THE SAULSBURY DYNASTY.

A REMARKABLE EPISODE IN DELAWARE POLITICAL HISTORY.

The Fight of the Three Saulsbury Brothers for a Seat in the United States Senate—The Long Reign of Eli Saulsbury—How His Overthrow Was Accomplished.

WILMINGTON, March 25.—The death of ex-Senator Eli Saulsbury on Wednesday has taken from life the last member of the Saulsbury triumvirate, which for years, in conjunction with the Bayards, ruled the political destiny of the State, and which in 1871 was the cause of a Senatorial contest unparalleled in the history of the country. Every old Delawarean is thoroughly acquainted with the incidents of the exciting canvass which sent Eli Saulsbury to the Senate. Every young Delawarean knows something of that famous fight, although few of the younger generation outside of that substantial and growing portion of it which has made its lot political are acquainted with all of its exciting phases.

Early in the century there lived in Mispillion Hundred, Lower Kent county, William Saulsbury, a farmer much respected by his neighbors. He had five sons. The eldest two lived and died in their father's calling; the third son, Gove, was born on May 29, 1815; the fourth, Eli, was born on Dec. 21, 1817, and the fifth, Willard, was born on June 22, 1820. All received good educations.

Both Willard and Gove had attained great prominence in the politics of the State before Eli's name was known much beyond the limits of Kent county. Willard Saulsbury returned from the national capital in 1871, after a second term in the Senate, which would have meant political death to any less persistent politician. The people of New Castle and Kent counties were loth to return him, but the free exercise of a persuasive tongue soon won the ardent support of his Sussex county constituents, with whom his undoubted ability and magnetic personality far outweighed his reputed failings. It was then that his brother Gove, whose term as Governor had just expired, took the field for the nomination, and the legislative members from New Castle and Kent rallied to his support.

Both brothers worked hard for success. No other candidates were mentioned for the place, and much bad feeling was engendered. Both men were possessed of rare ability as shrewd political tactitioners, and each was a leader of much experience. An unpopular record in the Senate seriously handicapped Willard's fight, but his opponent's lieutenants so underestimated the strength of his following that until the result of the first ballot was announced at the legislative caucus on Jan. 15 Gove seemed to have a clear track for the nomination. Sussex solidly supported Willard, and Kent's delegation steadfastly championed the cause of Gove. The New Castle contingent was divided, three supporting Willard, four backing Gove, and the remaining three, undetermined for either, compromising on Eli, who at the time was modestly practising law in Dover.

On the first and second ballots the vote stood 14 for Gove, 13 for Willard, and 3 for Eli. The excitement in the caucus was intense. Silence pervaded the chamber, and the members discussed the situation in sober tones. There seemed to be no way of breaking the deadlock. Finally a committee from the Kent delegation was sent to Eli's law office, opposite the Green, to secure his consent to run as a compromise candidate. He agreed, after much persuasion, and ten minutes later the New Castle members gathered under his standard. On the fourth and last ballot Eli won by a vote of 16 to 14, and Gove's fond hopes were crushed.

Thus did Eli Saulsbury rise to fame. Thus closed the only Senatorial contest in history wherein three brothers were the only candidates for the honored place, and in which partisanship in the following of each was as vigorous as in the fights where factions are free from a natural fraternal feeling.

Gove's defeat discouraged him from any future effort, and retired him permanently from public life. He died in seclusion several years ago. Willard was shortly afterward made Chancellor, an office which he held until his death last April.

Eli retained his seat in the Senate for eighteen years. While he did not possess the brilliant talents of his brothers, he was gifted with a large amount of sound common sense, a high desire honestly to fulfil the essential duties of his office, and sufficient political shrewdness to gain for him the earnest support of the "common people."

As his third term drew toward a close in 1888 there were divers mutterings from the younger Democrats, who thought he had enjoyed a tranquil long enough. Some say that the Senator had arrived at that conclusion himself, but could not decide upon what member of the Saulsbury family the toga should fall, and would entertain no idea of allowing the honor to leave that family altogether. He finally concluded that the best way out of the dilemma was to return to the Senate himself, and he announced his candidacy for a fourth term accordingly.

But the great Saulsbury dynasty was doomed to die; defeat was to crush out the long unchallenged reign at last. James L. Walcott, the present Chancellor, then a rising young lawyer, was the instrument through whom the Saulsbury rule was ended after twenty-five years of undisputed away. Walcott studied law under Eli, and was incidentally initiated by him into the mysteries of politics. He was admitted to the bar in 1866, and, though a successful and devoted member of his profession, he showed a marked preference for political honors, and made much progress in that field.

