THE ECCENTRIC AMERICAN

WHO, CLAD IN SUMMER ATTIRE, ASCENDED SUNNY MONT BLANC.

Chamounix Wondered at His Nerve, but Could Not Doubt His Coolness—He Took a Cap and Gloves Because His Hands and Head were Sensitive to Cold.

There is one American whom they will not forget in Chamounix for many a year. In Chamounix, as in all parts of Switzerland, they are used to the extravagances and eccentricities of travellers. They are wont to regard the Americans as the most eccentric and the most extravagant of all. For when an Englishman is inconvenienced by the different ways of living and of doing things in general he growls and grumbles, and tightens his grasp on his pocketbook. The American, put out in the same way, is amused, laughs at the foolish ways of foreigners, and proceeds to spend money to create about him the conditions of his own country so far as liberality with money will do this. The people over there like to get the money well enough, but money is too scarce with them for them to like to see any one spend it disrespectfully. They think that each franc should have a loving thought and a parting squeeze when one spends it. They regard throwing out money carelessly as a sort of sacrilege. And, as eccentricities always cost money, they regard those "eccentric Americans" as a scandalous, irreverent lot who must have come dishonestly by the money they spend so freely.

But the eccentricity of this American was not of the ordinary run of prodigality with money. It was of the sort that puzzled all the four thousand inhabitants of Chamounix, and made them feel as though something uncanny had happened. It puzzled the American tourists there at the time also, but instead of feeling weird about it they were highly amused, which made the Swiss regard them still more suspiciously. The English tourists were excited about it and enraged. For if an Englishman doesn't understand a thing he regards it as some sort of a personal or national insult and loses his temper.

It was one day early in August that this American came over from Geneva in the diligence and registered at the Hotel des Alpes. He was about 30 years years old, with a frank face and eyes that fairly danced with amusement. He had got acquainted with every one on the inside of the diligence on the way over, even with a cross English mamma, who was jealously guarding a fiery-faced daughter with a form like a board and feet that had not refused to respond to the influence of much waltzing and climbing. He told them that his name was John Watson; that he was from St. Louis; that he was going over to Chamounix to make the ascent of Mt. Blanc. He was one of the disrespectful tourists, those who see the humorous side of everything. But he was so good natured, so anxious to do everything for everybody that the solemn tourists forgave him.

He put his name on the register and immediately went forth to make arrangements for his climb. Two Englishmen and a Russian had already fixed things for a start the next day. He got a reluctant consent from them, or at least from the Englishmen, and it was settled that the three guides were to have four persons in their charge instead of three. Mr. Watson was conscious about the hotel that evening, amusing himself and most of the other guests and talking lightly, even contemptuously, of the perils of an ascent. He said no one could convince him that there was any danger for a man with good nerves.

The next day, when he appeared for the start toward the great, cold, white mountain, he gave everybody the shock spoken of at first. The day was clear and hot, a perfect August summer day, so perfect that one could hardly believe those vast white plains, sloping grandly up toward the sky, were wastes of snow and ice. Mr. Watson did not believe it. For while every one else was clad with the apparent expectation of meeting cold weather and had with him a stout bundle filled with further guards against cold, Mr. Watson was clad in a loose white flannel suit. He wore no waistcoat, and a black silk sash tied up his trousers. On his head was a white flannel cap. On his feet were strong-soled patent leather shoes, and his rolled-up trousers showed at times thin black silk socks. His shirt was a silk negligé, open at the neck, and a black silk scarf was knotted loosely there.

This vision struck his companions, his guides, and all the spectators dumb with amazement. They were going to make an Arctic expedition, and this man was dressed for a day in a hammock in the torrid zone. The guides were speechless, but one of the two Englishmen found voice to say:

"What the devil does this mean? Are you out of your mind? Don't you know where we are going?"

"Oh, yes," laughed Mr. Watson, "we are going to climb Mt. Blanc. But it is warm to-day, and, besides, I am very full-blooded. Let's not delay. We must not lose a day," and he started along the road.

"But, monsieur," began one of the guides.

"Attend to your own affairs," said Mr. Watson haughtily. "I dress as I please."

"What, may I ask," asked one of the Englishmen in some such tone as one addresses a safely guarded maniac, "have you got in that little parcel?"

He pointed to a small bundle wrapped in a newspaper which Mr. Watson had under his arm.

