"IF YOU SEE IT IN The Sun IT'S SO."

The Sun.

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LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE.

ENGLAND'S GREATEST MEN STUDYING REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES.

Prof. Dewar Liquefies the Air and Other Gases—He Produces a Remarkable Degree of Artificial Cold—Gladstone's Great Speech in Reply to Lord Randolph Churchill—The Great Lancashire Strike Will Be a Drawn Battle—The Cigarette Habit Growing Among Society Ladies—A Sermon Factory in England—The Prince and Princess of Wales Will Cruise in the Mediterranean—A Club of Bachelors in Vienna Who Have Agreed Not to Marry.

LONDON, Feb. 25.—The world of natural science is rejoicing this week over a fuller knowledge of one of the greatest discoveries of the century. An audience of England's greatest men spent Tuesday evening watching experiments which resulted in the production of a series of liquids strange to human eyes and possessing qualities never before known. They saw the natural gases, such as oxygen and nitrogen, even the air itself, reduced to liquids of the consistency of water. Liquid air by the pint was produced from the wonderful apparatus of Prof. Dewar, whose investigations have suddenly won him a prominent place in the scientific world. His methods are even more interesting to the unscientific observer than his results.

He has succeeded in producing, by means of vacuum and pressure, an almost inconceivable degree of cold. Measured by the Fahrenheit thermometer it is 360° below freezing, or 210° centigrade below zero. Oxygen can be liquefied at −182° centigrade and nitrogen at −192°. When he produced these temperatures Prof. Dewar found in experimenting with air that instead of oxygen in atmosphere liquefying first at its proper temperature and nitrogen later, one homogeneous liquid was formed without any disintegration. When the process is reversed, however, nitrogen is freed first and oxygen afterward.

The effects of intense cold are marvellous. Liquid oxygen has strange magnetic and light-absorbing qualities. It is so transparent to heat that, notwithstanding its intense cold, it acts as a lens. You may focus heat through it from one side and burn paper on the other. That, says Prof. Dewar, is what happens with the sun's rays on the earth, which are focussed through infinite space. The vacuums produced by Prof. Dewar's apparatus are so nearly perfect that they contain gas of only one-millionth the density of common air. The temperature of infinite space, which is a perfect vacuum, the Professor says, is −274° centigrade. He hopes to reach a temperature of −240°, when hydrogen will liquefy. Prof. Dewar yesterday produced liquefied ozone by acting on vapor given off from liquid oxygen by electricity. Its splendid dark blue color is almost as dark as indigo. Ozone has not the same molecule as oxygen. The queer thing about liquid ozone is that when it goes back into gas again it explodes. It is stronger than dynamite as an explosive and this is simply because ozone goes back into the molecular form of oxygen so fast.

Some wonderful effects of intense cold have already been discovered. Iron, for instance, at an ordinary temperature has only one-seventh the electric conducting power of copper, but if the temperature be reduced to −200° its capacity as a conductor of electricity is multiplied by fourteen. If we could get metals down to absolute zero, Prof. Dewar said to an interviewer yesterday, they would be perfect conductors. No expenditure of energy would be necessary, and wire once charged would run on forever.

The Professor believes that one of the greatest problems of the world, namely, whether the cohesiveness of matter is dependent upon molecular motion or upon gravity, will in time be solved by means of investigations conducted in intense artificial cold.

The tide of popularity in Mr. Gladstone's favor continues to swell. The by-elections, with scarcely an exception, show substantial gains for the Government. The feature of the week in Parliament was the breezy debate of Thursday night upon the Welsh Suspensory bill. The occasion was marked by Lord Randolph Churchill's full recovery of his old form as a great parliamentary fighter and by the splendid oration in reply delivered at short notice by Mr. Gladstone. The Tories had artfully put up Churchill at a late hour, in the belief that the Grand Old Man would not be allowed by his medical and family advisers to remain after 10 o'clock; but when, at 11:25 o'clock, Lord Randolph sat down the House was electrified to see the aged Premier standing in his place, flushed, erect, and evidently full of fight. The speech which followed was a splendid example of the best style of parliamentary debating power, full of firepugnacious, scornful, sarcastic, denunciatory, passionate, and masterful. The old man, as all could see, was thoroughly in his element, and it was a pleasure to note the enjoyment with which he tore to tatters the alleged facts and paltry arguments of the Tories who had preceded him in the debate. As he warmed to his work, encouraged by the enthusiastic plaudits of his delighted followers, every sign of age seemed to disappear from the fine face. His eyes sparkled with youthful fire, his tall form swayed to every oratorical impulse, and his sonorous voice filled the House and rose high above the unmannerly and angry interruptions of his Tory opponents. Big Ben, high up in the great illuminated clock tower, had commenced to strike midnight when the old man resumed his seat. He remained for the division, in which he took part, smiled over the figures, which gave him a dozen votes more than his full normal majority, and then drove home in a closed brougham.

