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The Sun.

THE WEATHER PREDICTION

For New York and Its Vicinity:

Fair; southwest winds.

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MR. PLATT'S COMMITTEE.

MILHOLLAND WON'T BE SMASHED JUST NOW.

Later He May Be, Say About Aug. 6, When Mr. Platt's Sub-Committee Will Report on the Question of Regularity to the State Committee—Other Contests—Convention to Meet in Saratoga Sept. 18.

The Hon. William Brookfield, Chairman of the Republican State Committee and President of the Republican County Committee, which is the Bliss-Patterson organization, did not smash John E. Milholland and his friends at the meeting of the Republican State Committee yesterday in the Fifth Avenue Hotel. To put it in Mr. Brookfield's exact words, he said, after the meeting of the committee: "We have met the enemy and we are theirs." There was a story started that Mr. Brookfield would resign as Chairman of the State Committee, and in response to an inquiry on this subject Mr. Brookfield said: "Not to-day, sir; not to-day."

Mr. Brookfield, it is well known, wanted the State Committee to decide which was the regular Republican county organization in New York, and he wanted it done at yesterday's meeting. There are other Republicans who did not believe in such haste, and who thought that the claims of the Bliss-Patterson organization and those of the Milholland organization should be carefully weighed in order that injustice might not be done to either faction. For that reason the State Committee appointed a sub-committee to take the evidence of the two organizations on Aug. 2 at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. There are other contests to be considered by this sub-committee, notably in Albany and Syracuse, and all of the kickers will be heard on the day mentioned. The Syracuse fight will be heard in the morning at 10:30, and the New York county racket will be gone over at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and the sub-committee is then to report its findings to a meeting of the State Committee which is called for the Fifth Avenue Hotel at noon on Aug. 9.

There was a report to the effect that a compromise will be reached by which the Milholland organization will receive one-third of the inspectors of election, poll clerks, and ballot clerks in New York county, and that the Bliss-Patterson crowd will get the remaining two-thirds. The sub-committee is made up of stalwart Platt men, with possibly one exception, but close friends of Mr. Platt said yesterday afternoon that it would be a mighty dangerous thing to give the Milholland people anything. The gentlemen on the sub-committee say that they will determine that question for themselves. The contest in Albany consists, it is said, in the claims of an organization, of which John A. Sleicher is the head, against the organization headed by State Committeeman William Barnes. The trouble in Syracuse is between the Belden and the Hendricks men. Mr. Belden and Mr. Hendricks both have had long talks with Mr. Platt. This will be quite as difficult a problem to settle as the New York county question.

The Hon. Thomas C. Platt sat on one of the plush-covered sofas in the Fifth Avenue Hotel before the committee went into session and was there most of the time while the committee was deliberating in a parlor upstairs. He was as genial as you please. He had on those beautiful tan shoes and a straw hat, and he was mighty wide awake. The Hon. Benjamin Harrison was twenty feet away in the barber shop having his hair cut. All of the Republican loungers peered in at the man who had been their President, and who, some of them say, despite the Republican political managers, will again carry off the nomination in 1896. Mr. Harrison and Mr. Platt did not meet. Mr. Platt was busy talking with his friends of the State Committee, and to one of them who asked him what he was doing there he replied:

"They say that I am the boss of the Republican party in the State, and so long as I have the name I might as well have the game."

Something is in the wind in Republican politics in the State. For the first time in many years there was a full meeting of the State Committee. There was not even a proxy, although Mr. Milholland, who was in the corridors, believed, up to the last moment, that he would have a proxy from one of the Brooklyn members. Either the Milholland-Bliss-Patterson row has created great interest or the Republicans have been impelled by their victory last fall to hope for success in the coming campaign. Whatever it is, there was a full meeting of the committee and the corridors of the hotel were jammed with Republicans of every description and every age. Some of those who were on hand were Henry G. Burleigh of Whitehall, who is to run for Congress this fall; Col. Swords, Sergeant-at-Arms of the National Republican Committee; Louis F. Payn, Senator Higgins, Fred Gibbs, Anson G. McCook, Colonel Dwight Franklin, ex-Collector Lewis Hendricks, Mayor Amos of Syracuse, Secretary of State John M. Palmer, John N. Drake, State Treasurer Colvin, Senator Saxton, Senator Kilburn, Hamilton Fish, Gen. C. H. T. Collis, Henry Gleason, Sol Berliner, Tammany's agent; ex-Deputy-Collector Johnny Jones and Charles A. Burr, Archie Baxter, Ernst Nathan, Senator Richardson, Deacon John Reisenweber, Judge Moore of the Constitutional Convention, Senator Owens, and about every other Republican we have heard of in the last dozen years.

