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

The Sun.

THE WEATHER PREDICTION
For New York and its Vicinity
Generally fair during the day, but cloudy in the evening; cold, northeast winds.

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ADDRESS TO THE DEMOCRACY.

MINNESOTA LEADERS MAKE USE OF EMPHATIC LANGUAGE.

They Provide Standing Room for Certain Democratic Senators Alongside of Benedict Arnold, and Declare for Free Trade—And Here's Tillman of South Carolina Wanting the President Impeached!

ST. PAUL, April 8.—A political address was issued this afternoon by the Democratic leaders of Minnesota through the Democratic press of Minnesota. It says:

"It is useless to disguise the fact that our party is confronted with serious peril. It is time for plain words. Silence now is disloyalty to our party and its cause.

"In less than two years after winning the most complete victory any party ever won, while in full possession of the powers then given us, we present the appearance of a defeated party, while our opponents, routed in the battle, wear all the airs of victory. What has wrought this astounding change, whence comes this peril? Not from our opponents; not from the brawling hordes of protectionists whom we met and overthrew in 1892; but from malignant and treacherous influences, allied with weakness or cowardice, within our own ranks.

"The danger that observant men saw when the election of 1892 put on our party the responsibility of directing national affairs and the duty of redeeming the pledge of tax reform made to and accepted by the people, and then a cloud no larger than a man's hand, has overspread the whole sky. What was our promise to the people, and what has been so far our performance?

"We denounce protection as 'a fraud and a robbery of the masses for the benefit of a few,' and we promised that taxes on imports should be laid with a sole view to affording revenue. Our first disappointment was in the departure from the declared policy of the party in the undue and needless measure of protection granted by the House bill, but, mindful of the extent to which contact with and sharing in the extortions of protection and demoralized representatives in our ranks, we accepted it as the best now attainable and looked to its free listing of coal, iron ore, wool, and lumber as the entering wedge, to be driven home by later and harder blows. The House added sugar to the free list and sent the bill to the Senate.

"Here the error of the House bill became quite apparent. The compromise of principle made more plenteous fruit in the Senate. The concessions made in the House only whetted the appetite and fired the audacity of the protected interests. With renewed energy they concentrated their efforts on the smaller body, further removed from the people, less responsible to them, and more impervious to public opinion.

"To our shame and dismay they found Senators representing Democratic constituencies which had denounced protection and demanded its obliteration from our taxing policies willing to aid them. In the secrecy of the committee rooms these Senators browbeat the sub-committee with threats of open opposition to the bill, unless the special industries they represented were also granted protection or given increase of it.

"There was a weak surrender to the demands of these attorneys of the trusts, and a bill was reported in which the one redeeming feature of the House bill, its one distinctively Democratic feature, was eliminated, and the bill made hardly distinguishable from the one it proposed to displace. Who are these men, Democrats in name, protectionists in fact, who have thus brought dishonor and shame to our great party?

"Who are they who have betrayed the great trust hold to which we gave them the power thus to deliver us into the hands of the enemy? Who are they who have thus made certain the apprehensions of our President expressed in his inaugural and given to his thought the effect of a prophecy? Who are the men who have interposed insuperable obstacles and opposition and made a failure due to our fault and neglect? These are the men, names fit to stand alone alongside of Benedict Arnold in the annals of our country:

"Senator Calvin S. Brice of Ohio, David B. Hill and Edward Murphy, Jr., of New York; John E. McPherson and James Smith, Jr., of New Jersey; Arthur P. Gorman and Charles H. Gibson of Maryland, Johnson N. Camden of West Virginia, Donelson Caffery and Edward D. White of Louisiana, John J. Morgan and James L. Pugh of Alabama.

"These are the men who wear the mask of Democrats that they may the better betray our cause; these are they who have wrought this marvellous change, putting our party in the attitude of defeat and giving to our opponents that of victory.

"But, Democrats, be not discouraged nor disheartened. The heart of the great mass of our party beats as true as ever. Remember that every reform has been wrought by minorities; every struggle for greater freedom has had its checks from the treachery of men whom it had trusted; and be strengthened for the greater struggle before us by the inspiring thought that in the struggles of the masses for freedom against privileged intrenched power, the right has ever come uppermost.

"Reflect that all the freedom we have to-day we enjoy because our ancestors have risen from defeats and have survived the treachery of comrades, and through all have kept the rudder true; and let the thought nerve you to further effort that you may give your children an increased measure of liberty. A few traitors in our councils cannot defeat the cause for which we have fought for years, and in which we won the victory of 1892.

"Chagrined, we are undismayed; betrayed, we are not disheartened; checked, we will not surrender. Nowhere let there be flagging or faltering. Everywhere let Democrats determine and proclaim that this, freedom's battle, once begun, shall not end until every citizen of our republic shall be secure in the untrammelled right to what he will, where he will, and of whom he will; exchanging without let or hindrance the products of his labor for the labor of his fellow laborers anywhere in the wide world."

