NEW PLAYS LAST EVENING.

THREE VERY ELABORATE VENTURES IN PUBLIC AMUSEMENT.

The Prevailing Jollity of "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," as Transferred by Gillette From the French, and Merrily Acted by a Charles Frohman Company.

"Mr. Wilkinson's Widows" was a new play at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre last evening. It had been made over by William Gillette from the French of Alexandre Bisson's "Fee Toupinel." Mr. Gillette's transfers of German farces into the English of "The Private Secretary" and "All the Comforts of Home" had been so merrily successful that a third good thing in fun was expected confidently. There was no disappointment. There has not been a greater triumph for Momus in a long time. Not only was the laughter abundant, but the laughers were not sent away ashamed of having laughed. There was intellect under the nonsense, reasonable motive in the absurdities, and an almost incessant appeal to the American keen sense of humor. And that was refreshing at the end of a season devoted so largely to farcesirous.

There were two widows of the late Mr. Wilkinson, who had been regarded in his lifetime as a sedate and discreet London gentleman. His wife in that city had been a seemly consort, while another wife in Edinburg had been of a contrastingly giddy nature. His death had happened quite respectably before the opening of the play, and the women were introduced to the audience as brides anew. The English widow had become the wife of an author the Scotch one had married a composer, and the two pairs had gone to live in a London apartment house. There the perplexities of the four singularly related persons and the merriment of the audience began almost simultaneously. The disclosure of Mr. Wilkinson's matrimonial duplicity was gradual and attended by many ludicrous incidents, some of which were very unlikely, but all of which made folks laugh immoderately. Although the plot had for at outset the one long familiar in French farces—that of a blunder in individual identification—the complications devised by Bisson were more intricate, ingenious, and ridiculous than can be recalled easily in any other work of the kind. The first act was one of talk, of which there was a little more than was necessary; but along toward the end of it a succession of comic episodes set in and it was not for a minute suspended, except when the curtain was down, until a second and a third act were completed. Mr. Gillette had located his adaptation in London, but why he had not placed it in New York was not clear, since the characters and their homes might as well have been American. He had cleaned the play entirely, leaving not the slightest taint of the original Parisian foulness, and in that respect his job was highly complimentary to both his skill and his good sense. Not a word or motion meant anything wicked, yet he had supplied enough of fetching farcicality to take the place of that which he had expunged. There were many hearty recalls for the actors, and indisputable evidence of an uncommonly emphatic success.

The company had been assembled by Charles Frohman for the sole purpose of performing this farce, and so the rôles were all taken by suitable players. Good judgment and necessarily good salaries had resulted in an excellent cast. Not only as to principals, but in the minor participants, too, exactly the right choice seemed to have been made, and consequently no intention of the playwright's failed of being realized. Joseph Holland was a jealous husband, and he played the part with a dead-in-earnest manner that was irresistible. The quivering object of his suspicion was Mrs. Dion Boucicault, a very brilliant comedienne. Pretty and bewitchingly natural was Henrietta Crossman, as the other widow, with Frederic Bond as her husband. Mr. Bond was a trifle faint by contrast with his companion's vim, but the Daly repression was still upon him, no doubt, and he will improve with freedom. A New York reputation as a droll comedian was made on the spot by Thomas Burns in the character of the military man whose own mistake caused all the other mistakes. His performance was neither boisterous nor caricaturing, yet it raised as much laughter in the gallery as it did in the parquet, and was unrebuttable evidence that fun-frost and contortions are not indispensable to a stage merrymaker. Maud White gave an amusing Irish chambermaid, whose impudence was too plenty for the best effect. Annie Wood was a contrastingly fat cook, a sight of whom incited uproar. Smaller parts were allotted to Thomas Wise, Adolphus Cronyn, and Julian Beach. A complete roster of this occasional company is given, because they constitute a more capable party for the purposes of "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows" than any one of the "stock" organizations could provide.

M. Daudet's "Betrothed."

A treatise on hereditary lunacy was placed before a startled and reproachful audience at the Garden Theatre last night. The treatise was in the guise of a play, and it had come from the pen of M. Alphonse Daudet, who is a Frenchman, a scholar, and a gentleman of elegant literary habits. M. Daudet's play was called "The Obstacle" when it saw the light in Paris; but for New York it has taken on the tenderer title of "Betrothed." It was probably effective in France. Anything from M. Daudet's pen is sure to be reverently regarded there, as, indeed, it is equally certain to be phrased in polished and careful language and sketched with rare skill.

But the psychological background of this drama—the scientific problem that doubtless fascinated Paris—became last night more than once a cause of polite merriment, and was the direct source of the play's undoubted failure. Its plot was preposterous to an American audience. A young Frenchman, wealthy, noble, and healthy, in love with and loved by an equally fortunate girl, is disturbed on the very eve of his marriage by the discovery that he is the son of a father who had died insane. This discovery is made by the jealous and designing guardian of the girl, but it is not at first revealed to the ardent young lover. In deference to the plea of his mother, who fears that the shock will in turn madden the son.

