CESNOLA'S CURIOSITIES.

FOREMOST AMONG THEM ARE "THE TWO OLD MAIDS OF YITERBO."

How Cesnola Found Them in Cyprus, and How Dr. Ohnefalsch-Richter Found Them in Gerhard's Great Book, Which Was Published About Ten Years Before Cesnola Imposed His Book on the Public.

In undertaking, by pictures and descriptive proof, to illustrate to the public the manner in which it has been tricked by the false and fraudulent archæology of "General" Luigi Palma di Cesnola, Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York city, I am aware of the responsibility which I assume, not only for myself, but for the journal which opens its columns to me. The authorities of the Metropolitan Museum of Art have challenged me, in a published document which is acknowledged to be official, to prove that Gen. di Cesnola has been guilty of gross and deliberate misrepresentation in his accounts of his discoveries, and of false practice and forgery in the manipulation of portions of his collection. To an invitation at once so pressing and so polite I cannot decline to respond.

One portion of Gen. di Cesnola's picturesque deceptiveness was, I think, both clearly and completely exposed by me in my lectures at Chickering Hall on the 8th and the 15th inst. If anyone can preserve a belief, after the proofs which I there produced, in his fictitious Temple Treasure of Curium and his equally intangible Temple of Aphrodite at Golgos, I can only say that I almost envy him the capacity of his faith.

In this instance I set out positively to prove two things, and I proved them.

From my own investigations, made with system and the utmost particularity, and attested by credible witnesses, I was enabled to show that Gen. di Cesnola's whole story of the discovery of a rich treasure vault under the ruins of an ancient temple at Curium was a deliberate invention; that there had never

"THE TWO OLD MAIDS OF YITERBO."

been any temple vaults at the spot he claimed; and that his temple treasure was merely a miscellaneous collection of objects, around which he had woven a romantic fiction in order to increase its value for sale.

In the same manner I also demonstrated that his alleged Temple of Aphrodite at Golgos was not only not found at Golgos, but was not a temple to this goddess, or a temple at all, but two separate sanctuaries dedicated to Apollo, whose contents he had combined in order to adorn with them this second ghostly creation of his less archæological than poetic fantasy.

In my second lecture it was my intention to exhibit and explain another of Gen. di Cesnola's gross outrages upon popular credulity. But the length of the lecture compelled me to omit it, and I herewith present a cut of the subject and the details which relate to it. If one were to give a title to this grotesque forgery, I would suggest that it be called "The Two Old Maids of Viterbo."

Gen. Di Cesnola published three editions of his book, which should, by the way, be publicly burned by the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, with proper ceremonials, at the base of Cleopatra's needle, or in front of the grand entrance to the museum in Central Park. One of the most monstrous of his forgeries in his book is this same group of "The Two Old Maids of Viterbo."

Gen. Di Cesnola published the English edition of his book in London in 1877, under the title "Cyprus: Its Ancient Cities, Tombs, and Temples." The American edition followed, in New York in 1878, and the German edition was issued at Jena in 1879. The German translation was made by Dr. Ludwig Stern, who was a pupil of the well-known Egyptologist, Georg Ebers, and wrote a glowing introduction to the work, in which he placed Gen. di Cesnola among the most eminent explorers side by side with Layard, Mariette, and Schliemann.

In the original English edition of 1877, and the German edition of 1879, appears this mysterious group of "The Two Old Maids of Viterbo," but in the American edition of 1878, which appears between the others, it is omitted. It would appear from this that Gen. di Cesnola published the American edition as the compliment of suggesting that they were not so easily fooled as the people of Europe.

This group may be briefly described as representing two middle-aged spinsters, attired in what might be bathing dresses, seated back to back, in a sort of heraldic arrangement, upon rocks on the seashore. Their attitudes and expressions are suggestive of that species of dejection which is supposed to sadden the souls of spinsters who watch for the husband who never comes.

In composition and drawing this group has an absolutely modern appearance. Yet Gen. di Cesnola published it among his wonderful Golgos discoveries. We must then assume, if we have sufficient confidence in the author to assume anything from his statements, that the ladies of Cyprus, 2,400 years ago, went bathing in drawers of the same style and cut as are in use by many of the fair sex to-day. What a glorious and invaluable addition to the history of costume! The great work of Racinet should be revised without delay.

I had carefully examined the objects of the different Cesnola collections, not only in New York, but also in Europe, where I had been able to discover this rare and precious work. Dr. Stern, in his explanations to Cesnola's book, could only say of it: "Sitting figures, communicated in the original without further explanation, as a stop-gap." No scholar could find the group or explain it. It was, however, not lost at the bottom of the sea, like other of Gen. di Cesnola's dubious treasures.

