spended a fortune in fighting them, but the courts will compel me to expend more. But I do not propose to give them any more.

What I have left will go to my noble little wife and my poor, suffering mother. There is one way I can stop the expenditure.

Allow me to repeat what I have always said publicly and privately:

"Upon my solemn Masonic oath, I. T. Thatcher Graves, did not have anything to do in any way, shape, or manner nor deed with the death of Mrs. Barnaby."

I write this knowing what the future will soon have in store for me. The people will believe, pity, and sympathize with me. They will know that even the strongest man can be beaten down by a cyclone of filth, fiend, and persecution. I leave little Roy Stevens to the people of Colorado. Please take care of him.

I. T. THATCHER GRAVES, M. D., Harvard University.

Ex-District Attorney Stevens said in relation to his recent trip East that he now has new evidence of a positive and direct nature connecting Dr. Graves with the sending of the bottle of poison. Much new evidence relating to the Doctor's financial transactions with Mrs. Barnaby has also come to light, and papers which could not be got for the first trial. Also much evidence substantiating the evidence of Mary Hickey, especially with reference to Dr. Graves's conduct and conversation in April, when he visited Mrs. Barnaby's tenants, and to his prophecy that Mrs. Barnaby would die suddenly very soon.

The evidence also showed that Dr. Graves always knew the address of Mrs. Barnaby, just where she would be at all times, and the famous "dead letter" is also explained.

THE MURDER OF MRS. BARNABY.

Circumstances Which Seemed to Connect Dr. Graves with It—His Trial.

Mrs. Josephine A. Barnaby of Providence died in Denver on April 19, 1891. She was in her sixtieth year. She had married thirty years before J. B. Barnaby, then a rich manufacturer of Providence. By him she had two daughters. The elder, Mabel, married J. H. Conrad, a rich mine owner and politician of Helena. The younger, Maud, is an unmarried girl of 22 years.

Soon after the birth of her second daughter, Mrs. Barnaby had a stroke of paralysis, which left her with a halt in her speech and with a lame in her right leg and almost entire paralysis of her right hand and arm. After that her general health was never very good, and although Mr. Barnaby travelled with her everywhere the paralysis never left her. When Mr. Barnaby died in September, 1889, leaving an estate of $1,700,000, under the will Mrs. Barnaby was to have but $2,500 a year for her life, and the rest of the property went to the daughters.

In 1877, when Mr. and Mrs. Barnaby were travelling in Scotland, they met Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Worrell of Chester, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. Worrell were people of about the age of the Barnabys, and had considerable wealth. These four became friends at once, and, when all returned to this country, the friendship continued. During the ten years between 1877 and 1887 Mrs. Barnaby frequently visited the Worrells and showed many marks of extreme liking. She was especially fond of Eddie Worrell, who bears his father's name, and figures as E. S. Worrell, Jr.

About 1887 Eddie Worrell went West to seek his fortune, and soon afterward the Worrells lost their money. Gradually Mrs. Barnaby ceased to be the intimate friend she had been. Her health was poor and her mind grew more and more in the grip of the villanies than in the power of connected and rational thought. She was irritable, easily influenced, suspicious, but generous and confiding to the point of folly. She was sensitive about her lameness of arm and leg and also about the hesitation in her speech. She sought cures everywhere and gave herself over to all manner of quackery.

Thomas Thatcher Graves was born on Jan. 29, 1841, and got a fairly good education at the academy in East Thompson, Conn. After graduating at the academy Graves drifted about New England for several years, and at last entered the dental branch of the medical school of Harvard College. He stayed there four years, graduated in 1871, and in 1877 hung out his sign in the village of Danielsonville. He married there, and practised dentistry and certain branches of medicine for ten years. In 1887 he moved to Providence, took a tiny apartment, and began to build up a practice by advertising. He sent around printed circulars and mailed medicine in wooden boxes with no outward sign to betray the nature of the contents. Two years of this took him in no better condition financially than he had been in Danielsonville.

One day in the spring of 1889 a carriage stopped in front of his house, and a well-dressed woman with the pained look of the confirmed invalid entered his office and asked to use his telephone. He recognized her as Mrs. J. B. Barnaby, wife of one of the richest men in Providence. He had heard of her many times, of the peculiarities of her mind, of her eagerness to be rid of the effects of paralysis.

The Doctor's wife was in the office, and the three persons talked for a good while. The result of this chance meeting was that Mrs. Barnaby came to him for treatment. By midsummer Mrs. Barnaby was completely under the influence of Dr. Graves. He had drawn $225 in professional fees, which Mrs. Barnaby had paid cheerfully. The Doctor had the agreeable manners and the most insinuating sympathy. He had poisoned the mind of the wife against the husband. He told her that Mr. Barnaby had a mistress to whom he had given $100,000. He got from her all her secrets—many things about herself and her husband which could not be exposed without scandal. He so impressed upon her the necessity for secrecy that she never told her husband the story of the mistress, but brooded over it in secret. Under Dr. Graves's mental and physical treatment her health got better, and this added gratitude to her liking. The benefit had not strengthened her altogether on the side of Mrs. Barnaby. Dr. Graves moved the Barnaby family into a better house, and entered upon a career of comparative prosperity.