"Here?" said Mr. Watson. "Oh, my pajamas and a fur cap and fur gloves. I am sensitive in the head and hands. I take them for precaution. You see, I don't want to catch cold."

The guides refused to go. They said in vigorous asides that this American was as mad as a March hare, that he would surely freeze to death, that they would not accept such a responsibility. The Englishman and the Russian demonstrated with him. The proprietor of the hotel implored and entreated. He told Mr. Watson of the intense cold, unbearable with any less protection than the warmest of clothing. But Mr. Watson listened amiably and impatiently. "We are used to extremes in my country," said he. "It seems the same whether it is hot or cold. I never knew what it was to feel cold in my life."

After half an hour's delay the Russian said: "The cold begins gradually. As soon as Monsieur Watson begins to suffer he will turn back and we can laugh at him. Let us not delay longer."

"You are a man of sense," said Watson. "You ought to have been an American."

"Good luck," said the Russian. "I prefer Russia, even Siberia, to such insanity as possesses your people."

They set out, leaving everybody in Chamounix talking about the insane American, whom no one expected to see again. "If he tries to make the ascent he will die of cold," said they. "If he fails he will be ashamed to come back." But the Americans did not agree to this. "He's up to something," said they, and the other guests looked one at another solemnly to show that they saw that all Americans were a mysterious lot.

It was cold enough during the first day of an ascent in fine weather. The guides, the two Englishmen and the Russian were not surprised that Mr. Watson continued to be gay and warm. The second morning, which opened cold and uncomfortable even for the others, found Mr. Watson as cheerful and warm as ever. When they started away from the inn where they had spent the night he put on his fur cap and his fur gloves. Otherwise he was the same summery looking person as on the day before. His thin white trousers flapping about his legs showed black silk stockings, and the only concession to the cold, outside of the fur cap and gloves, was the buttoning of his coat to the neck, hiding the silk shirt and flowing scarf and sash.

They climbed snow fields, they crossed crevasses, they ascended treacherous ice. Through all the intense cold and the fearful peril Mr. Watson was serene and cheerful and apparently warm. The others would have admired his steady nerve that permitted him to jest as soon as a peril was past had it not been that they regarded him as a madman. But madmen are chilled by zero temperature as much as sanemen. And how this American, in a flimsy flannel suit with only a fur cap and fur gloves to protect him from the cold, could pass through zero temperatures with cheeks healthily glowing and a body that did not shiver if his teeth told out, they could not understand. The guides grew superstitious and regarded him with awe. The Russian was in much the same state. The Englishmen were angry. Mr. Watson alone was cheerful and happy.

And when three days later they reappeared in Chamounix, the whole town, tourists and natives, was filled with amazement. At first they thought it was a conspiracy and that the American had not made the ascent, and before any of the party could get his certificate of ascension there was a careful investigation. The fact of the ascent was confirmed beyond a doubt, and Mr. Watson got his certificate as well as the others.

"Just put in," he said to the man that was making it out, "just put in that John Watson of St. Louis ascended in a white flannel suit, a silk summer shirt, and no heavy clothes except a fur cap and fur gloves."

The man put it in and handed over the certificate when it was duly countersigned. Everybody in Chamounix was anxious to know him and to study him. He stayed a day, answering questions as to his diet, his mode of exercising, his family history, physical and mental. The American tourists alone refused to be astounded. They would take him to one side and say: "Come, old man, tell us how you did it." Mr. Watson invariably answered that he did not know what they meant.

When he got back to London he produced his certificate to a friend of his and claimed the £100 that had been put up. "You see I've won the bet," he said. "I ascended in a summer suit."

"Yes, I see you did. In fact I have heard all about it a dozen times," said the stakeholder. "Here's the money. And, on the quiet, tell me how you did it."

"Well," said Mr. Watson, "there was no proviso as to what I should wear underneath. If you come up to my room at the Savoy, I'll show you a skin-tight fur-lined chamois suit that might explain the matter."

KILLED AT A FOOTBALL GAME.

The Heads of Two Students Come in Fatal Collision.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Oct. 21.—The killing of José Perez, a Spanish student of Eastman College, in a football game at Eastman Park yesterday has put a damper on the game hereabouts. The game was called for 4 P. M., and it was between the first and second teams of the college. Perez was in the rush line of the first team. The lines were drawn up ready to start, and the ball was passed to the first rush of the second team, Mr. Nery of Massachusetts. He started with it on a fast run to the left, with head down. As he started, Perez started and made a lunge for Nery, with his head down also, and they came together, Nery's head striking Perez's over the right eye with such great force that the sound of the collision was heard some distance. Perez staggered and fell, Nery being only dazed, and he kept the ball and dashed into the opposite team. Richard Maddon of the second team, who was not in the rush, saw Perez on the ground, and going up to him found him unconscious, and there was a big lump over his right eye. His mouth was working as if he had something in it, and Maddon saw that it was a roll of chewing gum.

