved from the demoralizing influence of the street to insure for them useful and prosperous lives. I shall be glad to cooperate with your committee here as well as I can in promoting your work in their behalf. Will you please, when opportunity offers, convey to them my thanks for this evidence of their friendly interest and my sincere wish that every one of them may have an honorable, useful, and happy life.

Gen. James R. Chambers, the Mississippi ex-Congressman, called on Gen. Harrison to-day and explained his system for settling the Southern question. The question, as he sees it, is largely one of arithmetic. He says that according to the sort of mathematics in use in his district the majority of the Democratic candidate for Congress is apt to exceed the total Democratic vote. In Coldwater precinct, he says, 165 negroes and 5 white men walked up to the polls this year and cast open ballots for him; but the Mississippi arithmetic, as shown by the result of the count, made the sum of 165 and 5 only 7, that being the total number of votes given to him in that precinct. He thinks there is something wrong about this system of mathematics, and he wants Gen. Harrison to remedy it.

The General suggested to him that the next Congress was likely to be one that could do addition and subtraction in a manner more suitable to his caller, and suggested that he make his appeal to that body, and Gen. Chalmers has already engaged Major Calkins to take charge of his contest.

Frank B. Posey, who was defeated by Judge Parrett, the Democratic candidate for Congress, in the First district of this State, has also determined to contest, on the ground of fraud, although warned that the state of affairs in his district was one that had best not be stirred up, for the good of his own party. The Democrats say that rich discoveries of corruption will be made if the contest is pressed. Mr. Posey arrived at his conclusion to contest after a visit to Gen. Harrison.

Gen. Harrison attended Thanksgiving services at his own church this morning, walking to the church alone.

PICKING UP FREIGHT CARS.

A Derrick that Can Do It with One Hand at Work on the East River.

In the slip of the Long Island Railroad Company's dock, Pier 32, just above the Roosevelt Street Ferry a float of eight box cars rested all day Tuesday. The float was so long that it might have carried ten cars. The eight lay on two sets of track, four on one side of the long flat platform, four on the other side, and between the two was an open space, covered by a shed whose roof was higher than the freight cars' tops. One was a live stock car. That was empty; but the seven others were box cars, each jam full of potatoes in bags and barrels. The float was one of the two largest used to carry sections of railroad trains across the East River, and at supper time on Tuesday evening, when some of the railroad company's men at the dock went away for an hour, the big float was rocking all right in the slip. About 7:30 when they returned, the cars were not in sight. The float had sprung aleak, the cars were sunk, and the tops of them could barely be seen.

They got the Chapman Derrick and Wrecking Company to work yesterday morning to raise the sunken cars. The company brought along a floating derrick with an engine that can hoist forty tons, and a mast with arm attached which can bear a weight of thirty-five tons. The derrick was steered into the slip alongside the submerged float. The arm of the mast was swung out over one of the cars, and four iron chains were dropped from the arm's first down into the water. Two of the chains were put down on one side of a car, and the two others on the other side. A diver sank with the ends of the chains fastened under the car, and fastened the ends of the chains together. The derrick Captain signalled the engineer to hoist, and presently the chains became taut, and in a little while the car top appeared above the water's surface. They put on more steam, and the huge car, 28,000 pounds in hull, and big enough to hold 40,000 pounds of freight, was quickly swinging in the air. A freight car is big when you see it on its track, but when it hangs in midair, it looks ten times bigger. From the bridge people looked down at the sight, and thought it was interesting to see heavy railroad cars picked up that fashion, as if a man were yanking a small boy out of the water by the waistband at arm's length.

When the car was elevated clear of the other cars and sheds, a couple of men, hauling in a tow rope, pulled the derrick with its suspended prize up close to another car float so that the derrick could deposit the car there.

