KILAUEA'S BOILING LAVA.

A VISIT TO THE LARGEST ACTIVE CRATER IN THE WORLD.

Fire Pictures of the Startling Phenomena at the Summit of Hawaii's Famous Mountain—A Descent Into the Crater and a Tramp to the Edge of the Bubbling Lava.

HONOLULU, March 20.—There has just been a monster outbreak of the volcano of Kilauea, and Pele, the Hawaiian fire goddess, has been more active this week than for many years.

When news reached Honolulu last week that many rivers of lava were bursting into tongues of flame and rushing from the overflowing banks of the greatest volcano in the world at a record-breaking speed, and that ever-adventurous visitors were terrified by seeing its angry billows consume entire acres over which they had recently passed, I hastened to the scene to behold the tremendous spectacle of a mountain side in flames—a mountain 125 times larger than Vesuvius. I can almost write now (10 P. M.) by the light of the hissing fountains of molten lava three miles away.

Like many other sightseers, I resolved to remain away from the caldron's edge, and to view it only at the safe distance of a high bluff half a mile away; but my good resolutions were soon broken, for there is something about the awful inferno which makes daredevils of grave men and timid women alike, and draws them inevitably to the very brink of the great pit, which the Kanakas have aptly named Halemaumau, or the House of Everlasting Fire.

Before I visited this famous volcano I had read descriptions of it, but none in the entire list commenced his word painting until he had reached the pit itself. If the average person enjoys being dropped into the crater as if from a balloon he differs from me, for which reason I prefer to take you over every step of the road, so that you may know the metes and bounds of the Hawaiian hades before you fall under its strange spell.

The village of Hilo has been the starting point. Hilo is near 20° North on the eastern shore of the island of Hawaii, a village of flowers and trees built amid gentle hills. No spot on the western hemisphere can equal its rainfall record of nearly 200 inches a year. To maintain its reputation in this line the region affords the visitor a tropical shower of an inch or two every other day. The sunshine of the interim, moreover, is always more or less liquid. At Hilo I clambered into a heavy thoroughbrace—a small, red species of Concord coach, drawn by four horses. The winding road to Kilauea lies to the southwest for thirty-one miles, terminating at the Volcano House, which is 4,000 feet above the ocean. The last twenty-five miles are through a dense and picturesque tropical forest, where vines abound in ferns, native woods, and vines, broken by occasional clearings made a few years ago for coffee plantations. The coffee trees are now large, and many of them are laden with berries which glisten not unlike cherries in the greater sunlight of the forest. Through occasional openings in the forest—after a ride of two hours—the breaking surf of the ocean was visible ten miles behind us and 2,000 feet below the coach. The air became cooler and perceptibly lighter when we had travelled fifteen miles.

Sudden! two snow-clad mountains became visible as we got within a few miles of the Volcano House—Mauna Loa, toward the west, and Mauna Kea, away to the northwest. Breezes from the north refreshed us here like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, and the shining crests of eternal snow formed a striking contrast to the luxuriant tropical vegetation around us. From the Volcano House, a well-appointed two-story hotel in a beautiful vine-clad yard, we beheld forests and hills in all directions, except that west, past which mists rolled roughly be called the western half of a circle of which the hotel formed the central part.

Before the party with which I travelled explored the great basin included in that southwestern wonderland we were shown some of the mishaps made a few years ago by the Titanic forces which rent the sloping plain of Mauna Loa and ripped the rock-ribbed bluffs and earth in every direction from the Volcano House. The strange spectacles abounding on the bluffs are second only to the fires below—a fire interlude to Kilauea itself.

There is, for example, one ragged ravine running to the eastward which terminates two miles from the hotel. It is probably twenty feet wide, and no plummet has ever sounded its depths. It is, however, only one of the many bottomless ravines which abound in the neighborhood. The palm of one's hand is not more thickly furrowed with lines than is the earth surrounding the Volcano house on the edge of this Kilauean wonder. One is made aware of the existence of many of these rents by the quilted vapors and hissing steam—but where one puffs and blows forth its hot gasses a dozen slumber without the slightest warning of their existence. Indeed, the most dangerous cavities are often covered by ferns, flowers, creeping vines, and semi-tropical mountain shrubbery which hide yet chasms that terminate many miles below.

A few years ago the proprietor lost a valuable dog, which wandered from the beaten trail and was never seen again, though the echoes of the thud were heard for a minute or two as the poor brute struck the sides of projecting ledges far below. In a similar manner two horses once escaped from Mr. Lee's barnyard and dropped into a pit which terminates in regions of eternal fire. As their bodies pounded against the cavern's ledges the thundering echoes were not unlike what Houner describes as the fall of the awful angels into hell.