TILLMAN FOR IMPEACHMENT.

He Wants Congress to Depose Mr. Cleveland from Office.

COLUMBIA, S. C., April 8.—Gov. Tillman today gave a surprising interview to the press. A correspondent read to the Governor an extract from a letter from a Populist, in which the writer said that the only thing he did not admire about the Governor's political course, so far, was that he did not have the moral courage to come out squarely and call himself a Populist. He was asked if he had seen all the references made to him by the Northern press as the "Populist Governor."

Gov. Tillman rose and walked up and down. His eye flashed fire and he said:

"Yes, they call me a Populist. I will tell them that I am the truest representative of Jeffersonian Democracy in American politics to-day. Let me tell you, I don't see anything ahead now but for the Southern Democrats to combine their forces with the Western Populists, and go into the next national campaign on new party lines.

"The Northeastern Democrats and Republicans are now together. It is a combination of the moneyed interests."

The Governor then, turning suddenly and in a somewhat excited manner, said:

"I despise Cleveland and his Mugwumps. He is no better than the rankest Republican. He has destroyed the Democratic party. The South and West will be forced now to unite and have a complete reorganization of party lines. The people who are afraid of the negro and who are controlled on other questions will have to cast aside their fears and come together on one line of legislating the money combination.

"Cleveland has been working under the dictation of New York bankers, and bargaining with them on the issue of bonds. He promised the banks if they would take them there would be no more legislation on the silver question by this Congress. Congress passed the Seigniorage act, and he vetoed the bill, indicating plainly the nature of his bargain with the bankers.

"The whole thing is such a scheme of robbery that he ought to be impeached for it. It is a shame and a disgrace. The idea of this great Government having to beg the assistance of a lot of Shylocks is so outrageous that there is not any language too strong in which to characterize it.

"Cleveland is owned, body and soul by these scoundrels. He secured his nomination at Chicago through the influence of a subsidized press, and with the votes he lacked there after exhausting such means, he bought with promises of patronage, which promises have been since redeemed.

"The goods have been delivered. His attempt to browbeat and debauch the Senators and Representatives was outrageous in the extreme. If those cowardly Congressmen up there had any appreciation of their duty to their constituencies at home they would impeach him.

"Consider the farce and treason to the interests of the masses of issuing bonds under a pretence of increasing the gold reserve when the same gold is paid in at one window and drawn out at another with silver certificates. And the same process can go on till the silver certificates are exhausted and the people have to pay the interest."

"What is your idea of what ought to be done?"

"Well, I think that the silver men of this country ought to meet in convention at Memphis or St. Louis and organize a fight to control the next Congress. Let the West and the South cast aside all questions upon which they now have any differences, and get together.

"It is a fight between gold and silver or poverty and prosperity. One more word as to Mr. Cleveland. I think that it is most damnable and outrageous, his being dictated to and bought up by those bondholders. It is debasing his high office. He is abusing his power to dicker with such people and barter away the people's blood even upon the pretext of financial relief.

"The newspapers which are snarling and snapping at my heels as being a Populist are the paid hirelings of his bosses. I am a Populist in the sense that I am for the people's rights, but there are many planks in the Populist platform which I do not endorse. If the silver Congressmen will issue a call for a silver convention and carry the war into Africa, we will teach those blood-sucking gold thieves a lesson in politics such as they have not had since Jackson's campaign against the banks. The farmers of the South and West will move on Washington in a solid body and demand legislation that will give them relief from the grinding poverty produced by six-cent cotton and thirty-cent wheat."

RICHARD CROKER RETURNS.

Won't Talk Local Politics Until He Finds Out What's Been Going On.

Richard Croker returned to the city last evening after an absence of more than two months. It was Feb. 1 when the Pullman special car Wildwood, bearing Mr. and Mrs. Croker, their sons Frank and Herbert, and Miss Kiernan, left the Pennsylvania Railroad depot in Jersey City for Washington, on the first stage of the journey across continent and back, and the journey ended last night at 7:05 o'clock, when the same car was drawn into the Grand Central Station on the rear of the South Shore, limited. The same party which started in February was in the car, and all of them were in the best of health and spirits.

Mr. Croker's butternut suit showed grimy evidences of travel, but he came back rather unexpected, was not met by a crowd of friends, and did not seem to care if his apparel was not altogether immaculate.

Commissioner of Public Works Michael T. Daly and Mr. Croker's son Richard were the only persons at the depot to meet the party besides the reporters.

Mr. Croker seemed to have benefited considerably by his vacation, and no one could doubt his assertion that he had had a good time after seeing his smiling face.

The itinerary of the party included visits to Washington, to New Orleans during the Mardi Gras celebration, to Florida winter resorts, to San Antonio, Texas, to different points in California, and a return home over the Northern routes, including short stops at Salt Lake City, Omaha, and Chicago. Mr. Croker said that he was unprepared to go into details regarding his experiences, but would say in general that he had had a first-rate time. Then he turned catechist and asked:

"What sort of weather have you been having here?" and on being told continued his inquiry with:

"What's the news?"