He was elected clerk of the Senate in 1867, and in 1879 was appointed Secretary of State by Gov. Hall. Four years of that office created in him a burning ambition to represent his State in the national Senate. His term expired in 1883, about the time that Senator Saulsbury's second term ended at Washington, and at the latter's caucus for reelection Walcott organized the anti-Saulsburys, a body of disgruntled party men who resented Saulsbury's sway, and attempted to defeat the Senator, but without avail.

In 1888, however, he was more successful. Not disheartened by his failure, he had vowed that he would defeat the Saulsburys or perish politically in the attempt. Opposition to Eli had grown with his extended term, and his old-time enemies were more bold in their rebellion.

At the nomination elections in 1888 Walcott's triumph was complete, and in the subsequent Kent county nomination convention the ignominy of defeat was made worse to the Saulsbury men by the refusal of the Walcott faction to grant them representation on the county ticket. The Saulsburyites avenged themselves by bolting the State ticket, which resulted in the election of a Republican Legislature and the election for the first time of a Republican Senator from Delaware in the person of Anthony Higgins.

Eli could have saved the day, but he would not. Personal revenge overcame party loyalty, and in the anger of defeat he pulled his party down with him and foiled Walcott's ambition to succeed him in the Senate.

After that time until his death he lived the secluded life of an invalid at Dover. Walcott was appointed Chancellor, upon the death of Willard Saulsbury last year, by the present Governor, Reynolds, who had been his ablest lieutenant in the fight against Eli. The latter's leader in that struggle in Wilmington was Charles B. Lore, who on Tuesday was appointed Chief Justice.

Mr. Saulsbury never married. He led a quiet life while in Washington, and served on various important committees during his term there. He was a man of much force of character, and in the course of his Congressional career made many lasting friends.

TRIALS OF A SHIPWRECKED CREW.

Three Days Without Water on a Disabled Vessel at Sea.

CHINCOTEAGUE, Va., March 26.—Capt. Alfred Lewis of the schooner Price, which was abandoned at sea, arrived here last night from Liverpool. He relates a thrilling story of the trials of himself and crew before they were rescued. The vessel was bound for New Haven, Conn., and when off Cape May was disabled and driven out to sea. The sails were set when the storm arose, and heavy seas washed the decks, carrying over the water casks and deck load. The men were compelled to cling to the masts. Then the steering gear was disabled, and the vessel was at the mercy of the waves. During a lull the men succeeded in lowering the foresail, and immediately afterward the vessel's hold began to fill. The pumps were broken and valueless, and the Captain thought all was lost.

From Tuesday, Feb. 21, to Thursday they had no water, and the sufferings from thirst and cold were intense. During the storm they tried to catch the rain, but the spray turned this to salt. Then their eyes became so blind from the rigging, but they were salty and increased instead of diminishing their sufferings. On Thursday at noon they were sighted by the White Star steamer Cuffe, which rescued them and took them to Liverpool.

A Retired Merchant Missing.

NIAGARA FALLS, March 26.—James Fitzgerald, a retired merchant of St. Catherines, Ontario, has been missing two weeks, and it is thought his body is in the river here. The man was seen here last and was despondent over his health, which was poor. His sister committed suicide by drowning herself in the lake at Port Dalhousie many years ago. A brother at St. Catherines has telegraphed all over the country to try and find him, without success.

THE EPWORTH CHAPEL DEDICATED.

Regarded Only as an Extension of a Church Yet to Be Built.

The new $30,000 chapel of the Epworth M. E. Church, at Bushwick and De Kalb avenues, Williamsburgh, was dedicated yesterday. The church is the outgrowth of what was formerly the Broadway Mission, which the Rev. Hart F. Pease started in 1872. When the Protestant Methodist Church in Cedar street, Williamsburgh, closed its doors as an organization, in 1876, the mission took the church building and changed its name from the Broadway Mission to to the Cedar Street M. E. Church. Two years ago the Cook Street M. E. Church Society disbanded, and the officials of the Cedar street church bought the property and welcomed the members of the disbanded church. With their membership increased, the Cedar street church people sold their property a year ago to the National Athletic Association for $9,000.

With the money obtained from the sale of the property of the Cook street church they had more than $12,000 to build a new church. The land at Bushwick and De Kalb avenues was bought for $7,500. It has a frontage of 100 feet on Bushwick avenue and 100 feet on De Kalb avenue. The erection of the chapel was undertaken first. The main room is arranged so that the seats face Bushwick avenue, although the entrance is from De Kalb avenue. This is because the chapel is regarded as an extension to the church yet to be built.

The dedication took place at the morning service, and when it was over the Rev. Dr. E. G. Andrews, LL. D., resident Bishop of New York, preached. There was a platform meeting yesterday afternoon, at which John E. Searles, President of the Brooklyn Church Society, presided.

