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

The Sun.

THE WEATHER PREDICTION
For New York and its Vicinity:
Fair; variable winds.

VOL. LXI.—NO. 198. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1894.—COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY THE SUN PRINTING AND PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION. PRICE TWO CENTS.

DICK SAVAGE'S CONTRACT.

TO SHARE CABLE TORPEDO PROFITS WITH PRINCE WITTGENSTEIN.

It Was Proposed to Sell the Grayden System to Russia—All This Came to Light in a City Court Suit Over a Note for $500.

CERTIFIED COPY OF AGREEMENT.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., U. S. A., March, 8, 1886.

This agreement, made at San Francisco, Cal. U. S. A., between J. W. Grayden (late Lieutenant United States navy) and Col. Richard Henry Savage, both American citizens and residing at San Francisco, Cal., witnesses:

1. That Lieut. J. W. Grayden agrees to furnish Col. Richard Henry Savage with the complete information, drawings, and details of the system of cable torpedo machinery as successfully operated by him as director and inventor at Usuton, China, in the Franco-Chinese war of 1884-1885.

2. That Col. Savage agrees to endeavor to dispose of the right to use the system in Siberia for the defence of Vladivistock, Petropaulovsk, the mouth of the Amoor River, and for use in Russia generally, going in 1886 to Siberia for this and other business. Col. Savage agrees to contract no indebtedness for Lieut. Grayden and shall have none contracted for him.

3. Lieut. Grayden agrees to permit the use of all future improvements of his system to follow this contract without extra charge, agreeing to appoint no other Russian agent without Col. Savage's consent.

4. Lieut. J. W. Grayden agrees to allow to Col. Savage 50 per cent. of all sums received by him (as inventor) for the present and future use of his torpedo system in Russia and Siberia (said 50 per cent. to be divided with Prince Ferdinand Wittgenstein by Col. Savage) should Col. Savage effect a sale through the Prince to Gen. Baron Korf, Governor of Pacific Siberia, or Admiral Feldhausen, Governor of Vladivistock, or in Russia, those sums to be paid originally by the Russian authorities to Col. Savage and J. W. Grayden to receive his 50 per cent. duly and with no delay. Col. Savage agrees to make no other use of this confidential information except as strictly agreed here.

5. Lieut. Grayden agrees to go to Siberia in 1886 if officially telegraphed for to the Russian Consul-General here, to erect one or more sets of his torpedo lines, and shall be guaranteed his travelling expenses and subsistence due an officer of his rank, and guaranteed facilities of erecting at Vladivistock, Nagasaki, Hakodadi, or Hiagoveschensk the work required, entirely under his own control.

6. Lieut. Grayden agrees to give Col. Savage an opportunity to handle his dynamite ball, bullet, and shell in Siberia and Russia (if successful) in the same way and on the same terms.

In witness whereof we have set our hands and seals this 8th day of March, 1886, A. D., at San Francisco, Cal.

J. W. GRAYDEN, late Lieut. U. S. N.
Col. RICHARD HENRY SAVAGE.

[Acknowledged before Lincoln Sonntag, Notary Public, at San Francisco, March 9, 1886.]

There you are, if you please; a Russian Prince, a General Baron who is a Governor, an Admiral who is also a Governor, all named in an apparently simple little trial in a city court, and in the same case a famous inventor, a popular author, and a California millionaire also figure prominently.

All this came about yesterday in the little room of the City Court, in the City Hall, over which Judge Conlan presides, and it all developed very quietly, for the case which was the medium of introducing most of the elements of a complicated Russian drama was, on its face, one whereby F. Marx sought to recover the value of a note for $500, given to plaintiff by Col. Richard H. Savage, and endorsed by his wife, Anna J. Savage.

Marx is a California millionaire, now living in Europe, and he came into court only in a legal sense, being represented by a big deposition and by his counsel, Thomas J. Rich. Through these mediums he set forth that in 1886, or prior thereto, Col. Richard Henry Savage, who is the author of "My Official Wife" and other novels, was visiting with his wife the country home of the defendant, in California. While there the Colonel, who had not then begun novel writing and play writing, borrowed from the plaintiff $500, giving his note therefor, payable on demand, with interest. Plaintiff pleaded that the note had never been paid, and asked for judgment for the amount, alleging that in spite of the fact that the statute of limitations had apparently run against the note it had not in fact, as the debt had been removed or reincurred through recent acknowledgments in writing by both Mr. and Mrs. Savage.

This point of the legal renewal of the obligation within the time (two years in California) when it would otherwise be outlawed was supported by letters which counsel for plaintiff proceeded to read. In one letter Mrs. Savage wrote to Mr. Marx that he would pay the note at once if he could get the fee due him in the Eyer divorce case.