Apparently he is none the worse for his midnight labors. Some of his friends declare that he thrives best upon hard work and excitement. Others are filled with anxiety at the possible results of feverish, exhaustive efforts like those of Thursday night, and a few fear a sudden collapse of physical power. The pessimists would have felt their forebodings intensified had they seen, as THE SUN reporter did, Mr. Gladstone leaving the House of Commons at 12:30 o'clock on Friday morning with a slow step and face of ghastly paleness. The excitement of debate had already worn off, and the venerable statesman looked every year of his great age.

THE SUN'S readers have been made acquainted in this correspondence with the fact that it is a part of the ignoble policy of the Tories and their Mugwump allies "to worry the Grand Old Man" into retirement from Parliamentary life; and there is some reason to fear that the enthusiastic Liberals who cheer Mr. Gladstone to such wearing work as that of Thursday night are unwittingly assisting his enemies in their disgraceful designs.

The labor troubles of Lancashire are probably almost at an end, although the attempts to compromise the differences this week have failed for the time being. The operatives offered to meet the employers half way, but the latter would come only a few steps short of the suggested point of meeting. Several employers have, however, accepted the terms of compromise, and it is hardly possible that the controversy will last much longer. I have visited the cotton district this week, and was amazed by the absence of bitterness which still marks the great struggle in spite of the most pitiful sufferings on the part of thousands of operatives. It has been a campaign which deserves the attention of students of social problems throughout the world. It has been from the outset a determined test of the strength of organized capital and of organized labor. Sixty thousand people have been idle and the majority of them suffering for the necessaries of life for sixteen weeks; yet there has not been from the first a threat uttered, much less an act of violence. It is now certain that it will be after all a drawn battle. Neither side can afford to continue the struggle longer. The manufacturers have certainly suffered less, but they cannot claim even a moral victory over their organized employees.

The cause of humanity in London has reason to rejoice over the first practical step taken in the House of Commons last night toward the accomplishment of a great reform. The bill for the unification of London, which was introduced by Mr. Barrow, will probably go through almost unopposed. I have recently emphasized the iniquity of the system of taxation which makes poverty poorer and riches richer by imposing the burden of taxation upon the destitute East End of the metropolis, where the tax assessed is more than double that of the affluent West End. The inhumanity of the system is so apparent that even its most covetous and hard-hearted beneficiaries will not dare longer to defend it. Some of the facts quoted in the debate last night are appalling, but, now that the evil is in a fair way to be remedied, it is no longer necessary to parade London's disgrace before the world.

It is confessed at last that cigarette smoking is a recognized indulgence in many ladies' boudoirs of England. The habit has become so general that the present season has witnessed an even bolder innovation at several fashionable dinner parties. "Ladies' cigarettes" have been served with the gentlemen's cigarettes or cigars. For several months the sale of ladies cigarettes by tobacconists has been a recognized branch of trade. Although the habit has been increasing for several years, it is less than a year since the small, mild, gold-tipped little cylinders, openly marked and sold as "ladies' cigarettes" have been on the market. A society journal which recently accused the Empress of Russia and Princess Maud, the daughter of the Prince of Wales, of being leaders in the cultivation of the feminine appetite for nicotine has been unrebuked. Princess Maud has a defender this week in the proprietor of a Piccadilly cigar store, who may be described as Court tobacconist. He declares that Princess Maud does not smoke, adding, significantly, that he would be pretty sure to know if she did. He says, however, that he knows plenty of society women who do, including at least one princess. It was an exaggeration, he explained, to say that it has become the rule of high society to serve the ladies with cigarettes after dinner. It was not yet common for ladies to smoke in the company of men, but there had been an astonishing increase within a few months in the consumption of ladies' cigarettes.

Ordinary observation confirms this statement. Returning from Paris by the club train the other day, I noticed that two of a half dozen ladies in the dining car smoked cigarettes with their coffee. In the lists of presents at a fashionable wedding a silver cigarette case is an item constantly met with as a gift to the bride, as well as to the bridegroom. This cannot be taken as proof of the recipients' smoking, notwithstanding the statement of a dealer, whose information is trustworthy, that several cigarette cases were given to the Duchess of Fife on her wedding.

Preachers of the Church of England do not have to choose between writing their own sermons and the rankest plagiarism. There is an intermediate course by which they may salve their consciences at the expense of their pockets. The circular letter of a sermon factory has by some accident become public this week. It commences by stating that it is a recognized fact that in consequence of overwork and other causes some of the clergy cannot write all the sermons they have to preach, and goes on to remark that the writer is an experienced preacher long accustomed to the composition of sermons, who has prepared several courses in the past years which have met with much approval, and who has been asked by old correspondents to furnish courses for another year. Their style, he modestly declares, is plain and earnest, while their spirit is decidedly practical. The scale of prices is amusingly graduated according to circulation or the danger of detection. A discourse limited to ten copies for all England commands five shillings. If fifty copies are circulated the price is only thirty-seven cents each. In no case are copies of the same sermon sent to places less than twenty-five miles from each other.