If you visit Kilauea do not stroll from well-marked paths to gather the delicious ohelo berries which ripen temptingly a few feet away. The roots of the vines whereon they grow probably cling to the edges of yawning chasms covered by foliage and berries; but if Darwin's theory of the thickness of the earth's crust is correct, an attempt to gather one small bunch of berries might cost you a trip of twenty miles through an opening in the theoretical crust.

The Kanakas are wiser than all the scientists who have been coming to the House of Eternal Fire since Prof. Dana's first visit in 1841; because none of the scientists agree, while the Kanakas are united agnostics who persistently aver that the goddess Pele alone understands the pits and mysteries of the Kilauean region. Prof. Dana once explained to a wise old Kanaka that the centre of the earth was all a liquid fire, whereupon the Hawaiian said: "How do you know? Have you been there?"

"No, of course not," replied the august geologist.

"Then I do not believe you," was the laconic answer. Since no two men of learning seem to agree about this volcano the Kanaka wisdom is more popular hereabouts than that of the most distinguished professors. Here classified knowledge falls, and the element of mystery hovers over the greatest gorge in nature than o'er the untutored mind. The man has not yet been born who can say whether volcanoes are caused by the earth's motion, by chemical combustion within the earth, or by any one of a half dozen supposed causes. Scientists can only outline the heaving forces—vapors, heat, hydrostatic and other gravitational pressure, after which their services are over, however much their beautiful theories may serve to amuse themselves on rainy days.

Now for a descent to witness the great spectacle itself, of which all preliminaries are the merest side shows.

The Volcano House is at the northeast edge of the cavity in the mountain side known as the great crater, whose circumference is about three miles. The descent into this weird region begins about 200 feet southwest of the hotel, and though quite abrupt the path is wide enough for a horse and it winds down, down gradually for a mile. Along the road there is much beautiful foliage, and not the slightest suggestion of violent forces slumbering or in action. Suddenly you reach the limit of plant and animal life, and before you stretches a bleak expanse of lava, formed into mountains and billows of congealed rock, which have cooled and stopped in myriad forms, doubtless the accumulation of centuries—some decomposed, worn, and ancient, others fresh as the morning. Yonder is a patch of broken, bluish lava, upheaved like an ice flow on a river. Its cakes and crusts formed into hills, hollows, cones, arches, and triangular-shaped blocks. Look back toward the trail, and ragged cliffs and perpendicular walls from fifty to eight hundred feet above you tell the story of your descent. Everything on this vast floor is more silent than the Dead Sea, and apparently solid as Gibraltar, for you can see through chasms that the lava beneath your feet is anywhere from thirty to one hundred feet thick. Some of these rents are bridged, and by peeping down where the sunbeams shine you will behold ferns climbing toward the light. Your first impression is that the floor is smooth and practically level, but you soon learn that your zig-zag western march will carry you over many steep and frozen lava waves, and gradually upward toward the active lake of fire, which is four hundred feet above the lowest eastern floor of the pit. On this side and that are deep ravines and sulphur-colored holes, once puffing with expanding vapors, but now at rest. And as you proceed the lava grows warmer under your feet, while steam and sulphur fumes escape through occasional blow holes and gigantic cones.

"What is that heap over yonder?" I asked the guide.

"Those are the ruins of the telephone house," he replied, "which was burned in a lava flow last week."

A close view shows that a telephone wire terminates by a pile of ashes near a fresh flow. A torrent of red-hot lava recently passed over the lake's edges, and the telephone house was immediately consumed amid its boiling waves. This spot is 2¾ miles out on the journey to the lake.

The old trail was now abandoned, for here and there it had been obliterated by a river of lava flowing over it, cooling and forming into pools which were so convoluted as to suggest great coils of rope. The guide led the way, armed with a testing pole ten or fifteen feet long. Every tourist was provided with a substantial cane, and the guide said: "We are now getting into the second pit. Do not get scared, but follow me! Step where I step, and strike the spot immediately before you with your stick, to see whether it will hold you. If you fall do not touch the lava with your hands, for it is as sharp as glass."

We did as directed, and the entire party, consisting in part of women, followed us by gradual descents into a second crater about ten feet below, whose floor was perceptibly thinner and closer to the fire, as indicated by an increase of heat, which could be felt through our shoes. The course was still a little to the southwest, though very crooked for the entire half mile leading us to the edge of the lake—now about 200 feet above us.

I cannot compare the general shape of this second pit or crater to anything except a tea saucer upside down, and our winding path through the flows and furrows was such a crooked course as a fly might take when climbing to the upper part of a saucer thus reversed. When you consider that the uneven floor on which we walked was held in place by the gases and fluids of the restless lake of fire beneath, in spite of the many flows and cracks in the upper crust, and that the fiery lake's level was very high and at times overflowing its trembling banks, you will have some idea of the peril of our journey. The depression observable in the upper part of a reversed saucer corresponds to the lake, and the rim of the saucer to its lava banks; so that when we entered the pit there were many acres of seething liquid above us, likely to burst through any part of the sloping plain or over any section of the oblong bank. Indeed, the entire floor sank 600 feet on the night of March 7, 1891, and the fires disappeared until the 10th of April. And an hour after we had passed over a spot pronounced unusually safe by the guide a flood of crimson lava ran across it, and that night innumerable fountains of molten rock poured over the lava banks, which crumbled when lashed by the furious waves of flame.