When Mr. Barnaby died in September, 1889, his will put Mrs. Barnaby in a rage. She went at once to see Dr. Graves and told him about her getting only $2,500 a year out of the big estate. Dr. Graves advised her to see his friend, Col. Ballou, a lawyer, and she did so. Mrs. Barnaby's daughters did not desire to make a contest, and the will was broken by common consent. Mrs. Barnaby got $105,000, which the executors began to pay over in instalments. Mrs. Barnaby put Dr. Graves in full charge of her business. He handled all her money, and when she wanted a few dollars she came to him for it. She gave him a sweeping power of attorney, and he receipted for the payments of the executors as "T. Thatcher Graves, M. D., agent or attorney."

In December, 1889, Mrs. Barnaby made a will. She told the Worrells that the will gave $50,000 to Dr. Graves as a testimonial for his services to her. Col. Ballou, who wrote the will, and Dr. Graves himself said the sum was $25,000. The will disappeared, and the point could never be settled.

About a month after making this will Mrs. Barnaby visited the Worrells again. Her feelings toward Dr. Graves had completely changed, according to the testimony of the Worrells. They say that she complained of his treatment of her, of his delay in giving her money, and she also told the story about her husband's mistress, saying that she had ceased to believe it, and that she thought Dr. Graves was deceiving her.

Dr. Graves will be the ruin of me yet," she is said to have exclaimed on one occasion. She decided to make a new will, and sent for the Egg one, which Dr. Graves had in his possession at her request. Dr. Graves did not send it, and Mrs. Barnaby grew hysterical.

She told the Worrells that she wanted to leave them something. Mr. Worrell told her she could make another will without destroying the first will, and this seemed to comfort her a bit. A lawyer in Chester drew up this second will, by which she left the Worrells $10,000; the Bennetts, at whose hotel in the Adirondacks she had stayed many times, $10,000; each of her daughters $5,000, and Dr. Graves $25,000. This will was kept in Chester and its existence was not known to Dr. Graves.

During the winter of 1890-91 Mrs. Barnaby took Mrs. Worrell with her on a trip through the West. Eddie Worrell was married in Denver on Jan. 12, 1891. The old ladies attended the wedding and then went on a brief trip to the coast. Young Worrell settled in Denver, and the mother and Mrs. Barnaby visited there after their return from the West.

The Worrells all say that Mrs. Barnaby continued her complaints against Dr. Graves and her expressions of distrust. But the letters of Dr. Graves to Mrs. Barnaby during that period show no signs of this. The Worrells testified also that Mrs. Barnaby talked frequently with young Worrell and other members of the Schermerhorn-Worrell Investment Company about taking her money out of Dr. Graves's hands and investing it in Denver.

On March 27, three months after Mrs. Barnaby died, Mrs. Worrell, the elder, left for the West, the executors of the Barnaby estate paid $81,000 to Dr. Graves as agent for Josephine A. Barnaby. It was the last instalment of the $105,000, and the only instalment of considerable size.

Before the arrival of Mrs. Barnaby in Denver from the coast, Mr. E. S. Worrell, Jr., was notified by the Post Office officials of the arrival of a package to his address. The package was taken to Worrell's office, where it lay on a desk several days until the arrival of Mrs. Barnaby, and was opened in the office in the presence of several persons, including Mrs. Barnaby. The package contained a bottle. There was a piece of white paper pasted on the side of the bottle. Written on that, in a careful hand, were the words: "Wishing you a happy New Year, please accept this fine old whisker from your friends in the woods."

Mrs. Barnaby smiled as she read that, and said: "It must be the Bennetts."

The bottle was replaced in the wooden box to be taken to the house by one of the family. Young Worrell put the package in his buggy and drove home. The servant girl, who took various packages out of the buggy that evening, let the bottle remain, and it went to the livery stable with the team for the night. On the following day it was taken once more to the house and given to Mrs. Barnaby, who put it in her trunk in a hall closet.

Several days afterward Mrs. Barnaby made a whiskey toddy from the contents of the bottle and both she and Mrs. Worrell, the elder, drank of the mixture. Soon after drinking both were taken sick, exhibiting symptoms of arsenical poisoning. Mrs. Worrell recovered, but Mrs. Barnaby, after lingering for several days, died.

It was shown in evidence that the bottle came from Boston and the stamps placed thereon were of a kind in use but for a short time. The stamps were not on sale in Boston, but they were in the Providence Post Office. Dr. Graves had sent medicine by mail before he knew Mrs. Barnaby and knew how to wrap a package so as to disguise its contents.