It took an hour to fix the chains about a car, haul it up, swing it to place, and put its wheels square on the tracks of the second float. The workmen had to hustle all the afternoon, for they were bound to leave at midnight for Newburgh to do some raising there. They didn't get any Thanksgiving dinner, and the sight of the potatoes floating from burst bags and barrels in the dirty water of the East River gave them a prejudice against the apples of Ireland.

THE GIRLS WERE LOOKING ON.

A Little Curbstone Chaff Aroused by the Peter Scanlan Rifles.

The first finely uniformed men out down town yesterday morning were the Peter J. Scanlan Rifles, led by Peter on horseback, with a line of white-hatted grenadiers and four lines of little boys and a host of fine young fellows in red shirts, all proudly swinging along behind him. Peter is a hackman and the pet of the Battery. The pretty girls were out on all the corners of West street as the Rifles swept up town, and it was very difficult for the men to keep in line and not miss the flirt of a single handkerchief or the glance of a single dark eye. There was no end of fun in the girls, as what they said showed:

"Sure, there's no flies on them," said Rosie Callahan of Liberty street.

"No; they've hired a band to drive them off," said her companion.

A young Greenwich street dandy called out to the girls by their full names as he recognized each one along the curb. This is how one of them paid him back:

"Oh, Chris. Muller, are you sober, poor fellow? You'll feel more like yourself by night."

"Hello, Mary; don't you wish you was a man?" a fellow in the ranks called out.

"Not if I was like you and couldn't get a girl," said the young woman who was addressed.

Though it was a very cold, gloomy, and rain-threatening day, the forty-six organizations whose marchers permits all turned out—some in uniform and some in masquerade costumes, some in seasonable cloth, and many in shivering calico gowns and thin imagery of many sorts. Some of the bands spent a mean time forming in the Eighteenth ward about thirty-five photons, and did not spend a cent less than eight dollars for each one for the day. They had a jaunting car in their parade. The Original Hounds were very comical. Nearly all the tall and bulky costumes they wore cost five dollars or more apiece for the day's use. Some of the men got off more cheaply by borrowing their sisters' dresses. But all the old-time favorites were out; the Squarebacks, the High Jim Dandies, the Can't Agrees, the East siders, and the rest. In their own neighborhoods each band made business stops at some regular saloon, and every man got a free stirrup cup before he started out. In the First, Fourth, and Sixth wards there was more free toddy than the oldest inhabitants remembered ever having seen to flow before.

The grown up ragamuffins made the street scenes picturesque, and greatly astonished the newly arrived immigrants who had come out of Castle Garden, and were promenading the principal down-town thoroughfares. In the side streets the little boys added the usual zest to the lives of those shopkeepers who kept open, dodging cast-off raiment and penny masks, and bedeaging the stores of the bakers and confectioners for the usual free distribution of edibles.

Good Appetites and no False Modesty.

There was so much of a crush at the Newsboys' Home, 9 Duane street, last night to partake of the Thanksgiving dinner, given annually by Mrs. W. W. Astor, that eighty of the boys had to be turned away. Their appetites will be attended to on Saturday evening. As it was, nearly 500 attacked the turkey and other edibles with that gusto which is, perhaps, unequalled among other Thanksgiving diners in any part of the country. Not one of the youthful guests betrayed the least diffidence about accepting his portion of the feast. Though there was less ceremony than is noticeable at the Chamber of Commerce dinner, it was a more orderly affair than usual. Yet now and then some one of the smaller boys manifested a disposition to circulate the joe by the air line, much to the discomfiture of his vis-a-vis and the delight of his neighbors.

Messrs. James R. Gracie and Emlen Roosevelt gave a Thanksgiving dinner to 150 newsboys in the lodging house at Thirty-second street and Seventh avenue. Among the waiters were Mr. Gracie and Mrs. Hibbard. After dinner, the boys were entertained by Marshal P. Wilder, and 130 Washoe, Miss Lizette Corliss, Miss Jennie Wessell, and Mr. H. W. Loomis.

Diamonds Lost in the Hoffman's Oyster Bar.