Last year, while I was completing my book, "Cyprus, the Bible and Homer," which has just been published, I had occasion to seek for some material in the Library of the Royal Berlin Museum. I wished, for purposes of comparison, to find some discoveries in other countries, and in turning the leaves of Gerhard's "Akademische Abhandlungen," Vol. I., published in 1867, after the death of the author, and ten years before Cesnola's first book, my eyes were arrested by plate 40. For a moment I imagined that I was, by mistake, perusing a copy of Gen. di Cesnola's famous work on Cyprus, instead of that of the well-known German scholar, who was dead years before Cesnola made his first "discoveries" in Cyprus.

But no. It was Gerhard's book I held, and in it lay open to my inspection the mysterious group of "The Two Old Maids of Viterbo."

The text gave only a brief explanation of the group. It said: "The antiquity cannot be clearly demonstrated. The drawing is taken from the archives of the Commune of Viterbo. Perhaps the group belonged to a circular metal mirror, and in the drawing of it made by the artist was fitted to the quadrilateral space occupied by the figures in the picture."

Horror of horrors! Gen. Luigi Palma di Cesnola, director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York, the great explorer and distinguished discoverer in Cyprus of wonders which, like those of the "Arabian Nights," were excavated from his own imagination, had insinuated, among his treasures of Golgos the ghostly, a drawing which did not represent an antiquity, but was the work of comparatively modern times, and was published years ago in a German work by Gerhard, and with positive dispute of its antiquity. Some people may be inclined to call this plagiarism. Others, using ruder language, may stigmatize it as theft. But when it comes to considering it as a fraud, palmed off upon the public as an antique, what can it really be called but forgery?

Perhaps Gen. di Cesnola may emerge from his dignified retirement and inform us how it was that Gerhard forestalled him by making in Italy the discovery he later made in his dream discoveries of Golgos. Perhaps he will also explain how it was, if he discovered that he had made a serious mistake in the English edition of his book, in 1877, and had expunged it from his American edition, in 1878, he did not also have it eliminated from the German edition of 1879, a year later. It might be just as well for the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art to inquire into the matter at any rate, if only for their own satisfaction. Such an inquiry might hurt that General's feelings, it is true, but, after all, an old soldier who has been wounded so often can feel at one scar more.

And, while they have such an investigation in hand, why might it not be pertinent to inquire what became of this great Golgos group of the "The Two Old Maids of Viterbo," whose disappearance rivals that of the lady whom the prestidigitator causes to vanish before your eyes upon the stage?

In archæology no man is infallible. But the man who is honest never hesitates to correct his mistakes.

It has happened to me to be betrayed into error by others on three occasions. For example, at the commencement of my career in Cyprus, in 1870, some of my diggers, who had their houses and families at Larnaka, wished to continue at work near that place, so as to be within convenient reach of their homes. I opened some Roman tombs with them, but found nothing of value. Fearing that I would leave the spot and excavate elsewhere, they placed there, during my absence, some Cyprian pottery, which they had held concealed in their houses. I dated these later as old as the sixth or seventh century B. C.

However, when I returned I found these vessels standing near the tomb. They were reported to me as discoveries. I thereupon reported them in connection with Roman coins and Roman lamps, vessels with concentric rings occurred. M. Perrot referred to my observations in his book. But I discovered how I had been misled, and at once corrected the mistake in the *Revue Archéologique*.

The second error occurred in 1882, while I was digging in the Temple of Salamis for Sir Charles Newton. One of my laborers pretended to have found a bronze mirror or round bronze plaque near the ruins where I was then excavating. I believed the piece to be antique, as did other well-known archæological authorities, and published an illustration of it. The goddess Athena was represented upon it, very well modelled, standing with shield and spear and her head surrounded by a garland of olive leaves and fruit. A Greek scholar at Athens discovered it to be the front piece of a helmet of a soldier of Napoleon I. Of course, I at once corrected the mistake in the *Revue Archéologique*.

Having been twice cheated or misled myself, I became more careful. To cloak a mistake in the garb of romance did not enter my mind.

In 1885 I found for Col. Warren, near Tamassos, a very important vase. It was cleaned by me and put together by me. It went to pieces again, and was then taken away from my house in pieces by Col. Warren. Later on it was repaired in England, and it figured at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition of 1886. M. Pottier of the Louvre in Paris discovered that some portions of the painting had been retouched by modern hands, and tried to wash off these substitute parts. Through inexperience with Cyprian antiquities, he washed away also most of the genuine painting. The whole story of this vase has been published in full, on information supplied by myself and others, by M. S. Reinach in the *Revue Archéologique*, and it was clearly shown that as far as I was concerned there had been no misrepresentation in the matter.

In this way I was always careful to correct any possible mistake into which I might be betrayed. Had Gen. di Cesnola exercised the same scrupulousness he would not be in the position in which he now finds himself—that of a man who, having once said altogether too much is now compelled, in self-defence, to resort to the policy of saying nothing at all.

The trouble with Gen. di Cesnola is that he was not only, in an archæological sense, criminally careless in his work, but he was not even conscientious in the work he did. He did not confine himself to errors which may occur to any one, but he created errors with deliberation, and, as his own words, in contrast with facts, show, with intent to profit by them. And to what has it all led?