That was a famous San Francisco divorce case, and Col. Savage stated in his letter that he expected a fee of from $12,000 to $20,000, but yet it remained out in anticipation.

Another letter was written by Mrs. Savage, evidently in answer to a gentle reminder from Mr. Marx. In that letter Mrs. Savage wrote that the note would be paid, even if she had to part with the diamonds on her fingers. She added, however, her hope that "Papa Marx" would not insist upon such a sacrifice, as the jewels were keepsakes, heirlooms, and souvenirs.

Mrs. Savage was called to the witness stand by the plaintiff to identify her letter, and, when asked if she had written the "Papa Marx" letter, she answered with haughty emphasis, "Yes, I am proud of that letter."

Another letter which Col. Savage identified as having written was a promise to pay when he could dispose of a half interest he owned in a mina. With these and the deposition of Mr. Marx, plaintiff's counsel contended that the renewal of the obligation had been shown. Then Lawyer C. Bainbridge Smith stated the case for the defence. He pleaded first the California statute of limitation, but did not rest there, as it proved he might have done, but proceeded to state facts which, he held, proved that instead of Col. Savage being in debt to Mr. Marx for $500 the reverse was the case; that the millionaire owed the author of "My Official Wife" the balance of money. This was the story he told in opening, and was prepared to prove had not the case been dismissed under the statute pleaded. Col. Savage acknowledged borrowing $500 from plaintiff under the circumstances related in the Marx deposition. That debt was owing when there came to San Francisco J. W. Grayden, late of the United States army, who is the inventor of the cable torpedo system which created a great deal of discussion a few years ago. This system had been successfully operated by Lieut. Grayden in China during the Franco-Chinese war of 1884-5. Col. Savage was aware of its merits, and especially fitted by his army experience to appreciate its value. Col. Savage met Lieut. Grayden and made a contract with him for a half interest in the Russian rights in the cable torpedo patents, in consideration of his, the defendant's, efforts to sell the patent to the Russian Government. He was, it also happened, in a position to exert peculiar and unusual influence in Russian official circles, Mrs. Savage's daughter having married a nobleman who was, or had been, Chamberlain to the Czar's household.

The contract having been made, and Mr. Marx hearing of it, the latter expressed a great desire to obtain a share in Col. Savage's interest. Thereupon the defendant agreed to share his profits equally with plaintiff if Mr. Marx would advance $1,500 for the expenses of Mrs. Savage to St. Petersburg. Millionaire Marx accepted these terms, and advanced the $1,500—that is, $1,000 in cash and $500 in the shape of the debt to that amount owed to him by the defendant. Then Mrs. Savage went to St. Petersburg.

Negotiations there were progressing, when there was the unfortunate Russian expulsion of one of Lieut. Grayden's torpedoes during some experiments made in this country. The Russians have so lively a horror of torpedoes which explode at the wrong time that there was an abrupt end to Mrs. Savage's negotiations in Russia. But she is accustomed to the uncertainties of European diplomatic play and was not at all discouraged. She wrote to San Francisco that she could probably dispose of the patent rights in Germany, but would require an additional $1,000 for her expenses to and in Berlin. If Mr. Marx was willing to venture that further sum, he was to telegraph to her the one word "Star."

The situation was explained to Mr. Marx by Col. Savage, and Mr. Marx signified his willingness to proceed under the amended terms and authorized Col. Savage to cable the word "Star." Col. Savage did so, and Mrs. Savage went to Berlin, where she felt authorized to draw upon Mr. Marx for $1,000, and did in fact draw on that gentleman two drafts for $500 each. But the California millionaire declined to take up either of the drafts. The defendant thereupon took care of both of his wife's drafts, first mortgaging and then selling at a sacrifice some San Francisco property in order to do so.

Defendant contends that one-half of this amount, the $1,000 drawn by Mrs. Savage, was legally chargeable to Mr. Marx under the latter's agreement.

Judge Conlan did not pass on the equity of Col. Savage's counter claim, but ordered the case dismissed on the ground that the note on which the action was based was clearly outlawed, under the California statute, and no sufficient proof had been made that the obligation had been legally renewed, the friendly letters between the parties not constituting a legal obligation.

But this much of the case only hinted at the most interesting phase of it.

Among the papers filed by the plaintiff, to be used if the Court had asked for evidence as to the Grayden-Savage contract, was the intensely personal document printed above.

Here, indeed, was opportunity for judicial inquiry into the strange methods used in foreign countries and unknown here, whereby princes, Governors, Admirals are mentioned in connection with the financial ends of Government contracts!

