A TAMMANY CAPTAIN SHOT.

OUTCOME OF M'LAUGHLIN'S ELECTION DAY WORK.

The Stonecutter Fired, Believing Dwyer Had Caused His Discharge by Saying He Had Voted the Republican Ticket.

Timothy W. Dwyer, 50 years old, who lives with his wife and family at 1,181 Third avenue, was shot in the abdomen about 6 o'clock last night, at First avenue and Sixty-sixth street, by James McLaughlin, a stonecutter, known as Chips. Dwyer was removed to the Presbyterian Hospital, where his wounds were pronounced dangerous, but not fatal.

The wounded man is the owner of several houses. He formerly kept a saloon at Fifty-fifth street and First avenue, and has been for some years the Tammany Hall captain in the Thirteenth Election district of the Twentieth Assembly district.

It was a dispute over some election matters which let to the shooting. McLaughlin has been employed for the last fifteen years by Thomas Dunn & Co., who have stoneyard at Sixty-eighth street and Avenue A.

A few days before the election, it is said, Bartholomew Dunn, one of his employers, engaged McLaughlin to do some work in the Thirteenth Election district on election day. Dunn gave him $7, which he said was only a loan.

McLaughlin understood it to be pay for his services. On election night McLaughlin went to the Democratic headquarters at 148 East Sixty-fifth street, and asked for pay for work which he had done at the polls during the day. Dunn refused to give him any money, and said:

"You have done crooked work."

When McLaughlin demanded an explanation Dunn said he had voted the Republican ticket. While he would not tell McLaughlin who it was that had made this charge against him, he said McLaughlin could have no further work in the stoneyard.

McLaughlin went home and told his wife that he had been discharged. Mrs. McLaughlin sent her ten-year-old girl to the stoneyard the following day for six dollars, which the stonecutter said was due him for stonecutting. Dunn said no money was owing to McLaughlin.

The latter then went himself to collect the money. Dunn told him that the $7 which he had already given him was only a loan, and consequently he had then been overpaid a dollar. McLaughlin then questioned Dunn about his discharge, and once more demanded the name of the man who had accused him of crooked work at the polls. Dunn told him that it was Timothy Dwyer.

McLaughlin, when he left the stone yard, began drinking heavily. He left home yesterday morning with his Sunday suit of clothes on his arm.

His wife supposed that he was taking them to a pawn shop in order to obtain money, as there was no food in the house. McLaughlin failed to return during the day.

It is learned that a short time ago after leaving his home, he went to Raub's gun store at 201 East Sixty-third street, and bought some cartridges. He wanted Raub to load a revolver for him. Raub refused.

About 6 o'clock last night Dwyer went to 404 East Sixty-fifth street to collect some rent. He owns the house, as well as the one adjoining. While standing on the northwest corner of Sixty-sixth street and First avenue, he was approached by McLaughlin.

The latter appeared to be intoxicated. Walking close to Dwyer, he stopped and shouted:

"You accused me with having voted the Republican ticket."

Dwyer answered: "You are a liar; I never said such a thing."

He tried to avoid further dispute by moving on, but he was stopped by McLaughlin, who cried:

"Well, I am going to shoot you, any way."

He drew a revolver and fired three shots at Dwyer. Two bullets missed, but the third lodged in Dwyer's abdomen, near the groin. Dwyer, after the first shot, ran through Sixty-fifth street to Avenue A, while McLaughlin made his escape at the same time.

Dwyer walked to the East Sixty-seventh street station and an ambulance was called. After he had been removed to the hospital three policemen in citizen's clothes were sent out to search for McLaughlin. At midnight he was still at large.

Dunn could not be found last night, but his brother Thomas was seen at the Democratic headquarters in East Sixty-fifth street. He said that McLaughlin had not been discharged by the firm, nor had he been engaged to do anything on election day.

NEW YORK AGAINST BROOKLYN.

To Be Decided Soon Which Has the Best Drilled Young Soldiers.

To settle the much mooted question of superiority between the regiments of the Baptist Boys' Brigade of this city and Brooklyn the young soldiers of the regiments in the respective cities will meet in friendly rivalry on the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 29.

Since the organization of the several companies composing the regiments and the brigade in the two cities, each company has striven to attain a high excellence in the matter of military drill, athletic exercise, and in declamation and music, in all of which branches the members are taught.

