GOOD TENANTS
And a prompt response characterize a
Board or Room Advertisement
IN
THE SUN.

The Sun.

RELIABLE ADVERTISERS
Use the Columns of
THE SUN
FOR BUYING AND SELLING
REAL ESTATE.

VOL. LVIII.—NO. 28. NEW YORK, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1890.—TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE.

THE SPECTACLE THAT JOHN MORLEY SAW AT TIPPERARY.

He Came Near Being Clubbed Himself—Little King Alphonso's Daily Routine—The Army Scandal in Berlin—The King of Holland Has a Relapse—Lady Dunlo Drawing Crowds at a London Theatre—Baron Hirsch Pays $25,000 for a Shooting Privilege—Succi Challenged to a Starving Contest by a Rival Faster—The Reason McAuliffe was Beaten by Slavin.

Copyright, 1890, by The Sun Printing and Publishing Association.

LONDON, Sept. 27.—Tory newspaper editors have been tearing their hair over the brutal stupidity of the Tipperary policemen who were so indiscreet as wantonly to bludgeon the people in the presence of an ex-Cabinet Minister, John Morley. No sympathy, of course, is wasted upon the victims of the uniformed ruffians, the editorial wailings being caused solely by the inopportuneness of the affair. The facts of the case were so indisputable that it became necessary to invent excuses for the police. The *Times* audaciously asserted that the Tipperary men threw stones at Balfour's pet lambs, although the *Times* was not represented on the spot and a score or more of reporters who actually witnessed the scene saw nothing of the missiles. Other Tory newspapers faithfully reported the facts, while wilfully distorting them in editorials. Unable to emulate the malicious mendacity of the *Times*, they sought for an explanation in another direction, and arrived almost unanimously at the conclusion that the Nationalists arranged to provoke the police and get their own heads broken in order to make an impression upon Mr. Morley. The idea that Irish policemen require any provocation before attacking the Nationalists is too good a joke to pass without notice.

In this particular case, as in hundreds that have gone before it in Ireland, the evidence is overwhelming that no provocation was given. The only element of novelty is that the witnesses include an ex-Cabinet Minister and a number of other Englishmen of repute, among them several members of Parliament, of whom two were actually maltreated by the policemen. It cannot be denied, however, that the impression made upon Mr. Morley in particular, and upon British public opinion in general, could not have been more gratifying had the Irish members carefully planned the whole affair. Only one mistake was made, and that was when "Long John" O'Connor interposed his big person between Mr. Morley and a huge policeman who was about to make a record for himself by cracking the distinguished statesman's skull. Friends of Ireland cannot afford to lose champions like John Morley, but why, oh, why, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* and other Liberal newspapers wail, was not Morley managed better. The opportunity for a unique object lesson in Coercion has been lost, and it may not arise again.

Mr. Morley will address a public meeting in Lancashire on Monday evening in accordance with a long-standing engagement, and his speech will be worth hearing and reading if he should feel at liberty to tell his impressions of Tipperary. After the exciting adventure in the street he spent several hours in the Court House and was more amazed at the procedure there than at the occurrences outside. He saw on the judicial bench two police officers who have been for years the personal enemies and public revilers of some of the distinguished prisoners upon whom they were about to sit in judgment; and he heard them decide points of law against the defendants with an amount of alacrity and assurance which would have been unbecoming even had they worn the Judge's ermine for many years. It is good that Mr. Gladstone's trusted friend and lieutenant should have seen and heard these things, and it will be better if he should speak of them from the platform and from his seat in Parliament.

The revival of the political turmoil has momentarily placed in the background the question of the threatened famine in Ireland, but it will soon resume a prominent position. Priests, poor law guardians, and other competent local observers continue to warn the Government of coming danger, but official optimists will neither see nor hear. Mr. Jackson, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, after a hurried tour through a part of Ireland, has been telling a public meeting at Leeds that there has been merely a partial failure of the potato crop along a certain fringe of the coast, and that the construction of a number of steam tramways authorized by Parliament at the last session will suffice to relieve distress by providing work and wages and opening up the disease-stricken districts. Mr. Balfour is understood to be of the same opinion, and it seems evident, therefore, that it will require Parliamentary pressure to make an executive move in this matter; but if, as there is too much reason to fear, the danger is as serious as represented, people will be starving by the end of November, when Parliament meets, for, even admitting that the construction of steam tramways will put money and food in some people's way, it must be remembered that not one of them has yet been commenced.

Much joy has been manifested by the Tories here at the publication of cablegrams reporting that serious dissensions prevail among Irishmen in America, and that a deputation of members of the Parliamentary party will be coldly received, if not actually boycotted. The Irish leaders scornfully decline to place any reliance upon these reports, and the deputation will certainly sail probably next week; but they have caused some concern among the English Liberals, who feel that the eve of a decisive battle is an inappropriate moment for bickerings in the camp.