It is merely explained that the girl has changed her mind, and that she has not truly loved her betrothed. Naturally he seeks and finds the true cause, and in the ensuing acts he pursues a course directly contrary to that so agonizingly feared by his mother, who represents truly the personified Picture of Misery in contemporaneous emotional drama. Alarmed at the last lest the son lose his mental balance, the mother seeks to reassure him by confessing that he is not the son of the insane parent, but is the illegitimate child of a prior love match—in fact, the son of his faithful old tutor. The falsehood loses its effect with the young lover, who, being the only rational person in the play, hastens the denouement by refusing to believe the scientists' theory that insanity is hereditary. So he throws his encyclopædia away and brings forward his lady love, and she weds him, as everybody knew she would.

M. Daudet's work is a remarkable instance of a play without a purpose. It sets up in the first scene a theory that it airily shatters as soon as it is time to dismiss the audience; and as it has in the mean time neither proved nor refuted anything of consequence, the spectator departs impressed with the feeling that a considerable and tearful fuss has been created about nothing. Nevertheless it finished languishingly, its several effective situations, its gentle pathos, and its delicate love scenes atone for the drama's weakness of logic. It will resist open ridicule because of its literary polish, but there will be yawns behind fans, nevertheless, during this tale of the young man who wouldn't grow up mad. There were circumstances in its favor last night. The house was brilliantly filled; expectation was eager and friendly; the play was framed in charming new scenery; sunlight and flowers and fragrance filled the stage; and still the response was not the anticipated one of honest approval. "Betrothed" will assuredly not survive the passing hour.

In its cast good actors were liberally employed, and they gave their most conscientious and intelligent endeavors to the task. Mrs. Agnes Booth, an artiste whose work is always powerful, admirable, and vivid, was the tortured mother. She was able to preserve the dignity of the character, but she could not overcome all its defects. The beset lover was acted in a proper mood of alternate despair and joyousness by J. H. Gilmour, and the betrothed herself found an attractive and fairly effective impersonator in Isabelle Evesson. Frazer Coulter, who seems to be the best dressed actor on this stage, was a praiseworthy villain of the mild type, and F. F. Mackay again displayed the icy manner and mechanical deportment that disagreeably characterize all his impersonations.

"Thou Shalt Not."

A modern Don Juan in dress coat, with pretty girls for his Leporellos, who doesn't flinch before a Smith & Wesson in the hands of his latest victim—such is the opening picture of a startlingly new American drama presented for the first time at the Union Square Theatre last evening.

That any mansion, so called, on Madison avenue is inhabited by a voluptuary, who has only to press a button to make a sweetheart appear in his room, may pass current in a sensational novel, but should hardly be enacted as a truthful picture of life in the New York of to-day. The eloquence of the scene, however, is some excuse for its presentation. Here the gay New Yorker who has run the gamut of vice, thrummed the strings of every passion, is introduced as *Hector Greyburn* in the person of Gustavus Levick. He is mildly opposed in his mad career by one friend, *Reycroft* (Mr. Frank Landerf), and energetically aided and abetted by another *Walter Campbell* (Mr. M. J. Henley), whom he has introduced to the noisy pleasures of city life and steeped in the wickedness of political jobbery.

The first act advances the action of the play but little. Not until the second act is the Don Juan in dress suit permitted, like Faust, to look upon his Marguerite in a Long Island farmhouse.

This business verges upon the ridiculous when *Greyburn* pushes open the door of the girl's sleeping room and strides into it, which for the nonce is illuminated with electric light. But the second act is saved from disaster by the timely appearance of the Hebrew ring politician, most admirably enacted by Mr. Max Freeman whose dramatization of this notorious novel has been very skilfully done. The second act also introduces a picturesque element in the person of *John Dinsmore*, the village blacksmith (Mr. John Glendenning), who has constituted himself the protector of Clara Campbell, the belle of Springdale.

The third act is really the beginning of the drama. Here in the dining room of the Claremont Hotel on the Hudson is laid the wager that *Greyburn* cannot within six months effect the ruin of a certain young girl, whose name is to be written in the document after both parties have signed it.

Clara Campbell's name is inserted, and the first fine bit of dramatic energy comes to light, with real, almost startling, effect. The fourth act shows *Greyburn* and *Clara* at the Hoffman House. He has won the bet, but to do this a mock marriage has been performed. *Clara* is now informed of this and told that the way is open for her to go.

This scene is one of the strongest in the play. The woman who really loves *Greyburn* refuses to abandon him, and calls upon him to make her his wife in a legal and lawful manner.

The last act also contains some strong situations, but the late hour at which the curtain fell makes extended comment impossible.

In a word, it may be said that this drama, although of the French school, is really full of the Teutonic and Scandinavian spirit of American life, and deserves to be ranked among the best works of native dramatists. Mr. Henry as *Campbell*, Mr. Freeman as *Medall*, and Miss Marie Rene as *Gabrielle* are specimens of rare good acting.