In order, therefore, to determine whether the New York or Brooklyn contingent is entitled to give supremacy, the four regiments of this city challenged the three regiments across the East River to engage in a public competition. This challenge has been accepted by the Brooklyn boys, and the officers have chosen Thanksgiving as the day and the Clermont Avenue Rink as the place for the contest.

The contest will be between a selected company from each city, and will consist of a contest in military drill and manual of arms and in declamation and solo singing, each city being represented by two declaimers and two soloists from the ranks. The judges have not yet been selected, but they are likely to be prominent officials or clergymen of the two cities.

The four regiments from this city will form on Broadway at the City Hall Park early in the afternoon of the day named and will march fully armed and equipped, across the bridge to the rink, where not less than 3,000 young soldiers will be assembled. The proceeds derived from the sale of tickets will be devoted to the purchase of a summer camp for the brigade at some spot on the seashore.

MR. CLEVELAND'S ONE CHECK.

It Was Sent to Help Prof. Wilson, Who Was Badly Beaten.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—In confirmation of the suggestion that Mr. William L. Wilson of West Virginia may possibly be one of the President's official family after the 4th of March next, the statement is made upon excellent authority that Chairman Wilson was the only candidate in the present campaign in whom the President took sufficient interest to induce him to send a goodly sized check to aid him in his contest. It is also recalled that Mr. Wilson was President Cleveland's personal choice for permanent Chairman of the Chicago Convention, that he was the President's personal preference for Chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means, and that he was generally accepted as being the best informed exponent of the President's views on the floor of the House.

Broadway Cable Cars Blocked.

Just as the theatres were out last evening car No. 147 of the Broadway line, sweeping around Union square curve down-bound, came to a halt.

Every one was pitched forward against his neighbor, and the theatre hats of the ladies collided with the high silk hats of the men. The gripman had forgotten to shift his grip in time.

Three cars were stuck, and their occupants turned out upon the street, while the conductors and gripmen hauled at car 147 and tried to get it around the curve.

After fifteen minutes' hard work, without having budged the car an inch, they gave it up and turned in a call for the Houston street wrecking wagon. It was twenty minutes more before the three cars were got around the curve. Cable cars were blocked all the way up to Twenty-fourth street by this time, and the theatregoers from Jersey were cipherings about the late trains home.

Poker Game in Beaver Street Raided.

Acting Captain Hogan and Special Officers Newell, Sullivan, and Clark of the Old slip station broke up a little game of poker shortly after 9 o'clock last night, and arrested Albert Wheeler of 18 Beaver street, of the firm of Wheeler, Weeden & Co., who keep a liquor store and restaurant in that building.

The other men arrested gave their names as Peter Jones, Richard Ward, and Thomas Schmidt. They refused to give their addresses or occupation. An oak gambling table, 500 poker chips, 37 packs of cards, a check for $50, and $41 in money were taken. The prisoners were bailed out by John Verkel, a saloon keeper, in $300 each.

Toronto's Boodle Inquiry.

TORONTO, Ont., Nov. 10. The Aldermanic boodle investigation came to an end for the present to-day. Counsel Nesbitt, in summing up, said that for the present he deemed it in the public interest to withhold the names of Aldermen, other than Stewart, alleged to have been concerned in the boodling. He asked Judge Morgan to make his report in the case of Stewart, declaring the charges proved if he so deemed, and asking the City Council for wider powers to make a more thorough investigation. The Judge concurred with this suggestion, and his report will likely be presented in a few days.

HOOKED THE CONSUL'S CASH.

Beguiled Senor Solorzano With Political Talk and Picked His Pocket.

Modesto Solorzano, Consul-General of Ecuador, was going home at 3:30 yesterday afternoon to pay his rent. He had with him $1,100—$600 in cash and $500 in a check from the Government of Ecuador. He put the cash and the check in a black Russia leather wallet and the wallet in his left-hand hip pocket.

Then he buttoned up his cutaway coat, put on a light-colored short coat, closed his office at 24 State street, and went to the Battery place station of the Sixth avenue elevated road, where he took a train for Twenty-eighth street.

Now the Consul, who is a broad-shouldered and military-looking man of 60, is deeply interested in American politics. It was only last Wednesday morning when he read of the landslide that he threw up his hands and shouted to a friend, "Vive les Républiques!"