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, one of the great museums of the world, enriched with many priceless treasures, stands discredited in the eyes of European scholars, and, indeed, discredited far more than it deserves.

As for Gen. Luigi Palma di Cesnola, Director of the Museum, he does not stand at all. The Museum simply props him up.

MAX OHNEFALSCH-RICHTER.

AFTER THE PARK DESPOILERS.

Flower Pickers and Kindred Offenders to Get the Punishment They Deserve.

Fourteen prisoners were brought to the Yorkville Police Court yesterday morning charged with breaking down shrubbery and picking flowers in Central Park. Such offences are usually looked upon indulgently by the Police Justices, but Justice McMahon yesterday announced that, as these violations of the rules of the Park were daily becoming more common, he had decided to do all in his power to put an end to them. The prisoners ranged in age from 12 to 21 years, and all of them lived on the east side in the lower part of the city. When they were arraigned Justice McMahon looked down upon them and said:

"It seems hard to look up these lads, but if something is not done quickly they and their kind will loot the whole Park."

He then held twelve of them in $100 bail for trial. The other two were fined $5 each, as their offence was not as serious as those of the others. These two—their names are Hermann Finklestein and Oscar Kershan—had been found swinging upon the limb of a tree. Policeman McGinty told them to stop and warned them that he would arrest them if he caught them at it again. A few minutes later he saw them swinging on the limbs of another tree.

The other twelve had been caught picking lilacs. The policemen who arrested them said that these boys make it a practice to steal lilacs in the Park to sell on the streets. Some of the boys said that they did not know it was wrong to pick flowers in Central Park. Others said that they did not pick them to sell, but wanted to give them to girls. A SUN reporter went to the Arsenal yesterday afternoon to ascertain to what extent these young vandals had injured the flowers.

"For the past two weeks," said Capt. Collins, "these boys have been coming to the Park to steal flowers. They tear them off carelessly, and often ruin a plant or a bush. When they go for lilacs they often break off a whole limb. Next month I suppose they will be coming for roses, but if we catch them at it we'll make it pretty hot for them. The number of visitors to the Park is steadily increasing, and so are the cases of flower picking. If the Police Justices will make an example of a few of those whom we arrest it will do a great deal of good."

Just then a Park policeman brought in two prisoners. One was a tall, stout German, and the other a 7-year-old boy, evidently the German's son. The man held a bunch of lilacs in his hand. The policeman said he had met the prisoners in the Park, and that the boy was carrying a bunch of lilacs which the father said he had bought. When ordered to conceal the flowers the man flatly refused to do so, so the policeman arrested the father and son.

"Why didn't you conceal the flowers when the officer told you to?" asked the Captain.

"Tammit, chee! Ven I keep d' flowers unter my coat effrypoddy t'inks I vos a tief. No, sir, I ain'd ashamed mit garryin' dem flowers. I bed for 'm."

"All right," said the Captain. "You can explain that to the Judge to-morrow. You see," he said to the reporter, "very few stop to read the signs in the Park, or if they do they never obey them. We have signs all over the Park saying that it is forbidden to carry flowers or shrubs or plants of any kind into the Park."

THE MANHATTAN CO. STANDS FIRM.

Comptroller Myers Speaks Hopefully of the Outlook for Rapid Transit.

President George J. Gould of the Manhattan Elevated Railway Company said yesterday that in his communication addressed to the Rapid Transit Commission on Friday he had not meant to convey the impression that there was any possibility that his company would recede from its position. "We told the Commission in plain terms in our previous communication what we were willing to do, and the most that we could do in justice to our stockholders. The Manhattan Company will not accept the terms proposed by the Commissioners."

Mr. Samuel Sloan, one of the directors of the Manhattan Company and a member of the Committee on Extensions and Improvements, said that the proposition of the Manhattan Company had been drawn up after careful consideration of the engineer's estimates and of the earning capacity of the system. It had expressed the opinion of the directors, he said, and there was no prospect that any further concessions would be made.

Comptroller Myers said yesterday that in his opinion the differences between the Rapid Transit Commissioners and the Manhattan Elevated Railway Company relative to the compensation to be paid the city for the proposed extension of the elevated lines are now so slight that they ought to be speedily adjusted.

"There is justice," said he, "in the declaration of the railroad company that it ought not to be obliged to build to Yonkers at present. Neither is it in the interest of the population warrants that extension now. That the Rapid Transit Commissioners will soon overcome all the difficulties which seem to stand in the way of the elevated extensions I feel very sanguine."

A Steamship Oiler Arrested for Smuggling.

Richard Driscoll, an oiler on board the Cunard steamship Etruria, was arrested on West street late on Sunday night by two Custom House inspectors. Driscoll had seventy-eight pairs of kid gloves in his pockets. The would-be smuggler was arraigned in the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday morning. He said that a well-dressed, middle-aged man had given him a dollar to bring the gloves from the ship to a saloon at which he had promised to meet him.

