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

The Sun.

THE WEATHER PREDICTION
For New York and Its Vicinity:
Fair, except occasional light rains; westerly winds; warmer.

VOL. LX.---NO. 353. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1893.—COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE SUN PRINTING AND PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION. PRICE TWO CENTS.

QUIETER ON THE EAST SIDE.

EMMA GOLDMAN COMES TO TOWN TO TRY TO STIR THINGS UP.

Advises the Hebrew Anarchists to Help Themselves to Bread and to Fly the Black Flag—Mr. Cuno's Door-to-door Programme—Two of Thursday's Prisoners Held for Trial and the Rest Fined.

The streets about Essex Market were as full of noisy Hebrews as the little court room was when the prisoners taken in the disturbances of Thursday were brought to court yesterday morning by a strong detachment of police. They were greeted with shouts as they passed. Two of the men were held for trial and the others were fined from $3 to $10. The $10 fines were imposed by Justice Voorhis on Meyer Lippe and Abraham Tigar, who were accused of resisting arrest. The men held for trial were Abram Blum of 76 Suffolk street and Louis Ortfeld of 71 Norfolk street. Blum is accused of riot under section 449 of the Penal Code, and he was held in default of $1,000 bail. He may get two years and $500 fine on conviction. He is said to have torn down the gas fixtures in Walhalla Hall and smashed the mirror with a chair. Ortfeld was held in default of $300 bail to be tried at the Special Sessions for assaulting Policeman Hogan with a brick.

Most of the men who were fined declared that they had no money and were taken to the cells. Joseph Barondess, the leader of the Cloakmakers' Union, begged Justice Voorhis to remit the fines, and when this was denied he went out to try to raise the money. By noon he had paid the fines of all but four of the men, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon he came back with his pockets loaded with dimes, nickels, and coppers. He said he had pawned many of his valuables, and had also received many contributions. The four men were released and started down Essex street, followed by 200 people.

Barondess was greatly disgusted to learn that Lippe, one of the prisoners for whom he had worked so hard, had $35 in his pocket. Barondess had paid $9 on his account. Lippe offered Barondess $5 to call it square. Barondess expressed himself very vigorously in the Hebrew jargon, and Lippe slunk away.

Several men offered to furnish bail for Blum and Ortfeld, but Justice Voorhis did not consider them satisfactory bondsmen.

The crowd of Hebrews was out in the streets pretty much all day in one shape and another. It bulged out in knots at the corners of Grand and Orchard streets until it was moved on. It moved on to Broome street and then up town. It tried in vain to get the International Labor Exchange for a meeting in East Tenth street. There was no hope at Clarendon Hall either, and, separating into sections to avoid the appearance of a mob, the people filtered down town to the region where every third saloon has a meeting hall behind it. Walhalla Hall they avoided. Three policemen, who reclined easily on chairs, guarded it inside, while two more walked up and down outside.

There were meetings held simultaneously at Golden Rule Hall, 125 Rivington street, and Tobias's Hall, 131 Allen street.

Emma Goldman, the mistress of Berkman, the assassin of Frick, was out of town, but hurried back to make anarchistic speeches to the Hebrews.

A man said to be named Herman presided at the Golden Rule Hall meeting. Emma Goldman arrived on time and wedged her way to a front place. The Chairman addressed the audience in the German-Hebrew jargon of the east side, some words of which have no equivalent in English. He worked himself into a fury while talking.

"The people who are working," he said, "are willing to stop work to rescue the prisoners."

Here some one shouted, "Let nobody translate these speeches to the reporters of the capitalistic press. They only come here to keep the Jews down."

"I don't care," said the speaker. "This hall is hot and wretched. It's not half as wretched as our homes. The people must and can help themselves. These tobacco-chewing Yankees—what can they do for us?"

"Nothing!" shouted the audience.

"Talk about the Hebrew riots," continued the speaker. "The Congressmen who make the laws would make more bloody riots if they had no work and no money. What has Baron Hirsch done for us?"

"Nothing! Nothing!" said the audience.

"He has given some millions of dollars, and nobody knows what he does. We haven't. The American law punishes us if we commit suicide, but it lets us starve to death. You can starve according to law but you can't commit suicide according to law. If you take a loaf out of a store you are a thief."

"A thief! a thief!" shouted the audience.

Here attention was drawn to Emma Goldman, whose pudgy figure was seen in front. She appeared to be able to breathe the frightful atmosphere in comfort, and looked quite cool. She was almost carried to the platform.

"If you are hungry go and get bread," she said. "Take it if no one will give it to you. Join the demonstration of the unemployed, under the black flag."

She paused a moment, and then shrieked:

"The black flag, I say! Let that be your banner in the hunger parade."

Yells and shouts of approval drowned her utterances. Men stood on chairs and bellowed.

Several sets of resolutions were passed. One was to the effect that the small grocers should be asked to give food and take their chances for payment when work is plentiful again.