The committee was a little late in getting together. The Republicans who want to smash Milholland were thick in the barroom, and they were making all sorts of threats. It was apparent early that the committee would not precipitate the tangle. This was the news that staggered the followers of Mr. Brookfield, and they pranced around saying many things that they would not like to see published. Mr. Brookfield, as Chairman of the committee, presided, and about him were Charles W. Hackett, Chairman of the Executive Committee; Frank E. Gilbert, Secretary; Gen. Sam Thomas, Treasurer, and Reuben L. Fox, chief clerk. The committeemen present were:

John Lewis Childs, Suffolk and Queens; Denis M. Hurley, William W. Goodrich, Charles H. Newins, William A. Booth, and Robert M. Johnston, Kings; Charles E. Griffith, part of New York and Richmond; Cornelius Van Cott, John Simpson, Clarence W. Meade, Jacob M. Patterson, John S. Smith, William Brookfield, William H. Bellamy, and Henry Grasse, New York; William H. Robertson, Westchester and part of New York; Benjamin B. Odell, Jr., Rockland, Sullivan, and Orange; Lewis H. Vail, Putnam, Dutchess, and Ulster; John A. Quackenbush, Columbia, and Rensselaer; William Barnes, Jr., Albany; William S. C. Wiley, Greene, Schoharie, Otsego, Montgomery, and Schenectady; William L. Proctor, Fulton, Hamilton, Saratoga, and St. Lawrence; Isaac V. Baker, Jr., Clinton, Franklin, Essex, Warren, and Washington; Isaac L. Hunt, Oswego; Jefferson and Lewis; Charles W. Hackett, Oneida and Herkimer; George W. Dunn, Chenango, Broome, Tioga, Delaware, and Tompkins; John McLennan, Onondaga and Madison; Barnet H. Davis, Wayne, Cayuga, Cortland, Ontario, and Yates; John F. Parkhurst, Chemung, Seneca, Schuyler, and Steuben; James W. Wadsworth, Niagara, Livingston, Wyoming, Genesee, and Orleans; George W. Aldridge, Monroe; John R. Hazel, John N. Scatcherd, Erie; William J. Glenn, Allegany, Cattaraugus, and Chautauqua. (Additional member—Charles M. Berrian, New York city.

The first business done was the selection of time and place for the State Convention. Mr. Proctor of Ogdensburg named Saratoga and Rept. Ira Hunt named Syracuse, but his motion was not even seconded, and Mr. Proctor's wish was unanimously acceded to. The story of the contest came up a few minutes later, when Mr. Odell of Newburgh announced that there was a committee of Republicans from Syracuse down stairs in the corridors who wanted to be heard with a view to securing the appointment of the election inspectors in Syracuse. This was the anti-Belden crowd, and the petition which Mr. Odell handed up was signed by Mayor Jacob Amos, ex-Collector Francis Hendricks, Police Commissioner Charles M. Warner, Corporation Counsel Charles Ide, Health Commissioner Dr. J. W. Candee, ex-Mayor William Cowie, Howard White, editor of the Syracuse Standard, Horace White, Frank E. Hitchcock, nephew of ex-Senator; E. E. Chapman, William Ranton, Hoyt Freeman, ex-Pension Agent Major Poole, County Clerk De Forest Settle, City Treasurer Patrick Quinnan, Excise Commissioner George Lemnan, Carroll E. Smith, editor of the Syracuse Journal; Frederick Baker, Lawrence T. Jones, William Ross, Michael Driscoll, Marsh C. Pierce, and ex-State Committeeman Clarence Burr. This is the faction that defeated Mr. Belden last fall and in a three-cornered fight reelected Mayor Amos by 3,000 majority. They say that they have made overtures for harmony to Mr. Belden and that he has rejected them.

Here was the opportunity the friends of Mr. Platt desired. Up popped W. W. Goodrich of Brooklyn with a resolution referring all contests to a sub-committee. Mr. Brookfield and Mr. Patterson and Mr. Bellamy and others opposed this resolution with all their heart. John Sabine Smith made a thirty-one-minute speech against it, and Mr. Brookfield talked about twenty. They gave the history of the reorganization as conducted by the Committee of Thirty, and they demanded that the State Committee recognize the Bliss-Patterson organization. There was nothing new in anything that they said. Mr. Scatcherd of Buffalo supported Mr. Brookfield and Mr. Smith, while Henry Grasse and Mr. Barnes of Albany supported Mr. Goodrich's resolution. The cheerful Mr. Bellamy had a resolution which gave power to his sub-committee to examine into all contests except that in New York county. This was beaten by a vote of 21 to 14. Then Mr. Goodrich's resolution referring all of the contests to a sub-committee was carried by a vote of 23 to 12.

