

THE OTHER ITALIAN FACTION DIDN'T GET A BAR BARON FAVA.

The returning Italian Minister Takes Up the North River on a Steamer as the South River is Taken by the Government and Kept on Board Until Trains Tim...

The Barsozzi faction in the dispute which has been raging in the Italian colony and in the columns of the Italian newspapers of this city scored a victory over their opponents yesterday morning by capturing the steamer Fava, the Italian Minister to the United States. He had set foot on American soil, and by turning him off on board a swift river steamer, which they kept in mid-stream until ten minutes before the Baron took the train for Washington.

The SUN has already told how Chevalier Barsozzi, editor of the Progresso Italiano, Americanized by a part of the local Italian societies of this city and the suburbs, set on foot a movement to collect a fund to erect a statue to Christopher Columbus; how the Chevalier was elected President of the organization in charge of the monument, and how a number of other Italian newspapers, started an opposition movement on about the same lines, except that they did not collect any money. The opposing faction, under the leadership of Signor Felice Tozzi, the owner of L'Espresso, attempted to elect Signor Tozzi as President of the organization, which should hold a celebration in honor of Columbus during October next in opposition to the one undertaken by Barsozzi, but the Consul refused to have anything to do with it as long as the Chevalier was President of another faction.

Barsozzi learned that the Chevalier Barsozzi learned that Baron Fava was about to return to this country as Minister after more than a year's absence, which was brought about by the New Orleans riots, he called his forces together and determined to take a bold step to gain the return of the Chevalier to this country. He hired the Laura M. Starin, and sold almost 1,000 tickets at 25 cents apiece to the Italians of this city, each ticket entitling the bearer to a trip down the bay to meet the French steamer ship La Gasconne, which arrived here yesterday morning.

The Laura M. Starin was advertised to start from the Washington pier, North River, at 7 o'clock yesterday morning, and long before that hour the ticket holders began to go aboard. By 7 o'clock there were fully 800 men on her decks. Most of them were in the uniform of the various Italian societies, and the form of the various uniforms was a matter of dispute. Peluso's military band stood on the main deck dispensing music, while the excursionists decked the vessel with Italian and American flags until she was all blunting.

Shortly after 8 o'clock the news came that La Gasconne had been sighted and was on her way to meet the steamer. The committee in charge of the party consisted of Signori Ernesto Zandi, F. Greco, G. N. Nalferrari, Bettini, Lemli, Spinetti, Nicola Grilli, Aliano, and Volta. The societies represented by the passengers were the Poduli Patria, Battaglio, Poduli and the various Italian societies of the city. The societies represented by the passengers were the Poduli Patria, Battaglio, Poduli and the various Italian societies of the city.

Baron Fava, as the Laura M. Starin came close to the ship the Italians cheered the steamer and waved their flags and banners and bowing his acknowledgments. The band played "Inno Reale," the Italian national air, and the various Italian societies of the city took the Baron of La Gasconne, but the crowd of ticket holders, who were waiting on the shore, did not get on the boat, so that she sailed in a way that prevented any further landing on the shore. So the big ship did not stop, but went right to her dock, with the small boat puffing smoke and waving its flag.

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Curious His Look and His Friends the Bank Burglar Dies in Bellevue.

Another portrait, given herewith, may now be removed from the Rogues' Gallery at Police Headquarters. The portrait is that of Michael Kerrigan, better known as "Johnny Dobbs," the bank burglar. Kerrigan died in Bellevue Hospital shortly after 10 o'clock yesterday morning. He was taken to the hospital on Friday by George Horn, who keeps a saloon at 2 Catharine slip, and two other men who did not give their names, but who were the patient's names John Kerrigan, and said that he had that day been released on a pardon from the Massachusetts State Prison.

Kerrigan was a man seemingly 57 years old, about five feet six inches tall, and weighing not more than 125 pounds. He did not much resemble his Rogues' Gallery portrait. His head was partly bald and what hair he had was gray. He also wore a cadaverous face a full, sparse gray beard and moustache.

In the pockets of the suit of clothing with which he was discharged from Charlestown the nurse found keepsakes, all of which told of love of home and family. There were carefully kept in a thick envelope four photographs and two tintypes, all evidently portraits of members of the burglar's family. There was also a photograph of a woman, who was identified as Mrs. James Rogers, Charlestown, State Prison. Made it was written in an angular, unsholarly hand, and announced that "mamma, Lizzie, and the children are all well," and was signed, "Your loving son, James Rogers." This letter was dated May 7, 1898, and the receiving postmark on the envelope is dated on the following day.

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HE LOOKS WELL AND HAS MUCH TO SAY.

His Only Drink is Apollinaris Water—He Will Train Near New York, Where Charley Johnson Can See Him Often—He Thinks Corbett is a Clever Boxer, but the Californian's Friends Talk Too Much—Amusement Among the Sports Over a Scrap on the Big Fellow's Account.