The impression is gaining ground that Charles T. Ritchie, M. P. for the constituency of East London, is destined to be the new Secretary for Ireland. He is not so strong as Balfour, but is a fairly determined man, with rather more than his share of human conceit. He himself set afloat, a few days ago, the report that he was going to Ireland on a mission of investigation. The only other man mentioned for the post is Mr. Jackson, already mentioned.

Mr. Balfour will take the leadership of the House of Commons when it reassembles, according to present arrangements, and Mr. Smith will seek repose in the quietude of the upper chamber.

When Alphonso XIII. of Spain was born, four and a half years ago, the Paris *Figaro* informally constituted itself the baby King's "organ," and ever since has faithfully, and more or less accurately, chronicled his sayings and doings. To-day it gives an account of his daily life at Ayete, the Queen regent's marine palace near St. Sebastian. Alphonso XIII. rises at 7 each morning and is at once put into a cold bath by his nurse, the same peasant woman who suckled him, and to whom he is devotedly attached. A half hour after he drinks a cup of chocolate and takes a walk in the park, where he amuses himself until midday, when breakfast is served. He has a prodigious appetite, like all the Bourbons, and has to be closely watched for fear he may indulge in the pleasures of the table to an injurious extent.

After the diner the King nestles in the nurse's arms and is sung to sleep, the siesta lasting three hours. At 4 o'clock he takes a country walk, escorted by old Mme. Tacon and blasty Gen. Cordoba, chief of his military household. The General is always in uniform, which the little King regards with awe and admiration. He asked the other day for a similar fine dress for himself, but it has not been made yet. During these walks the King is fond of giving money to beggars and children, and never starts out without seeing that his purse is filled with small coins. He always takes dinner with his mother, and is invariably put to bed at 8 by the Countess Peralta, who has a happy gift of story telling.

Owing to the alarm caused by his last severe illness, the efforts of Queen Christina are devoted to "making a man" of the little fellow. He has no regular course of study, and his mind has practically been allowed to lie fallow.

A shocking scandal is just now agitating military and polite society in Berlin. On last Tuesday morning Major Von Normann, a most distinguished officer, commandant of the training school for non-commissioned officers at Potsdam, and a great favorite of Kaiser Wilhelm, was found dead in his quarters. He had committed suicide by taking poison and then opening veins in his arms. It was assumed the deed was due to pecuniary troubles, like several other suicides which have horrified Berlin within the past month. The real facts have since come to light, and prove Von Normann to have been a scoundrel of the vilest character, who long ago ought to have been removed from the responsible position which he occupied by the personal favor of Kaiser Wilhelm. It is not improbable that had he not taken his life Von Normann would have provoked a military mutiny which might have resulted in his murder, for he ruled non-commissioned officers under his command with a degree of tyrannical cruelty that had exasperated them to a dangerous pitch, and he took advantage of his power to indulge habitually in unnatural vices similar to those which made Cleveland street infamous.

The exposure came when Von Normann attempted to assault a young non-commissioned officer who joined the school only a week ago. The spirited and indignant newcomer felled his superior officer to the ground, and then crossed the barrack yard to the officers' mess, told what had happened, and surrendered himself a prisoner. The officers immediately held a conference behind closed doors, and finally sent the three eldest Captains as a deputation to inform Von Normann that as a German officer, against whom an infamous crime could be proved, it was his duty to shoot himself.

Von Normann made no attempt to deny the charges and promised the officers to comply with their demands within a half an hour. The Captains waited outside Von Normann's quarters for two hours, and then assuming that the wretched man was too cowardly to commit suicide retired, after placing a double Sergeants' guard on the place.

In the morning the eldest Captain went with a guard and warrant of arrest, only to find Von Normann dead. He must have taken poison and opened his veins while the Captains were waiting outside his door, and was probably dead before they retired in disgust at his supposed cowardice. Major Von Normann was in command of the troops who, by order of the present Kaiser, barred all exits from Friedrichskron immediately after Kaiser Friedrich ceased to breathe. His death and the shameful circumstances connected with it will be heard of without simulated sympathy by a number of people, including that remarkably good hater, Sir Morell Mackenzie.

The King of Holland, who has been in poor health for years past, had a relapse yesterday, and his condition is now very serious. He is unconscious at times and unable to transact even the most urgent State business. Queen Emma is still nursing him, and in fact has scarcely ever left his side for six months past. The King is 73 years old and his wife only 22.