The men who voted for the resolution were Mr. Childs, Mr. Hurley, Mr. Goodrich, Mr. Newins, Mr. Johnston, Mr. Grasse, Mr. Odell, Mr. Vail, Mr. Quackenbush, Mr. Barnes, Mr. Wiley, Mr. Proctor, Mr. Baker, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Hackett, Mr. Dunn, Mr. McLennan, Mr. Davis, Mr. Parkhurst, Mr. Wadsworth, Mr. Aldridge, Mr. Glenn, and Mr. Berriam. Those who voted against referring the fights to a sub-committee were Mr. Booth, Mr. Griffith, Mr. Van Cott, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Meade, Mr. Patterson, Mr. Smith, Mr. Brookfield, Mr. Bellamy, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Hazel, and Mr. Scatcherd.

The vote on these two questions represents the strength of Mr. Platt and his friends in the State Committee. Mr. Brookfield gracefully accepted defeat and appointed Mr. Wadsworth, Mr. Proctor, Mr. Odell, Dr. Dunn, and Mr. Quackenbush to be the sub-committee. Pending the meetings of the State Committee it was said that the Police Commissioners of New York county will not appoint the inspectors of election or the poll clerks and ballot clerks.

A little formality had to be gone through with, and that was the reelection of Thomas C. Platt, Warner Miller, and Chauncey M. Depew as members of the Executive Committee. They are really the Advisory Board and the general managers.

The schedule of representation in the Convention at Saratoga will be as follows:

	Number of Delegates.		Number of Delegates.
Albany, I	6	New York, XI	6
II	6	XII	9
III	5	XIII	5
IV	4	XIV	4
Allegany	7	XV	4
Broome	6	XVI	4
Cattaraugus	9	XVII	4
Cayuga	9	XVIII	4
Chautauqua	13	XIX	4
Chemung	6	XX	8
Chenango	6	XXI	6
Clinton	6	XXII	6
Columbia	6	XXIII	6
Cortland	5	XXIV	4
Delaware	7	XXV	5
Dutchess, I	5	XXVI	5
II	6	XXVII	6
Erie, I	6	XXVIII	6
II	6	XXIX	4
III	5	XXX	4
IV	5	Niagara	8
V	6	Oneida, I	6
VI	7	II	6
Essex	6	Onondaga, I	8
Franklin	5	II	8
Fulton and Hamilton	6	III	7
Genesee	5	Ontario	7
Greene	5	Orange, I	6
Herkimer	6	II	6
Jefferson	11	Orleans	5
Kings, I	4	Oswego	11
II	5	Otsego	8
III	5	Putnam	3
IV	5	Queens, I	3
V	5	II	7
VI	5	III	7
VII	5	Rensselaer, I	5
VIII	5	II	5
IX	5	III	5
X	5	Richmond	5
XI	5	Rockland	4
XII	5	St. Lawrence	14
XIII	5	Saratoga	6
XIV	5	Schenectady	4
XV	4	Schoharie	4
XVI	5	Schuyler	3
XVII	5	Seneca	4
XVIII	5	Steuben, I	5
Lewis	4	II	5
Livingston	6	Suffolk	6
Madison	6	Sullivan	5
Monroe, I	6	Tioga	5
II	6	Tompkins	6
III	6	Ulster, I	5
Montgomery	5	II	6
New York, I	6	Warren	5
II	6	Washington	6
III	6	Wayne	6
IV	6	Westchester, I	6
V	6	II	6
VI	4	III	6
VII	5	Wyoming	5
VIII	6	Yates	4
IX	6		
X	6	Total	792

Only one candidate for Governor was talked about at the hotel. That was Levi P. Morton, ex-Congressman, ex-Minister to France, and ex-Vice-President. Letters have been received from Mr. Morton in Paris saying that his health is excellent. Republicans who ought to know about matters of this kind said:

"The nomination of Mr. Morton is an absolute certainty. Nothing can change it. The Roberts boom is ludicrous. There is nothing in the Fassett boom. No matter what anybody says, Mr. Morton is the candidate, and he will be nominated if he is alive."

At one time during the discussion of the resolution offered by Mr. Goodrich the feeling of the New York city members ran pretty high, and more than one of them is said to have made covert threats that he would resign should the resolution be adopted. Chairman Brookfield is one of the members who is said to have breathed this sentiment to a fellow member of the committee, but he denied last night that he had any intention of quitting the committee.

Nobody has the faintest idea what decision the sub-committee will reach in the New York county contest. Some of Mr. Platt's friends say that after the evidence is gone over the sub-committee will report in favor of the Bliss-Patterson organization. They believe that this should be done outright. On the other hand, the friends of Mr. Platt, who believe that Mr. Milholland is entitled to a representation in the appointment of the inspectors of election, poll clerks, and ballot clerks, and that he should have at least one-third of the representation. The sub-committee is certainly a Platt affair, with pretty nearly one in Israel, Col. Lil and others of the old familiar thirty declared that they would not submit to any divvy, and that in case the sub-committee recognize Milholland there would be two Republican organizations in New York county and two sets of delegates sent to Saratoga. Johnny Simpson said this, too. But the ways of the Patterson-Simpson crowd are peculiar, and if there is anything in sight to be got by a change of front the Patterson-Simpson folks will be on hand.