Judge Conlan shivered slightly and turned pale as he saw the contract on the clerk's desk, but fortunately his decision, based on California law, spared him the painful duty of spreading before the American people any results of an inquiry concerning such foreign ways.

A SUN reporter called on Col. Savage last evening in search of further information concerning Prince Ferdinand Wittgenstein, mentioned in the contract. Col. "Dick," as he is known to his intimates, was found in his writing room, comfortable in a white blazer and with a wreathing pipe, reading the proofs of his tenth or eleventh or twelfth novel.

"Will you tell THE SUN something more about the Prince who was to share your profits from introducing the Grayden cable torpedo into Russia?" asked the reporter, "and why he was to share?"

The Colonel refilled his pipe, looked thoughtful, and said: "I'm afraid I would have to explain at greater length than THE SUN would print, if I gave a full answer to your question. It concerns the Russian laws regulating the rights, or rather the no rights, of aliens. I ran up against those laws very severely in the two years I passed in Russia trying to develop the Pacific-Russia trade for the benefit of the United States. Briefly stated, this is the point: At the time I made that contract with Lieut. Grayden no one but a native or naturalized citizen of Russia could do business safely in that empire. Another could neither hold property nor have a standing in court. I knew the Prince, knew him to be interested in the development of Pacific Russia, and required the rights he could command to even attempt the introduction of an American invention in that country. If I required even a testing ground his capital would have been required to secure it, and he would have been my partner in the enterprise. As to who he was—for he died two or three years ago—he was a brave and gallant cavalry officer, and he was especially interested in the development of trade between Pacific Siberia and that country. I wish he could have lived to this Columbian year to see seventeen ships plying across the Pacific taking over our flour and manufactures and bringing back here, that is to our Pacific coast, Russian fish, timber, furs, and tea."

The Colonel did not seem at all disturbed by his day in court. "It was only a suggestion," he said, "of a great big story which I must not tell THE SUN, for I'm going to put it into a novel one of these days."

CAME TO SEE THE BOWERY.

Four Lads Who Had $3,000 of Stolen Money and Meant to Travel.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., March 16.—Peter Diehm is 76 years old and doesn't believe in banks. Some of his savings had been lost in such institutions, and so, when the panic came on last summer, he withdrew all the rest of his money, $3,000, from the bank, ask kept it in a bureau up stairs. Yesterday afternoon his wife and daughter went calling, Diehm curled up on the lounge in the kitchen and took a nap. He is deaf, and didn't hear fifteen-year-old Tommy Heiney sneak through the kitchen to steal. A good deal of the money was in coin. It was in three bags and weighed nearly two hundred pounds. This was too much for Tommy, and he had to make three trips to get it. Mrs. Clewell, living next door, saw him. She thought the Diehm women were cleaning house and had given the youngster some walnuts for helping them. The robbery had been planned by three other boys—Will Heiney, Tom's nineteen-year-old brother, Clemens Laskowski, aged 16, and Charles Fryer, aged 16, who is a printer's devil. They bought three satchels and took the next train for New York. Tommy is so small that he went for half fare.

The four boys are inveterate readers of trashy novels depicting metropolitan life. A week ago last Monday the two Heineys and Laskowski disappeared. They returned after six days and said they had spent the week on the Bowery. They announced they would soon leave for the Bowery again. When the Diehm women returned they found the money gone. Detectives Henry Smith, John Schrunk, and John Haines were hastily summoned. Mrs. Clewell's story and the fact that the boys were missing gave a clue, and the detectives left for New York on the first train this morning. The four lads arrived in New York at 4 o'clock and took lodgings in Greenwich street, where the three had stopped on their former visit. After supper they began to count their money in their room. When half finished, the boarding mistress chided them for making so much noise. They went out, but were too tired to do more than buy an enormous stock of cigarettes and half a dozen dime novels, one of which looks like a loaded revolver but is only a match safe. This morning they filled their pockets with all the money they could carry, and bought new clothes, two gold watches, and a big pistol for use in the Bowery to-night. They didn't wear their new clothes, fearing that they would be spoiled in the Bowery exploits. Then they planned to go to Baltimore by boat to-morrow.

They had just determined to ask a policeman for a Baltimore steamship line office when a cable car passed Franklin street on Broadway. On it were the three detectives, who were sent by their boss to see Superintendent Byrnes and seek his aid in capturing the robbers and their swag. They spied the boys, leaped out of the car, and arrested them. They took the boys to their Greenwich street lodgings and recovered all the money but $100. Fearful lest they should be stopped by one of the New York policemen and become involved in extradition proceedings the detectives took their prisoners to New Jersey as quietly as possible, and brought the boys home at 3 o'clock. They were lodged in jail. Then Tommy Heiney confessed he had robbed old man Diehm of $70 to make the first trip to New York, and said he had been robbing the neighbors systematically for three years. Diehm gave the detectives $100 each, and hereafter will patronize the banks.