By this time a crowd had gathered about the prostrate man, and he was picked up and carried to a bank near by and his face bathed with water. Soon he revived and was walked around the field once or twice. Then he was sent to his boarding house, 20 Noxon street, in a carriage. There he was able to walk quite well, and he told Dr. and Mrs. Seeley, with whom he boarded, that he would come out all right in the morning. He retired quite early.

At about 9:30 P. M. Mr. and Mrs. Seeley heard a heavy fall up stairs, and, going to Perez's room, found him lying on the floor in convulsions and with his night clothes on. He had evidently fallen out of bed. Dr. Marill was sent for and every effort was made to save him, but he remained unconscious until 11:30 P. M., when he died. He was 18 years old, and had been at the college three months. His father and mother are wealthy and live in Spain. His brother is one of the proprietors of the Hotel Español, 114 West Fourteenth street, New York, and he came here to-day and saw Coroner Frost, who, on learning all the facts, did not deem it necessary to hold an inquest, as the doctors said death was caused by concussion of the brain. The brother gave the necessary instructions for the proper care of the remains. Eastman students will view the remains at 8:30 to-morrow morning, and a committee of students from the college will accompany them to New York.

THIS MARRIAGE WAS A FAILURE.

The Wife Testifies that Her Parents Did All the Courting for Her.

ROCHESTER, Oct. 21.—There was a large crowd in Justice Davy's Circuit Court to-day to hear the testimony in the suit for $10,000 damages which James C. Cook, the young Tomkins county farmer, has brought against his mother-in-law, Mrs. Mary H. Davis, and James H. Reilly, whom he accuses of alienating his wife's affections. Mrs. Cook, a bright young woman, was on the stand to-day and testified that she had no affection for her husband. She said that her father and mother forced her to marry Cook. She was sent to live in Cook's family six months before the wedding, and declared that during that time she did not become well acquainted with young Cook. They were married in Moravia, Cayuga county. The old folks, she said, did all the courting.

Mrs. Cook's mother keeps a boarding house in this city and the defendant, Mr. Reilly, is one of her boarders. Mrs. Cook came to live with her mother after she left her husband. One of the women boarders at Mrs. Davis's testified that one evening when Mrs. Cook and Reilly were alone in the parlor Reilly gave Mrs. Cook some whiskey, which she drank. Then Reilly left the parlor and Mrs. Cook undressed and laid her clothes on a chair. Reilly came back, hugged Mrs. Cook, and picked up the chair and her clothes and carried them into his room.

Mr. Reilly then took the stand and explained that he took the clothes away because he thought that there would be a talk among the boarders if they found them in the parlor. He and Mrs. Cook had never been guilty of improper conduct.

Mrs. Cook then took the stand and testified that she undressed in the parlor because her room was cold. She was cross-examined sharply, and admitted that her room, the parlor, the dining room, and Reilly's room opened into each other, that all were heated by the same furnace, and that the door of each was open when she undressed.

The case will be continued on Monday.

SHULTZE WAS JEALOUS.

"It Must End Some Time," He Said, and Shot His Pretty Wife.

In a fit of jealousy, as is supposed, Peter Shultze of 219 East Twenty-second street, shot his 19-year-old wife Jenny yesterday afternoon, the bullet passing through her right shoulder. Shultze, who is a driver for a pork-packing concern in Pitt street, is 20 years of age, and lived with his wife and her mother on the second floor of the house where the shooting took place.

They had been married a year. Mrs. Shultze is good looking, and her husband accused her of neglecting her duties and showing a preference for the society of other men. There were constant quarrels between them, and, according to the statement of neighbors, he had more than once threatened to kill himself. Yesterday afternoon he appeared to be very low spirited. He told his wife he was going away, kissed her and his mother-in-law, and went out, saying: "Good-by, God bless you both. You'll never see me again."

In a short time he came back with a new 32-calibre revolver, and, pointing it at his wife, fired, saying:

"It must end some time. The sooner the better."

