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OPENING THE NEW GARDEN.

MORE THAN 7,000 PERSONS ENJOY STRAUSS AND THE BALLET.

New York's Greatest Amusement Hall Opened to a Public that was Waiting for It and Filled It Eagerly—A Night of Light Music and Gorgeous Spectacle—Eduard Strauss as an Orchestra Leader.

Probably the largest audience that ever got together under one roof in New York filled the amphitheatre of the new Madison Square Garden last night, when the building was opened with an entertainment by Eduard Strauss and his orchestra, assisted by an agile and beautiful ballet. The amphitheatre is said to seat more than 8,000 persons, but for performances such as that of last night a portion of the seating capacity is cut off by the stage. It was estimated that 5,000 persons occupied seats last night, and that 2,500 more were standing within the building. In spite of the ample aisles and broad stairways left in the arranging of the seats, movement about the main floor was difficult, and in the promenade that reaches all around the building up under the roof, there were many hundreds of persons. Gen. Sherman and Chauncey M. Depew were among the notables conspicuously present, and of lesser lights, military, political, and social, there were hundreds. Most of the boxes were occupied by society people, and all the well-known men-about-town had their rendezvous on the floor.

There was a dreadful crush at the entrance from a little before 8 until a good while after it, and the facilities for handling the crowd there proved utterly inadequate. There was plenty of room to have passed the crowd in rapidly and easily, but the ticket selling and taking arrangements were much below the demand. Within, the arrangements were better, and thanks to the simple plan of dividing and numbering the seats and the broad straight aisles there was no difficulty in finding seats or getting to them.

EDUARD STRAUSS.

The gorgeous livery of the ushers was a little trying to the eyes at first, but the unpleasant effect soon wore off when it was noticed how beautifully they harmonized with the tints of the walls and the window curtains. The central idea of the costumes was an orange mass enlivened by bright red waistcoats. The walls of the building are orange chrome and the window shades bright red. Many of the window shades needed pulling down last night, but the waistcoats were all *au fait*. The fact that the orange-chrome-and-red ushers were allowed to remain in conspicuous places during the ballet detracted somewhat from the gorgeous effect of the latter, but it is understood that this matter will be attended to hereafter, and no rival attractions be allowed in sight while the ballet is going on.

The other decorations of the interior were very simple, thousands of electric lights being the most effective feature. The arrangement of these is not entirely completed yet, but the display was very brilliant and beautiful, the wonderful roof of the amphitheatre being outlined in fire.

The air during the first half hour became somewhat hot, but then there was a sudden cooling off that excited surprise until it was noticed that without the slightest noise or notice the great glass skylight of the roof had been pulled away. Many who paid no attention to this fact last night, especially the bald-headed ones, will remember it to-day. It was a little chilly for an open-air entertainment.

Ten thousand hands united a royal welcome for the waltz king's brother when Herr Eduard Strauss stepped jauntily to the slightly raised platform at the front of the stage and held his fiddle under his chin. Those who found fault with gimlet-eyed Mr. Strauss for the slender, well-knit figure so apparently self-possessed and admirably cool man, this ace is of the musicianly type, thoughtful, strong, and even handsome, with a broad and full forehead, keen, quick eyes a fine profile, a curled moustache, and just the faintest suggestion of an obtrusive imperial. There was neither disappointment nor surprise to tell new Strauss's personality. It was simply the exact realization of the "Blue-eyed Lydia," to whose music Vienna has dreamily danced its beer and sung its tribute of an hour ago. It was nevertheless a personality such as fitted the wonderful diversified audience in the big new Garden and they looked it with lively signs of interest, encouragement, and good feeling.

The orchestra was Strauss's orchestra first through the whole evening, from the overture to M. Adam's "Le Postillon de Lonjumeau" to the last note of the "Blue Danube" waltz. Its performance was that which was to be expected, because the vast assembly felt it reasonable here and resented to its seats in the presence of the author of the general view and the delightful effect the general sound. It was delicate and full of tonal subtlety that the orchestra and their leader seemed to be one in earnest. Then the "New Vienna" waltzes of Johann Strauss were played, and the test of merit and the trial of enthusiasm were in tilted. Herr Eduard Strauss is not to a dangerous leader. He is by no means boisterous, or even cold, and his manner is changed that is ever gracious, easy, commanding, as the figure to his audience. But there is a time from afar, echoed by the distinguished London and the Parisian performances, which he, as an expectancy of a unique, an irresistible seductive prince of the baton, in whose magic motions turned witchery and honey and rhythm and marvelous gradations of light and shade. This was the expectancy that was chiefly disappointed in the night's entertainment. Herr Strauss, we may be sure, will not be overestimated in this town. He was honoured very honestly and very generously by last night's audience, which accorded him a high rank among contemporaneous orchestra leaders but by no means allowed his superiority to any one of a half dozen of our own musicians.