The half-caste guide, on being questioned, amused us by telling how he had often made narrow escapes, and how the proprietor of the hotel and a recent party stood aghast when they subsequently saw a spot forty feet square fall into the lake just after they had crossed it; how people had sometimes been compelled to run and jump for their lives, burning the soles of their shoes off as they ran; and how he had seen lakes and rivers of fire suddenly rise—lakes from which no human being could possibly have escaped. I then recalled the fact that "the floor over hell" on which we were walking was lifted into the air by a tremendous explosion that destroyed Chief Keoua and his army when pursued by Kamehameha in 1789, at which time a shower of rock and cinders fell over an area of many miles, accompanied by sulphur fumes and escaping steam. The entire pit often trembles, and is sometimes severely rent by earthquakes, especially when the lake suddenly drops forty or fifty feet, as it often does. One day there were 700 distinct shocks, and the record at the hotel shows that there were 300 violent earthquakes on the night of March 9, 1888. At the same time the cones above Halemaumau fell several hundred feet into the boiling caldron, and for months thereafter its walls were plunged into the abyss below. That was when the lake of fire was very low, but it is now level and overflowing.

No one knows whence come the drains that sometimes empty the lake or the surplus that makes it overflow. The lava conduits must run to a vast supply in subterranean depths, for billions of tons are required to cause the known outflows. The reservoir of lava must be in regions of eternal heat and fusion, amid disrupting and displacing forces which no violence or prodigality of Kilauea can drain. For ages upon ages the wonderful abyss has done its work of melting mountains, interrupted by occasional arrests, as on March 7, 1891, when the fires were suddenly extinguished for a month, so that Surveyor Joseph Emerson of Honolulu explored the crator's bed for 600 feet below the general level. But no one can account for these caprices!

Many visitors describe tremors and rumbling sounds, blow holes, and other spectacles which were absent when I saw the lower pit; but Kilauea is never seen twice alike, because the volcano's work continually changes the displays throughout the crater.

Finally I reached the summit of the crumbling lava, cakes of which lay in all directions, intercepted here by air holes, and melted there by fresh flows. Faith led me on and on, though every time the sheet of lava beneath me gave way I had no assurance except the uniform experience of others that I should not sink into the bowels of the earth instead of a few feet; for no engineer knows what cantilever system or law of mechanics prevents the lava floor from falling into the lake and becoming billows of the blood-red sea.

At last the abode of the fire goddess Pele was before me, a hissing, seething lake of fire a few feet from where I stood. Bursting areas of the molten globe rose like a swelling sea not ten feet away, and as the liquid plate through rising waves of hot air which glistened and trembled until the eye was pained. Steam and vapors escaped with a thunderous roar from innumerable vent holes, and tons of melted lava were tossed into the air, showing that nature can lift a mountain as readily as float a feather. At intervals the surface was struck by chilling breezes which turned the red to a sheen of silver. The desolate sea on which I gazed was upheld by the heat and gases of subterranean lava whose temperature is beyond comprehension—so great as to transform the solidest things into vapors, not unlike the sun, itself a seething globe of compressed gases.

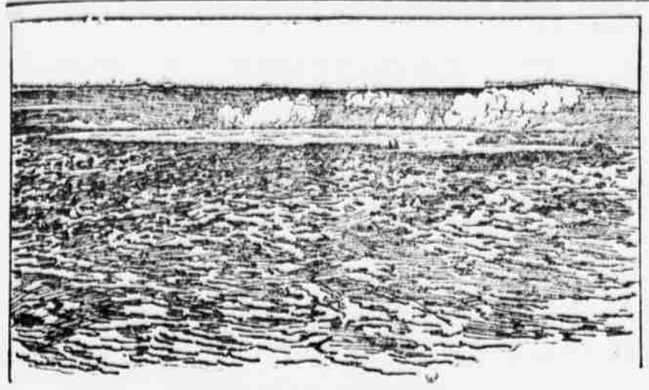
A trip to the crumbling edge of this restless region of fire cannot be compared to anything on earth with which people are familiar, nor can one who beholds it fully comprehend its awfulness. Like Niagara and Yosemite, like Haleakala (palace of the sun), an extinct crater on the Island of Maui, into which the city of New York could be dropped—like these, Halemaumau grows on one after repeated visits and sober reflection, until finally its effect is so overpowering and awe-inspiring as to become forever the symbol of the terrible in nature, the most tremendous force ever beheld by mortal eyes. Its sixteen acres of restless flame can never be forgotten.