The ceremonies will be continued until Friday night. At to-night's service the Rev. Dr. S. L. Beiler, Vice-Chancellor elect of the American University in Washington, D. C., will preach. There will also be services to-morrow night and Wednesday and Thursday nights. A reunion of the former pastors and members and friends of the Cook street and Cedar street churches will bring the ceremonies to an end on Friday night.

A GREEDY PYTHON.

The Fasting Boa at the Park Offset by a Ravenous Neighbor.

Unlike the fasting boa constrictor at the Central Park Menagerie, which Director Smith is obliged to subject to milk baths in order to keep it from starving to death, one of the large pythons at the Zoo has developed such an appetite that the other snakes in his domicile have to hustle to get their share of the pigeons and rabbits thrown into the cage. A few days ago, after the python had already devoured about twice his share, he seized a rabbit, which a smaller snake was quietly preparing to swallow. The lesser python resented the intrusion, and a lively fight followed. The two snakes coiled about each other and thrashed around the cage in a desperate effort to squeeze one another to death, until Keeper Burns crawled into the cage and stopped the fight.

Since then the big python has shown such a disposition to eat everything that comes in its way or else start a fight, and it was decided at last to separate it from the other snakes. After the lion house was closed yesterday afternoon Keeper Burns entered the cage, and watching his chance he grabbed the big fellow in the back of the neck, and tumbled him into a box held ready by Assistant Superintendent Burns. Then to make doubly sure that there would be no more trouble, the next largest python was also removed.

When the remaining pythons were fed they ate as though they had fasted for a month.

TOOK A SECOND THOUGHT.

A Police Station Not the Place to Visit with a Stolen Watch.

Capt. Ennis of the Cedar Street police station, Brooklyn, has in his possession a gold hunting-case watch which bears the inscription "The Pennsylvania." This is how he got it. Louis Kalderitz, who lives at 264 Johnson avenue, was standing in front of his residence late on Saturday night, when he was approached by a stranger who wanted to sell him a watch for $35.

"I'm a little hard up, friend," said he, "and I would like to raise some money."

Kalderitz took the watch in his hand, and after looking it over carefully, told the stranger that he did not have so much money with him.

"Well, then, give me $5 for it and let me get away."

Kalderitz still refused, but asked the man to accompany him to the police station, and if the police were satisfied with the transaction he would buy the watch. Kalderitz started for the station with the watch in his hand and the man at his side, but, after walking about fifteen feet, the man darted away and ran along Johnson avenue until he disappeared. Kalderitz took the watch to the station house and turned it over to Capt. Ennis.

Kalderitz describes the man as about 40 years old and 5 feet 7 inches tall. He wore a dark suit of clothes.

ELIZABETH'S TRINITY CHURCH.

Its Debt All Paid and It Will be Consecrated Next Sunday.

ELIZABETH, March 26.—Trinity Episcopal Church will be consecrated next Sunday, as then the debt which burdened the church for seventeen years will have been wiped out. When the Rev. Dr. Francis Marion McAllister, a brother of Ward McAllister, took charge of Trinity in 1876 he found a debt of $27,000 and started in to reduce it, besides making from time to time needed improvements. Now only $2,200 remains unpaid, and this sum has been guaranteed for Easter Sunday.

The vestry held a meeting during the past week and decided as a mark of appreciation of the rector's services to increase his salary $500 a year. The ceremony of consecrating the church will be performed by the Bishop of New Jersey.

A PLACE FOR WHITFIELD VAN COTT.

Made Deputy Internal Revenue Collector, Succeeding Ackerman, Resigned.

Whitfield Van Cott, brother of Postmaster Van Cott, has been appointed Deputy Internal Revenue Collector in the Third district by Collector Eidman. Mr. Van Cott takes the place of James H. Ackerman, who resigned by request last week. Ackerman bought the saloon at Tenth street and Sixth avenue owned by James Barclay. There was a dispute about the price, and Ackerman's friends say that Barclay reported to Collector Eidman that Ackerman had gone into the saloon business in violation of the rules of the service. The request for Ackerman's resignation followed. Whitfield Van Cott is an ex-Alderman of the Eighth ward.

Easter Flowers from Bermuda.

The odor of roses, lilies, and tropical plants floated from the hold of the steamship Orinoco, which arrived yesterday from Bermuda. It was wafted into windows of the tenements near the foot of West Tenth street, making the little girls and their mothers sniff the air with unaccustomed pleasure. There were 2,800 boxes filled with flowers for the adornment of churches and homes and the corsages of happy girls and the lapels of admiring men. Among the flowers are more than 1,500 lilies, 125 boxes of cut flowers, and many roses and palms.

Nominations in Hudson County.

