The Best LIST OF SUMMER RESORTS IS FOUND IN The Sun.

# The Sun.

THE WEATHER PREDICTION

For New York and Its Vicinity:

Cooler; south winds; thunder showers.

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## TO BLOW UP THE CAPITOL.

*AN ANARCHIST PLOT TO DESTROY GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS.*

**Led by a Half Breed Supporter of Louis Riel—The Scheme Known to Washington Police for Some Time—A Terrible New Explosive to Be Used—Capitol and Treasury Officers Watching the Conspirators.**

WASHINGTON, June 17.—The *Post* to-morrow will publish an exposure of a plot which had for its object the destruction of the Capitol and perhaps other Government buildings, which had been developing for several weeks.

The secret service and police authorities, however, have been kept informed of the movements of the plotters, and would have been enabled to thwart them had their machinations approached actual violence.

"Only once," says the *Post*, "about three weeks ago, when the channel of information was unexpectedly interrupted, were the Federal and District authorities really alarmed.

"They did not know at what moment an attempt might be made to explode bombs in the Capitol, the Treasury building, the White House, and the War and Navy building. But as the days passed and nothing was done, the authorities, who had redoubled their vigilance, restored the line of communication with the nest of Anarchists, and were able again to shadow every conspirator and to keep fully informed of anarchistic movements both here and elsewhere."

According to the story the plot was formed at the time Coxey's army was marching to the capital, and reports of its existence came from various points, Omaha, Chicago, and Pittsburgh among them.

The prime mover in the anarchistic plot—that is, the Washington end of it—was Honore Jaxon. He came from Chicago, and is still in the city. He is a professional Anarchist. In Chicago he has been a disturber for years.

At the time of the Haymarket riot he narrowly escaped being arrested as a principal conspirator, and was shadowed by the detectives for a long time after that most memorable affair.

Jaxon is a half-breed of unknown tribal origin. He was one of Louis Riel's lieutenants in the Canadian rebellion some years ago. The man has done some little newspaper work, and has frequently passed himself off as a reporter for the Chicago *Times*.

After Jaxon's arrival here, letters were received by the Secret Service officers and Capitol officials that a band of Anarchists were being organized in Washington, and that H. J. Jaxon of Chicago was the leading spirit.

Independent investigations satisfied the officers that the writer of the letters was telling the truth, and since then, says the *Post*, secret service men and local detectives have been constantly engaged in watching the band.

The informant in the case has kept in touch with the conspirators and given the police the names of those engaged in the plot, together with other facts.

These have been communicated to the officials of other cities, and they will probably act upon the strength of the information thus given.

"The fact that the Anarchists have committed no act in Washington, says the *Post*, "upon which they could be convicted, has prevented their arrest here. Their meetings have been small and secret; their experiments with chemicals have been such that it could hardly be proved that they intended to resort to extreme measures; they have written no letters.

"In fact, all along, they have waited for something to happen; something which would give them an opportunity to carry out the scheme of violence."

Jaxon's headquarters was the residence of a Frenchman named Savant, recognized by his neighbors as an intelligent but eccentric character. One night the officers on watch saw a large glass bottle, such as druggists use for explosive chemicals, delivered at the house.

The conspirators met there and at other places, and "about three weeks ago the meetings became so frequent, and so many strange men came and went, that the officers felt that they were losing their grasp of the situation.

"There was danger that the climax might come at any time, and great alarm was felt. The Capitol officers, including the Speaker of the House, and the Treasury people, including Secretary Carlisle, felt very uneasy."

One day, continues the *Post*, Jaxon, accompanied by a tall, black-hatted man, called on Cazey at the jail. The visitors' register showed that Jaxon's companion represented himself to be "H. E Taulesek of Illinois."

That is the name of the Chairman of the National Executive Committee of the National People's Party. If he was with Jaxon, he was doubtless unaware of the man's reputation.

The discovery of the formula for making the explosive which the conspirators proposed to use, says the article in conclusion, is probably the most important piece of work done by the detectives.

Several chemicals are used, and the proportions make a high explosive of a new and most dangerous kind. As soon as the police obtained the formula they took it to a well-known chemist, and asked him to make up a sample.

He did so in his laboratory and placed it on a window sill in the sun. In a few moments there was an explosion. Not much noise accompanied the explosion, but there was a terrific concussion and a most intense flash and blinding smoke, although the quantity of the chemical experimented with was very small. A cat which was in the room died in a few seconds from the effects of the vapor.

There is no doubt that this is the kind of explosive with which Jaxon and his gang intended to operate. It does not require to be heated from a spark or by concussion like dynamite bombs and most of the devices of the Anarchists.

In addition to furnishing an explosive force which, if the chemical is used in sufficient quantity, would shake the foundation of the most substantial building, it fills the air with a deadly vapor.

An occasion for the use of the explosive, the Anarchists hope, it is said, to be furnished by the arrival of that part of Frye's Industrial army now reported in the Cumberland Valley.