At the trial Mrs. Carrier, mother of young Worrell's wife, testified that she talked with Mrs. Barnaby on the Friday before she died. Mrs. Carrier said:

"I asked her if she thought the Bennetts could have sent that bottle to her. She replied: 'Oh, no, no, no; they would not have done it. They and I were the best of friends. I intended to spend next summer with them. I——' then she paused and continued faintly: 'I wonder if it can be possible that Dr. Graves could do such a thing?'"

Dr. Graves went to Denver in leisurely fashion after Mrs. Barnaby's death and came back with the body to Providence. When he reached Denver he went directly to Worrell's house. The Worrells say that he looked haggard and seemed to be nervous. When Mrs. Worrell the younger had greeted him he said, with a sad face and tears in his eyes:

"I suppose she died of a shock."

"It was worse than that," Mrs. Worrell said: "she was poisoned."

Dr. Graves half leaped from his chair. His face twisted and his hands opened and shut as if in convulsions.

"I can't think, I can't think," he said: "I must get out in the open air."

John Conrad of Helena, Mrs. Barnaby's son-in-law, made strenuous efforts to secure the conviction of Dr. Graves. He came East with Mrs. Barnaby's body. At Providence he introduced a detective to Dr. Graves as his brother, and they tried to get a confession from the Doctor that he sent the whiskey but that it was pure when he mailed it. The trial took place in Denver in the last part of December, 1891, and first part of January, 1892.

Dr. Graves had previously moved there and was practising medicine when he was indicted. So many persons believed that he was innocent that he did fairly well in his practice. If he was guilty it was a bold bluff. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty and the death sentence was pronounced on Jan. 11. Two weeks later the Supreme Court granted a writ of errors, and on the argument set aside the verdict and ordered a new trial.

The Supreme Court in setting aside the verdict said that much of the evidence admitted was based on suspicion and hearsay, prejudicial to the defendant's interests, and much was excluded that the defence had a right to have introduced, and that the case was further aggravated by the charge to the jury, which was unfair to the defence.

Dr. Graves had most peculiar traits of manner and deportment. His conversation was erratic in the extreme. He could not talk long on any subject without becoming confused, no matter what the topic under consideration might be. He would talk glibly and in an entertaining manner for a time, but if interrupted with a query, or if the trend of his thought was diverted, he stumbled and stammered until set right again. He had a great habit of repetition. He would make a statement in a forcible tone and then repeat it several times before proceeding with what he had to say.

This caused him, under the stress of the long examination on the stand, to display so much confusion and lack of memory about details that told against him in the trial. It is asserted on authority of his attorneys that this manner was the result of brain fever years ago, resulting in the weakening of his mind, but he would not at the time allow the attorneys to show that fact in testimony.

ANOTHER SOUTH JERSEY MURDER.

The Body of a Man with Four Bullet Wounds in It Found Near Woodbury.

WOODBURY, N. J., Sept. 3.—Two negroes, while walking in Ladd's woods this afternoon, discovered the body of a man with four bullet wounds in it. It seems certain that the man was murdered and carried in a wagon to the spot where the body was found.

The authorities are now hard at work. So far they have obtained little that can aid them in their search for the murderer.

The body, when found, lay in the shrubbery a mile north of the city. It was about 100 yards from the Westville turnpike and a short distance from a by-road through the woods.

The tracks of a light wagon led from the main road almost to the spot, and there is evidence that the horse had stood there for some time. There are also indications that the body had been dragged from the wagon to the place where it was found, twenty feet away.

The man was evidently a German and about 43 years old. He was 5 feet 9 inches in height and would weigh about 165 pounds. The third and index fingers of his right hand were crippled and bent, and he wore a moustache and goatee of a dark color. There was a ship tattooed on the right forearm below the elbow.

The wounds, from which the blood was still flowing, were in the right breast, right arm, and two in the back, one of the latter being near the right shoulder and the other in the middle of the back.

The last-mentioned wound was powder burned, showing that the shot must have been fired at short range. Prosecutor Percy says he thinks the body when found had not been in the brush longer than eight or ten hours.

The pockets were all turned inside out, and there was nothing left by which the dead man could be identified.

Detective Garrison and Sheriff Packer tonight arrested eight negroes, four women and four men, at Gloucester, on suspicion of being concerned in the murder.

All of them were living together. They had held a picnic at Fancy Hill, about two miles from Woodbury, and are known to have had a "sick man" in their wagon this morning.

SALVATIONISTS ARRESTED.

They Persist in Holding a Street Meeting in Jersey City—Fourteen Taken In.

The police of the Seventh precinct, Jersey City, are not getting along pleasantly with the Marion branch of the Salvation Army, which persists in holding open-air meetings without a permit.

On Saturday night Capt. Florence Deighton was arrested for leading an open air meeting outside her hall, though she said it had been done ever since the corps was started. Yesterday afternoon Major Perry, head of the legal and property department of the Reade street headquarters, received similar treatment for the same offence.

Last evening Staff-Capt. Marshall, editor of the *Conqueror*, was accompanied on his ride to the police station by eleven other Salvationists, among whom were the Marion Lieutenant (a girl) and the Captain and Lieutenant (also girls) of the Jewett avenue corps.