Several nominations for member of the Board of Chosen Freeholders of Hudson County, N. J., were made on Saturday night. The Democrats nominated Timothy Cronan in the First district, William H. Ellis in the Ninth, "King" Simon Kelly in the Tenth, and Dennis Noonan in the Eleventh. The Republicans nominated ex-Police Commissioner John F. Halladay in the Second district and George Schwartz in the Eleventh.

A Mounted Policeman's Leg Broken.

Mounted Policeman Thomas Martin of the Morrisania station is in the Harlem Hospital with a broken leg. He was riding to the station after finishing a tour of duty at midnight Saturday, when his horse stumbled and fell on a pile of stones at Westchester and Eagle avenues. The officer's leg was caught under the horse. Martin lives at 156th street and Third avenue.

A Rumor Regarding the New York Offices.

It is said on good authority that Col. Lamont's visits to New York last week were for the purpose of beginning the work of filling the New York offices by offering the Assistant Treasurership to J. J. O'Donohue. It is hoped in this manner to clear the way for putting anti-snappers into the Custom House, Post Office, &c.

The Dedication of a Synagogue.

The Hebrew Congregation of Anshe Chesed yesterday held dedicatory services at their new synagogue at 100 East 112th street. Addresses were made by Louis Goldsmith, Miss Florence Steiner, and Philip Loewith. The Rev. Dr. A. Callman preached the dedication sermon. The closing address was made by Register Ferdinand Levy.

HIS SERMON FULL OF OATHS.

VON BLARCOM, THE PROFANE, PREACHES IN JAIL.

The Wickedest Man in Bergen County Harangues His Fellow Prisoners, and Swears Like a Trooper When They Interrupt Him—The Sheriff Says that Yesterday's Scene Shall Not Be Repeated.

James H. Von Blarcom, the wealthy distiller and hotel keeper from Oakland, now confined in Hackensack jail under sentence for swearing in public, was yesterday the object of a curious throng that filled the Sheriff's office during the regular religious service conducted in the prison by the venerable John Parsons. Von Blarcom was visited on Saturday by his wife, and was so violent and profane in denunciation of a remark she made that she left his presence and went home to Oakland on the first train. There are some hardened characters in the prison, including burglars, tramps, and common thieves, but they all agree that this Bergen county Dutchman is the worst swearer they ever heard. When Mr. Parsons had concluded his regular service this afternoon and was retiring the distiller invited him to remain for a few minutes, but the old gentleman declined. Von Blarcom than began a wild and incoherent harangue.

"We are on our way to Zion," he shouted, "and we can't help ourselves. There we'll meet our gracious God and give an account of the deeds done in the flesh down here on this earth, and if they have been bad God will say get you gone. Although we may not live here to please some people, it makes no difference as long as we want to please God. Now, there's the spirit what exists to-day and has existed forever. But people has got bad hearts because they are so corrupt and because they think they are better than others. That was the matter in Christ's days, but Jesus was too smart for them. They didn't want him to live on earth, by God, even if he preached their religion."

At this point the wickedest man in Bergen county lost his breath, and the prisoners sang justily, "Hide away, dear brother; why do you tarry so long?"

Von Blarcom waved his hand and shouted: "Now, shut up, damn you! I want to talk."

A burst of laughter greeted this, and the eyes of the distiller flashed as he roared: "What in hell are you laughing at? This ain't no monkey show." Then he resumed his talk about Christ, saying: "You see, Christ was too smart for them old chaps, and they thought he'd bounce their king. I know a lawyer in Paterson who is too smart for the other lawyers, and they don't like him for a cent."

This provoked another roar of laughter, and the grizzled speaker yelled: "You damned fools, do you think this is a minstrel show?"

The speaker had again exhausted himself, and while he was refilling his huge chest with oxygen, the prisoners sang "Jesus loved me when a stranger." Van Blarcom, who had recovered during this respite, arose and continued.

"It's pretty damned hard work, boys," he said, "but I'll only talk about five or ten or fifteen minutes more. I could talk right along for five hours and tell you how easy it is to be good. You can all be good if you want to. If you can't keep all the Ten Commandments, keep some; and if you can't keep any, just keep the one that says 'Love thy neighbor as you want thy neighbor to love yourself.' But don't love thy neighbor's wife, for I know a man got in a hell of a muss once for that."

"Come off!" shouted the chorus.

"Well, I'll cut it short, for you're too damned ignorant to understand religion anyhow. But if you keep them commandments you'll never be debarred from the face of God, and just keep that in mind, by God. The most ignorant man in the world can understand that, and that puts it in the shell."

Then leaning against the heavily barred door, Van Blarcom surveyed his fellow prisoners for a moment, and closed sententiously: "Now you can sing, and I'll give you the benediction, because you ain't worth praying for." And William Aiken, a colored man committed for cutting his wife with a razor, started up in high falsetto:

Steal away, steal away to Jesus;
Steal away home.
I ain't got long to stay here.