The prisoner, however, didn't tell who the man was who paid him the dollar, and the Justice sent him down to Commissioner Shields, who held him in $1,500 for trial.

MR. M'CONNEKIN'S AIR SHIP.

IT IS TO BE A MIXTURE OF BICYCLE AND BIRD.

The Body Will be Shaped Like a Fish, with the Tail for a Rudder—Propelled by a Fan Overhead—Its Name the Pegasipede.

William E. McConnekin, an electrician of 248 Fairmount avenue, Jersey City, is building an air ship on entirely new lines, and expects to revolutionize the aerial navigation business in a very few months.

Mr. McConnekin is an electrician, and used to reside in this city. He was formerly a secret service detective, and was at one time rated the second best judge of counterfeit money in the country. Mr. McConnekin's machine, which is yet incomplete, will be worked with the legs, and is, according to the inventor, being built on the combined lines of a safety bicycle and a bird. A SUN reporter called on Mr. McConnekin yesterday and asked permission to see the new machine. Mr. McConnekin declined to show it.

"You see," he said, "my discovery is as yet unprotected by patents, and I cannot afford to show it to anybody. But I will draw a picture of what it will look like when in operation for you and explain how it works from that." And Mr. McConnekin sat down and drew the picture which accompanies this story.

"I have given the subject years of thought," continued the inventor, "and have in a quiet way experimented in a careful manner. The results have always been satisfactory. About a month ago I decided to stop theorizing and to go to work. I started my flying machine, and since then have worked at it continually. It won't be a long time now before it will be complete and ready for use. I have tried to keep the fact that I was trying to solve this great problem a secret, but it was useless. Somebody told a local newspaper man about

PEGASIPEDE.

it and he ran in a few lines. Now I might as well come out and tell all about the machine. The reason of my desiring to keep the matter quiet has been a horror of being called a crank. Inventors of flying machines and perpetual motion machines are invariably looked upon as cranks, and people laugh at them. But I am not a crank. I am a sensible man, and believe that it is only a matter of time when aerial navigation will become common and air ships as numerous in the air as safety bicycles are on our public roads.

"My air ship is on entirely new lines, and it'll be a hummer when it's done. I have already selected a name for it. It's to be called the Pegasipede. It strikes me that that's an excellent name, too. Pegasus, you know, was the winged horse, and pede means foot. Very appropriate, considering the fact that my machine will fly like the mythological animal after I have perfected it, and will be worked with the feet.

"As you see by the picture I have drawn the body of the Pegasipede is shaped like that of a fish. The tail acts as a rudder. There is a neat, comfortable saddle in the middle of the body, in which the person who wishes to make an ascension sits. Then there are pedals exactly similar to those used on bicycles on either side of the body. The tail is the bicycle portion of the machine. Over the head of the man is a huge fan, which is worked by strings connected with the pedals. This fan, by means of a series of cogs, goes around at a terrific rate of speed when the pedals are worked. The result is that the machine, man and all, rises slowly into the air. The man stop at any time, rise slowly or rapidly, as they choose, go backward or forward, and descend when they please. In the picture I have drawn I have not shown the series of fans under and on the sides of the machine which will propel the pegasipede after the top fan has raised it into the air. If I showed these I would almost entirely conceal the man. Then, again, these fans are my secret, and I don't care to show them until I have protected them by patents. These fans work rapidly or slowly, as the operator chooses, and I am positive that they will do the work I am building them to do. The whole machine will be worked by the man in the saddle. In front of him he will have a switchboard and a series of levers. He can connect or disconnect any of the fans from the pedal strings by means of these levers. Accidents in midair will be impossible.

"People will say: 'How about the man getting too fatigued to work the pedals, or becoming exhausted while up in the air? What will happen then?' I can answer that in a very few words. One of these levers in front of the operator connects with two sets of framework which are covered with thick canvas, and which are folded in the sides of the machine. A touch on another lever of this framework out like a flash, and the canvas forms a parachute. Another touch on another lever will stop the other fans working, and, like a huge bird, the pegasipede will slowly and gracefully descend to the ground.

"Before starting this machine I made up my mind that there was some portion of the human body in which there were muscles sufficient, if developed, to carry ten times the weight of the body containing them. I looked at the birds. I saw that the muscles which work their wings were away up around the shoulder, while in their legs and feet they had no strength at all. Then it became my work to find out where, in the human body, lay the strength which the Almighty gave the birds, enabling them to fly. I saw people all around me working safety bicycles, and sending them along with the speed of race horses. Then it dawned upon me that, unlike the bird, the human being was powerful in the legs and feet, and comparatively weak in the upper part of his body. This was the idea on which I designed the pegasipede, and it is on the same lines that I hope to make it a grand success.

Mr. McConnekin's neighbors are all inquisitive about the flying machine, and several have asked to be allowed to make the trial trip, but the inventor is going to save that honor for himself.