Seven of the prisoners were women and five men. The police say they were having noisy music in the street on a Sunday, and would not move on when they were ordered to.

At the Seventh precinct police station they were all paroled to appear this morning before Judge Kimmerly at the court in the Fourth precinct station house.

THE LUCANIA DOING WELL.

Twenty-one Knots and Better from Liverpool to Queenstown.

A despatch from Queenstown says that the new Cunard steamship Lucania, sister ship to the Campania (which, on her fastest trip to this port, made an hourly average of 21.11 knots), arrived at Queenstown from Liverpool yesterday. She made the trip in 10 hours and 47 minutes, or better than 21 knots an hour. The despatch says her engineers were delighted with the working of her engines. She sailed from Queenstown a few hours after arrival for this port. She ought to be here on Friday night if her engines continue to work smoothly and she meets no very rough weather.

Two Killed in a Train Wreck.

STREATOR, Ill., Sept. 3.—On Saturday night a wreck occurred in the outskirts of this city, resulting in the death of two unknown men, supposed to be tramps, and serious injuries to a dozen other persons.

At about 9½ P. M. the regular freight and accommodation train which left this city over the Illinois Valley and Northern branch of the Burlington went through a bridge, and the cars of heavy freight, together with the car containing the passengers, were piled up at the bottom of a 25-foot ravine. The wreck took fire from a stove. Several of the passengers were severely burned.

The two men who were killed were pinned beneath the wreck and their bodies not recovered until daylight. The injured were all brought to this city and placed in the hospital.

To Take Care of Reading 7s.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 3.—The President of the Reading Railroad gives notice that an arrangement has been made with Messrs. Drexel & Co. and Brown Brothers & Co. to purchase the Reading 7s of 1893 from the holders at par on their maturity, Oct. 1, 1893, and to extend them as gold bonds for forty years at five per cent. interest, also payable in gold and free of all taxes.

There are $2,700,000 of these bonds outstanding; they are prior to the consolidated mortgage, and together with the first mortgage, make a prior lien, amounting to $5,245,700, upon the Reading Railroad.

Neuralgic headaches promptly cured by Bromo-Seltzer—trial bottle 10 cts.—Adv.

SHE WAS NOT LURED AWAY.

MRS. TOURIS OF SMITHVILLE SOUTH TELLS HER SIDE OF THE STORY.

She and Her Friend, Mrs. Van Cott of Bellmore, Found at Her Father's House—Dominie Smith Relates the Antecedents of the Scandal that is Exciting Some Biblically Named Towns of Long Island.

This story begins in Jerusalem and ends in Jericho. It includes in its scope Smithville South, where the original Long Island Smith once lived. It includes too Salt Lake City, Hog's Head, the Merrick camp meeting grounds, Egypt, Bethpage, and Lot's Landing. It even includes Jones's Creek, which runs down into Jones's neck.

The story is about two young women. One a blonde, not yet 17 years old, with peachy cheeks, hazel eyes, and delightful red hair that for warmth and beauty rivals that of Mrs. Leslie Carter. The other is a brunette, sedate, with fine features, large, innocent dark eyes that become warm and flashing when the occasion requires. The first was Miss Alice Davis, now, owing to an unfortunate marriage, Mrs. Touris. She is the daughter of J. H. Davis, one of the deacons of the Bellmore Presbyterian Church.

The other was Eugenia Smith, now, owing to an unfortunate marriage, Mrs. Van Cott. She is the daughter of the Rev. Stephen C. Smith, the local pastor of the Bellmore Methodist Church. These two young women find themselves in a most ungraceful situation considering their birth and their family connections. The Deacon's daughter is accused of abandoning her husband. The Dominie's daughter is accused of enticing the Deacon's daughter away from her husband, and the specification of that charge, which is made by the husband of the Deacon's daughter, is that on an occasion when the husband ordered his wife out of the company of three young men to her home, the Dominie's daughter embraced her and said:

"She shall not leave me. We have stuck together from Freeport to Bellmore. She shall not leave me."

Both of the young women are under arrest. They have had an uncompleted hearing before Justice James Seaman in Wantagh, and they will have the rest of it on Friday morning. Probably no two young women in the whole of that religious region of Long Island are better known than these two. They are members of the church and members of the Sunday school. Heretofore the blemishes on their reputations have been that they contracted secret marriages without the consent of their parents, but as both marriages turned out bad, the people have said: "It was the judgment of God for disobedience. They have been punished enough."

This present trouble is brought about by the husband of the Deacon's daughter. He is referred to by partisans on one side as a hard-working painter, and by partisans on the other in other terms. His story in brief is that he married the Deacon's daughter; that he loved her, and loves her still. "But," he says, "she has a streak of the old boy running through her, and she knows too many young men. This minister's daughter has such a hold on her that I can do nothing with her. She will not live with me. I have had both the women arrested as a last resort."