Sheriff Bogert closed the heavy doors with the remark, "We will have no more such shows as this."

ON THE WAY TO CHURCH

The Highams Stopped at a Saloon, and Then Arose These Woes.

Thomas Roscoe Higham (pronounced Eyam by the Highams) is a carriage blacksmith of 124 East Fifty-first street. He started out for mass yesterday morning with his son Joseph. He says now that he ought to have gone straight to the cathedral, but he thought there would be too much of a crowd there, so he was making for Forty-second street when he ran across an old friend, a coachman. Higham had not seen his friend for some time, and a drink was proposed. The party got into Brakmann Bros.' saloon, Fiftieth street and Sixth avenue. There Higham met an old employer of his, Thomas Joseph Shea, a carriage builder, of 143 West Fifty-first street. Mr. Shea had a friend with him, and the party was amalgamated on the first round of drinks. Mr. Shea's friend had been drinking already, and his moral sense was very wide awake.

"That are y' doin' here, sonny?" he said to young Higham.

"That's my son," said Mr. Higham, proudly.

Mr. Shea's friend looked Higham over and then remarked:

"Do you call yersel' a man to bring yer son into a saloon on Sunday mornin'?"

"I bring my son where I please, and it's nobody's business but my own," said Higham.

Mr. Shea's friend banged Higham in the eye, knocking him against the nickel-in-the-slot machine. Mr. Higham's son grabbed Mr. Shea's friend and got punched in the nose. Then there was an all-around scrap. The bartender took a hand and ran the whole crowd out into the street. Mr. Higham and his son and the coachman went on the run down Sixth avenue, followed by a shower of paper weights from the news stand and plates from the free lunch counter.

When Mr. Higham stopped to take breath he found that one lapel of his new Sunday coat was gone and that all the buttons were gone from his vest. He had only one end of his necktie left, and his collar and shirt were torn and bedamaged. His son's nose was bleeding and there were two strips of flesh torn from the left side of his face. He had lost his hat, but had got Shea's.

Mr. Higham decided not to go to church and went to the Grand Central police station. There he got a policeman and went back to Brakmann's. The police could not get in. They advised Higham to go to Jefferson Market Court in the morning. Higham was not satisfied with this and journeyed to Police Headquarters. He got the same advice there.

Gen. O'Beirne in Charge.

Gen. O'Beirne assumed charge of Ellis Island yesterday morning. Col. Weber turned over the official documents and books to the General, as he had been asked to do by O. L. Spaulding, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

A rumor was current last week that Col. Weber had been asked to retain his place and that he had very courteously answered that he could not consistently do so. His advice as to the retention of employees on Ellis Island has been asked in several cases. On his recommendation Harold Danielson, formerly assistant engineer on the island, has been appointed chief engineer, in place of Engineer Howell, who resigned last week. J. P. Archibald, a labor orator, is mentioned as the probable successor to Gen. O'Beirne.

For Passing Counterfeit Coins.

Antonio Frederico and his son Angelo tried to add to the profits of their cobbler's shop at 319 West 125th street by circulating counterfeit quarters. A week ago they made a small purchase in Frederick Rathjen's grocery at 230 East 116th street and paid him with one of the imitation coins. Last Saturday night they tried to pass another bad quarter on Rathjen, who refused to take it. He followed the men, and after seeing them pass off a couple of the counterfeits on tradesmen he caused their arrest. Antonio had only one sample of the bogus money left in his pocket. In the Harlem Police Court yesterday the prisoners were remanded for examination by United States Commissioner Shields.

Mr. Spincer of Georgia Wants His Ninety-five Cents.

Justice Smith, presiding at the Tombs Police Court, found the following letter in his mail yesterday morning. It was addressed "Justice of the Piece, New York," and read:

Tarmo, Liberty county, Ga., March 22, 1893.

You will please call on U. S. Furniture Co., No. 111 Nassau street at N. Y. an collect from them the sum of 95 cents and make them pay you cost of cort. Write me at once. They does me this above amount on furniture. I will send you postage for return postage. Let me here from you at once at my expense. Your respect. J. H. SPINCER.

A PACKING BOX HIS BEDROOM.

It was Pretty Cold, but the Boy Did the Best He Could, He and a Dog.

As Patrolman Danneberger was passing through Beaver street, Newark, at 1 o'clock yesterday morning, a dog barked at him from the interior of a big packing case which stood upon the sidewalk near the side wall of Miner's Theatre. The big policeman lit a match and illuminated the interior of the box. There he found a ten-year-old, thinly clad boy hugging a little terrier for warmth. Both were shivering with the cold. The dog barked and growled at the light, and snapped at Danneberger when he attempted to drag the boy from his queer resting place. The little fellow came out of his own free will as soon as he discovered that it was a policeman who accosted him.