The Executive Committee of the Milholland organization met in the State Club, 29 East Twenty-second street, last night to follow up what they spoke of as the victory they had won before the State Committee. The case of the organization was ready to be presented to the State Committee yesterday, all the documents being close at hand in Room 53 of the hotel with Lawyer John F. Montignani of Albany present as counsel to make the argument. This case the Executive Committee decided last night will need to be amended somewhat, and the organization hopes to show a decided increase in its enrollment before next Thursday, when the sub-committee of five will meet to consider its claims to regularity.

THE LOGAN CLUB'S GUEST.

State Comptroller Roberts Meets Brooklyn Republicans.

The reception of the Logan Club in Brooklyn to State Comptroller James A. Roberts last night was not a brilliant success, in spite of the general preliminary distribution of tickets of invitation among the State Committeemen at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The attendance was confined exclusively to the local statesmen in Brooklyn, and even a good many of them were conspicuously absent. Comptroller Roberts got a very cordial welcome. Col. Henry E. Abel introduced him with some kind remarks.

Mr. Roberts in responding dilated on the radiant outlook for the Republican party and the distressing condition of the Democrats. The Republican heavens, as he expressed it, are spanned with bows of magnificent promise. He doubted if a resurrection trumpet could restore the distracted Democratic hosts to vitality.

State Committeeman W. W. Goodrich, in referring to the meeting of the State Committee, said that the appointment of the special committee did not mean the turning down of one faction and the building up of another, but was a step in the direction of harmony.

It was probable that the committee would be made permanent, so that there might be a tribunal before which Republicans throughout the State could bring their grievances. Mr. Goodrich regarded it as a very hopeful sign to find so many Republican candidates stumbling over each other in the corridors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Assemblymen Kneeland and Taylor also spoke.

It has not yet been determined whether the club will give a reception to Col. Alexander S. Bacon, who is still in the field as a Gubernatorial candidate.

TO SELL THE CANAL?

Smith M. Weed's Journey Abroad Gives Rise to an Interesting Rumor.

Smith M. Weed and John R. Bartlett sailed for Europe yesterday on the White Star steamer Teutonic. The fact that Mr. Bartlett is the Chairman of the Reorganization Committee of the stockholders of the Nicaragua Canal Company, and that Mr. Weed is also interested in that company, combined with the well-known condition of the canal company and the construction company, gave rise to a rumor that their purpose in going abroad is to sell the canal to an English syndicate. Thomas H. Atkins, Secretary and Treasurer of the canal company, and receiver of the construction company, admitted that Mr. Weed and Mr. Bartlett had gone away together, but would say nothing as to their purposes as related to the canal.

CAUGHT NEW YORK BANKS.

COLEMAN ALSO SWINDLED A PATERSON EX-DOMINIE.

He Had a Smooth Tale of Money in a Washington Bank on Which He Got $6,500 from the Lincoln Bank, $6,000 from the Nassau Bank, $25,000 of Soap Stock, and Part of a Silk Mill by Means of Certified Checks Which He Had Forged.

PATERSON, N. J., July 25.—Gerhardt W. I. Landau, an ex-Presbyterian clergyman and now a real estate broker, was yesterday made the victim of a swindle whereby he lost $600 in cash and got the title of his extensive silk mill property at the corner of Straight and Ellison streets somewhat mixed up, so that to-day he has to start proceedings in Chancery to have the deed which he gave to a bunco man set aside. Mr. Landau left the ministry several years ago to embark in the silk business. Dull times, however, have compelled him to close his mill. But three weeks ago he read an advertisement in a New York newspaper in which the advertiser said that he had $30,000 to invest in a good paying business and desired to become either an active or silent partner. Mr. Landau, wanting a partner with capital, answered the advertisement.

The next day the supposed investor, who said his name was David Coleman, called at the office of Shaffer & Burt, 99 Nassau street, New York, and asked to see Mr. Shaffer, with whom he said he had been well acquainted thirty years ago. When Mr. Burt told him that his grandfather, the gentleman Mr. Coleman wished to see, had been dead for several years, Coleman told the lawyer that he had been engaged in the transportation of the United States mails in the West and had made about $200,000, which he had on deposit in the Columbia National Bank of Washington, where he had gone to live after leaving the West. The capital life, he said, was too gay for one of his declining years, so he had come East and settled in New York and was looking for some neat, lucrative business in which to invest his money. He had advertised in the papers and offered to put $30,000 into a good business, and he had received two answers which he desired the lawyer to investigate.