Mrs. Shultze's mother ran shrieking for the police. Officer Horan appeared and took Shultze to the station, where he was locked up for the night. He will be arraigned to-day in the Yorkville Police Court. He was very sullen, and refused to talk.

Mrs. Shultze was taken to Bellevue Hospital. The bullet has not yet been located. There were apparent indications of internal hemorrhage.

Chaplain Young's Improprieties as Described by Col. Verbeck.

SYRACUSE, Oct. 21.—The Rev. Joseph Young, formerly chaplain of St. John's Military School at Manlius, Onondaga county, sued Col. Verbeck, the commandant, for breach of contract. Young was to receive $600 a year, but was discharged, and sued to recover $900 for the balance of his salary and extra service as chaplain and teacher. On the trial Col. Verbeck testified that he was justified in discharging such a chaplain and teacher as Mr. Young proved to be, his conduct having been improper. The impropriety, the Colonel said, consisted in Mr. Young's allowing the cadets to address him as "Sky Pilot," drinking wine and smoking in his room, letting the young fellows twig his nose, saying grace with his mouth full of mush, and licking off the soup that adhered to his moustache with his tongue. The jury awarded Young $172. Col. Verbeck has now procured a new trial.

Diss Debar Arrested in Quincy, Ill.

QUINCY, Ill, Oct. 21.—Ann O'Delia Diss Debar, the noted spiritualist, was arrested here today on complaint of a woman at Elgin, Ill., for defrauding her out of $1,000.

Mrs. Diss Debar, or, as she is now called, Vera Ava, went to Elgin last winter with a man who said he was her agent. She ingratiated herself in the good graces of Mrs. John Mitchell, whose husband had committed suicide a few months previous. A month ago Vera Ava reappeared there and stopped with Mrs. Mitchell, giving seances. The day of the alleged theft Mrs. Mitchell had drawn $1,000 from the bank and was counting it in her room, in which she was assisted by Vera Ava. Mrs. Mitchell was called to the door, and when she returned to the room Vera and the money were gone.

Contractor Murray's Men Quit Work.

A strike in the building trades took place yesterday on a large building in Ninety-eighth street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, against Contractor Murray, who is accused of paying less than union wages to the painters and carpenters. About 100 painters, carpenters, steam fitters, tile layers, and helpers went out.

Six trains to Cleveland New York Central.—Ade.

SHE DECORATED THE HOUSE.

BUT HER FLAGS WERE FLAMING RED AND OFFENDED YONKERS.

When the Police Went to Tear Down the Anarchist Rags They Found Only a Little Girl and Two Pieces of Red Calico.

On South Broadway, Yonkers, opposite the High School building, where the speeches for the Columbian celebration were made yesterday and the parade reviewed, is a block of frame tenements. In one of these live Becvius Fromberg, a Russian chair caner, his wife, and their eight-year-old granddaughter, Anna. Yesterday morning Fromberg started on his regular rounds from house to house, and Mrs. Fromberg went out with him. Little Anna was locked in the room for safe keeping.

The door was closed, but the windows were not, and the child could hear the music from the stand across the way and see the flags waving from almost every house along the street. Only the house she lived in was bare. So the little girl decorated it in a style that made it for a short time the most conspicuous building in Yonkers.

About 10 o'clock, when the crowd around the grand stand were waiting impatiently for the parade, a man spied two small red flags hanging from the upper windows of the Fromberg house. He told somebody else, and in a few moments every one was watching the Anarchist flags. They were only two small squares of calico, but they were flaming red and signified all sorts of lawlessness to the throng that gazed up at them.

Yells of "Take 'em down" and other shouts rose from the crowd in a volume that would have struck terror to the heart of the most reckless Anarchist. But the flags hung there and no one could be seen at the windows of the building. Then a policeman came up and heard about the trouble. He called another officer, and the two entered the building to find out who had flaunted such revolutionary symbols in the face of patriotic Yonkers. Several members of the G. A. R. who were in the crowd joined the officers, and the party crowded up the narrow stairway to the Frombergs' rooms.

The first knock was unanswered. A second was received in silence, and a third effort produced no further result. Then a threat to break open the door unless some reply was given was unnoticed, and a policeman forced open the door. No one could be seen in the room. The party entered cautiously, expecting momentarily the appearance of an unkempt hoodlum from behind the squalid furniture, or perhaps an explosion that might carry the building and all hands into the air.