"That's what I've come to ask of you," said the SUN reporter, to whom this query was put.

"Well, I've really nothing to say," replied Mr. Croker.

"Nothing about the local political situation?"

"No. I haven't kept informed on local politics and am unprepared to discuss it in consequence."

"Have you anything to say about the police investigation, the Bi-partisan Police bill, or any other proposed legislation which the Republicans are attempting to pass?"

"Nothing whatever. When I find out what has happened since I left, I will be better able to talk on such subjects."

Mr. Croker said that he will probably be down town to-day. To his many politics, which has been very quiet during his absence from the city, is expected to become immediately active and to continue so.

His carriage was in waiting and Mr. Croker and his family were driven to their home, 5 East Seventy-ninth street.

Dr. Chauncey M. Depew came in on the same train with Mr. Croker, but did not see him, as he rode in another car.

The colored porter, who has been in charge of the car ever since it left Jersey City, was entertained by his praise of Mr. Croker.

"De only trouble was wif dem newspapah reputahs," said he. "De reputahs was aftah us all de time. Dey was just too numerous! Say! Yo is a reputah yosef, ain't yeh? Well, we hev to stan' dat kind of ting w'en we is trav'lin' wif a prom'nent gentleman."

KILLED IN A BUILDING'S COLLAPSE.

Four Deaths Caused by the Wreck of a Tenement House in Memphis.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., April 8.—Four persons were killed and five wounded in the collapse of a tenement building on the northeast corner of Desoto and Beale streets at 7:15 o'clock this morning. There is little doubt that there are more bodies beneath the débris. Those persons not rescued by noon to-day were beyond the reach of human aid.

The collapse was witnessed by several persons. There was a creaking and cracking, a swaying of walls, then the collapse that came with a crash. A great cloud of dust floated out, filling the street each way for a block. There was a hurrying of police, firemen and citizens, and then the work of rescue began. The list of the dead is: John Morgan, barber, aged 35; Amy Simmons, 32; Will Cook, alias Henry Gray, 30; Lottie Marks, 30. The list of injured is: Andrew Harris, head and body bruised; Catherine Boyd, spine and internal injuries; Livinia Perkins, forehead and scalp cut and left arm broken; Georgia Guy, bruises and internal injuries; Cora Murphy, internal injuries.

Of those injured the chances for the recovery of Cora Murphy and Catherine Boyd are extremely doubtful. All the persons taken from the ruined building are colored. The building was erected thirty-four years ago. It was of brick, three and a half stories high, with a slate roof. Although it was one building it was divided by a thick wall into two compartments. The building had never been condemned as unsafe. It was considered as one of the stanchest of the older buildings in the city. Half an hour after the collapse the news of it had travelled over the entire city, and the result was that a crowd gathered there until Beale and De Soto streets in the vicinity were densely packed. The time for church services came, but the crowd remained. The noon hour brought no diminution of the mass of people, and the heat of the afternoon was unnoticed by the crowd. When darkness came there was still a large gathering.

Men went to work on the débris as soon as the collapse took place. First an old negro woman shook the dust from off her back, arose from the top of the heap and got away without assistance. Then the form of a woman was lifted out. She was still alive, and soon the body of a man, still breathing, was pulled out. These were sent to the city hospital. Then came a dead man, and so the work of rescue proceeded slowly throughout the day.

The exact number of lives lost will not be known until the debris is cleared away. There were about fifty rooms in the tenement, about half of which were occupied. Twenty-two people were known to be in the building at the time of the collapse. Of these six escaped without serious injury, four were taken out dead, five wounded, and the remainder are missing.

A Twelve-acre Cave-in in Scranton.

SCRANTON, Pa., April 8.—Residents of Market and Williams streets and Wayne avenue, in the northern part of this city, were startled last night by a rumbling quake of the earth that resembled an earthquake, and when they arose from their beds this morning they found huge cracks in the ground near their homes. About twelve acres of that closely built-up portion of the town had settled by reason of an enormous cave-in of the abandoned workings of the Lackatt's Creek Mine. Many doors crushed together so tightly that it was impossible to open them, and the new school building, recently erected at a cost of $40,000, is in danger of destruction.

HE DRANK WITH THE THIEVES

AND WHEN JOY FELL UNCONSCIOUS THEY ATTACKED HIS WIFE.

The Rooms of a Newly Arrived Chicago Couple Invaded by West Side Roughs, Who Drug the Husband, Try to Drug His Wife, and Then Coolly Rob the Place.

Henry Joy, a Chicago mechanic who had received an offer of employment in this city, came to town Saturday morning with his wife Mary, who is a dark-eyed, pleasant-featured woman of 26, with the tall and robust figure of a typical Western country girl. Joy moved his household effects in the afternoon into rooms on the top floor of the three-story tenement at 324 East Thirty-third street. The tenement is opposite a lot of vacant stables and a partly dismantled iron foundry that are the rendezvous of a gang of young toughs who give Capt. Martens's policemen a deal of trouble. Joy, who is a stranger to New York, was unaware of this fact when he moved into the tenement.