The career of Lady Dunlo, née Bilton, does not provide an eligible moral for a Sunday school book. If she had been a good little girl and had lived a proper and virtuous life she would probably now be married to some honest soldier on a shilling per day in the regiment in which her father is a sergeant at Woolwich, and have five or six children to look after in addition to doing her own housework. As it is, she has one victim doing seven years' penal servitude, another a disgraced outcast from a family of high lineage, and a third, a mark for the finger of scorn, rapidly dissipating a fortune to win her smiles. In consequence, she is receiving £100 per week salary as an actress, though she is absolutely devoid of talent, is playing to crowded houses nightly at one of the biggest theatres in London, and is the idol of the adolescent nobility and the demi monde of Great Britain, which two social castes have many traits in common. Lady Dunlo—her title is as genuine as that of any peeress in England—is this week playing at the Grand Theatre in Islington the title rôle of *Venus*, in an absurd and uninteresting burlesque in which feminine legs are an important element. The Grand Theatre might be compared to the Grand Opera House in New York. It is the place where leading London companies, such as those of Irving and Wyndham and of all first-rate theatres, play at reduced prices when their own houses begin to fall below profitable rates. As a general thing, only the residents of Islington, a northern suburb, where the Grand Theatre is situated, attend its performances, but this week that part of the West End that is in town has been crowding the boxes and stalls to see the woman who has ruined the lives of three men. Lady Dunlo drives up each evening from her house in Regent Park in a smart brougham, with a coachman and footman, attended often by her husband, Lord Dunlo; often by Isidore Wertheimer, the co-respondent in her husband's recent suit for divorce, and as often by both. The general impression is that Wertheimer is keeping up the Dunlo establishment, as young Dunlo had his allowance cut off by his father, Earl Cincarty, while the young Jew is as rich as his rationality are proverbially supposed to be.

A friend of the father of Alden Carter Weston, who was sentenced a couple of weeks ago to seven years' penal servitude with hard labor for forging Wertheimer's name to checks which were cashed by Lady Dunlo, gave me some information to-day about the convict. He says that Weston's father is a Baltimorean who left his native city after the civil war and has since resided in Europe. Alden Weston, who is now a handsome and intelligent man 31 years of age, was educated in France. He married, several years ago, the daughter of Gen. Campbell, an officer in the British army, by whom he has two children, a boy and a girl. Weston was a fast young fellow, who frequented the race courses and music halls. At one of the latter he met Belle Bilton, now Lady Dunlo. He deserted his wife and children for her, and spent his entire fortune upon her. She had, while his money lasted, horses, carriages, and jewels. When he came to the end of his tether he resorted to criminal means to obtain more money to lavish upon the woman who had fascinated him, and not quite two years ago he was sentenced to eight months' imprisonment on a charge of conspiracy to defraud. Upon the expiration of his imprisonment he continued his intimacy with Belle, then Lady Dunlo, by whom he has had a child. My informant asserts emphatically that the charge upon which he is now imprisoned was trumped up by Lord and Lady Dunlo and Wertheimer to get Weston out of the way. The same informant says that Weston is a desperate man, absolutely mad about his former mistress, and that it was fear of him that induced them to conspire for his conviction.

"I would not give," said this man, "a farthing for the life of Lady Dunlo when Weston's term expires, or for the lives of Lord Dunlo or Wertheimer. He is just as certain to make it his first business to kill her and afterward her husband and paramour as if the fact were already accomplished. He is a hot-blooded young Southerner, who feels that his life is ruined, and who would brave a hundred deaths for the sake of vengeance."

It is interesting to note, by the way, that Earl Cincarty is in very delicate health, so that Lord and Lady Dunlo are likely soon to succeed to his estates and fortune.

It is now settled that the Prince of Wales, accompanied by Col. Arthur Paget, husband of Miss Stevens of New York, will really visit the Moravian Castle and domain of Baron Hirsch during the Austro-Hungarian manœuvres, which are to take place next week. The announcement is received with mingled feelings in Austria, as Baron Hirsch is not admitted to the Austrian court circles. It is thought that this unusual departure from Austrian social etiquette on the part of the Prince may cause some inconvenience to his imperial and royal hosts. The invitation had been long pending, and was pressed by Baron Hirsch with his usual pertinacity.

Another success has also been achieved by this indefatigable financier in England. Some time ago he offered carte blanche to Lord Walsingham for the lease of his celebrated shootings. Lord Walsingham, who is not only one of the keenest of sportsmen and the best naturalist in England, but a man of great force of character, peremptorily declined, saying: "There are people who sell things and people who do not sell things. I am one of those who do not sell things, and I don't choose to lease my shootings to anybody."

Not repulsed by this, the persistent Baron and his friends last week asked Lord Walsingham whether he meant to keep his shootings through the whole of the season, and he told them he was going for a tour about Christmas for four or six weeks, upon which the agent of Baron Hirsch came down to Merton and asked Lord Walsingham whether he would lease Baron Hirsch the shooting over his preserves for £5,000. This offer Lord Walsingham accepted. It need not be said that this is the most monstrous price ever offered or taken. But Baron Hirsch is very happy over his financial victory. He and his guests will probably make considerable havoc; for the other day, ordering some live pheasants to be sent to Moravia in anticipation of the visit of the Prince of Wales, he was informed by an agent that 750 birds had been secured and would be despatched, upon which he exclaimed that 750 birds were of no use to him, and that he must have at least 2,500. These are incidents in the career of an enterprising gentleman, of whom it is reported in Paris that for three years past he has paid to a lady of high rank very well known in the empire 200,000 francs a year to secure him invitations and introductions in the world of fashion.