At the close of the meeting Joseph Barondess came in. It was announced that the fines of some of the rioters had been paid, and this news broke up the meeting.

In the afternoon the biggest crowd gathered at 130 Allen street, and here Capt. Devery stationed himself most of the day with two detectives. The air inside the hall was foul beyond description. The policemen could not stand it long. The meeting was supposed to be called to combat an anti-Semitic feeling. One speaker said:

"We have tried to act like gentlemen. We ought to be gentlemen, and we are gentlemen."

This was new talk for the audience, and it fell as flat and heavy as a disk of lead. Some of the people seemed to want it. Suddenly Emma Goldman appeared. While every one was perspiring she never turned a hair. She was passed on to the platform, and her speech was the same one she gave at Golden Rule Hall, slightly modified.

In the mean time the hearers made frequent visits to the bar, where three bartenders were kept busy attending to their liquid wants. One of the speakers said:

"Remember Chicago. They arrested men there because they were hungry. That's what the dirty police did here. Let us parade up Fifth avenue and show these people how hungry we are."

When he was through a young fellow got up and shouted in English:

"There's a detective here. Let him come. Let him shoot me. I'm ready for the sacrifice."

One man put his hand on this young fellow's mouth, while another pulled him down.

The headquarters of the United Hebrew Trades, at 91 Delancey street, was seething with people all day, who denounced Barondess. Between President Weinstein of this organization, supposed to represent the Socialists, and Barondess there is undying antipathy.

At several of the headquarters of the Socialistic Barondess has been accused of fraternizing with the Webrew Anarchists who assemble at 11 Pike street, the rallying ground of east side Anarchists. He violently denied this yesterday, and declared that he was a conservative and an American citizen.

"I know nothing of these men," he said. "They don't belong to my trade. I interested myself for them because I believed they were innocent men. I'm not their leader."

Around the streets and in every saloon and hall were scattered thousands upon thousands of circulars calling upon the people to boycott Walhalla Hall. The circular was printed in Hebrew and headed, "A circular from the unemployed," and signed "Thousands of workers." It said:

"We were about 5,000 men. We called at Walhalla Hall and asked to rent it for a meeting. The proprietor demanded $15, which we did not have. One of us workingmen brought his gold watch and chain for a deposit until we could get inside and make a collection. He refused us. We were hungry and starving, so we pushed in the door. We took possession of the hall and commenced to make a collection. Just then an officer came in and told us to leave at once. We were unwilling to leave until we had paid the money.

The circular goes on to say that the whole trouble was caused by six riotous policemen who came in and drove them out of the hall. Then it announces the meeting in Union square to-night.

Shortly after 6 o'clock somebody ran into the Eldridge street police station and said that a crowd of people were "holding a labor bureau" at the corner of Broome and Essex streets. Capt. Devery sent out some of the reserves in plain clothes to the place. A man with a loud voice was haranguing a little crowd. The crowd would not disperse, seeing no uniforms, and thirteen men and one woman were taken to the police station. The men were Charles Scherrie, 104 Suffolk street; Bernard Moss, 147 Madison street; Abraham Kindle, 170 Rivington street; Abraham Mitrick, 104 Allen street; Benjamin Kromer, 48 Essex street; Michael Baumberg, 14 Stanton street; Friedman Alter, 13 Rivington street; Philip Binkwitch, 84 Essex street; Marx Arvenstein, 115 Norfolk street; Samuel Shulem, 67 Norfolk street; Ike Polinsky, 119 Essex street; David Bondeff, 205 Forsyth street, and A. Bronstein, 18 Essex street. Bronstein is a cigar maker and the rest are tailors. The woman was Lotta Kornbruner, 193 Orchard street, and gave her occupation as housekeeper. They told Capt. Devery that they thought it no harm to hold a meeting.

"Yes," he said, "but you can't hold meetings on the sidewalk. You must get a hall."

On their promise that they would hold no more sidewalk meetings the Captain let them go.

A conference called by the United Central Labor Federation to discuss the condition of the unemployed was held last night at the Labor Lyceum, 64 East Fourth street. About 100 delegates from the unions were present, only 71 of whom were accredited. Ernest Baum presided.

The speakers discouraged street parades or meetings that were not held in accordance with the law. One of the speakers said that to collect a crowd of hungry men who might be controlled by unscrupulous speakers would give the police and authorities the opportunity for a display of tyranny.

One speaker wanted a delegation sent to Albany to demand work for the unemployed, and, failing to secure it there, the delegation was to apply to the Board of Aldermen in this city.

A committee of nine was appointed to arrange some plan for a demonstration and to keep the condition of the poor and unemployed continuously in public notice.

Theodore F. Cuno of the *Volks-Zeitung* sent a letter proposing that the city be divided into districts, each of which was to cover ten blocks. He suggested that the unemployed in each district organize and elect a captain to lead them to every house in the district, the visits to be made from noon until 6 o'clock daily, and either bread or work to be demanded at every door. Failing to get bread or work the unemployed should next go to a bakery or shop after 6 o'clock and appropriate whatever they saw that was edible and appealed to their taste, saying:

"I have no work. I have no food. I cannot starve."

