HOT PURSUIT OF TRAMPS.

A COLONY OF THE OUTLAWS NEAR PORT JERVIS DISPERSED.

Three of Them Entered the Town Yesterday Morning and Robbed a Milk Wagon—Chief of Police Yaples Soon Got on Their Track, and, as They Did Not Obey His Command to Halt, He Fired and Killed One—The Other Two Escaped.

PORT JERVIS, Oct. 17.—Ever since the warm weather began last spring Port Jervis has been cursed with a plague of tramps. Whoever ventured into the woods that press upon all sides of the town was sure to see a dozen or more languid, soiled, and unshaven men at full length on the grass or peering their unkempt heads from the bushes, where they had hid themselves out of a sense of guilt. These days of languor and inglorious ease were always succeeded by nights of such toilsome activity that the householders, the storekeepers, and the police were exasperated to the point of threatening lynchings. They stole nickels from the cans left outside for milkmen; they carried away steaks that the butchers left; they robbed the chicken coops; they milked the cows; they took advantage of shutters left carelessly open; they even broke into shops and carried away a good part of the assorted stock. The police did their best to clear the woods, but new tramps were always arriving to take the place of those who departed on the freight trains, and thus the woods and the deserted coal pockets below the town were always tenanted with unknown men, who menaced the peace and safety of Port Jervis. This morning Yaples, Chief of Police, killed one of these tramps and gave the whole colony such a fright that Port Jervis will not see any more of them this year. It came about in this way.

This morning, when Ephraim Shay, the milkman from Matamoras, went into Mrs. Ott's saloon in Jersey avenue to deliver the morning milk he left his wagon unguarded. There was a tin box under the seat, where Ephraim had all the money he had collected before and a good deal besides. Ephraim thinks there was about $150. As Mrs. Ott wanted Ephraim to take a drink before going on his way the wagon stood there for some time, and, as the street is a lonely one, no one saw three tramps come off the road and stop on the side of the wagon away from the door. They had just come from peering into Milkman Lateer's wagon, where they had found him on guard, and had been so annoyed that they took to their heels. They probably saw Shay standing with Mrs. Ott and busy at a glass of beer. When Shay came out he saw them running off the road. He looked into his wagon, saw the leather seat turned up, and saw that the tin box and its contents were gone. He set up a great shout, and Bockover, the meat man, and Jim Burns, his assistant, ran to the door of their shop.

As soon as Burns heard what the matter was he jumped into his delivery wagon and drove down the street with such an excited look about his face that all who saw him started in pursuit and arrived at Chief Yaples's office almost as soon as he did. Yaples jumped into the wagon and the horse was once more beaten into a gallop. At Mrs. Ott's saloon there were a number of people, all of whom had seen the tramps in different places at the same time. While Yaples was debating which way to go, a man came up who said he had just seen three men drinking in Dufley's saloon, a quarter of a mile away, in the lower end of the town. Yaples and Burns drove there straightway. Yaples ran into the barroom and found it empty. Out in the street again he saw three men making for the railway embankment. He drew his pistol and started after them at a gait which did credit to his zeal. The men had seen his uniform, and looked not back as they ran. Yaples made such a spurt that he got within earshot.

"Halt!" he yelled. "Halt, or I'll shoot!"

But the men only dug their heels into the road the faster. Ahead was a long, low building belonging to the railway company. When the three tramps got to this they separated. All three turned the corner and were out of Yaples's sight, but one ran down along the building and lost himself in the coal pockets, while the other two kept straight on for the embankment. There were freight cars on some of the several tracks there and a shallow river, and the woods of a place called "The Island" lay beyond. When Yaples got to the corner of the building he shouted again and then fired one shot at the man making for the coal pockets and two shots at the two going for the embankment. He did not intend to hit the men, and the bullets went wide. The men did not stop, but sprinted so that they gained on Yaples, who was out of his first wind and waiting for his second. Burns, who had run with Yaples, rushed ahead and was gaining on the two men, but Yaples had lost patience and did not propose to take any chances. Just as one of the men gained the top of the embankment and darted between some freight cars, he raised his pistol and fired again, this time aiming a little below the second man. The side of the embankment is of loose cinders and gives way under a careful climber. The second tramp, near the top, lost his foothold and slipped down a few feet. The bullet came just in time. Yaples saw the man clap his hand to his left hip and stagger. He hesitated an instant and then climbed to the top of the embankment. He took his hand away from his hip, held it up before him, and then turned around. Yaples was a few yards behind him.

"What do you mean by that?" he said, and before Yaples could speak he made for the freight cars.

As he stooped to go under one of the cars the blood must have rushed into his throat, for he continued to stoop as he ran across the second track. At the third track he stumbled, fell forward and lay on his stomach, with his nose, from which the blood was running, buried in the cinders. Yaples picked him up, and the man tried to speak, but could not. He sat up looking around him in a dazed way, then fell back, and in a few minutes drew his last breath.