But not a person could be found, not a noise was heard, until from behind a door came the sound of somebody sobbing. One of the men threw back the door, and a scared child with the tears streaming down her dirty little face looked up at them. There was no time for questioning, before Mrs. Fromberg entered the room. The girl rushed to her and pointed at the two red rags at the windows. The attention of the crowd in the streets directed to Mrs. Fromberg's windows had forewarned her that something was wrong. Between her sobs the child told her grandmother, in German, how she had seen the flags on the other buildings and had looked around for something to decorate theirs with.

The old woman translated the story to the men as well as she could in her agitation. The little girl said that all she could find for decoration was the piece of red calico that was thrown over a chair. This she had torn into two pieces and fastened to the windows, and then the policemen came up and frightened her so she did not dare go to the door.

The flags were forgotten while the child told her story. Then some one suddenly remembered to take them in. A cheer went up from the street, and another greeted the defenders of law and order when they came down into the crowd. But none of them was inclined to give the particulars of the affair.

FRENCH NAVAL OFFICERS FETED.

Mrs. Charles Loughran Gives a Brilliant Reception in Their Honor.

Mrs. Charles Loughran gave a large reception at her residence, 2 West 120th street, last night, in honor of Admiral Count de Libran of the French navy, the officers of the French frigates Arethuse and Hussard, and the Hon. James McShane, Mayor of Montreal. Mrs. Loughran's residence, which is surrounded by handsome grounds, was illuminated without by Chinese lanterns and decorated with French and American flags, while the interior was dressed with a profusion of red and yellow roses, tall palms, and the French and American national colors. The two hundred odd guests were received by the hostess, who wore a dress of black thread lace over black silk, and who was assisted by her daughter, Miss Beatrice Loughran, in a dress of lavender silk and point lace; Mrs. McShane, in pink silk and green velvet covered with point lace, and Miss Maude McShane, who was attired in a pretty costume of rose pink satin and point de Paris lace.

Admiral de Libran, in full-dress uniform, with his wife and daughter, Mme. Fatou and M. Fatou, his aide-de-camp, received the guests in the second drawing room. Close to the Admiral were the following officers of the Arethuse, also in full-dress uniform: Commander Ernest Benler, First Officer Count de Robien, First Lieut. François Vertier, Capt. Albert Puech, and Dr. Raymond. Commander Krantz, First Officer Senes, and Second Offier Goybord of the Hussard were also in the room. The guests were ushered into the presence of the distinguished strangers by Mr. Richard M. Walters, Mr. John B. Harrison, Mr. Eugene Lewis, and Mr. John P. Kelly. After the reception supper was served, and informal dancing brought the festivities of the evening to a close.

Some of the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Richard Croker, Mr. and Mrs. Gilroy, Miss Gilroy, Mr. John D. Crimmins, Miss Crimmins, Judge and Mrs. Morgan J. O'Brien, Mr. George Law, Mr. Arthur Leary, Mrs. Lucien B. Chase, Mrs. W. H. Neilds, Mrs. T. Thacher Post, the Misses Donnelly, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Phelan, Justice White, Justice and Mrs. Charles Welde, Dr. and Mrs. Louis Schultz, Mrs. M. T. Brennan, Commissioner and Mrs. Thomas S. Brennan, Mr. James S. Coleman, Miss Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. John Fox, and Dr. and Mrs. Worrington.

The French war vessels are expected to remain in these waters for several weeks, probably until the middle of November, when they will sail for South America.

$110 Paid for Florence's Armchair.

The sale of the late William J. Florence's effects was begun in Cooke's auction rooms, in East 125th street, yesterday. The prices paid were generally small in comparison to the original cost of the articles. A Venetian vase brought $15, an antique sideboard, said to have cost $2,000 in Paris, brought $275, and a miscellaneous collection of parlor ornaments was sold for $50. An armchair, which was a favorite with the actor, brought $110. The sale will be continued to-day, and will include paintings and photographs.

Held the Railroad Responsible.

The Coroner's jury in the case of George D. Maxwell, who was killed at the Danforth avenue station of the New Jersey Central Railroad on the night of Oct. 9, rendered a verdict holding the company responsible for his death. Maxwell was crossing the tracks to take a train for New York, when a Royal Blue line train, which does not stop at that station, killed him. Maxwell lived in New York. His family proposes to sue the railroad company for $50,000.

A Body Fished Out of the Hudson.