If arrested they should go quietly to jail with the policeman. Mr. Cuno says that such a system "will teach the sneak thief capitalists the danger of their situation."

Action on the letter was postponed. Bernhard Dürkel, who keeps a restaurant at 133 East Broadway, came to the meeting with 125 meal tickets, which were distributed for the unemployed in the unions. Schulman & Son, tailors on Grand street, have given Pythagoras Hall for meetings of the unemployed until Oct. 1, excepting certain evenings in September for which the hall is already engaged.

WILL NOT CARRY THE RED FLAG.

But 3,000 Unemployed Men Will Parade in Newark on Monday.

A preliminary meeting was held in Newark yesterday to arrange for a parade of the unemployed men in that town on Monday. It was held in Munzo's Hall at 43 Prince street, which is in a locality thronged with Russians and Poles, and the place in which nearly all of the Socialists and Anarchists of the city dwell. There was a large attendance of this element at the meeting, and a number of leading Socialists presided in turn, as is their custom.

Circulars in English, German, Italian, and Russian were distributed, and those in attendance were urged to see that their unemployed friends turned out. It was predicted that 3,000 men would be in line.

"We have got no money for music," said one of the leaders. "But we will not carry the red flag. It would only precipitate trouble."

"Carry the black flag," said another. "That is the flag of famine, and we are hungry."

Another man said: "We will see that there is no red flag carried. There is time enough for that, and we can wait."

The police have prepared for any trouble that may ensue and feel sure that there will be no rioting.

THREATS OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

Polish Laborers Say They Will Burn the City of Buffalo if Work Is Not Given Them.

BUFFALO, Aug. 18.—Fourteen Polish laborers, who appeared at Poormaster Stauch's office about ten days ago and demanded work, appeared there again this afternoon and startled the employees of the office by vowing that if employment was not given them they would set fire to the city and burn it to the ground. The men carried picks and shovels, and seemed to be greatly excited. They told the poormaster that they intended to make their threat good if work was not found for them before Saturday night.

"We have families that are starving and must have work," replied the leader in answer to a question asked by the poormaster.

"We were all working for a contractor at East Buffalo and he discharged us and many more without paying us."

"We can't find him now or we'd kill him for starving our wives and babies," said another member of the little band.

The poormaster is placing every day upon the books of his office the names of at least ten new families. This is unprecedented in the history of this city.

THE SHERIFF TOOK THEIR NAMES.

Chinamen Protected from a Threatened Raid by Unemployed Men.

FRESNO, Cal., Aug. 18.—It became known last evening that a party of 100 unemployed men intended to make a raid on the Chinamen at Egger's ranch, six miles east of here. Sheriff Scott and a posse of twelve men armed with Winchesters went to Egger's, but found no one there. At 1 o'clock this morning a telephone message from Roeding's Vineyard, two miles from Egger's, said that the raiders were driving the Chinamen from there. Sheriff Scott was notified, and immediately left for Roeding's. An under sheriff formed another posse in the town and also started for the scene.

At 2:30 o'clock the Sheriff and posse returned here. They had met the raiders between Egger's and Roeding's and held a long parley, during which the Sheriff ordered them to keep the peace, took the names of the leaders, and compelled them all to return to Fresno. Some of the raiders were armed, and when first met by the posse were inclined to be warlike. The Sheriff said he would arrest all the leaders.

ON TO WASHINGTON.

Leaders of the Unemployed Suggest a Demonstration Before Congress.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 18.—Beginning to-morrow, committees of the unemployed in the various labor associations will take up their station at the Union depot and the freight yards of the various roads running into St. Louis from the West, meet all persons looking for work, explain the situation, and ask the traveller to proceed to Washington, D. C., to make a demonstration before Congress.

Meals for Five Cents in Denver.

DENVER, Aug. 18.—The Maverick restaurant will be opened on Monday and meals will be served at five cents. This is the plan proposed to take the place of Camp Relief. Cooks and waiters have volunteered their assistance free, and much of the food used will be donated. Tickets will be sold to the public, who are expected to distribute them to the needy.

Caving of the Mississippi's Banks.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 18.—The caving which has been going on in the banks of the Mississippi in consequence of the extreme high water and unprecedentedly rapid fall continues, and exceeds anything known before. The worst cavings have been at Plaquemines and at Orleans plantation, opposite here, where several acres went into the river in one body, and several persons narrowly escaped. Today a slide occurred at the mouth of Socolas Canal, which leads from the Mississippi to Baratana Bay. The bank caved in close to the locks in the canal, which will have to be removed at once or lost. The expense will be heavy. Traffic on the canal, through which New Orleans receives its fish and oysters, will be suspended for some time, until the repairs can be made.