He left the house at 11 o'clock on Saturday night to get a glass of beer before going to bed. He says that he went to a saloon at Thirty-third street and Third avenue. As he was leaving a crowd of roughs surrounded him and attempted to rifle his pockets. Joy is a medium-sized man, but he has pluck, and he ordered the young thieves to let him alone. At the moment Daniel Kelly, a onearmed man of 23, who, the police say, is a west side tough who spends his nights with the Thirty-third street gang around the vacant stables, stepped up and took hold of Joy's arm. He told the Chicago man that he was in danger, and volunteered to see him safely home. His manner was reassuring and Joy accepted his escort with thanks. Kelly walked up stairs with Joy and sat down in the kitchen. Joy again thanked him and asked him to call again, saying that he wanted to go to bed.

"Cuck-o-o!" shouted Kelly as he remarked to Joy that he needn't be in a hurry about retiring. It turned out the "cuckoo" call was a signal of the Thirty-third street gang. A few seconds later John Ryan, 16 years old, who says he lives at 345 East Thirty-fourth street, opened the door and took a seat. He greeted Joy effusively. "Hallo," he said, "why you're our new friend. I called to see if you got home all right."

Kelly laughed. "Cuck-o-o," he chirped, and added: "Why, of course, he is all right."

Another fellow came up stairs and joined Ryan. Kelly gave the cuckoo call several times more, and three more fellows climbed the stairs. The last two brought a bucket of beer. Joy wanted to protest against this midnight call, but as the men appeared to be friendly, though forbidding in appearance, he tried diplomacy. They asked him to join in a drink from the "growler," and poured out a glass of the beer, and drank it. A few minutes later he fell to the floor unconscious. Mrs. Joy was in bed in an adjoining room, wondering who her husband's jovial friends were, and when they would conclude to say good-night.

Kelly and Ryan went into the bedroom a little later. Kelly seized Mrs. Joy's throat, and, putting an orange to her lips, tried to squeeze some of the juice into her mouth. The woman is soon to become a mother. She was greatly alarmed at the intrusion of the strangers, but her life in the country had given her plenty of strength, and, seizing Kelly, she threw him off the bed. A hatchet that she had used in the afternoon to cut open packing boxes was in the corner of the room. She sprang up, seized the hatchet, and, holding it over her head, she shouted:

"I'll kill the first one who lays hands on me."

The two roughs got a good view of her face in the lamp light. There was a look in the Chicago woman's face that put them to business, backed, as it was, by her splendid physique. Mrs. Joy screamed again and the two men backed away into the kitchen. She heard them ransacking drawers and boxes. The four other roughs dragged the unconscious Joy into a little room off the kitchen and literally stripped him of his clothing. They got two pairs of trousers, three white shirts, a lawn-tennis shirt, a lot of collars and cuffs, a quantity of underclothing, and $6 that Joy had in his trousers pocket. Joy's wife had a lot of clothes was in a drawer. Kelly coolly took off his own ragged clothes and slipped into the new Sunday suit. Then the whole gang shouted "cuckoo" again, and marched down stairs to the street.

Nobody had answered Mrs. Joy's cries, possibly because the other tenants knew that there were dangerous men in the Joy apartments, and didn't care to risk a midnight fight. Mrs. Joy bolted the doors and went to see what had happened to her husband. She found him lying unconscious in the room where he had been stripped of his clothes. She tried to revive him and failed. Then she dressed herself hurriedly and crept down stairs to get a policeman. She peeped out of the street door, and saw the gang loitering in front of the stables opposite, and decided to wait until daylight came. Several hours passed, and Joy still remained unconscious. Toward morning Mrs. Joy went to the street door once more, and saw Policeman Hauser of the East Thirty-fifth street station. She beckoned to him, and told him briefly what had happened. She pointed to Kelly and Ryan, who were standing in the shadow of a saloon doorway. Hauser crept up stealthily and nabbed both of them. Joy was still dazed and unable to talk at 8 o'clock. Policeman Hauser looked through the rooms, and found the orange that Kelly had tried to squeeze into Mrs. Joy's mouth, and a two-ounce phial that was labelled "Poison." The orange skin was perforated in many places, and evidently some narcotic had been injected into it. Capt. Martens was told of the case, and Detective Tierney was detailed to investigate.

"I am sure I can recognize those rascals," Mrs. Joy said, "for I saw their faces while they were ransacking the rooms."

She went to the Yorkville Police Court and made a complaint of robbery and assault against the two prisoners. They denied the accusation strenuously. "We only saved the man from being robbed," they said. Kelly couldn't explain how he came to have Joy's Sunday clothes on in court. He said that he was an honest mechanic and lived at 315 West Thirty-second street.