Yaples left the body in charge of those who were standing around, and went on after the second man. This tramp had plunged down the other side of the embankment, and had made for the river bank. He did not look back to see why his friend was not with him, but dashed into the water. At this season of the year the river is so low that one may almost wade across it. Several people saw him walk cautiously out till the water was up to his neck. Then they saw his head disappear little by little until the top of his Derby hat was out of sight. A minute later the top of the head appeared near the further shore, then the face of the man, and then his whole body, until he stood dripping on the other bank, the shore of "the Island," and rushed into the brush. A few minutes later Levi Linley and several others who were out hunting saw a dripping man walking along the bed of the dried up stream which separates the island from the mainland in winter. The man stepped when he saw them, and when Linley, who was suspicious of him, asked several pointed questions, he said: "I just got a duckling. I fell in the river." Linley and his friends tried to detain him, but the man, finding that they know nothing, paid no attention to them. He ran on, and turning into the interior of the island was lost to view among the big heaps of brush with which it is now filled.

It was nearly an hour afterward that Yaples and his assistant marshal came over to the island in a boat. Linley told them about the man, and policemen and hunters set to work to beat the brush. They turned over many piles and poked into many more. They scared out a score of rabbits, but not the large game they were looking for. After two hours of fruitless search they all came back to Port Jervis. The island is in Pennsylvania, and was therefore beyond Yaples's jurisdiction.

Meanwhile they had backed down a yard engine, and had taken the dead tramp's body aboard and had brought it to the station and thence to Carley & Terwilliger's undertaking shop. The Coroner came, and after getting together a jury held a post-mortem. Yaples had put a bullet into the dead man's hip. It had struck the hip bone, had gone upward through the left lung, cut the windpipe, and lodged against the jugular vein. When they searched the dead man's pockets they found $14 in small change, evidently part of the spoils from Ephraim Shay's wagon, and several bottles, one with a New York druggist's name blown into the side. The name was Falkenreck. Eighty-sixth street and Park avenue, Buffalo, was nothing to indicate who the tramp was. He was about 5 feet 8 inches tall, had a small dark mustache and dark hair streaked with gray. His clothes were rough dark material. His hands were not the hands of a man who had worked hard. Unless one of his companions is captured it is probable that his name will never be known, and it is not probable that either of the two men will be captured. The one who waded the river and, by the way, killed Yaples thinks he hit this man in the knee. He has not been seen since Linley saw him disappear behind a pile of brush. The first man, who ran into the coal pockets, slunk back into the town after the hue and cry had passed, and went south on foot into the woods. It is thought that he got to the railroad tracks and boarded a freight train.

All the afternoon stories of the misdoings of these three men have been coming into Port Jervis. Cigars found on the dead man's pocket give color to the idea that he and his two companions robbed Alex. Barrows's saloon at Tappantown last night. A case of beer, some whiskey, 750 cigars, an overcoat, and an umbrella were taken. From the many stories it would seem that last night these three, half drunk with the beer and whiskey they had taken, tried to break into half a dozen shops and houses. Chief Yaples has done a good deal of telegraphing to-day, and also a good deal of searching on horseback and afoot, with and without companions. He does not expect to get the other two men, but all the tramps in and around Port Jervis have taken flight. The coal pockets and the woods are clear of them now, and, if there be any truth in the stories of tramp codes of signals, Port Jervis has ceased to be a recommended stopping place. To-night the police locked up two wanderers who had just arrived and were in ignorance of the day's doings. They were making ready to spend the night in an outbuilding near the Sand house.

IT LOOKED WELL AT FIRST,

But Faded Before the Efforts of the Conscientious and Industrious Reporter.

In THE SUN'S mail yesterday there came a letter which contained the following information:

A number of swells were drinking at the bar of the Hotel Kensington, when one of the group suddenly demanded to be informed who it was struck him on the back of the neck. Nobody appeared to know who struck "Billy Patterson," which fact so irritated the individual who claimed to have been assaulted that he proceeded at once to clean out the place. He picked up some twenty unopened champagne bottles from the bar and threw them indiscriminately at the crowd, destroying mirrors and chandeliers. The crowd dodged successfully the fire of bottles, only, however, to receive a pounding right away at the hands of the bottle thrower when his supply of missiles had been exhausted. Tables were overturned and some gentlemen with single eyeglasses fared roughly. Mr. —— —— can give you all the particulars.

A reporter went to see Mr. ——. He is a lawyer, whose office is in Fifth avenue, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets. The Hotel Kensington is on the northeast corner of Fifth avenue and Fifteenth street. He said to the reporter:

"Of course that story is a little exaggerated, but there was a pretty lively scrimmage over there. I wasn't there myself, but a friend of mine down stairs told me about it. It seems that a lot of dudes got drunk. One of them claimed that some one had struck him in the neck, and then he fired a bottle of champagne at the man he suspected. There was a big row after that, and I hear one of the dudes had his monocle broken. I don't know how it ended, and I didn't hear that any mirrors or chandeliers were broken. You'd better see my friend down stairs. For heaven's sake don't publish my name."