If he is a leader of highly nervous qualities he did not betray himself. He was easy, graceful, rather picturesque, and indeed, now and then a little theatric. It is hard to believe that he has not carefully and shrewdly schooled himself in the elaboration of his bland movements, for they are constantly revealing surprises not always necessary in the simple performance of the waltz tempo, for instance, though they do not detract from the general effect. It could be seen, too, even from the remotest corner of the vast auditorium, that when Herr Strauss's bow was in motion so were his feet, and he marked the dance movement with his pedal extremities, with inflections of his shoulders, and with sympathetic noddings of his head. Thus he became never a grotesque but always a diverting figure; and, as the concentration of interest, the factor, not the sinister one, in the modern leaders, Herr Eduard Strauss had justified at least one degree of his reputation. That he did not approach the triumph won by his brother two decades ago was undeniable.

The orchestra was not unanimously large, nor was its balance especially suited to the new Garden's acoustic properties. An unusual preponderance of stringed instruments must be held largely accountable for the disappointment experienced and forcibly expressed by people in the rear of the hall, who were unable to hear any save the forte passages. About 50 performers occupied the stage and of their ten selections, with encores, two-thirds were waltzes, polkas, and mazurkas. Their programme, therefore, was essentially trivial, and a ready valuable estimate of the organization's merit could hardly be gained. Yet it was easily seen that there was no lack of precision or of mechanical correctness in the execution in any of the numbers. Herr Strauss's drilling had clearly been careful and intelligent. There was a display of vigor and of force at the right moments, which almost atoned for a want of delicacy and grace in the lighter phases, and the audience, inclined to be partial, accepted the work in general as almost as good as that of our own best orchestral bodies. If, however, there had been an anticipation of a triumph that should make us doubt native talent, there was no sign that such anticipation was realized.

Errors of judgment, natural in the hasty arrangement of so spacious and so exacting an entertainment, will be corrected speedily, no doubt. It would be a palpable gain in all ways if the orchestra could be heard from a raised platform in or near the centre of the house; and the intricacies of the ballet will never be thoroughly enjoyed so long as the seats on the lower floor are on a dead level, without pitch ever so slight. This new Garden is so ample in all its proportions as to require the most generous provisions for and concessions to the spectator. Herr Strauss's orchestra of half a hundred hardly conveyed the idea of volume or of largeness commensurate with their surroundings. The stage was incongruously set during their occupancy of it, the scene representing a mountain pass that was neither of the Rhine nor of the Rhone, nor yet of the peaceful Harlem. Better a view of gilded halls in Tuscany, wherein Herr Strauss's pattering feet might disport themselves with greater freedom and plausibility.

An encore marked every selection, and now and then this voice of approval was twice and thrice extended. A portion of "The Blue Danube" waltz, rendered in response to one of these tributes, was vociferously applauded, and the interpolation of the Pizzicati polka (Delibes's) in the first of the ballets won for Mlle. Rodman the heartiest applause of the dance.

The parts of the entertainment meant to be a gorgeous show, and which succeeded in being so, were two ballets devised by Capt. Alfred Thompson and personated by a newly imported company of dancers under the leadership of Leon Espinosa. These ballets were pleasureable to look at by reason, firstly, of the quantity of novel and beautiful costumes which they exhibited. The fabrics were of great diversity, and yet their many bright colors were always harmoniously and picturesquely intermixed. The scenic backgrounds, in the painting of which the late Matt Morgan had caught a fatal cold, were good pieces of work, but not showy, and the stage was rather cold and barren when not peopled. But when the wearers of Capt. Thompson's ideas in garments, whimsical or pretty, filled the scene with their variegated commotion, the sights appealed more popularly to the eyes of the assemblage than the Strauss music did to their ears. To the dancers and their dancing less praise can be given. They had a youthful average, as the ages of ballet women go, but their foreign faces were not often pretty and their figures were much too heavy in the aggregate. Their principal, Mlle. Rodman, was quite matronly in outlines and not abundant in agility or grace. Lissome and expressive, in contrast with her, were two American participants in pantomimic episodes, Kay and Louise Allen.

The ballets were generous and artistic in design, and at least very captivating in execution. The first of the two was entitled "Choosing the National Flower." There was a Columbia in search of a floral emblem for her country, and a Flora who arranged her garden of legged flowers in a competitive examination. It was a delightful operative costuming of those human representatives of lilies, pansies, violets and daisies that artistic ingenuity had wrought out a succession of wondrous pictures. Other women were winged for butterflies and bees, and if these were less lightfooted than they should have been, no such criticism held against a flying dasheuse, who posed so airily while lifted and swung by a wire that the illusion was remarkable. The end of it all was that the golden rod, in the form of a stately and symmetrical yellow example, was selected by Columbia as America's special flower.

The second ballet, "Peace and War," began with a wedding, in which a minute Mlle. Judith was a funny little bride, and much fantastic dancing was done. Martial doings then supervened, and a wealth of processional spectacle ensued, prolonging the entertainment until about midnight, and delighting the vast concourse with its splendid sightliness.