Yesterday afternoon Detective Tierney arrested Edward Stokel in Thirty-third street. He said that he was a car driver, and lived at 324 East Thirty-fourth street, and is 14 years old. Mrs. Joy said that he was one of the men who rifled the bureau. The detective searched the vacant stables, and at the one numbered 327 found a bundle of Joy's collars and cuffs and the lawn-tennis shirt. Capt. Martens locked Stokel up. The three prisoners will be taken to the Yorkville Court this afternoon. Justice Voorhis yesterday remanded Kelly and Ryan into Capt. Martens's custody.

THE SITUATION AT BLUEFIELDS.

Americans Decide to Have Nothing to Do with the Proposed Provisional Government.

NEW ORLEANS, April 8.—The steamship Clinton, from Bluefields, brings news from the Mosquito reservation which shows an ill feeling between the Nicaraguans and Americans. The latter have refused to take any part in the new Provisional Government, organized by the Nicaragua Secretary of Foreign Affairs, José María Matriz, who is in Bluefields to settle the complication. A conference was held between Matriz and the British Consul as to the organization of a Provisional Government, at which it was agreed that there should be a council consisting of seven members—two Americans, appointed by the American Consul, two Nicaraguans, one Englishman, one Mosquito Indian, and one Creole. This council was to have control of local affairs under the Presidency of a Commissioner appointed by the Government of Nicaragua, who had the right of veto. The agreement also provided for the continuance of English as the official language of the reservation.

The terms were accepted by the British Consul, but rejected unanimously by a mass meeting of the American citizens, who insisted that it would place the reservation entirely under the control of the Nicaraguan Commissioner and his home Government, and resolutions were adopted denouncing as a renegade any American who accepted office under the Provisional Government. The situation was further aggravated by the murder at Rama of an American by Aguela, the Nicaraguan Governor, and by the levy of an export tax on fruit, the principal product of the country. This tax and the unsettled condition of the Government have had a most depressing effect on commerce.

Several American merchants in Bluefields declare their intention of leaving the country, and express their willingness to sell out their property for 25 per cent of its value, as they fear further trouble. No news had been received of the United States cruiser San Francisco, which is expected there to protect American interests.

CONEY ISLAND'S BIG BLAZE.

Seven Wooden Buildings in "The Bowery" Illuminate the Jersey Shore.

In the middle of Saturday night the darkness of Coney Island was suddenly dispelled by a bright flame. There was a fire in "the Bowery." The place was dark and deserted; the saloons were closed, the concert halls were silent, the merry-go-rounds stood still, and the Bowery was as quiet as the grave. The flames shot upward from the roof of Perry's glass pavilion. Perry's glass pavilion stood at the crossing of the Bowery and Thompson's walk. Perry's glass pavilion, where Maggie Moran, the nightingale of Flatlands; Jim Burden, the old-time song and dance artist; Milly McCormick, the brilliant and vivacious soprano, whose voice used to make the glass pavilion tremble, have so often done their turns. Perry's glass pavilion was in flames. The glass was crackling, the pavilion was roaring, and Perry twenty miles away.

A policeman saw the flames, and soon Coney Island was awake. Bells were ringing, horses were galloping, men were shouting, and everybody was active and alert. But the wild wind was with the flames, and before the first engine arrived the fire had crossed to the other side of the Bowery and Tim Omly's saloon was ablaze. In a little while other buildings were burning, and, as the material was all wood and the wind was brisk, the flames leaped higher and brighter, until it seemed as if Coney Island were to be destroyed by fire.

Three engines were now upon the scene and fully 200 volunteer firemen were doing everything in their power to control the flames. In the midst of the excitement one of the engines broke down. A cry of despair went up from the crowd. Seven buildings were burning—Joseph Gorman's Hotel, Robert Sutherland's Exchange, Oga's Hotel, Connor's Concert Hall, Joe's Restaurant, and the two other places named above. The wind was still blowing briskly. The conflagration had assumed the nature of a gigantic bonfire. The Jersey Highlands, many miles over the water, could plainly be seen and the seamen on the ships that were passing far out at sea must have seen the glow on the sky. Chief Sutherland gazed for a moment upon his saloon, slowly disappearing in the flames, and then, with the fortitude of a Spartan, turned his attention to the neighboring buildings and worked with all his might to save them.

A sausage stand on the corner of the Bowery and Thompson's walk, that had withstood the blasts of six seasons, was caught by the flames and quickly devoured. All at once the wind changed, and a shout of joy went up from a thousand throats. By this caprice of the weather the Bowery, the pride of Coney Island, was saved from destruction. The firemen could now neglect the surrounding buildings and devote their energies to extinguishing the flames. Nevertheless it was nearly 6 o'clock yesterday morning when the last spark died out. The fire had been confined to these seven buildings, and when at sunrise Chief Sutherland announced that the total loss would amount to less than $30,000 everybody was happy.

JOHN GRAHAM'S LEG CUT OFF.