The reporter felt that the gloss had vanished, but it might still be a good story.

"My friend down stairs" was next seen. He is a salesman for a piano firm, and is a jolly fellow.

"About that row in the Kensington? Oh, I don't know anything about it. A man who lives in the hotel was telling me that there'd been a row of some sort over there on Saturday afternoon. I understand that a lot of dudes had been drinking champagne, and that one of them dropped his single burnelled eyeglass and smashed it. They got quarrelling about something and were all put out. That's all I know about it. The man in the hotel can tell you all about it. I think he saw it all. But, say, don't put my name in the paper."

The reporter's heart was fast sinking. But there was yet hope.

The "man in the hotel" is a wealthy merchant. He was a trifle annoyed when the reporter questioned him about the row in the barroom.

"I don't know anything about that affair," he said. "One of the colored hall boys told me that a number of men were quarrelling and that they had gone down stairs, and that one of them wore a monocle. I don't see how my name became mixed up in the matter. I hope you won't mention it in your paper."

The hall boy grinned.

"Do' know nuffin' 'bout it, boss. Charley tole me a gang o' swells w'z a-scrappin' in d' cuffy 'n' one o' de doods wore harl a' eyegla-s."

Armed with this disappointment the reporter went into the cafe and begged the manager to tell the true story. Much surprised at such a request, the manager said:

"There isn't any story to it. A couple of dudes sat down to a bottle of champagne. One of them fancied the other had wronged him and they began to talk loud. There were a lot of people in the room, but nobody paid any attention to them until one of the men said: 'If you come outside I'll lick you.' Then I requested them both to leave, and they did so. I believe one of them wore a monocle."

William Tell probably wanted to hit a bird high up in the air, but being a bad shot hit instead an apple which his son was trying to knock from a tree. You can't always tell.

RHYMED RULES OF PRACTICE.

While Judge McAdam Quotes Them He Mandamuses Justice Murray.

Judge McAdam of the Superior Court has peremptorily ordered Thomas E. Murray, Justice of the Eleventh District Court, to issue a warrant dispossessing John Lyon, who has three rooms on the second floor of 259 West Forty-seventh street, rented from Quarantine Commissioner Charles F. Allen. Judge McAdam of his own motion struck allegations from the affidavit of William H. Secor, counsel for Allen, reflecting on the character of Justice Murray.

It appeared that Secor, in behalf of Allen, obtained a summons requiring Lyon, who was two months in arrears, to show cause before Justice Murray on Sept. 30 why he should not be dispossessed. Lyon appeared in person. Justice Murray asked Secor to show his authority for appearing for Allen, and, this not being produced, adjourned the case to Oct. 3. Lyon had put in no answer. Secor did not appear on Oct. 3, and the case was dismissed.

In an affidavit submitted by Secor in the motion for mandamus he says Lyons was "protected from eviction" by Justice Murray, who was "unwilling to obey the law" and had adjourned the case "in open defiance and disregard of the law." He then makes the following statements, which Judge McAdam with red ink crossed out of the records:

(With malicious and insufferable impudence and dictatorially words used in referring to the act of adjournment.)

Nothing but peremptory mandamus will restore the little sense of responsibility this Thomas E. Murray ever had.

That the title of Justice coupled and associated with this man's name is revolting to decency and an insult to reasonable intelligence, and his conduct from this moment so miserable man is calculated, unless some strong measures are applied to him, to bring an odium upon the reputation of such court, and that such justice is a farce and outrage upon right.

"The rule is," says Judge McAdam, "that an allegation in a pleading or in affidavit, which is unbecoming the dignity of the Court to hear, or which is contrary to good manners, or which charges crime not necessary to be shown in the cause, is regarded as scandalous and will be stricken out. If matter is scandalous it is also impertinent. Scandal tends to injure records by means of making records the means of perpetuating libelous and malicious slanders. * * * The objectionable matter in this instance reflects upon the official integrity of the respondent, and is calculated to bring him into disrepute as a judicial officer."

Judge McAdam says that Mr. Secor must have known that these allegations were irrelevant, and that he should be censured for using them. The Judge, quoting from Warren's book on attorneys, reminds the practitioner of the trite but beautiful verse:

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show
That mercy show to me.

Justice Murray makes affidavit that the reason he asked Mr. Secor for his authority was that he had heard from landlords and tenants and from affidavit that Mr. Secor had appeared in other cases without authority.

Judge McAdam holds that Justice Murray could not ask Mr. Secor for his authority.

SHE TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AYED.

Fanny Beane's Explanation of How She Gets Into a Police Court.

In tattered and mud-bespattered finery she stood before Justice Ryan in the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday morning. The green feather in her hat was ragged and limp. Her hands and face were spotted with mud.