FURTHER STEPS FOR M'KANE.

Permission from Judge Lacombe to Appeal to the United States Supreme Court.

Further effort was made yesterday afternoon to secure the release of John Y. McKane from Sing Sing pending the consideration of his appeal to the Supreme Court. McKane's attorneys, Messrs. Griffin and Atcheson, who on Thursday failed to secure a writ of habeas corpus from Judge Lacombe of the United States Circuit Court, filed an application for a writ of error to the United States Supreme Court. Late in the afternoon Judge Lacombe allowed the petition of appeal and signed the citation to the Supreme Court, returnable in the Supreme Court on April 13.

The petition for appeal covers the same ground that was gone over in the papers submitted to Judge Lacombe on Thursday asking for habeas corpus, holding that McKane is deprived of the right of bail pending the decision of his appeal in the State Court. Argument will also be made based upon section 750 of the Revised Statutes, which says:

Pending the proceedings on appeal in the cases mentioned in the three preceding sections (relating to appeals in habeas corpus cases to the Supreme Court) and until final judgment therein and after final judgment of discharge, proceedings against the persons so imprisoned or confined or restrained of his liberty, in any State court, or by or under the authority of any State, for any matter so heard or determined, or in process of being heard and determined, under such writ of habeas corpus, shall be deemed null and void.

McKane's attorneys took the citation to serve on Warden Durston at Sing Sing prison, this being the formal mode of notifying the opposing side of the appeal.

M'KANE'S TOWN ACCOUNTS.

Lawyer Roderick Says that Gravesend Owes Money to McKane.

George W. Roderick, John Y. McKane's close friend and chief legal adviser, made this statement yesterday in reference to the allegations that there is a big shortage in McKane's accounts with the town of Gravesend:

"The accounts will be ready at the town meeting on April 3, the day of election. The people will then find that, instead of McKane being short, the town owes him between $50,000 and $60,000. The common lands were sold for $558,000, and the money was invested by the Commissioner, John L. Voorhees. Instead of keeping the fund, it was decided to spend it in local improvements.

"Part of this work has been done. It has been said that McKane never kept books. He paid the bills by check, and from his check book the items were entered into a day book. From this the accounts were made up. This is being done now."

McKane's brother said that the accounts would be ready for review before the end of the coming week.

BAPTISTS CALL THE POLICE.

"ARREST THAT MAN!" CRIES THE PARSON FROM THE PLATFORM.

That Man was Lawyer Spencer and the Clergyman was the Rev. Mr. Patterson of the Central Park Church, which is Too Torn Up by Strife to Hold an Orderly Meeting.

A beardless young man ran up to Policeman Terhune in East Eighty-third street at 9:30 last evening, and, to his surprise, requested him to hurry to the Central Park Baptist Church, at 235, to prevent a breach of the peace. On the way Terhune met another officer, whom he induced to come along. When the policemen got into the church they found men and women, boys and girls scolding each other at the tops of their voices. The pastor of the church, the Rev. C. Venton Patterson, was adding to the general clamor by banging a bell, and a tall man with a long beard was shouting at the pastor and emphasizing his remarks with most elaborate flourishes of his long arms.

"I protest, I protest," the policemen could hear the tall man say above the general clamor.

"Officer, arrest that man," cried the preacher, pointing authoritatively at the tall man.

A hurricane of voices shouted protests and commands at the policeman.

"Officer, arrest that man, I say," repeated the minister, his voice rising. "He is disturbing this meeting and he has no right here. He is not a member of this church."

Again the deafening clamor of tongues, some shouting that the man objected to was a member and some that he was not.

"I can make no arrest here," said the policeman finally. "This man is not disturbing the public peace. I cannot interfere in a church quarrel. If you want to have him arrested you will have to go to court and get a warrant."

There was a shout of exultation from a part of the audience. The man whom the pastor desired to have arrested began again to protest.

"You are out of order," replied the pastor.

"You are not a member of the church."

"I am a member of the church," replied the tall man. "Will all those present who recognize me as a member of this church in good standing please to rise?"

Twenty or thirty persons stood up.

"I will now close this meeting," said the pastor finally, "and I request all those whose names are now on the church roll to remain after the rest have gone."

"Brethren and sisters," returned the tall man to his adherents, "don't go. We'll stay as long as they do."

"Well, then," said the minister, "if you will not leave us, we will leave you."

"Brethren and sisters," again exhorted the tall man, "if they go out we will go too as far as the door, but there we will stay to see that they don't go back and hold a meeting without us."