John L. Sullivan arrived in town yesterday. He had not been in New York for two years, and as he crossed from Jersey City on a Pennsylvania Railroad boat he said he was glad to get back once more to reat on God's footstool." John has a strikingly original way of expressing himself, and this remark is an example of that characteristic. Another terse sentence that he uttered was when, later in the day, he was asked his opinion of the fight between the principal trouble with Corbett is his friends," John replied, and then he went on to say that the Californian's intimates talked too much. "Corbett seems to be a very good boxer, and he is certainly a very gentlemanly fellow," said John L., "but the people who are behind him talk too loud. I don't blame a man for thinking he has a champion, but it can be said easy, as well as through a trumpet, as is often necessary—say, in a gale of wind. Corbett's friends use the trumpet. Perhaps their ship is in a gale.

"No matter about that," the big fellow continued, "I believe that Corbett means business in this match of ours, and I want to give him all credit. He is a good man and has solid supporters. There are several people who consider him to be the cleverest Roman of us all, and their standing, morally and financially, is first-class. I am glad to hear that he is going to fight with Corbett, though there would be no politics and no boxing. There must be two sides to every question. Do you understand what I mean? If anything went one way there would be nobody to kick and investigate. I don't blame a man for thinking he can lick me any more than I can lick him. No, lot every man has his opinion, and give it out. But as I said before, there are different ways of giving it out. A flare of horns doesn't make harmony in an orchestra. If the horns were heard without the softness that comes from the strings, the music would be lost. There would be only noise and no music. Corbett's friends blow on the brass instruments; that's all there is to it. I suppose they need it in their business." And the big fellow talked to his intimate friends in the same way that he made him so much of an idol among them.

Two of the photographs which were taken in Philadelphia, where Kerrigan is supposed to have lived between 1875 and 1878, the first year of his imprisonment in the Connecticut State Prison at Wethersfield, where he was serving a term for robbing a bank. The other photograph was taken in Philadelphia, where Kerrigan is supposed to have lived between 1875 and 1878, the first year of his imprisonment in the Connecticut State Prison at Wethersfield, where he was serving a term for robbing a bank.

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The Backers of Godfrey Are Not Worshipping as Loud as They Did.

The talk about betting on the glove contest between the Coney Island A. C. has been pretty hot, but it is not so hot now as it was a few days ago. The backers of Godfrey are not worshipping as loud as they did. The odds were 100 to 80 until they got word that these odds would be accepted every time. Last night the colored man's friends would not give more than 100 to 80, and only a few bets at those odds were made.

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THE LANE, THE HAITI, AND THE RELIC.

The French Canadian Church and Hundreds of Unfortunate Ones Thought to be Cured. Two bright-faced lads in poor clothes walked down East Seventy-sixth street yesterday morning, carrying another lad between them. They stopped at the edge of the crowd in front of the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, where the relic of St. Ann, which is said to have cured scores of people, is on exhibition.

"We want to bring him in to kiss the relic," said one. "He's got something the matter with him so he can't walk. We see in the papers about people being cured by the relic. It will cure him. He's our cousin." The crowd made way for them, and they carried their burden up the church steps. All this time the young cripple smiled as if he appreciated the good offices of his companions. In the church the aisles were crowded, but the boys had little trouble getting to the altar, where the relic is held in a glass case. They allowed the cripple to press his lips to the box containing the relic. Then they kissed it themselves. The crowd, eager to approach the relic, held back, and a few big, strong men assisted the lads out of the church. The cripple was not cured, but he wore a satisfied air as he was led away.

Many things of a similar nature occurred at the Little French-Canadian church yesterday. When Father Tetreau carried the relic from his house at 5:30 o'clock in the morning, 200 men and women were gathered in front of the church. Long before the first mass was begun at 6 o'clock the church was filled with the doors. In the intervals between the hourly masses people were allowed to pass in and out of the church to kiss the relic. The first mass at 11 o'clock was made up almost entirely of French-Canadians, and to the crowd which gathered in front of the church the clergyman seemed to have no effect on the religious crowd. It was estimated that between 10,000 and 15,000 persons kissed the relic in the morning. A dozen policemen from the East Sixty-seventh street station handled the crowd. Stout ropes were stretched across the street, and a line half a dozen deep. Three hundred at a time were permitted to enter the church. The boys had come out by the side door, when another batch was let in. After 1 o'clock, when the clouds broke and the sun shone brightly, the crowd in front of the church almost to Third Avenue was seen at 11 o'clock. A peculiarity of the crowd which was made up of four white men, was that there was no laughing or shouting, and the lips of many moved as if in prayer.

At 11 o'clock in health had to take their turn on the line, even if they came in carriages and were richly attired, as many were. Policemen from the police station were sent to the church to see that the requirements of the law were complied with. The boys who were cured by the relic were assisted into the place. A father carried his crippled son in his arms, and a mother carried her child in her arms. A young husband and wife entered the church, and the father carried his child in his arms. The father carried his child in his arms. The father carried his child in his arms.