John Roach, who has charge of the Hoffman House oyster bar, was charged in Jefferson Market Court yesterday with stealing two diamond rings, valued at $45, from Harry Crouse of 328 West Thirty-seventh street, who formerly worked in the hotel. On Dec. 3 he called at the Hoffman House and exhibited two diamond rings. Roach asked to see them, and Crouse handed them over. While looking at the rings Roach says he was disturbed by a customer. He put the rings on a shelf, he says, and when he returned, a few minutes later, they were gone. Crouse demanded the rings or the money, and caused Roach's arrest. Roach was held for further examination.

Court Officer Dooling's Thanksgiving Eve.

Two hundred jolly young men and pretty girls had a merry time Thanksgiving eve in Lyric Hall as the guests of Court Officer Peter J. Dooling of the General Sessions. It was the ninth Thanksgiving eve jollification of the association named after Officer Dooling, had adorned with a huge and gorgeous badge, the gentleman who is conspicuous in the work of making every body happy.

BURGLARY NEATLY DONE.

Cutting in at the Back of a Brightly Lighted Park Row Cigar Store.

A clever burglary was committed some time between 12:15 and 6 o'clock Thanksgiving morning on the City Hall Cigar Store, 63 Park row. A. Schulte keeps the store, which is next to the melancholy ruin of French's Hotel. The store was closed at 12:15. It has two big show windows, through which any passer by can see everything that may be going on inside. No shutters are put up at night, but eight gas jets are left half burning in the store, making it the one bright spot of light between Frankfort street and the Brooklyn Bridge.

Notwithstanding this, however, a very thin burglar made his way through a single pane of glass in a back window, broke open the money drawer, which is close to the show window on Park row, rifled it of all it contained, about $41 in cash, and then, apparently frightened at something, retired through the narrow aperture by which he had entered, taking with him one box of cigars, and leaving a steel ball of brand new twine with which he had evidently purposed to tie up for removal as much of the stock as he conveniently could.

The window by which he got in is low and narrow and has not been opened by the store people for a long time. The sashes are nailed fast and, riveted into the brick work outside, is a stout wire screen, thick enough almost to form the grating of a wild beast's cage.

The dimensions of the panes of glass in the window are about 8x5. They overlook the exposed rear vaults of what was once a wing of French's Hotel. The thief would have needed a ladder to reach the window had it not been for the piles of rubbish in the vaults.

After crawling through the ruins from Frankfort street into a position below the window, he was completely concealed from observation. Among the rubbish was a section of portable laundry tubs, which, when stood on end, enabled him to get up the wire screen and comfortably attack it. A number of telegraph wires which entered the store beside the screen apparently discouraged the burglar from making any attempt to open the window. They might have meant burglar alarms.

What he did do was to cut the screen with nippers for about the width of the lowest central pane of glass and then bend it inward. After this he cut out the pane of glass so cleanly that not a trace of it remains. It is supposed that he had a small boy with him, and put him through the hole. No full grown man could have squeezed through.

A WEDDING TO WIND UP.

Thanksgiving Commemorated in Many Ways at the Hebrew Orphan Asylum.

At 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, when the children of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, at 138th street and Tenth avenue, had got over their Thanksgiving dinner, they assembled in the big drill hall, and their band of thirty-two pieces, under the leadership of Martin Cohen, played national airs. District Attorney Fellows was introduced by Superintendent Herman Baar. It was Col. Fellows's task to present to the institution a beautiful silk flag, with its standard surmounted by a brass eagle, the gift of Miss Blanche Moses and Miss Clara Friedlander. He told the children of the origin of the Stars and Stripes and of their meaning. He was next called upon in his military capacity to review the four military companies into which the boys of the home are organized. The little fellows were drilled under the captains like clockwork, and were rewarded with the approval of the reviewing officer.