The badly decomposed body of a well-dressed man was found in the Hudson River at 120th street yesterday. It was apparently that of a man 35 years old. He was 5 feet 8 inches tall, with smooth-shaven face. He wore a dark suit with a three-button cutaway coat and a blue and white shirt. Nothing was found by the police that would identify the body.

Don't Ask a Policeman. Consult The Sun's Guide.

Where to hear good church music? See THE SUN'S *Guide. Are you partial to any variety of dramatic performance?* THE SUN'S *Guide will tell you where to find it. When going away* THE SUN'S *Guide will tell you what your route should be. Do you know which hotel you will stop at?* THE SUN'S *Guide gives the rates of each. Visitors, don't bore people with questions.* THE SUN'S *Guide answers all you are likely to ask. Are you interested in art? New York has a wealth of masterpieces to show,* THE SUN'S *Guide tells where they may be seen. Athletic and sporting men are all interested in* THE SUN'S *Guide. Club men should read* THE SUN'S *Guide. It tells about New York's clubs. Do you contemn New York's architecture? You will never do it again after reading* THE SUN'S *Guide. The machinery of finance is described in* THE SUN'S *Guide. Philanthropists will find much of suggestion in* THE SUN'S *Guide's chapter on benevolent organizations. Do your friends live in the suburbs?* THE SUN'S *Guide will tell you how to reach them. Of course you will do some shopping here.* THE SUN'S *Guide tells where the shopping districts are and how some of the big stores are run.*

FENCING TO BE PART OF THEIR STUDIES.

A French Expert to Teach at the Young Men's Institute.

Fencing has received more attention at the Young Men's Institute than at any other branch of the Y. M. C. A. The athletes who have desired to fence have, however, never had a master to teach them the art until now. The management have secured Prof. George Des Lions as instructor. Des Lions learned his art in the French army. He soon became endowed with such skill that he made fencing his profession. He is equally skilled in the use of a rapier, foil, or broadsword. Prof. Des Lions is well known in Germany and Switzerland, where he participated in many notable fencing competitions. In the summer of 1886 he took part, with thirty competitors, in a grand fencing carnival in eight different cities in Switzerland. The Professor won two first prizes, and also second and third prizes. In 1885 Des Lions earned a victory of which he is very proud. He contested for the championship of the city of Besançon, France, with the son of the noted swordsman, Cœur de Roi. Des Lions vanquished his able opponent after a hard combat.

M. DES LIONS.

M. Des Lions is also an expert wrestler and boxer, and proficient in gymnastics. Though still a young man, he has travelled extensively throughout Japan, China, and South America. He is a good shot, and has many trophies of the chase. In France Des Lions was the acknowledged champion fencer of his class.

A THRILLING BEAR FIGHT.

A Ferocious Beast with Cubs Nearly Kills Abram Goodheart.

SELINSGROVE, Oct. 21.—One of the most thrilling bear fights that ever occurred in Pennsylvania happened a day or two ago, and in it Abram Goodheart, a New York sportsman, came near losing his life. In company with several companions he was crossing a lonely part of the road near Tremont, in order to reach Jack's Mountain. They were on a chestnut-gathering expedition, and while walking along they heard a noise in the underbrush by the wayside, and in another instant a large black bear emerged from the thicket and pounced upon the party. It sunk its teeth into Goodheart's left shoulder and bit him severely in the left arm. His companions took to their heels at first, but when their attention was arrested by the unfortunate man's cries for help they returned and fired at the ferocious animal. The balls took immediate effect and just in the nick of time, as Bruin was in the act of gnawing his prisoner in the abdomen. Goodheart was unconscious, and it was only after some work he was revived. Just as the party were leaving the spot three cubs came from the thicket and were at once killed by well-aimed shots.

A Missing Watchman Found Murdered.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 21.—The body of George W Berger, watchman for the Knapp-Stout Lumber Company, who had been missing since last Monday, was found this morning among the willows near the Terminal Railroad tracks. From all appearances the man had been dead several days. His vest had been torn open and his coat torn, as though in a struggle. The face was terribly battered up, especially on the left side, where the cheek and nasal bones were mashed flat and the left eye almost torn from the socket. A fisherman named Miller had, several days previous to Berger's disappearance, threatened him for refusing to allow him to fish from the lumber company's docks.