Tender-hearted people who, for years past, have been denouncing the cruelties perpetrated in the name of sport upon tame deer by the Queen's buckhounds, have read in to-day's papers with something like horror this official announcement:

"The memorial to the Queen, which was signed by 15,000 land owners, farmers, and followers of the Queen's buckhounds against the abolition of the hunt, has been graciously complied with by her Majesty."

The announcement is quite unexpected, because at the last session it was asserted by a member of the Government in reply to questions that the Queen had promised that the hunt should not be continued beyond another season, and its opponents, relying upon the royal word, took no further steps in the matter, even when the petition referred to was being extensively signed in the Windsor district. The radical members of Parliament who led the opposition feel that they have been shabbily treated, and they will insist upon explanations from the Government. The Master of the Buckhounds's salary has to be voted by the House of Commons, and the vote will be stoutly opposed. But there is not much chance of the money being refused, as the Government would be supported by the whole strength of the Tory party. Queen Victoria is a stubborn woman, who rarely reverses a decision once made, and people are wondering what has made her change her mind in this matter. There is a pretty general impression that the Prince of Wales has used his influence in favor of the retention of the buckhounds, and if this be confirmed the radicals will not forget it when Parliament is asked for an extra allowance for the Duke of York. That request is not likely to be long delayed.

All the family arrangements in connection with the Duke's marriage to Princess May of Teck have been made, and official announcement of the betrothal will doubtless be published some time next week. A wing of St. James's palace, which has been named York House, has now been completely redecorated and furnished in anything but bachelor style, and even the boudoir, upholstered in white and panelled with mirrors, is ready for its destined occupants.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have arranged for a spring cruise in the Mediterranean aboard the royal yacht Osborne, but unofficial naval experts are loudly crying out against exposing their royal Highnesses to danger, described as "a rotten old tub." The Osborne has certainly in late years cost more money for repairs than would have built a new vessel; yet it is soberly declared that when she was last opened up people "wondered that she should ever hold together even in moderate weather." She was recently despatched from Portsmouth to the Mediterranean, but on the first day, owing to stormy weather, she had to put into Plymouth, where she remained several days "before her officers would assume the responsibility of taking her across the Bay of Biscay." She finally reached Gibraltar all right, but she had to remain there some time making good various defects, including repairs to her steering gear. The Osborne left Gibraltar yesterday for Genoa, where, despite the croakers, the Prince and Princess will go aboard.

The English climate, as all the world knows, conduces to suicidal tendencies, and London fog has often been made responsible for murderous mania; but wife beating, a traditional British pastime, has heretofore been considered due to native brutality, rather than to climatic causes. This view will have to be modified if the plea put forward on behalf of a wife beater now under remand at the Westminster Police Court should prove successful. Here are the particulars of the case, as soberly reported in the newspapers:

"The prosecutrix, who had a bandage over her right eye, which was badly blackened, said the injury was occasioned on Tuesday night by the prisoner, her husband. She did not want to have the prisoner punished, as service in India as soldier caused his head to be affected with very little drink. He beat her whenever it was a wet day.

"'Then,' said the magistrate, 'he beats you very often at this inclement season of the year?'

"The prosecutrix dolefully replied 'Yes, he does. You see, sir, whenever it rains he leaves off work, and he don't know what to do with his spare time.'

"The prisoner, in reply to the magistrate, said: 'I knocked off work yesterday through the rain or else this would not have happened.'"

The high-water mark in the record of prices of London real estate cannot be maintained. A few years ago a piece of land in Lombard street sold for $350 a square foot. An estate in Threadneedle street, one door from the Bank of England, was offered at auction this week, and a fancy price was expected. The highest bid was $225 a square foot, and the property was withdrawn.

The operation of the electric underground road to South London has not only demoralized the telephone service, but has rendered futile observations on the earth's magnetism at Greenwich Observatory some miles distant. It has been found necessary to abandon the tests.

A despatch from Vienna to-day indicates an odd condition of matrimonial affairs in that capital. It was recently reported that a club had been formed there among young men of wealth and position for the encouragement of the marriage of its members to poor girls. The news is false. What has happened is the organization of a club of young men who have taken vows of celibacy. Several hundred joined during the first week, and there followed a dreadful outcry from the women. They wrote to the newspapers and declared they would found a club in which all the members would engage not to marry any one who had been a member of the Bachelors' Club. The ladies who joined this movement did not, however, prove to be the most attractive or youngest of the Vienna fair sex. The Bachelors' Club, a few evenings ago, was the scene of a disagreeable incident. While a boisterous sitting was being held, a young woman suddenly entered, accompanied by an elderly one, and attacked the President, declaring before all assembled that he had promised to marry her over and over again, and that she should not rest until he had resigned the post. There have been no more meetings since, probably because several members have reason to fear similar invasions.