"There is always a chance of something going wrong," says Mr. McConnekin, "and I don't want anybody but myself to get hurt."

Before he launches his machine on the public Mr. McConnekin is going to make a small model. This will be worked by a wooden man, whose legs will be made to drive the pedals by power supplied by an electric battery.

Stabbed by His Opponent's Second.

John Clark, of 13 Vestry street, and John Gerrity, of 28 Beach street, had a sparring match on Sunday afternoon, on the roof of the house in which Gerrity lives. Gerrity was the stronger, but Clark the more scientific, and after two rounds Gerrity began to show signs of collapsing. His brother William, who was his financial backer and second, perceived this, and, sneaking behind Clark, he stabbed him twice on the neck with a penknife. Then he fled through the scuttle of an adjoining house.

Clark went to the Leonard street police station, where he fainted from the loss of blood. An ambulance surgeon attended to his wounds, and the Gerrity brothers were arrested. In the Tombs Police Court yesterday morning, William Gerrity was held for trial on a charge of felonious assault. Clark and John Gerrity were discharged.

Young Le Cato Married and Released from Jail.

John A. Le Cato, son of the proprietor of the Aberdeen Hotel at Broadway and Twenty-first street, who has been in Ludlow street jail since May 3, obtained his release yesterday by marrying Clara Horeis, who had caused the young man's arrest. The girl, who became a mother on Sunday, agreed to withdraw the suit for $10,000 which she was bringing against Le Cato upon condition that he marry her, and after the ceremony had taken place the prisoner was formally discharged by Justice Van Wyck in the City Court. The young wife was formerly a servant in the Aberdeen Hotel.

Recommended a Firebug to Mercy.

Helena Dietrich, indicted for setting fire to the tenement house at 356 East Sixty-second street on the morning of Dec. 13, was convicted in the General Sessions yesterday of arson in the third degree with a recommendation to mercy. Under the conviction she may be sentenced to State Prison for Women, at Auburn, for three years and six months. She has a husband and two children. She had her chattels largely overinsured, and once before she had had a fire in her rooms and collected insurance.

THEY SAY JOHNSON KILLED HIS WIFE.

She Might Have Said Otherwise, but the House Surgeon Stopped Her.

Charles J. Johnson, an oyster seller, was convicted of manslaughter in the first degree before Justice Ingraham in the Court of Over and Terminer yesterday for the killing of his wife Annie, who jumped or was thrown by him from their rooms on the second floor of 885 Ninth avenue. He was remanded until Thursday for sentence. He was indicted for murder in the first degree.

Johnson came home about 2 o'clock on the morning of Sept. 25 last. His wife had gone to bed. He hammered on the hall door of their rooms so hard that he broke the glass. Soon after he entered the rooms his wife was picked up crushed in the street, and died two or three days later at Bellevue Hospital. Several witnesses testified that they heard a woman cry: "God save me! Murder!"

Policeman O'Neil arrested Johnson and took him before his wife. Mrs. Johnson said:

"That's my husband. For God's sake take him away. He threw me out of the window and broke my heart. I am dying."

Dr. Albert Weston testified that he did not believe all the woman's injuries could have been caused by the fall.

Johnson ran away from the questions of his counsel in giving his version of the case, and at times made short addresses. He had no sooner taken his seat in the chair than he led off with:

"Your Honor, the court, and gentlemen of the jury, this is a pretty serious offence that is charged against a man."

Johnson said he had drunk six or seven beers that night and gone to sleep on a truck. He woke up sober and went home. Finding the door locked he struck it hard. He said he broke the glass with the "heel of his hand." When his wife, attired in a loose wrapper, let him in he said: "A man might knock here all night."

Then she ran to the window, which was up. The shade, which was down, she pulled up and she jumped out.

"Was there anything that would make me throw her out?" he here broke out. "She was a young and pretty wife. I would not lose her. She had no money I could gain. Why should I throw out a poor, defenceless woman?"

He admitted that his wife had said that he did it. He said to her:

"Mamma, for the love of God, darling, tell the truth." She replied: "Well, Charley, you broke my heart, anyhow."

Two weeks before, he said, his wife had threatened to jump from the window, but he caressed her and brought her back. Soon after she fell partly through the fire escape, and he rescued her. She was excitable and had heart disease.

George J. Morgan, a brother of the deceased, said he saw his sister at the hospital, and she said:

"For God's sake, get Charles out of prison. They've got him locked up. He came home full and wanted to know what the hell was up. I was at the window."

Here a house surgeon told Mr. Morgan the patient must not speak any more.

Justice Ingraham charged that if Johnson did not throw his wife out, but had, by his conduct, caused her to jump out, he would be guilty of manslaughter.

The extreme penalty is twenty years.

GARITY'S WAY OF BUYING A COAT.

He Draws a Razor to Aid Him in Driving a Good Bargain.