Mr. Strauss went direct from the Garden to the marble balcony over the Fifth Avenue Hotel entrance, and stood in a light overcoat, with his face wreathed with smiles, while an Austrian singing society made the midnight melodious with two German songs and a rattling Tyrolean chorus. When the chorus was over, Mr. Strauss lifted his black silk hat, bowed many times, and said in German that he thanked the serenaders as fellow countrymen for the distinguished honor they had conferred upon him.

STRUCK DOWN ON THE ROAD.

Lawyer Powell's Encounter With a Footpad on Staten Island.

Robert J. Hare Powell, a young New York lawyer, was assaulted by an unknown man near his residence on Harbor Hill at Castleton and Clinton avenues on Sunday last, and had he not grappled his assailant he might have been killed. The physicians said yesterday that Mr. Powell's assailant undoubtedly wore brass knuckles. He received three blows, one cutting open his left cheek, and the other two inflicting very severe scalp wounds behind the left ear. It was thought last evening that he would recover, though he is unconscious nearly all the time. The motive of the attack is believed to have been robbery. Still, Mr. Powell wore a valuable gold watch, and his assailant did not get it, nor did he get the small amount of money Mr. Powell had in his pockets.

It is Mr. Powell's custom on a pleasant Sunday after supper to walk alone for a mile or two on the continuation of Lafayette avenue. His residence overlooks a fine valley of pasture land, while on the opposite side of the valley, a mile distant, are woods and here and there a farm house. The road along which he walks curves in and out and makes its way across the valley and climbs the opposite hill. It is a lonely walk, despite the labourers' cottages at its beginning at the roadside. Nearly a mile from his residence and on the opposite hillside is the barn of Milkman James Blane. There is no other building near it. Not far from the barn Mr. Powell was switching the weeds with his slender cane as he walked when he saw approaching him a rather stout man wearing dark clothes and a Derby hat. He had a heavy dark-brown moustache. While in the act of passing the man Mr. Powel noticed that the other was watching him keenly, and the next instant, while turning to look at him, Mr. Powell received a blow, knocking him down and gashing his cheek. Mr. Powell is more than six feet tall, but slender and not very athletic. He seized the man with one hand and struck him several times with his light cane. Then he received two more blows. In the struggle Mr. Powell's coat was torn almost to shreds. He cried for help, and his assailant finally ran away.

Mr. Powell staggered toward his home, leaving a trail of blood on the dusty road. When a few rods from his house his strength gave out, and he was found there by Mrs. James Cotter, a neighbor, who had him carried in by her parents. Dr. J. J. Van Rensselaer of Franklin avenue and Dr. Clarke, Mr. Powell's family physician, sewed up his wounds, and he was then taken home. Police Sergeant Cobb of West New Brighton sent out a dozen policemen to hunt for the assailant, and they scoured the woods and the open country east of Sailor's Snug Harbor, but he was not found. The man's hat, a brown Derby of Dunlap's make, was picked up on the scene of the assault and taken to the West New Brighton police station. It is believed by the police that the assailant made his way across the country to Tompkinsville or struck into the farming country in the interior of the island. Mr. Powell's office is in the Equitable building.

PLAY ENDS IN FRACTURED SKULLS.

Two Schoolboys Run Over by a Stone Truck Toboggan.

While the boys of Grammar School No. 62, at 158th street and Third avenue, were playing with a stone truck just before the afternoon session yesterday, an accident occurred which may cost two of their number. Benjamin Young, aged 10, of 689 East 159th street, and William Pfister, aged 11, of Melton avenue and 156th street, their lives. The truck stood in a vacant lot near the schoolhouse, at the foot of a slight descent. The boys thought it would be fun to pull the heavy vehicle to the top and ride down. It took their combined efforts to get the truck to the top of the ascent, and then all hands climbed aboard and started down pell mell.

When the unwieldy truck struck the level Young and Pfister were thrown off, the wheels passing over their necks. They were taken to the Harlem Hospital. Both were injured in precisely the same way and to about the same extent. The skulls were fractured just below the right ear. Fragments of the bone had to be removed from Pfister's brain. It is said at the hospital that the chances for their recovery are about even.

Here's a Chance for a Smart Girl.

Collector Erhardt wants just one woman to take a Government office as stenographer and type writer at $1,000, or perhaps $1,200 a year.

Private Secretary Sperry ab Rebecck and Major Pelice have been appointed a special Chinese board to examine the applicants. There are two vacancies one worth $1,000 and the other worth $1,200. Col. Erhardt says that if a woman applicant outstrips the highest man on the list he will give the $1,200 place to her, and the man must be content with the $1,000 job.

NO COMBINE FOR ERHARDT.

THE CITIZEN'S MOVEMENT STIRS UP A LOVELY LOCAL FIGHT.