Budapest rejoices in the honor of publishing the first telephonic newspaper. Subscribers receive the news of the day in the form of a verbal summary by telephone sent daily between 8 o'clock in the morning and 9 in the evening. The matter sent out includes political, sporting, local, financial, foreign, &c., as fast as received at the editorial office, and the modest charge for service is about seventy-five cents a month.

Several Americans will be presented at the Queen's drawing room on next Tuesday. Among the ladies will be Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Somerset Gough Calthorpe, and Miss Burrows, daughter of Hoffman Burrows of Newport.

The Oxford and Cambridge crews were on the Thames for the first time on Wednesday. Cambridge is gradually getting into fair form, but there does not seem to be the strength in the light-blue boat that there is in the Oxford ship. There has been no change in the crews this week.

SPEAKER DAVIS DISBARRED.

Disgrace of the Presiding Officer of Tennessee's Lower House.

MEMPHIS, Feb. 25.—Hon. Ralph Davis, Speaker of the Tennessee House of Representatives, was this morning disbarred from practising law in any of the courts of the State. On Dec. 14, 1891, Davis was retained by Nathan Simon to secure for him a reduction of a bond for $5,000 on which he was surety and which had been forfeited. On Dec. 17 Davis paid into court $1,000 on the bond.

There the matter rested until Jan. 27 last, when the *Evening Scimitar*, in pursuance of a series of attacks on the general looseness of the administration of the Criminal Court, published this transaction to show how the county had lost $4,000. This brought Simon to the front with the allegation that he had paid Davis $2,250 in full settlement of the bond besides a fee of $450.

Davis at first denied getting any fee or receiving any sum other than the $1,000. Simon had receipts for $450 in fees, however, and Davis changed this defence and published a card, explaining that on Dec. 17 he loaned Simon $1,000, charging him $50 interest for sixty days, and acknowledging the $450 fees.

The same day he threatened to have execution levied on his client for the remaining $4,000 on the bond. This was actually done on Jan. 30, by order of his friend, Judge Dubose, and Simon was also arrested at Davis's instance for criminal libel.

The editor and a reporter of the *Scimitar* were also arrested, and the *Scimitar* and *Commercial* were sued for $50,000 each for defamation of character. Then began the disbarment proceedings, on the ground, first, that Davis had defrauded his client of $1,250, and, second, that he had abandoned his client by permitting execution to issue against him when he had accepted a large fee to protect his interests.

It was shown on the trial that on the day Davis claimed to have loaned Simon $1,000 at 50 per cent. interest, the latter had borrowed $1,000 from bank at 8 per cent. Davis had paid $1,000 in court that day, and the next morning he deposited $500 in bank to his credit which he could not satisfactorily account for.

Simon was corroborated on every important feature by half a dozen reputable witnesses. Davis could only produce his brother to testify as to the loan. In a careful review of the evidence, Judge Estes of the Circuit Court decided against Davis on every point and sustained the motion to disbar. A motion for a new trial was overruled, and an appeal to the Supreme Court was taken.

The prominence of Davis as the third officer in the State made the case one of great interest. He is only 28 years old, and has been advanced with great rapidity. He is serving his third term in the Legislature, and would in all probability have been the choice of the district for Congress in 1894.

Unless he resigns the House will take steps to remove him when it convenes again next month.

Two Brothers Found Dead in Their House.

HOLLY, Mich., Feb. 25.—Thomas and John Fagan, brothers, aged about 80 years, were found this morning dead on the floor in their house, four miles north of here. They lived entirely alone, and it is not known when or how they died, but suicide is suspected.

They were rich, and their money is supposed to be buried. Their peculiar dress and habits have excited much comment in the past. It is thought that they have been dead several days. An inquest will be held to-day.

Admiral.

A cigarette of higher character, and enjoying greater popularity with the better class of smokers than any brand ever presented. The "Admiral" is not made by a trust.—*Adv.*

A Fin de Siecle Smoke

Is that furnished by the up-to-date cigarettes—the Old Dominion. Photograph in each package.—*Adv.*

KILLED HER TWO SISTERS.

MISS FORCE OF ATLANTA COMMITS A DOUBLE MURDER.

Her Mother was Absent, and She Sent the Servant Out of the House, and Stole Up to Her Two Sisters, with Whom She Had Quarrelled, and Killed Them—She Then Went to the Police Station—Thought to be Insane—The Family a Well Known One.

ATLANTA, Feb. 25.—Just before 2 o'clock this afternoon Miss Julia Force, 38 years old, shot and killed her two younger sisters, Florence, 30 years old, and Minnie, 25, at the residence of their brother, A. W. Force, on Crews street. Soon after Miss Force entered Police Headquarters and gave herself up, saying to Capt. Wright: "I have committed a crime, and want to get the protection of the law." She is thought to be insane.