"Well, well, well," said the Justice. "Is it you?"

"It is; indeed it is," she said. "'Tis me, myself."

"And who are you, yourself?"

"Fanny Beane. An' indeed I have been. Do yer see that joke, Judge? Beane—been."

"What are you here for?" asked Justice Ryan.

"'Twas on Fourteenth street last night. You know I, Fanny Beane, used to star with Gilden. Beane and Gilden were we. I used to dance when Eddie Forrest made 'emcery. Well, I have been hearing a good bit of Lottie Collins lately, an' I—an' I——"

"You what?"

"I ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ayed right into Capt. O'Connor's arms. Of course I was a little tipsy or I wouldn't ha' done it. But he's such a nice man to hold you."

Capt. Richard O'Connor of the Tenderloin precinct had met Fanny Beane in Fourteenth street drunk and dancing with a crowd around her. Justice Ryan fined her $5. Her husband, Charles Gilden, died about a year and a half ago. She was at one time a conspicuous soubrette.

Yale Will Have a Chicago Exhibit.

NEW HAVEN, Oct. 17.—President Timothy Dwight of Yale University to-day wrote a letter to Major George H. Woods, one of the Commissioners for the Chicago Exposition, announcing the fact that Yale has decided to make an exhibit and applied for 1,000 square feet of space for that purpose. Trinity will also apply soon.

LOST REGINALD LITTLEJOHN.

ASTONISHING DISAPPEARANCE OF A REMARKABLE CAT.

Reggie was a Talented Beast—It Could Turn Somersaults and Enjoy Soulful Verse—Miss Littlejohn is Well-nigh Inconsolable.

This cat had the glossiest and silkiest fur, remarkable intelligence, fascinating beauty, a most aristocratic pedigree, and a mistress who loved it dearly, but it ran away. This cat was more devoted to its mistress than any dog could be; it rubbed against her gown with the plainest evidences of deep-seated affection, and looked up into her eyes with all the fire of its Oriental nature. It was a native of Persia and had all the passion of that romantic land. After this statement of facts it will be readily understood that the disappearance of this cat has brought well-nigh inconsolable grief to its mistress.

For some time the residents of the lower section of Brooklyn have been made aware of the disappearance of this cat through this advertisement that appeared in the hotels, many of the stores, and on the outer walls of some of the buildings:

LOST—Sept. 3, 1892, a large Angora long-haired, brown tabby cat, with large bushy tail, white breast and feet and white streak on nose. Five dollars is offered, but no reasonable reward will be refused to any one returning him or giving any information as may lead to his recovery. to Miss LITTLEJOHN, 89 Pineapple st., Brooklyn.

This cat's name was Reginald, but it will be noticed that Reginald is described in the advertisement as a tabby cat. This apparent incongruity must be THE SUN'S only apology for referring to Reginald in an impersonal and impartial fashion as "it."

Reginald became conscious of the worries of this world in the heart of England. Early in life it came into the possession of the Littlejohn family, which consists at present of Mrs. Littlejohn, her son Stewart, who is an artist, and her daughter, who is a blue-eyed divinity.

Reginald grew to be a wonderful animal. It would turn marvellous somersaults, and

REGINALD LITTLEJOHN.

seemed to understand all that was said. It was particularly fond of the poetry which Miss Littlejohn often read aloud. When Reggie sailed for America a year and a half ago it captivated all the other passengers on the ship. It paraded up and down the deck with the hauteur of an aristocrat and the steadiness of a born sailor.

The apartment house at 89 Pineapple street, in which Reginald was domiciled, had already become famous through being the residence of the young Californian author of "Through the Chaparral; or, The Wingless Insects of Shasta County." The Littlejohn family took the top flat, so that Reginald might have the roof for its exercise. Here it grew to be the very large and handsome animal shown in the accompanying picture.

Every morning Reggie rode around the rooms on Miss Littlejohn's shoulder, and whenever the family returned from a visit Reginald awaited them at the door.

One day Reginald tripped lightly out of a fifth story window. Its terrified mistress rushed to the basement, expecting to find his mangled body on the flagstones. Instead, its saw Reginald calmly stroking its whiskers. With partonable pride she had it photographed, and her brother painted its portrait.

On Saturday, Sept. 3, Reginald was on the roof with Miss Littlejohn. Suddenly it leaped down to the window sill of the parlor window. Miss Littlejohn rushed down stairs, but Reggie had disappeared. From that time to this, although anxious inquiries have been made for and wide, nothing has been seen of Reginald by the Littlejohn family. Once somebody said that it had been seen in the Navy Yard, but the search there was fruitless.

The Littlejohns, although mourning for Reginald as one who is dead, still believe that it is alive. That it was not killed by the fall on Sept. 3 is sure, for it lively would have been found. The Littlejohns thought at first that it might have gone to some of the neighbors. But the neighbors had not seen it, and the Californian declared that he had never heard of Reggie.