Under cover of a disturbance produced by them, the plot against the Capitol is to be carried out. In support of this, it is said that a number of Chicago anarchists of the most baleful type are with that army.

### A MIDMAN GUARDED THE BODY.

**Aged Cornelius Hogan Found Dead in His Tailor Shop with His Crazy Brother.**

James Hogan, a laborer of 422 West Fifty-fifth street, called at the West Forty-seventh street police station at midnight last night and reported that he feared something had happened to his cousin, a tailor at 235 West Forty-sixth street.

He said that he had been to his shop and could get no response to repeated summonses.

Detective Dale went with Hogan and climbed in the tailor shop through the fanlight.

The place was in darkness. Dale struck a match and saw seated in a chair, entirely nude, an old man, who was muttering unintelligible sounds.

Dale found a lamp and made his way to an inner room, separated from the front by a curtain.

There lying on a bed, his face buried in the pillows, and his hands grasping the bed covering, lay an old man, also nude, but lifeless.

Dale called in Hogan, who said that the dead man was Cornelius Hogan, 70 years old, and that the idiot was his brother Daniel, two years his junior.

James Hogan said that he had last seen his cousin alive at 10 o'clock on Saturday night. He then complained of pains in the abdomen, but said he was taking some medicine for it.

Hogan said that Daniel had lost his mind several months ago.

The police think that the demented man may have administered to his brother an overdose of some drug. He was sent to Bellevue Hospital.

### FEW MINERS WILL REMAIN OUT.

**An Estimate that the Big Strike Has Cost Fully $20,000,000.**

CHICAGO, June 17.—The belief is general among mine owners and operators in this city that 90 per cent. of the miners will go to work on Monday morning under the Columbus scale of wages. Telegrams from the bituminous coal fields of western Pennsylvania, Ohio, and parts of Illinois verify this prediction. The Illinois miners, despite yesterday's indications from the Springfield conference, will not likely hold out against the Columbus scale when it is explained in detail.

This was the first general strike of the Miners' Association. It began April 21 and continued without interruption until now. With an exception here and there, the entire bituminous coal fields have been involved. Virginia, West Virginia, western Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois and Indiana, Iowa, and a part of Missouri and Kentucky comprise the territory. The struggle was fiercest in western Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois. Conservative estimates place the number of men involved at 100,000. These men, according to the best obtainable information yesterday, earn on an average $2.50 a day. The loss to the miners in wages for the, say, fifty days' duration of the strike makes the total of $12,500,000.

That many of the mine owners lost heavily is equally true, but it is more difficult to even approximate the loss. Then, again, there is the cost to the State in general of maintaining order by troops and an increase of the civil forces. Properly, too, the losses of manufacturing plants because of lack of fuel and those of the railroads and other means of locomotion must be included. This loss is represented in the increased price paid for coal, the advance being from $3.25 to $4.75 and $5 a ton. In all, upon the basis of an operator's figuring the total loss as a result of the miners' strike for fifty days will not fall short of $20,000,000.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., June 17.—The secret conference of the Central and Southern Illinois miners which has been in session since Saturday morning adjourned to-night after agreeing on a long list of resolutions, the most important of which declares against accepting the settlement of the Columbus convention and calls on the miners to stand firm. A scale was adopted which is practically the same as that of last year which will be presented to the operators to-morrow. A very strong feeling exists against President McBride and the National officials.

MASSILLON, O., June 17.—The State troops will all be withdrawn from Belmont county to-morrow but will continue in service in Stark, Tuscarawas, and Carroll counties. None of the miners of the Massillon district will resume work, having unanimously resolved not to endorse the Columbus agreement. Cameron Miller of the National Executive Board arrived last evening and will confer with the strike leaders. He says that 200 tons of coal will be mined on the Wheeling and Lake Erie Railroad to-morrow; that the Sherwood mines will remain out until after Tuesday's conference at Columbus, and no work will be done on the Cleveland, Akron and Wheeling Railway to-morrow, except at Goshen.

### ALARMED THE TELEPHONE GIRLS.

**A Small but Exciting Blaze at the Eighteenth Street Telephone Exchange.**

A fire on the eighth floor of the MacIntyre building at 874 Broadway yesterday afternoon broke up the Eighteenth street telephone service by driving the assistant manager and the ten telephone girls, who have an office on the fifth floor, into the street.

Richard Bier, an artist, in whose studio the fire occurred through the exploding of a can of benzine, was also driven out, but, unlike the telephone girls, who were merely alarmed, he came down stairs with his hair, eyebrows, and moustache gone, and the upper part of his body badly burned.

The fire occurred shortly before 5 o'clock. The first to discover it was W. H. Cane, manager of the Telephone Exchange. Thinking he heard the crackling of flames he went to investigate.

He had scarcely reached the air-shaft when an explosion shook the whole building, and a number of windows, sashes, and gas, together came tumbling down. The electric clocks in the Telephone Exchange stopped, and the girls began to leave their posts in alarm.