One of the answers was from Mr. Landau, and the other was from a large Philadelphia firm, which was afterward dropped. Mr. Landau's letter was answered and negotiations were begun, which progressed so satisfactorily that last Thursday Burt and Coleman came to Paterson to inspect the silk plant. During this inspection Coleman's talk evinced considerable knowledge of large business and banking houses in Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and Chicago, and the impression he created on both Mr. Landau and Edward M. Weise, the silk manufacturer's lawyer, was so favorable that a bargain was struck then and there. The two principals agreed to form a copartnership under the firm name of G. W. I. Landau & Co., Coleman to pay $30,000, for which he was to receive a half interest in Landau's silk mill. Each was to put in $2,500 also as a running account to be deposited in one of the banks.

Yesterday Mr. Landau met Lawyer Burt and Coleman at the station here and took them to Lawyer Weise's office, where the deed conveying the half interest was drawn up. Then they went to the First National Bank to consummate the transaction. Coleman did not give Landau the cash as he had agreed, but instead produced what purported to be a certified check for $35,000 on the Columbia National Bank at Washington and a bank book to show that he had $200,000 on deposit there. As he handed Cashier E. T. Bell the check Mr. Landau said it was all right and gave Coleman his own check for $2,600. Coleman said:

"I may as well deposit this right here and then I can have a small personal account to start with."

He drew $600, however, and left the remainder on deposit. The deed conveying the half interest in the mill property was then handed to Coleman, and Lawyer Burt filed it for record with County Clerk Winfield.

The business being disposed of, Landau asked Coleman to dinner.

"Oh, no, thank you," he said. "I am not feeling well. I dined with Chauncey M. Depew and a few of my friends at the Union League Club last night and did not get home early."

"Did you say you said you had been at the Union League Club?" asked Mr. Bell. "I am also a member of that club," and he took a book from his desk and glanced over the members' names. Not seeing Coleman's, he asked if he was a resident or non-resident member.

"A non-resident member, my dear sir. I have only recently come from Washington, and did not join until after that book was issued."

Mr. Landau then drove Coleman and Burt to the Erie station and returned to his home. In the afternoon he went to the bank to draw $15,000 of the money to pay off a mortgage on his plant. Cashier Bell suggested that the transaction was a large one and it would be well to inquire of the Columbia Bank by telegraph to ascertain if Coleman was what he represented. This was done by Mr. Bell, and late in the afternoon he received an answer informing him that Coleman had no account with the bank and was unknown to the officials, and that no check had been certified by the bank in the name of Coleman.

Mr. Landau sought the advice of Chief of Police Graul, who told him to go to New York and search for the swindler. He did so, called on Mr. Burt, the lawyer, and explained matters to him, and that gentleman was also greatly surprised. He and Mr. Landau slipped, and they started for the Vendome Hotel, where Coleman said he was staying. He was not known there. They went to Police Headquarters and were told that nothing could be done until a warrant for the swindler's arrest was sworn out in this city. They returned to Paterson, and Justice Keys issued a warrant for Coleman's arrest for forgery.

Lawyer Burt, Mr. Landau, and Chief of Police Graul spent all day to-day searching for the swindler. While Coleman was talking with Landau here about the deal he wanted to make for the silk mill he showed Landau a check for $33,500 and one for $18,000, both on the Columbia National Bank of Washington, both certified. He also showed certificates of $27,000 worth of stock in the Higgins German Soap Company of New York. He also had a big roll of bank bills.

Lawyer Burt and Chief Graul and Mr. Landau found in their search to-day that Coleman had been stopping at the Metropolitan Hotel in New York city. They also found where he had redeemed a watch which he had pawned in a Bowery pawn shop.

Chief Graul told the SUN reporter to-night he had discovered that Coleman bought his Higgins German soap stock with a bogus check for $27,900. The Chief said also that Coleman had deposited with the Lincoln National Bank, 34 East Forty-second street, New York, the check for $33,500 which he had showed to Landau. Chief Graul says that Coleman was introduced at the Lincoln Bank by one of its directors, and that he drew on his account $8,500. According to Chief Graul Coleman deposited his $18,000 check with the Nassau Bank in Beekman street, and drew $2,500 on this account. Chief Graul added that when he told Inspector McLaughlin of the swindle the Inspector said that he had been informed of the swindling of the Lincoln Bank and was already on the trail of the swindler.

Mr. Landau said: "Inspector McLaughlin told me that New York had caught a clever swindler or one whose plans were so well conceived and carried out. I have lost only $600 in cash, besides what it will cost me to straighten out my property again by a suit in chancery, but I will willingly expend $6,000 if I can only give that man a taste of Jersey justice."

KENNY'S TEMPERATURE UP AGAIN.

He Is Almost Surrounded With Ice, and Is Unconscious.