Sad Men Back from Kansas.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 21.—A train of twenty wagons passed along Washington avenue this morning. It was strung out for two blocks. They were "movers" coming back from Kansas. An inscription on the cover of the first wagon read, "In God we trust, to Kansas or bust." The second bore this inscription, "In God we trusted and in Kansas we busted." Another read, "Four months in Kansas, two months after my hat." A prairie zephyr appears to have carried his only "bonnet" away. Every wagon supported a banner, the last one reading, "White man first, dog next, Indian next, the negro next, and Kansas last. Hurrah for Missouri; who wouldn't stand up for it?"

Business Notices.

Your Hat is the Most conspicuous part of your outfit. Get the best and save money. McCANN'S, 230 Bowery.

Not moral but physical benefit is obtained by using Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, which never fails to cure sore throat and coughs. Trial bottles 10c.

Smith & Angells' Hosiery is unsurpassed for color and wearing qualities. Retails at popular prices.

$1, $1.25 $1.50 Pat's. Own Make Dress Shirts. J. W. JOHNSTON, 375 6th av., above 23d st.

A thin head of hair becomes by the use of Barry's Tricopherous a thick mass of shining fibres.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder: whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.

Philips' Digestible Cocoa.
A delicious fat-producing drink; does not distress.

MARRIED.

GOODE-LOHMANN.—On Tuesday, Oct. 18, 1892, at St. Paul's R. C. Church, by the Rev. Father Parker, Lillian Mary Lohmann to Joseph John Goode.

DIED.

DE VEAU.—On Thursday, Oct. 20, in Denver, Col., in the 23d year of his age, Franklin Livingston, son of Louisa C. and the late Samuel De Veau.
Notice of funeral hereafter.

FLACK.—Suddenly, on Oct. 21, 1892, Sarah J., wife of James A. Flack.
Funeral from her late residence, 151 West 120th st., on Sunday, Oct. 23, at 1 P. M. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited.

KERLAND.—Suddenly, on Oct. 20, Kate Kerland, daughter of the late William and Mary Kerland.
Funeral from her late residence, 168 East 58th st., on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 22, at 3 o'clock.

LOUGHLIN.—On Friday, Oct. 21, John Loughlin, beloved husband of Mary Loughlin.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from his late residence, 157 North 5th st., Brooklyn, on Sunday, Oct. 23, at 2:30 P. M.

MARKEY.—On Oct. 19, 1892, at 203 Carlton av., Brooklyn, Margaret, widow of Francis Markey, aged 73 years, a native of county Monaghan, Ireland.
Friends and relatives are invited to attend the funeral from her late residence on Saturday, Oct. 22, at 9:30 A. M., solemn mass of requiem at St. John's Chapel, corner Clermont and Greene avs., at 10 A. M.

REESE.—On Friday, Oct. 21, 1892, at 108 Harmon st., Brooklyn, Martha, widow of George C. Reese, aged 56 years.
Funeral services Sunday, Oct. 23, 1:30 P. M., at St. Peter's Lutheran Church, Bedford av., near De Kalb av. Interment in Greenwood.

RYAN.—On Oct. 21, Patrick Ryan, native of Glenomera, county Clare, Ireland.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from his late residence, 403 West 48th st., on Monday, at 9 A. M., thence to the Church of the Sacred Heart, West 51st st., where a solemn requiem mass will be said for the repose of the soul.

WAKEMAN.—At Glen Ridge, N. J., on Thursday, Oct. 20, Ethel, daughter of Katharine and the late Edmund D. B. Wakeman.
Funeral services on Saturday morning, at 11 o'clock, from St. Mark's Church, Jersey av., near Grand st., Jersey City.

Special Notices.

CHILDREN HAVING WORMS Require immediate attention. "BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS" are the "BEST WORM LOZENGES" to use, give relief quickly. For sale by druggists. 25c. box.

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MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

MINIATURE ALMANAC—THIS DAY.

Sun rises	6 10	Sun sets	5 19
Moon sets	6 23		

HIGH WATER—THIS DAY.

Sandy Hook	8 29	Gov. Island	8 53
Hell Gate	10 43		

Arrived—FRIDAY, Oct. 21.