At 5 o'clock services were held in the synagogue, at which the asylum choir of fifty voices sang. Dr. Baar preached. There was more singing, and then came one of the most interesting features of the day's entertainment. It was the marriage of Mr. Jacob Mauser and Miss Rosie Altmark, formerly inmates of the asylum. Mr. Mauser has just been appointed superintendent of the Pacific Orphan Asylum at San Francisco, where he will take his bride in a few days. Mr. Emanuel Lehman, who is President of the Board of Directors, gave away the bride, who wore a white satin gown and a veil of tulle. Dr. Baar performed the ceremony. The wedding presents to the happy pair from the officers of the society were numerous. Among the many visitors of the afternoon were Jesse Seligman, the banker, who is the society's President; Jacob F. Bamberger, Mr. and Mrs. Isidor Wormser, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Nathan, Henry S. Allen, Mrs. Jacob Bookman, Mrs. Joseph Frank, Mrs. Julius Hart, James H. Hoffman, Solomon Ranger, and Simon Schafer. One of the visitors was so pleased with the exercises that he left his check for $1,000 with the superintendent as a gift to the society.

RESCUED FROM THE GALLOWS.

A Mob Releases a Prisoner the Day Before He was to be Hanged.

WYTHEVILLE, Va., Nov. 29.—Wayman Sutton, a young white man of this place, was to be hanged to-morrow for the murder of Peter Harrett. His counsel had made a long fight for him in all the courts. He received a respite, and finally Gov. Lee declined to interfere. He commented coolly yesterday morning when he heard the hammer and saw of the workmen as they were putting up the scaffold, and said: "They are fixing my machine." This morning at 2 o'clock a mob of 200 men went to the jail and demanded the keys of the jailer, who, after a short parley, surrendered them. The doubt which called to Sutton that the crowd had come for him. He said: "My God! Jailer Barsh won't let them in."

His face lit up with joy when the throng marched through the passage, and it was evident that he was expecting the rescue. This was one of the boldest rescues ever made. The party rode off with Sutton in triumphant style, some of them saying that they wanted Sutton to have as good a reason to celebrate Thanksgiving Day as anybody else. It was rumored on the streets here yesterday that an attempt would be made to rescue Sutton, and yet no extra precautions were taken to prevent it. Gov. Lee will order a rigid investigation.

Peter Harvel was murdered in March, 1887, and the evidence, all of which was circumstantial, pointed to Wayman Sutton and his father-in-law, Morgan Pendleton, as the guilty men. Harvel's house had been previously destroyed by an incendiary, and he himself had been fired at by a would-be assassin, and he was still suffering from the wound when murdered. Pendleton and Sutton were seen in the neighborhood of the house previous to the murder, and the impression in the neighborhood was that they had been hired to kill him. Pendleton is said to be in Kentucky.

NOT YELLOW JACK, MOST LIKELY.

Nothing Seemed to Be the Matter Yesterday with Velona from Jacksonville.

Raffaele Velana, the Italian who was removed from 76 Mulberry street on Wednesday to the Reception Hospital on suspicion that he had yellow fever, was so much improved yesterday as to be able to give an account of himself to Dr. F. K. Priest. He says he went to Jacksonville six months ago to buy fruit. When the yellow fever broke out his business fell off. He lost his brother-in-law and the man who worked for him by the fever. He was sick himself with chills and fever several times, but quinine pulled him through. He says that he was in quarantine six days, and that his discharge papers are in his trunk in Mulberry street.

Velana woke up in excellent spirits yesterday. His temperature was normal and he had no fever. Dr. Priest was pretty well convinced that Velana had not got Yellow Jack, but, to make sure, will keep him a couple of days longer and watch him.

"Just now there is nothing at all the matter with him," said the Doctor. "If he was really in quarantine six days his case, if he has yellow fever, should be much more advanced."

Velana's wife and child have shown no signs of sickness. The room in which Velana was at 76 Mulberry street has been fumigated.

Robbed the Disabled Express Wagon.