As soon as the tragedy became known a crowd gathered in front of the residence. Mr. Force met those of the callers who were intimate with the family. He said that at half-past 1 o'clock a servant called at his store on Whitehall street for a bundle to be taken to the house. She said Miss Julia had sent her for it.

There was no bundle at the store for Miss Julia, and Mr. Force said he at once expected something wrong. He seized his hat and, accompanied by his brother, G. H. Force, hurried home. As he entered the house he found everything hushed. He hurriedly examined the hall, and, rushing up stairs to the room where his sister Florence had been ill, found her lying across the bed and blood pouring from a wound in front of and just above her left ear. Mr. Force said that he hardly stopped to take a second look, but turned and ran down stairs to see if the worst had come. In the sitting room, on the north side of the house, he found the body of his other sister, Minnie. Her body was lying near the door of the room, and there was a hole in her right temple directly above the right eye.

Mr. Force sent his brother for physicians, and then started to look for Miss Julia. In Miss Julia's room, which is just in front of that in which the dead body of Minnie lay, he found lying on the bureau a small hammer, with which he at once suspected that the crime had been committed.

He examined it, but could find no blood on it. He then saw a small pistol lying on the floor. He picked that up and found two of its chambers empty. Mr. Force, as soon as the officers arrived, begged them to go and find his sister, Miss Julia.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "go and find my sister. She is crazy. My two sons are at the store, and she will kill them, too."

The policeman assured him that Miss Julia was already under arrest. This seemed to reassure him. Miss Florence Force, one of the slain sisters, had been an invalid for some time. The position in which her body lay indicated that she had risen from the bed in alarm, and just as her feet touched the floor had received the shot which killed her.

She was lying on her back across the bed, both hands pressed to her cheek in the attitude of fright. Her eyes were wide open, with the fixed death stare, and her features were hard to recognize. She wore her night dress only. There was no evidence of a struggle in the room. The medicine bottles were in their places on the table by the bed.

Miss Minnie, clad in a house dress of dark brown, lay at full length on her back with her arms extended, as if she had thrown them up as she fell backward. She looked as if she had been advancing to the door when her sister entered, pistol in hand, and had received the fatal shot directly in the face.

When the reporters entered this room the aged mother of the three sisters was bent over the dead body of Miss Minnie, moaning and uttering exclamations of the deepest grief. Mrs. Force had been down town when the tragedy occurred, and had just returned to the house to find two of her daughters corpses and the other in the hands of the police.

The room occupied by Miss Julia Force was a picture of neatness and order. The bed was neatly and freshly made, the toilet articles on the bureau were in their places, and the only indication of the awful crime that had been done was a pistol, the weapon which had done the deed. It was a 32-calibre double action revolver. It was new, and had never fired other than the two shots.

The negro woman employed in the Force household as a house servant said that Miss Julia had sent her to a store to buy a broom. When she returned the bodies had been discovered. When she went for the broom she left only Miss Julia, Miss Minnie, and Miss Florence in the house.

Miss Julia showed no signs of excitement when she sent her away. Miss Julia had been out of her head for three or four months.

When she first appeared at the police station Miss Force asked for Chief Connelly. She appeared to be perfectly calm, as if she was merely there on important business. When told that Chief Connelly was at dinner she asked that he be telephoned for. She refused to say what she wanted or to tell her name. A telephone message was sent to the Chief, and while the station house keeper was delivering it Miss Force stood quietly listening to him.

Chief Connolly said that he could not come to the office until 4 o'clock, unless the matter was one of the greatest importance. When told this Miss Force told the station house keeper that the matter she wanted to see him about was of very great importance, but she was unwilling to divulge it to any other than Chief Connolly.

At this juncture Chief of Detectives Wright entered the station. Miss Force turned to him and asked him if he was not next to Chief Connolly in command. The Captain answered in the affirmative.

"Well," said Miss Force, "I have committed a terrible crime, and I wish to surrender myself to you, and to place myself under your protection."

Capt. Wright looked at the well-dressed woman before him in amazement. She appeared perfectly calm and incapable of crime.

"What have you done?" he asked.

"I refuse to answer that until the Chief comes," she replied.

Capt. Wright took Miss Force up stairs to his room. Meantime, the news of the tragedy reached the station, and the Captain at once surmised who his prisoner was. He at once telephoned to the Chief of Police, who hurried to Headquarters.

Miss Force refused to talk to any of the reporters or to any of the police officers. She did not appear nervous, but had the appearance of one who was extremely weary and one having long been unused to sleep. Chief Connolly arrived at headquarters soon after the tragedy. He hurried at once to the room where Miss Force was confined.

She expressed a desire to be alone with the Chief, and the other officers withdrew. The Chief was with Miss Force for half an hour. When he left her he had but little to tell. He said that Miss Force was greatly exhausted, and reclining in a chair in her almost completely prostrated. She talked to him in broken sentences, and said very little. She confessed that she had killed her sisters, but offered no explanation for the killing.