Many startling problems are suggested to one who stands by the edge of Kilauea's boiling abyss and tries to fathom the mystery of its origin. Does the terrific fire extend 7,000 miles below one's feet, according to the popular hypothesis that assumes the earth's crust to be a mere egg shell, and the interior a molten mass? Is the volcanic lake merely a defect or break in the earth's crust, like an air hole in a frozen sea? If so, Niagara might thunder into such a chasm for a thousand centuries without filling it, and ten thousand Pacific oceans emptied into the awful depths where Halemaumau begins would not rise to the level of its liquid fires. On the edge of this Hawaiian sphinx, therefore, one is brought face to face with the Infinite; and compared with the energy held in its varied phenomena all other spectacles ever beheld on earth are dwarfed into absolute insignificance. Under such a view its quiverings become the pulse beats of the planet, and when its fiery seas ebb and flow in waves, whose crests sometimes disappear many miles below human vision, the mountains throb and quiver, islands of the sea are rent by earthquakes, and the submarine caverns of Pele, the fire goddess, roar like monster thunder storms of another world.

But the best view, after all, was from the scenic bluff half a mile away, a spot free from danger. There no vapors suffocated and no heat blinded me, and beneath my feet was terra firma. From there the view at night was a sublime spectacle of tremendous energy. Gigantic eruptions upheaved lurid fountains which hissed and roared forty and fifty feet above the level of the lake, mingled with various outbursts of sulphur and other vapors, as the blood-red lava dashed over the banks and overflowed the places where our party had stood but a few hours before. Great boulders were tossed by the surging fire waves like corks or light buoys upon an angry sea. Then crimson fountains rose gently like rainbows and sank again into the bosom of eternal fire. Boiling springs and exploding acres of lava rose hither and yon in countless profusion, sending forth their hot breath as from the throat of Vulcan's forge; bubbling, hissing, thundering geysers from the inferno, whose awfulness overpowered the mind! Cataracts of liquid flame now and then plunged from the walls or fell back into the bottomless sea whence they came—forever restless in their terrible home. The molten sea incessantly quivered as if shaken by perpetual earthquakes, its surface now covered with ten thousand torches and again bursting into a tidal wave of brilliant red—the exploding vapors dashing thunderously, as if driven by pent-up demons beneath the fiery storm. At one time I counted fifteen brilliant fountains, and suddenly thereafter the entire southern wall of the crater was submerged by a monster wave of lava, which flowed all night, forming into red rivers and many branches which ran in all directions over the cold sea of lava that forms the great crater ten miles in circumference.

And when I awoke in the night the light from countless fire fountains and lava flows was shining on the walls and pictures like a delicate sunset effect. For centuries the mysterious fountains of Kilauea have illumined the sky and tinted the clouds which form over snow-crowned Mauna Loa, and they will play on amid sunshine and storm, beneath blazing suns and ripening moons, just as faithfully as the stars keep their vigil. And so long as the dance of the hours shall go forward, for all man knows, Halemaumau's awful fires will throb and beat like things of life and terror in contrast with the sombre peaks of Mauna Kea, snow capped and eternal, glistening amid the stars, 10,000 feet above Pele's abode of fire!

L. H. IRVINE.



CRATER AND LAVA LAKE OF KILAUEA.

ANTON SEIDL AND GERMAN OPERA.

How Many "Great Leaders" Are There?—The Damrosch Option Expires.

Anton Seidl writes to THE SUN to explain the position he occupies regarding the production of German opera here next season. Mr. Seidl says that he had planned to give five weeks of Wagnerian operas and new works not familiar here, and also a supplementary season of three weeks. He says:

"After Mr. Steinway and Mr. Damrosch had failed to give me a definite answer to the question whether it was not true, as I maintained, that so many-numbered, many-sided, many-viewed a body as a theatrical company could only be successfully directed by a single head, Mr. Damrosch proposed that he engage me. I asked on what grounds, knowing that my subscription list within four days had reached an aggregate of more than $15,000 (not including Brooklyn), while his, as I have been told, amounted to something more than $10,000 after three weeks of labor. Mr. Damrosch answered that he had assurances from one or two ladies that they would hold him completely safe against a possible deficit. Now, every thinking man will grant me that under such circumstances an operatic enterprise can be much more easily carried out on the basis of a subscription list, as I had contemplated. Immediately after his statement I had made up my mind to abandon my plan. Nevertheless, I was curious to know which operas, in his opinion, I should conduct. He placed 'Lohengrin' and 'Rheingold' at my disposal, and knowing that I am most at home in the heavy dramatic operas, he also added 'Tristan,' and offered me the choice between 'Siegfried' and 'Die Götterdämmerung.' Mr. Steinway thought this fair. It is not for me to say what his views were before the conference.