As they reached the hallway they screamed in earnest, for down from the eighth floor ran Mr. Bier, with his face and the upper part of his clothing ablaze.

The flames were put out, and he explained that a can of benzine with which he had been cleaning the furniture had exploded. He had given the alarm by shouting out of the window to a policeman before he rushed through the blazing apartment.

In a few minutes three engines stationed in Broadway had put out the fire. Mr. Bier's burns were dressed in the nearest drug store, and he was taken in a carriage to his home at 126th street.

The manager and the telephone girls returned to their duties and the interrupted telephone service was resumed.

### TIRED OUT HUNTING FOR WORK.

**Marie Scribbled a Farewell on Her Sunday School Paper and Took Poison.**

Marie Bourguignon, 21 years old who boarded with Mrs. Distler at 36 Avenue A, attempted suicide yesterday afternoon in her room by eating rat poison. The young woman had lived with Mrs. Distler about three months. She has a mother and a brother living, but it is said she was compelled to leave home because of trouble with her stepfather. She was a salesgirl in Ridley's at the time, but about six weeks ago she lost her place.

After that the girl's brother paid her board. She went out every day in search of employment, but was unsuccessful. Last week she grew very despondent. About 5½ o'clock yesterday afternoon Mrs. Distler found Miss Bourguignon sitting by the window in her room leaning on the washstand. When asked if she was ill the girl mutely held out the box of poison. Mrs. Distler gave her some whiskey and then notified the police. The girl was taken to Bellevue Hospital and will probably recover.

Miss Bourguignon attended St. Augustine's Chapel in East Houston street. On the margin of a Sunday-school paper found in her room was written: "Please let my teacher know what I have done."

On another piece of paper the following bit of verse was copied:

Remember me when years have fled,
And I am numbered with the dead,
When a marble stone is left to tell
The fate of one who loved you well.

### CONGRESSMEN AT ELLIS ISLAND.

**They See 400 Immigrants Landed—To Tackle the Padrone System.**

Congressmen Geissenheimer and Bartholdt of the House Committee, appointed to investigate alleged violations of the immigration laws, visited Ellis Island yesterday and watched the workings of the various departments of the landing bureau, with Commissioner Senner to explain matters.

The passengers of two steamships, the Massdam from Rotterdam and the Gothia from Scandinavian ports, were landed at the island during the afternoon. The four hundred and odd passengers were put through with the regularity of clockwork, and the Congressmen expressed themselves highly pleased with the methods employed for the handling of passengers on the island.

This morning the members of the investigating committee will hold an executive session, at which a plan will be marked out for the future work of the committee. It is understood that the committee as a whole will only remain here for two days, unless something unforeseen occurs. A sub-committee will, however, be appointed which will investigate any abuses that may come under its observation. The padrone system, it is said, will receive the attention of the committee today.

### KNOCKED DOWN WITH A BALL.

**Batter Work of the Bloomfields Knocked Senseless on the Home Plate.**

MONTCLAIR, June 17.—A game of baseball was begun yesterday between the Bloomfield and Montclair Athletic Club teams. Work of the Bloomfields was at the bat in the last half of the third inning, and Harris, the Montclair pitcher, in his eagerness to strike him out pitched a very swift in-shoot ball. It struck Work full in the face. He was knocked insensible and was carried into the club house. A physician there found that his nose was broken and his face badly cut. After he had recovered consciousness and his injuries had been dressed he was taken to his home in a carriage. The game was stopped. To-day Work was confined to his bed, and it was said at times he was in a state of coma.

## DRIER'N USUAL, BUT NOT DRY

*THE TENDERLOIN PARCHES AND EAST SIDE GROWLERS TRAVEL FAR.*

**Up in Little Bohemia the Pantata Doesn't Bother the Cesky Hostinecs Overmuch—President Pospisel Shuts Up Tight.**

The thirsty citizen who remained in the city yesterday because he couldn't help it found it drier than usual, but moist in spots. The fact that it was so dry was due as much to the saloon keepers as to the police. Those that did not close up through fear of arrest did so on account of the unpropitious weather. It seems hardly consistent to say that warm weather is not good for the saloon business, but it is a fact, nevertheless, under the present conditions. The citizen who is fond of his beer on Sunday is not going to stay in town and have to go from place to place, seeking to assuage his thirst, when he can procure all he wants without trouble at any of the resorts within half an hour.

In many regions of the east side saloons were closed tight. Saloon keepers were especially wary of growlers, no matter how skilfully they were concealed. It was a common sight to see a line of growler rushers—men, women, and youngsters—peregrinating from one saloon to another to get the growlers filled. A reporter saw several such processions in the Orient. If the line happened to strike a saloon keeper who had the nerve to do a growler business there was a great run, but such dealers were few and far between. The east siders must have done some tall thinking in 101 languages about Dr. Parkhurst, the Lexow Committee, and the police, whom they blame for depriving them of their staple luxury on their chief holiday.