Platt for Coalition to Beat Tammany, but Thinks This is a Queer One—The Custom House for a Straight Republican Ticket—Mr. Grace Not in the Combine—It Hopes for Republican and County Support.

The manifesto of the citizens' movement, calling for non-partisan municipal nominations this fall, while politicians say they consider it unimportant in itself, has served to precipitate a discussion of what is important, namely, the radical split in the local Republican machine over the policy to be followed in the local fight. It made the Collector of the Port, Col. Joel B. Erhardt, talk politics yesterday for the first time since his appointment. He came out flat against the citizen's movement. He declared unreservedly that he was a Republican, and that he wanted a straight Republican ticket nominated in the city this fall, and that he would have nothing to do with any other.

"I am in favor of electing a Republican Mayor," the Collector said, "and I believe he can be elected. The city of New York is at present absolutely Democratic in its executive, in its legislative, so far as the Board of Aldermen can be called legislative, and in its judicial it is completely so. The Mayor is Democratic, the Board of Aldermen is Democratic, the Comptroller is Democratic, the Park Department is Democratic, the Police Department is Democratic, the Commission of Taxes and Assessments is Democratic, the Dock Department is Democratic, the Fire Department is Democratic, the Sinking Fund Commission is Democratic, the Board of Apportionment is Democratic, the Commissioner of Accounts, who detects fraud, is Democratic; the Commissioner of Jurors, who draws the men that try offenders, is Democratic; the District Attorney and all of his assistants are Democratic, the police magistrates are Democratic, with two exceptions, one a hold-over. All the Judges of the Supreme Court, Court of Common Pleas, and Superior Court are Democratic, the Recorder is Democratic, the Register is Democratic, the County Clerk is Democratic, the Sheriff is Democratic, the Department of Public Works is Democratic, the Street Commissioner is Democratic. It is not to be wondered at that the City of New York is not better governed than it is."

Collector Erhardt traced the growth of Democracy in the city thus:

"Ten years ago I left the Police Department. There was then a Republican superintendent; there is now a Democratic Superintendent. There was then a Republican chief clerk; there is now a Democratic chief clerk. There were then four inspectors, three of whom were Republicans—Speight, Thorne, Tilks, and McPermott. McPermott was a Democrat, and absolutely silent and of no account. You know now Byrnes, Conlin, Steers, and Williams. The majority of these are Democratic, and one well in hand. At the time of which I speak, three-quarters of the police Captains were Republicans, not by selection of them as Republicans, but it so happened that the fact was that three-quarters of them were Republicans. Now three-quarters to seven-eighths of them are Democrats. Then three-quarters of the Sergeants were Republicans. Two of them at that time. Three-quarters of them now are Democrats. Of the roundsmen the same proportion as of Sergeants were then Republican, and the same proportion as of Sergeants are now Democratic. And those men were promoted by civil service examinations, and they were promoted by sending the man alone to the Examining Board, and he was bound to be at the head of his class and there was no help for it. The force of clerks of the Board has been changed in a similar proportion. So that in the short space of ten years, that which was Republican, not made so, but which happened to be so, has been completely transformed, and you had two Republican Police Commissioners there all the time. That is a non-partisan Board.

"Therefore, I say, three Commissioners are better than four, two better than three, and one better than two. Go through the various other Boards and you will find the same condition of affairs. You have here a Democratic city, a city controlled by the local Democratic party, at the top, at the middle, and at the bottom, and if you will show me any Republicans in the city of New York holding high office, there will be only one or two of them, and those absolutely powerless."

The Collector then gave what he considered an illustration of the advance of the Republicans in the same time by saying:

"Gibbs received 43,000 votes; Roosevelt, 60,000 votes; Erhardt, 73,000 plus. So that as soon as Republicans have an opportunity to vote for Republicans they willingly vote for them."

The Republican leaders associated with the Collector in an effort to bring about a straight Republican ticket are Cruger, Jacobus, Grimes, Sol Smith, Shea, Collins, Prentice, Gibbs, Kropf, Gunner, and possibly Raymond.

Police Justice Patterson and his close affiliation with ex-Senator Platt make, in the opinions of many, his co-operation doubtful. Mr. Platt, Mr. Platt favors a coalition of any forces that will defeat Tammany. Mr. Patterson has with him Leaders Murray, French, Simpson, Lawson, Schurman, Hilliard, Nugent, Brookfield, Shook, Wanmaker, Biglin, Reisenweber, Stearns and Ten Eyck.

The Platt faction seems to be so hot over the matter that there is every probability that the Administration at Washington will be called upon to settle the dispute. Mr. Patterson's friends say that the President will side with the anything-to-defeat-Tammany ideas, while United States Marshal Jacobus declared yesterday that the President is with the straight-out Republican-ticket-idea. Col. Jacobus was also positive that Collector Erhardt and Col. Cruger would have more of the city Republican leaders with them before long.