The Rajah Goes to Washington.

CHICAGO, Aug. 18.—The Maharajah of Kapurthala with his wife and suite of seven left for Washington to-day, where he will make a stay of about a week.

$17.00 to Chicago and Return.

via the Ontario and Western Railway, Tuesday, Aug. 22; Monday, Aug. 28, via Niagara Falls. Full information at 371 Broadway, New York.—*Ads.*

FIRE FOLLOWED BY RIOT.

NEWTOWN CONSTABLES WOUND SEVERAL OF THE MOB.

They Had Sacked a Saloon Whose Owner Had Refused Shelter to Children Injured in the Fire Which Rendered Twenty-two Families Homeless—Brooklyn Police Unwilling to Cross the City Line to Give Aid.

Twenty-two families were made homeless yesterday morning by a fire which totally destroyed seven frame dwellings in Cooper street, near the city line of Brooklyn, and rendered uninhabitable nine others, while seven persons were injured by jumping from windows in order to escape.

Among the injured were the four children of Frank Liebler, who were taken for temporary shelter to the neighboring saloon of Charles F. Meyers. The saloon keeper, it is said, refused to admit them.

This aroused indignation, which deepened during the day until it culminated in a riot in the evening, in which Meyers's saloon was demolished, after much of its contents had been destroyed.

The rioters were only dispersed after several had been wounded by shots fired by deputy sheriffs from Newtown. There was not much thought of punishing Meyers for his alleged inhumanity while the fire was in progress, but when it was over the indignation against him began to make itself manifest.

During the afternoon threats of lynching were heard among the men who had crowded about the ruins, and when night came on an angry mob numbering many hundreds gathered and bitterly denounced the saloon keeper for turning the injured Liebler children from his doors.

The crowd increased in size, and grew restless. It soon became worked up to a high pitch of excitement, and only needed a leader to give a signal which would result in bloodshed. Little groups, composed of less than a score of men each, stood around talking excitedly when darkness set in.

Finally some one passed around word that Meyers's house was to be attacked. "Arm yourself for the battle," was the command which followed. Then the little groups broke up and the men composing them disappeared in all directions. When they returned they were armed with axes, pistols, clubs, and paving stones, and at half past 11 there was an angry army of nearly 1,000 determined men marching over the hills toward Meyers's saloon.

Some one shouted, "get a rope," and at least twenty men obeyed the order. Then they began singing "We'll hang old Meyer on a sour apple tree."

The saloon keeper had been warned of the approach of the mob, and had a horse and wagon in readiness at the rear of his place, so that he might make his escape. The saloon is just across the Brooklyn city line in Queen's county.

Quickly barring his doors and windows, Meyers extinguished the lights in the saloon, ran into the yard, scaled a fence, got into the wagon, and hurriedly made his escape to Newtown. If he had delayed one minute longer he would not have been able to get away, as the mob surrounded the house. A big brawny fellow, who acted as the leader, shouted:

"If Meyers comes out shoot him down."

"We will," was the response.

Some of the men carried torches, and when a suggestion was made to burn Meyers's house, the crowd favored the idea, and the torch bearers hurried to carry it out. An old man named Hebler, who lives in a house adjoining the saloon, begged the mob to desist from firing the place, and his appeal was heeded.

When within twenty feet of the saloon some one threw a paving stone through the plate glass window. This was the signal for a general attack, and, a minute later, a hundred men were tearing down the front of the building. The torch bearers were among the first to get inside. Then there was general havoc. Barrels of whiskey were rolled into the street and boxes of cigars were thrown out among those who could not crowd into the place.

Everything in the saloon was demolished or carried off, and then a visit was paid to the saloon keeper's living apartments. The carpets were ripped up from the floors, looking glasses, bric-a-brac and pictures were smashed.

A search under tables and in closets was made for the saloon keeper by the men who carried the ropes. Then, when it was learned that Meyers had made his escape, the club overturned the bar, smashed open the icebox, and carried out several small casks of whiskey found in a storeroom.

In the mean time Meyers had driven to Newtown for assistance, the Brooklyn police having refused to go outside of the city limits. A squad of Newtown sheriffs and constables arrived at the saloon in time to see the last of the whiskey barrels going out of the door. They got into the place through the rear entrance, and then followed a general battle.

Pistol shots were quickly exchanged, and a number of persons were injured.

One man who had been shot in the leg by a constable was removed to a saloon at Cooper street and Central avenue, where he was attended by a physician. Another who had been severely injured was carried away in a grocer's wagon. He refused to give his name, as he was one of the leaders of the mob. A boy who was thrown down one of the cellars of one of the burned houses had his legs crushed. Several women who were on Cooper street, opposite the scene of the fire, were trampled down by the rioters as the latter retreated from the flying bullets of the constables' revolvers.