Mr. James Garity set out on Sunday to buy a new coat. Mr. Garity is 30 years old, of an excitable temperament, and lives at 110 Eighth avenue. Isaac Frankel's clothing store, at 290 Seventh avenue, suggested itself to him as a good place for a bargain, and so he went in there and asked Mrs. Dora Frankel, who was in charge of the store, the price of a gray cutaway coat with pinkish brown stripes.

"That's $9," said Mrs. Frankel.

"I'll give you six. It's only worth five," said Garity.

"It's worth fifteen, but you can have it for nine," returned the proprietress.

Garity put his hand in his pocket and produced $4.50 and a razor. He opened the razor.

"Now, will you take $6.50, or won't you?" he demanded.

"Get out of my place," ordered Mrs. Frankel.

Garity jumped forward and made a slash at her. She dodged, screamed, and ran behind the counter. Garity following, razor in hand. Policeman O'Neill of the West Twentieth street station, who arrested the murderer Pallister, heard her cries and ran in to find Mrs. Frankel and Garity doing a turn around the counter, the woman being well in the lead. O'Neill knocked the razor from Garity's hand with his club. Then he tripped him up and arrested him. At Jefferson Market Court yesterday Garity was held for trial on a charge of attempted murderous assault. He is a tough character and has done time.

MISS RICE GETS $3,000 DAMAGES.

Trampled Upon by the Horses of a Car from Which She Was Saving a Child.

The suit of Selina Rice for $25,000 damages for injuries inflicted by the horses attached to a street car belonging to the New Jersey Traction Company came up in Newark yesterday before Judge Child in the Circuit Court and Miss Rice told her story on the witness stand.

She was hurt in trying to save a child from being run over. Two little children were in her charge and she was waiting for a car. The children ran in front of another car and would have been crushed but for her prompt action. She dashed toward them just as one had observed its danger and jumped out of the way.

The other child stood on the crosswalk, dazed, and Miss Rice stumbled before reaching it. She pushed the child out of the way, however, and was rising when the horses knocked her down and trampled upon her. The driver did not turn his horses aside or attempt to stop them, the witnesses said.

In consequence of her injuries, she was under treatment in St. Barnabas Hospital for six months. She now suffers from extreme nervousness, and has a slight curvature of the spine.

The jury awarded her $3,000 damages.

JOHNNIE COLLECTS THE REWARD.

He Receives $3,000 in Bank Notes for Finding Mrs. Johnson's Diamond Earrings.

A very small boy and three big bank notes walked out of Tiffany's yesterday morning as the clock that frowns on Union square struck 10. The boy was Johnnie Walsh of New London. One of the notes was for $1,000, and two were $500 notes. They were the reward offered for the finding of the diamond earrings lost by Mrs. Johnson of Norwich, which Johnnie found in the station at New London, where Mrs. Johnson had changed cars on her way home. The police sent the earrings to Tiffany's, where they had been bought, and yesterday morning Johnnie and his mother and sister appeared to claim the reward.

The boy is short and fat, with a round, chubby face and a very dark complexion. He clung close to his mother while the manager told him how glad he was to give him the money. Johnnie's fat flat closed over the crisp, new notes and he handed them to his mother. The money is very welcome to her. Her second husband, a laborer named Clark, deserted her recently and she has had a hard time to earn a living.

THEY WON'T GO TO BED AT 9:30.

The Young Women Have a Grievance and Go on Strike.

FORT DODGE, Ia., MAY 22.—Several pretty girls are on a strike at Charles City. They were employed as compositors on the *Advocate*, a local paper. A short time ago the proprietor noticed that some of the girls set very little type on several mornings of the week, and upon investigation discovered that the girls had been entertaining company until a late hour on the previous evening.

The result was a peremptory order that every girl in his employ should go to bed at 9:30 o'clock every evening. The girls refused to obey, and every one of them walked out. The publisher is now running on a short force, and is vainly seeking to compromise with the strikers on 10:30 o'clock P. M. as the hour for retiring.

Personal Assessment of the Jay Gould Estate.

George J. Gould and John F. Dillon completed their argument before the Tax Commissioners yesterday on the application for a reduction of the personal assessment against the estate of the late Jay Gould from $10,000,000, the amount fixed by the Commission. The Commissioners took the matter under advisement and will render their decision before June 1.

Mrs. Quimby Gets a Year for Her Share in Lizzie Hild's Death.

Mrs. Melville R. Quimby, who pleaded non vult last week to an indictment for complicity in the death of Lizzie Hild, who died at her home from the results of malpractice, was sentenced yesterday to one year in the penitentiary.

REVENUE CUTTER PICNICS.

THE COMMANDERS OF THE WASHINGTON AND CHANDLER OBJECT.

Unpleasantness with the Surveyor's Office, which Feels That it Needs a Yacht Occasionally—Another Sam Blatchford's Tour of Duty Around the War Ships.

