A LAND OF FALSE PROMISE.

SOUTHERN NEGROES RETURN FROM LIBERIA ILL AND IMPOVERISHED.

Nothing but Roots and Snakes to Eat, No Work, No Land Worth Cultivating, and a Climate the Devines Couldn't Endure—So They Are All Going Back to Florida.

It was about a month ago that THE SUN described the picturesque and happy scene that took place on the trim little bark Liberia, when sixty-eight bright-eyed, talkative negroes got on board and waved farewell to America. There were all sorts of representatives of the race—men, women, and children, good-souled old "aunties," plump little pickaninnies, and eloquent preachers of the Gospel—and all were bubbling over with hope and happiness. They were bound for the west coast of Africa, where land was plentiful, work easy, and the colored man lord of the domain. When they reached Liberia each of them was to become master of twenty acres of the fertile soil, and there they could work, sing, and be merry.

Yesterday morning a little handful of colored people landed at the Barge Office from the Hamburg-American steamship Dania. There were only eleven of them, two families in all, and they were too sick and miserable to be talkative. But if the light-hearted passengers of the Liberia could only have seen and heard them! For they had been to Liberia and lived in the land of promise, and they had brought back a story to tell.

AUNT HILDA.

At the Barge Office their plight was so pitiable that the gruff officials and the noisy expressmen showed them kindness. They were going back to Florida, and as soon as the formalities were gone through with they and their battered bundles were huddled into an express wagon and carried up to the Savannah Steamship Company's pier, from which the Kansas City sailed at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. There were two men in the party, and they managed to climb out of the wagon without assistance. The three women and the six little children were lifted out.

"You're not very heavy," said the expressman as he lifted a ragged little 12-year-old girl from the wagon.

"No, none of us ain't heavy," said one of the little boys who had been helped down. "We haven't had much to eat to get fat on."

The women and children pulled their tattered shawls and blankets about them and sat shivering in a little bunch on the wharf among their bundles of old mattresses.

"They're a pretty hard-looking lot, ain't they?" said a baggageman to a SUN reporter as he stood looking at them. "They must have seen it mighty tough."

One of the women whom the little ones addressed as "Aunt Hilda" looked about 100 years old. She was bent almost double, and mumbled in a deep tone when she attempted to speak. Her eyes were sunken far in her head, and the wraps and shawls she had around her thin old body were little more than rags.

"Are you sick, aunty?" asked the reporter.

"I've never been well a day since we got to Libery," she answered.

The two other women were younger, but their faces were almost as thin and emaciated and thin clothes were just as ragged. Of the six children, some wrapped in torn blankets and others with long ragged coats falling around them, two looked like boys, and the others like girls. They were all feeble looking, with pinched faces and big white eyes. One of the men leaned heavily on a crooked stick and a big faded umbrella. He looked thin, like the others, but he smiled good-naturedly when a question was asked him and nodded his old, dilapidated head. He had a cold, and couldn't talk very well. His name was Mose Davis, he said. Old "Aunt Hilda" was his mother, and one of the other women and one boy and one girl belonged to his family. The other man, who wore a huge battered white helmet, was his brother. His name was Warren Davis, and the rest of the party belonged to his family.

THE RETURNED COLONISTS.

Warren Davis appeared to be in a better state of preservation than the others, but he was far from fat and healthy. He told the reporter that the fever he got in Liberia was still on him, although he was better than he had been. He was a very sick man, he said, when he left Africa.

"It t'ain't no place for a man that's lived in this country any length of time," he said. "If they go there they ain't goin' to live more than a couple of years on account of the climate. We all got the fever there, and our legs and feet broke out in sores. We saw it wasn't no place for us, so we made up our minds to get back.

"We come from Gainsville, Florida—my brother and me," he continued. "We had farms there and got on pretty well. Then when the society told us about Liberia and the twenty acres of land they'd give us, we thought we'd go. We sold out everything we had and left here last May on the Liberia. The society took us down there free and promised to give us food for six months, and houses to live in till we could build them for ourselves.

"We took pretty nearly twelve hundred dollars between us, but every cent of it's gone, and we had to get our friends in Florida to send us on money to get home with. The ship landed at Monrovia, and then they took us on to Dicksville and gave us our land there. Some of the folks that went with us only stayed there a night and a day. They went right back to Monrovia again, and a good many of them have tried to go home or they have gone away somewhere.

"I saw it was no place for me to live just as soon as I got there. All the land was covered with brush, and just as soon as you got on it you couldn't see the sun. The whole place was dark. There is nothing to grow there but coffee trees and after you do get the land cleared, and they don't begin to bear anything for four or five years.