A second and a third attack was made upon Meyers's house, and at midnight the mob was still fighting with the constables, and the riot had assumed serious proportions. The entire reserve squad of police from the Twentieth precinct hurried to protect the property in the neighborhood of Knickerbocker avenue and Cooper street, which is within the city limits. But the policemen would not go over the line to the aid of the Queens county authorities.

The rough element of the mob was holding high carnival. Men with small casks of whiskey on their shoulders paraded the streets and sang ribald songs, while others, who had been their companions, were drinking from bottles, and otherwise enjoying the spoils from the looted saloon.

The fire which caused the riot began at 3 A. M., in the rooms of Joseph Miller on the second floor at 315 Cooper street. The flames spread with such rapidity that when Frank Liebler and his family, on the second floor at 313 Cooper street, awoke he found the lower part of the house enveloped in fire and escape by the stairs cut off.

Liebler and his four children ran to the front windows, where Liebler wrapped his youngest child, Josie, aged 4 years, in a small mattress, and threw her to the sidewalk. Liebler told his other children, Lizzie, aged 17; Maggie, aged 14, and Frank Liebler, Jr., aged 11, to jump out. They did so, and Liebler also escaped that way. Liebler received cuts and bruises, while his daughter Lizzie fractured three ribs and broke her right leg. Maggie fractured her left ankle and sustained internal injuries, and the boy injured his left shoulder.

Willing hands picked up the injured children and they were carried to Charles F. Meyer's saloon at the corner of Irving avenue. Admittance being refused them they were placed in wagons and taken to the residence of William Rowe, at 187 Moffat street. Mr. Rowe and several of his neighbors denounced the action of the saloon keeper in refusing to admit the injured children. Ambulances presently arrived in which the four children were finally removed to St. Mary's Hospital.

In the mean time three alarms of fire were sent out. The firemen from Middle Village and all the fire apparatus from the Brooklyn department in that section of the city were promptly on the ground. They discovered that the nearest water hydrant was nearly 3,000 feet away. It took some time to connect hose from the hydrant to the fire, and the delay gave the flames ample opportunity to envelop almost the entire row of buildings on that block.

Before the arrival of the firemen there were wild scenes among the occupants of the burning dwellings. Many of them in their haste to get out fell down stairs. John Schlang, his wife, and four children, who occupied rooms on the second floor of 235 Cooper street, were so much alarmed at the fire that before Maggie Schlang, aged 16, and Katie, aged 14, could be restrained, they jumped out of a front window. Maggie sprained an ankle, and Katie cut and bruised her face and wrist. By the time the first stream of water was turned on the fire the sixteen dwellings were doomed, and the firemen turned their attention toward saving the adjoining property. It was nearly daylight before the fire was out.

Leopold J. Lipmann and Joseph Benjamin, the owners of the burned buildings, placed their loss at about $275,000, while the aggregate loss to the occupants was estimated at $9,000.

Night Air is Dangerous.

Unless Callaway's La Rilla is near at hand.—*Ads.*

Ripans Tabules act like magic in cases of indigestion, biliousness, dyspepsia or headache.—*Ads.*

SHE HAS $100,000 IN SIGHT.

A Niece of Leland Stanford Unable to Pay a Judgment for $5,650.

Walter P. Butler of Saratoga has been appointed by Judge Putnam receiver in supplementary proceedings for Christine M. L. Gunning of Saratoga, a niece of the late Senator Leland Stanford of California, in the suit of the Lincoln National Bank, which obtained a judgment against her for $5,650 on Feb. 2, 1891. Papers in the case were filed in the County Clerk's office yesterday. In her examination Mrs. Gunning was asked what property she has, and she testified as follows:

"I suppose from what I have seen in the papers that I have a legacy of $100,000 under the will of my uncle, Leland Stanford of California. I have had no notification from the executrix or from any one representing her of the legacy. Mrs. Stanford, the widow of Leland Stanford, is my father's sister. Her name is Jane E. Lathrop Stanford. * * * I understand that Mr. Stanford left no lineal descendants but an adopted child. I have no property of any kind other than the above legacy. This order in proceedings was served on me Aug. 10, 1893, about 12 o'clock. I have made no transfers of any property since that time. * * * I have never assigned or conveyed the above legacy to any one. If the will of Mr. Stanford gives me any property I still own it."

The testimony was signed by her under the name of Christine M. Lathrop.

Senator Stanford's will left $100,000 to each of his nephews and nieces.

SARATOGA, Aug. 18.—Christine M. Lathrop Gunning is one of three nieces of Leland Stanford living here. Her sisters are Mrs. Col. George P. Lawton and Mrs. Walter H. Hanson. She inherited about $200,000 from her father, Daniel S. Lathrop, who was a brother of Mrs. Stanford. Her husband, Thomas B. Gunning, spent the money, and a few years ago he lost his life by accident in the mountains of South America. His wife became insane. She was found wandering in the streets of New York and taken to an asylum. She is now of sound mind and is living here with her mother, the widow of Daniel S. Lathrop. The will of Mr. Stanford has been admitted to probate, but the $100,000 left to Mrs. Gunning has not yet been paid.