Joseph Kenny, who was taken to Bellevue Hospital on Saturday suffering from sunstroke, was reported worse yesterday afternoon. On Tuesday his condition had improved so much that Dr. Sproull, who has charge of the case, thought the patient might recover. He had regained consciousness, and his temperature had become normal. He was able to partake freely of a milk diet. Yesterday morning, however, it was found that his temperature had begun to rise again. He became unconscious and in spite of the ice in which he was packed his temperature went up to 105 degrees.

The doctors at the hospital are much puzzled over the case, which they say is one of the most remarkable on record. It was only through the unceasing attention of Dr. Sproull that the man was kept alive for the first twenty-four hours. If he can be pulled through the present relapse it is thought that he may ultimately recover.

Two other sufferers from sunstroke were taken to the hospital yesterday. They are: Michael Rafferty, a boiler maker, 20 years old, of 404 West Thirty-fifth street, and Edward F. Ryan, a bookkeeper, 19 years old, of 208 East Fourteenth street.

The White Plains Park people, with headquarters at 250 Broadway, are placing all city improvements in their property at White Plains. Send for particulars. See—Adv.

THE MIRANDA'S ARCTIC TRIP.

An Account of the Voyage from Justice Garrison's 13-year-old Son.

Carlyle Garrison, the 13-year-old son of Justice Charles G. Garrison of the Supreme Court of New Jersey is the youngest member of Dr. Cook's expedition to Greenland on the steamer Miranda, which was reported in collision with an iceberg on Tuesday. He relates his experience in a letter received from St. John's yesterday. It begins with the departure:

"About 7:30 o'clock the S. S. Miranda was no longer tied to the wharf, No. 6, North River. A funny accident occurred just after the people had said farewell and the kissing was over. The gang plank was pulled off, the bell rung for the boat to steam out into the river, but to every one's surprise it went forward into the coal barges and numerous smaller boats. The fore of the boat, of course, broke the rope, and after it was gone confusion reigned. Men hollered, steam was everywhere, the anchor was dropped, and the men in the smaller boats got upon the wharf.

"While we were among these smaller boats one owner of a boat with which we had collided mentioned that if this was our starting we would go to hell instead of the North Pole. Another said we were trying to go by land to the East River. Slowly, but surely, the boat began to go back, and again the bell was heard, and again the crash of a bowsprit and other parts of a boat amid the curses of men and the hollering of the Captain and others. A man called up to me and asked what boats had been damaged. I told him, and he asked if I was alone and where did I live, and what was my name. When I had satisfied his mind, he said he had just been around the world.

"When at last we did get started, we turned into the Sound toward Brooklyn Bridge, and just then I was joined by an English dude, or some other kind of a dude. He talked like this: 'Ah, well going down the channel. I suppose it is to give us one night's sleep, don't che know. How humanely.' And as I looked up for the first time I saw a man with a glass in his eye, don't che know, to help him see, ye know. It grows cold on deck. I went to my room, and it is, by actual measurement, just as long as I am with my hands stretched out.

"July 8.—The men are very nice—even the waiters, because they are all college boys. Mr. 'Around-the-world-dude' asked a man where we were, and he said 'At sea.' We are just at Bay Head, near Mother Vinegar, or Vineyard, or something like that. The boat is pretty rocky, and —— is looking quite around the gills. Of course, I am, because I have on a white sweater.

"July 9.—Now we are just off the south coast of Nova Scotia. Yesterday there was a great deal of shooting done at gulls, sharks, dolphins, porpoises, and anything that they could see. Four or five times we saw a humpback whale. To-day there are only a few people on the upper deck, because it is so cold. Last night we had a beautiful sunset. Just as the sun had half disappeared the sun threw up red light all around. It would reflect from the clouds and golden the dabbling waters. The red went into orange of every shade and half of each cloud was purple on top and blazing red at the bottom."

FIRE IN DANGEROUS QUARTERS.

Four Alarms for a Blaze Near a Nest of Gas Reservoirs.

Henry Raabe & Son's saw mill and cabinet factory at 319 and 321 West Sixty-fourth street, and the three-story frame building 326 and 328 West Sixty-fifth street, were destroyed by fire which started soon after 7 o'clock last evening. Four families living in the frame building including that of Mrs. Catharine Schroeder, who owned the house, were rendered homeless. They had time to save most of their belongings, however. The entire loss will not exceed $22,000.

The fire started in the shaving room of the sawmill on the Twelfth Avenue side of the building, which is about thirty feet below the level of Sixty-fourth street, that street, ending abruptly at this point. The mill is on the northeast corner of Sixty-fourth street and Twelfth avenue, and has two basements, the lower one being on a level with Twelfth avenue. The avenue at this point is taken up by tracks of the New York Central Railroad.