The motion was made to adjourn, and all filed out, talking at the tops of their voices. The minister and about sixty young people told the policeman that he ought to have arrested the tall man.

The tall man and about one score of older persons assured the policeman that he had done just right, and they gave him their cards and promised to back him up if any complaint were made against him.

"Young man," cried a finely dressed woman of middle age to a boy in glasses who was loudly proclaiming that the tall man's conduct was contrary to Robert's Rules of Order, "Young man, you know twice as much now as you will know twenty years hence."

"Madam," replied the boy, glaring with frosty dignity through his glasses, "I am not addressing you. I am addressing Miss Foley here."

"You are addressing me now," retorted the elderly lady snappishly.

The minister finally disappeared, and gradually the crowd melted away. The tall man lighted a cigar and bade his adherents a triumphant farewell. He was Charles W. Spooner, a lawyer of 119 Nassau street. It was generally expected that owing to recent troubles over the election of three new members to the Board of Trustees the pastor would call a business meeting after last night's prayer meeting in the lecture room of the church, and a good many people were present. The Rev. Dr. Post, an assistant of Mr. Patterson, began the meeting with an exposition of Scripture, and the pastor followed with a personal statement to the effect that there were a lot of faults in the church, but if he had been in the wrong himself at any time it was through an error of judgment, and not from intention. He then asked the people to urge the people to go out and do missionary work while the season of revivals was at its height.

The pastor followed with a request that all present who were not members of the church should retire, except persons above 21 years old and such who had attended and contributed regularly, and those candidates for admission to the church who were to be voted on at that meeting. Then with eagle glance like a military officer on inspection drill he marched down the aisles and looked every person present square in the face. Individuals began to retire, but presently went out into the corridor, where the astonished people were waiting for the secret session to close, and ordered everybody out of there, saying that the door would be locked after they had gone.

It was just after this that he lighted on a young man named George Spears, who said he has been a member of the church for years.

"You will have to go out," said the minister, waving his hands. "I told you to go once before."

The towering form of Spooner was then seen.

"I protest," he exclaimed earnestly. "I protest against any such arbitrary expulsion of the members of this church from a meeting of this church. I say that that young man has a right to stay here, and I protest against the pastor of this church or any member of this church ordering him out."

"You are out of order," replied the minister, who is a nervous man, and who had skipped up behind the Chairman's desk. "There is no motion before the house."

"A protest is always in order," answered the lawyer, and I demand that my protest be noted."

It was 8:30 when this comedy opened, and it was 9:30 when the policeman was called in. It was nearly 10:30 when the crowd in front of the church cleared away.

Mr. Frazer, who was certainly Chairman of the Board of Trustees up to the last election, and who says he is still Chairman, was seen at his house, 153 East Eighty-first street, after he had gone home from the meeting.

He says that he and his family have been in the church twenty-five years. When the Rev. Charles C. Norton, D. D., retired in 1891, Mr. Patterson, who had been a publisher, offered to take the pastorate and to devote his entire salary to extending the religious work of the parish. The salary was $1,200.

He found the church free of debt and possessed of a property worth $40,000.

"And he is trying to control that $40,000," said Mr. Frazer, in great excitement. "It is not a quarrel between the old and the new elements in the church. A petition signed by eighty-two members was presented to Mr. Patterson on March 2, asking him to resign, and over twenty of the signers were members who have joined since he became pastor. He wants to expel everybody he can get to vote against the pastor. I do not know what scheme he had on foot for to-night's meeting, but I suspect it was the expulsion of some more members. The first thing he did when he took hold of the church was to announce that 258 members had been dropped. That is a piece of work worthy of a Czar. It is not according to Baptist policy. The Church has a right to vote on these expulsions. He also abolished the old custom of monthly business meetings, and held meetings unexpectedly, like that of to-night whenever he chose."

At Pastor Patterson's flat at 100 East Eighty-third street a considerable fragment of the faction were apparently holding an adjourned meeting. When the reporter was announced a female voice was heard to say: "Don't go to the door. He may have a sandbag for you."

The pastor prudently followed this advice and sent out to learn the caller's business. Then he consented to be interviewed. He said it was all a fight between the old members, who, numbering about forty, had monopolized all the offices in the church and controlled the property.

During his eighteen months' pastorate he said he had received 140 new members into the church, and this new element was able to outvote the old and get its share of the offices. That was all.

As to the 258 members whose names were dropped at the beginning of his pastorate, they had moved away and were unknown.

An Original Easter Anthem Free.

The Sunday *Mercury and America* to-morrow will contain a new and original anthem by S. P. Warren, musical director of Grace Church.—Adv.

WITH TAR AND FEATHERS.

Young Men of Inwood Try to Capture William Player, but He Escapes.