BROKER BLAIR'S BURGLAR.

He Wanted Anything He Could Get and Thought it Wise to Plead Guilty.

Joseph A. Blair, a member of the Stock Exchange, was awakened at his house, 340 West Fifty-sixth street, early yesterday morning by George Clark, who was trying to break open the library window with a jimmy. When Clark saw that he was discovered he coolly sat down and put on his shoes.

"I ought to sock it to you!" shouted Mr. Blair, pretending to aim a pistol.

Clark then ran across a vacant lot toward Fifty-seventh street, and Mr. Blair shouted "Police!" Private Watchman John McLaughlin ordered Clark to surrender. Clark pointed his jimmy at the watchman, and threatened to blow his brains out.

McLaughlin jerked out his own pistol and fired at Clark. The latter ran through St. Timothy's churchyard into the arms of Policeman Mangan.

When the Sergeant at the West Forty-seventh street police station asked Clark what he wanted at the house, Clark answered contemptuously:

"What do you suppose? I wanted anything I could get."

Clark at first pleaded not guilty at the Yorkville Police Court. Then he asked Justice Grady permission to change the plea to guilty.

"They caught me dead," he explained, "and I think it would go easier with me to plead guilty."

His request was granted.

COL. REIFF'S APATHY UPSET.

He Runs Into a Streak of Excitement on the New Street Curb.

Col. J. C. Reiff of Woerishoffer & Co., trotted through Broad street to New yesterday afternoon after Change, and incidentally remarked to a SUN reporter:

"This is the most listless and apathetic day I ever saw in the street."

At that instant Col. Reiff ran into a crowd of a couple of hundred put and call brokers and their hangers on, who had formed a ring encircling two young men bent on punching each other. One of the young men was J. Arthur Joseph, the manager of his own Wall street news company and the other was George Blood, who handles Lackawanna privileges. Joseph had called Blood a liar because Blood had questioned the figures on a Lackawanna privilege, and Joseph appeared to be interested in ascertaining what he believed to be correct figures.

Blood, when he was called a liar, started in to thump Joseph. Joseph carried a parcel of books, and as Blood rushed at him he thrust the books into Blood's face. Blood's nose bled. Then there was a clinch, and Blood's blood was distributed generously and about evenly over Joseph's clothes and his own. The crowd was amused, and Col. Reiff said he was willing to accept an amendment.

TRIED TO DROWN HERSELF AT 70.

Kate Heyer Rescued from the River by Ambulance Driver McGovern.

Kate Heyer, who is 70 years old, had a quarrel yesterday morning with her son's wife at 232 East 120th street. She went to the river at the foot of the street.

"I'll never go home again. I'll jump overboard first," she said to some people she met. Then she did jump.

Ambulance Driver Bernard McGovern of the Harlem Hospital, near by, plunged overboard after her without waiting to remove even his shoes. The swift tide had carried the woman twenty feet or more out into the stream, and was fast sweeping her within the river. McGovern swam out to her and, grabbing her, succeeded in keeping her afloat until Dr. Oppenheimer of the hospital staff pulled out to him in a rowboat. He was nearly exhausted when he reached shore.

Mrs. Heyer was only half conscious when carried into the hospital. She will recover, however. She is held as a prisoner, charged with attempted suicide.

TRAVELS WITH TEN BLACK PET DOGS.

An Italian Tourist Puzzled Because the Hotels Won't Take Them.

Lieut. Petich, Italian Minister to Peru, Bolivia, and Ecuador, called on Director Smith of the Central Park Menagerie yesterday afternoon and asked his help in a very serious difficulty.

He came to the United States, he said, to visit the World's Fair. He found the country so beautiful that he wanted to travel through it for the next six months. But there was one insurmountable obstacle. He had brought with him ten little black dogs, and found the hotels would not accommodate them. The dogs required the most careful treatment, and he asked if they could not be kept in the menagerie.

Mr. Smith replied regretfully that he could not be accommodated in the Park, and referred Lieut. Petich to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Slipped and Fell Under a Cable Car.

Frank Sherry, an actor 30 years old, of 353 West Fifty-fifth street, tried to board the front platform of Broadway cable car 77 bound up town yesterday afternoon at Twenty-eighth street. He did not wait for the car to stop. He slipped and fell flat on the pavement. The car in passing over him wrenched and lacerated his right arm. People who saw the accident thought he had a narrow escape from more serious injuries. Policeman Hotaling of the West Thirtieth street station placed the gripman, Timothy Sullivan, under arrest. An ambulance was summoned, but Sherry refused to go to a hospital, and was taken home in a cab. Sullivan was taken to Jefferson Market Court, and was discharged by Justice Hogan.

No Gap Between Licenses Allowed.