"I began a statement," she said, "of my relations with the family and the causes of my great trouble a year ago. The statement was finished to-day, and it is now in the hands of a friend of mine, and will be given to the public when the proper time comes."

"Who is that friend?" asked the Chief.

"I refuse to say."

Many friends of Miss Force called at the station house, but she refused to see them.

Mr. A. W. Force, one of the brothers, said that his oldest sister had quarrelled with her two sisters, and that family differences were responsible for the tragedy. He thought it fortunate that his mother was absent, or she, too, might have been killed.

The Coroner will hold an inquest as soon as a jury is secured.

The Force family is one of the highest in the South. It is related to leading families throughout South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi. The murderess is still in the city prison.

Houston Force, one of the four brothers of the family, is now living in St. Louis. When a resident of Atlanta he was one of the handsomest men in the South, and was prominent in social circles.

Some time in the early seventies he was one of the principals in a duel, and winged his opponent and was compelled to leave the State. At a ball given at the home of one of the most prominent families of the city, a man named Haskell, now one of the best-known insurance men in the city, offended a young woman. Mr. Force was one of his friends, and the next day struck Mr. Haskell with a walking stick and got the best of the fight. Mr. Haskell was not satisfied with the result, and sent Force a challenge. The letter was carried by a man named Townsend also well known in the city. Force read the challenge, and replied that he could not afford to fight a man who had been publicly caned on the streets, as the code did not allow that. Townsend at once stepped into Haskell's place, and, his character being equal to that of any man in the South so far as his manhood was concerned, Force could not refuse to fight.

The challenge was accepted, and shotguns were chosen as the weapons. The affair was kept very quiet. Both men were determined to fight, and when the time arrived they went to Oakland Cemetery, within the limits of the city, accompanied by their seconds and surgeons.

Twenty paces were stepped off and the two men with shot guns took their places. At the word the shooting began, and at the first charge Townsend fell to the ground seriously wounded.

Force helped Townsend into his own carriage and took him to his home, and then left the city before it was known generally that a duel had been fought. For a long time Townsend lingered between life and death, and during that time the officers of the law were hunting everywhere for Force.

But Force, who had gone to St. Louis, could not be found, and finally Townsend recovered and left the city. Then a few years ago Force came back to Atlanta for the first time and remained with his family for several days.

He had no trouble because the affair had blown over, and because Townsend, the important witness against him, had gone away. Force has ever since made his home in St. Louis.

DOGS AND MASTER ALL DEAD.

One of Tim Reagan's Dogs, Restless in the Night, Had Turned on the Gas.

Wilson Henry, one of the colored porters employed in the Xavier Club house, 29 and 31 West Sixteenth street, smelt gas early yesterday afternoon and traced the leak to the room on the third floor occupied by Tim Reagan, the long-distance runner, who has been employed as athletic trainer by the club for the past three years.

Getting a chair Henry looked over the transom and saw Reagan lying in his night clothes on the floor. Then he dashed down stairs and across the street to summon the Rev. Father Henry Van Rensselaer.

The priest found the hall full of gas. He kicked in the panel of the door and unfastened the Yale lock by reaching through the opening.

Half way between the bed and the door, with his hand stretched out as though attempting to grasp the knob, lay the dead occupant of the room. Near his feet lay a large greyhound, while stretched near the gas radiator, from which the gas was pouring, with its paw across the gas stop, lay another dog. Both animals were stone dead. Only stopping to throw open the window and turn off the escaping gas, the priest ran down stairs for assistance. When he returned with a doctor, the latter said that the occupants of the room had been dead for some time.

From the position in which the bodies lay it was not hard to guess the manner in which Reagan had met his death. The trainer kept his two dogs in his room nights. The stop on the gas radiator is only a few inches from the floor, and one of the dogs, becoming restless in his sleep, had evidently rolled against the stop, turning it on.

When almost overcome by the gas which filled the room Reagan had awakened, staggered out of bed, and tried to reach the door, but with his hand upon the knob had fallen to the floor, where he died.

Reagan, whose real name is Timothy Reador, was well known as a competitor against Lon Myers, E. C. Carter, and other long-distance runners. He came to this city from Glens Falls some years ago, and was a member of the Manhattan Athletic Club, entering into most of their contests.

Five years ago he became a professional and changed his name to Reagan. He was at one time trainer of the Star Athletic Club of Long Island City, and three years ago he took up his quarters with the Xavier Club.

He was general director of the club house, and was 35 years old. The last seen of Reagan was on Friday night, when he went out with his dogs for an airing.

The body was taken to James Dowd's undertaking shop in West Eighteenth street. Word was sent to Reagan's brother, who lives in Albany, and who will arrive in this city this morning and take charge of the body.

A BATTLE WITH BURGLARS.

Maspeth's New Policeman Has to Fight in Making His First Arrest.