Mr. Platt smiled yesterday when questioned about the Hester Newton citizens' movement, and said that all he knew about it he had seen in the papers.

He seemed to think that it would be just as well to wait and see what the Windsor Hotel conference did before expressing any views. But in a general way he believed that the elements to be brought together under the call printed yesterday would be found very miscellaneous and not easy to handle.

Mr. L. C. Walton of the signers seems to be the leading spirit in the movement. Like the lovely little maiden, he lives in a garden city, but he practices law in this city as the Rev. Newton preaches here. He said yesterday:

"It is an honest movement managed by men who are disgusted with the way this city is governed. Our system is extravagant and expensive, and the returns are not what they should be. Dr. Newton preached yesterday. The occasion and interest they excited were the causes of the movement. Many more gentlemen than those whose names appear have signed the circular or pledge that joins them with us. They have made up their minds that politics must no longer run this town. We propose to ask all of the business men in and out of the exchanges with us, and with a representative body from these and other organizations of citizens who are not politicians make nominations for all city offices. We will not be bothered with Assembly candidates. The meeting at the Union Club on June 24 will be simply for organization, and this early beginning will be followed by hard work all summer. We will make our nominations at least two weeks before the regular parties make theirs, and if they wish to simply endorse our candidates they can do so. This is good year for such a movement, and the new voting law will help it. We hope to put such a ticket in the field that the Republicans will have to accept it, and the County Democracy organization as well. Possibly Tammany Hall may also accept our ticket, but that we scarcely have hopes of. When we went to some men for their signatures they refused, saying: "Oh, that is the same old citizens' movement. Grace and Ivins are behind it, of course." But I assured them all, as I assure you, that neither Mr. Grace nor Mr. Ivins knew anything about it. It is a spontaneous movement, and entirely results from Dr. Newton's sermons."

Everybody believes that Mr. Grace is not very much in it. It is not in his way. He would be more likely to be heard from in September. He would move his citizens when other things were doing, when the Fassett investigation pot was boiling, and not in a lull like this. Mr. Grace says of this invasion into his field:

"I know nothing of this movement, and was not consulted in it. I cannot say whether it is an advisable step at this time or not. Of course I wish it success, but I take any part in its beginning I shall not interest myself in it at all. I am very busy now."

Mayor Grant would have nothing to say about the matter at all, and Commissioner Gilroy was equally reticent, saying that election day was too far off. The Mayor's Secretary, ex-Judge Hoadley, said:

"I guess they can get a candidate. It only takes 500 signatures to put a citizen in nomination."

But no good a Tammany man as Eugene Kelly spoke without the reserve that possesses the citizen holders. He said that there was no need for any such movement, but he called between the condition that the city is in to-day and the shape it was in when the people rallied to the support of the Committee of One Hundred. He thought that Mayor Grant was a good chief magistrate and had satisfied the people, and that the mixed elements that were necessarily collected in such a movement could not be controlled except in the lighting of some great and growing evil.

Mr. William Steinway said the same thing and coupled it with the declaration that his name, which had been mentioned in connection with the candidacy, could not be used, as he is in favor of the renomination of Mayor Grant and confident of his reelection. Senator Ives said:

"Mr. Newton is preaching politics in a building erected for other purposes. His business is to save souls and not to try to influence votes, and the result will be that he will accomplish nothing in either direction."

The County Democrats down town expressed varying views, ranging from the amiable belief of ex-Senator Daly that "some good might come of it," to the shrewd guess of Comptroller Myers that it will improve the chances of Tammany Hall's candidates.

"This seems to be a very curious combination," said Mr. Myers. "I had heard nothing of it before, but it seems to me the more parties that there are in the field the better it will be for Tammany."

ACCUSED OF PLAGIARISM.

Dr. Peters's Sermon Very Much Like One that Was Preached Earlier.

PHILADELPHIA, June 16.—A number of Philadelphia clergymen who are acquainted with the Rev. Dr. Madison L. Peters, have for some time been discussing the remarkable similarity between a sermon preached by him last fall and one of J. Thain Davidson's "Talks to Young Men." The sermon was preached by Mr. Peters on the evening of Oct. 6, to his congregation in Bloomingdale Reformed Church, New York.

On the following day it was printed in the New York *Tribune* under the head of "Sermons Worth Keeping." It was the publication of this sermon that attracted the attention of some New York divines, and they recognized its striking similarity to one of Davidson's.

The subject of Dr. Peters's sermon was "The Perfect Man." The subject of Mr. Davidson's sermon, which was delivered two years ago in London, was "Wanted, a Man." The text for both sermons was the same verse from Jeremiah. Here is one passage from Dr. Peters's discourse that looks very much like Dr. Davidson's:

"Wanted, a man with a mind. If you do not cultivate your mind, if you lead a mere vegetable existence, I cannot concede to you the noble title—a man."

Here is Dr. Davidson's language:

"In your search for a man don't forget to look for a being that has a mind. If you live only a kind of vegetable and animal existence, then I cannot concede to you the title of fully developed manhood."