The arrests were made by Constable Hicks of Hempstead, and the young women went hysterically. They were calmer at the hearing in the evening. The husband appeared with fourteen young men, who were to blast the reputation of his wife, as well as the reputation of the dominie's daughter. But, with one exception, they swore that, so far as they knew, the reputations of the young women were above reproach.

The one exception was a young man named Durand. He told a variety of stories. But it was learned that he was piqued because Mrs. Touris would never have anything to do with him. Being pretty and bright, it is natural that she was popular wherever she goes. She has girl friends at Freeport and she visited there often.

The Rev. Mr. Smith was found at his home yesterday. "So you want to hear the stories they tell of my girl and of me," he said. "Well, you've come to headquarters and I'll give you a little history of how they are trying to ruin her life and my reputation. Then's a very long story, but it goes back twenty-two years. I've lived in this town thirty-four years and my neighbors across the street, the Merritts, have lived there twenty-two years. I used to come to my wife and gossip about the neighbors. My wife never would gossip, and his wife got angry and told stories among the neighbors that got them down on my wife. That was the beginning. I've grinned and borne a good deal since then, but now I must rebel when they say I'm running a house of ill repute. Well, to proceed. After the beginning the Merritts always tried to throw dirt on my family. It was transmitted to the children. Why, one day the mother sent her oldest boy out to lick my oldest boy. I'd said to my boys, 'Now, boys, if you fight I'll lick you; but what were you going to do when they were set on?'

"Here the Rev. Mr. Smith's eyes glistened and there was a suspicion of pride in his voice as he said, "She set her big boy on my little boy and kept saying 'Now hit him, hit him again, hit him on the nose,' and my boy took the cue and hit her boy on the nose and licked him. Then she called: 'Come in here, Freddy, that's a bad little boy and I don't want you to associate with him.'

"Of course I couldn't lick my boy," continued the dominie. "As I said, that's an instance, and there are hundreds of others. They've been growing and now they have culminated in this disgraceful charge against my daughter and against my house. Now, this that—And about this I'll just say that this fellow Touris who makes the charges came to Bellmore and enticed this little girl away and married her, and I guess if the truth was known he's the devil let loose. My daughter has been in company with his wife a good deal, because her father knew my daughter was a good girl, and as long as she was with her she would be safe. The immediate thing that brought this on was Touris meeting my daughter and his wife on the road talking to three young men. He ordered his wife to go home. As I say I guess if the truth were known he's the devil let loose. If you see him, sir, you'll see murder in his eye. He's got that Italian cast of countenance with murder in it. Well, when his wife didn't want to go home my girl said she shouldn't go. That was because she was afraid he'd kill Touris if he got her alone. And Touris and this man Merritt, who was with him, said they'd go to the Squire and have them arrested. That's all. The girls were not doing anything, but here they are arrested, and I'm going to see the thing through now, no matter what. Even the worm will turn, and I've laid low long, I've never been in a lawsuit," he said. "I've lived peacefully, but now when a man says my house is a house of ill fame, and my daughter ain't what she ought to be, I'm after him."

Mrs. Van Cott, the daughter, is after him, too; while the father has sworn out warrants for the arrest of Touris and Merritt, on a charge of slander, the daughter has sworn out others on charges of threatening to kill.

Mrs. Van Cott was visiting Mrs. Touris at Mr. Davis's house, and the reporter found her there. Mr. Davis said: "Jealousy and malice are the motives of these arrests. My girl met this fellow, Touris, in Brooklyn, and on the third call on her here he went out walking with her to Freeport. When she came back she said she'd been married. He wasn't with her. She was under 15 years old. A few days later he wrote her to come to him. My wife and I thought it over, and rather thin have a fuss we let her go. It was Saturday she went.

"On Tuesday they were fired out of the house for non-payment of board. And then, sir, he borrowed money enough to get her to Jersey, and he walked her thirty-five miles to Westwood, N. J. There I found them, poverty stricken, and I brought my girl home."

Mr. Davis told of how his daughter had been enticed away twice after that by her husband, and finally he said:

"She seemed to stick to him, and I told her to bring him home. She did, and I fitted him out with clothes and took care of him all winter until April 3, when he went away. I paid his fare to Brooklyn, and I hoped he'd never get money enough to pay it back. He was back in a week, and he's been here off and on since, making a nuisance of himself. He was here last Wednesday, and wanted a room each to come in the house. He camped out under a shed. He's never done anything to support her. He can't support her. Now," said the Deacon, fiercely, "I'm that girl's guardian, I'm her protector—I'm her support. I'm the guardian of her good name, and I'll stand by it to the end. She's as pure as the driven snow. I'll defend her."

At this juncture the two young women came into the room.

"Why did you marry him?" the reporter asked the Deacon's daughter.

"Because I was a fool," she said.

"If you never told the truth before you told it then," said the Deacon's wife.

"Amen," said the Deacon.