William Player of Inwood, L. I., is accused by some of the young men of that place of being too attentive to Mrs. Susan Pettit, who now lives apart from her husband. On Thursday night some of these critics attempted to surprise the young man while he was visiting Mrs. Pettit, but he made his escape by leaping from a second story window.

Mrs. Pettit is about 25 years old and handsome. Her husband is Theodore Pettit, a traveller for a wholesale liquor store in New York. As a side issue he has a jewelry store in the village which used to be attended to by his wife during his absence. Three weeks ago they quarrelled and separated.

This was on account of jealousy on the part of the wife. Pettit remained in charge of the jewelry store, while his wife sought quarters in the Conselyea cottage. Player, who was a visitor when she had charge of the store, continued his visits to Mrs. Pettit at the cottage.

This, some of the villagers thought, was something not to be put up with. A hint was given to Player to cease his calls. He concluded it was nobody's business but his own how he spent his spare time, so the visits continued.

On Thursday night a meeting was held in an out-of-the-way place. A kettle of tar was heated. Then two spies glided away from the place and took up positions near the Conselyea cottage.

They saw Player enter, and then one of them hurried back to notify the tar party. The other remained on watch. Between 9 and 10 o'clock, seven masked men carrying the kettle of tar, a sack of feathers, and a big brush, approached the cottage. One of the men knocked at the door.

"Who's there?" demanded a female voice.

"Open the door," said one of the men.

After some parleying Mrs. Pettit, who was inside, opened the door slightly to catch a glimpse of her late visitors. They at once pushed the door open.

"We want William Player," said a voice behind a mask.

While Mrs. Pettit was ordering them to leave one of them made his way up stairs. But before he reached the head of the stairs there was a crash of a broken window and Player leaped into the yard in the rear.

"There he goes," shouted the mob, but before they could get their wits together Player had scaled a picket fence that enclosed the yard and was flying away down the road. In his flight he plunged head first into a belated resident who was on his way home.

Player thought the White Caps had caught him, while the bewildered wayfarer was under the impression that he had collided with a maniac. The scramble lasted but a moment. Shaking off the frightened pedestrian, Player continued his flight down the street, and finally got safe in his own house.

Mrs. Pettit added her screams to the general uproar, and the White Caps shouted all kinds of orders after the fleeing man. Soon the whole village was aroused and at their doors. In the confusion the White Caps disappeared with their tar and feathers.

Yesterday morning when Player went to Far Rockaway, where he is employed as a bookkeeper, he received a letter through the mail, which read:

INWOOD, L. I., March 16, 1894.

TO WILLIAM PLAYER: Take warning and leave Inwood in three days or you will be treated to a coat of tar and feathers. You escaped us last night and we will not deal lightly with you. If we treat you the same as we did Henry Coombs, Take warning, the White Caps are on your track. By order, WHITE CAPS.

The warning was decorated with the usual skull and crossbones. When seen yesterday young Player stoutly declared his determination to remain in Inwood and fight it out. He said he was calling on Mrs. Pettit only as a friend, and the people knew it. He had nothing to conceal, he asserted, and was ready to face Pettit at any time.

This is the second time Pettit and his wife have separated. When they first parted, Mrs. Pettit says, her husband came to her on his knees and begged her to take him back again. It appears this second separation was caused through Mrs. Pettit's jealousy of a widow in that neighborhood. She says she has evidence on which she can secure a divorce. Pettit now asserts that the tables are turned and it will be his turn to talk about getting a divorce.

Player declares his intention of going armed hereafter.

SECHRIST IS MISSING.

Leaving a Long Typewritten Statement About the Checks He Cashed.

Silas P. Sechrist, manager of the Railway Equipment and Publication Company of 330 Pearl street, left town on Feb. 2 without telling any one where he was going. The officers of the company say that without authority he has written the company's endorsement on checks to the amount of $4,000 sent to the company, has got the checks cashed, and has pocketed the proceeds.

In 1885 Sechrist and one J. B. Savage established a trade journal in Cleveland called the *Official Railway Equipment Guide*. It was purchased in 1890 by W. G. Wattson and G. P. Conard. They brought Sechrist to this city to manage the paper, which they decided to publish here. In 1892 a stock company was formed under the present style, and one-fifth of the stock was given to Sechrist, he to retain it under certain conditions. Mr. Conard, President of the company, said to a SUN reporter last night:

"Sechrist was not an officer of the company, but a clerk. His plan was to take checks drawn to the order of the company, to endorse them with the company's name and his own as manager, then to get them cashed and appropriate the money. Some of the checks were merely for a year's subscription, while others were for advertising, and amounted in some instances to as much as $150. He did this for over three years. The entire management of the paper was in his hands. We paid him a salary of $1,800. Most of the checks were cashed for Sechrist by August Schacht, a saloon keeper.

"In January I looked over the books and noticed that one of our Western advertisers had apparently not paid us anything for three years. I wrote to him, and he sent back word that he had always paid his bills promptly. I called a meeting of the officers of the company and notified Sechrist that we'd like him to be present. The meeting was called for Feb. 3. The night before Sechrist left town and we haven't heard from him since. We have notified the District Attorney."

It was learned yesterday that Sechrist had sent a typewritten statement, explaining his affairs with the company, to several of his friends in this city. In it he says that he was entitled to the money, that he never sold his interest in the paper, and that it is being wrongfully withheld from him. He also says that the company owes him $11,784.70, being one-half of the accrued profits since the removal to this city.

August Schacht, who has a saloon at 134 Water street, said last night that all the checks he had cashed for Sechrist were cashed in good faith. He knew Sechrist to be the manager of the company, and as the endorsements were always made by Sechrist as manager he never suspected. Besides the checks were always good.

Sechrist is well known to railway men throughout the country. He has been for some time Secretary of the International Association of Car Accountants. When in town he lives at 12,101 Fifth avenue, where his family now are. He is 40 years old. He has a wife and two children—a girl 14 years old, and a boy 11 years. Mrs. Sechrist is ill in bed.

FALSE ALARMS.

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IS SUTHERLAND IN CANADA?

A REPORT THAT HE IS IN MONTREAL, BOUND FOR EUROPE.

It Is Believed that He Has Been Traced to Yonkers and Thence Across the Hudson River to the West Shore Railroad—His Friends Had Thought that He Was on a Spree—His Bonds Forfeited in Court.

MONTREAL, March 16.—Judge Sutherland, who left Brooklyn suddenly to escape imprisonment, is supposed to be in Montreal.

Thorough search was made for him to-day, but no trace of him could be found.

It is thought he is in hiding and waiting an opportunity to sail for Europe.

YONKERS, March 16.—It is believed that Kenneth F. Sutherland, the convicted Gravesend Justice, has been traced to Yonkers.

Sutherland is well known in Yonkers, where he has several relatives who are prominent in politics. Leslie Sutherland, his cousin, is the Republican candidate for Alderman in the First ward at the election to be held on March 27. Joseph Sutherland, an uncle, is a mason and builder of this city.

Sutherland, it is asserted, was seen to enter his uncle's house late on Thursday night. He arrived in Yonkers on a late train and was recognized at the station. His hat was pulled down over his eyes and his coat collar was turned up. He went direct to his uncle Joseph's house at 51 Herriott street.

Two men arrived in Yonkers to-day from New York apparently in search of him. They inquired at the station where Joseph Sutherland lived, and then went down South Broadway toward Herriott street. From the description of the two men, one of them seems to have been Sutherland's brother Robert.

A SUN reporter called at Joseph Sutherland's house to-night. Mr. Sutherland denied all knowledge of the whereabouts of the missing henchman of John Y. McKane. He said that he would not allow any one to search his house, and if his nephew came to him for protection he would do all in his power to protect him from being put behind the bars. He said that he had not seen the missing Justice since last summer.

Leslie Sutherland, the Aldermanic candidate, was seen on Getty square. When asked if his cousin was in Yonkers in hiding, he said he knew nothing of the whereabouts of the Justice.

A rowboat was seen to put out from the Fernbrook Carpet Mills at Ludlow early this morning for the Jersey shore. It contained three men, one of them a pedestrian. Player continued his flight down the street, and finally got safe in his own house.

Mrs. Pettit added her screams to the general uproar, and the White Caps shouted all kinds of orders after the fleeing man. Soon the whole village was aroused and at their doors. In the confusion the White Caps disappeared with their tar and feathers.

Yesterday morning when Player went to Far Rockaway, where he is employed as a bookkeeper, he received a letter through the mail, which read:

INWOOD, L. I., March 16, 1894.

TO WILLIAM PLAYER: Take warning and leave Inwood in three days or you will be treated to a coat of tar and feathers. You escaped us last night and we will not deal lightly with you. If we treat you the same as we did Henry Coombs, Take warning, the White Caps are on your track. By order, WHITE CAPS.

The warning was decorated with the usual skull and crossbones. When seen yesterday young Player stoutly declared his determination to remain in Inwood and fight it out. He said he was calling on Mrs. Pettit only as a friend, and the people knew it. He had nothing to conceal, he asserted, and was ready to face Pettit at any time.

This is the second time Pettit and his wife have separated. When they first parted, Mrs. Pettit says, her husband came to her on his knees and begged her to take him back again. It appears this second separation was caused through Mrs. Pettit's jealousy of a widow in that neighborhood. She says she has evidence on which she can secure a divorce. Pettit now asserts that the tables are turned and it will be his turn to talk about getting a divorce.

Player declares his intention of going armed hereafter.

SECHRIST IS MISSING.

Leaving a Long Typewritten Statement About the Checks He Cashed.

Silas P. Sechrist, manager of the Railway Equipment and Publication Company of 330 Pearl street, left town on Feb. 2 without telling any one where he was going. The officers of the company say that without authority he has written the company's endorsement on checks to the amount of $4,000 sent to the company, has got the checks cashed, and has pocketed the proceeds.

In 1885 Sechrist and one J. B. Savage established a trade journal in Cleveland called the *Official Railway Equipment Guide*. It was purchased in 1890 by W. G. Wattson and G. P. Conard. They brought Sechrist to this city to manage the paper, which they decided to publish here. In 1892 a stock company was formed under the present style, and one-fifth of the stock was given to Sechrist, he to retain it under certain conditions. Mr. Conard, President of the company, said to a SUN reporter last night:

"Sechrist was not an officer of the company, but a clerk. His plan was to take checks drawn to the order of the company, to endorse them with the company's name and his own as manager, then to get them cashed and appropriate the money. Some of the checks were merely for a year's subscription, while others were for advertising, and amounted in some instances to as much as $150. He did this for over three years. The entire management of the paper was in his hands. We paid him a salary of $1,800. Most of the checks were cashed for Sechrist by August Schacht, a saloon keeper.

"In January I looked over the books and noticed that one of our Western advertisers had apparently not paid us anything for three years. I wrote to him, and he sent back word that he had always paid his bills promptly. I called a meeting of the officers of the company and notified Sechrist that we'd like him to be present. The meeting was called for Feb. 3. The night before Sechrist left town and we haven't heard from him since. We have notified the District Attorney."

It was learned yesterday that Sechrist had sent a typewritten statement, explaining his affairs with the company, to several of his friends in this city. In it he says that he was entitled to the money, that he never sold his interest in the paper, and that it is being wrongfully withheld from him. He also says that the company owes him $11,784.70, being one-half of the accrued profits since the removal to this city.

August Schacht, who has a saloon at 134 Water street, said last night that all the checks he had cashed for Sechrist were cashed in good faith. He knew Sechrist to be the manager of the company, and as the endorsements were always made by Sechrist as manager he never suspected. Besides the checks were always good.

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The Four-cent Marvel.

Immense success of the improved Sunday *Morning Journal*—32 pages—only 4 cents. Enterprise, novelty, variety, originality. *Buy it*.—Adv.

FIRST FLAG ON THE NEW COURTS.

Erin's Emblem Nailed to One of the Flagstaffs Just After Midnight.

The enthusiastic sons of Irishmen in the Sixth ward have been planning for the last few days a surprise for their neighbors who do not believe in the green emblem of St. Patrick.

They purchased a green flag, about seven feet long and three feet wide, with a golden harp in the centre, and determined to put it on one of the four flagstaffs of the unfinished Court building at Centre and White streets.

"Muckle" Fox, an athletic young fellow who has distinguished himself in Clan-na-Gael games, nailed the green banner to the tall white pole on the northeast corner of the building just after midnight this morning.

A group of his friends stood below in Centre street and watched him shin up the pole with the flag on his shoulder plainly outlined against the moonlit sky.

His friends say that he had nails and a hammer with him, and that he tacked the flag to the pole, which as yet has no halyards and has never been adorned with bunting before.

FIRED ON A PORTUGUESE SHIP.

Peixoto Compelled Her to Stop and Surrender Ninety-one Insurgents.

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RIO DE JANEIRO, March 16.—Admiral da Gama and his eight officers are still on the Portuguese corvette Mindello, to which they were transferred from the French cruiser Magon. The Government applied yesterday to the Portuguese Minister for the surrender of the insurgent Admiral and his staff. The Minister declined to give up Da Gama, and the Cabinet then sent a despatch to Lisbon repeating the application which the Minister had rejected. Admiral da Gama was described in this despatch as a military criminal and defaulter, having nothing in common with the ordinary political refugee. The Lisbon Government has not yet returned an answer.

The Portuguese merchant steamer Cidada Do Porto was fired on by the forts as she was leaving the harbor last night. She was compelled eventually to stop, and she was searched by Government officials, who marched ashore 91 insurgents found among the crew and passengers.

The total number of prisoners taken by the Government is more than 1,200. Among them are the sick and wounded and many who were forced against their will into the insurgent service. The fighting men who have been captured number 475 or 500.

Little trustworthy news has been received from the south. It is not certain where the insurgent cru