The cause of all this was said to be a tip from the Retail Liquor Dealers' Association. If there was such a tip many of the down-town saloon keepers, who are supposed to be conspicuous members of the organization, misinterpreted it or ignored it. They had arrangements of their own and a guard mount of sentinels, who did severe duty all day. In many instances the saloon keeper guarded his side door, but had a lookout for others on the window overhead, and he had a runner patrolling the block for suspicious men with a false thirst.

In the up-town precincts on the west side there was a great drought, and the police reported no extreme measures taken up there in saloons. A squad of policemen in plain clothes in Capt. Price's precinct made the saloon keepers that were doing business nervous from midnight on Saturday and all day yesterday. The policemen plant d themselves at the side doors of saloons in Seventh and Eighth avenues and made life a burden for the saloon keepers by tailing in at the heels of intending purchasers and endeavoring to gain an entrance. The saloon keeper, of course, was alive, and when he saw a policeman with his nose on the door he declined to open the door. Business could not continue in this manner, and the saloon keeper closed up until such time as he could conveniently open again. An almost similar state of affairs prevailed in the Tenderloin. The knowing bartenders were stationed at the side doors to recognize regular customers, while the bosses were behind the bar. Even the regular customers were admitted under lock and key, and the silence of the barrooms was disturbed only by the ring of the cash register. At the hotel cafés ladies were subjected to the indignity of having to take their drinks with crackers and cheese.

An idea of how severe the drought was could be had from the fact that one of the saloons that has not been known to close in years was closed. In a certain sense yesterday was the proud boast of the proprietor that there was no key to his side door, as he had dropped it in the river for luck when he began business. He must have consulted a locksmith on Saturday, for the place was under lock and key all day. This is a saloon that depends a great deal for its income on transient trade, but this class was barred, and the man at the door turned away dollar after dollar by announcing that business was suspended. The customers who were known to the door man were admitted only after the greatest precautions.

The pantata didn't bother the "Cesky Hostinec" much yesterday, and nobody apparently looked for any interference. The Cesky Hostinec is the special kind of hostinec that Chief Inquisitor Goff of the Lexow Committee got hold of when he brought before the Senators the President of the Bohemian Liquor Dealers' Association, who introduced the pantata to public notice and lasting celebrity. Little Bohemia is that part of Police Captain Strauss's domination lying between Sixty-third and Eightieth streets and First avenue and Avenue A, and the cesky hostinec, which is in Little Bohemia what the bier stube is a the German quarter, flourishes in the seventies and eighties. On this side everything in Little Bohemia seems to be a cesky something or other, but the hostinec is differentiated from the rest by a sign over the door showing a schooner of beer and announcing that it goes with free lunch for a nickel. These signs are particularly abundant around the sanctum of the *Nove Yorske Listy*, the Bohemian daily newspaper. Some of the more pretentious of these beer shops were closed yesterday. The little ones are nearly all on the ground floors of tenement houses, and to reach them involved the risk of trampling on a few dozen infant Bohemians. Little Bohemia literally overflows with infants. They are in the halls, in the windows, on the stoops, on the sidewalks, and in the gutters.

There were plenty of policemen in uniform on patrol and they seemed to be popular. They chatted with the pretty girls and paid no very strained attention to the occasional working of the Bohemian growler. The proprietor of the cesky hostinec on First avenue had the corner of his window curtain drawn aside so that everybody could see him sitting at his round table with a giant schooner and a copy of the *Listy* before him. His hostinec was closed for fair to customers though. The hostinec of President Pospisil, of the Bohemian Liquor Dealers' Association, at 1,370 Avenue A, was closed. The front door was tightly locked and the shades were drawn down. Proprietors stood at the windows of other cesky hostinecs and watched passers by. These windows were protected by bright-hued curtains strung on poles hung half way between the top and bottom of the window.

In other words, it was an easy-going Sunday in Little Bohemia, and it was a great deal easier for the thirsty resident to wet his whistle than in the Tenderloin, where they don't have any cesky hostinecs.

Policeman Joseph Bush of the East Fifth street station, detailed in plain clothes to look after excise law violations, got into John Steiner's saloon, 355 Bowery, at 8:15 o'clock last night and bought a glass of whiskey.

He told the bartender, Nicholas Heyne, that he was under arrest. Heyne and Charles McDonald, another bartender, with two Italians, who hang about the place, gave Bush a licking.

McDonald grabbed him by the throat and fell to the floor with him and choked him, while the others kicked him. They finally threw him into the street.

Policeman Boast came to his help and they arrested Heyne after a fight. Afterward Bush arrested one of the Italians.

At midnight when the saloon keeper was preparing to open the place Bush's two policemen broke in and arrested McDonald.

There was another fight on this occasion. Both officers came out of the series of scrags with badly torn clothes.

One of Andy Horn's bartenders was arrested at 5:30 by a Central Office man.