"I should say so," said the Dominie's daughter. The Deacon's daughter then denied each of the several stories told by her husband, by Durand, and by Merritt. She denied the story of her own arrest, and denied that she had ever been bicycle riding with married men from Hempstead.

The Dominie's daughter told of her own marriage. Her husband, she said, had been a drummer, and was a bad man. He died. She is a well-spoken girl. She denied every story told. She said, with decision:

"My day is coming and is not far off. I will see my persecutors behind the bars. I don't care for myself, but for my poor mother and father. I will be revenged. This man Touris is only a vagrant. He testified in court that he had no money. He will go to jail as a vagrant."

Now is it any wonder that Jericho and Jerusalem and the Camp Meeting Association and Bethpage and Lot's Landing and Egypt and Salt Lake City and Jones's Creek that runs down into Jones's Neck are disturbed?

LILLIAN RUSSELL'S PLANS.

She Will Sing at the Casino Next Winter—The Chicago Engagement Closed.

CHICAGO, Sept. 3.—Lillian Russell says that the report that she is again to be seen at the Casino under the management of Canary and Lederer is correct. To-night's performance at the Columbia Theatre closed Miss Russell's long engagement here, and the company was disbanded. To-morrow its members will leave for New York.

Lewis Harrison will go at once to Boston to superintend the production of his new opera, "Venus." C. Hayden Coffin will go to London, where he will take the leading tenor role in "A Gaiety Girl" at the Prince of Wales Theatre; Charles Dungan, John Dudley, and Henry Hallam will take a brief vacation in New York. Laura Clement will be seen in operatic comedy next season. Miss Leighton will probably have a part in "Venus," and other members will secure engagements in New York either in opera or comedy.

Amusement Notes.

Manager Worth of dime museum renown opens his Sixth avenue establishment with an entertainment of the sort that belongs strictly to the present day. He will engage no more freaks or monstrosities of any sort, but will offer his visitors a continuous variety entertainment which may be witnessed for the low sum of ten cents. Mr. Huber begins what he calls his "regular fall and winter season" at his Fourteenth street museum this week with a collection of curiosities intended to suit the most fastidious tastes. Among them may be mentioned a beautiful French woman, with a fine Poujol-trimmed beard; an eight-foot Kansas giant, an albino, a fat lady, and a wire-walking Japanese. In the theatre the farce, "Right Side Up," will be performed by the stock company. Mr. Doris offers his guests this week a delightful novelty in the shape of a performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." There will also be a pigs' circus and a female baseball nine, so that no one need go away disappointed.

To-night the entertainers who have appeared on the Casino roof during the past week will assemble there and give a farewell concert, after which the house will be closed until the 25th, when "The Rain Maker of Syria" will be produced, with Mark Smith, Katherine Germaine, and Harry Davenport in the chief parts. Tony Pastor announces for the coming week George W. Murphy and Kitty Kansale in an entertainment called "A Dress Rehearsal." Mlle. Bertholdi in her balancing act, Nellie L'Estrange, the English serio-comic, and Josie Gregory in her imitations of popular dancers. At Proctor's Theatre there will be Wilfred Young, Louise Dempsey, the Lloyd sisters, Olivette, Willy Cross and others, in an entertainment which begins at 10 in the morning and continues without interruption till half past 10 at night. The Eden Musée offers its usual entertainment of music and vaudeville. A novelty to be seen at this house is a miniature race track, around which diminutive horses speed in mimic rivalry.

Max Freeman Resigns.

The differences of Sydney Rosenfeld, the author, and Max Freeman, the stage manager of "The Rainmaker of Syria," were settled last evening so far as the staging of the piece is concerned, Freeman surrendering his engagement rather than be subservient to Rosenfeld. The latter's contract with Messrs. Roseborn and Aronson of the Casino gave him full supervision over the production of the opera, and he insisted that Freeman should act under his direction.

RARE PHEASANTS FOR THE ZOO.

Five Pairs of Feathered Beauties Added to the Park Collection.

The collection of pheasants in the Central Park menagerie was increased on Saturday by the addition of five pairs, bought of Samuel B. Schieffelin of Tarrytown, one of the most successful and enthusiastic breeders of pheasants in the country. The lot consists of a pair of Reeves pheasants, a pair of Lady Amherstes, and a pair each of vari-colored, of gold, and of silver pheasants. They are all splendid specimens, but the palm belongs to the Reeves pheasants. This variety is very rare, and it is said that there is not another pair to be had in the country for love or money.

The body and wings of the cock are a mixture of black, white, and gold spots. He has a white ring around his neck and a white topknot. The tail is almost a yard long and is colored like his body. The hen, like the hen of all the varieties, is colored like a partridge. The Lady Amherst cock has a golden breast and blue wings. His tail, which is as long as that of the Reeves cock, is red at the base. He has a black and white ruffle around his neck and a red topknot.