At the time of the disappearance Reginald was nearly twice as big as an ordinary cat, with a marked ruff of white fur around its neck and a wonderfully bushy tail. If anybody should see such a cat he can discover whether it is really Reginald by talking to it in soulful verse. If it is Reginald, it will show marked appreciation of the attention.

A MAN IN TATTERS WITH BANK BOOKS.

Patrick Kelly, Arrested as a Vagrant, Surprises Every One in the Tombs.

Among the prisoners arraigned before Justice McMahon in the Tombs Court yesterday afternoon was one whose wretched appearance attracted the attention of even the court loungers. He was a man over 50, short and thin. He had a mop of red hair, mixed with gray, and a grizzled beard. His face was tanned and seamed. He wore a big derby hat full of holes, with a part of the rim gone. His old coat, which was in tatters, was without one sleeve, and as he wore no shirt his bony arm hung bare from the shoulder. His bare toes stuck out of a pair of old gaiters. His trousers, which were held up by a bit of rope, were in tatters at the bottom of the legs. He was covered with dirt and vermin. He carried a bundle wrapped in a greasy newspaper.

He was charged with vagrancy, and had been arrested on the Vesey street dock. When told of the charge against him the man became indignant. He pounded the railing in front of him with his grimy fist as he said:

"It's a lie, your Honor. I am no vagrant. I have a sore on my leg and was bathing it in the river when the policeman arrested me. I can take care of myself."

"What is your name?"

"Patrick Kelly, sir, and I came to this country from Ireland the year before the war."

"Where do you live?"

"I have no home."

"What is your business?"

"I don't work now, your Honor, but I was a fireman on the ocean steamers."

"Do you want to be committed?"

"No, sir; I don't. I can take care of myself."

"Kelly," said the Justice, "you are sick, you have no home, and no money to provide for yourself, so I am going to send you to the almshouse."

"I beg your of Honor to look at this," said the man.

He reached round to the back of his coat, drew out a package, and handed it to the Justice. Unfolding the paper wrapper a thick paper envelope was disclosed, opening this, the Justice took out several small books. He opened the books slowly and examined each one carefully. Then he leaned back in his chair and with a look of astonishment gazed at the man. Turning to the policeman who made the arrest, the Justice said:

"You have made a mistake this time, officer. The package this man gave me to look at contained five bank books showing balances of $8,000, $2,000, $1,500, $2,500, and $2,100, making a total of $17,000."

This announcement surprised every one. The man drew himself up proudly, and with an air of satisfaction exclaimed: "I told your honor I could take care of myself. I am no vagrant and no jum."

"Well, you can go this time," said the Justice, as he handed back the bank books, "but if you come before me again I'll send you away for six months."

Kelly tucked his books into the back of his coat again and shuffled out of court.

SHE CALLED HIM "DUTCHY."

That was More than Merkin Could Stand, and He Stabbed Her.

Abraham Merkin, a shoemaker, 35 years old, of 52 Nostrand avenue, Williamsburgh, stabbed Mrs. Mary Mckeever, a neighbor, in the left breast with a penknife on Sunday evening, and she is now in St. Catherine's Hospital in a critical condition. The house in which the stabbing occurred is known as the "House of Blazes." Merkin lives on the third floor and Mrs. Mckeever on the floor above.

A race war has existed between the German and the Irish tenants for several months. Mrs. Mckeever, it is alleged, was continually calling Merkin "Dutchy." Merkin was going after beer at 5 o'clock Sunday evening, and encountered Mrs. Mckeever in the hall. She greeted him with her accustomed abuse. He drew a penknife and stabbed her. Merkin pleaded not guilty when arraigned in the Gates avenue Court yesterday morning, and was committed to jail without bail.

Fears for the Bark Canova.

QUEEBEC, Oct. 17.—Nothing has been heard of the British bark Canova, Capt. Linklater, which left Belfast Aug. 24 for this port. The Canova is a speedy vessel, and has frequently made the round trip in less time than she has now been out. Fears are entertained for her safety.

INGELLS IS A BRUTAL THIEF.

Despite the Pleadings of a Sick Man's Wife He Steals His Gold Watch.

A gray-haired woman dressed in plain black faced a big, broad-shouldered thief yesterday morning in the Jefferson Market Police Court. The thief was Louis Ingells, 44 years old, who told Justice Ryan that he lived at 144 West 124th street. The woman was the wife of Frank Quackenbush, a retired Pennsylvania banker, who is in the care of specialists here.

Ingells is a professional nurse, and until a month ago worked in the private hospital at 109 East Thirty-fourth street. The number of patients in this hospital is limited to four. Each operation costs $1,000 and the rate per day is $75. Prof. Keese and Dr. Chetwood are in charge of it.

Banker Quackenbush went there early in September. His wife was with him. On Sept.

LOUIS INGELLS.