There were 150 excise arrests, distributed among the precincts as follows:

| Precincts. | Arrests. | Precincts. | Arrests. | Precincts. | Arrests. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 2 | 14 | 12 | 26 | 3 |
| 2 | 5 | 15 | 6 | 27 | 3 |
| 3 | 16 | 16 | 5 | 28 | 8 |
| 4 | 2 | 17 | 0 | 29 | 8 |
| 5 | 1 | 18 | 7 | 30 | 2 |
| 6 | 1 | 19 | 3 | 31 | 2 |
| 7 | 2 | 20 | 14 | 32 | 4 |
| 8 | 1 | 21 | 0 | 33 | 7 |
| 9 | 3 | 22 | 15 | 34 | 1 |
| 10 | 2 | 23 | 3 | 35 | 0 |
| 11 | 12 | Cash. | 0 | 36 | 0 |
| 12 | 1 | 24 | 1 | 37 | 0 |
| 13 | 2 | 25 | 6 | | |

### REFORM IN BOSTON.

**Police Commissioner Martin of That City Will Close Up Disorderly Places.**

BOSTON, June 17.—Gen. Martin's appointment on the Board of Police Commissioners has made a sensation in this city. Heretofore gambling houses and houses of ill repute, street walking, kitchen traffic in bad liquor, and, in fact, almost everything excepting murder, has been allowed to go on with impunity. Sly hints of police officials receiving rich harvests have been made for three or four years, but a change will come after Friday of this week. Upon that day, so say the Commissioners, disorderly houses must close, and street-walking must cease. Captains of police stations have been so instructed in firm language, and Gen. Martin, the Chairman of the Police Commission, has said that all disorderly places must go.

As to the methods of ridding the streets of women, that was left to the discretion of the commanding officers of each police division. If after a reasonable time these places are not closed the captain in whose district they are found will be held personally responsible.

### GOLD MEDAL FOR BENHAM.

**Philadelphia's Union League to Bestow an Unusual Honor Upon the Admiral.**

PHILADELPHIA, June 17.—A handsomely designed gold medal will be presented by the Union League to Rear Admiral A. E. K. Benham, in recognition of his patriotic service in the harbor of Rio Janeiro in maintaining the rights of United States merchant vessels during the Brazilian conflict.

The design of the medal is from a cross bar, bearing the date "Rio Janeiro, 1894," is hung in a golden disk, slightly smaller than a double eagle, inscribed: "Presented by the Union League Club of Philadelphia to Rear Admiral A. E. K. Benham for valor and patriotism."

On the reverse the medal bears in relief the insignia of the club, the shield of the United States with inscription across its face, "Union League."

The League has not given any such honor to military or naval officers since the close of the war; and the extent of the honor to be conferred upon the Admiral can be estimated when it is recalled that Gens. Grant and Meade received from the League medals of silver, and not of gold, in recognition of their conspicuous services.

Arrangements for the presentation are not yet announced, but it is thought that it will take place in September at one of the brilliant receptions for which the League is famous.

### JUMPED FROM A TUG.

**The Suicide of a Member of a Fishing Party Off Long Branch.**

The East Side Fishing Club, whose headquarters are at 214 Chrystie street, went on an excursion yesterday on the tug Sammie. There was plenty of beer on the boat, but everything went smoothly until at 1:30 o'clock, when the tug was off Long Branch. Then, without saying a word, George W. Joachim, 42 years old, of 38 Livingston street, jumped overboard.

The tug was steaming along at a good rate. Henry Heath of 321 West Twenty-fifth street, one of those who had seen Joachim jump, at once plunged in after him. He grasped hold of the man's arm and kept him afloat until the tug turned about and steamed up to where the men were. Joachim struggled violently to free himself from Heath, but when the men were pulled out of the water he was unconscious. Every effort was made to resuscitate him, but all to no purpose, for the man died in a few minutes.

The tug went at once headed for New York, and reached Pier A about 4:45 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

At 38 Livingston street last evening it was said that Joachim was not known there. He is supposed to have been a lawyer who worked in the *Park* building in Mulberry street. The only things in his pockets were three brass keys. The body was sent to the Morgue.

### MANY SAW HIM DROWN.

**A Sad Accident in the Presence of a Party of Excursionists.**

A party of excursionists about to start from the foot of West Thirty-fourth street on the barge Walter Sands, bound for Sylvan Beach Grove, was delayed for an hour at noon yesterday by the drowning of one of its number.

Several other picnic parties were leaving and there were several hundred persons on the pier. Among them was James Miller, a young laborer, who lived at the foot of West Thirty-fifth street and worked at Fraser's hay market in West Thirty-fourth street. Miller intended to go on the Walter Sands, but at the time of starting he stood on the dock, leaning against the side of the barge and watching the people. Before he knew it the ropes had been cast off, and the Walter Sands drifted away from the dock.

As she did so, Miller gave a cry and fell backward into the water between the barge and the dock. He was known to be an excellent swimmer and to have saved several lives, so no one feared for his safety at first.