Hereafter liquor dealers whose licenses run out will have to procure renewed licenses on the day the old ones expire. President Michael C. Murphy of the Excise Board issued this order yesterday, and in every case of failure to comply with this rule the delinquent's name will be sent to the police.

Only $18 to Chicago and Return via Picturesque Erie Lines.

Next personally conducted excursion train leaves New York Chambers st., 10:16 A. M., Monday, Aug. 21; arrives Chicago 4:15 P. M. next day. New and elegant coaches, with high back seats. Uniformed porters in attendance. Special coaches for families and ladies without escort. Tickets good ten days, with privilege of returning via Niagara Falls. Similar excursions on Sept. 2, 6, and 12.—*Ads.*

RIOTING AT DEER ISLAND.

THE FISH CHOWDER WOULDN'T GO AROUND FOR ALL THE PRISONERS.

Police Summoned from Boston—Fifteen Prisoners Go to the Hospital with Bruised Heads from Clubbing—One Wounded—Several Scale the Walls and Escape.

BOSTON, Aug. 18.—The Deer Island prisoners broke loose again to-day. Quiet was restored by a squad of Boston bluecoats. To-night there are fifteen new inmates of the hospital nursing bruised heads. One prisoner was shot while climbing over the fence in his effort to escape from the clubs of the police.

There are more than 1,200 prisoners on the island, nearly all of whom are serving short terms for drunkenness. Others are paying the penalty for petty thieving. The dining room will accommodate only 330, so it is necessary to divide the prisoners into four gangs. The regulation Friday noon repast is fish chowder, and to-day's meal was prepared accordingly.

The first three gangs were served all right. The fourth gang did not fare as well. The cooks saw that the chowder would not hold out, so they added water in order to make up the required quantity. The prisoners didn't say anything at first, but the waiters, who are themselves prisoners, gave them the tip as to how the chowder had been doctored.

Then there was a howl. The prisoners threw the chowder upon the floor. Superintendent Gorrish was summoned to quell the disturbance. He was greeted with a shower of chowder and of red hot epithets. He told the men there was no more chowder, and that he could not help them any. The men also kicked because the potatoes were small, and refused to go to work until they received proper food. This was not forthcoming.

The men rushed into the yard, where the majority of the prisoners were drawn up in line preparatory to marching to the shops, hurriedly told them of the situation, and urged them to join in the strike. Those other men had had good chowder and were loath to join in the trouble, but the strikers were members of the "stone gang" and were the toughest and strongest men in the place. When they undertook to enforce their demands with chairs, the others yielded, and the yard was filled with a howling mob. The guards tried to restore order, but they were powerless. Superintendent Gorrish telephoned to Boston for assistance, and in less than half an hour twenty blue coats were on their way under the command of Capt. Bragdon of the Harbor Police. When the reserves loomed up in the gateway all but fifty of the prisoners broke for the shops.

The guards, reënforced by the Boston police, marched upon the fifty with drawn clubs, which were freely used when the prisoners would not surrender. Several prisoners scaled the fence, and it was one of these who was shot. His wound is not serious.

In fifteen minutes the strike was over. Fifteen strikers were stretched upon the ground, either insensible or badly dazed. They were bleeding from scalp wounds and were carried to the hospital for treatment.

The ringleader O'Brien was placed in solitary confinement and will partake of bread and water for a while. All the prisoners who sealed the wall had not been recaptured at nightfall, but there is little chance for them to escape except by swimming through Shirley Gut, and as the water goes through there like a mill race the chances of surviving the attempt are very few.

SHE DIDN'T HIT THE BURGLAR.

But the Shot from Her Revolver Caused Him to Flee.

HACKENSACK, N. J., Aug. 18.—At 1 o'clock this morning the family of James B. Ackerman, residing at Hillsdale, was aroused by a shot and a scream, followed by the sound of rapidly retreating footsteps on the walk outside the house. In the upper hall Mr. and Mrs. Ackerman found Miss Emma Myers, a friend from New York, who is spending the summer with them. Miss Meyers was holding a smoking revolver in her hand. She told how, after being awakened by a feeling that there was some one in the room, she heard a faint sound in the hall. She called the names of Mr. and Mrs. Ackerman, asking if they were up, but receiving no reply arose, and taking her revolver from under the pillow, stepped outside her bedroom door.

She soon saw a man's head rising from near the foot of the stairs, but, still thinking it might be Mr. Ackerman, she hesitated to shoot. Scarcely knowing what she was doing, she cried:

"Look out; I'll hit you."

As she spoke she discharged the pistol and then screamed. The ball missed the man and only made a hole in the carpet.

Mr. Ackerman was enough burglar. He had entered the house by forcing a rear window, had ransacked several drawers, and was rifling the pockets of Mr. Ackerman's trousers when Miss Meyers interrupted him. The garment was found at the foot of the stairs minus only a few dollars, but still containing Mr. Ackerman's watch. The thief, however, carried away also $25 which was in Mrs. Ackerman's purse.