26 Dr. Chetwood performed an operation on him. After the operation Ingells was assigned to watch Mr. Quackenbush through the night. Mrs. Quackenbush refused to leave her husband, and sat by his bedside. Shortly after 1 o'clock in the morning of Sept. 27 Mr. Quackenbush's condition changed for the worse. He lost consciousness and lay motionless and moaning. Mrs. Quackenbush knelt by his bedside, weeping. Ingells sat by the window. The gas burned low, and all was still, save for the moaning of the man and the sobs of his wife. As the clock struck 2 Ingells arose and crossed the room to the bed. Mr. Quackenbush's waistcoat rested on a pillow near his head. Softly Ingells drew close to the suffering man and bent low over him to make sure he was unconscious. Then he turned and lifted the waistcoat from the pillow. He took the watch and chain from one of the pockets, and was searching the others for money when Mrs. Quackenbush looked up.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Go to hell," said Ingells.

"That is my husband's waistcoat," sobbed Mrs. Quackenbush. "Don't touch it—please don't. He put it there himself; it was the last thing he did."

"Shut up, damn you," answered the nurse.

"Why, you've taken his watch," said the woman. "Oh, please don't touch it. I'll give you anything if you will only let it alone. My husband liked it so."

The answer was a jeer.

"Give it back, please," she begged. "I'll give you everything I have. Don't laugh so loud; you'll wake him. Only give me the watch," she pleaded as the tears streamed down her face.

"Shut up, I say. Do you hear me?" said Ingells. "Shut up, I say."

Then he walked across the room to the dimly burning gaslight and looked the watch over.

"What a beauty," he murmured, forgetful of the woman and his victim.

Then he fitted it into his own waistcoat and turned to the mirror.

"Please, please give me the watch," moaned the woman. "It's all I ask. I'll give you anything for it."

"If you don't shut up I'll brain you," shouted Ingells, and he started toward the woman.

Mrs. Quackenbush screamed and threw herself across her husband. Mr. Quackenbush stirred slightly, and Ingells stopped, hesitated, and then hurried out of the room. It was 4 o'clock before Mrs. Quackenbush mustered up courage to leave the room and hunt up Dr. Chetwood. She told him her story, and he at once notified Inspector McLaughlin, who detailed Detective Sergeants McCarthy and Cuff on the case. They traced Ingells to the Catskills, and then back to this city. Last Friday night they saw him walking up Manhattan avenue, near 127th street. Ingells evidently knew the detectives, for when he spied them he turned and ran. The detectives caught him after a chase of five blocks, and locked him up at Police Headquarters while they further investigated his case.

They found that he had forged his letter of recommendation, which he used to get employment from Prof. Keese. The letter bore the signature of Dr. Lyon of the Bloomingdale asylum. Dr. Lyon said yesterday that he never knew Ingells and never signed any letter of any nature for him. Ingells also stole a gold watch and chain, valued at $500, from a patient from Buffalo named Frank Schultenberger, clothing and medical instruments from Dr. Edward Fuller, and papers and medical instruments from Prof. Keese. The value of the articles he has thus far stolen is $1,300. When Justice Ryan asked him yesterday what he had to say, he answered sullenly:

"Nothing."

"Do you mean to deny this charge?" asked the Justice.

"I haven't got anything to say," answered Ingells, humbly.

"I've seen brutes before," remarked the Justice. "I'll hold you in $2,500 bail for trial."

FRIGHTENED BY A CATAMOUNT.

A Rondout Hunter's Dog Torn to Pieces While He Was Running for Help.

KINGSTON, Oct. 17.—On Friday of last week Henry Wilson, who lives at North Rondout, had a thrilling experience. He went to the long swamp, about six miles from his home, on a hunting expedition, accompanied by a valuable hound. After tramping about for three or four hours with indifferent success, Wilson sat down on the stump of a tree to rest. He had not been there long when he was startled by an unearthly scream that fairly chilled his blood. Looking in the direction of the noise he saw something that filled him with terror. A large catamount, with eyes blazing with fury, was coming toward him. He raised his gun and fired, but being nervous he only slightly wounded the animal, which only served to increase its savage ferocity. At this critical moment the hound, which had heard the crack of its master's gun, came rushing up and tackled the catamount. Wilson did not wait to see the fight between the dog and catamount, but set out on a dead run for his home. On reaching there he told his story to Andrew Weber and Gus Stock, two well-known hunters, who agreed to accompany Wilson back to the swamp. Wilson piloted the men to the spot. Nothing could be seen of the cat, but the ground was strewn with the bones and flesh of the hound. The dog had literally been torn to pieces. The hunters searched a long time through the swamp, but could not get a glimpse of the animal. Two farmers passing the swamp on their way to this city saw the catamount in an oak tree, but being unarmed did not venture near it.