"I confess that it appears that Mr. Damrosch has a high opinion of me, for though he declared himself capable of doing as much as Richter, Levi, and Motti, he was yet willing to intrust me with the four operas mentioned. With the same willingness I offered to put on the stage all the operas which we should conduct, and to do all in my power to present them in the most magnificent manner possible. According to my plan, he would have taken entire charge of 'Tannhäuser' and 'Lohengrin,' while I would have cared for the preparation of all the other Wagnerian works, and conducted the first performance of each, yielding the baton to him in those operas also whenever I was unable to be present, my engagement with the Philharmonic Society preventing me from being continually on the road. Thus the future also promised for a more agreeable division of the work. Of all new works to be produced he was to have complete charge of one-half, in every respect on equal terms with myself. All in vain; he adhered to his determination to engage me and to get rid of the cost of 'Tristan,' 'Rheingold,' and 'Götterdämmerung.'

"Now it will be possible for him to secure the Metropolitan Opera House on Saturday, May 5, since he is assured against a possible deficit; but he hopes not only to be successful, but also to make money. What remains for me to do? To try experiments? That has never been in my line. Being convinced that a German opera undertaking can only be directed by one high in authority, fully and solely responsible for the artistic outcome, and finding also that, by reason of experience, past achievements, and demonstrated competency, I am more likely to be such a man than Mr. Damrosch, but that for the present at least he can control the financial means more easily than I, considering, too, that influential Germans like Mr. Steinway are not of my opinion concerning the direction of the enterprise, I shall for the present refrain from pursuing my plan, and wait for a more favorable time. But I must protest again most energetically against the widespread report that there is a war between 'the two great leaders.' It has been my belief that 'the great leaders' are Richter, Levi, and Motti. Whether or not I am also one of them the New York public may judge, in view of my accomplishments in the past seasons of German opera. It is not known whether or not I should have been called to New York had I been without a reputation; but this I do know, and along with me all the musical cognoscenti of New York, namely, that Mr. Damrosch will have to make his reputation as an opera director next year. I hope he will be able to prove the correctness of his claim to be the peer of Richter, Levi, and Motti. ANTON SEIDL.

"FLEISCHMANN'S, May 4, 1894."

The time for the refusal of the Metropolitan Opera House extended to Walter Damrosch expired yesterday. Mr. Damrosch had a consultation with Mr. Grau yesterday, but no contract was signed.

NEW HAMBURG-AMERICAN BOATS.

Five New Under Construction—Built Especially for the Carrying of Freight.

The Hamburg-American line has now under construction five new steamers specially built with particular regard for the freight traffic, but which will also accommodate cabin and steerage passengers. Two of them are approaching completion in the yards of Harland & Wolff in Belfast. Two others are being constructed by the Vulcan Shipbuilding Company in Stettin, and the fifth is on the stocks in the yards of Blohm & Voss in Hamburg. These steamers will have four masts, and will be constructed on the twin screw system, the twin screws being of manganese bronze. The steamers will be built completely of steel, and will have the highest rating in Lloyd's and the Bureau Veritas. Their length will be 600 feet, width 52 feet, depth of hold 35 feet; the hull will be divided into a large number of watertight compartments, and will have a double bottom, separated into water chambers after the Bracket system. There will be accommodation for fifty cabin passengers.

The steerage passengers will have space allotted to them on the promenade deck, as well as on the main deck. They will have a dining room, which will also serve as a saloon, and separate staterooms, accommodating each a small number of passengers; bathrooms with hot and cold water, both fresh and salt, are provided. The beds for steerage passengers are made of iron, after the system of Hoskins. In the aft part of these vessels a large refrigerating room has been placed, in which 28,000 cubic feet of fresh meat or other perishable goods may be transported; the engine room containing two carbonic acid refrigerating machines, each able to cool this room. The total freight capacity of each of these steamers will be over 400,000 cubic feet, and their dead weight capacity about 8,000 tons. The engines will be built after the triple-expansion system, and will obtain for the ship an average of thirteen knots an hour.

Weavers Want Higher Wages.

Four hundred weavers employed in Davis, Reilly & Schoen's and Peter Combi's silk mills in West Hoboken made a demand yesterday upon their employers for an increase of 25 per cent. in wages. The demand was refused, and the weavers decided to strike. The mill owners say they cannot afford to grant the increase asked for because business is dull, and they prefer shutting down to running the mills at a loss. The mills will be closed to-morrow.

Bliss-Patterson County Committee.

The committee of contested seats of the Bliss-Patterson Republican County Committee took evidence on Friday in the contests affecting the delegations from the First and Twenty-second Assembly districts. The committee sat at the office of Chairman Joe H. Hedges at 111 Broadway, and will meet at the same place to-morrow afternoon to prepare its report. This will be ready on Tuesday, when Mr. Brookfield, the temporary Chairman of the County Committee, will probably call that body together for permanent organization.

B. ALTMAN & CO.

Decided Reductions IN Colored Novelty Silks,

including

1,800 yards at **98c.**, formerly $1.35 to 1.75.