People entered the church yesterday at the rate of about 100 an hour, and it was estimated that 200 persons were present. The boys who were cured by the relic were assisted into the place. A father carried his crippled son in his arms, and a mother carried her child in her arms. A young husband and wife entered the church, and the father carried his child in his arms. The father carried his child in his arms. The father carried his child in his arms.

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The Stepper was Safe Burglar Lang and the Other was a Detective.

Superintendent of Police William H. Brown of Newark sent Capt. Corbett and six men away on a mysterious errand at 10 o'clock on Saturday night, and set up till quarter past 2 yesterday morning waiting for their return. At that moment the patrol wagon dashed up to the door with the moon and three safe breakers in charge. The prisoners were John Lang, alias "Joker," George Hall, and John Judy. Each of the men had burglar's tools in his pockets, and among them were a pair of pliers, a screw driver, a pair of locks. They were all locked up, and yesterday were photographed.

The police had information that R. J. Stillman's grocery in Irvington was to be entered and the safe opened. They understood that five men were in the job and arranged to capture them. Detectives Cosgrove, Jaegers, and Carroll were sent on ahead, and Sergeants Knoll, Tracy, and Waegins went to Irvington on the electric cars. Afterward Capt. Corbett drove up with the patrol wagon and stowed it under the hotel shed. Stillman's store is at the corner of Union and Park avenues, and the building is a three-story structure, and there are five corners from which the burglars could enter. The police hid in yards and alleys, and waited patiently for more than two hours, when the tall man in a dark suit, who was wearing a top hat and a long white coat, the father carrying the child.

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THE BOAT HOUSE.

This fact, and set about getting a boat house for the use of the club. The result is that plans have been adopted and work commenced on a house that will not only answer all the wants of the club, but will also be a fine ornament. The house is to be constructed on the site of the old boat house, which was on the Harlem River at 157th street. The house will be two and a half stories high, and of handsome architecture.

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Ladies

Do you want to keep your husband home at night, and keep him agreeable and pleasant? He must smoke, and yet, you don't like the smell of his tobacco. You can drive him away to his club—out of just such things come misery, unhappiness and divorce. The trouble is that he uses poor tobacco. Coax him to get BLACKWELL'S BULL DURHAM SMOKING TOBACCO; its delicate aroma will not be offensive to you, and it will not fill all the curtains, hangings and clothing with that stale disagreeable odor that now troubles you. Keep your husband home, and avoid all risks by having him smoke BULL DURHAM TOBACCO. Sold everywhere.

BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO CO., Durham, N. C.

A CHERRY DIAMOND BOAT HOUSE

That Club to Have a Handsome and Roomy Building.

A 788 ago, when Fred Fortmeyer took the position of director of aquatic of the Manhattan Athletic Club, the boating interest in that organization was very largely confined to the duties of a characteristic water polo player, and the Cherry Diamond members to great activity, and to-day there are 150 rowing members of the club. Before the season had progressed far there was a daily attendance at the boat house of from fifty to seventy-five men, and the log book shows that 7,000 miles were rowed by the club.

NEARLY STEPPED ON HIM.

The Stepper was Safe Burglar Lang and the Other was a Detective.

Superintendent of Police William H. Brown of Newark sent Capt. Corbett and six men away on a mysterious errand at 10 o'clock on Saturday night, and set up till quarter past 2 yesterday morning waiting for their return. At that moment the patrol wagon dashed up to the door with the moon and three safe breakers in charge. The prisoners were John Lang, alias "Joker," George Hall, and John Judy. Each of the men had burglar's tools in his pockets, and among them were a pair of pliers, a screw driver, a pair of locks. They were all locked up, and yesterday were photographed.

THE BOAT HOUSE.

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This fact, and set about getting a boat house for the use of the club. The result is that plans have been adopted and work commenced on a house that will not only answer all the wants of the club, but will also be a fine ornament. The house is to be constructed on the site of the old boat house, which was on the Harlem River at 157th street. The house will be two and a half stories high, and of handsome architecture.

A "BIG FOUR" AT POOL.

A Double-handed Match for the Largest Stake Ever Played For.

What promises to be a remarkable pool contest will be the four-handed match, which will take place in the city on Saturday evening. The stakes are \$100,000. The match will be played between the Chicago experts, Albert G. Powers and John Werner, on one side, and Champion Alfredo de Cuba and Charles H. Manning of New York on the other. The match will be played in the city on Saturday evening. The stakes are \$100,000.

SEVEN HOUSES RAIDED BY CAPT. CREEDON.

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Seven houses were raided by Capt. Creedon on Saturday night to raid disorderly houses. Detectives Doan and McGord and a squad of thirty-eight policemen were with him. Maurice De Solaigue, say from the window of 126 Macdougall street the policemen approaching. De Solaigue gave the alarm and the inmates of the house jumped out the rear windows, without waiting to pack up many clothes, and escaped. The Frenchman, who was a burglar, being one of a gang of burglars, and for his recent escape from