The relations, official and otherwise, between the Surveyor's office and the commanders of the two revenue cutters employed for boarding incoming vessels at this port are not harmonious. It is even intimated in the Surveyor's office that the commanders have been insubordinate.

The trouble began during the naval parade. It might not have begun at all if Surveyor Lyon and Auditor Samuel D. Blatchford had believed in this section of the regulations governing the revenue marine:

Revenue vessels are not to be used for any other than public purposes; nor shall any vessel be diverted from the service herein prescribed, or any other person or persons be received on board a vessel for passage from one place to another for pleasure or business, unless it be for the benefit of some branch of the public service with the express authority of the department.

Whether with express authority or not, the cutters Chandler and Washington have been used occasionally by officials in the Surveyor's department for their pleasure and that of their friends.

The cutter Washington is commanded by Lieut. C. D. Shoemaker and the Chandler by Lieut. William J. Herring, both of whom have recently passed examinations entitling them to become Captains. They got tired of running their boats for the personal convenience of the officials of the Surveyor's department and decided recently to request the Surveyor to give them their orders in writing, as the regulations of the service provide; probably so that they might defend themselves against possible charges of complicity in the violation of the section quoted above. This, it is said, caused a coolness between them and the Surveyor's office.

On April 25, chiefly, it is said, because of the attitude of the cutter commanders toward the Surveyor and his staff, the commander of each cutter received an order from the Surveyor that while the fleet of war ships remained here the cutter not on regular boarding duty must be held from sunrise to sunset ready for instant service in any emergency, and that one commissioned officer must be on board all the time. This precaution, according to the Surveyor, was made necessary by the great number of excursion boats that were all the time steaming about the war ships, making serious accidents likely.

According to a story purporting to present the trouble as it is viewed at the Surveyor's office, Surveyor Lyon went down to see Capt. Shoemaker, who, it was said, had refused to leave the dock. The interview was warm, and wound up by the Captain ordering the Surveyor out of the pilot house. Capt. Shoemaker says this is not true. He did patrol duty around the fleet for three days, but he questioned the right of the surveyor to divert his vessel from the service prescribed for her. He also wrote a letter to Washington calling attention to the additional expense the Government was put to because the Washington had been converted into a patrol boat. He also put a notice in the pilot house of the Washington that none but the pilot and the officers of the cutter would be admitted to the house. The Surveyor, it is said, regarded this notice as personal. It was doubtless the intention of Lieut. Shoemaker to keep not only the Surveyor, but every one else, out of the way of Pilot Jack Brown, who is responsible for the cutter's safety.

Capt. Shoemaker, according to the story of "insubordination," avoided further patrol duty on May 3 by ordering the engine of the Washington to be taken to pieces and then reporting that her machinery needed repairing. Capt. Shoemaker says the machinery was disabled sure enough. Capt. Herring's cutter, the Chandler, which was to have gone on duty on May 6, broke her air pump and sustained damage to her boiler which caused her to be laid up for repairs.

Lieut. Herring was not so emphatic as Lieut. Shoemaker in his declination to allow his cutter to be used as an excursion boat. When Auditor Samuel D. Blatchford came aboard the Chandler with two friends to take a run around the fleet, Lieut. Herring received the Auditor politely and obeyed his order. Mr. Blatchford said yesterday that he went up the river in performance of his duty. Lieut. Herring asked if two friends and a camera which was in constant service were a necessary adjunct to auditing up the river. Lieut. Herring was careful to put in his log that Auditor Blatchford had ordered the Chandler out to take himself and some friends around the fleet.

Lieut. Shoemaker said yesterday that he believed he had fulfilled his duty to the department, and that it would not be becoming in him to say anything more unless the Surveyor should choose to make charges against him publicly.

THE FIRE ON THE ROANOKE.

Believed to Have Been Caused by Spontaneous Combustion in a Bale of Silk.

The fire in the after hold of the Old Dominion steamship Roanoke, which came in burning briskly late on Sunday evening, was caused by spontaneous combustion in a bale of silk. Chief Engineer Evans of the steamship, Fire Chief Bonner, Capt. Hulphers, and several experts all agreed to this yesterday.

Bales of this same kind of silk have made a portion of the cargo of the Old Dominion ships for years, but never before has there been a fire in them. Experience with the stuff in New York, however, has been different. Chief Bonner said yesterday that it was the most dangerous merchandise the Fire Department has to deal with, and in most of the big storehouses it is refused for storage. The silk is shipped from the factories in bags made of bed ticking.

The Roanoke's fire appliances are like the appliances on the big Atlantic liners, and the fire was fought with steam as a fire would be fought on board the New York in midocean. The boat is divided into six compartments, each of which is complete in itself, and can be shut off from all the rest. In the engine room are a dozen 2½-inch pipes that lead to the steam boilers. One pipe goes to each compartment, where it winds around the roof. The under side of the pipe is perforated like the spout of a sprinkling pot. When the fire was discovered the hatches over the compartment were put down, the doors were all shut tight, and the engineer turned the cock on the pipe which conveyed the steam to that compartment. There was 100 pounds' pressure of steam in the boilers, and it was turned full force into the pipe. In less than half an hour the fire was shown.