1,000 yards at **$1.50**, formerly $2.50 to 4.00.

18th St., 19th St., and Sixth Ave.

GREAT SALE OF

CARPETS.

Tapestry Brussels from 45c. to 65c. per yard.

Body Brussels from 75c. to $1.00 per yard.

Wilton Velvet or Plush Carpets, 93c. per yard.

New patterns of Moquette Carpets, $1.00 per yard.

Axminsters, $1.10 per yard.

Royal Velvets, $1.50 per yard.

Baumann Bros.,

22, 24, & 26 East 14th St.,

NEAR UNION SQUARE.

Nova Scotia Blocked with Ice.

HALIFAX, May 5.—The Captains of vessels arriving to-day report the whole Nova Scotia coast blocked with ice. The ports are virtually closed. A cablegram says the coast of Newfoundland from Cape Race northward was completely blocked last night. The steamer Grand Lake, Capt. Delaney, reports heavy ice from St. John's to Cape Pine, including about forty icebergs. He saw the steamer Moruca, from Liverpool for Halifax, via St. John's, in heavy loose ice near Ferryland, but she was outside the ice. Advices received here say the steamer Virginia Lake went out from St. John's and took off the mails and passengers from the Allan line steamer Siberia, and that the latter will proceed to Halifax if she finds no chance of reaching St. John's.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

MINIATURE ALMANAC—THIS DAY.

Sun rises	4 54	Sun sets	7 01
Moon sets	....		

HIGH WATER—THIS DAY.

Sandy Hook	8 13	Gov. Island	8 30
Hell Gate	10 19		

Arrived—SATURDAY, May 5.

Ss New York, Jamieson, Southampton.
Ss Umbria, Dutton, Queenstown.
Ss Olympia, Wards, Gibraltar.
Ss Persian Monarch, Bristow, London.
Ss Turquoise, Thomas, Mayaguez.
Ss Washington, Salverson, Gibara.

[For later arrivals see First Page.]

ARRIVED OUT.

Ss Kaiser Wilhelm II., from New York, at Genoa.
Ss Othello, from New York, at Gravesend.
Ss Chicago City, from New York, at Bristol.

SIGHTED.

Ss La Touraine, from New York for Havre, passed the Lizard.
Ss Rhyaland, from New York for Antwerp, passed the Lizard.
Ss Marsala, from New York for Hamburg, passed the Lizard.
Ss Northern Light, from New York for Dover, passed the Lizard.
Ss Sorrento, from Hamburg for New York, passed Dover.

SAILED FROM FOREIGN PORTS.

Ss Paris, from Southampton for New York.
Ss Francisco, from Hull for New York.
Ss Duffield, from Newcastle for New York.
Ss Principia, from Dunedin for New York.
Ss Kronprins Fr. Wilhelm, from Horta for New York.

SAILED FROM DOMESTIC PORTS.

Ss Bluefields, from Baltimore for New York.
Ss Germanic Winter, from Boston for New York.
Ss Roanoke, from West Point, Va., for New York.

OUTGOING STEAMSHIPS.

	Mails Close	Vessels Sail
Sail Tuesday, May 8.		
Trave, Bremen	6.00 A. M.	9.00 A. M.
Peruvian, Glasgow	.....	8.00 A. M.
Cherokee, Charleston	.....	3.00 P. M.
Kansas City, Savannah	.....	3.00 P. M.
Sail Wednesday, May 9.		
New York, Southampton	.....	8.00 A. M.
Britannic, Liverpool	.....	9.30 A. M.
Vega, Azores	.....	.....
Saratoga, Havana	10.30 A. M.	1.00 P. M.
Madiana, Windward Islands	1.00 P. M.	3.00 P. M.
Andes, Genoa	.....	.....
El Dorado, New Orleans	.....	3.00 P. M.

INCOMING STEAMSHIPS.

Due To-day.		
Peruvian	Glasgow	April 21
Edwin	Gibraltar	April 19
Wieland	Gibraltar	April 22
Amalfi	Hamburg	April 16
Habana	Havana	April 30
Vega	Lisbon	April 20
Greece	London	April 19
Jersey City	Swansea	April 21
Kansas City	Savannah	May 3
La Champagne	Havre	April 28
Fulda	Genoa	April 26
Burgonia	Havre	April 28
Critic	Dundee	April 22
Alaska	Liverpool	April 28
Due Monday, May 7.		
Elbe	Bremen	April 28
Mohawk	London	April 28
Gallia	Liverpool	April 28
Bolivia	Gibraltar	April 21
Haverton	Gibraltar	April 21
Venezuela	La Guayra	May 5
Seneca	Havana	May 7
Alps	Port Limon	April 24
Due Tuesday, May 8.		
Amsterdam	Rotterdam	April 28
Noordland	Antwerp	April 28
State of California	Glasgow	April 27
Due Wednesday, May 9.		
Majestic	Liverpool	May 2
Spree	Bremen	May 1
America	London	April 28
Cuzco	Havana	May 5
Chalmette	Gibraltar	April 24
Due Thursday, May 10.		
Rotterdam	Amsterdam	April 28
Kronprinz F. Wilhelm	Bremen	April 25

A NEW REMEDY FOR GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

SCHERING'S

PIPERAZINE WATER.