Ex-Mayor Edward Cooper reached London on Thursday night from Paris, and sailed for home in the Etruria to-day. Mr. Cooper has been greatly benefited by his stay abroad, and spent his day in London yesterday making inquiries in the interest of the Cooper Institute.

The American colony in London has been deeply interested this week by the marriage of Mr. Douglas Grant, the brother of Miss Grant, whose engagement to the late Earl Cairns caused for a time so much conversation, to Miss Louise Scott, daughter of Mr. George Scott of New York. All are American, but as Mrs. Beach Grant, Mr. Grant's mother, and his sister have a London house and reside chiefly in England, the marriage took place here.

There are several important visitors on the way to America. Mrs. Dion Boucicault, the first wife of the Irish dramatist who, is known here professionally as Agnes Robertson, left Queenstown a week ago in the Servia and may, therefore, be expected to reach New York in a day or two. The lady visits America for the purpose of contesting the will of her former husband who left to Miss Thorndyke, his second wife, what remained of his fortune. Messrs. Howe and Hummel of New York are Mrs. Boucicault's solicitors, and they will at once take the necessary proceedings in the matter. Aubrey, the younger son of Dion Boucicault by his first wife, and who is at present appearing at the Criterion Theatre in "Truth," accompanied his mother on Saturday last as far as Queenstown. He says that his mother having received alimony in connection with the divorce proceedings to the amount of £2,000 per annum is in the position of a secured creditor with regard to her husband's estate. He thinks that when this claim is satisfied very little, if anything, will be left for Miss Thorndyke.

The French exile known as the Count of Paris is on the Germanic, accompanied by his son, the Duke of Orleans, the Duke of Uzes, son of the Duchess of Uzes; the Marquis De Lasterrie, Col. Passeval, Dr. Recamier, and Capt. Mahain. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Viscount Anson, Judge Truax, H. S. Ward, and W. Clark, the thread manufacturer of Paisley, are on the Etruria. Clark, it is said, is on the way to America in consequence of the McKinley Tariff bill.

Mrs. Alice Shaw, the American whistler, has this week signed a contract with Julius Zet of St. Petersburg, the leading impresario of Russia, who has managed Mme. Patti's tours in that country. Under the terms of her engagement Mrs. Shaw will give concerts in Russia, Roumania, Austria, Germany, and France, commencing in St. Petersburg in November. Her salary is large, and it is safe to predict for her an artistic success.

M. Jacques, the little Frenchman who starves to live, is much exercised mentally because the Italian Succi has arranged to fast for forty-five days in New York, and Jacques requests THE SUN to issue this challenge:

"I, Alexandre Jacques, having been informed that Signor Succi intends attempting a forty-five days' fast in New York, do hereby challenge him once more to fast for endurance under equal conditions. I, the child of France, defy the distant Italian, Succi. Accept my challenge and starve with me, or be known forever more as a braggart sailing under false colors.

ALEXANDRE JACQUES."

The eyes of little Jacques gleam with delight at the prospect of going without food in New York for a space of fifty days or more.

English critics are unanimous that McAuliffe was beaten because he could not stand punishment. Neither has he the build of a first-class man, his legs from the knees downward being insufficient to support under a continuous strain such a massive frame. As a boxer he is superior to Slavin, with a longer reach; but, though he hits hard, he has not the terrific driving force of the Australian, who is of more athletic build and much more muscular. Slavin, without any great pretensions to boxing, is a natural fighter of the first order.

It is reported that a match will now be arranged between Slavin and Peter Jackson, Lord Lonsdale having offered to settle the necessary preliminaries for bringing the two men together.

The breaking of cycling records continues here mainly owing to the increased power gotten out of the machines built with the new pneumatic tire. Persons of the Polytechnic Club completed sixty miles in something under three hours, breaking the record for every mile from 25 to 60.

Appeal by the Tilden Will Executors.

The executors of Samuel J. Tilden's will have served a notice of appeal to the General Term from the recent decision of Judge Beach in the suit of Col. George H. Tilden, the decedent's nephew, declaring the bequest to the Tilden trust void. The basis of the appeal is Judge Beach's refusal to admit testimony on an alleged agreement between the heirs shielding Col. Tilden from loss under the penalty clause in the will.

ANOTHER PARIS SENSATION.

BETRAYED BY A FAITHLESS WIFE AND A FALSE FRIEND.

A Woman's Letter to Her Lover Falls Into Her Husband's Hands—He Shoots Her and Begs the Police to End His Life.

By Dunlap's Cable News Company.

PARIS, Sept. 27.—The Rue Montmarte is the scene of a crime which has set the tongues of Paris loose. The actors in this lugubrious drama are a trusting husband, a seemingly loving and devoted wife, and a friend who was trusted by the husband.