Burglaries have been so frequent in the village of Maspeth, L. I., for the past three months that a citizens' meeting was called recently and funds were raised to employ a watchman to patrol the streets at night. Edward Smith, an ex-policeman of Brooklyn, was the watchman engaged. He had his first adventure early yesterday morning.

While patrolling Grand street he noticed that the cellar door of Seedorf & Co.'s grocery was partly open. As he entered the cellar he received a blow on the head, and two men plunged out of the darkness and started on the run down Grand street. Smith, firing his revolver as he ran, overtook them at Perry avenue. They showed fight. Before the watchman had time to bring his club into play one of the men caught him a glancing blow on the forehead, laying the flesh bare to the bone.

Blinded by blood from his wound, Smith grabbed one of the men with one hand and with the other wielded his club with vigor. The onslaught was too much for the culprits, and one of them resumed his flight, the other, leaving his struggling companion in the hands of the policeman. Smith emptied his revolver in the direction of the retreating footpad, but none of the shots took effect.

The prisoner proved to be Watson Doyle of Newtown, who broke jail twenty years ago while serving a term for highway robbery. He was arraigned before Police Justice Howard in Newtown, and was held for examination on Monday.

P. A. LEIMBACH KILLS HIMSELF.

Found Dead in the Hall Bedroom He Had Hired Over a Dressmaker's Shop.

Without giving his name, Philip A. Leimbach hired a hall bedroom a week ago Saturday over Georgette Brasseur's dressmaking shop at 167 West Twenty-first street. He paid $2 rent in advance.

Yesterday morning Mrs. Brasseur smelled gas in the hall. Later the servant said that Leimbach had not left his room, and that clothing was stuffed under the door. The boy Ernest put his shoulder against the door and pushed it in. The room was full of gas, and Leimbach was in bed, dead.

His name and the address 57 Manhattan street were on cards in his pockets. There were also $2.06 and a pawn ticket for $30 on a watch.

John Leimbach lives at 59 Manhattan street, where he makes a kind of wood polish. P. A. Leimbach was his brother, and had been in the jewelry business with John and a third brother in John street for some time. P. A. Leimbach had lived with them at 59 Manhattan street until about five weeks ago, when he went to Philadelphia.

RUNAWAY MARRIAGE.

Mr. Edwards and Miss Clarkson Go to a Minister Instead of a Celebration.

There was a runaway wedding in South Brooklyn on Wednesday night, the couple being Ida Clarkson, the 19-year-old daughter of Edward M. Clarkson of 157 Fifty-third street, and 21-year-old Wallace Edwards of 153 Fifty-fourth street. They had been devoted lovers for a couple of years, and, finally, discovering that the girl's father had determined to oppose their marriage, decided to take the matter in their own hands. Instead of going, as was supposed, to a Washington anniversary celebration, they dropped in on the Rev. J. H. Lightbourne, the pastor of the Fourth Avenue Methodist Church, and were married. To prevent any difficulty, they took two witnesses along.

The couple are now living in a cosy flat in Second avenue and are getting along very nicely, it is said, although the bride's father is still grouty.

Joseph Coyne Hangs Himself.

Joseph Coyne, 20 years old, hanged himself yesterday afternoon at his home, 34 School street, Williamsburgh. He lost his employment some time ago, and yesterday he quarrelled with his wife over money matters.

Regular Cure Chasers

Is the epithet that is constantly applied to the Old Dominion Cigarette. Photograph in each package.—*Adv.*

"Y. & S." Stick Licorice.

No medicine chest complete without it in winter.—*Adv.*

Perfect roadbed, four tracks, fine cars, quick time, and Grand Central Station—all by New York Central.—*Adv.*

HAWAII MUST WAIT.

The Annexation Treaty Conceded to Be Dead for This Session.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25.—The Hawaiian treaty is dead for the session. This is reluctantly conceded, even by its friends. The action of the Senate to-day, in refusing to go into executive session, though that action doubtless had some reference to the Hanchett Circuit Judge nomination, was also accepted as a conclusive indication that the treaty would be shelved for the remainder of the session.

The treaty matter can, of course, be taken up in the extra session which will convene immediately after the present Congress dies, but unless some marked change of sentiment occurs, there is believed to be no prospect of action upon it during the life of the present Administration. Possibly the knowledge of this disposition on the part of the Senate had some reflex influence on the action of the House.

There was to have been a meeting of the Ways and Means Committee of the House to-day to consider the Springer resolution, that neither the Hawaiian nor any other treaty of annexation should be made without the consent of Congress; but there was no meeting of the Committee. One of the Republican committeemen said that his colleagues are unitedly against the resolution.

The Republicans, he said, were satisfied, after an examination of precedents, especially of the debate in 1796 over the Jay treaty and of letters of Jefferson, that the proposition that the House must be consulted in advance of a ratification by the President and the Senate of a treaty of annexation was not maintainable. He predicted that the resolution would be permitted to fall to the ground. Democratic members of the committee are still examining the subject, but it doesn't seem likely that the resolution will be pushed.