Recommended by eminent medical authorities for Gout, Rheumatism, Gravel, Stone, and other Renal Troubles, and proved to be twelve times as effective as Lithia, Lithia Water, &c.

FOR SALE BY ALL PHARMACISTS.

LEHN & FINK, Sole Agents, New York.

23d Street Le Boutillier Bros

LADIES' SUITS.

Ladies' light-weight Covert Cloth Suits, for early Spring wear, at

$9.75.

These Suits will be altered and fitted without charge.

West 23d Street.

Of Special Interest to

Furniture Buyers.

Having decided to place two additional stories on our building the coming Summer, we have made important reductions on all lines now on the top floor in order to lighten the stock as much as possible preparatory to removing it. The articles comprise

Bookcases, Wardrobes, Hat Racks.
Couches in tapestry and leather.
Easy Chairs, in corduroy, tapestry, leather.
Morris Chairs, Suites in leather for library.
Hall Boxes and Settees.
Odd Chairs in wood seats, leather, tapestry.

The reductions range from 20 to 50 per cent. below regular prices.

We have also made large reductions throughout our warerooms on Sideboards, Dining Tables, China Cabinets, Dressing Tables, Bedroom Suites, Parlor Suites, &c.

This is a most unusual opportunity to buy Fine Furniture at Sacrifice Prices.

R. J. Horner & Co.,

Furniture Makers and Importers,

61-65 West 23d Street

(Adjoining Eden Musee).

"At the Popular Shop."

PROPER WALL PAPER AND LIBERTY ART FABRICS, for the inexpensive decoration of Summer Homes.

ENGLISH EASY CHAIRS, in "Liberty" Cotton Stuffs of correct style and texture.

Joseph P. McHugh & Co.

West 42d St.—at 5th Ave.

Wall Papers and Fabrics—carriage free to all parts of the States.

Business Notices.

Removal Notices.

DR. J. PARKER PRAY HAS OPENED HIS NEW Chiropodist and Manicure parlors at 10 and 12 EAST 23D ST., overlooking Madison Square Park, 4 doors from Hartshorn Hotel. Enlarged and superior conveniences, elevator, &c. Reasonable charges. Estab. 1868.

No buffet should be without a bottle of DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the South American appetizer and invigorator.

Philips' Digestible Cocoa. The only cocoa with rich chocolate flavor.

DIED.

BLAUROCK.—On May 4, Hannah, wife of Andrew Blaurock.
Funeral from her late residence, 604 East 17th st., on Sunday, the 6th inst., at 2 o'clock. F. M.

GARRY.—On April 30, at Pasadena, Cal., Thomas Garry of New York city.
Notice of funeral hereafter.

HORAN.—On Friday, May 4, Hanorah Horan at Haverstraw.
Funeral Monday, May 7, at 11 A. M. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend. Trains leave New York, West 42d st., 7.30 and 9.15 A. M.

JAY.—On Saturday, May 5, at Hotel Savoy, John Jay, in the 77th year of his age.
Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral at Trinity Chapel, 25th st., near Broadway, on Tuesday, May 8, at 10 o'clock. Interment in St. Matthew's churchyard, Bedford, at half past 1 o'clock.

LAWSON.—On Friday, May 4, John Lawson, in his 82d year.
Relatives and friends are invited to attend his funeral from his late residence, 228 West 11th st., on Monday, May 7, at 10 o'clock A. M.

ROBERTSON.—At Lakewood, N. J., on Thursday, Elizabeth Edna Robertson, elder daughter of Teuro and Maria Elizabeth Robertson.
Funeral from the residence of her parents, 18 East 56th st., on Monday morning, May 7, at 10 o'clock. Interment at "Laurel Hill," Philadelphia.

VANDERPOEL.—Suddenly, on May 4, at Hartford, Conn., Aaron Melgert Vanderpoel, son of the late Aaron J. and Adaline E. Vanderpoel.
Funeral at Kinderhook, N. Y., on Sunday, May 6.

WELSFORD.—Saturday, May 5, Sarah F., widow of Richard A. Welsford.
Funeral services at 427 West End av., New York, Monday, May 7, at 3 P. M. Interment at convenience of family. Please omit flowers.

A.—KENSICO CEMETERY, Harlem Railroad, 45 minutes from Grand Central Depot; new private station at entrance. Office, 16 East 42d st. Telephone call, 556 38th.

FRIENDS OF CREMATION may without permit visit the Marble Columbarium at Fresh Pond, opposite Lutheran Cemetery, any afternoon, Sundays included. Full information at Cremation Office, 62 East Houston st., New York.