At Police Headquarters the little waif said he was James Buckler, and was born in England. Until three months ago he lived at 24 Reynolds avenue, Harrison, where his parents settled upon their arrival in this country two years ago. His mother died eight months ago, and his father followed her five months later. He said that an aunt in Yonkers took and cared for his 5-year-old brother, but left him to shift for himself, knowing that he could get a living by selling papers. Since then he has slept in cheap lodging houses and subsisted by selling papers. He said he had a grandmother in Paterson who might take care of him if he went to her. He is a bright, handsome little fellow, quite small for his age. He made a good impression on the police, and they are investigating his story.

MAY LIGHT UP GEDNEY'S CHANNEL.

First, However, Capt. Schley Will Try an Experiment in Chicago.

Capt. W. H. Schley of the Third Lighthouse district at Tompkinsville, S. I., will leave for Chicago to-day to help carry out a scheme for lighting up the water front of that city by electricity. It is said he is the originator of the idea, and he is very sanguine of success. The seven miles of Chicago's water front will be lighted by means of buoys. The power will be furnished from one station. The present system of electric buoy lighting requires two cables, which run to what is called a junction box, separate wires connecting with the buoys. Under the new system one of these cables will be done away with. The power station will be placed at one end of the line of buoys, and the cable will run the entire seven-mile course. It is proposed to send 1,500 volts over the wire, and control the current by converters at each buoy. This will enable the projectors to use any amount of current they may desire at each buoy. The estimated cost is about $25,000. The affair is an experiment. If it is successful, the Government may give Capt. Schley permission to light a channel in the lower bay by the new system. In this event Gedney's Channel will probably be selected. It is proposed to light the channel on one side with white lights and on the other with red ones. On the top of the buoys will be placed bells of different kinds, which will be regulated by electricity to strike at certain times.

ROBBED IN CLARK'S.

A Young Doctor Accuses Two Women of Stealing a Diamond Scarfpin.

A well-dressed young man rushed out of Clark's Bijou restaurant on Sixth avenue, near Thirtieth street, early yesterday morning, shouting that he had been robbed. Two policemen returned with him to the place, and he pointed out two girls who, he said, had stolen from him a diamond scarfpin valued at $150. The girls were arrested. They gave their names as Grace McDermott, 23 years old, of 219 West Thirty-sixth street, and Edith Russell, of the same address. Both denied the charge. Their accuser gave his name as Dr. Oliver W. Hall of 254 West Fifty-fourth street and 940 Broadway.

He said that he was sitting at a table in the restaurant with the two girls when he missed his scarfpin, which he had pinned to his vest down. He accused the girls, who appealed to the proprietor of the place. The proprietor then threatened Dr. Hall, who ran out and called for the police.

The girls were arraigned at Jefferson Market Court yesterday, but Dr. Hall was not present to press the charge against them, so they were discharged.

PERHAPS HE SET THE FIRE.

A Stranger Found in the Cellar of a Burning Stable Eludes Identification.

In view of the fact that no one knows how the fire which destroyed the two-story brick stable at 31 West Ninety-eighth street on Saturday night originated, there is a good deal of speculation as to the identity of the man whom John Taylor dragged out of the cellar when he discovered the flames. Valentine Wille, who owned the stable, and his family occupied the upper floor as a dwelling. They had been in bed scarcely twenty minutes when Mr. Taylor, who lives in No. 41, saw smoke pouring out of the cellar and gave the alarm. The fire had gained such headway that the Willes fled for their lives without waiting to save any of their furniture.

Taylor, breaking open the hatchway leading into the cellar, found a stranger lying half suffocated at the foot of the steps and carried him to the street. There the stranger recovered, and slipped away during the excitement before any one had learned his identity or what business he may have had in the cellar.

RECOVERED HIS PRODIGAL WIFE.

Incidentally He Knocked Down the Man with Whom She Ran Away.

CHICAGO, March 26.—G. A. Beck and F. H. Hart of St. Louis met at Ontario and Rush streets yesterday. The meeting was unexpectedly disastrous for Hart, but Beck emerged with flying colors and a wife, who disappeared from his home one week ago. Hart and Mrs. Beck were out for a walk when Beck appeared upon the scene. Hart is twice as big as Beck, but the irate husband knocked the fellow out in short order. Hart jumped to his feet, dashed into a cab, and was driven away.

Beck is the junior member of a St. Louis wholesale clothing house. Hart was employed as superintendent in the company's factory. Beck knew that Hart was a frequent caller at his house, but his suspicions were not aroused until a short time ago. One day he caught the pair kissing in the parlor. Hart jumped through a window. The wife promised to mend her ways, and Beck forgave her. Shortly after he left for a Southern trip. When he returned a week ago his wife was gone. So was $187 in cash and other valuables.