When he came to the surface, however, he made an attempt to swim, and it was seen that in falling he must have struck his head against the side of the barge and been stunned.

Michael McGavin, a young man on the barge, threw off his coat and jumped in to the rescue. Miller however, had sunk again and did not reappear, although McGavin swam about and searched for nearly half an hour. The body was finally recovered by grappling for it.

### BESIEGED BY A MAD DOG.

**The Midence Family Locked in Their Rooms for an Hour of Terror.**

A mad dog kept the family of Señora Pura Midence in terror for an hour yesterday afternoon, until Officer Paulding of the West 125th street station ended its life with a bullet.

The whole family had locked themselves in various rooms of the house, while the mad animal barked and snapped as it ran about the house. Señora Midence and her four daughters live at 305 West 123d street.

While returning from school three months ago one of the children was followed home by a brown setter puppy that had evidently strayed from home. He proved a very affectionate little animal and was adopted by the family.

Yesterday afternoon he was allowed to go out on the street. When he returned he began to act strangely. Soon he was foaming at the mouth and snapping at all who approached him.

The Midences and their servants fled in terror and locked themselves in their rooms. The dog continued to bark and run about the house until the policeman's attention was attracted by Señora Midence, who called to him from the window of her room.

The policeman shot the dog.

### WAS HE A GREY-GOODS GUY?

**Suicide at Smith & McNell's of a Man With Two Names and No Money.**

A man who registered at Smith & McNell's Hotel last night as A. J. Otey, Augusta, Ga., and paid for two nights' lodging, shot himself through the heart at 9:40 P. M. in room 407, on the third floor, to which he had been assigned.

Beside him were a revolver and a copy of the novel "A Ruling Passion." Among the dead man's effects were a white straw hat, sold by J. L. David & Brother, Charleston, S. C.; a two-ounce phial of medicine bought on Saturday from the pharmacy of Herman W. Atwood, 846 Broadway; with the number 338,034 on the label, and "Dr. R. G." on the corner of the label. There was found in the dead man's gripsack a new guide book of New York city. On the fly leaf of this book was freshly written the name "A. J. Otey, Augusta, Ga.," a line having been drawn through the words "Atlanta, Ga.," and "corner Washington street." Most of a box of fifty cartridges were found in the dead man's gripsack.

All his linen was marked G. W. McC., which suggests that the man may have registered under an assumed name.

Only 21 cents in money was found in the suicide's pockets. The dead man had black hair, was of fine physique, and the quality of his clothing was good.

**Runaway on Third Avenue.**

Charles Steinberg and his wife, Minnie, went out for a drive yesterday afternoon. In crossing Third avenue at Thirtieth street the horse took fright at a passing elevated railroad train and became unmanageable. Despite Steinberg's efforts, the animal whirled around, upsetting the carriage and throwing both occupants to the ground. Both received slight cuts on the head, but were able to go home. The horse ran to Fifty-ninth street, where he was stopped by a citizen.

**A Cutboat Found Capsized and Empty.**

SOUTHAMPTON, June 17.—A cat-rigged boat with sail set was found capsized in Shinnecock Bay this morning. The fate of the occupants is a mystery. No one in this vicinity is known to be missing. The craft is owned by Nelson Burnett, the keeper of the life-saving station at Southampton. He does not know who the persons were that had his boat, as it was taken without his permission.

Chicago Limited—New York Central—leaves New York 20 to 4 P. M., arrives Chicago 9 30 A. M. Daily.—Adv.

## SEVEN FIREMEN OVERCOME.

*CAUGHT IN A SMOKY LOFT AND COULDN'T OPEN THE SCUTTLE.*

**Some Carried Six Stories Down the Fire Escapes; Some Down the Stairs—Deputy Chief Reilly Was in the Loft, Too, and Swallowed More Smoke than He Wanted.**

The firemen of the lower east side had the stiffest fight last night against fire and for their lives that they have had in a long time. They all got out in safety, but Deputy Chief of Department Francis J. Reilly and seven firemen were temporarily overcome by heat and smoke.

The fire was on the top floor of the six-story building at 205 and 207 Cherry street, occupied on the four lower floors by the Argyle Press Company; by Wolff & Co., bookbinders, on the fifth floor, and by Hogg & Byrnes, printers and bookbinders, on the sixth floor. It was five minutes after 8 that a citizen saw smoke leaking out of the windows on the top floor. These windows were close to an elevator shaft at the south corner of the building. Topping the elevator shaft was a big water tank built on the roof.

Fifteen Engine from Henry street and 9 from East Broadway were among the first to reach the fire. After them came 11, and 6 Truck. A few minutes later other companies were called out by a second alarm. When the firemen got to the building flames were shooting out of the windows near the elevator shaft and curling up about the tin-sheathed water tank. The men from 15 and 9 ran their hose up the fire escapes and strove to confine the fire to that corner of the building. At first the firemen were hindered by the throng of Jews that poured out of the barrack-like tenements across the street and by thousands of other people just finishing up their day's pleasure.