A wagon belonging to the Westcott Express Company broke down in De Kalb and Washington avenues, Brooklyn, on Wednesday night, and the driver, Thomas Hanlon of 37 Degraw street, hurried to the nearest telephone office, three blocks away, to summon assistance. When he returned in a few moments he found that almost every package in the wagon had disappeared, and he lost no time in notifying the police of the Fourth precinct. The articles carried off consisted of three trunks, two boxes, and five packages, which were consigned to persons residing on the line.

James J. Shaw of 51 Lawrence street saw two men in a light wagon unload the disabled express wagon into their own and drive off, but supposed at the time that they were in the employ of the concern. Capt. McKelvey has obtained a good description of the thieves and expects soon to have them under arrest.

A Garroter Caught With his Booty.

James Lynch, a butcher of 401 West Fortieth street, was walking home through Tenth avenue, near Thirty-seventh street, at 2 o'clock yesterday morning. John Shaw grabbed him from behind by the neck, threw him down, and wrenched off the gold chain attached to his watch with such force as to break the chain in three places. Shaw, after getting the watch and threatening the butcher with violence if he dared to make the least noise, sprang to his feet and ran through Thirty-seventh street toward Eleventh avenue. Lynch's shouts were heard by Policeman Cahill, who chased the highwayman into Doherty's stable yard and caught him. Part of the chain was found on Shaw and the watch was picked up in the gutter under a wagon in front of the stable. Justice Gorman yesterday committed Shaw for trial in default of $1,000 bail.

Long Island City Policemen Suspended.

Policeman Droll and Harty of Long Island City, who are charged with stealing two geese from a market wagon at the Hunter's Point Ferry one morning last week, have been suspended from the force by the Police Commissioners pending examination.

WHO KILLED MRS. DE FLEDDE?

KATIE GREENASH'S STORY CAUSES THE ARREST OF WILLIAM CAMPION.

The Girl Says She Saw Him Enter the Woman's Apartments the Day of the Murder—Eckelena was Shot at the Same House Last Summer—Campion was Around Then, Too—A Strange Case.

William Campion, 20 years old, was arrested in Hoboken yesterday on suspicion of having murdered Mrs. Honorah De Fledde, the woman who was found dead in bed with her tongue protruding from her mouth at her home in Second street on Wednesday. Campion is known as a tough character. Three months ago the dead woman had him arrested for annoying her, and he was sent to the Snake Hill penitentiary for two months. He celebrated his release by throwing a beer keg through the door of Mrs. De Fledde's apartments, and it is said that he had continually insulted and annoyed her since.

Campion was arrested on the charge of murder, in consequence of the story told by Katie Greenash, a 14-year-old girl who lived with her parents in the same house with Mrs. De Fledde. The girl says that she saw Campion go into Mrs. De Fledde's apartments about 2 o'clock the day of her death, and that he stayed there fifteen minutes. When he came out he walked toward Monroe street and returned in about fifteen minutes and went into Mrs. De Fledde's room again. This time he came out at once, after tipping a chair against the door, so that when he closed it the chair would hold the door shut, the lock being broken. He went away then and was not seen until he was arrested.

The house that Mrs. De Fledde lived in was the scene of a mysterious murder in June last. An Italian named Eckelena and a fellow countryman had been visiting the same girl, an Irish domestic. They were jealous of each other, and several times threatened to fight. One evening Eckelena called on the girl. He found his rival there ahead of him. Campion, who is under arrest, and a dozen other young fellows threw stones at the window of the house. Eckelena was standing on the sidewalk. His rival and the girl came out and Eckelena immediately began a quarrel with them. Suddenly one of the men in the crowd drew a revolver and shot at Eckelena. Whether it was the rival or not was never found out. Eckelena ran into the hall. His hand was on his forehead, and he cried out "I'm shot." A week afterward he died of lockjaw. He had lost no blood from the wound, and the wound itself was not visible, being covered by the man's hair. The doctor who attended him did not know that he had been shot. Undertaker Davitt, who had charge of the funeral, heard of the row that Eckelena had been engaged in, and notified Coroner O'Hara, who ordered an inquest. An autopsy resulted in the discovery of the wound. It was a little round hole, and it was studied with hat felt. The dead man's hat was found stained and a hole was found in it just opposite the wound when the hat was on Eckelena's head. The felt in the wound had absorbed blood and had filled the hole completely, thus preventing the escape of any blood. The coloring matter in the felt had polished blood and caused suspicion. Two men were committed to the county jail for the murder, but the Grand Jury failed to indict and the men were discharged. Nothing has been done about the case since.