Beck traced the couple to Chicago and played detective for five days. After Hart was knocked out the wife fell upon Beck's neck and begged for forgiveness. The pair made up and left on the next train for home.

Dean McNulty Planned the Raid.

PATERSON, March 26.—Police Captain Bimson and five patrolmen raided William Mayhood's saloon, 328 Grand street, at 2 o'clock this morning, and arrested the manager, William Corbin, and eleven men who were drinking at the bar. A few of the customers made an effort to escape, but were captured on the sidewalk. The captives were arraigned before Police Justice Van Cleve this morning. Corbin and one of the prisoners paid a fine and were released, but the others refused to pay and were taken to the county jail. The raid was planned by Dean McNulty, the pastor of St. John's Catholic Church. He said the saloon was kept open until daylight nearly every Sunday.

Habeas Corpus for Mrs. Baldy.

BALTIMORE, March 26.—Mrs. Elizabeth L. Baldy, projector of the Southern Land and Silk Association, and other schemes, is wanted in New York to answer the charge of grand larceny. Just as she was to be turned over to Detective John J. O'Brien of New York, a writ of habeas corpus was presented by her counsel, and Mrs. Baldy will continue in the custody of Capt. Farman of the Police Department of this city until Thursday.

The John L. Hasbrouck Still Aground.

POUGHKEEPSIE, March 26.—The steamer John L. Hasbrouck, which went ashore in a fog on the flats near New Hamburg on Saturday morning, still remains fast, although attempts have been made to pull her off by heavy tugs. The steamer Daniel S. Miller came up from New York this morning and took off her freight, starting back to the city at 4:30 P. M. Further attempts will be made to release the boat to-morrow morning.

Diss De Bar in States Prison.

JOLIET, Ill., March 26.—Just before noon yesterday the big doors of the penitentiary were swung open and Vera Ava, alias Ann O'Delia Diss De Bar, was received from Geneva for two years' imprisonment for theft. All eyes were turned toward her as she climbed the iron stairs that lead to the woman's department.

Drove Into the Harlem River.

Jacob Delancey, 63 years old, who lives at 51 Riverdale avenue, Yonkers, while drunk last night, drove his horse and wagon into the Harlem River at Kingsbridge. The horse was drowned, but Delancey escaped with no other hurt than a good ducking.

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SHEATHING OF WAR VESSELS.

Naval Constructor Hichborn Recommends It for All Cruisers of Over 1,000 Tons.

WASHINGTON, March 26.—The question of sheathing our naval vessels is one to which Secretary Herbert, it is said, proposes to give some earnest consideration. Naval Constructor Hichborn has prepared some important data on the subject. He shows that the Atlanta, on her trial trip, with a clean bottom, attained a speed of 15.5 knots an hour on 3,345 horse power, while the Boston, her exact duplicate, with a comparatively foul bottom, made but 13.8 knots on 3,780 horse power.

Constructor Hichborn holds that the importance of the preservation of the bottoms of steel vessels from corrosion and fouling can hardly be overestimated, and is continually emphasized by the reports of loss of speed and increased coal consumption received from our new unsheathed steel vessels now in commission. Unless our cruisers are to be confined to cruises of short duration in the neighborhood of our own ports, it would appear that they are deficient in a most important quality—the ability to maintain high speed at sea for long periods.

Advices received by the Bureau of Construction from abroad show that France, England, Italy, Russia, and Germany favor sheathing of naval vessels, and do it extensively. That sheathing can be successfully applied to metal ships while in the course of construction is demonstrated by the fact that a large number of that class of vessels, built since 1885, are still in existence, and have served in extended and repeated commissions.

The additional expense incurred in putting on the sheathing of wood and copper is in reality a gain, adding to the lifetime of the ship, as it obviates the necessity of frequent docking and the largely increased coal bills when the metal bottom is foul. For a vessel like the Chicago the cost would be between $300 and $400 for docking alone. To this sum must be added about $1,000 for scraping and painting. In the decent sword sterile has brought the charges for private docks down to a minimum, but the docks in India, China, Australia, and on the Pacific coast are very expensive.

Constructor Hichborn recommends that all cruising vessels intended for general service in foreign waters be sheathed, that above 1,000 tons displacement, and that vessels of less than 1,000 tons displacement, intended for general service as cruising gunboats, &c., be of a composite construction, with steel framing, wood outside planking, and copper sheathing.

THE LEADER OF THE IROQUOIS.

The Death of a Great Man in the Councils of the Six Nations.

From the Post-Express.

News comes from Canada of the death of John Buck, the Chief Councillor of the Six Nations, the official keeper of the wampum records of the league, and the head firekeeper of the Onondaga tribe—an Indian who was as greatly beloved by his followers as was Brant by the Mohawks and Red Jacket by the Senecas. John Buck's father, Horatio Hale says that Buck was virtually "the Iroquois Premier," made so by "his rank, his character, and his eloquence."