Mr. Levick was in the main satisfactory, as was also Miss Craigen as *Clara Campbell*. The play is beautifully set, the scenes on the Sound and Hudson River being particularly fine.

Mr. Max Freeman is to be congratulated, not only for his literary work and stage management, but for his most diverting picture of the Hebrew financier, his make-up being wonderfully lifelike and he droll English adding a great zest to the darker scenes of the drama.

"Thou Shalt Not" received a very warm welcome from an audience that filled the house in every part, many recalls being given to the principal factors during the evening.

There can be little doubt that this new play will continue for a number of weeks to attract the attention not only of serious-minded playgoers but of those who take pleasure in seeing what is tritely termed fast life presented in stage dress.

Columbia's Operatic Season.

A large and fashionable audience greeted the Columbia College Dramatic Club last evening in the Berkeley Lyceum Theatre at its first performance of the new comic opera, "Narcissa," written by George A. Morrison, Jr. The play was the first of a series of sixteen dramatic entertainments to last two weeks and the proceeds are to be given to the Babies' Hospital, the Sherman Statue Fund, the Washington Memorial Arch, the Columbia College Athletic Union, and the Sisters of the Assumption.

The opera was preceded by a one act curtain raiser, "Drifted Apart," in which Mrs. Daniel P. Griswold, formerly well known to the theatrical world as Annie Robe and Edward Fales Coward portrayed domestic inequalities of temperament and final reconciliation in an admirable and occasionally pathetic manner.

In "Narcissa" the innovation of engaging young women for female rôles was a decided success, the chorus of twelve professional and amateur beauties, with their mild attempt at the skirt dance, captivated the audience from the first. Robert S. Cutting, Thomas H. Kelly, Joseph G. Lamb, and Harry B. Culver, all of whom are well known as clever amateurs, carried off the honors in the male rôles. Miss Grace Hoyt as *Narcissa*, the witch's daughter, played her part with admirable ability. Miss Sylvia De Thornsen was successful as *Lady Evelyn*. Miss Black made a good antediluvian spinster. The opera was full of catchy musical songs, and was lively and bright throughout.

"BLUE JEANS" SCENERY ASTRAY.

A Lost Car, a Disappointed Audience, and a Night Off for the Actors.

"Blue Jeans" was to have been produced at the Amphion Academy in Williamsburgh last night, and every seat in the house was sold. The company played in Boston on Saturday, and the scenery and properties were sent on by railroad. Somewhere the car containing the scenery and properties got astray and could not be found in spite of vigorous telegraphing, so the theatre was closed, and the actors took a welcome vacation after some months of continuous hard work. It is hoped that the lost car will turn up to-day in time for to-night's performance.

BALL OF THE GROSVENOR CLUB.

An Evening of Recreation for the Butlers and Footmen of New York Society.

The second grand annual ball of the Grosvenor Club was given in Tammany Hall last night. The Grosvenor Club is composed of the butlers and footmen of the best society.

Its plan is similar to that of the Grosvenor Club of London, whose name it has adopted, not out of Anglomania, but because of the associations of many of the members who were formerly eminent in their profession in London, and its objects are purely recreative. Mr. G. Ward is President of the club, Mr. P. Stock, Vice-President, Mr. W. Balkham Treasurer, and Mr. T. S. Smith Secretary.

Thirty-one couples formed for the grand march at 11½ o'clock. Mr. George Wall, with Miss Candalion, leading. The march was composed for the occasion by Prof. Douthwaite, who furnished the music, and was dedicated to the Grosvenor Club.

No attempt at elaborate decoration had been made, but flowers and potted plants were scattered tastefully about the large hall. Twenty-four numbers were on the programme, and it will be after the first readers of THE SUN have finished their paper that the strains "Home, Sweet Home," will close the ball.

Among those present were Mr. P. Stock, butler for W. L. Boyle; Mrs. Stock, W. Drew, butler to Mrs. Mary V. Ogden; Mr. T. S. Smith, butler for Mrs. Leith; Miss Potts and Miss Reynolds, maids for Mrs. Worthington Whitehouse; Miss Wakeman, cook for Mrs. Worthington Whitehouse; Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Barber of the Hotel Metropole, Mrs. Barber in black silk dress made with a demi-train; Miss L. Wetherell, Mr. W. Worthing of the Knickerbocker Club, Mr. Charles Welch, butler for Dr. Seward Webb; Mr. Ball, butler for Mrs. Vanderbilt; Mr. F. Seaton, valet of Royal Phelps Carroll, the African explorer; Miss Bohne, in black lace with a red sash; Mr. H. Murphy, butler for Bruce Crowninshield; Mr. and Mrs. Nichols, Miss Davison, Miss Drinkwater, Mr. and Mrs. Wesselo, Mr. H. Davis, butler for Mr. F. Sheldon; Mr. C. Fewings, butler for Albert Stevens of Castle Point, Hoboken, and Mr. E. Welburn, with Misses Doyle, Henrietta, Ball, and Crane.