Campion was seen in the city prison in Hoboken yesterday. He denied the story of Katie Greenash, that he had gone into Mrs. Fledde's apartment. He admitted that he was in the yard of the house about the time when the girl says she saw him.

The Coroner's jury visited the house yesterday and viewed the body. An inquest will be held to-day. Campion will have an examination before Recorder McDonough this morning.

UNLICENSED BABY FARMING.

The Board of Health is Likely to Give the Hoffmanns Trouble.

Coroner Messemer was called yesterday to the tenement 280 East Third street, where a baby lay dead. It had died on Wednesday night in the care of Mrs. Fredericka Hoffmann, who was its official mother. The real mother is a servant named Heymann. The name of the child was given to the Coroner as Caroline Kelly. It was two months old, and had been with Mrs. Hoffmann a month. Dr. Herold certified that it had died of asthenia, due to simple meningitis. It was emaciated. According to Mrs. Hoffmann it had always been sickly.

The Hoffmanns live on the third floor of the tenement in three small rear rooms, two of them mere cubbyholes, and one entirely dark. In this one lay the dead child in its crudle. In the others are cribs holding sleeping baby. An older girl unkempt and badly cared for, but showing no traces of ill health, ran around the kitchen. Poverty was stamped on all the surroundings. In this place Mrs. Hoffmann said that she had kept babies for twelve years. She had kept no account of those who died. Midwives and servant girls, she said, kept up the supply. They paid her $10 a month, and she wished she had two or three more. Baby farming was the only source of income of the family. Mr. Hoffmann is nearly eighty, and does not work.

Mrs. Hoffmann has no permit from the Health Department to keep babies.

A LAW STUDENT MURDERED.

He Was With His Brother—The Unknown Assassin at Large.

NEW HAVEN, Nov. 29.—John B. King of West Haven was shot and almost instantly killed in front of Henry Donovan's saloon, at Charles and Orchard streets, this evening. With his brother Charles L., John drove to the saloon about 5 o'clock. Two hours later two shots were heard, and a moment later King was seen to stagger on the sidewalk. Henry Kirschner, passing along the street at that moment, caught the man as he was falling, and he died a moment later. Coroner Mix and two detectives immediately began a search for a man who was seen running away a moment after the shooting occurred. This is the third murder which has occurred in this State within two weeks. King was about 35 years of age, unmarried, and a law student in the office of Prentice Chase.

A Ton of Turkeys for 1,400 Children.

It took an even ton of turkeys and other articles in proportion to make a Thanksgiving dinner for the 1,400 children of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin at Mount Loretto, Staten Island. The 300 boys of the parent Mission on Lafayette place formed in line in front of the institution at 9 o'clock yesterday morning, and, headed by the Mount Loretto band, whose members are composed of the boys of the Mission, marched down Broadway to Battery, where they took the boat for Staten Island. At the Pleasant Plains station they were received by the Rev. Fathers Redding and Bomford, assistant pastors of the Mount Loretto branch, and marched to the institution. More than a thousand boys of the branch drawn up in line to receive them. The boys were accompanied by the Rev. Father James J. Dougherty, pastor of the Mission.

A literary entertainment was given in the assembly hall. Then came the dinner, after which all the people in the vicinity, who desired, without regard to race, creed, or color, were invited to dine, and a few minutes proved the opportunity. The boys of the city institution returned on a special train at 3:30 o'clock.