M. Teste is the son of a flower maker, and lives in this street. He has been married for some time, and his friend and most frequent visitor is Dr. Levesque, who also lives in the same street, and who has acted as the family physician.

Some time ago, Mme. Teste was very ill, and the good-looking doctor was, of course, called in. He said her case was serious and required constant watching, and his attention to the sick woman won for him even more than before the regard and friendship of her husband. During the period of her convalescence when M. Teste's duties called him away from home, the doctor would somehow arrange his visit so that he could be with her part of the time.

The visits of the Doctor did not grow less frequent when Mme. Teste was quite restored to health. It seemed to be an understood thing that he should call on his good friends every day, and if by chance he missed a day, Teste was sure to go to his house and inquire if anything was wrong, or if it was some patient who had had the bad taste to be ill at an inopportune time and render a visit from the Doctor necessary.

The gossip among the neighbors finally made Teste a little uneasy about his wife. He determined to watch her a little, just to prove to himself that the scandals were only malicious lies. So when he went out in the morning he would sometimes steal back, and often would notice his dear friend, the Doctor, going to his house to call on Mme. Teste, or he would see them passing down the street as they went for a walk.

Last night he received a letter which gave overwhelming evidence of the guilt of Mme. Teste and Dr. Levesque. It was impossible for him to doubt any longer, for the writer enclosed the letter she had written to her lover urging him to flee with her. Teste was very calm. When dinner time came he went to the table with his wife as usual. Then he showed her the letter he had received and asked her what she had to say to it. She denied that there was the slightest bit of truth in the story, and loudly protested her innocence. Teste then produced her own letter and demanded to know how she could account for it.

A stormy scene followed. Still Mme. Teste denied her guilt, and when her husband refused to believe her she declared she would leave him till he came to his senses and apologized. As for her, the excitement and the indignation his charges had produced had made her head ache, and she would go to her room and lie down.

Teste remained in the dining room with his face buried in his hands, which rested on the table. Then he called the servant and sent her out to fetch him a glass of beer. During her absence he went to a drawer, unlocked it, and took from it a five-chambered revolver, which he put into his pocket. The beer was brought, he drank it, and the servant left the room. Then he went to his wife's room; he entered and locked the door. She was lying on the bed. He spoke to her; she did not answer, she was asleep. His mind was made up, however.

There was only one thing to do. He drew from his pocket the revolver, and, cocking it, took aim at his wife's head and fired, exclaiming "Guilty! Death!" Five times did he do this. Then the pistol was empty. He put it on a table.

He drew a cigarette from his pocket, rolled it between his palms, lighted it and walked quietly to the police station, where he informed the officers of what he had done and gave himself up. They accompanied him to the house, and, to their surprise, the woman was still breathing.

Teste was accordingly sent back to the station, and a surgeon was called in to attend his wife. She is dying, and it is scarcely likely she will live beyond the day.

Teste was brought before the Judge to-day, and he unhesitatingly admitted the crime. He said, with a terrible pathos in his voice, "Guillotine me! Guillotine me! Get it over quickly. That's all I want. Existence is nothing to me now. The woman I love is faithless. My friend is false. Life is a mockery. End it! End it in the name of mercy!"

LEFT HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.

Washington Ritter's Mean Behavior to His Family and His Employers.

Washington Ritter was, until a few days ago, confidential clerk to Larsley & Gallup, brokers at 30 Broad street. A week ago yesterday he left the office as usual at the close of the business day, and his employers have not seen or heard from him since. Last Tuesday they looked over his books and found that he had defrauded them of about $2,000. He had been with them for eight years, and drew $1,800 yearly as salary. Larsley & Gallup make light of the defalcation, but they have procured an attachment upon Ritter's sloop yacht Restless, which is not worth half the amount of the steal.

The interesting feature of this affair lies in Ritter's domestic relations. He was married five years ago, and has three children, the youngest three months old. About two years ago he met a young German girl named Mamie Zaun at a Harlem dancing school. Apparently they became infatuated with each other, and eventually Ritter established her in a flat at 1,408 Seventh avenue. There she was known as Ritter's wife. The real Mrs. Ritter knew of the relations existing between her husband and the Zaun girl, but she kept quiet for the sake of her children, hoping that he would tire of his mistress some day and return to his family. Eleven months ago Ritter persuaded his wife to go to Yonkers to live, so that she might be "out of his way," and he promised to send her $40 a month. He has contributed $80 in all to her support since that time.

The Zaun girl seems to have been surprisingly impudent. She used to call upon Ritter's father, and on one occasion, at least, she actually went to young Ritter's house to wait for him and saw there the legal wife and her mother. John Zaun, Mamie's brother, lives at 119 West Twenty-sixth street. That used to be her home, but he says she left it deliberately eight months ago, when she became of age.

"She is no more one of us," he said. "But we have laid aside $300 to give her a decent burial should she die."