The flames spread from the shaving room up through the building, which was all ablaze in less than ten minutes. The watchman, Ernst Dietrich, was not in the building when the fire was discovered, and a policeman turned in the alarm. Second, third, and fourth alarms soon followed, as the burning mill was dangerously near the gashouse, with its immense gas reservoirs, on Sixty-fifth street.

Chief Bonner took charge, and soon twelve engines were pouring streams on the flames, which licked up other piles in the rear of the saw mill, and then attacked 326 and 328 West Sixty-fifth street. Mrs. Schroeder had a pickle shop on the ground floor of 326, and back of this, on the same floor, was a pickle factory.

At 317 West Sixty-fourth street, adjoining the mill, is a five-story building owned by William Toner, who keeps a boarding stable there. There were about twenty horses in the stable, but all of them were taken out safely. The building was scorched on the west side. Charles Kamerer has a two-story brick stable at 315 West Sixty-fourth street. In it were a number of horses.

The factory was closed up at 6 o'clock by Watchman Dietrich, who then went and sat on a pile of boards across Sixty-fourth street. The shaving room is close to the boilers in the basement, on the level with the railroad tracks. It is believed that a spark blown in from outside the building started the fire.

Dietrich was notified to appear before the Fire Marshal to-day and to show about the origin. The damage is estimated at $15,000 to the factory, $2,000 by water to Toner's stables, and $5,000 to Mrs. Schroeder's building. There was partial insurance on all the buildings.

The rocky heights near the fire were crowded with sightseers, and the squatters who fled from their shanties on the rocks.

SUSPENDED MR. VAN SCHAICK.

The Result of a War of Words on the Floor of the Stock Exchange.

Ex-Alderman Jenkins Van Schaick, a veteran of the Stock Exchange, was suspended for thirty days by the Governing Board of that body yesterday for conduct detrimental to the best interests of the Exchange. The specifications of the charge were the story of a row which occurred between Mr. Van Schaick and Joseph A. Blair, a broker of 80 Broadway, on the floor of the Exchange one day last week.

It is not made quite clear whether the scene took place on Thursday or Friday. On one of these days Mr. Van Schaick was in the sugar crowd buying stock. Mr. Blair was there also, and Mr. Van Schaick thought he discovered Mr. Blair bidding against him. There was bad blood between the men already. There had been a long lawsuit over $7,000 which Van Schaick thought was owing to him. Van Schaick had won this suit. There was also a standing dispute about $532 which Van Schaick thought was due him.

"You're a fine man to be bidding against me," Van Schaick cried, turning to Blair. "You're a nice member of the Stock Exchange. You are no better than a thief. You tried to beat me out of $7,000."

Blair is said to have retorted that he didn't try to get out of paying nine-tenths of his taxes. He complained to the Committee of Arrangements at once of Mr. Van Schaick's language, and the matter was referred to the Governing Committee. On Monday, pending the outcome of the complaint, Mr. Blair sent the disputed $532 to Mr. Van Schaick's office.

SHOT A SWIMMING STEER.

And Then the Governor's Island Soldiers Lost a Prospective Barbecue.

A Western steer was observed early yesterday morning by the sentry at Castle Williams, on Governor's Island, pawing the sea wall in its efforts to keep afloat. The sentry, not fearing an invasion of steers, and having no orders to shoot animals otherwise than men who might disobey the command to halt, let the steer paw. Corporal Loomis saw the animal, and decided that it would look better at a post barbecue than trying to climb up a stone wall. The corporal went into his quarters and got his rifle. Then he drew a bead on the animal and sent a bullet through its head. The steer fell over, kicked a few times, and gave up the ghost.

Then there was a rush for the carcass by the men of the post who were not on duty. It was dragged up on the sward near the port, and the post-butcher exercised his art in putting it in condition for cooking. Just then Capt. Cotton came along and ordered the men to cast the carved-up carcass away, so it was thrown into the bay.

It is probable that the steer fell from a sling while being transferred from a cattle barge to a steamboat off Liberty Island early yesterday morning.

Mrs. Warren Springer Held.

CHICAGO, July 25.—Judge Baker this afternoon held Mrs. Warren Springer to the Grand Jury on the charge of attempting to bribe Jurors Marman and Slider in the land condemnation suit of the Metropolitan West Side Elevated Railroad Company versus Warren Springer. Bail was fixed at $5,000, which was furnished by her millionaire husband, Warren Springer.

LOST $8,400 AT ROULETTE.

A FOREIGN PRINCE PLAYS HIGH IN A SARATOGA GAME.

A Thousand Dollars Staked at Each Turn of the Wheel—When He Had Reached the Limit and Was Not Allowed to Continue, He Turned the Outfit Upside Down.