Messrs. W. Worthy, H. Budd, E. Thatcher, C. Welch, P. Stock, W. Fowler, H. Davis, J. Budd, James Hunt, T. Smith, W. Balkham, and W. Drew were the floor committee. Mr. J. Budd was floor manager, assisted by Messrs. E. Thatcher, W. Drew, and H. Budd.

The proceeds of the ball will be devoted to the financial needs of the Grosvenor Club. More than a hundred of the employees of New York society were present.

A Reception in Honor of Buffalo Bill.

Col. William F. Cody visited ex-Chief of the Secret Service John S. Bell in Newark last night, and Mr. Bell issued 150 invitations to conspicuous Newarkers to meet "Buffalo Bill" at his house, 10 Saybrook place. Nearly everybody responded, and all who came were introduced to the good-looking scout, actor, and manager, who will sail for Antwerp on April 5 to join his Wild West show at Strasburg. On the same day 100 Indians will sail from Philadelphia on another Red Star liner. Among them are forty Brule Sioux, who were in the recent gathering at Pine Ridge Agency and have never been East before. Charles M. Bell, a son of ex-Chief Bell, will accompany Col. Cody on the trip.

Best Service to Cincinnati and St. Louis.

The elegant Southwestern Vestibule Limited leaves Grand Central Station at noon every day via New York Central for Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and St. Louis. Fast time. Perfect service.—adv.

STOPPED MRS. RIVES'S TRUNK

A CUSTOMS INSPECTOR THOUGHT SHE WAS A DRESSMAKER.

There Was a Box of Linen for a Woman at Tuxedo Park that Complicated Matters, and Mrs. Rives's Mourning was Seized.

Mrs. Francis R. Rives, Jr., who returned from Europe on Sunday on the Umbria, went to her father Mr. Bininger's residence, 302 Second avenue, unaccompanied by the largest of her trunks, because of the zeal of Customs Inspector Travis.

Inspector Travis says that he noticed a businesslike looking woman hanging about the gangway of the Umbria when he took to be a passenger, and concluded to watch her baggage pretty closely when it came down.

He afterward found that she was not a passenger at all, but was waiting for Mrs. Rives's baggage to be unloaded. She remained after the fine pieces of baggage which Mrs. Rives had declared had been unloaded.

Afterward another piece came down which, he says, had not been declared, and which proved to be a box of fine linen sheetings from Paris.

Then he says Mrs. Rives's friend acknowledged that the box of linens was for herself, and she wanted to have it declared and to pay the duty on it.

She produced the bill for the goods, which was made out to Mme. Smith of Tuxedo Park. The bill was for 688 francs.

After that Mrs. Rives's four trunks were overhauled. Three were passed, and the fourth, as well as the box of linens, was taken to the seizure room.

The trunk was found to contain a number of mourning outfits, some white lace curtains, and three or four dozen pairs of gloves, some of which, Mr. Travis thought, were men's gloves. A rough estimate of the contents of the trunk was $1,500.

Mrs. Rives protested that the articles in the trunk were for her own wear, but to no avail. Mr. Travis says he took Mrs. Rives for a dressmaker.

Mrs. Rives did not wish to talk about the seizure last night.

She called on Collector Erhardt yesterday in regard to the seizure. She treated the subject somewhat in a spirit of jocularity.

She remarked that she would like to get at the contents of the trunk in order to make a change in her apparel. She will call again to-day, and doubtless will have her trunk returned to her.

The Collector said yesterday that the inspector who had made the seizure had concluded that Mrs. Rives was a dressmaker probably because of the extent of her wardrobe.

The Collector is anxious to learn what inspector it was that for a tip of $10 permitted a dressmaker to bring in five trunks filled with fine dresses about a week ago.

JERRY SIMPSON AMONG US.

He Rides a Race With Henry George—Horse Car Against Bicycle.

The Hon. Jeremiah Simpson of Kansas is at the Windsor Hotel with a normal allowance of clothes, and sunk deep in the soft luxuriousness of the best that a first-class New York Hotel will give for $6 a day.

It was early Sunday evening when he arrived and set his name down on the register—J. Simpson, Kansas. And before many moments had passed every one in the hotel was aware of him.

A careful inspection on the part of a bell boy disclosed the fact that the great man of the Farmers' Alliance had on socks, just like a common mortal.

The first surprise that Jerry received yesterday was about 12 o'clock. The farmer Congressman was waiting up stairs for the dinner gong to ring, when Henry George and William E. Hicks came spinning around the corner o Forty-seventh street into Fifth avenue.

They were on their way home from a 15-mile bicycle ride up the Hudson. They dismounted at the hotel. Mr. George sent up his card. Jerry's views on political economy are largely drawn from "Progress and Poverty," and he came down at once to meet the single-tax philosopher.

He looked a trifle surprised to see a philosopher in bicycle rig. After the handshaking Mr. George caught Simpson looking down at his feet rather furtively.

"Do you think I don't wear socks?" asked Mr. George.

"No, 'taint that," said Jerry; "I was just wondering where you got all that dust on your feet."

"Come with me and I will show you," said Mr. George, and catching him by the arm he led the astonished Simpson out to the sidewalk where the shining steeds were glistening in the sun.

"I thought you were a sick man," said Simpson, looking at the robust figure beside him. "I don't believe you can't ride that thing after all."

"You take the quickest car down town to Twenty-sixth street and Lexington avenue to the Manhattan Single Tax Club, and see if I don't beat you down there by ten minutes," said Mr. George, accepting the challenge to show his ability to ride. He swung into the saddle and shot around the corner into Madison avenue.

He won the race with Congressman Simpson, and later on the three lunched together. Mr. Simpson's stay in New York will be busy. He proposes to search out the wicked men of Wall street in their lairs and find how they do their devilish pranks.

On Thursday evening he will address a free trade mass meeting in Cooper Union, under the direction of the Manhattan Single Tax Club.

FORAKER AND M'KINLEY.

The Retired Statesman Would be Glad to Nominate McKinley for Governor.

CINCINNATI, March 30.—Ex-Gov. Foraker was asked to-day what truth there was in the report that he was going to nominate McKinley for Governor in the coming State Convention.

In reply he intimated that there is a movement on foot to smooth over the differences of the Republican leaders in Ohio. He admitted that he had received some time ago a letter from Secretary Foster inquiring if he would place McKinley's name before the Convention.

The ex-Governor replied that he would gladly do so if Major McKinley so desired. He had received no reply to his letter to that effect.

"I suppose," said the ex-Governor, "I will hear from Major McKinley in due time. If his desire should coincide with that of his friends will take pleasure in doing him that services.

"There is no trouble between Major McKinley and myself, and never has been. We are the best of friends, and no one will give him heartier support than I shall."

Regarding the proposed naming of the Senator by the State Convention, the ex-Governor said the opposition to the plan might have been expected.

He did not start the idea, but simply approved it, and wasn't bothering himself about it. He would be glad, however, to see the convention settle the question, which would be the fairest and wisest disposition of it.

THE STATEN ISLAND NAVY WAS THERE

And When the Keyport Oystermen Drifted Over the Line They Were Taken In.

KEYPORT, March 30.—Capt. Frank Hines and his crew of Keyport oystermen were at work all this morning on the sloop Hogarty.

While they were at dinner in the cabin the sloop drifted twenty-five yards or so over the New York State line.

Forty men or more promptly came out of the cabin of the Staten Island watchboat Nellie Lee, embarked in smaller boats, surrounded the Hagarty, and captured Capt. William Howard and Mate Thomas Morrigan and hooked them in the Richmond county jail.

The prisoners are held to await the action of the Grand Jury for violating the laws of New York.

Two Fires In Adjoining Stores.

A policeman discovered smoke in the card printing shop of Harry Wiltshire on the third floor at 120 Fulton street about 9½ o'clock last night. Capt. Cook of 4 engine found a tidy little fire in progress, and put it out. He was about to withdraw his engine when one of his men, who happened to touch the glass in a window of A. Kreisler's wine shop at 122, found it to be hot. Investigation discovered that the extension in the rear of the wine shop was a mass of fire. Cook lost no time in sending out three alarms, and the engines drowned out the flames.

Kreisler's loss is estimated at $20,000. He was burned out not more than a fortnight or three weeks ago.

Battalion Chief Cashman, thinking the fire at 122 had caught from 120, blamed Capt. Cook, but Chief Bonner, concluding that the two fires, although simultaneous, were distinct, exonerated him.

End of the Clothing Cutters' Lockout.

ROCHESTER, March 30.—The cutting rooms of the clothing manufacturers that have been closed since March 7 on account of the lockout were reopened to-day. Only about 115 of the regular force of cutters were put to work. A meeting of the cutters and trimmers will be held to-morrow morning, when, it is said, the men will as a body pass resolutions similar to those already passed by the employees of two firms, denouncing the boycott, and agreeing to withdraw from the Knights of Labor. If this is done the shops will probably be opened to all the old men.

ANOTHER BODY FROM THE BAY.

Various Theories on Staten Island as to How This Unknown Man Met His End.

A body lies in the Morgue at Clifton, Staten Island, awaiting identification. It is that of a man about 35 years old, 5 feet 7 inches tall, and weighing about 150 pounds. The face is large, the nose is small, and the forehead very high. The hair is dark and thin. Over the right eye is a wound an inch long and half an inch wide. It is a clean cut, revealing the skull. Police Surgeon John L. Feeney thinks, from a superficial examination, that it may have been the primary cause of death.

The body was found by Joseph Curran, a stone cutter of Clifton, about 10 o'clock on Sunday morning, drifting slowly around in the little basin just above Fort Wadsworth, where the ebbing tide forms an eddy and most of the floating corpses from New York are caught when the wind blows from the east. Besides the wound over the right eye, the left leg was broken at the thigh. The left eye was also very black. These facts were not considered important by the doctor, however, as the leg could easily have been broken while the body was drifting about and the wound over the right eye might have caused the discoloration of the left. The doctor thought the body had been in the water ten days at least.

The dead man wore white merino underclothing, a black coat and vest, dark striped trousers, a brown overcoat, a white shirt, standing collar, blue and white necktie, and laced shoes. He had nothing in his pockets but 29 cents. The clothing was ready-made and of a cheap quality. The shoes were coarse cowhide and didn't cost more than $1.50.

The Staten Island police inquired all along the shore to see if any one was missing. They found that a man fell overboard from the cotton dock at Tompkinsville about ten days ago. Yesterday one of his companions went to the Morgue to identify the body, but couldn't. This man was the only person missing from Staten Island, so far as the police could learn. They think the body is that of a sailor who tumbled overboard in the bay, or that it came from New York. Several persons from this city went to Clifton yesterday to see if it resembled any of their friends, but it didn't. Some Staten Islanders think the body is that of the cook who got tangled up in a tow line in the East River a week or so ago and was thrown overboard and drowned.

Others think the body has lain at the bottom of the river all winter, and come to the surface with the beginning of spring. Still others are inclined to believe that it is another Ruttinger mystery.

Dr. Feeney will make an autopsy to-morrow to see if the man's skull is fractured where the wound in the forehead is. If he finds it fractured, he will express the opinion officially that the man was murdered. He doesn't care to make an autopsy any sooner, because he wants to give every one who has a missing friend an opportunity to try to identify this man, and an autopsy on the head would render that impossible. The autopsy will be followed the next night by the Coroner's inquest.

George H. Taylor, Jr., of Seward, Guthery & Morsety, for the Ruttinger and Wright families, made a careful examination at the Public Administrator's office yesterday of the pocketbook, silver watch, collar and cuff buttons, and the razor left by the suicide at the Astor House, who registered as "Fred Evans." The razor is crusted with blood, and the name, "H. Fritz, Vonn Heiss" is on the blade. On the razor was the name of "John Heiffor, 3 Paradise square, Sheffield." A tracing of the suicide's signature on the register as "Fred Evans, England," was taken and will be sent to England for comparison with William Wright's signature. The Ruttinger inquest will be resumed at Tottenville to-day.

MRS. EVANS'S HOLOGRAPHIC WILL.

Experts Testify that It was Written by the Hand that Wrote Mrs. Gaines's Letters.

The writing of Myra Clark Gaines was again scrutinized by experts before Surrogate Abbott in Brooklyn yesterday. The Christmas and Whitney heirs, who claim Mrs. Gaines's estate under the will of Jan. 5, 1885, had produced expert witnesses who swore that the holographic will presented for probate by Mrs. Marie P. Evans was never written by Mrs. Gaines.

Mrs. Evans's lawyers had the papers examined by William G. Hagan of Troy, N. Y., and Benjamin F. Kelly, another expert, who swore yesterday that there really was no mistake at all about the identity of the hand that wrote the holographic will.

The writing corresponded exactly, they said, with that of Mrs. Gaines as shown in her private correspondence, and they were very sure that no forger could so successfully imitate her writing. The word "estate" occurred four times in the holographic will, and each time it terminated in a different way. No forger, yesterday's experts said, would ever dream of varying the writing.

Both experts were subjected to a rigid cross examination by the lawyers for the Christmas and Whitney heirs, but Mrs. Evans was notified last night that her experts had nullified the testimony of the other experts who swore that the holographic will dated Jan. 8, the day before Mrs. Gaines's death, which gives her a third interest in the estate, was a forgery.

Surrogate Abbott gave the lawyers on both sides until April 15 to submit briefs.

The estate left by Mrs. Gaines was a judgment of over $500,000 against the city of New Orleans in Mrs. Gaines's favor. The judgment has long remained unpaid, and with interest the amount now reaches over $900,000.

THE BOYCOTTED POLICEMAN.

Overton's Absence from the Station Averts Further Trouble for a Time.

Wiley G. Overton, the colored patrolman of the First precinct police, Brooklyn, did not sleep last night in the Adams street station, and further trouble with his fellow officers was thereby averted for a day at least.

Overton has not slept in the station since Friday night. Saturday was his night off, and on Sunday he was on special duty, which kept him away from the station during the period when the other members of his section were asleep.

Last night Captain Campbell said he was still on special duty, and, as is usual with men who are assigned to special cases, he was allowed to sleep at home. Overton is looking for the young mulatto who is wanted on a charge of assault.

Yesterday Capt. Campbell made charges against Officers Overton and Mannix. The offence complained of is neglect of duty in failing to make an arrest for violation of the Excise law on Sunday afternoon.

Overton entered Vaughan's saloon at Willoughby and Prince streets on Sunday in pursuit of the young mulatto already mentioned, and found Policeman Mannix in the place.

His excuse for failing to arrest the proprietor was that another officer was there who was older and more experienced than he.

It is generally understood that the complaint against the colored officer is merely formal. Policeman Mannix, who was standing against the bar with a glass of beer in his hand will have the larger score to settle with the Commissioner.

Commissioner Hayden indicated yesterday that he would not deal harshly with Overton in the matter.

Commissioner Hayden says he will not place Overton on special duty. He will remain in the Adams street station, and on or all the privileges of the other officers.

BAD CORPORATIONS AND GOOD.

The Standard Oil Trust and New York Central Good—What's This Bad One?

"The Psychology of Corporations" was the subject of an address before the Baptist Ministers' Conference at the Baptist Tabernacle yesterday by the Rev. Dr. O. C. Pope, Secretary of the Church Edifice Department of the Home Missionary Society of the Church. Dr. Pope said that a stockholder's responsibility for the acts of a corporation is exactly proportionate to the amount of stock he holds. Corporations are good if their objects and methods are good.

The Standard Oil Trust was, he said, begun and carried on by Christian men. They were Baptists, and so far as the speaker knew both the objects and the methods of the Standard Oil Trust were praiseworthy. Similarly the New York Central Railroad had been controlled by Christian men, and its objects and methods were equally good. There were, however, some corporations that could not be praised, and one, the speaker knew, was a Baptist corporation. He was sorry to say that part of its income was derived from a liquor saloon.

Fell Dead in Feldstein's Garden.

Roderick F. C. Sieffenbach, aged 46, a bachelor, who board 449 East Eighty-third street, fell dead in Feldstein's Garden on Grand street at 10 o'clock last evening.

He had been playing cards in the place with friends and had just eaten a sandwich when he fell to the floor.

He was employed as a bookkeeper by Frederick Statz, a shoe merchant in Reade street. A gold watch and chain and $135 in cash were found on his person.

Sale of the Harlem Opera House.

Oscar Hammerstein has sold to Madeline Pierce the property on 125th street, 75x100, known as the Harlem Opera House, for $520,000. There was a mortgage of $50,000 on this property.

NO Baking Powder but Royal is made from pure and perfect materials, or costs so much to make as Royal, or gives such good and great value to the consumer. Prudent housekeepers will send back and decline to take any other. Marion Harland says: "I regard the Royal Baking Powder as the best manufactured. Since its introduction into my kitchen I have used no other."

GERALDINE ULMAR MARRIED.

She Weds Mr. Carryll, a Belgian Composer and Orchestral Leader.

LONDON, March 30.—Miss Geraldine Ulmar, the American actress, who until recently was the prima donna in Audran's "La Cigale" at the Lyric Theatre, was married this morning to Mr. Ivan Carryll, the young Belgian musical composer and leader of the orchestra at the theatre where Miss Ulmar has been playing. The wedding took place at St. George's Church, Hanover square, and was a very brilliant affair, the American colony being strongly represented. There were also a large number of English actors present, together with many notabilities of the literary and artistic world.

The bride wore a white silk dress, trimmed with pearls, and a hat adorned with white ostrich feathers. The traditional orange blossoms also formed part of the bride's ornamentation. Miss Ulmar also wore a handsome diamond necklace.

Sir Francis Jeune gave Miss Ulmar away. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Carryll left this city for Paris. They will spend the honeymoon on the Continent. It was announced previous to Miss Ulmar's marriage that she intended after that event to retire from the stage for a year or more, at the end of which period she may make her reappearance on the London stage in a new opera written for her by her husband.

SHINDIES AT SLIGO.

Surgeons Kept Busy Dressing the Wounds of Ardent Politicians.

DUBLIN, March 30.—Michael Davitt and Mr. Roche, M. P., returned from Sligo to Raskey by a circuitous route on Sunday night. Mr. Condon immediately called a meeting, and dared Mr. Davitt to show himself. An altercation in the road led to a scuffle between Messrs. Roche and Conway, members of Parliament, and the police were obliged to separate the combatants. Mr. Davitt remained in Raskey until this afternoon. Quiet has prevailed in North Sligo to-day. The McCarthyites continued their canvass, and Mr. Parnell addressed meetings in Tireragh. The surgeons of Sligo have been kept busy to-day dressing wounds received in yesterday's fights. The Mayor has refused to grant the use of the Town Hall to either party.

Messrs. Davitt and Sexton addressed a large meeting in the dark to-night from the steps of the Town Hall. Mr. Sexton announced that Mr. Smith, the First Lord of the Treasury, had consulted with Mr. McCarthy on the question of the appointment of an Irish delegate on the Labor Commission, and that Mr. McCarthy, on consultation with the members of his party, had recommended Michael Davitt as the Irish representative.

A Crime That Was Charged to Jack the Ripper.

LONDON, March 30.—A man giving his name as French appeared at the headquarters of the police at Maidstone, Kent, to-day, and declared his ability and willingness to give ample evidence to convict George Smith, a professional burglar, of the murder of Frances Coleman, alias "Carrotty Nell," the latest of the Whitechapel victims. French declares that Smith robbed the house in front of which the Coleman woman was found, while she kept watch to avoid detection. When Smith emerged from the house with his plunder the woman demanded a larger share of the booty than he was willing to give up, and in the consequent quarrel she threatened to expose him to the police, whereupon he murdered her and fled.

The City of New York Not Damaged.

LIVERPOOL, March 30.—The agents of the Inman Steamship Company have issued a circular in which they officially deny that the steamer City of New York sustained any damage by the fire which occurred on board of her on Friday night last. They also announce that the City of New York will positively sail for New York on Wednesday next, her regular sailing day.

The Assassination of Baltchef.

SOFIA, March 30.—The Greek who was arrested on the day following the assassination of Minister Baltchef, on suspicion of being the murderer, has given a satisfactory account of his movements on the evening of the shooting and has accordingly been set at liberty. Many other arrests have been made.

The Battle of Flowers at Grasse.

GRASSE, March 30.—The battle of flowers in this town was witnessed by Queen Victoria and by thousands of visitors from all parts of the Riviera. After the battle a torchlight procession was organized in honor of the Queen. The weather was splendid.

Another Snow Storm in England.

LONDON, March 30.—A heavy snow storm is sweeping over the northern part of Great Britain. All the horse car lines and railroads of Aberdeen are blocked by the snow which has fallen in and about that city.

Notes of Foreign Happenings.

Earl Granville, who has been sick for several weeks, is now reported to be entirely prostrated.

The missionary schooner Chapman was lost on the west coast of Tahiti on Nov. 30, 1890. She was bound from Honolulu to Pitcairn Island. The crew, numbering sixteen, were drowned.

Miss Anna Parnell has written a letter for publication in which she denies the statement made that she has not spoken to her brother since the time when the latter was confined in Kilmainham jail.

Ten Orange Trains Coming East.

SACRAMENTO, March 30.—Yesterday and last night, ten special orange trains passed eastward from the southern part of the State comprising sixty car loads. P. E. Platt, President of the California Fruit Union, has returned from Los Angeles. He says:

"California oranges are now taking possession of the markets of the United States to a greater extent than it was deemed possible earlier in the season. Large shipments are made daily to all parts of the Union, even as far east as New York and Boston. The Florida crop being virtually out of the market leaves the field open for California."

Wanted to Die Because He Had No Work.

James McMorrow, a young man of 132 Dupont street, Greenpoint, who attempted suicide on Sunday by cutting his throat with a razor, was held by Justice Goetting yesterday to await the action of the Grand Jury. His aged mother exhibited a finger badly cut in her effort to prevent her son from carrying out his design. She told the Justice that the boy tried to hang himself last Friday, but she cut him down. McMorrow became melancholy over his inability to obtain work.

Pat Rooney Arrested for Debt.

CHICAGO, March 30. — Pat Rooney, the comedian, did not appear on the stage at the Criterion Theatre on Saturday night. He had a pressing engagement with a deputy sheriff which he could not postpone. It was all on account of a capias issued under a judgment for $209 obtained here by E. A. Thomas in an action for debt. Rooney spent the night as a guest of the Sheriff and satisfied the judgment in the morning.

Shot Her Because She Wouldn't Desert Her Husband.

CARROLLTON, Ky., March 30.—Robert Bartlett, Town Marshal of Priestville, infatuated with the young wife of Dr. Contri, a prominent physician there, shot her through the breast last night because she would not elope with him. Mrs. Contri will die. He fired two shots at M. C. Hunt and wife and escaped. Bartlett is a genuine desperado.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

BLOODTHIRSTY COLVILLE.

A Sometime Clergyman Who Can't Get Enough Blood and Whiskey.

The Rev. Andrew Colville tried to kill his wife and three children with a carving knife last night at 102 East Twenty-second street, but he did not succeed and was landed in the insane pavilion at Bellevue Hospital without having injured any one.

Colville is a Scotchman. He came to this country about thirty years ago, at the age of 18. About twelve years ago he was the pastor of Grace Chapel, at 340 East Twenty-second street, but on account of drunkenness he was forced to leave the ministry.

He went into the jewelry business, but soon got tired of it and for the last few years his wife, who is a dressmaker, has supported him and his four children.

The present Mrs. Colville is his third wife, and before she married him she was a Sunday school teacher in Grace Chapel.

Colville has often beaten her, and threatened to take her life. He lived with her at 411 Fourth avenue for four years. He never worked, and was drunk most of the time.

Mrs. Colville made enough money to support the family. They were forced to move because Colville abused her violently