Saturday and Sunday a party of a dozen or more scoured the swamp in search of the catamount. The search was continued to-day but so far the animal has escaped. Last night a hennery a short distance from the swamp was visited and over twenty fowls killed, and early this morning Frank Hartman, a railroader, while at work was attacked by the beast, and it was with difficulty that he beat the animal off with his shovel. The catamount is supposed to have escaped from a circus that exhibited here last summer.

MRS. NACHT SUES FIRST.

Her Husband Says the Lawyer He Retained is Representing Her.

Baruch Nacht finds himself defendant in an action for limited divorce in the Court of Common Pleas when he had reason to believe that he would be plaintiff in a suit for absolute divorce. Mrs. Nacht demands a separation on the ground of desertion. The couple was married in Bacan, Roumania, in October, 1882, and came to this country some time later, hiring rooms at 11 Rivington street. Mrs. Nacht says she was abandoned in March, 1891, when her child was born. Nacht admits the abandonment, but says he left her because she was intimate with a boarder named Bremer. He avers that his wife abandoned the child. His wife had him arrested for abandonment, but the Justice at the Essex Market Police Court discharged him. Then she had him locked up in Ludlow street jail, in her divorce suit, in April last, but he was released on bail.

Nacht asserts that in July last he paid Eugene J. Wells $75 to bring a suit for him against his wife, and that Wells has now turned up as his wife's lawyer, and has not returned the money.

A Flag of Truce Went with It.

A letter post marked "Fresno, Cal.," and addressed to "William Brookfield, Tammany Hall," was left at the Fourteenth street wigwam by a mail carrier yesterday. The Chairman of the Republican State and President of the Republican County Committees got his letter through a flag of truce sent to the Fifth Avenue Hotel by Mr. Croker.

DEFENDS A MOTHER'S NAME.

SATURDAY NIGHT IN A BLEECKER STREET DANCE HALL.

One Woman Says Maggie Carney's Mother in Ireland is a Wench, and Maggie Proceeds to Stick a Hat Pin Into Her Eye.

In the shadow of the elevated railroad, where the cinders strew the street and where the sunlight reaches only after battling with oil-covered ties, in the heart of Bleecker street, at 144, there is a dance hall.

In county Clare, in Ireland, where all is bright and green, there is a clean, white-washed cottage. In this cottage lives an old woman. In the music hall in Bleecker street lived her daughter.

Last Saturday night the police of the Mercer street station raided the Bleecker street dive and found there among the others the young Irish girl spattered with blood. Her face was scratched and bleeding, her hands were torn. On the floor in front of her lay a woman screaming for help. In the woman's left eye was a long hat pin, driven half way in.

It all began over the old woman in Ireland.

On Saturday nights Bleecker street's dives are full, the dance halls are crowded. Shortly after 2 o'clock on the night of the raid Maggie Carney entered the dance hall at 144. She spoke to no one, but walked quietly over to a corner and sat down. She ordered a glass of beer, paid for it, and was drinking it when Theresa Frobbel, big, broad-chested, and brawny, walked in and wandered about the room. She paused at several tables to drink with acquaintances. At last she spied the young Irish girl. Going over to her, she sat down and ordered a drink. Two men joined them. Beer was plentiful, and all got drunk.

Song after song was sung until they knew no more. Then the Frobbel woman turned to Maggie Carney and said:

"Sing, damn you, why don't you sing?"

"I've sung all I know," was the answer.

"Sing 'Kilarney,'" said the woman.

The girl began the song. As she sang tears came to her eyes and her voice broke.

"Get onter her, de chicken-heart," jeered the Frobbel woman.

The girl began again, only to break down.

"Cryin' for her mother, the old wench," said the other woman.

Like a flash the Irish girl was on her feet, pale and trembling. She walked close up to her companion and looked her full in the face.

"Curse me all you want," she said. "Jeer me, damn me, and all that. But about my mother—not a word."

"Hear her talk, the daughter of a wench trying to be a lady," sneered the other.

She had hardly finished speaking when the Irish girl caught her by the throat. Together the two women rolled over on the floor, scattering the sawdust carpet and kicking over the chairs. The other loungers climbed on top of the tables that they might better see the fight. They cheered the women. At last there was a pause. The Irish girl lay still with the Frobbel woman pinning her down.

"Wench," she hissed into Maggie Carney's ears. "Wench, I say. Your mother's a wench."

The other did not move. The Frobbel woman, thinking her opponent had fainted, relaxed her hold. The Irish girl sprang up, forced the woman to the floor, and before she would recover had drunk her hat pin deep into the Frobbel woman's head.

"A wench, is she?" she said. "For every time you called her that I'll jab your eyes."

And she drew the hatpin out and plunged it into the left eye of the other woman. Again she drew it out, and again she plunged it in, leaning low over her victim, and jeering her in whispered hisses.

"You'll call her wench," she said. "You will."

A fourth time she drew forth the pin. Just as she was about to bury it again in the other's head one of the bartenders yelled "Police!" and started to turn out the lights. The police were too quick. All the inmates were arrested. The Frobbel woman was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital, where, last night, little hope of her recovery was entertained. The pin thrusts probably penetrated the brain, it was said. She has lost her sight in one eye, and the other will probably become blind if she lives.