In the treaty of peace, after the Revolutionary war, Great Britain made no provision for her Iroquois allies; they were left to the mercy of the young republic, which, under the laws of war, could have seized and held Iroquois lands. The United States, however, admitted Indian ownership and made treaties with the Six Nations. Great Britain offered to Brant and other chiefs, however, a tract of land on the Grand River in Canada, and many of the Mohawks and scattering bands of other tribes moved and settled there. The total number of Iroquois in Canada at the last enumeration was 8,483 and in New York 5,239. While the Iroquois who remained in this State have steadily advanced in the art of civilization and have grown more and more like the whites, those of the great league who settled in Canada have changed but little, preferring to live as their ancestors lived. To this day the old constitution of the league, conceived by Hiawatha, is upheld, though in some slight degree it has been modified. John Buck clung closer, perhaps, than any chief to the wayes of his fathers. In the council house bearing the title of Skanawati (Beyond the Swamp), which had been hereditary in his family for many generations. For at least four generations his family had been intrusted with the wampum records of the Six Nations, or at least that portion of them which the Iroquois carried to Canada.

Skanawati was about 75 years of age at the time of his death. He was a pagan all his life, and a firm believer in the virtues of the incantations of the medicine men. He was, indeed, a medicine man himself, and understood the simple medicines of Indian medicine and surgery. He was not only wise, honest, and true, and the possessor of a character that made him the idol of his people, but he was a man of extraordinary memory and unusual intelligence. To those, like Horatio Hale, who were studying Huron-Iroquois traditions, religion, and language, he rendered assistance that was simply invaluable.

Pardon Outfooted by Death.

From the Philadelphia Record.

CARTHAGE, N. C., March 23.—One day's delay in a pardon cost the life of John Young, a mulatto, 35 years old, under seven years' sentence for stealing a hog. He had strenuously protested his innocence for three years, and when Gov. Holt went out of office in January without granting the pardon, Young gave up all hope, and Monday he made a dash for liberty and was shot down by the guard, receiving a mortal wound.

Almost the next mail brought a pardon for him. The Captain of the guard went to the poor fellow's cot, and, showing him the paper, said: "John, here is your pardon that Gov. Carr has sent you."

John took the pardon, looked at the great gilt seal of the State and murmuring, "Why didn't it come yesterday? It is too late now," gasped and died.

Devoured by Wolves.

From the Toronto Daily Mail.

OTTAWA, March 22.—Mr. Alexander Belliveau of Lower Town has received information from Michigan that his son was eaten by wolves a few days ago. The unfortunate young man was foreman of a gang working on the construction of a railway in the northern part of the State. He and a friend while out hunting were attacked by a band of wolves, and, although they discharged their rifles into the pack, the wolves overpowered them. Belliveau's companion climbed a tree to escape the fate of his companion. From there he saw his companion torn to pieces by wolves at the foot of the tree on which he was perched. For several hours the wolves kept around the tree, and did not leave until a number of men from the camp came and drove them away.

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PREACHING ABOUT HARRIS.

A SCOTCH PRESBYTERIAN THINKS HIS GUILT NOT PROVEN.

The Rev. Mr. Boyle Speaks in Behalf of the Yet Unmurdered Public—A Pardon Might be the Death Warrant of a Dozen Wives.

The Rev. Dr. Mitchell, the pastor of the Scotch Presbyterian Church in Jersey City, talked about the case of Carlyle W. Harris in a preface to his sermon last night. Among other things, he said:

"There is positive lack of evidence that the wife designedly took an overdose of morphine at this time. It is evident that the subsequent affidavits of those who declared themselves to be competent witnesses to the morphine habits of the deceased were considered by the Recorder of little or no value. But if they had been deemed of legal worth, would they not just as strongly prove that Mrs. Harris was a person not at all likely to take more of the drug than was good for her? If she took too much of the poison her act was either unconscious or suicidal. Were it unconscious it implies two things. First, the morphine was there in abundance, and either she took it herself or at the hands of nurse or friend. There is still an absolute lack of evidence as to both these points of view. Now here comes all that is in the case for Harris. No one saw him administer such excess of poison. In order to make him out the murderer, something has to be imagined. It has to be supposed that he substituted a specially prepared capsule for the ordinary one. There is no witness possible to this deed. It may be natural to conjecture that such was the manner of the crime. But will mere conjecture answer in such a case? Had this trial taken place in Scotland, I believe it would have resulted in the verdict 'Not proven.'

"North Britain has some peculiarities, you know, and one of them touches this case. Between the two degrees of conviction, 'guilty' and 'not guilty,' she has an intermediate one, '