The seventh avenue flat is deserted, and it is supposed that Mamie, or "Jane," as Ritter called her, has gone off with the defaulter. Ritter managed to borrow $200 from his mother-in-law and also from his father-in-law before he skipped. It is said that he used to have big pienics on his little yacht when she lay off the New Rochelle Yacht Club house, and that he is considerably in arrears to the steward of the club.

Mrs. Ritter has taken steps through Lawyer Frank J. Wilson to get the Stewart Building to secure a division.

Gould of Albany Arrested Here.

Anthony Gould, who is under indictment in Albany, charged with aiding and abetting George B. Whitney in embezzling funds of the Albany City National Bank, was arrested yesterday at 146 Madison avenue on a warrant issued by United States Commissioner Shields. Information came from Albany that Gould was in the city, and had presumably come here to board a vessel for Europe. Gould assisted in United States Deputy Marshal Traitfield, who arrested him, that he came here on a visit with his wife. Commissioner Shields held him, and he was sent to Albany in the afternoon.

All Modern Improvements.
On your next trip West try the New York Central's North Shore Limited, the recent afternoon train for Buffalo and Chicago. Perfect service, dining and bed car fare, same time as fast express and lifeless. Daily from Grand Central Station at 4.00 P. M.—Adv.

E. de W. "The Gettysburg Cutlery." E. de W. Our trade mark on your cutlery or cutlery denotes perfect form, also superiority of quality and finish.—Adv.

HE LEFT HUNDREDS UNCOUNTED.

A Census Man Says Supervisor Murray Wouldn't Give Him Time Enough.

Alfred B. Thieme of 87 Ludlow street, who was one of the enumerators employed by Supervisor Murray in the recent census, said yesterday that he missed 500 persons in his district, because he didn't have time to complete his work. These people lived in three houses that he skipped, and he says that there are a number of enumerators who had east side districts in the lower part of the city, who have told him that their lists were not complete. Mr. Thieme is an intelligent man of good education. He speaks five languages, and says that he was at one time the private secretary of Bayard Taylor. He says that in half the houses he went to he was unable to complete the census, and that there are more than 500 people in his district whose names do not appear in his portfolio.

"I am only one of a number of enumerators," he said, "who were unable to complete their work. It would take a month to complete the census in this district, which is bounded by Broome, Delancey, Allen, and Orchard streets. My returns show a population of 3,081, and I think that 4,000 is a conservative estimate. I wrote to Supervisor Murray for more time and received an order to hand in my returns. Most of the people in this district are Polish Hebrews who can't read or write. It is no unusual thing to find twenty people living in two or three rooms. When I appeared they took me for a book agent usually, and it was no little task to convince them that I was a census enumerator. As a rule, they would refuse to tell the number of their boarders because they thought that I would tell the Board of Health. They were willing to tell me all about their neighbors, boarders, however, and in this way I could get partial returns. In many cases their names were so long that I had to cut them in two and use only the first few syllables. My district is the Fourteenth of the Eighth Assembly district, and as I live here and speak several languages I am probably as well fitted to take the census here as any one in the district. It took me half a day to complete the census in the tenement house next to the one I live in, and I got only 120 names there. I am sure that there are many more people living in the house. When I saw how much work I had I wrote a letter to Supervisor Murray asking for more time. He promised me an extra day and then refused to give it to me. I worked hard in the day time, and at night my wife and I worked until 1 o'clock in the morning to get my returns in shape. I am sure that a recount of this part of the city will show that thousands of names have been omitted. Five hundred is a small estimate for the population of the three houses that I omitted. Now that I have made this public there will be other enumerators who will make the same complaint."

AFRAID OF LYNCHING.

Intense Feeling Against a Tom's River Man Who is Accused of Arson.

TOM'S RIVER, Sept. 27.—Cowperthwait's Exchange, which is in the heart of this village, is owned by George W. Cowperthwait, who occupies a portion of it as a general store. The Post Office and the office of the *Courier* are also in the building. The other tenants are E. W. Snyder, clothing; Dr. Cook, dentist; M. Muller, boots and shoes, and a Masonic lodge. On each side of the Exchange are several other large business houses. Fire was discovered at 2 o'clock the other morning near the basement door of Muller's shoe store by the night watchman. It was soon extinguished by the Fire Department. It was found that the fire started in a box of rubbish which had been saturated with kerosene. Other evidences of an incendiary's work were discovered, and Muller, the proprietor of the shoe store, was arrested on a charge of arson. The warrant was served by Sheriff Holman.

A mob of citizens accompanied him to the county jail, a house, and threats against Muller's life were made. The Sheriff succeeded, however, in lodging his prisoner in jail, and he remained in the building with him all night to protect him. The next day Muller was arraigned before Jay Judge Low, and was placed under $4,000 bail to await the action of the Grand Jury. The prisoner, fearing hearing the court room was crowded with citizens, many of whom threatened personal violence to the accused. Muller unable to obtain a bondsman, was remanded to jail. Since his commitment he has endeavored to obtain counsel, but all the lawyers in town to whom he applied refused to defend him.