Here is another extract from Peters: "Wanted—a man with a conscience. The noble-minded, high-hearted St. Paul said: 'Herein do I exercise myself to have a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man.'"

Dr. Davidson said: "Look out in the first place for one who has a conscience. One of the grandest utterances of that noble-minded man, St. Paul, was this: 'Herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man.'"

There are other passages in Dr. Peters's discourse that very much resemble parts of Dr. Davidson's sermon.

Peters is the new pastor of the Bloomingdale Reformed Church. He succeeded the Rev. Carlos Martyn. He was married in Philadelphia on June 3 to Miss Sarah H. Hart, and brought his bride here. They expected to go to Lavelmont at once, and on July 1 to California, to remain until Sept. ber.

MANOLA PARADES.

If her Photographed Tights are Published she Will Have Revenge.

Marion Manola hasn't got over her anger yet at having been photographed in tights by flash light, by order of Manager Stevens of the Broadway Theatre, during the performance on Saturday night. Before going home that night she wrote a bitter note to Photographer Meyers, who took the picture, giving him some very forcible opinions on the subject of picture stealing and appealing to his gentlemanly feelings not to make any use of the plate until he had seen her. She called on him on Sunday afternoon, and, besides giving him some more opinions, warned him not to make a print from the negative or even show it to any one on peril of all the legal, moral, and physical consequences that an angry woman and a lawyer could bring to bear. This put Mr. Meyers in an inconvenient dilemma, for he has had the sole privilege of photographing the Manola, and the sale of her pictures has brought him from $1,000 to $1,500 a year. On the other hand he was to get $50 for taking the flash light picture, and the first order was for 5,000 prints from it. It looked as though he was in for a loss either way. He stayed the matter off by agreeing not to print from the negative until Miss Manola had had time to take legal steps.

She came to the city again yesterday, and after renewing her warning to Mr. Meyers, for fear a Sunday warning might not have been legal, she left him, saying that she was going to consult her lawyers about an injunction. She consulted a lawyer herself, and got little consolation. The negative, he says, was a very fair one for a flash-light picture. It shows a figure of Miss Manola about two inches high, with her tights distinctly visible. Touched up and enlarged, he says, it will make an excellent photograph. Miss Manola has seen it herself, but not near enough to smash it.

MORE WORK FOR DR. GIBIER.

Five Dog-bitten Patients Received at the Pasteur Institute.

Five new patients arrived at Dr. Gibier's institute yesterday. Two of them were suffering considerably. The Dorchester man who has been writing to the Doctor for some time was among the arrivals. He was severely bitten and lacerated about both hands by a dog which was believed to be mad and which died soon after the biting. The dog also bit several pigs, a horse, a cow, and several dogs. It is five weeks since the man was bitten and two of the pigs and the cow have died, showing what appeared to be symptoms of hydrophobia. The man has not been troubled except with nervous fears. A young man came from Massachusetts who was bitten three weeks ago. A dog that was bitten at the same time has since died. A young man from Paterson, N. J., who was bitten by a pet dog, also came yesterday. The name of the wealthy gentleman who promised to give Dr. Gibier a spacious house up town for his hospital has not yet been made known.

A Despondent Girl's Suicide.

Emily Fowler, aged 20 years, killed herself on Sunday night at 358 East Eighty-sixth street by swallowing Paris green. She was out of work and despondent. She and a younger sister lived with their married sister, Mrs. Kelly, the wife of a clerk at Post Office Station K, in the Eighty-sixth street flat.

On Sunday afternoon Mrs. Kelly went out, leaving Emily and her younger sister alone in the house. Emily asked her to return soon, as she wanted to go to a walk with her. This together with the fact that she immediately sat down to answer some advertisement, is considered by her sister as evidence that the act was a sudden impulse. She stood in her sister's way to explain hopelessly to her sister that it was useless to do anything. Then she went into the parlor and lay down.

When the sisters returned they found her very ill and suffering great pain. A physician was called, and the truth came out. Emily had taken some Paris green which she had purchased in the morning, mixed cocoanut in it to deal with, and had swallowed some of it. She died at day break.

Mrs Patterson Not at Home.

The examination of Mrs J. Porter Patterson on a charge of shoplifting has been set down for to-morrow afternoon in the Adams street Police Court in Brooklyn, but it may not go on. The accused, who was released on $500 bail, furnished by her mother, Mrs. M. A. Lent, having disappeared. When arrested a couple of weeks ago Mrs. Patterson, who is married, denied the charge, and for several days Police Capt. Campbell, out of respect for her feelings, refused to reveal her identity. She and her husband have lived since their marriage at 468 Bath street, but they disappeared a few days ago, and the house is now vacant. Mrs. Lent says she expects that her daughter will be in the court room to-morrow.

Keating is Still Around.