SERIOUS WRECK ON THE ERIE.

A Dining Car and Three Sleepers Thrown Down a Bank—Ten Persons Badly Injured.

OLEAN, N. Y., Feb. 25.—The Erie vestibule train No. 8 was wrecked about one mile east of Vandalia, at 12:12 P. M. to-day, and ten persons were seriously injured. The train, in charge of Conductor Thomas and Engineer Moore, was running at a speed of about thirty-eight miles an hour, and was rounding a curve on the bank of the Allegheny River, when the Pullman dining and sleeping cars jumped the track and were thrown down a twenty-foot bank. The dining car Susquehanna and the sleepers Sarah, Cervantes, and Martello, with their human freight, went over the steep embankment and were badly broken up.

It is remarkable that no one was killed in the frightful wreck. The wreck was caused by the spreading of the rails. The injuries sustained were mainly contusions and fractures, and it is thought that all of the injured will recover. The injured are:

Albert Bunn, New York, fractured arm.
William Sackett, cook on dining room car, serious cut on hip and legs.
H. K. Burden, Paterson, N. J., contusions on head.
T. G. Cagner, Jersey City, cut on head, shoulder dislocated.
F. A. Wheeler, Pullman car conductor, scalp wounds and contusions on hip and knee.
F. Howell, New York, bad cuts on head and apparent internal injuries.
Henry Boyer, Jersey City, serious injury on leg.
F. W. Wilson, New York, serious contusions on body and legs.
Mrs. Ahrens, Chicago, bruised and cut on arms and head.
C. J. Billings, Pullman conductor, bad cuts on head and body.

Conductor Thomas was slightly injured, while many others suffered from the terrible shock.

KILLED A GIRL AND HIMSELF.

A Disappointed Lover Commits a Terrible Crime.

GALVESTON, Feb. 25.—J. Frank Gilbough until a few months ago was a clerk in the freight department of the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fé Railroad Company.

His brother, Fred Gilbough, is chief clerk in the land department of the same road. People near Sixteenth street and Avenue I were startled at 5 o'clock this afternoon by the report of three pistol shots. Gilbough's body was found lying across the sidewalk, his head in a pool of blood from a wound just back of his right ear.

The body of Miss Dora May Wassam was by his side. It was removed to the home of Judge Mann. Two bullet holes in the left breast showed that the murderer had made sure of his aim. The father of the dead girl, A. M. Wassam, a real estate dealer, said:

"This is my daughter. The man who killed her is Frank Gilbough. He wanted her to marry him, but my wife objected on account of her age. She was only 17 years old."

Little Dot, the twelve-year-old sister of Dora, who was with her at the time of the tragedy, was almost crazed with fright and grief, but managed to give the following information:

"Dora and I were coming home from the city. Mr. Gilbough walked on the opposite side of the street for some distance. He came across and met us on the corner of Sixteenth st. and Avenue I. I heard him say something to Dora about loving him and hating him, but I could not understand what it was. Before I could realize that there was any trouble he pulled out a revolver and shot my sister.

"He then turned around, fired again, and both fell. I ran into Mrs. Kelpner's house, and I do not remember anything more."

WHO IS MR. HALL OF TEXAS?

Louisville's Mayor Now Gets a Query as to Marriageable Women.

LOUISVILLE, Feb. 25.—Mayor Tyler received a letter to-day from Jackson Hall of 202 West Seventeenth street, Austin, Tex. Hall said some friends wished to correspond with Louisville girls about matrimony. He said the young men were all highly respectable, of good families, and worthy of good, true women. If this was not so he never would have recommended them. They would prefer the women also to be of good families and manners and members of churches. The young men, he said, could give references from bankers and influential business men.

Mr. Hall says this is the second letter he has written on this subject, and he hopes his request will be attended to, though it might be out of the Mayor's line. It is said that Boston's Mayor recently heard from Mr. Hall on this same topic.

THE CONSOLIDATION MOVEMENT.

Brooklynites Working with a Will for the Greater New York.

There are now nearly 500 solid men in Brooklyn enrolled in the Consolidation League, which is working for the Greater New York, and just as soon as the list reaches 2,000 ward associations will be organized. It is expected that the Brooklyn delegation to Albany on March 8, when there is to be a hearing before the joint committees of the Senate and Assembly, will number 300, and a special train is to be fitted up for their accommodation. The spokesmen for consolidation will be William J. Gaynor, James Matthews, and James McMahon.

Rich Deposit of Bessemer Ore.

SAGINAW, Mich., Feb. 25.—An immense deposit of rich Bessemer ore has been discovered on a forty-acre tract located in St. Louis county, Minn., owned by the Hon. W. R. Burt of this city. It is estimated that over ten million tons are in sight, as holes have been put down all over the tract, the rich deposit being only fifteen feet below the surface, and so soft that it can