When the Roanoke got to her pier at Beach street the hatches were taken off and the New Yorker poured four streams, each three inches thick, into the hold. Soon after 2 o'clock the fire was out. While it turned out that less than $2,000 damage had been done, it was one of the hottest fires that the men on the fire boat have ever had to fight, and several firemen, as told in THE SUN yesterday, were overcome. None was seriously injured.

The Roanoke will sail this afternoon as if nothing had happened, but it isn't likely that silk in bags will again be a portion of her cargo. The company will probably insist on having the stuff in cases that can't be burned, so if it gets afire the rest of the cargo will be safe.

BURNED IN HER BERTH.

Sad Death of a Steerage Passenger on the Steamship Werra.

Elise de Gartano Godoni, an Italian woman, 21 years old, who was going to her husband in Plymouth, Mass., was burned to death on the steamship Werra, which arrived yesterday from Genoa. She was making some coffee in her berth with a little alcohol lamp.

It is against the rules of the ship to use fire in the steerage for any purpose. A steward came along and she concealed the lamp on her lap under her shawl. Her clothes caught fire and she was fearly burned before help came to her. Her child, who sat beside her, was not hurt.

Brooklyn's Reorganized Republicans to Hold Primaries To-night.

The 20,000 or more Republicans in Brooklyn who were recently enrolled under the new election district reorganization plan will hold their primary elections in each election district to-night, between the hours of 7 and 9 o'clock. Inasmuch as Revenue Collector Ernest Nathan and his lieutenants have so far refrained from participation in the reorganization movement, and are virtually "outside the breastworks," the utmost harmony apparently prevails, and there are not likely to be many squabbles at the primaries. There are rumors that Nathan and his disgruntled followers are contemplating the formation of an independent Republican organization, but such a body would have little or no strength outside the Twenty-third ward.

The Shooting of Miss Brobinowitz.

Saloon Keeper K. Henry Klein of 170 McKibben street, Williamsburgh, who shot 17-year-old Sarah Brobinowitz of 172 McKibben street in the left leg on Sunday afternoon, was held in $1,500 bail by Justice Watson in the Ewen street Police Court, yesterday, for assault in the second degree. Miss Browbinowitz was unable to appear in court on account of her injuries, but sent word that she would come to-day.

TO ONE HIT, PUNCH, OR SLAP, $5,000.

Westervelt of the Field Club Sues Moore of the Staten Island Athletic Club.

Huyler Westervelt, employed in the office of S. V. White, and a member of the Englewood Field Club, had an action on trial before Judge Giegerich in the Court of Common Pleas yesterday to recover $5,000 damages from Arthur J. Moore, a broker and a member of the Staten Island Athletic Club. He says Moore hit him on the ear.

A team from each of the clubs played a match game of baseball on the Manhattan Field on Sunday, Oct. 24, 1891. Westervelt was pitcher of the Englewoods and Moore was captain of the Staten Islanders. The Englewoods were beaten. Most of the members of the teams and their friends took an elevated train at 155th street to go down town.

There was jubilation among the Staten Islanders.

"I'll bet $25 you don't beat us if we play next season," said Westervelt.

Moore gave some money to H. B. Ritch and told him to make the wager. Westervelt did not make the bet with Ritch, and Moore took the money, and, going up to Westervelt, shook it at him.

"A man who offers to bet and don't bet is no gentleman," he said, and then the blow was struck. Westervelt says it was a hard punch, although he admits that he went out to dinner that night, but he wasn't ashamed of the wound, he says. Each says the other used bad language. Percy Chamberlain and Thomas Cummings were witnesses for Westervelt.

Moore testified that he merely slapped Westervelt on the ear with the hand that held the money. The case will go on to-day.

RESISTED A POLICE RAID.

Another Story of Alleged Desperate Fighting from the Mercer Street Station.

An Italian dive at 85 West Third street has for some time been an object of suspicion to the police of the Mercer street station. On Sunday night there was a row in the basement, and Detectives Hanlon, Dourigan, and O'Rourke were sent to raid the place. They investigated from the outside, and became convinced that drinking and gambling were going on in the basement, which is entered from the rear by going through a dark hall extending the length of the house, and then down a flight of steps. Here is the account that the detectives give of what happened:

Dourigan and O'Rourke entered first, and were attacked in the dark hallway by the proprietor of the place, Louis Guglieluwye, and another Italian. While they were fighting Detective Hanlon slipped through the hall and entered the basement from the rear door. Here he found about forty Italians drinking at an improvised bar and playing pool. When Hanlon showed his badge there was a rush for him. The detective pulled his revolver and held the Italians at bay, but couldn't hold back a fierce bulldog which was set on him, and which secured