He Bore the Operation Well, but It Is Too Early for Predictions.

The right leg of John Graham, the lawyer, was amputated in his apartments at the Metropolitan Hotel yesterday afternoon. The operation, which took place at 5 o'clock, was performed by Dr. William T. Bull. Dr. Reginald H. Sayre administered the anæsthetic. The other doctors who were present during the operation were Drs. Lewis A. Sayre, W. E. Forest, and Dr. Powers, Dr. Bull's assistant. Besides the five doctors there were in attendance Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, John J. Quinlan, Mr. Graham's private secretary, David Graham, a son of the patient's brother David, his nephews, Second Assistant Secretary of State Alvey A. Adee and David Adee, and one of the hotel attendants. Mr. Graham's leg was taken off about half way between the knee and the thigh. The operation lasted only a short time, and, from a surgical point of view, was entirely successful. The doctors said that the patient's pulse was as strong at the completion of the operation as during the process of administering the chloroform. At 9 o'clock last night it was said that Mr. Graham was resting as comfortably as could be expected.

He had been troubled with gout in the right foot for some time, and on Monday last Dr. Forest noticed that gangrene had set in. A consultation was held, and it was decided that the only chance of saving the patient's life lay in an operation. Gen. Sickles, an intimate friend and old-time client of Mr. Graham, came to this city on Wednesday and on Friday. The sufferer had strenuously objected to the idea of having his leg amputated, and it is said that it took an hour of arguing on the part of the General to get Mr. Graham to consent to the operation.

In spite of the patient's advanced age the doctors seem to be of the opinion that he had a good fighting chance for recovery. During the evening he spoke several times and was able to drink a little champagne. It was said that nothing could be positively known about the ultimate result of the operation within forty-eight hours. Mr. Graham is in his seventy-third year.

COULDN'T KEEP THE FIREMEN OUT.

Called to J. Pierpont Morgan's House, They Insisted on Getting In.

While J. Pierpont Morgan and several friends were dining at his house, 219 Madison avenue, at 8:10 o'clock last evening, they were alarmed by the appearance of a servant who announced that the house was on fire. Another servant ran into the street, and an alarm was rung at the box at Thirty-sixth street and Madison avenue. In the mean time Mr. Morgan had discovered that the smoke which filled a portion of the house came from a fire in the chimney. A few handfuls of salt smothered the flames.

The fire-alarm box at Thirty-sixth street and Madison avenue is a duplicate, and alarms from it bring the firemen to Thirty-fifth street and Fifth avenue also. Last evening the firemen went to the latter place, and they had searched in vain for the fire and were about returning home when a policeman told them they were needed at Mr. Morgan's. When they got there they found five policemen at the door, who told them Mr. Morgan's orders were not to let them in. The firemen, axes and fire hooks in hand, summarily pushed the officers aside and rushed up the stairs. It is their duty to find the fire, and not to leave until they see for themselves that it is out.

Brushing by the footman at the door, they were confronted by Mr. Morgan, who stood at the top of the stairs, flanked by his guests. He waved the firemen back when he beheld the axes and hooks, ready to demolish doors, tear down ceilings, or rip open floors. He assured them that the fire was out and their services were not needed, but the presence of the banker and his body guard blocking their passage on his own stairway did not deter them any more than had the police and the astonished footman.

They went all over the house searching for any sign of danger, and were not satisfied until Mr. Morgan in person pointed out the spot where the smoke had originated.

Then they left, apologizing to the banker and his guests for the inconvenience they had been compelled to put them to.

MRS. LEASE'S MASONIC SCHEME.

She Will Form a Lodge in Chicago and Then Form One in New York.

CHICAGO, April 8.—Mary Ellen Lease of Kansas arrived in Chicago yesterday. In an interview she said:

"I am in Chicago to organize a Masonic order for women. I have decided that the Masonic order has been of such wonderful benefit to men, so wonderfully uplifting and educational, that it is certainly a pity to deprive women of the benefits. I do not propose to organize anything antagonistic to the present Masonic order, but the organization will be made in such a manner that they will cooperate with us, and approve of it. I wish to organize here first, and then in New York and the other principal cities. I am already billed to speak in New York for a compensation of $500 a night at Madison Square. The lectures will be followed by the organization and the initiation of members of the Masonic degrees. This is really no new departure; in fact it is old. At one time in Europe, principally in France, the crowned heads all went wild over the scheme of conferring Masonic degrees on women. There is no use in saying there is any Masonry in the Eastern Star degree. I propose the Eastern Star Masonic order."

Asked how much she knew about the Masonic rites, Mrs. Lease said she knew all about it. She did not care to tell how she found out, but it was not by "peeking."

Vino De Salud (wine of health). A palatable tonic. Searles & Co., 290 5th av., N. Y.—Adv.

HID HIS FETTERED HANDS,

BUT A NEW YORK POLICEMAN DETECTED CONKLIN'S RUSE.