Special Notices.

FIFTH AVE. AUCTION ROOMS,
238 5TH AV., N. Y.
WM. B. NORMAN, Auctioneer.
The finest collection of ORIENTAL RUGS AND CARPETS ever shown on 5th av.
EXHIBITION TO MORROW (MONDAY), Sale Tuesday, May 1st 8th, and the following days at 2 o'clock.

A MASS MEETING IN BEHALF OF EQUAL SUFFRAGE Will be held at COOPER UNION on MONDAY EVENING, MAY 7, at EIGHT O'CLOCK. John Milton Cornell, Esq., will preside. Dr. John P. Peters, Samuel Gompers, Esq., Mrs. Stanton Blatch, Dr. Henry M. Sanders, Dr. Edwin C. Holles, Rev. Thomas Ducey, Henry George, Esq., and others will address the meeting.
ADMISSION FREE. ALL ARE INVITED.

Religious Notices.

NEW SOCIETY ETHICAL SPIRITUALISTS, 44 West 104th st.—Mrs. Helen T. Brigham, questions answered, improvisations, address, subjects requested from the audience. 11 A. M., 7.45 P. M.

SPIRITUALISM, wisdom, intelligence, and sincerity should influence all investigators. Seances, 147 West 44th st., in truth, love, and justice. L. ALBERT EDMINSTER.

SPIRITUALISM.—No. 108 West 42d st. J. W. Fletcher. Lecture and psychical tests, 8 o'clock.

Satisfied with the World.

THIS IS THE VERDICT OF ALL WHO HAVE RECEIVED OF US

A COSILY FURNISHED HOME.

THERE IS NO REASON WHY YOUR HOME SHOULD NOT BE A LITTLE PALACE. WE ARE READY TO FIT YOU OUT FROM YOUR KITCHEN TO THE PARLOR ON A SMALL PAYMENT, EITHER WEEKLY OR MONTHLY.

Arranged to Suit Your Own Purse.

Our Stock Embraces Everything for Housekeeping.

Furniture, Carpets, Bedding, Lamps, Stoves, Baby Carriages, Clocks, Refrigerators, Curtains, Crockery, and Housefurnishing Goods.

S. BAUMANN & CO.,

733 TO 739 EIGHTH AVE., CORNER 46TH ST.

OPEN SATURDAYS TILL 10 P. M.

New Publications. | New Publications.

Marcella.

The Third Edition of Mrs. Humphry Ward's New Novel is Now Ready.

The Independent says:

"Here we have a love story with very extraordinary characters. . . . Mrs. Ward tells her story with fascinating cleverness, nay, with genius, . . . while we hang breathlessly upon the main thread of romance, and pay our tribute to the marvellous fascination of Marcella. . . .

"MARCELLA is a novel not to be lightly passed over; it seems to us the greatest that Mrs. Ward has written, viewed as a romance to be read for the interest and pleasure it affords, and easily the greatest written by a woman since the pen fell from George Eliot's hand. . . .

"Never has pen better pictured English landscape, never has womanly genius more forcibly appealed through elegant description of pathetic scenes, never has a vivid imagination dashed a more fascinating glamour. . . . A strong, fascinating, brilliant fiction. To be read for recreation chiefly."

Marcella.

By Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, author of "The History of David Grieve," "Robert Elsmere," &c., &c. With new Portrait. In two volumes, small 12mo, buckram, in box. Price, $2.00.

MACMILLAN & CO., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FOR INSULTING MISS LAWS.

Albert Pedrick Sentenced to Sixty Days' Imprisonment, or a Fine of $20.

Albert "Smith," the young man who was arrested Friday afternoon in Jersey City for insulting Ida M. Laws, after Miss Laws's father had given him a good thrashing, was arraigned in Police Justice Birdsall's court yesterday morning. The police had learned that he was a law student and that his right name is Albert Pedrick. Lawyer Jarvis N. Atkinson, his cousin, appeared for him. Mr. Atkinson asked for the discharge of the prisoner, on the ground that he has hitherto borne an excellent reputation. He was a student, Mr. Atkinson said, in the New York Law School, and had been studying so hard that his mind had become slightly deranged.

Pedrick said it was a case of mistaken identity, and he had no recollection of having seen Miss Laws at any time. Miss Laws was so positive in her identification that Justice Birdsall convicted the defendant of disorderly conduct, and gave him the option of paying $20 fine or going to the penitentiary for sixty days. The fine was paid.

Overwhelmed by Crushed Stone.

Antonio Monico, an Italian laborer working on the new boulevard, near the Guttenburg track, unhooked the tailboard of a cart loaded with crushed stone yesterday afternoon. At the same moment the horse ran away, and Monico was buried under the load of stone. When he was dug out it was found that he was dead. The stone had crushed his skull and broken his ribs. Monico leaves a wife and several children.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready