SCIENCE'S LAST INNINGS.

SOME SCIENTIFIC FOLK WEND TO GLEN ISLAND.

The Object of the Excursion a Mystery—Other Excursionists Plainly Combined Pleasure with Science—The Wise People Who Stayed in Brooklyn Were Doubtless Wiser When the Day Was Ended.

When the pleasure-loving members of the American Association for the Advancement of Science got back to Brooklyn last night from their excursions, they must have been sorry that they hadn't stayed at home with their more devoted colleagues, for what they missed made mighty interesting listening, everybody said. But those excursions were too tempting, and there was hardly a corporal's guard left to hear the acerbic attacks of the stay-at-home members upon all subjects under the sun and some others.

The exact relation of excursions to science has possibly never been correctly understood. Most people imagine that scientists just stick to science and let everything else go. That is where they are wrong. The present congress has demonstrated the fact that scientists are excursionists first, last, and all the time. They've been doing it right along. There have been excursions for them in this vicinity wherever boat or train can go. Yesterday there were three of them. One was a dredging excursion on the steamer Fish Hawk to the eastern end of Long Island Sound. Another was a geological excursion to Atlantic Highlands for the purpose of delving into cretaceous marl beds and the yellow gravels. The third was down on the programme simply as an "excursion." There wasn't a word of explanation—just an "excursion." No specified object, no descriptive com-

INTERESTED IN WOODPECKERS.

mentary, no seductive inducement in the way of scientific exploit. There was, however, a destination. It was—Glen Island.

Now anybody, even the most unscientific, can conceive that scientists might find a lot of fun dredging in Long Island Sound, bringing up crabs and sea spiders and devil fish and all the varieties of funny-looking finny things which nobody else takes any interest in. It is conceivable, too, that it may be a breathless sort of sport to grub around in cretaceous marl beds, and that yellow gravel is one of the most precious and engrossing things on earth. But—Glen Island. The exact object of that third excursion will probably never be heard of. Doubtless it was a secret exploration, whose results will only be made known in executive session. It may have been an investigation of the coriaceous clam which is said to grow in that neighborhood, or of the succulent wienerwurst, or the beer, or the merry-go-rounds, or any one of the thousand and one subjects which science takes an interest in and which make up Glen Island. The all-important fact remains that the excursion took place and that a large number of scientists went on it, and that they missed what was going on in Brooklyn.

It was a pity, too, for it was the last day and all those who had been vainly awaiting a chance to read their important papers to many and appreciative ears, had to read them to practically empty benches. There was Mr. E. Lewis Sturtevant, with his "Notes on the Mummy Corn of Peru;" Mr. H. T. Cresson, with "Brief Remarks upon an Attempt to Interpret Plates 25 and 40 of the Dresden Codex;" Mr. A. F. Chamberlain, on "Translation into Primitive Languages: Errors and Pitfalls, with Illustrations from Algonkian Dialects;" Mr. George A. Dorsey, on "The Valley of the Tusayan, or the Garden of the Brave;" Mr. William Wallace Tooker, on "The Discovery of Chaunis Temoatan of 1586," and Mr. Stansbury Hagar, with "Legends of the Magic Wooing and the Piasa."

All these were read in the Anthropological section, and the people who heard them took great delight in them. Of course the tourist excursionists will know a great deal about them from the titles; they will know that the Dresden Codex has nothing to do with Dresden, but that it's a definitive writing by the Maya people of Yucatan, and they'll also know that the Magic Wooing and the Piasa has not the slightest connection with any summer girl or hotel; but they would have known a great deal more if they hadn't gone on those excursions, because everybody said the papers were very instructive.

But knowledge is a drug in the scientist market. That's what has made it so trying to all the readers throughout the sessions. It's worth a year's study on a man to know that all the scientists are just as familiar with the topic he's trying to tell them about as he is himself, and that while he's reading they're sizing him up and breathlessly awaiting the chance to catch him tripping. Learned as these scientists are, there's hardly more than one of them who has elevated himself to a pedestal, promptly to be kicked off by an unappreciative or indiscriminating class of beneficiaries. After a man gets through reading and descends from the platform covered with perspiration and self-bestowed laurels, the rule has been to get right up in something and give him a douche, which shows that the idea of himself and makes the science think more of himself than he should. That's what makes it so hard being a scientist. Perhaps that's why there have been so many excursions, too.

Another thing hard to bear, besides being knocked off your balance by other scientific people, has been the way in which each speaker has been strictly limited to a time of three minutes. Yesterday, for instance, a pessimistic gentleman with spectacles shelved over bushy eyebrows read for a long time without seeming to get near to the inside of his subject. He paused now and for breath, and the Chairman saw and seized his opportunity.

"Time's up," he broke in plaintively, "but we just have time to hear the result."

The reader looked from the corner of an eye and whispered, "Nearly."

"Very, the Chairman sighed. "In that case," he replied, "there'll be no objection to your finishing."

Now, what can be more dispiriting than that to a scientific gentleman who has laboriously prepared an exhaustive article, and laboriously strived to get people to understand what he's talking about? But the time check has been the order of the day throughout the sessions, and the only trouble has been with the clock and the bell. Everybody knows, or thinks he knows, more than you do about the subject, that the papers have been as superficial as they really were.

This particular scientist was in the Economic section, discussing, as expressed in his paper, is that the United States Constitution shall be so amended that there shall be a Department of Agriculture in the Government, the head of which shall be a cabinet officer. Another speaker in the same department was Mr. Stillman F. Kneeland, a young man, who wears a handsome mustache, a baby blue eye, and a complimentary and winning smile. Because apparently of his knowledge of his sex it was his task to settle the woman suffrage question, past, present, and future, within an allotment of five minutes' time; he also did well by the single tax theory, although it took him a little longer. He insisted at intervals that he was not a — (he turned his arm several times as if grinding an organ).

After he had had his full say he got down, looked over the handful of people before him, and added:

"I'd be glad to hear what the ladies have to say on this subject. (The ever-ready smile.) Very fond of the ladies. (Another smile.) See this red rose? A lady gave me that." (Still smiles, a series of them.)

No woman, however, came forward. They all smiled back, but kept their seats.

The women at all these meetings, by the way, have been to the front early and late. There have been women speakers, and at most of the sessions they have formed a majority of the auditors. Many of them have been young girls, thirsting for knowledge, presumably, so that they can take down their future husbands when the future husbands are foolish enough to pretend they know it all. Of the elderly women very few have been seen in the park of science, or what is supposed to be, its trade mark. While the men scientists have looked for the most part like counterfeits of old Greek gods and philosophers, the women have worn no more betraying brand than eyeglasses and a superior air.

Around the corner, in the Packer Institute, there were more speakers. The principal event was an illustrated lecture by Dr. Horace C. Hovey on the petrified forests of Arizona, which pleased the audience greatly. There was a delightful air of informality in that section, too. The Chairman chewed a toothpick all the time he talked, and had a brusque, hearty way of getting on that charmed the people in front of him. When three new members were proposed, he disposed of them in this way:

"Three new members. Any objections? None? Then they're elected."

The speakers in this Forestry section did not seem to ride hobbies so much. It may have been that forestry doesn't offer so many chances. The papers were clear and comprehensive statements of facts, and they were listened to with close attention, and were not questioned afterward.

The scientists think that, taking the sessions all in all, they've had a remarkably successful time. There may be some questions that they've left undetermined, but they'll tackle them after a while. They promised that yesterday. They're going to make the dust fly every time they meet, they say. If yesterday wasn't as great a day as many that have preceded it, they console themselves with the reflection that it would have been if there had been more of them. That, of course, is the scientific spirit.

Meanwhile there are going to be more excursions. The people that didn't go on any yesterday are going—so are those who did. At 9 o'clock this morning the steamer Grand Republic is to take them up the Hudson to West Point. There is a wrinkle suggestion on the programme which reads: "Basket lunches recommended." At 5:30 o'clock this afternoon there will be a big excursion to the White Mountains.

BEWARE OF THE SUMMER GIRLS.

Handsome Young Policeman Dolpher Loses His Job for Flirting with Two of Them.

HAMMEL'S STATION, ROCKAWAY BEACH, L. I., Aug. 22.—Policeman Theodore Dolpher of the Long Island Railroad force is now out of a job because he persisted in flirting with two pretty summer girls against the rigid rules of the company. It was not these two girls that the railroad company sought to discriminate against when they promulgated an order threatening with instant dismissal any employee caught flirting while in uniform or on duty, but girls in general.

Policeman Dolpher is young and handsome, with a soft, curling black moustache. Altogether he presented a good appearance in his blue uniform, with brass buttons and white helmet, and the girls along the Rockaway Beach route, where he was stationed, thought he was just about right. In view of his personal attractions, it is said, particular attention was taken by his superiors to impress on him the company's injunction to beware of the girls. Dolpher was an efficient policeman. He managed to withstand the many flattering glances cast in his direction, and was finally placed on post at the railroad station here.

Among the summer boarders were two girls, who made him forget all about the injunction. From a mild flirtation Policeman Dolpher struck up a sort of an acquaintance with the two girls, who managed to find their way to the station often in the early twilight. Together the trio paced the policeman's beat. Up to this stage Dolpher might have put in the defence that he was simply conducting the girls from one end of his beat to the other at their request, which was in the line of his duty; but when he got to returning the visits of the couple, it is said the superintendent of the railway decided that it was about time to draw the line, and Dolpher lost his uniform.

He was a true gallant to the last. He avers that he never flirted with any one while on duty, and that no summer girls ever came to see him on post. Furthermore, he declines to give the names of the girls who are said to be the cause of his trouble. It is said an effort will be made to have him reinstated.

MORRISSEY'S PISTOL WAS LOADED.

A Little Comedy at a Newark Wake Has a Tragic Ending.

There was a wake over the body of Mrs. Mary Ann O'Brien, at 46 Adams street, Newark, Tuesday night. All the mourners had gone away at midnight except Richard Purcell and Owen Kane, young men, who determined to remain all night. At 2 o'clock yesterday morning Health Inspector James Morrissey, who was on duty at an adjoining house, which was quarantined because of small-pox, joined them. Morrissey was tired, and dropped on a lounge for a nap, asking to be called within an hour. He handed Purcell a club and revolver.

Purcell, after Morrissey was asleep, thought he would have a little fun with the weapon, which he supposed was empty. He walked solemnly to the cloth where the dead woman lay and, putting the revolver to his head, in a maudlin manner said:

"Ah! me poor girl, you're dead. I'll follow you," and snapped the trigger. It happened that the particular chamber on which the hammer fell was empty.

Then, calling to his companion, Kane, Purcell said: "Stand up there, Owen, while I shoot you." Kane, entering into the spirit of the thing, arose, solemnly folded his arms, and remarked: "Go ahead; I'm weary of life."

The next instant there was a report, and Kane fell heavily to the floor with a bullet in his neck. Purcell ran out on the street, shouting, "I've killed him! I've killed him!" The Health Inspector followed, and disappeared.

The dead woman's husband, startled by the pistol shot, rushed to the room, saw what he supposed was the corpse of Kane on the floor, and called in the police. Kane was sent to the City Hospital, where it was found that the bullet, after entering the neck, had taken a downward course and lodged over the lung.

Purcell was hysterical when arrested, and declared that he "didn't know it was loaded." He was held to await the result of his victim's injuries. Efforts are being made to capture Health Inspector Morrissey, who may be wanted as a witness.

A WEDDING WITH A ROMANCE.

The Bride a Girl of 22 and the Bridegroom a Widower of Over 60.

RONDOUT, Aug. 22. A wedding with which a romance is connected was solemnized at Roxbury, Delaware county, this morning by the Rev. Dr. Demarest, pastor of the Gould Memorial Church of that place. The bride, who is 22 years old, was Miss Edith Miller, a daughter of the late Alexander Porter Miller of Glasgow, Scotland, and a granddaughter of Gen. Frederick Mather of New York. The groom was John H. Overbaugh of this city. Mr. Overbaugh is a retired brick manufacturer over 60 years old, and he has a comfortable fortune. Miss Miller was living in this city when Ralph H. Overbaugh, the son of the groom, met her, and, it is said, fell in love with her. Through him she became acquainted with Mr. Overbaugh, Sr., whose wife died at Flatbush, near this city, some years ago. It seemed to be a case of mutual love at sight, and when Mr. Overbaugh, who is a very young looking man for his age, proposed, he was accepted.

The wedding this morning was a very pretty and elaborate affair. Miss Mae Trumpbour, a niece of the groom, was the maid of honor, and the bride's brother, William Miller, was best man. The bride, who is a remarkably beautiful girl, wore a tan colored dress, with hat and gloves to match, and carried bridal roses. Mr. Overbaugh expects to build a handsome residence in this city, where he and his young wife will reside.

Five Churches Struck by Lightning.

BATH, N. Y., Aug. 22. Churches in this vicinity seem to have fallen under ban of the lightning during the past fortnight. First the Episcopal Church at Hammondsport was struck and entirely destroyed. Last week the Free Methodist Church at Burdick, Pa., the Baptist Church at Spring Creek, and the Seventh Day Adventists' meeting house near Ceres, Bay Adventists' meeting house near Ceres, Bay were all struck by lightning in the same storm. During the severe thunder storm of Sunday last the Methodist Church at Bonny Hill, four miles south of Bath, and the Methodist Church at Kanona, six miles west of here, were struck by lightning. A school house in Allegheny township, Potter county, Pa., south of Bath, in which religious services are held, was also struck and badly damaged by lightning on Sunday.

Foundered in Rainy Lake.

RAT PORTAGE, Ontario, Aug. 22. The steamer Monarch struck a rock and went to the bottom on Aug. 19 at Long Sault, Rainy Lake, and fifty excursionists escaped by a rope. None was lost. The steamer lies in fifty feet of water. News of the wreck was brought in by an excursionist who returned last night.

SCIENTIFIC GHOST HUNT.

PROFS. COPE AND FARQUHAR TRY TO BAG THE MAPLETON SPECTRE.

Under the Auspices of the American Association for the Advancement of Science—They Wait in Vain for the Ghost at the Margaret Burning Stone Until Driven Away by Unscientific Pistol Firing.

Although the notorious Mapleton ghost may not be a first-class article, as ghosts go, it has already attained a dignity that any of its betters might envy. It has come within the official cognizance of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. They have hunted for it. Having hunted in vain, they declared it to be a myth. That may be a compliment; it probably is, if the ghost knows its business and disdains to be scientifically investigated.

Part of the object of the scientists in coming to Brooklyn has been diversion and enjoyment. They admit it. They have had excursions without number. A ghost hunt was not on the cards when they got here, but it was not overlooked when they laid out their round of pleasures. Besides, consider the honor and the triumph of bagging a ghost officially! of dissecting it and labelling its component parts, of writing tomes upon tomes about its characteristics, its habitat and its regimen, and all the other things they treat of when they catch anything that's never been caught before! These were the thoughts that spurred the scientists to the hunt when they heard of the Mapleton ghost. They felt that if they could bag it each member of the association would be warranted in tacking on an inch to his or her boot heels before leaving these parts.

The two scientists who were selected to do the job were Prof. Edward Drinker Cope of the University of Pennsylvania and Prof. Henry Farquhar of the Coast Survey. Each is tall and wiry, and built just right for a sprint across meadow and dale. Each, too, is energetic and tireless, and of a cast of mind not easily led astray by any fairy tales or suppositious theories. As ghost hunters all the rest of the scientists thought them to be up to the mark.

This pair of inquiring gentlemen talked the matter over with Col. John L. Burleigh, who consented to be their guide and adviser in questions into which no science entered, and the three met at 10 o'clock on Tuesday night at the Clarendon Hotel, in order that there might be a strong enough force to cope with the ghost, if caught, two young men were added to the party, and they all started for Mapleton.

On the way down the professors interviewed various persons on the train for the purpose of verifying the stories they had heard. The conductor acknowledged that he had seen a white figure on the track, and was rather inclined to think that it was a ghost. Several passengers also recounted what they had heard about it, although no man had seen it himself. This occupied the time until Mapleton was reached, where the party scrambled out. Then they talked to the flagman at the crossing. He knew all about it; told them where to go, how to go, and exactly how the apparition could be recognized when they came across it.

That was enough for the professors. Without losing time, and at rather an undignified pace for staid scientists, they ambled down the track to where Margaret Barning shot herself. The stone with the white cross which marks the spot is a granite block in an open field, which stretches away level and unfenced on all sides. It was about 11½ o'clock when the party got there. The moon was bright, and for several hundred yards around any object could be seen. But no object was there—least of all, no ghost.

The party then made its way slowly across the field to the clump of trees 200 yards away, from which the ghost is said always to emerge, and to which it retreats after its rambles. There the force was deployed. The professors bent scientific eyes on the trees, presumably with the idea that the ghost might be a wood nymph, with a propensity to wrap itself within a tree trunk. The Colonel took a sight through the vista of lowering branches. The young men got on their stomachs and put their ears to the ground, Indian fashion. They scanned and watched and listened. There was neither sight, sound, nor suggestion.

The Colonel took counsel with himself and proposed as a strategical manœuvre that they should all go and lie down near the stone, which could be used as a base for future operations should the ghost come from any direction, expected or unexpected. This seemed to be a good suggestion, and everybody congratulated the Colonel. He seemed to be full of the scheme forthwith and disposed themselves in the long grass about it. Then they waited.

They waited long, and the night grew chilly. They shook themselves and rubbed their hands and said, "Gosh, ain't it cold!" but that didn't make them any warmer. The white moon looked down on them frostily, and the heavy dew went up through them, and still they waited. And still no ghost.

After a while the Colonel, again communing with himself, thought it a good scheme for them to retreat into intrenchments. This again seemed to be a good suggestion, and everybody congratulated the Colonel on the instant. Jumping up and cracking the crick out of his bones. Then they all started off for a dry ditch a hundred feet or so away. There they went into bivouac, using their coat cuffs as muffs.

For an hour they lay there, talking in whispers and keeping a sharp lookout for anything white, but, alas! not a ghost. Prof. Cope broke one way, Prof. Farquhar another, Col. Burleigh still another, and the two young men looked up into the sky. But none saw anything, although there were many false alarms. Their eyes ached with the tension.

"Hist!" said the Colonel suddenly.

"What? Where?" asked the professors in a breath.

"There! Hist!" whispered the Colonel, pointing a finger up the railway track mysteriously.

Everybody was on the alert, and five pairs of eyes were focussed on the spot to which the Colonel pointed. The eyes bulged bigger and bigger in the moonlight, for something certainly could be seen coming down the track. They waited, breathless.

It was not for long. There was something coming, but it wasn't white but black. Presently it was seen that there were several figures, and, a moment afterward, that they were men.

They came down the track until they were opposite the stone, where they stopped. They talked and laughed for a few moments and rapped on the stone with their walking sticks. After performing that little attention they walked on down the track, and presently discovered the scientific party crouching in the ditch. Whether or not they mistook them for tramps or highwaymen, and desired to show that they were well armed and had no fear, two or three of the party of men drew revolvers and fired over the stone a number of times.

That settled the chances of catching the ghost, the professors determined, and they were consequently exceedingly angry. They got up and shook themselves and cussed mildly, and said uncomplimentary things about the "infernal young jackasses" who had spoiled the hunt.

Then the whole party got their weary bones into motion, crawled out of the ditch, and started up the track. They tried to flag the last passing train, but it wouldn't flag.

Perforce they walked to Bath Beach junction, where they got a trolley car. Weary and skeptical, they got back to Brooklyn at 4 o'clock in the morning.

Prof. Farquhar, talking to a reporter last night, insisted that they didn't ever expect to find the ghost. They were merely ready for it if it came.

THE VALLEY FALLS MYSTERY.

No Clue to the Identity of the Young Bicyclist Found Dead Under a Rye Stack.

VALLEY FALLS, N. Y., Aug. 22. The mystery surrounding the murder of the man found dead under a stack of rye near here on July 20 last has so far had no solution. The final inquest was held here last night. The verdict of the jury was that "the man was murdered, and that he came to his death by blows and wounds at the hands of some person or persons to the jury unknown."

Coroner Murphy had the body disinterred and took from it all the clothing that could be removed. These effects are at his office in Hoosick Falls, and will be held by him as a means of identification. Had the murdered man lived or had friends living anywhere in this State the full descriptions that have been extensively published would have aroused inquiry and brought the facts to their attention. The indications are that he was a well-to-do foreign tourist travelling through the country on a bicycle.

New President of Wells College.

AURORA, N. Y., Aug. 22.—Wells College, in Aurora, has called William E. Waters, Ph. D., of the University of Cincinnati, to its Presidency, to fill a vacancy occasioned by the resignation of the Rev. E. S. Frisbee, D. D. Prof. Waters has accepted, and will enter upon the discharge of his duties at the opening of the collegiate year next September. He graduated from Yale in the class of '78, and in 1883 he was recalled to Yale as tutor for three years. In 1890 he was elected to the chair of Greek and Comparative Philology in the University of Cincinnati which he now resigns to come to Wells. In collaboration with President William R. Harper of the University of Chicago he has prepared an edition of the Anabasis, which is used very widely in the high schools and academies. The chair of English Literature and Rhetoric at Wells has been filled by the appointment of Edward Fulton, Ph. D., lately instructor in Harvard University.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

A man who had occasion to pass through Central Park yesterday morning was astonished to note the great number of women who were hurrying in at the various entrances and travelling toward a central point. They were of every station in life, from the shabbily attired factory girl to elderly women of unquestionable social position in New York. The faces of many of the more expensively dressed women exhibited traces of suffering and sorrow. The women were not voluble, but when they arrived at the scene of the murder and suicide of the young Russian and his sweetheart they talked to one another in an entirely unconventional but thoroughly sympathetic manner. Their voices were hushed, and an odd sort of solemnity hung over the constantly shifting throng as the spot was pointed out where the two bodies were found. There was nothing to indicate the tragedy of the day before, and it was worth noting that the few men who were on the spot, drawn by curiosity or other motives, were satisfied with a brief glance and then passed on, while the women lingered for some minutes, talking softly to one another. It was evident that the romance woven around the lives of De Marcus and the girl had touched a tender chord somewhere in the feminine heart. Some of the expressions of opinion were diverting. A policeman had a long argument with one of the watercart men, and their words were listened to with respectful and almost comical interest by the women.

Marie Tempest's decision to give up her American tour this year was helped along by the weather last winter. During the four months she was in New York she went to the doctor's every morning regularly, after breakfast, and had her throat sprayed out and treated vigorously by the physician, so as to be able to sing at night. Very often she was unable, even after such treatment in the early morning, to go through the whole of the opera, and her understudy sang the greater part of the music in the last act. When the vagaries of the climate were particularly aggravating her throat was treated a second time before the performance. This programme, by the way, was followed by many other grand opera singers, Calvé having submitted to several severe operations during the season. It was asserted on no less authority than the physician of this singer that her determination not to return next season was due so much to this cause as to her row with Emma Eames, or her desire to go back to France. She has arranged to spend the early months of the spring in Spain and Italy. The singers dread the spring season in Chicago as much as they do the winters in New York, but in Chicago they can take better care of themselves than in this city, because the Auditorium and the hotel are under the same roof. Many of the principals of last season's opera company did not venture into the open air during their entire stay in the Windy City. Though the climate of London is moist, it is not by any means so trying upon the throats of singers as the winter weather in this country.

The hard times which have caused the hotels such serious loss this summer have induced them to allow their rooms to be used for rehearsals by theatrical companies. This is a common enough custom in other cities, but heretofore the New York hotels have refused to permit rehearsals at any time under their roofs. The managers of the hundreds of companies that are now getting ready to go out on the road find no difficulty in hiring rooms for $1.50 or $2 a day for the purpose of rehearsing. Sometimes the proprietors permit their parlors to be used for this purpose, and readily do the hotel guests even anything that goes on around them that they do not give a second glance when the actors rush around the room under the stage manager's direction. Apparently anybody who promises a small cash payment is admitted at the big hotels at this particular time. The austerity and industriousness of the hotel clerks in New York are entirely matters of history.

TROLLEY BLOCKED BY A CAT.

It Was a Black Cat and the Brooklyn Motorman Wouldn't Run Over It.

There was a tantalizing delay on the trolley cars of the Vanderbilt avenue line at 7:30 o'clock yesterday morning, just when traffic was at its flood and men were hurrying to their places of business in this city. A blockade for several minutes a short distance below Gates avenue was caused by a big black cat, which sprang from the top of a high board fence and landed squarely on the centre of the down track. The motorman had not noticed tabby until the car was almost on top of her. Then he shoved on the brake with desperation and reversed the electrical current. The car came to a stop so suddenly that passengers were almost thrown from their seats. The conductor from the rear platform could not see what was wrong and rang his bell to go ahead. The motorman did not obey the signal, though, because pussy made no effort to get out of the way. She sat blinking at the motorman and paying no heed to that official's efforts to drive her away. The passengers took a hand in the matter and poked canes and umbrellas at the furry black obstruction, which still refused to budge.

"Why don't you start up the car?" said a stout gray-haired man. "She'll get out soon enough when she sees the car moving."

"No, sir-ee," retorted the motorman. "That cat wants to be killed. That's why she's sitting there. She means suicide, and I'll not be the cause of her death if I can help it. I wouldn't run over a black cat for a week's wages."

The passengers were finally inspired to start the car just a little to see if pussy could be frightened. He ran the car forward until the cat had disappeared under the front platform. Then he stopped, and declared again that the cat was trying to commit suicide and that he wouldn't be a party to the scheme if he could help it. He backed up the car again, and, when pussy reappeared from under it, she sat there on the track unharmed. The conductor finally seized the cat and threw it on the sidewalk. The blockade was raised and the car, with a string of other cars following right behind, was soon whizzing toward the ferry. The motorman was asked if it would have harmed the cat to run the car entirely over it.

"Yes, the motor box would have struck her and ground the life out of her. That would have been bad luck for me," he said.

SHE WOULDN'T ELOPE AGAIN.

So Huetterman Threatened Frieda Laux on Being Released from Jail.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Aug. 22.—In November of last year Frieda Laux, a girl of 17, eloped with Ewald Huetterman. The pair took the girl's brother along and sailed for Europe. Huetterman, who had stolen a sum of money from the Prudential Insurance Company, was captured at Southampton, but the girl eluded the police and gotas far as Berlin before being overtaken. All three were finally brought back, and Huetterman was sent to State prison for two years for embezzlement and abduction. Ten days ago the Court of Pardons released him, and he came back to Elizabeth.

This morning the Laux girl went before a Police Justice and complained that Huetterman was trying to get her to run away with him again. He wrote two letters to her while in prison and two since. She paid no attention to the first letters, and, in the last letter, Huetterman threatened her for not heeding his overtures. A warrant was issued for Huetterman.

When Huetterman eloped with the Laux girl he left a wife and five children behind, and when he was released from prison his wife refused to have anything to do with him. He has now disappeared, and, his friends say, has gone to Canada.

A BONDSMAN FOR PAY.

Justice Hogan's Reproof to a City Employer Who Railed a Disorderly Woman.

Martin Hart of 205 West Thirteenth street, an inspector of sewers, went to the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday and offered bail for a woman charged with accosting men on the street. Justice Hogan asked him if he expected to receive money for giving the bond and Hart answered that he did. The Justice accepted the bond after Hart had signed a sworn statement that he expected to be paid. Then Justice Hogan said:

"When representatives of the city Government wink at such violations of decency, what hope have we of keeping our streets respectable? You do this for money, and you have my opinion that it is an outrage coming from a person in your official station."

Died Defending Her Honor.

PEORIA, Ill., Aug. 22.—Harry McCoy and Josie Colwell, the former a draughtsman in an architect's office and the latter employed as clerk in a cigar factory, were drowned in the river here late on Monday night. Their bodies were recovered late yesterday afternoon. From the appearance of their bodies when taken from the water and the fact that the two were heard quarrelling in the boat some time after leaving the wharf, it is believed that McCoy attacked the girl, and that in her struggles to thwart him the boat upset and both lost their lives. The boy bore a good reputation.

Indians Getting Troublesome.

EL RENO, O. T., Aug. 22.—According to information received here the Kiowa and Comanche Indians are becoming troublesome because they have not received the $60,000 due them from cattlemen for leases of their country. In some parts range fences have been destroyed and cattle slaughtered.

FLORA SAYS HE'S FICKLE.

A CONEY ISLAND ACTRESS SUES FOR BREACH OF PROMISE.

She Wants William McClure to Pay Her $10,000 Damages—An Interesting Batch of Letters Which, She Says, He Wrote Her.

Miss Anna Stodel, a young Jewess, who made her theatrical début on the stage in a Coney Island concert hall chorus under the name of Flora De Bois, has brought suit in the City Court against William McClure, an employee in the auditing office of a morning newspaper, for breach of promise. Miss De Bois estimates the damage done to her matrimonial prospects at $10,000. Miss De Bois has dark hair and dark eyes, and her manners are coquettish. She was born at Amsterdam, N. Y., twenty-four years ago. When a child her parents moved to New Haven. Upon the death of her father a few years ago she decided to go out into the world and make her living. Her cousin is Alfred Klein of the De Wolff Hopper company, and Ada Reeves is related to her. It was only natural, therefore, that having theatrical ambitions herself a career on the stage should suggest itself to her. In June, 1893, she succeeded in getting a place in the chorus at Vacca's Theatre, Coney Island.

What happened after that Miss De Bois describes as follows in her affidavit:

"I first met William McClure on or about the 15th day of July, 1893, at Coney Island, where I was employed as a chorus singer in Vacca's Theatre. Mr. McClure was in the audience and sent his card to me. As I did not know him I resented it, threw away the card, and refused to see him. The gentleman, however, came to the theatre every evening for about a week, and finally succeeded in obtaining, or, rather, forcing, an introduction to me at the stage door. He asked me to take supper with him. I refused and went home, declining his escort. He still frequented Vacca's Theatre, coming there every evening for over a week, sending me flowers to the stage door. I went to supper with him, but I was accompanied by another lady.

"After a month, believing his attentions to be honorable, he so far won my confidence that I dined with him alone on several occasions, and his professions of love were such that I looked upon him as a suitor for my hand.

"Subsequently Miss De Bois sang in the choruses of the "Spectacle of Versailles" and in "The Polo-house," and then, upon the suggestion of Mr. McClure, she learned a specialty, which she called "Flora De Bois, the Pocket Edition of Ada Reeves." While doing her specialty at Zip's Casino in Brooklyn Miss De Bois says she was met by Mr. McClure after each performance and escorted to her home.

"One evening Mr. McClure met me with a friend of his named Mr. Wilson," says Miss De Bois. "Both gentlemen went with me as far as my room, and then Mr. Wilson went away. I told Mr. McClure to go also, but he remained, and insisted on making declarations of profound love for me. 'I am going to marry you,' he said. Then I fainted."

As evidence that Mr. McClure forgot his promise Miss De Bois has about 200 letters. Every letter is written in a small, bold hand in blue ink and on the note paper of the office in which he is employed. They all begin with "My little darling," and conclude with "lovingly, Mac." Every letter has a postscript in the form of several stars and bids, designating kisses. There is an average of nine stars to each letter. Miss De Bois regards the following letter as very damaging against Mr. McClure:

"MY LITTLE DARLING: You remember when I had a talk with you. I told you that my position was such that I could not possibly think of getting married yet. There was a change without injuring my position. I expected that there would be a change in the office this spring which would give me easier work and put me where I would not be bothered, married or not. There was a big change two or three weeks ago. I was told that I was doing very well. Twenty five men were discharged and the work divided. It does not bother me to do a little extra work, but I want more money. Of course you cannot realize and cannot understand the inside workings of an office like this."

In a letter sent to the actress about June 30 last Mr. McClure told her not to be downcast nor worried "about the consequences. Every cloud has a silver lining. Try to forget the impending trouble."

Mr. McClure took a cottage at Bath Beach. Miss De Bois says she understood that they were to be married, and that the honeymoon was to have been spent there. Instead, Miss De Bois says that he borrowed $413 of her to furnish the cottage and then filled up the seaside residence with his friends.

In one note in the collection occurs the following:

"It has taken so much money to fix up the house that I am dead broke. I had to borrow 25 cents to get me out of town. I paid the $40 rent, though. Won't you be able to get along for a few weeks on your own money? Then I will be able to send you some funds. Don't you suppose you could let me have a little money for our cottage?"

Yesterday morning Miss De Bois went to Mr. McClure's office. She walked to his desk and took him very much by surprise.

"I want my rings and my jewels," she demanded. Mr. McClure did not say a word, but getting up he left the office. Presently one of the uniformed hall men came up and told Miss De Bois that she would have to leave the building or be arrested. Miss De Bois left, and in an hour the law firm of Howe & Hummel served the papers on Mr. McClure. Then Mr. McClure went for Miss De Bois. He asked the southerte what grounds she had for the suit. Miss De Bois said: "How about all those compromising letters? It seems very evident you do not intend to marry me. You have blighted my career. If I go down, you must go down, too."

Mr. McClure declines to discuss his side of the case.

LETTER TO AN EX-MOTHER-IN-LAW.

An Exhibit in the Attempt to Make Walker Pay His Former Wife Alimony.

An order was issued by Justice Gaynor of the Supreme Court yesterday declaring Frank B. Walker in contempt of court for having failed to pay his former wife, Frances S. Walker, $4 weekly alimony. Walker is employed by the German-American Real Estate Title and Guarantee Company of Brooklyn. His wife secured a divorce from him in 1891, and he did not pay the alimony as ordered. The following letter, written by Walker to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Quimby of Sea Cliff, was appended to the papers praying for his punishment for contempt:

JAN. 22, 1893.

MY DEAR MRS QUIMBY: Hearing of your daughter's break in the matrimonial line, and as a once noble and worthy member of your family, I thought it my duty to send congratulations (vice versa), and would heartily like to shake hands with the groom and make him think he was out of sight when he turned the trick, but you must do it for me. Now, my dear madam, do not fail to present my compliments to the happy pair and tell them that by some mistake I never received my invite. Well, I never go to 34 Nassau street, and I suppose it is there, but the next time she gets married you can send me an invite to my hotel, and I'll grace your company with my personal appearance and insist on being the one to throw the rice after the loving couple. Words cannot express the pleasure on hearing of Frank's marriage. I hope it will prove a happier affair than mine was. When I think of the old humdrum life it makes me feel sorry for Laurence. I would like to see some of the old-time scrats, for I seem to have many a spare little hour on my hands. That lawyer has a bill against me. Well, I'll credit him with it. This is the last letter you'll ever get from this child, as I am going to Chicago to-night.

WONG LEE SEEKING MARY M'BRIDE.

She Ran Away with His $200 in Place of Becoming a Bride.

Wong Lee, who said he formerly owned a prosperous laundry in Rivington street, this city, called upon Justice Seymour in Hoboken, yesterday, and asked his assistance to find Mary McBride. In pigeon English the Chinaman told Justice Seymour that he made Miss McBride's acquaintance about two months ago, and, being smitten with her charms, proposed marriage. She accepted him, and it was arranged that the wedding should take place just as soon as rooms could be furnished for housekeeping purposes.

Wong gave his prospective bride $200 to buy the furniture and other housekeeping paraphernalia, and he has not seen her since. She had told him during their courtship that she lived in Hoboken, and he was looking for her. Justice Seymour promised to issue a warrant for Miss McBride's arrest, and said that if she was found he would notify Wong.

Accrued Four Years After the Murder.

SEDAN, Kan., Aug. 22.—After a lapse of four years the alleged murderers of J. S. Fraser, a cattle dealer of this county, have been captured. They are all prominent farmers or business men living near here, and the news of their arrest has caused a sensation. Their names are Theodore F. Cox, Marc McBee, William Lycker, and J. H. and Elmer Cox.

In 1890 Gibson and J. S. Fraser were partners in an extensive cattle business in Chautauqua. They imported 1,400 head of Texas steers, to which the neighboring raisers objected, fearing they would spread Texas fever. Gibson and Fraser refused to remove the cattle, however, and in consequence were threatened with death. They paid no heed to the threats, but in May of that year Gibson was found dead in a hotel at Moline. In June Fraser was missed, and after a long search his body, covered with knife cuts, was found in a neighboring stream.

A Lynching in Oregon.

KLAMATH FALLS, Or., Aug. 22.—W. K. Thompson was taken from jail this morning and lynched by a mob. Thompson was held in jail on a small charge, but had a bad reputation.

Success has come to Cleveland's baking powder, because
It is a pure cream of tartar powder.
Only a rounded spoonful is required, not a heaping spoonful.
It never fails.

The best that money can buy.
Cleveland's Baking Powder
It is Pure and Sure.

Bread and cake made with it keep their natural freshness and flavor.
It is full weight, and full strength until all used.
Cleveland Baking Powder Co., New York, Successor to Cleveland Brothers.

FELLED WITH A PAVING STONE.

Saloon Keeper Kane May Die from a Young Tough's Act of Revenge.

John Kane of 851 Seventh avenue, who keeps a saloon at 149 West Fifty-first street, was knocked down with a paving stone on Tuesday night by a young tough whom he had ordered out of the place, and was carried to Roosevelt Hospital unconscious, and with a badly fractured skull. His recovery is doubtful. His assailant was John, alias "Whitey" McCue of 145 West Fifty-first street.

McCue is 23 years of age, and is a member of a gang that frequents the neighborhood. Its members tried to make Kane's saloon their headquarters, but Kane would not allow them around his place. This led to a quarrel between the saloon keeper and McCue.

On Tuesday night McCue entered the saloon just before midnight. Kane was standing behind the bar and saw him.

"Get out," Kane called to McCue. "I've told you I won't have you here, so move, quick."

McCue disappeared, and the people in the saloon thought he had gone. The next moment, however, he reappeared at the door with a granite paving stone fifteen or sixteen pounds in weight in his hand. John Hochter, son of the landlord of the saloon, met him at the door and tried to stop him.

"I'll do six months for that man, so stand away or I'll do you up, too," said McCue as he pushed by.

Kane leaned forward to see what the row was. The next moment McCue hurled the stone. It struck the saloon keeper full on the forehead, and he sank to the ground unconscious. Without saying a word McCue walked away. Hochter ran to a