His wife visited Asbury Park to-day and retained Lawyer R. J. Stout. Mr. Stout came to this place and when he heard the threats made by the citizens he informed his client that his personal safety demanded on his remaining in jail. Therefore no attempt was made to have the amount of the bail bond reduced. While Mr. Stout was in town several leading citizens waited upon him and informed him that in the event of Muller's being released on bail he would be notified to leave town at once. Muller denies that he attempted to burn the Exchange, and says that everything was all right when he closed the store for the night.

McELVAINE'S HOPES.

He Thinks the Jury's Recommendation to Mercy Will Save His Life.

Burglar Charles McElvaine, who has been twice convicted of murder in the first degree for the killing of Grocer Christian W. Luca, seems to think that the recommendation to mercy appended to the verdict will save him from the electrical chair. While being escorted back to Raymond street jail from the Court House early yesterday morning by Warden Brymer, he said:

"That jury recommended me to mercy. I know that that means that my life cannot be taken. The recommendation means imprisonment for life, and that is the most I can get."

The Judge under the law must sentence McElvaine to death. The only effect the recommendation to mercy can have will be on the Governor. The Warden fully realizes that the young tough would not hesitate at any desperate action, and has taken every possible precaution to prevent him committing any further mischief. His clothes were taken off and carefully searched after he had reached the jail, and he has been placed in Greenwald's old cell, No. 2, in the main corridor, which is directly under the eyes of the keepers. He will be permitted to receive no visitors, and a man will be stationed night and day at his cell door. District Attorney Rilliye has notified Judge Moore that he will move for sentence to-morrow.

The recommendation to mercy was inserted as a compromise by one of the jurymen who dissented from the verdict of murder in the first degree for several hours, owing to a belief that McElvaine was insane.

IMITATING SPEAKER REED.

The Chairman Counts a Quorum at a Meeting of Boston University Undergraduates.

BOSTON, Sept. 27.—Speaker Reed has some aspiring young imitators at Boston University, and the utility of his quorum ruling seems to strike them favorably. Yesterday there was a meeting of the Beacon Association, an organization formed in the interests of the college publication, which was presided over by W. T. Haile, '91. There are always two strong parties in Boston University politics, namely, the respective adherents of the two Greek letter fraternities, Theta Delta Chi and Beta Theta Pi, and so it was at this meeting. The Beta room was not a member of either society. There were not enough Theta Delta Chi men in to break a quorum by retiring from the meeting, business not being quite to their suit the "Theta Delts," the seven men retire in a body, and the remaining undergraduates found that they were without a quorum. Suddenly one of the Beta Theta Pi faction, Harry Back, '92, rose with a flourish and said:

"Mr. President, I would suggest that you do as Speaker Reed did in the House when members present, and then there will be a quorum."

As he sat down a murmur of applause went around the small group. It struck President Haile as a timely suggestion, and he decided that it was good, and the meeting went on.

TO SECURE M'KINLEY'S ELECTION.

The Work of Frying Fat Out of the Manufacturers Already Begun in Boston.

BOSTON, Sept. 27.—An attempt has been made in Boston within a few days to "fry" some "fat" out of the manufacturers. It is known that a movement is on foot in this city to collect money from the manufacturers supposed to be benefited by the McKinley bill in aid of McKinley's reelection to Congress. Men are about soliciting money for this purpose, and it is understood that every effort will be made to induce the manufacturers to contribute enough money to secure his reelection. The agent has said that Mr. McKinley must be returned to the House, no matter what it cost. It is not clear under whose direction this agent is acting, or whether he comes from Ohio, or Washington, or New York, or is a Boston man. The work may be going on without the knowledge of Major McKinley, but it is going on just the same. Some of those who have been approached are wondering if the same thing is being tried on all the manufacturers of New England. One Boston victim of the political assessment scheme told a friend that he was in a peculiar position, but he supposed he would have to contribute something.

The fat-frying circulars of the Presidential campaign of 1888 are still remembered by all who take an interest in politics, and this method of personal solicitation seems to have been decided upon as a better means of accomplishing the desired result.

ALONGSIDE A SEA SERPENT.

Three Men Had Their Boats Fastened to It and Fired Shots at It but With No Effect.