Ss Kehrwerder, from Hamburg.
Ss Gardenia, from Bremen.
Ss Italia, Reuter, Genoa.
Ss Tancarville, Cosquet, Bordeaux.
Ss Dalton, Barton, Rio Janeiro.
Ss Seguranca, Beers, Rio Janeiro.
Ss Confidence, Calloway, St. Jago.
Ss New Orleans, Kemble, New Orleans.
Ss El Dorado, Byrne, New Orleans.
Ss Iroquois, Beatson, Charleston.
Ss John G. Christopher, Crawford, Jacksonville.
Ss City of Atlanta, Dole, West Point, Va.
Ss Richmond, Kenney, Norfolk.
Ss Roanoke, Hughers, Newport.

[For later arrivals see First Page.]

SAILING STEAMSHIPS.

Sail To-day.

	Hour Close.	Vessels Sail.
La Bourgogne, Cherbourg	11 00 A. M.	4 30 A. M.
Etruria, Liverpool	2 30 A. M.	6 00 A. M.
Circassia, Glasgow	4 00 A. M.	6 00 A. M.
Veendam, Rotterdam	4 30 A. M.	6 30 A. M.
California, Hamburg		8 00 A. M.
Michigan, London		
Elbe, Genoa		2 00 P. M.
Anchoria, St. Croix	10 00 A. M.	12 00 M.
City of Alexandria, Havana	11 00 A. M.	1 00 P. M.
Philadelphia, Laguayra	11 00 A. M.	1 00 P. M.
City of Augusta, Savannah		3 00 P. M.
El Norte, New Orleans		3 00 P. M.
Nueces, Galveston		3 00 P. M.
Louisiana, New Orleans		3 00 P. M.

Sail Tomorrow.

Panama, Havana		11 15 A. M.

INCOMING STEAMSHIPS.

Due To-day.

Trinidad	St. Croix	Oct. 11
Neustria	Gibraltar	Oct. 4
Lisnacrieve	Hamburg	Oct. 4
Yumuri	Havana	Oct. 14
Saratoga	Havana	Oct. 11
Leimbro	Gibraltar	Oct. 7
Bermuda	St. Croix	Oct. 17
La Touraine	Havre	Oct. 15
Didam	Amsterdam	Oct. 11
Persian Monarch	London	Oct. 8

Due Sunday, Oct. 23.

Olympia	Gibraltar	Oct. 9
Furnessia	Glasgow	Oct. 13
Trinacria	Gibraltar	Oct. 9

Due Monday, Oct. 24.

Saale	Bremen	Oct. 15
Servia	Liverpool	Oct. 15
Tauric	Liverpool	Oct. 14
Norwegian	Glasgow	Oct. 14
Alvena	Port Limon	Oct. 18

Due Tuesday, Oct. 25.

Mohawk	London	Oct. 15
Arizona	Liverpool	Oct. 15
Caracas	Laguayra	Oct. 18

Due Wednesday, Oct. 26.

Teutonic	Liverpool	Oct. 19
Lahn	Bremen	Oct. 18
Westerland	Antwerp	Oct. 15
Stuttgartia	Hamburg	Oct. 12
St. Pancras	Liverpool	Oct. 13

Due Thursday, Oct. 27.

Maasdam	Rotterdam	Oct. 14
Brooklyn City	Swansea	Oct. 13
Pawnee	Gibraltar	Oct. 12

New Publications.

THE FORUM

CONTAINS FOR NOVEMBER:

Municipal Government in America and in England. Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain.—Why does Boston's Government cost five times as much as Birmingham's?

Lessons in Town Government from the Experience of Quincy, Mass. Charles Francis Adams.—Compulsory service and nonsectarian representation.

Our Public School System: the Schools of Buffalo and Cincinnati. Dr. J. W. Stice, who made a special investigation for The Forum.

English Views of the McKinley Tariff. Sir Thomas H. Farrer, late Secretary of the English Board of Trade. The effect on British exports.

Has England Profited by Free Trade? Lord Masham, President of the Fair Trade Club.—An argument for protection for British interests.

American Theatres and the American Stage. Mme. Modjeska.

A New Impulse to an Old Gospel. Jane Addams, Resident at Hull House, Chicago.—The possible abolition of social classes.

What We Really Know About Mars. Prof. Edward S. Holden, Director of the Lick Observatory.

The Library of the United States. A. R. Spofford, Librarian of Congress.

The Matter with the Small Farmer. Prof. E. Means Davis.

For Whom I Shall Vote and Why: James Schouler, historian; Jacob H. Schiff, banker; Franklin McVeagh, merchant; John Clafin, merchant; H. H. Cannon, banker; Rev. David Swing, Gen. A. C. McClurg, Hon. David Dudley Field.

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