LEFT ON A BARREN ISLAND.

A Schooner Sails from San Francisco to Rescue Two Sailors.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 18.—The schooner Viking will sail to-morrow to rescue two sailors who have been left on Clipperton Island for three months. Clipperton is a small coral reef near the equator and is covered with rich deposits of guano.

The Oceanic Phosphate Company sent a schooner to the island in May last, and in order to hold it, left two sailors, Carl Jensen and William Hall, in charge of the island. The island is entirely barren, and the men had provisions for ninety days with a promise that before that time expired another schooner would be sent to their relief.

The men had some fears that they would be left to starve for Jensen sent a letter to a friend in this city when the schooner sailed from Clipperton, telling him of the circumstances and asking him to make the letter public in case no relief expedition was sent out within a reasonable time. It is said that the phosphate company made no move toward relieving the deserted sailors and Jensen's friend published his letter.

The phosphate company, however, has fitted out the Viking. It will take thirty days for the vessel to reach Clipperton Island.

BIBLES FROZEN IN ICE.

Dr. Munhall's Scheme to Attract People to the Bible Conference.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 18.—The Rev. Dr. L. H. Munhall of Germantown, Philadelphia, has charge of the Seaside Bible Conference which is in session here in Education Hall. The attendance at the sessions of the Conference having been somewhat limited, Dr. Munhall has taken an idea from James A. Bradley, the founder of Asbury Park. Yesterday he placed a block of artificial ice upon exhibition down on the board walk. The cold mass was about three feet long, two feet and a half wide, and a foot and a half thick. In the centre were two open Bibles frozen in the ice.

Founder Bradley had placed upon exhibition blocks of ice in which silk American flags, fruit, and flowers had been frozen. These did not attract a tenth of the number of persons who stopped to look at the frozen Bibles. The type was magnified by the crystal and each world could be plainly read.

LIEUT.-GOV. SHEEHAN HERE.

He Will Have a Talk with Senator Murphy About the State Committee Meeting.

Lieut.-Gov. Sheehan came to town last night, and at the Hoffman House met a number of gentlemen interested in the welfare of the Democratic party, especially in the coming fight for State offices. Mr. Sheehan expects to join Senator Murphy at Long Branch either to-day or to-morrow. It is probable that the day and place for the next Democratic Convention will then be suggested, and then the final arrangements for the meeting of the State Committee here in New York and the State Convention at Saratoga will be completed.

Five Killed in a Jail Delivery.

CITY OF MEXICO, Aug. 18.—Reports from Tixtla, in the State of Guerrero, say that while the jail at that place was being cleaned yesterday the prisoners attacked the guard and twenty of them escaped. Three policemen and two prisoners were killed.

FIFTY WERE KILLED.

The Riots in the South of France Were More Serious Than Reported.

LONDON, Aug. 19.—The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says of the fight between French and Italian workingmen at Aigues-Mortes yesterday:

"At least fifty were killed and 100 were wounded in the fight. The French, numbering 500, carried every kind of weapons, from pickaxes and bludgeons to firearms. There were frightful hand-to-hand fights in the streets. Afterward 500 Italians barricaded themselves on a farm. They were besieged forthwith by the French, and a regular battle followed. Whenever an Italian escaped he was hunted like a rat to his death."

PARIS, Aug. 18.—The riot yesterday at Aigues-Mortes, department of Gard, had its origin in a dispute between workingmen regarding wages. The Italians were working for wages lower than those demanded by and paid to the Frenchmen. The latter feared they would be replaced by Italians. There is no apprehension of further trouble, the Mayor of the town having announced that henceforth no Italians will be employed in the salt works.

A FAMILY DYING ONE BY ONE.

Three Children Already Dead from What is Supposed to Be Poison.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Aug. 18.—Three dead children, another seriously ill, the mother dying, and the father lying helpless on his back in a small cottage in the residence portion of this city was the report received by the city authorities this afternoon. The head of this family is T. Casey, a carpenter, who came with his family recently to Little Rock from Dardanelle.

One week ago to-day one of the children, a girl, was taken suddenly ill and died in five hours. After the child had been buried the mother was taken ill and compelled to take to her bed. A day or two later the father was forced to his bed. They suffered great agony, like that of a person who had been poisoned.

This morning the three remaining children, who up to that time appeared to have been in good health, were stricken down by the mysterious disease. At 2 o'clock this afternoon one of them died, and another followed at 3:30 o'clock. The third child is dangerously ill.

The physician believes there was a poisonous substance in the well. An analysis of the water is now being made.

HOKE SMITH AND HIS PAPER.

Atlanta Smiles When the Publishing Company's President Denies Control.

ATLANTA, Aug. 18.—The statement made by Secretary Hoke Smith that he has no control over the evening paper which represents him as flopping on the silver question creates a smile here. Mr. Smith is President of the company which publishes the paper, and his name so appears in all the stationery of the concern