At last night's meeting of the Tammany General Committee of the Eighteenth district, ex-Warden James P. Keating of Ludlow street jail presided and set at rest the stories to the effect that he was to retire from the Chairmanship. He said that an enemy had said that the Eighteenth was practically without a leader, and was doing its share of patronage.

"You all know," said Mr. Keating, "that I do go around to all of the departments to get places for the district, and I do get them sometimes. The Eighteenth district is not without a leader. I am its leader, and intend to continue to be."

Five Hours to Washington.

The fastest trains in America are in service between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington via Jersey Central, Reading, and B. and O. reading station foot of Liberty st.—Ads.

THIRTY-ONE MINERS KILLED.

A LAMP IGNITES GAS IN THE HILL FARM MINE, NEAR DUNBAR, PA.

The Mine all Ablaze After the Explosion—Twenty-one Men Escape, but the Others Die of Fire and Suffocation—Terrible Scenes Around the Mouth of the Mine.

DUNBAR, Pa., June 16.—Thirty-one miners were killed by the explosion of gas in the coal mines at Hill Farm owned by the Dunbar Furnace Company, a mile west of here, at 10:30 this morning. The bodies of two of the unfortunates were taken out. The others are still entombed in the mine, where a fierce fire is raging. There is little doubt that all are dead, although their end came slowly from suffocation. Desperate efforts have been made to clear the way and recover the bodies, but without avail. A rescuing party of 100 men, headed by Mine Inspector Keighly of this district, spent the afternoon in the ill-fated pit, but up to 10 to-night have been able to rescue only two bodies. Both of these men had died from the force of the explosion. They are badly burned. Their features are distorted and disfigured, and they could only be recognized by their clothes.

There were fifty-seven miners in the pit when the explosion occurred. They were at work in the headings off to the right and left of the main entry, about 5,000 feet from the mouth of the slope. Near the point at which the heading started in different directions an air hole had been drilled recently. This was a pinch hole. Gas and water had accumulated in it. A few minutes before the explosion occurred Patrick Kerwin penetrated the air hole with his pick. A strong stream of water gushed out, Kerwin was horrified. He sounded the alarm. His assistant, Patrick Hayes, started hurriedly for the main entrance. He had scarcely started when the foul gas was ignited from his lamp.

The explosion which followed was terrific. What little air there was in the place drifted to the heading to the right of the main entrance. The fire followed swiftly, and before the thirty-one men could be alarmed all hope of escape was shut off by the flames. The twenty-six men employed in the left heading were notified of the danger in time to save their lives, although their escape was thrilling and was accompanied by the wildest confusion.

At a point near where the explosion occurred the bodies of Daniel Sheeran, fire boss, and David Hayes were found. They had evidently attempted to escape through the flames. Appended is a full list of the missing miners:

Joseph Brigner, married; Richard Brigner, Milt Perney, married; Barney Moss, Peter Egan, 44 years old; Robert McGuill, Martin Cavener, John Cope, married; Andy Cope, son; Pat Devlin, married; John Dolbanney, married; John Joy, married; John Dolbanney, boy; David Davis, married; Thomas Davis, son; Pat Cahill, married; William Cahill, single; Pat Courtney, married; John Courtney, son; Jack Mitchell, married; Dan South, married; James Shearn, Danny Shearn, David Hayes (father), William Hayes (son); James McCleary, married; Thomas McCleary, married; Elmer Dewey, Joseph Bigley, 30, wife and two children; Barney Maust, Emanuel Maust (brothers); Pat Courtney, 40, married; George Courtney (son), 17, and John Mitchell, 40, married.

The explosion was one of the most disastrous and deadly in the history of the coke region. In the Leisenring disaster in 1883 twenty-three men lost their lives. At Col. J. M. Reed's works at this place two years earlier five men were killed, while at the Youngstown works a year later fourteen lives were lost. This latest calamity has unnerved the community, and the inhabitants are wild with excitement.

Thousands of people gathered at the mouth of the mines this afternoon. Among them were the parents, wives, children, and sweethearts of the unfortunates, and a strong guard of police was necessary to prevent many of them, mad with anguish, from rushing into the deadly hole. Wives, widowed by the calamity, stood about jilly clad and sore footed, lulling to sleep their babes in arms. Mothers wrung their hands and cried aloud for their boys, while children from 8 to 15 years of age hurried about looking into the black faces of the escaped miners in the hope of finding their fathers or brothers.

Their suffering was pitiable, and, while the authorities of the company were exerting all their energies to recover the bodies, the total absence of any information regarding the fate of the missing men made their distress more severe and moans and groans went up unconsciously from many of the pinched lips in the unhappy crowd.

The entrance to the Hill mines is on a steep knoll, and just to the left and within fifty yards from its mouth is a little stream of water. Wash stones perching through the luxuriant growth of grass and shrubbery. To-day there were no marks of new-made graves. To-morrow a force of men will invade the place to prepare the resting places for their fellows.