Maggie Carney was arraigned before Justice Ryan in the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday afternoon. She has a slight figure, bright blue eyes, and light brown hair. Her voice was pleasant. Her face and hands were covered with cuts and gashes. She was pretty once, but dissipation and exposure have marred and marked her features.

"How old are you, Maggie?" asked Justice Ryan.

"Sixteen, sir," she said.

"Were you in the dance hall?"

"Yes, sir."

"What took you there?"

"I had no place else to go. I don't know any one here, sir."

"Did you stab the Frobbel woman?"

"Yes, sir. We fought."

"What did you fight over?"

"My mother's name," said the girl.

Justice Ryan held her in $500 bail for disorderly conduct, and held her without bail to await the result of the Frobbel woman's injuries.

HE BACKED HIS OWN CHOICE,

And When the Woman's Horse Won the Messenger Disappeared.

"I thought my own horse 'ud win, an' I hated to see de woman lose," he said to Justice Ryan in the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday morning.

He was Eugene O'Neill of 788 Second avenue, a 15-year-old messenger boy employed by the Western Union Telegraph Company. The complainant against him was Joseph H. Drennan, a special policeman, employed by the company.

About two weeks ago young O'Neill answered a call to the Hotel Marlborough, where a "Mrs. Rogers from Westchester" gave him $35 to bet on a horse. Young O'Neill took the money, went to a pool-room, and instead of backing the horse Mrs. Rogers fancied, played his own favorite. His horse lost; Mrs. Rogers's horse won. Young O'Neil disappeared.

After waiting two days for her winnings Mrs. Rogers went to Manager Brennan of the Western Union and told him her story. Detective Drennan arrested O'Neill and sent word to Mrs. Rogers to appear against him. Mrs. Rogers did not appear. Yesterday morning Drennan took O'Neill before Justice Ryan.

"Why did you do this?" asked the Justice.

It was then that O'Neill wailed forth: "I t'ought my own horse 'ud win, an' I hated to see de woman lose."

"Don't you know you shouldn't play the races?" asked the Justice.

"I was only the proxy," said O'Neill.

"But you played."

"I know dat, an' my horse lost, too."

Detective Drennan explained that an inspector from Western Union had gone to Mrs. Rogers's home in Westchester to bring her to court. She would be there for the afternoon session, he said.

"O'Neill," said Justice Ryan, "I'll hold you in $500 bail until this afternoon."

O'Neill wept.

Just before court adjourned, the inspector, who had gone after Mrs. Rogers, appeared in court and said that Mrs. Rogers had refused to appear. O'Neill was discharged. The Western Union Company not only paid Mrs. Rogers her $35, but made good to her her winnings on the horse. Just who Mrs. Rogers is could not be learned. She lives near Fifty-fifth street and Fifth avenue, it was said than Westchester.

HE'S A TERROR.

The Man who Tore Down a British Flag in the Heart of New York and Scooted.

Somebody made a descent on Wall street in the dusk of last Friday evening and tore down a British flag from the front of an office building where, entwined with the American flag, it had hung all week as part of the Columbus celebration decorations. Then he scooted.

It was at 52 Wall street, and the flag was hung out beneath the first story window, with an American flag, by the agents of the Bank of British North America. It hung there unmolested for five days, as did at least half a dozen other British flags on various buildings in Wall street, three being hung out by Drexel, Morgan & Co., in their comprehensive scheme of decorations. Mr. Brownfield, one of the bank's agents, said yesterday:

"We were requested by his Worship the Mayor to hang out flags and decorate the building, and we hung out what flags we had, British and American. I presume the person who tore down the flag was either drunk or deranged."

Can Move 350,000 Troops 1,000 Miles in Thirty Hours.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 17.—Incidental to the war flurry occasioned by the Chilian affair, officers of the various railroads received communications from Government officials asking information relative to the movement of troops in large bodies. To-day Secretary Elkins received a letter from J. T. Odell, general manager of the Baltimore and Ohio road, stating that since the G. A. R. encampment here he was able to reply to the inquiry. The four trunk lines, he says, can move from the interior to the coast, taking the mean distance at 1,000 miles, 350,000 troops in thirty hours, together with their necessary equipments, horses, &c., and supplies. At the same time, he says, these roads can move enough commercial supplies so as not to affect the general business of the country.

A Feast of Good Things

One Pound of Cleveland's Baking Powder will make everything in the following list:

20 tea biscuit,
1 chocolate cake,
20 batter cakes,
1 orange cake,
1 ice-cream cake,
30 cookies,
1 coffee cake,
1 cocoanut cake,
1 loaf ginger bread,
1 Minnehaha cake,
1 apple pudding,
8 snowballs,
1 cottage pudding,
12 apple fritters,
6 crumpets,
1 suet