The cock silver pheasant has a blue breast. His back and tail are pure white, streaked with dark blue. His face is red and his topknot blue. The vari-colored cock resembles a peacock in plumage. He has a red face, a greenish blue neck and body, and brown wing feathers. The golden pheasant cock is the gayest of all. He has a bright red body, scarlet wings tipped with blue, and bright golden back. He has a blue and red ruffle around his neck and a golden head and topknot.

DENTIST FRUHAUF INJURED.

Thrown Over the Dashboard in a Collision on the Ocean Boulevard.

A runaway occurred on the Ocean Boulevard, Parkville, Flatbush, between 6 and 7 o'clock last night, when the driving on the Boulevard was thickest. Adolph Fruhauf, a dentist, who lives at 373½ Union street, Brooklyn, was driving a young horse to a light road cart, when the animal suddenly took fright, and, dashing away, collided with a wagon. Dr. Fruhauf was thrown over the dashboard and his head struck the ground. At first he was thought to be dead. An ambulance call was sent to Seney Hospital. Ambulance surgeon Bogart found that he was alive, but unconscious from concussion of the brain. He was removed to his home.

The horse ran on down the Boulevard for three blocks, dragging the cart. First one wheel dropped, then another, and finally the whole cart broke away from the frightened horse. Park Policeman John Hilton stopped him after he had run a long distance. He had severe cuts on both hind legs.

THE FRENCH REBALLOTS.

Floquet and Clemenceau Defeated—Paris Elects Ten Socialists.

PARIS, Sept. 3.—The supplementary elections for members of the Chamber of Deputies were held to-day. The day passed quietly. Many electors abstained from voting.

A few squabbles occurred at election booths in the workingmen's quarters in this city. No disorders have been reported in the provinces.

M. Goblet is elected by a majority of 1,100. M. Floquet is defeated by the Socialist Faberot, by 1,000 votes. M. Maujan Linguerre, Frederic Passy, and Barres are also defeated. Paris elects ten Socialists. M. Clémenceau's lieutenant, M. Pichon, is beaten. M. Clémenceau is defeated by M. Jourdan, the poll standing 8,003 to 9,482. M. Lafargue is also beaten. MM. Naquet and Cluseret are defeated.

Stabbed Herself with a Hat Pin.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 3.—Nellie Dorris a mulatto girl, aged 20, who escaped from the workhouse a year ago, was recognized by an officer on the street yesterday. He attempted to arrest her when she ran and threw herself in front of a moving cable train. She was not badly hurt. The officer took her to the holdover. There the girl swallowed a quantity of pins, thrust a long hat pin through her throat, and hanged herself from a bar on the door of her cell. She was cut down before life was extinct, but died last evening.

JOTTINGS ABOUT TOWN.

Sixty-nine excise arrests yesterday.

The steamship City of Birmingham, which got here last night, brings the crew of the lost steamship City of Savannah and three of the crew of the wrecked schooner Joseph Southard.

Prof. Chakravarti and H. Darmapala spoke on theosophy yesterday at the rooms of the Theosophical Society, 144 Madison avenue, and Mrs. Annie Besant lectured at 142 West 125th street.

The Central Labor Union yesterday appointed this committee to draft resolutions congratulating Mr. Gladstone and the Irish Parliamentary party on getting the Home Rule bill through the British House of Commons: Frederick Gates Archibald, Winston, Hinds, Henry, and McGlurkin.

Sebastian Radice, the Italian saloon keeper of 171 Mulberry street, who stabbed Edward Buckley, alias Brannigan, with an ice pick on Saturday for attacking Radice's wife, was discharged from custody in the Tombs Police Court yesterday. Buckley and his companion, Thomas Byrnes, who assaulted Radice with a chair, were held for trial in $500 bail each. Buckley is still in the hospital.

ONE OF THE STORM'S HEROES.

GEORGE P. ELLIOTT TELLS HOW HE SAVED FOURTEEN LIVES.

His Own Boat Was Secure in the Top of a Tree, and in a Yawl He Went After Men Who Were Clinging to a Wreck.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Sept. 3.—Stories of heroism are coming in constantly since the cyclone, but none is more thrilling than that of George P. Elliott, a cousin of ex-Congressman Elliott of this State. Elliott is 25 years old and lives in Beaufort. At the risk of his life he saved the lives of fourteen others. With much reluctance Mr. Elliott said to a reporter to-day:

"On Sunday when the breeze began to freshen into a gale I prepared everything on my boat for a storm. All my tools that could be carried off I lashed securely in their places, and when the storm broke I was ready for it. As a consequence my boat was the only one of the mining fleet that weathered the hurricane without loss. But we had a time of it. The wind and waves swept me along in spite of my anchors, and I skimmed along thirty miles an hour over marshes and even trees until finally my boat lodged in an oak tree. I ordered the boat fastened to it, and there it still is, safe and sound.

"While running over the trees I saw a man in the water clinging to a tree and threw a line to him. He was James Wilson, steward of the Oglethorpe dredge, who had been washed overboard when it went down. As he came alongside I reached down and grabbed him by the wrist to pull him on board. I was startled to see a long knife blade in the hand I pulled up.