The police arrived and cleared the streets, and during the two hours' progress of the fire the great barracks were crowded at every window and door by dozens of interested, excited people. The little shops in the basements of the tenements promptly opened, and kept up a lively sale of eatables. The soda-water vendors had a thriving business from their little cubby-hole stands.

To outward appearances the firemen were having an easy time with the fire, which was entirely on the top floor and about the water tank. Deputy Bonner and Deputy Chief Reilly were directing the men. When an hour and a half had passed and neither Chief Bonner nor his aid came out of the building, even though orders had been shouted from the men in the building to some of the engines to shut off the crowd. There was something in the air, and we wondered what it was. Their attention was diverted for the time by the bursting of a hose pipe, which sent a jet of water thirty feet into the air, and with such a quick swish that the horses of the hose truck of 11 Engine began to rear and plunge as if with intent on dashing on to the crowded sidewalk.

It was about a quarter of 10 that three firemen came down the fire escape on the front of the building from the top floor. They had their arms interlocked, and it was seen that the men on the outside were supporting and half dragging along the man in the middle. Other firemen were carried down the fire escape, and still others down the stairs.

What had happened was this. The sixth floor filled with smoke so rapidly that it was necessary to get men out of the way. The heat in the loft above the sixth floor was intense and the smoke was dense.

From the floor of the loft to the roof was about ten feet. Leading up from the sixth floor to this loft were winding stairs. At Chief Bonner's order, Captain Charles Shelvin of 6 Truck climbed up these stairs to force open the door in the roof. He could not get to the door. He gave it up and descended the stairs. Then he made a second try, but was forced back by the smoke.

A third try he made, but, already weakened by his previous attempts, his strength gave way, and the next thing he knew was that he was being carried down the stairs by "Paddy" Maher of 9 engine. While Sheridan was trying to carry out the orders of other firemen, some in the loft and others on the sixth floor, also overcome by the smoke and heat, wilted and dropped to the floor. As each fell he was taken care of by his companions and helped to the windows.

Deputy Chief Reilly was partially overcome and had to draw back to a window. While the men were recovering a crew from Truck 6 got the scuttle door open. After resting a while the seven prostrated men were helped, some of them to the fire escapes and some to the stairways in the building.

Once in the street, the men were taken to a low platform running alongside the building at 203 Cherry street. There their heavier outer garments were stripped off, and the men were laid out flat on their backs with their feet dangling over the edge of the platform. Their red and blue shirts were opened at the throat. Cold water was dashed over their faces. They were fanned with towels and coats.

The men lay wearily stretched out on their backs or curled over on their sides. For a few minutes none of them spoke. Then they managed to sit up and had their heads rubbed with great chunks of ice. That revived them still more, and they began to tell how they had got caught. As soon as the first hurry of attending to the men was over, it was learned that they were Foreman William W. Brown, Assistant Foreman Louis Autenreith, and Fred Anderson of 15 engine; Lieut. John Devaney, William Kirschner, and Patrick Maher of 9 engine, and Charles Sheridan of 6 truck. The firemen were hardly at rest enough to talk, but they received great and expert assistance from Mrs. Ellen J. Hastings, a stout, short midwife of 270 Cherry street. Mrs. Hastings carried towels and a long, big bottle. In this bottle was brown vinegar, and she insisted on every man having his head shampooed with brown vinegar, which she said was wonderful. The men were so well taken care of that no ambulance calls were sent in. The loss by the fire was estimated at $10,000.

### THE CENTRAL STOCK YARD FIRE.

**The Losses Probably Will Be Close to a Million Dollars.**

The firemen left the ruins of the big abattoir fire in Jersey city about 7 o'clock yesterday morning, but some of the tugs remained all day throwing streams on the embers. Thousands of people visited the scene. William Martin, the restaurant cook whose disappearance led to a rumor that he had perished in the fire, says he had a very close call. He made his way through the flames and smoke and jumped into the river. He was fished out by the deck hands of one of the Erie tugs and kept on board until the tug was relieved from duty.

The majority of the big safes owned by the wholesale butchers who had offices at the abattoir are embedded in the mud at the bottom of the river, and can be seen at low tide. No arrangements have been made for getting them up. They belong to the Stock Yard Company, S. Judd & Co., S. Sanders, R. O. Case, J. F. Hidcock, and the Western Union Telegraph Company. The safes belonging to Taber & Allerton, William Everitt, Daniel McPherson, and Martin Collins were opened yesterday, and their contents found to be intact.

About ninety feet of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's coal trestle will be rebuilt. The cattle boat Bennington and the barge Maria Hoffman were towed up to the Hoboken flats and beached. The butchers have made arrangements to have the killing done in the abattoir at the foot of Sixtieth street, this city. No definite statement of the losses has been prepared, but they will not vary much either way from a million dollars.