Brooklyn's New German Evangelical Church

The corner stone of the new German Evangelical Church in Schermerhorn street, near Court, Brooklyn, was laid yesterday with impressive ceremonies. A large platform was arranged to accommodate the congregation and other visitors. The Rev. Jacob W. Loch, the pastor, presided. There was singing by the choir and congregation, under the direction of Organist Hugo Troeschel, and by the Lessing Quartet. An address was delivered in German by the Rev. J. C. J. Paterson of St. Matthew's, and in English by the Rev. John J. Heischmann of St. Matthew's, Williamsburgh. The Rev. Kissing and the Rev. G. F. C. Haas also took part in the services, and the stone was laid by Pastor Loch.

The new church will be of Philadelphia brick, with terra cotta trimmings, and will have a tower extending 150 feet over the roof. The main audience room will seat nearly 1,000 persons. The church will cost $70,000, $45,000 of which has been already subscribed.

A Hebrew Tribute to Our Flag.

The dedication of the new Sacred Scroll, being a collection of the five books of Moses, took place at the Shearith Israel Synagogue, 98 Avenue C, yesterday afternoon. The service was opened with a short address by the Rev. Dr. A. Warmser. After the dedication of the scroll Rabbi Kaufman Kohler delivered a sermon. In speaking of a Jew's devotion to the country in which he was born and bred the rabbi said: "Next to God, a true patriot will give his life for the country in which he dwelleth. We as Americans by birth or adoption have sworn allegiance to remain faithful to the flag of the Stars and Stripes—the banner that proclaim th liberty and prosperity, the flag that severeth the fetters of the oppressed and proclaimeth peace and freedom to all mankind."

David Heanessey Before the Coroner.

Police Captain Killilea took to the Coroners' office yesterday David Heanessey of 383 Eleventh avenue, whose boot and killed Hugh O'Keefe, a butcher of 551 West Forty-eighth street, in Jeremiah Dwyer's saloon, 613 Eleventh avenue, on Wednesday last. Dwyer and other friends accompanied Heanessey. Heanessey made no statement and was remanded until to-day for a hearing. Capt. Killilea said that he believed Heanessey accidentally shot O'Keefe while examining Heanessey's pistol.

John Wood Dies of His Burns.

John Wood died yesterday at the Cumberland Street Hospital in Brooklyn from burns received at the fire in the dry goods store at Myrtle and Franklin avenues on Tuesday night. Mr. Wood and his sister, who perished from suffocation, occupied the flat over the store. Mr. Wood was burned while heroically trying to save his sister's life. He was 65 years old and much esteemed. Two of his sons are Gothamite clergymen in Brooklyn.

THOUGHT HE HAD BEEN ROBBED.

Porter Jackson Fires at the Suspected Thief—His Money Found in His Own Pockets.

Henry H. Jackson, 23 years old, a porter on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, went into Clause's saloon in Grove street, Jersey City, yesterday and bought a glass of beer. When he left he went to Kenney's saloon, a block away, and ordered another drink. He put his hand in his pocket for money to pay for the drink, and did not find any. He said he had been robbed of $12, and it must have happened in Clause's saloon, so he went back there, demanded his money, and fired three shots at the bartender, none of which took effect.

Special Officer Shea of the Erie Railroad heard the shots and blew a call whistle for a policeman. Jackson ran out of the saloon and saw Shea blowing the whistle. "You ——, are you blowing to have me arrested?" he cried, and fired two shots at Shea. Shea was not hit. He knocked Jackson senseless with a blow from his revolver.

At the Second precinct station Jackson was searched, and $12 was found in his hip pocket. He told the sergeant that he thought he had put the money in his vest pocket, and when he found it wasn't there he was sure he had been robbed. He was so badly injured that he was sent to the City Hospital. When he gets out he will be locked up for shooting at the bartender with intent to kill.

A NEW LABOR ORGANIZATION.