The Scottdale Building Association, of the Dunbar Furnace Company, which owns them, George Parrish of Wilkesbarre is President of the company. Samuel Dickson and J. C. Bullitt of Philadelphia are among the heaviest stockholders. The company has been fairly successful. It has capital stock of $300,000. Considerable of this amount is held in Philadelphia. The officers of the furnace company have been notified of the disaster, and the authorities here have been instructed to do everything in their power to relieve the distress of those who have suffered by the calamity.

The Scottdale Building Mill Company this evening sent a force of men to aid the rescuers, and to-morrow they will close down their works and send all their employees. The employment furnace people are telegraphed asking if assistance is needed. Their services will not be needed, as more men have already volunteered than can find work to do.

Coroner Holbrook, who lives at Fairchance, was notified to-night. He is expected here to-morrow morning. The loss by the explosion cannot now be ascertained. It will be heavy, however, and the owners are fearful that the works will have to be abandoned.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

At midnight to-night the smoke and gas from the right shaft poured up the mouth of it, and after trials almost beyond human endurance the rescuing party gave up all hopes of ever recovering their comrades' bodies from that entrance, and turned their attention to the Ferguson mine, one and a half miles away. The men had spent the better part of an hour from that mine, but the flames drove them back every effort. The universal and unvail ing verdict from the old miners about the shaft tonight is that the entombed men have either been killed outright by the explosion, or later by suffocation.

There seems to be the more probable, at least in part, as soundings were heard from the entombed men as late as 11 o'clock this afternoon. These grew weaker and weaker, however, and half an hour later even the most hopeful of the waiting rescuers could hear nothing.

The men say that had they known the shaft was to be broken into they would never have entered the mine, as either water or gas would surely have followed, since in these regions gas always comes from the upper strata. The miners, however, and, in fact, some of the men themselves, say it was an accident pure and simple, that could not be avoided.

A Rich Man's Attempt at Suicide.

Tuttleville, Mass., June 16.—A desperate attempt at suicide, which may terminate fatally, was made this morning by Samuel Newell of late a large stock owner in this town, and formerly a prominent New York lawyer and a leading Democrat, in which place he was a member of the New Jersey senate.

During his residence here Mr. Newell has been prosperous and is said to have refused an opportunity offered him by his brother, Jason Newell, President of the Nickel Plate road, to increase his wealth on the ground that he was rich enough.

This morning he was melancholy on account of groundless fears that his farm would be ruined by operations of the Berkshire Health Water Company, who were to sink a dam near his property.

He has seen watchers in his fields, but this morning he eluded them and was found hanging to a beam in the attic. He was unconscious when cut down, and physicians say that he will either die or that idiocy will follow.

Had to Stand There.

A little crowd collected at Broadway and Thirty-fourth street last night to see why a well-dressed citizen was standing in the rain as rain can. He was doing a peculiar kind of jig for those who was caught in the thing. With two men's help it pulled it out.

Knapp's Root Beer Extract.

It is easily prepared; costs 20c.; makes 10 gallons; healthy for children; can be made at home.—Ads.

BOUND TO KILL THE CZAR.

The Imperial Palace at Gatschina Said to Be Undermined.

LONDON, June 17—The *News's* Berlin correspondent says: "The St. Petersburg police have discovered a widespread conspiracy against the Czar's life. The Imperial Palace at Gatschina is undermined. The guards at all the palaces have been doubled. Several arrests have been made."

PARIS, June 16.—The Nihilists arrested here some time ago are still detained pending an inquiry into the prisoner Reinstein's assertion that an *agent provocateur*, sent by the Third Section at St. Petersburg, is residing in the Avenue Freidland, and has visited him daily for weeks past.

THE LOTTERY WAR.

A Colored Emissary of the Lottery Men Hanged by Whites.

NEW ORLEANS, June 16.—Contrary to expectations, the picked committee to which was referred the Lottery bill did not report it back to the House to-day. Shattuck, the author of the bill, and a member of the committee, was taken suddenly ill last night, and this morning could not leave his bed.

The lottery has industriously circulated the report that he was poisoned by the Antis. He and his doctor say, however, that he has bilious colic. Many Antis believe that it is a sham, and is a lottery dodge to evade bringing their bill up to be beaten, and that they are trying to kill time until they can buy more votes.

The lottery bosses issued an inflammatory address to the negroes of East Feliciana parish, where the election for a Senator comes off to-morrow, and sent it for distribution into that parish by a negro named George Swayzie. Swayzie had left some years ago under a charge of murder, and last evening he was hanged by a band of masked men near the dividing line of East and West Feliciana parishes.

The people in mass meeting assembled had solemnly warned the world by resolutions that attempts at bribery and massing the negroes against the whites would be followed by the prompt and stern punishment of the perpetrators.

A copy of the resolutions were sent to John A. Morris by order of the meeting. The notice was disregarded, and by killing the lottery emissary the people made their promise good.

The antis