"'What in thunder are you doing with that knife, Jim?' I asked him.

"'I had to kill de reptiles, sir,' said the negro as he was dragged on board.

"What reptiles he expected to encounter is not known, but he had evidently prepared for war with alligators, if necessary, before being swept overboard. It was about daylight when I discovered the Oglethorpe wrecked nearly a mile away. I thought I could see figures clinging to the top of her. A moment later I saw the tug Cecilia scudding before the wind and waves almost in hailing distance of the Oglethorpe, and I felt sure those on board would rescue whoever was there. They did not pause, however, and as they passed near me I called to know why. They said they had seen nobody on her. But I did not think I could be mistaken, and I determined to go to the rescue.

"It was nearly a mile, and the wind was still piling up waves that dashed over my boat. I forced one of my negro hands to join me, and we lowered the yawl and life lines and sprang in with the oars. It was about the hardest pull I ever had, and those aboard other dredges and washboats who saw the start thought it was equivalent to a suicide. We reached the Ogelthorpe and found the son of Mr. Jacob Paulsen of Savannah, Young Hammond, superintendent of Beaufort Phosphate Works, and a negro, George Singleton, all lashed to the top of the A frame. They had been clinging there for nine hours, and were almost dead from exhaustion. We got them into our yawl, and carried them back to safety.

"On the same trip we picked up seven negroes floating in the water and clinging to trees and other objects. I was not at all frightened or excited when I set out from the Ogelthorpe, just to show you how reckless it was regarded, when I returned and got more men an old man whom I never regarded as emotional or excitable flung his arms around my neck and cried like a child."

State Phosphate Commissioner Jones, who has arrived here from Beaufort, says: The aggregate loss in the phosphate works is about $350,000. A large number of phosphate hands had built their own homes on Coosaw Island. With strong ship glasses we could not see a single house standing and not a single soul. There is nothing left of the Custom House in Beaufort. My estimate of the loss of life on the islands adjacent to Beaufort and not including those near the mouth of the Savannah River is between 1,000 and 1,500. As seen with glasses from the boat on which I circled the island, only the west side shows any vestige of life. All the wells near the shore are filled with salt water. There are not enough provisions on the Islands to last a week.

"In Beaufort on Sunday noon the wind was so strong that it blew me across the street. I had a terrible struggle to get back of a fence. Clinging to it, I got into a house, where, on the highest point on the bluff, I remained until 4 A. M. The water was ten feet deep in the town. You couldn't hear yourself speak for the roar of the winds. The damage in the town of Beaufort will not be less than $250,000.

"Senator Verdeer had his library and records swept away, and is a ruined man. We could get no news from the outside world until Wednesday. It was a fortunate thing for those people that Col. Averill got down there. He did not stand on expense or anything else. It is not money the people want as much as provisions and clothing. Their needs are immediate. The people are like maniacs crying for bread. Some of them have only one garment on."

WEATHER FORECASTS FOR MARINERS.

An Effort to be Made to Have the Government Furnish Them at All Shipping Ports.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 3.—An effort is to be made to have the Government furnish weather predictions for mariners, as it does now for farmers and business men. To this end the attention of Congress will be called to the work of the Hydrographic Bureau of the Navy Department in furnishing information to seafaring men concerning coming storms. It is interesting to note that the great hurricane was predicted by the Weather Bureau days before its appearance, and the supporters of the movement to secure prognostications for weather on the ocean use this as an argument to prove that if such accurate predictions could be made on the meagre information received by the Weather Bureau concerning the hurricane's formation near the West Indies, much better results would be obtained by extending the service to islands in the sea and other places adjacent to the United States. Credit for the wonderful predictions concerning the origin and course of the hurricane is due to Prof. Cleveland Abbe of the Weather Bureau. From Friday morning, Aug. 25, when Prof. Abbe located it, on scant information, 500 miles east of Florida, until its disappearance in the north, the Professor did not make a single error in his predictions. He gave warnings to the sections devastated days in advance of the hurricane's appearance, and even when all wires were down he still issued his prognostications and managed to give the true result.

The extraordinary work of the Weather Bureau will be used in support of the scheme to secure predictions for the benefit of mariners, to be distributed daily by telegraph to newspapers at all shipping ports. The pilot chart of the North Atlantic Ocean for September, just issued by the Hydrographic Office, is made up from reports furnished by Captains of vessels to the Weather Bureau, and by the newspapers, but its value is somewhat diminished by the lateness and infrequency of its publication. This month's chart contains some valuable information apropos to the recent great storm, and the following rules for the benefit of mariners, yachtsmen, and others who may be overtaken by a hurricane:

RULE 1.—*If the squalls freshen without any shift of wind*, you are on or near the storm track; heave to on the starboard tack and watch for some indications of a shift, observing the low clouds particularly; if the barometer falls decidedly (say half an inch) without any shift, and if wind and sea permit, run off with the wind on your