It Will Be Big, Aggressive, and Political in the Best Sense.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Nov. 29.—Some labor leaders, including John Jarrett, Charles Litchman, and Eccles Robinson, are preparing to form a new and gigantic labor organization. It will deal with political questions, but its promoters claim that it will be non-partisan. Litchman is now at work upon the constitution and a plan of organization. Mr. Jarrett said yesterday that the movement was in its infancy, and continued:

"However, let the matter be clearly understood. This organization will not be in opposition to the Knights of Labor or any other labor organization. The new order will have its special work to perform. It will be composed of intelligent workingmen for the discussion of economic questions from a practical standpoint. Our object will be to study the political questions of the day, and take such action as will be for the best interests of American workmen. The workingmen of this country have no organization at present for the discussion of these questions, or to act as a body in matters where their vital interests are in question. During the late campaign the Democrats attempted to make the workmen believe that protection did not protect. It is the duty of the laboring men of this country to discuss and examine into these questions for themselves, and act independently and intelligently. Some definite step will be taken in a short time."

A LABOR NATIONAL BANK.

Pittsburgh's Workers in Glass to be Their Own Financiers.

PITTSBURGH, Nov. 29.—The Window Glass Workers' Association is one of the largest labor bodies in Pittsburgh, and possibly the richest labor organization in the country. Its members are constantly paying in dues for prospective strikes and present needs, and altogether the officers have a good deal of banking to do. They have had some trouble with the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, which they have patronized, and now they purpose to start a national bank of their own. The plan is nearly completed, and search is being made for a building. The new bank will probably have three business men on its Board of Directors in order to attract the custom of merchants and manufacturers, from some of which promises of deposits have already been made. The organizers expect to have 3,000 depositors from their own people within three days after the doors are opened. One of their reasons for wanting a bank of their own is that they are puzzled where to put their money. They say that they cannot tell whether the savings bank is safe or not, and if a cashier should skip, or anything else happen to make their deposits worthless, they would be at the mercy of their employers in case of a strike, for then they would n't have any funds to draw on during idleness. Hence they want an institution whose affairs they can always know about, and whose cashier they can watch themselves.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

MINIATURE ALMANAC—THIS DAY.

Sun rises	7 04	Sun sets	4 34
Moon rises	3 19		

HIGH WATER—THIS DAY.

Sandy Hook	4 35	Gov. Island	4 55
Hell Gate	6 44		

Arrived—THURSDAY, Nov. 29.

Ss Anchoria, Brown, Glasgow Nov. 15.
Ss Prinz Frederik Hendrik, Rademaker, Surinam.
Ss Alene, Seiders, Kingston.
Ss Saale, Pauls, Swansea.
Ss Victoria, Aarseth, Barnesa.
Ss Valencia, Woodrick, Porto Cabello.
Ss Adriatic, Brewerton, Jamaica.
Ss Olivette, Lockwood, Savanna.
Ss Pomona, Legge, Montego Bay.
Ss Baltimore City, Brown, St. Jago.
Ss Alnwick, Ashdown, Barbados.
Ss Richmond, Jenny, Norfolk.
Ss Jotun Gibson, Dole, Norfolk.
Ss Charlotteville, Daggett, Savannah.
Ss Cherokee, Boggs, Charleston.
Ss Benefactor, Tribou, Wilmington.
Ss Alamo, Risk, Galveston.
Ss Amos C. Barstow, Crowell, Providence.
Ss Gen. Whitney, Bearse, Boston.
Ss Manuel L. Villaverde, Lopez, Havana.
Ship Italkerda, Kenendie, Rio Janeiro.
Bk Alice Stevens, Berryman, Gottenburg.
Bark Reliever, Edmonds, Pernambuco.
Bark Sherwood, Douglas, Buenos Ayres.
Bark Nomad, Sterling, Rosario.

For later arrivals see outsings about Town.

ARRIVED OUT.

Ss Furnessia, from New York, at Greenock.
Ss Moravia, from New York, at Hamburg.