After Tramping at Night All the Way from Mamaroneck, an Escaped Prisoner's Manacled Hands Betray Him when He Buys a Ticket at an Elevated Railway Station.

A medium-sized young man, whose clothes were soaking wet and covered with mud and dirt, climbed slowly up the steps of the 129th street station of the Third avenue elevated road at about 2 o'clock yesterday morning. When he arrived in front of the ticket seller's window he made several ineffectual efforts to get his hand into the change pocket of his coat. His movements were hampered, however, as his wrists seemed to be bound together by a handkerchief. The ticket agent asked him what was the matter, but the man made no reply. Then walking up to the ticket chopper he said:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but would you kindly get a nickel out of my pocket for me? I have injured my wrists and have to keep them bound together with this bandage. It prevents me from getting my hands around to my pocket."

"Certainly," replied the ticket chopper, and he stuck his hands in the man's pocket, pulled out one of two five-cent pieces which were there, and handed it to him. The man walked back to the ticket window, and, after buying a ticket, dropped it in the box and walked out on the platform.

Policeman Caspar Platte of the East 126th street station was standing on the platform when the stranger came out. He noticed the handkerchief around the wrists, but thought nothing of it until the stranger had entered the car. The man walked to the extreme end of the platform and got on the first car. A few seconds later it occurred to the policeman that there was something suspicious about the handkerchief around the man's wrists, and he walked up and looked in the car to see what the stranger was doing. The latter saw the policeman looking at him, and turned completely around in his seat and began looking out of the window. His actions confirmed the officer's suspicion that all was not right, and he went into the car.

"I understand that you injured yourself," began the policeman. "How did you do it?"

The man turned, and facing the policeman replied: "Oh, it's nothing much. I merely sprained my wrists. I fell off of a train a few days ago."

"Let me see the injuries," said the policeman, who had caught the gleam of steel beneath the handkerchief.

"I can't take off the bandage," replied the man, and he tried to pull his hands around to the other side. The policeman grabbed them, however, and pulled away the handkerchief, revealing a pair of handcuffs.

"I thought so," remarked the officer. "I guess you'd better come with me."

"I guess I had, too," was the grim reply. "You seem to have collared me all right. Damned if it isn't hard luck to be caught now, after walking twenty miles."

The young man accompanied the policeman quietly to the 126th street station. There he gave his name as George Conklin, and said he came from New Haven. He was unable to remember the name of the street or the number of the house in which he lived, owing to his misfortune in being recaptured, the prisoner laughed heartily as he told the police the story of his experiences during the preceding twenty-four hours. He was not a crook, he said, but simply a man in hard luck. He had been out looking for a job in the country, he said, and on Saturday reached Mamaroneck.

"It's a delightful little town," he said to the Sergeant, "and was so quiet and peaceful that I hated to disturb things, but when I found the front door of a house open I couldn't resist the temptation to go inside and look around." The man then went on to tell how he had entered the house of a Mr. Wells while the family was at church, and was helping himself to little knick-knacks in the parlor when Mr. Wells came in. "I didn't wait to argue," said Conklin. "I just jumped right through the window and into the arms of the town constable, who was passing."

The man then related how he was taken to the Town Hall, handcuffed, and locked in a small room on the third floor and left there alone while the constable went off in search of a Justice of the Peace. The room in which Conklin was locked was a small one in which prisoners are usually kept. It contains a few chairs and stools. There is one small window in a corner of the room, but that was at least seven feet above the head of the prisoner. There are two bars across the window, but there is plenty of room between them for a man's body to pass through. The difficulty was to reach the window. The same description of the room was given by the Mamaroneck constable when he came to New York last night. He couldn't imagine how the prisoner escaped. Conklin says he did it by climbing up the edge of one of the beams which support the building. This beam projects about four or five inches from the wall, and the constable insists that it is impossible for a human being to climb it. Still there is no other way in which Conklin could have escaped. After reaching the window Conklin says that he squeezed through the bars and slid down the water pipe to the ground. He made for the woods, where he vainly endeavored to rid himself of the handcuffs. He pounded them with stones until his hands and wrists became so sore and swollen that he had to stop. Then he made up his mind to come to this city, feeling confident that once here he could get the handcuffs off without any difficulty. It is nearly twenty miles from Mamaroneck, but Conklin says he walked the entire distance during the night, and his appearance when captured seemed to indicate that he was telling the truth. When Conklin reached the city limits, he says, he got out his handkerchief, and, after much difficulty, managed to wrap it around his wrists to conceal the handcuffs. He passed many policemen and citizens before he struck the elevated station, but no one seemed to suspect anything wrong until he encountered Officer Platte.

Conklin's wrists were cut and swollen, and there is danger of blood poisoning. The handcuffs were battered and bent, but after working for two hours trying to get them off the police only succeeded in doing so when they got a set of fine saws and cut through the steel. Later in the morning the prisoner was arraigned before Justice Welde in the Harlem Police Court, and was remanded to await the action of the authorities of Mamaroneck. Police Captain Brookes telegraphed to that place, and a constable called at the station house last night and identified Conklin as the prisoner who escaped from the Town Hall on Saturday. Conklin will be taken back to Mamaroneck this morning.