SARATOGA, July 25.—A German prince, whose marriage to the daughter of a New York millionaire in Paris a few years ago will be recalled by the social world, has for some time been here with his wife, occupying a suite of rooms in the Grand Union Hotel. Since his arrival he has seldom been seen about the hotel, taking his meals in his apartments and living quietly until a few days ago, when the habitués of the Saratoga Club, the swell club house on Congress street, the palatial gambling resort founded by John Morrissey and continued by Charles Reed and Albert Spencer until this season, when it passed into the hands of a syndicate, of which R. A. Canfield is the head and front, were amazed at the heavy play made by a small blond stranger. He was recognized finally and the frequenters of the club watched his play with the greatest interest. Roulette appeared to have the greatest fascination for him, and for hours he would sit by the wheel, while the croupier droned and the little ball spun rhythmically in its wooden circle.

Last evening the Prince entered the club house shortly after 10 o'clock, and was soon at his favorite game. The other tables were soon deserted, for the Prince plays high and staked hundreds on every turn of the wheel. He was in luck, and won $2,000 in a short time. He declined to cash in, remarking to the croupier that the money could stand to his credit and that he would return. Manager Canfield had heard of the Prince, and shortly after his arrival here they had a talk, at which it was agreed that the Prince should have a credit of $10,000, and that he should not go beyond that limit.

After winning the $2,000 last evening, the Prince went out, but returned shortly after midnight, and the highest play ever seen here ensued. From the start the amounts wagered were startling, the play finally getting up to $1,000 at each turn of the wheel. The Prince had lost his $2,000, but the fickle goddess became conciliated, and in a short time he had won back his $2,000 and $5,000 besides. Every other table in the house was forsaken, and the roulette layout at which the Prince was playing was surrounded by a hundred men. The Prince was the coolest man present. The click of the chips, the spin of the ball as it whirred its inevitable round, and the call of the croupier alone broke the stillness. At one time each turn of the wheel meant $1,000 to the Prince or to the management, and the onlookers watched the game with bated breath. The croupiers were changed three or four times without breaking his luck, and he was many thousands ahead of the game when he began to lose.

The game fluctuated; sometimes the Prince's star would be in the ascendant, and again the house would win. Finally he lost his winnings and $10,000 into the bargain. This was the limit which had been agreed upon, but by some error Northrup, the croupier in charge, gave the Prince an extra $1,000 worth of chips. He did not wager the entire amount, but put enough down on the red to win $600. Then Northrup noticed that the limit had been exceeded and called the Prince's attention to it. The Prince wanted to continue, but Northrup declined, and finally sent for Manager Canfield. The latter tried to reason with the warm-blooded foreigner.

"Let me play what I've got here," pleaded the Prince.

Canfield was obdurate, and the Prince, wild with anger, seized the roulette outfit, turned it upside down and sent the checks shivering over the floor. This created a sensation. Every effort was made, and is still being made, to keep the details of the episode from the public. The Prince returned to his quarters $8,400 behind the game.

The incident was seen by a number of prominent New Yorkers who were in the club house at the time. Manager Canfield denies that there was any unpleasantness, and says that the Prince was at the club house this afternoon. He was not there this evening, and could not be found about the Grand Union. The high play of the Prince and the sensational ending of the game early this morning are the chief topics of gossip everywhere to-night.

GORMAN'S HOME FIGHT.

A Congress Fight on Which Senator Gibson's Re-election Seems to Depend.

OCEAN CITY, Md., July 25.—With possibly the exception of the Tariff bill, there is nothing just now more trying to the nerves of Senator Gorman than the Congress fight in the First Maryland, or Eastern Shore, district. Upon the result of this contest depends, in a great measure, the future of Senator Gibson. It is really a battle between Gorman and Gov. Brown. At no time has there been any love lost between these two, and now that Brown has announced that he is a candidate for reélection, when Gorman is known to favor State Treasurer Spencer Jones for that office, the breach has widened still further.

The Eastern Shore district consists of eight counties, four of which lie above and four below the Choptank River. There is an unwritten law that when the Senator comes from above the river the Congressman shall come from one of the lower counties. Gibson comes from above, and it is expected that the Congressman will come from below. This is just what Brown will try to prevent. He has a strong ally in ex-Gov. Jackson, who comes from one of the lower counties, and who is very bitter against Gorman because the United States Senatorship had been promised to him, but Gorman gave it to Gibson. Since then Jackson has been seeking revenge. Gibson, at Gorman's suggestion, has offered to Jackson the Congress nomination, but the ex-Governor says he will not have it. In order to give the Gibson people an opportunity to make a combination the upper counties controlled by them have each put up a candidate. From the lower counties only two are announced, and one of these is likely to drop out at any moment when Gorman asks it. Aided by Gorman, Gibson has extended his influence on the Eastern Shore by using Federal patronage. For this reason it is believed that Gibson has the best ch