WHITMAN, Mass., Sept. 27.—Three of Whitman's respected and truthful citizens are sure that they saw the sea serpent off Brant Rock, Marshfield, a few days ago, and their story is substantiated by many eyewitnesses living in that seaport town. George Edson and his son, P. H. Edson, while lying off the Rock, saw some large object ahead. It appeared to be a long snake with its head above the water line. Mr. Edson is a well known gunner, and is considered a crack shot, while fear is a feeling to which he is a perfect stranger. He gave chase to the monster and succeeded in throwing a rope about its head. By this time a large and excited crowd had gathered on the beach, attracted by the strange sight, among them being J. E. Whidden, an expert shot from this place. He hastily put off from shore through the surf and soon ranged alongside this monster of the deep. Both he and Mr. Edson fired charge after charge into the grisly-looking head, but the heavy shot appeared to have no serious effect. The painter of the boat was all the time connected with the monster's head, and Whidden's boat was fastened to the stern of Mr. Edson's boat. The monster was sculling meanwhile through the water at a moderate speed, its long, snake-like tail glistening in the sunlight, and people on the shore got a good view. It became evident that with the weapons they possessed they could not overcome the huge monster, and the rope was cut. The serpent immediately dived, exposing a portion of its body. The men in the boats, and those on shore, assert that the serpent was at least thirty-five feet in length, and when it glided through the water it left a wake like that of a large boat.

THE MISSOURI GIANTESS.

She is Nearly Eight Feet Tall and Hasn't Stopped Growing.

KEOKUK, Iowa, Sept. 27.—There is an 18-year-old girl visiting in this city who is seven feet and eight and one-half inches tall and weighs 232 pounds. Her name is Ella Ewing and she is known as the Missouri Giantess. She is accompanied by her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Ewing. She was born in Scotland county, Mo., in 1872, and she is the only child of her parents. Up to the age of 9 Miss Ella was an ordinary child, but after that she began developing rapidly and has not yet attained her full growth.

She has an egregious aversion to publicity, and absolutely refuses to be exhibited as a curiosity. Large sums have been offered her parents by showmen, but all have been declined. Some idea of her immensity can be obtained from the fact that it takes twenty yards of cloth, double width, to make her a dress, while her mother only requires nine. Her father is 6 feet inch in height, and her mother only 5 feet 3 inches, and none of her relatives on either side has been noted for unusual size.

SMUGGLED POCKET KNIVES.

Domestic Manufacturers Would Like to Hear of More Such Seizures.

Chief Wilbur and his men of the Treasury Agents' Bureau of the Custom House seized yesterday a package containing about $400 worth of pearl-handled penknives found in the room of G. Eisman, baker, on board the steamship Lahn. The package had no address, but a well known dealer is supposed to be the consignee. There is only Eisman's word for it.

The seizure is of importance to Connecticut and other manufacturers of pocket cutlery. Early in President Cleveland's Administration many of the manufacturers met in special convention in New York, and protested against the wholesale smuggling of pocket knives. Their chief complaint was that the pearl handles were smuggled and fitted to inferior blades, but the manufacturers were also sufferers because of the smuggling of which yesterday's was a type. At this convention many of the manufacturers protested that some of their associates had been compelled to go out of business, as they could not compete with the smugglers. Yesterday's seizure will be followed up by others.

MR. BLAINE INVITED TO ATLANTA.

He Thinks the South Will be for Protection in Another Ten Years.

Secretary Blaine, Mrs. Blaine, and their daughter, Mrs. Damrosch, breakfasted at the Fifth Avenue Hotel yesterday with Mr. Walter Damrosch and Stephen B. Elkins. Among their visitors after breakfast were Mayor Thomas Glenn of Atlanta, and Speaker L. F. Garrard of the Georgia Legislature. They had come north to ask Mr. Blaine to be present at the opening of the Cotton Exposition in Atlanta next month. Mr. Blaine thanked them, said that he had received a similar invitation from Sioux City, Ia., and promised to give them a definite answer as soon as he should have time to arrange his engagements. He was much interested in their account of the industrial progress of the South, and expressed the opinion that within the next decade the preponderance of Southern sentiment would be in favor of protection. Another caller was Bernard Biglin. Mr. Blaine's party took the 3:20 limited train on the Pennsylvania Railroad for Washington.

Frederick Billings Very Low.

Despatches received in this city announce the dangerous illness of Frederick Billings, ex-President of the Northern Pacific Railroad, at his home in Woodstock, Vt. His death has been only a question of time since last December, when he was prostrated by a stroke of paralysis. His winter residence was at 279 Madison avenue, this city, and he was interested in many large financial enterprises here. Yesterday was his sixty-seventh birthday.

Three Notable Veterans.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., Sept. 27.—James Allen, James Lawrence, and James Barnes each lost his right leg in the trenches before Petersburg, Va., by the explosion of a shell. The men were members of the Seventy-seventh Regiment, and at all regimental reunions the three comrades, who have been prominent for years, have sat side by side. Lawrence died during the past year, James Barnes is now a resident of Nebraska, and James Allen is the only one left. The last reunion was attended with tearfulness, and died to-day while on his way home to Westport.

SPARKS FROM THE TELEGRAPH.

The United States torpedo boat Cushing is at Newport for coal on her way to New York.

The tug car of Irvin & Baker broke an open bear Schuylerville on Friday night and more than a ton of ore was stolen. The thieves carried away the ore in a wagon.

Ira W. Smithers, a farmer, while temporarily insane, cut himself in his barn near Rochester, Ulster county, yesterday morning. A week ago