DO THIEVES LIVE IN THIS CAVE?

An Underground Habitation Discovered Near Bellmore, L. I.

A cave, which is supposed to be the habitation of the thieves who have been ravaging Long Island villages, was discovered in the woods near Bellmore yesterday by Charles Verity. While rambling through the brush Verity stumbled on the trap door which formed the entrance to the underground retreat. He succeeded in raising the door, but being unwilling to explore the interior of the cave alone he got George M. Powell of Bellmore to accompany him. Having armed themselves, the two men raised the trap door. A small ladder reached from the floor of the cave to the trap door by means of which the men descended. The interior was about 10 by 16 feet, and the ceiling was high enough for a man to stand up straight. On the floor were boughs and leaves to keep the place dry, while in one corner was what resembled a bed.

The place gave evidence of having been lately occupied. The sides of the cave were hung with oilcloth and carpet, while the furniture consisted of a small table, three stools, and a lamp partly filled with oil. It looked as if the lamp had been used shortly before the entrance of the explorers. Nothing was found to indicate the manner of persons who occupied the haunt, but it was surmised to be the headquarters of the gang of thieves who have been operating in Rockville Centre and its neighborhood recently.

On completing their investigation, the two men hurried back to the village with the news of their discovery. Immediately a party was formed to go out and take possession of the place and lay in wait and capture its occupants. The party spent the greater part of the night watching for the return of the person or persons who lived in the cave, but they failed to appear, probably having been scared away.

A close watch is to be kept on the cave until the mystery of its occupants is learned.

Cafiaspirin La Bills is the most reliable and efficient tonic of its class. Used with happy effect where pills, powders, and capsules of quinine, &c., fail, though being unsweetened, by overheated and delicate patients.—Adv.

"NOW SHOOT OR BE SHOT."

A Husband Crazed with Drink Challenges His Wife to a Duel.

BUFFALO, April 8.—George Grawitz came home drunk last night. He had been on a spree for three weeks, and his wife was not surprised. He ate his supper in silence and then went up stairs into the garret. The wife heard him throwing things about, but paid no attention to him. About half an hour later Grawitz came down stairs with two old-fashioned shotguns. They were loaded to the muzzle, and Grawitz was ugly. He made for his wife, and handing one of the guns to her, he shouted: "Now shoot or get shot." The poor woman took the weapon and staggered round the room, vainly attempting to get away. She did not know how to handle the gun, and it went off in her hand. The charge entered the ceiling, showering plaster on the couple. The drink-crazed man took this as an acceptance of the challenge for a duel, and, raising his gun to the shoulder, took deliberate aim at his wife. Almost paralyzed with fear the woman saw only one avenue of escape. It was a desperate chance, but she took it. She made a sudden jump just as he fired and went through a window, carrying glass and sash with her. Grawitz fired a second shot through the window, but it did not take effect. Mrs. Grawitz dragged herself to the house of a neighbor, who cared for her while the police were sent for. It took three policemen to subdue Grawitz. He was locked up on a charge of assault in the first degree.

DRAWN DOWN BY QUICKSANDS.

Stevenson Fell Into Schuylkill Ooze and was Rescued Just in Time.

PHILADELPHIA, April 8.—For nearly an hour on Saturday night Frank Stevenson of Clifton Heights, Delaware county, was in danger of death by quicksands. He is a carpenter, and was at work near Ardmore on Saturday, and about 10:30 o'clock in the night started to walk to Manayunk.

He fell into the Schuylkill River at a place where the water was shallow, and he began to scramble for safety. The more he struggled, however, the greater grew his peril. Below the surface of the water was quicksand. Stevenson shouted wildly for help.

The employees at the Shawmont Water Works, on the other side of the river, heard him, and Robert McKnight, Ernest Swartz, and Harry Long put out in a boat. His cries guided them to him.

He had sunk to his arms, and soon would have disappeared beneath the surface. Using oars for pushing poles, the three men managed to get their boat near enough for them to pull Stevenson out. He was half dead from exhaustion and fright.

DA GAMA SAILS FOR LISBON,

South Brazil Cut Off from Telegraphic Communication.

BUENOS AYRES, April 8.—The Portuguese war ships Mindello and Affonso de Albuquerque, with Admiral da Gama and his staff aboard, have sailed for home, after having taken on provisions for the voyage. Cabling between Buenos Ayres and Brazilian ports has been stopped.

RIO DE JANEIRO, April 8.—The Government now prohibits private telegrams to and from the State of Sao Paulo; also international messages to and from stations in the southern zone of Brazil.

LISBON, April 8.—Ex-Minister Ruy Barbosa of Brazil, who identified himself with the insurgent cause last October, arrived here last evening with