**Dived Together and Brought Up Creed's Body.**

Fourteen-year-old Robert Creed, whose parents live at Keap and South First streets, Williamsburgh, was drowned on Saturday afternoon while swimming off the North Second street pier. Jack O'Brien, aged 20, and Eddie Wall, aged 17, attracted by a reward for the recovery of the body, swam all around the bottom of the river yesterday morning near where the boy went down. Shortly before noon Wall dived from a small boat near the pier. This time he found the body. It was lying on the bottom. He arose to the surface and told O'Brien. After he had regained his breath both dived simultaneously. Each seized one of Creed's arms and then brought the body to the surface, where it was tied to the boat.

**Union League Must Get a New Treasurer.**

Treasurer George Montague of the Union League Club has refused to reconsider his resignation of that place, and a special meeting of the club will be held next Thursday night to elect his successor. The resignation of Treasurer Montague was brought about through the dismissal by the Executive Committee of Bookkeeper Williams, who was Mr. Montague's assistant, and their refusal to reinstate him, although Mr. Montague insisted that his assistance could not be dispensed with.

### WENT ASHORE IN A FOG.

**The German Lloyd Steamer Stuttgart Hard on Shore, but Finally Pulled Off.**

LONDON, June 17.—The North-German Lloyd steamer Stuttgart, from Bremen for Baltimore, with 500 passengers and a cargo of cement, went ashore at 6 o'clock this morning half a mile east of Start Point, coast of Devonshire. There was a dense fog at the time, and the steamer had been run at half speed for hours. The moment land was seen ahead the engines were reversed and were run full speed astern. Nevertheless the vessel grounded heavily on the sandy beach between two rocks. Aft she remained afloat. It was high water, and the cargo was shifted aft as rapidly as possible for the purpose of lifting her bow off the bottom, but she remained fast. Tugboats which were summoned from Plymouth stood by her all day, and the coastguard apparatus was held ready for use.

About the middle of the afternoon Lloyd's signal station sighted the North German Lloyd steamer Gera in the Channel. She was boarded and the Stuttgart's predicament was explained to the Captain. At 4:30 o'clock the Gera put in near the Stuttgart and ran out three hawsers.

The first and second ones were failures, but with the third the Stuttgart was pulled off easily at 5 o'clock. She had made no water and sustained no damage. At 7 o'clock she and the Gera sailed away together. The Prawle Point lifeboat, which had been near by since the forenoon, went back to the station when the Gera arrived.

### KEARSARGE'S ENSIGN HERE FOR SALE.

**The Brigantine Frederika Schepp Brings It in Flying at Her Maintop.**

The little white Yankee brigantine Frederika Schepp came into port yesterday with the big ensign of the United States steamship Kearsarge, wrecked on Roncador in February, flying proudly from her maintop. The flag appeared to be much bigger than it is contrasted with the slender spar from which it flew. Capt. Foote said that Capt. Smith, an American merchant of St. Andreas, an island south of Roncador, had given the ensign to him, the skipper, to sell. If the Government wants to buy the relic it may. Capt. Smith purchased it from a wrecker. It is a fine piece of bunting, about twelve feet long, and is soiled only slightly.

Capt. Foote also brings an azimuth compass, with vertical sights, which was used on the Kearsarge for finding bearings. It was presented to Capt. Foote by the Prefect of St. Andreas. The compass is much rusted and a little battered. The dial is bright, but the brass rim is covered with green mould. The Frederika Schepp did not hoist the old ensign until she was within sight of port and she kept it flying until sunset. She brings a cargo of cocoanuts.

### THE FIRE WAS NEXT DOOR,

**But Mrs. Kraust Threw Her Baby from a Window and Jumped After It.**

The explosion of an oil stove in the apartments of Nathan Gilsons on the top floor of the frame building in Thatford and Dumont avenues, Brooklyn, yesterday afternoon, caused an exciting stampede of the tenants. Just as the firemen arrived, Mrs. Gussie Kraust, aged 21, appeared at the window on the third floor of the adjoining house with her one-year-old baby in her arms, and in a very excited state of mind. She supposed that her own house was on fire, and that escape by the stairway was cut off, and in spite of the warnings from the people on the street she threw her baby out of the window and then jumped out herself.

A fireman caught the baby in his arms and it escaped uninjured, but the mother struck the sidewalk and was picked up unconscious. Ambulance Surgeon Tawnto of St. John's Hospital found that in addition to a fractured leg she had received internal injuries. At her own request she was left at her home. There was only slight damage by the fire.

### TROLLEY CARS COLLIDE.

**Going at Sharp Speed in the Country—Several Persons Hurt.**

NORWALK, June 17.—Several people were badly injured this evening in a collision between two trolley cars, carrying trailers on the single track Roton Park Extension of the Norwalk Tramway Company's system. Car No. 8, returning from Roton Park, was struck by car No. 12 on a heavy grade two miles from South Norwalk. There were 400 passengers on the cars and trailers. Mrs. Mamus Lockwood, a rich society woman of Norwalk, was thrown down an embankment and her leg was broken. Miss Z