"There was no chance to support a family by working, so I didn't work at all, but started out and travelled all over looking for some place where I could make a living. They only pay a shilling a day wages. It don't matter how big and strong you are, everybody gets the same—a shilling a day. I couldn't support my family on that. When it came to building a house to live in there wasn't anything to build it with. All the wood had been cut and used, and there was nothing but bamboo and a little palm wood left. There were some rooms in some of the houses that the people let us sleep in till we got places for ourselves, and as we only stayed about four months we didn't have any trouble about that.

"But there was hardly anything to eat. The society gave us a little beef and pork, and flour, rice, coffee, and sugar to start on, and once in awhile they gave us a little afterward. Most of the time all we could get to eat was roots and snakes. They all eat snakes down there when they can get them. But there ain't very many snakes to get. They're big snakes, something like what we call rattlesnakes. They're called 'casaba' snakes there. They grow as big as a man's arm sometimes, and just before I left a man was bitten by one and died. A good many of the snakes, too, are killed and eaten up by the big ants that they call drivers. So there's not very many of them to get. Roots are the principal thing we had to eat—the 'edo' root and the 'casaba' root, they call them. They grow very large and belong to bushes that are about half as tall as a man. If you get meat there it costs 25 cents a pound and flour costs 20 cents. The roots didn't agree with us and we all got sick. Sores broke out all over my children's legs and feet and they could hardly walk.

"I saw we could never get on there in Dicksville, so I left my wife and my children behind with my brother and started off to see if there wasn't some better place we could go to. I travelled all over the country, around the river heads and the different surrounding countries, but I couldn't find any place where we could get a good living. The natives got along better—and the people that had gone there way, way back, fifteen or twenty years ago. They could stand the climate, and they had coffee plantations and the best of the land and the houses. But there was no place for a person that has lived most of his time in America. I spent most of my money travelling. Then I had to buy some food and clothes and tools, and I lost all I had. Mose, my brother ——"

"WE ALL GOT THE FEVER."

Just then Warren Davis was interrupted and led away to get his tickets examined. So the lame man, Mose, told his part of the story:

"I settled down there in Dicksville," he said, "and tried to start up a plantation. I cleared about ten acres of the land and bought 500 coffee trees. I got the natives to help me do it, and paid them a shilling a day."

"Could you understand the language they speak down there?"

"No, I couldn't understand a word. A few of the natives that have been around with the colored people from America I could understand a little. They speak a few words of our language, so that made it hard to tell them what I wanted them to do. It cost me a good deal of money to buy the tools I had to have, and the coffee trees and the pay of the men amounted to considerable. And after I got the trees all planted they were no good. They didn't bear anything. I found out they wouldn't bring in any crop for four or five years. We couldn't stay that long without having something to live on. When I tried to sell out the land I could only get $30 for it all."

"Then you're all very glad to get back?"

"We don't want no more Libery. We're only thankful that we all came out alive."

One of the ship's men came along and told the shivering party they had better get their bundles on board. Old Aunt Hilda was helped to her feet and tottered along with her basket. The other women and the children picked up their bundles and with the aid of the ship's men they were all got on board.

"Is there any place I could get a bit of tobacco around here?" asked Mose. "I haven't had a good smoke since I got to Libery."

A man who overheard him went across the street and bought half a dozen packages of tobacco and gave them to Mose, who, in the mean time, had got settled with his party up forward in the steerage. He was very grateful. Old Aunt Hilda stretched out her thin, trembling arm, and began picking at his sleeve. Mose took one of the packages of tobacco from his pocket and handed it to her.

"I'll open it for you, Aunt Hilda," said one of the boys as he saw her trembling old fingers pulling at the package in vain. The package was opened, and Aunt Hilda produced from somewhere an old blackened stub of a clay pipe. She filled this carefully with tobacco and was looking for a match, when one of the stewards told them all to follow him and he'd give them some bread and hot coffee. So they got to their feet as fast as they could. Just then the bell sounded "all ashore." And just as they got their hot coffee and bread the moorings were cast off, and the returned colonists had begun the last stage of their homeward journey.

A FASTER'S INSANITY.

Threatened to Pitch His Brother Out the Window—Once Citizen Train's Secretary.

At the Jefferson Market Court yesterday Justice Kelly committed four persons to Bellevue for examination by the city physicians

John M. Kleush, 36 years old, who has been living for the last week with his brother, at 702 Washington street, was one of the fasters at Huber's Museum, but stayed in the contest only five days. Prior to that he had been a floor walker in a Fourteenth street store, and before that had been private secretary to George Francis Train, whom he accompanied in his travels. Two years ago Kleush was injured in an accident on the Staten Island Rapid Transit Railroad, and got $2,400 damages.

When Kleush came to his brother's house a week ago he acted strangely, and on Tuesday he told his brother that he was going to throw him or one of the children out of the window. The brother asked for time to reflect and make a decision, and went to Justice Kelly for a warrant. Court Officers Foley and Connolly found the crazy man barricaded in his room and had to climb into a window to arrest him. He was lying on the bed naked, having thrown his clothes into the yard.

The next man brought before the Justice was an unknown man whom Officer Owens of the steamboat squad had found at the foot of King street. He had a ticket for Ireland and was about to go on board the Teutonic, which sailed yesterday. When questioned he said that he had lost all he ever had, even his name, and that if any one wanted information concerning him they should go to his mother.

Mrs. Mary Dessart of 44 East Fourth street had her son Oscar, aged 32, committed for examination, and Mrs. Margaret Fitzsimmons of 263 West Thirty-second street disposed of her light-headed husband in the same way.

An ambulance also took to Bellevue Hospital Franklin Cameron of 22 Bleeker street, who was found out of his mind at his residence.

THE HIGHBINDERS.

More Light on the Doings and Purposes of This Mysterious Society.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 16.—In the *Californian*, an illustrated magazine which appears to-day, the Rev. Dr. Masters, superintendent of the Methodist missions in San Francisco, has an article on the Chinese highbinders. In it he gives the first translation of a manual recently found by the police in local highbinders' headquarters. This manual gives a history of the Triad Society and the Kalao-Hui, with instructions for initiating neophytes, passwords, secret signs, and punishment of those who disobey orders of the society. The Triad Society is vowed never to rest till the hated Manchu dynasty is overthrown in China. In this country the society is known as the Chee Kung Tong, and has branches in every large American city. One of the most striking features of initiation is this: The neophyte bows before the Grand Master, subscribes to the regulations, and receives a cup of wine, into which has been put one drop of blood from the finger of each candidate. The drinking of this wine by all present admits the new members to blood relationship. Henceforth the novice renounces all allegiance to the Emperor. The society has a claim on him before his parents. Mr. Masters quotes the full text of a highbinder death order found in Victoria, which gave a member of the Chee Kung Tong full instructions for slaying an offender.

He Told Her to Kill Him and She Did.

MARYSVILLE, Cal., Dec. 16.—Margaret Signorette, a French woman, was arrested a few days ago in the foot hills for shooting her husband, as she asserts, under his own orders. She was released to-day. The evidence showed that Signorette had become crazy drinking new wines he had made himself. His wife feared him, as he often threatened to kill her unless she obeyed him implicitly. When he found that the strychnine which he had taken would not prove fatal he handed the woman a rifle and ordered her to shoot him through the head. She obeyed like a child. She also tried to burn his body, but could not do it unassisted. The reason her husband wanted to be cremated was that his patron saint was St. Anthony, and he wanted to be certain he would be reduced to ashes.

A War Ship Going to Chili.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 16.—There is no doubt among naval officers here that the cruiser San Francisco will leave for Chili this week. She has taken on all the provisions she can hold, enough for a long cruise, and these stores included many articles which would not be bought here if she were going to the China station. In addition to her own supplies, she takes a large amount of ammunition for the Charlest n s guns. The theory of naval men is that the San Francisco will take these stores to Iquique, when she will transfer them to the Charleston. It is supposed the Charleston will make a direct course to Peru from Honolulu, which port she left on the 12th. It is rumored to-day that Admiral Brown has received sealed orders to sail in a few days, but this could not be confirmed.

Pig Tin Coming from Mexico.

PITTSBURGH, Dec. 16.—What is said to be the first car load of pig tin ever mined on the North American continent arrived in this city yesterday. It came from Durango, Mex., and is the property of the Pittsburgh and Mexican Tin Mining Company. There are altogether twenty tons of metal, which is now on exhibition in this city at the company's office. The ore of the company at its mines is yielding 14 per cent, which is remarkable, as the highest at the mines in Wales is 2½ per cent.

Housekeepers Can Save Money

By buying furniture at the old-established stores of Geo. C. Flint Co., 104th st. and 6th av.—*Adv.*

THE CRASH AT FISHKILL.

TWO ENGINES WRECKED AND AN ENGINEER AND A FIREMAN KILLED.

The Wreck Caused by the Engineer of the North Shore Limited Mistaking the Red Signal for a Light on a Vessel's Mast.

It must have been with a feeling of great relief that the people around the Fishkill station on Tuesday evening at 6:12 o'clock saw the North Shore limited, booming along at the rate of fifty-five miles an hour, rush into the coal cars below the station, for just above the station, on the same track with the onspeeding express, stood the local express train No. 27, delayed by its disabled engine. This local express, which leaves New York for Albany at 3:55 P. M., is due in Fishkill at 5:44. It reached Fishkill on Tuesday evening a few minutes late on account of an accident to its engine, and at 6:12 was standing a little above the station, waiting for the yard engine, of which Charles Johnson is the engineer, to come up from below and take it in to Poughkeepsie.

It must have been known at Fishkill that the North Shore limited was coming, and, if the rules were followed, this local express would have had a flagman nearly half a mile down the track to warn the West Shore express. As there has been no flagman mentioned, and as there is no talk of a warning light other than the tail signal, it is reasonable to suppose that this local express did not have such a flagman as a rear guard. Johnson, who was using his engine to shift coal cars about, had got his orders to come up and fasten to the local express. He was trying to carry out this order as speedily as possible.

The New York Central tracks make a sharp detour to the east about 200 yards below the Fishkill station. Thus the tracks are hid completely from the station by the projecting hill. The signal stands just around this curve, and is also out of sight of the station. About a hundred yards below the station and in full view of it is a small switch, connecting the track for up-bound trains with the track for south-bound trains. When this switch is open, the signal around the curve shows a red light. The yard engine was operating on this switch and the red light was showing. As the North Shore limited was speeding toward this red signal the yard engine, with several coal cars attached to it, was getting near the switch which was to take it from the track for south-bound trains to the track for north-bound trains.

The question then is, why Engineer James Kelly of the North Shore limited did not heed the red signal? In a few moments of consciousness early yesterday morning he explained this. He said that he saw the red light, but did not recognize it as the signal light of the railroad. Kelly knew he had the right of way. He was expecting no block signal. He saw the red signal and thought it was on the mast of some vessel in the river, or else over in the freight yard. The night was very dark, and distance and location were not easy to gauge. So he let his engine plunge on around the curve, and then he saw the yard engine with its coal cars attached, just coming onto the tracks in front of him. The best brakes in the world, acting perfectly, would not have prevented the crash.

The big engine wrecked the yard engine and tender and then toppled over against the high bank, making a big dent in its great boiler. The first coach behind, a combined baggage and buffet smoking car, leaped upon the top of the big engine, crawled over it, and fell upon the wreck of the yard engine. The fireman and engineer of the yard engine heard and then saw what was coming, jumped from their slow-moving engine and escaped without any injury. The engineer and fireman of the limited's engine were involved in the ruin which overtook their machine, were bruised and burned and scalded. The fireman was boiled to death. The engineer lived until 8 o'clock yesterday morning. They took him from the wreck first and found him conscious. He was muttering something, and they stooped over him to hear.

"Get my fireman out," he said.

The baggage master, among the trunks in the forward end of the combined baggage and buffet-smoking car, was thrown into a corner and covered and wedged tightly by the trunks, which crashed and splintered and burst. The steam, pouring into the car, burned him a little. The half a dozen men who were sitting in the smoker were hurled about, struck by the dislodged furniture, cut by the smashing glass and crockery, but not one was even painfully injured. The passengers in the two sleepers and the parlor car were only jarred and bumped about, and the people in the dining car got food, solid and liquid, in uncomfortable and unexpected places. Had these cars been ordinary coaches the loss of life and the wreck would not have stopped with two killed and half a dozen slightly injured.

Immediately after the crash the splintered tender and the cabs began to burn. The Fishkill fire company arrived just as the coach astride the wrecked engines was catching fire. Later, when they were turning over the wreck to get at the dead fireman, the fire broke out again, and the fire company was again called out. At 4 o'clock yesterday morning the tracks were cleared, and an hour or two later the track for north bound trains was repaired.

Coroner Conklin impanelled a jury on Tuesday evening, and yesterday took some testimony. It appeared that James Kelly was not the regular engineer for that train, the regular engineer being John Foyle, who was off duty on Tuesday to attend the funeral of his wife. Kelly, however, was held to be as good an engineer as the Central has. He had been with them sixteen years. It seemed to be the opinion among the railroad people that Kelly was justified in thinking the track would be clear, and in not expecting or looking for the red block signal. He was to make no stops until he reached Albany, and the railroad men said he would naturally have expected a signal of some kind had there been any obstructions in front of him.

Fireman Smith's body was sent home to his widow in East Albany yesterday morning, and Engineer Kelly's body was sent home to his widow and orphans at 77 Livingston avenue, Albany, yesterday evening.

Among the trunks burst open were those of an opera company. The gowns of Miss Bertha Palms of the company were particularly admired as they were spread out in the baggage room yesterday.

Preparing for the Republican Convention.

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 16.—Chairman Clarkson and his committee have put in the day looking over the Exposition building and consulting with Architect Adler of Chicago as to how it can best be remodelled to meet the needs of the Convention in June.

Part of the hotel assignments have been made. Messrs. Clarkson, Hobart, Now, Conger, Fessenden, Haynes, De Young, Payne, Scott, Clayton, Campbell, Christ, Filley, Cuney, Pinchback, Chase, Hooker, Sanborn, Barbour, and Meek, and the successor of Quay from Pennsylvania, will have quarters at the West Hotel, as members of the National Committee. The following States will also have their headquarters at the West: Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Arkansas, and North Dakota.

The West Hotel will care for half of each delegation. These having been provided for, the rule of first come, first served will be followed. The West already has applications from scores of prominent men, including Depew, Platt, Fassett, and Gordon Bennett of New York. There are also applications from about seventy newspapers so far, and from club delegations from Philadelphia, Washington, and Cincinnati.

The Grip in Massachusetts.

LAWRENCE, Dec. 16.—Physicians say that there are fully 1,000 persons in Lawrence suffering from the grip, while from Methuen, Andover, North Andover, and other neighboring towns come reports of the rapid spread of the disease. The mills and schools are suffering far more than last year, and every workshop, store, and profession is affected. Ex-Alderman Henry H. Dyer of Lawrence died this morning as a result of the disease, and other prominent citizens are dangerously ill.

LYNN, Dec. 16.—The attendance at the schools and work in the shoe factories is badly affected by the prevalence of the grip in town, and many citizens are down with the disease.

Stole from a Building Association.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 16.—It was learned yesterday that J. P. Hesser, Secretary of the Standard Future Great and Keystone Building and Loan Association, is short in his accounts $10,000. Gambling in mining stocks is assigned as the cause of the shortage. He has turned over to the association more than enough property of his own to cover that amount.

The Court of Appeals.

ALBANY, Dec. 16.—Both branches of the Court of Appeals will take the usual holiday recess from Dec. 24 until Jan. 18. The decision of the Court of Appeals on the appeals in the disputed election cases, it is expected, will be handed down either on Tuesday or Thursday of next week.

Sullivan Again on the Boards.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 16.—At the Bush Street Theatre John L. Sullivan has made his reappearance as a comedian in the title rôle of "Broderick Agra." Little can be said of the merit of the play. In the third act he was at home, as he had a bout with Jack Ashton. It was the event of the evening.

MRS. KENNEDY FELL, GALLAGHER SAYS

He Denies That He Struck the Old Newswoman, Who, He Says, Was Intoxicated.

At the resumption of the trial in the General Sessions yesterday of Policeman John J. Gallagher of the Oak street police upon an indictment charging him with beating Mary Kennedy, the old newswoman of Broadway and Ann street, Cyrus B. Clampitt and August P. Kraushaar, operators in the employ of the Western Union Telegraph Company, testified that they saw Gallagher throw Mrs. Kennedy down upon the sidewalk, after he had kicked her news stand into the street and struck her repeatedly with his fist in the face. Then Assistant District Attorney Lynn rested the people's case.

Police Sergeant McCann and Policemen Barlow and Carter testified that they were in the Oak street station when Gallagher took Mrs. Kennedy there, and that in their opinion she was intoxicated.

Nathan Strohm, furniture dealer, of 45 James street, testified that when Gallagher arrested Mrs. Kennedy she caught hold of his coat and struggled. Gallagher broke her hold upon his coat and she fell upon the sidewalk. Gallagher did not strike her. Orville Ham testified to the same effect.

Aaron Kaughman, who sells stocking supporters and exposes his rounded calves on the steps of the National Park Bank building, testified that he had known Mrs. Kennedy for about fifteen years. He did not see Officer Gallagher strike Mrs. Kennedy. In fact, all that he did know about Mrs. Kennedy was that she struck him about two months ago.

Gallagher testified that he saw Mrs. Kennedy chasing boys with a stick. Next he saw her run after two women. Then he thought it was time to arrest her. He went into Hudnut's and asked Clerk Tupper if he would make a complaint against Mrs. Kennedy. Tupper said he would and Gallagher arrested her. He took her about twenty-five feet from the corner, when she caught hold of his coat and began to struggle. He broke her hold upon his coat and she fell upon the sidewalk. He did not strike her. In his opinion she was intoxicated.

In rebuttal, John Cauzac of 22 West street said that he saw Gallagher kick Mrs. Kennedy's news stand into the street, and when she tried to put the stand on its feet again Gallagher struck her in the face and upon the head, knocking her down.

Mrs. Kennedy being recalled, testified that she was never drunk in her life, and never drank anything stronger than tea or coffee.

Lawyer Hummel asked her if she did not go into a saloon near the Police Central Office on the day she went there to make a complaint before the Police Commissioners against Gallagher. She said that she did, but it was because a police officer took her to the saloon, asking her if she had the price of a drink. He drank, but she did not.

Counsel on both sides will sum up to-day, and Judge Cowing will submit the case to the jury.

VICTIM OF RELIGIOUS MANIA.

Bank Clerk Requa Hangs Himself in His Bedroom—Frederick Smith Cuts an Artery.

Henry Clay Requa committed suicide yesterday by hanging himself in a bedroom on the garret floor of his residence in Hull street, near the southern Boulevard, Bedford Park. He suffered from religious mania, with which his mother has been afflicted for years.

Requa was a clerk in the Fifth Avenue Bank, where his brother-in-law is also employed. He was 30 years old. Eight years ago he married Miss Hattie Williams, and the couple had five children. He attended the Congregational Church in Bedford Park and taught in the Sunday school. In October he succeeded A. E. Leonard as Treasurer of the Sunday school, but resigned a week ago.

"I am insane at times," he told the pastor, the Rev. S. Bourne, "and am not willing to hold a position of trust." Mr. Requa had been ailing since Thanksgiving Day and had not attended to his business. His father, Samuel Requa, is Captain of a tugboat which plies between Tarrytown and New York.

At 10 o'clock yesterday morning Requa visited the Rev. Dr. Bourne. "There is no redemption for me," he said. "I am a hypocrite. I love no one, not even my wife and children." The pastor tried to cheer him but met with poor success, and he went away, apparently more despondent than ever.

He returned home and took his daughter out for a walk. She is about 2½ years old. Not long after they had returned Requa was found by his wife hanging in his bedroom.

Frederick Smith, 45 years old, a clerk, tried to kill himself yesterday morning in the Bellevue lodging house, 340 Bowery, by cutting the arteries in his left wrist. He was discovered lying unconscious in his room, Smith was taken a prisoner to Bellevue Hospital. He said that he wanted to die because he had no money, no friends, and no work. He had been drinking hard for several weeks. He will be able to go to court to-day.

Mrs. Emma Siebert, who swallowed rat poison on Tuesday night at her home, 458 East 135th street, died yesterday morning in the Harlem Hospital.

THE VICTIMS OF CAT BITE.

Newark's Five Sufferers Inoculated at the Pasteur Institute.

The five persons of Newark who were bitten on Friday last by the pet cat of Mrs. Josephine Geiger of 49 Lewis street, arrived at the Pasteur Institute, in West Tenth street, yesterday afternoon, and were each inoculated twice by Dr. Gibier before 6 o'clock last night. The patients are Mrs. Geiger, Rudolph Klingel, aged 12 years; Frank and Rudolph Bohm, aged 23 and 21 respectively, and Mrs. Wagner, aged 60, of 22 Fairview avenue. The cat died at a Newark hospital with hydrophobic symptoms on Tuesday morning.

Dr. Gibier said last night that the condition of the victims had been made serious by neglect to cauterize the bites properly. To have been any benefit the wounds should have been cauterized within five minutes of the attack made by the cat. The boy Klingel had been imperfectly cauterized two hours after he was bitten, and Rudolph Bohm twenty-four hours afterward. The wounds of the three other victims had not been cauterized at all. Dr. Gibier said last night that he would inoculate the patients twice a day for several days. The bites had pretty nearly all healed, and the patients seemed confident that they would escape the rabies.

Dr. F. W. Whitney Arrested.

BOSTON, Dec. 16.—Dr. F. W. Whitney, who on Oct. 25 withdrew from the Presidency of the Mystic Seven and Golden Circle and went to New York, where he is managing the Equitable Building and Loan Association, with rooms at 151 Broadway, was taken into custody here last evening in default of a bond for $9,000, with suitable sureties to satisfy a claim of $5,100 set up by Dr. Gould, receiver for the Golden Circle. Some time ago Dr. Whitney came to live in Somerville, Mass., from Sherburne, N. Y. He brought letters from the Sherburne Congregational Church, and was received into the Franklin Street Congregational Church of East Somerville. He is a graduate of Dartmouth College and a physician in good standing.

Judge Daniels Robbed by Burglars.

BUFFALO, Dec. 16.—When Judge Daniels of the Supreme Court awoke this morning he found that he had been robbed by burglars. The thieves gained an entrance to the house, which is on Delaware avenue, in the most fashionable part of the city, by forcing a window. They ransacked nearly every room and carried away about $100 in money and a quantity of valuable jewels, including nearly all of Mrs. Daniels's diamonds. The residence of James Tillinghast, the retired railroad magnate, was also entered by burglars. The house is only a few doors from Judge Daniels's. Here the burglars made a big haul of jewelry and some money.

Lynched an Innocent Man.

OTTUMWA, Ia., Dec. 16.—Ten years ago Chris McAllister, a rich young farmer, was found dead in his yard with his skull crushed in. He had a large sum of money that day, and the murder was for the purpose of robbery. A Swede named Pleas Anderson, after trial, was acquitted. A mob, however, subsequently lynched Anderson. Daniel Miller was then Sheriff of Monroe county, and afterward a defaulter and bank wrecker, for which he served a term in the penitentiary. A few days ago, on his deathbed in Texas, he sent for the wife of McAllister, and confessed that he committed the crime.

Is a Republic Wanted in Hawaii?

HONOLULU, Dec. 8.—At a meeting of the Hui Kalaiaina Society on Dec. 4 a resolution was introduced declaring that the proposal to convert Hawaii into a republic should be openly disapproved by all candidates for office. Mr. Kailukon, who introduced the resolution, said a rumor had been circulated that certain persons were conspiring to overthrow the throne, and that the Queen herself favored the project. The speaker said that a republican form of Government would be disastrous to Hawaii and the natives. Action on the resolution was indefinitely postponed.

Mr. A. J. Cammeyer, 6th av., corner 12th st., will keep his stores open evenings until Christmas for the accommodation of holiday shoppers.—*Adv.*

BARNEY CREAN SURRENDERS.

Escaped From the Tombs Prison, Had a Few Drinks, and is Again in His Cell.

Bernard Crean, alias Barney O'Hara, who escaped from the Tombs prison Monday, gave himself up at the Old Slip station yesterday. Mrs. Crean had Barney imprisoned for six months on Oct. 22 because he came home drunk and beat her. Barney wasn't sent to the Island because he was able to make himself useful in the Tombs kitchen.

On Monday afternoon a cart loaded with coal was driven into the yard and dumped. The driver left his cart for a moment, and Barney jumped on the seat and drove boldly out of the prison gate. Once safely outside Barney deserted the cart and hunted up a friend. He wanted a drink. The friend gave him some money, and advised him to return to the Tombs. Barney said he would after he had had a drink and had visited his wife. When Barney called on Mrs. Crean she wasn't a bit glad to see him, and he looked for consolation in his old haunts in the First precinct until his money gave out, and then surrendered himself.

Barney was brought up at the Tombs Court yesterday, and Justice Divver held him in $300 bail for trial.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

FINISTERE ALMANAC—THIS DAY.

Sun rises..... 7 19 | Sun sets..... 4 34 | Moon rises. 6 37

HIGH WATER—THIS DAY.

Sandy Hook. 8 36 | Gov.Island. 8 58 | Hell Gate. 10 48

Arrived—WEDNESDAY, Dec 16

Ss La Campina, Smit, Antwerp.
Ss Richmond Hill, Perry, London.
Ss England, Healy, London.
Ss Geestemunde, Muller, Hamburg.
Ss Lonskburst, Anderson, Newcastle, Eng.
Ss Viceroy, Dole, Shields.
Ss North Point, Roberts, Shields.
Ss Exeter City, Weiss, Swansea.
Ss Arissalg, Norrie, Manzanilla.
Ss El Dorado, Byrne, New Orleans.
Ss Richmond, Davis, Norfolk.
Bark Martha Brockelmann, Evers, Buenos Ayres.
Bark Charles E. Long, Stowers, Havana.
Bark Icarus, Tertrey, Port Spain.
Bark New York, Cañero, Pokey.
Bark Poohng Suey, Beare, Caleta Buena.
Bark Virginia, Pettigrew, Pernambuco.
Bark Nova Scotia, Potter, London.

[For later arrivals see First Page.]

ARRIVED OUT.

Ss Trave, from New York, at Southampton.
Ss Chester, from New York, at Yarmouth.
Ss Lady Palmer, from New York, at Antwerp.
Ss Pommeranian, from New York, at Glasgow.
Ss Germanic, from New York, off Brow Head.

SAILED FROM FOREIGN PORTS.

Ss Havel, from Southampton for New York.
Ss Finance, from Barbadoes for New York.

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

		Early Stmr.
To-day.		
Cienfuegos, Nassau	1:00 P. M.	9:00 P. M.
Dania, Hamburg		7:00 A. M.
Trinidad, Bermuda	1:00 P. M.	8:00 P. M.
To-morrow.		
Chattahoochee, Savannah		8:00 P. M.
Iroquois, Charleston		3:00 P. M.

FOREIGN STEAMSHIPS.

To-day.		
Caledonia	Gibraltar	Nov. 28
Hindoo	Hull	Nov. 28
The Queen	Liverpool	Nov. 28
Rotterdam	Amsterdam	Dec. 2
Friesland	Antwerp	Dec. 5
Wyoming	Liverpool	Dec. 5
Assyrian	Glasgow	Dec. 4
Veendam	Veendam	Dec. 5
Bohemia	Hamburg	Dec. 3
Due Friday, Dec. 18		
Britannic	Liverpool	Dec. 9
Mississippi	Gibraltar	Dec. 3
Yucatan	Havana	Dec. 14
Due Saturday, Dec. 19		
City of Chester	Liverpool	Dec. 9
Etruria	Liverpool	Dec. 12
Chateau Lafitte	Bordeaux	Dec. 7
Due Sunday, Dec. 20		
Ems	Bremen	Dec. 11
Finance	St. Thomas	Dec. 14
Helvetia	London	Dec. 5
Egyptian Monarch	London	Dec. 6
Ethiopia	Glasgow	Dec. 10
La Gascogne	Havre	Dec. 12
Due Monday, Dec. 21		
Yumuri	Havana	Dec. 17
Ilsey	Liverpool	Dec. 5
Claribel	Port Limon	Dec. 12
Due Tuesday, Dec. 22.		
Wisconsin	Liverpool	Dec. 12
Nomadic	Liverpool	Dec. 12
Siberian	Glasgow	Dec. 11
Colorado	Hull	Dec. 7
Caribbee	St. Croix	Dec. 15

COLLECTED BY

Mr. E. O. ARBUTHNOT, Shanghai.

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Business Notices.

Gentlemen's Hats, correct styles, all colors; round and flat crowns; narrow and broad brims. More hats, styles, and prices than can be found elsewhere. Money saved. McCANN, 210 Bowery, near Spring st.

Keep's Dress Shirts, to measure, 6 for $9.00. None better at any price. 509 and 511 Broadway.

MARRIED.

COLBY—MINER-BURT.—On Wednesday, Dec 16, at the North Orange Baptist Church, by the Rev. Henry F. Colby, D. D., of Dayton, O., and the Rev. James T. Dickinson, Arthur Hutching Colby to Marie Henrietta, daughter of the late Allen B. Miner and adopted daughter of the late Edwin C. Burt, all of Orange.

STONE—WALDRON.—At Hotel St. George, Brooklyn Heights, on Tuesday, Dec. 15, by the Rev. Carlos H. Stone, Dr. William G. Stone to Bertha J. Waldron, both of Elgin, Ill.

DIED.

BOARD.—At Paramus, N. J., Monday, Dec. 14, 1891, Peter Board, aged 82 years.
Relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral, on Thursday, Dec. 17, from his late residence, at 1 o'clock P. M.

BROWER.—On Wednesday, Dec. 16, in Mamaroneck, N. Y., Joseph Brower, aged 66 years.
Funeral from his brother's house, Chas. Brower, Friday, at 3 o'clock.

BROWN.—On Monday, Dec. 14, at Hartford, Conn., Alexander W., son of Alexander and Sadie Brown, aged 2 years and 1 month.
Funeral private.

BURNS.—On Wednesday, Dec. 16, at Hartford, Conn., Patrick Burns.
Notice of funeral hereafter.

BURNS.—On Tuesday, Dec. 15, at New Haven, Conn., Patrick Burns of 38 Davenport av., aged 66 years.
Notice of funeral hereafter.

BUTLER.—On Dec. 15, Mrs. Margaret Butler, nee Kehoe, of New Ross, county Wexford, Ireland, aged 51 years.

COLLINS.—Dec. 15, 1891, in her 70th year, Mrs. Mary, widow of James Collins and beloved mother of Mrs. Clear and Mrs. Cochen.
Funeral from her late residence, 514 Wythe av., Brooklyn, Thursday, Dec. 17, at 2 o'clock.

COWAN.—On Monday, Dec. 14, at Hartford, Conn., Robert J., son of William and Elnora B. Cowan, aged 19 years.
Friends are invited to attend the funeral from his late residence, 8 Woodbine st., this afternoon at 2 o'clock.

DAILEY.—On Monday, Dec. 14, at Bridgeport, Conn., Bridget, widow of Michael Dailey, aged 62 years.
Friends are invited to attend the funeral from her late residence, 9 Arch st., this forenoon at 8:30 o'clock, and from St. Mary's Church at 9 o'clock.

DAILEY.—On Wednesday, Dec. 16, at Hartford, Conn., Minnie B. Dailey, aged about 22 years.
Friends are invited to attend the funeral from her late residence, 254 Main st., on Friday forenoon, at 8:30 o'clock, and from St. Patrick's Church at 9 o'clock.

DANAINDALLNA.—On Dec. 15, at his residence, Kingsbridge, N. Y., Lucien Danaindallna, aged 52 years.
Funeral services at the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, 23d st., bet. 6th and 7th avs., Friday, Dec. 18, at 9:30 A. M.

DUDLEY.—On Monday, Dec. 14, at New Haven, Conn., Amos E. Dudley, aged 70.
Friends are invited to attend the funeral from his late residence, 74 Dixwell av., on Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

ETTLINGER.—On Tuesday, 15th inst., at 9:30 A. M., our beloved father, Louis Ettlinger, aged 68 years 6 months and 12 days.
Funeral services to-day, at 3 P. M., at his late residence, Graniteville, S. I. Interment in Woodland Cemetery, Staten Island.

FAGAN.—On Tuesday, Dec. 15, 1891, at her late residence, 62 West 4th st., Long Island City, Cathar