In the car yesterday the Consul General fell in with a young man who was also deeply interested in American politics. It seems more probable, though, that the young man fell in with the Consul General.

The Consul-General doesn't remember much about the young man except that he was blond and "a va-ry nice joutleman," and that he could talk politics intelligently, which the Consul-General considered at that time was the main thing of interest. They sat side by side, the Consul being on the young man's right.

As they went up town the Consul drew out his wallet to get a few small bills, and there was a pause in the conversation long enough for the young man to see the wallet. The Consul-General replaced the wallet, and the young man talked more interestingly than ever. The Consul had to get out at Twenty-eighth street, and that was the last he saw of the young man.

When the Consul reached his apartments at 8 West Twenty-eighth street he said to Mr. Stephen Leach, manager of the apartments: "I come to pay you the rent." He reached for his wallet. His fingers caught in his pocket and groped there for the wallet, but there was no wallet.

Mr. Leach didn't know what was the matter, nor was he any the wiser, for a moment, when the Consul exclaimed excitedly: "Oh! Ah! I had it in my pocket! And now! And I rode up with such a va-ry nice young joutleman! And now!"

Mr. Leach guessed that the Consul had been robbed, and he hurried to the Twenty-eighth street elevated station and then hurried up to Fifty-eighth street, whither the Consul thought the train was bound, and tried to find the young blond man. But the young blond man was not there.

Later a reporter called to see the Consul. The reporter wanted news, and the Consul appeared to want advice. They traded—news and advice, and Inspector McLaughlin and Capt. Schmitberger of the Thirtieth street police station were asked to find the blond man.

The Consul had to tell his distressing story a second time to his intimate friend, C. Calderon, Consul-General of the United States of Colombia, who has apartments on the floor below those of the Consul-General of Ecuador.

The Consul's friends thought they found the connection between the missing wallet and the young man when they saw that the Consul's left-hand hip pocket had been slit up with a sharp instrument.

The Consul-General of Colombia told the Consul-General of Ecuador not to bother about a little thing like that—the Consul of Ecuador is said to be rich, besides the money and the check, the stolen wallet contained his passports and other private papers.

COFFINS DIRT CHEAP.

The Auctioneer Knocked Them Off at An Average Price of Ten Cents.

BRISTOL, Pa., Nov. 10.—Coffins went for ten cents each here to-day. They were great bargains at a public sale at Hulmeville. So cheap were they that a man bought one apparently for each of his children, and Bucks county to-night has a fine supply of walnut coffins of all sizes.

The property of Lewis P. Townsend of Hulmeville, the defaulting treasurer of the Newportville Building Association, was put up at auction. Townsend was short in his accounts about $4,000. He did an undertaking business also. A great crowd of people from that end of Bucks county was attracted by the sale.

The auctioneer first knocked down a few horses for a mere song. Then the wagons and carriages went. Other articles of less value about the place brought trivial prices.

Townsend always kept in stock a large number of coffins, so that when a citizen of that vicinity died Townsend had no trouble in supplying a coffin of the proper size.

To-day, when all the visible stock and personal effects had been disposed of, the auctioneer and his assistant vanished for a moment. Soon they appeared bearing a highly polished walnut casket. Mounting his block, the auctioneer began to dilate upon the beauties of the coffin.

"Who'll make a bid?" cried the auctioneer.

His hearers seemed shocked for a moment, but the silence was broken by:

"I'll give a nickel for it."

Laughter greeted this bid, but the auctioneer looked solemn and businesslike.

"No telling how soon you may need it," he urged. The auctioneer looked hard at a thin-faced man who had spoken, and several times coughed. The man turned away.

"I'll make it a dime," came a timid voice, and the coffin was his.

The ice once broken, the coffins commanded a readier sale. It seemed to be agreed that 10 cents was the top-notch figure, and the auctioneer having them bid up to that sum, would let them go. Frank Brown, a local dealer in sundries, then started and hulled the market considerably. Brown took as many coffins as he has children.

After that the general bidding was lively, and soon the coffins were disposed of. The real estate was sold yesterday, and the personal effects sold to-day brought only a few hundred dollars. The building association will not get half the amount represented by Townsend's defalcation.

RAID IN THE TENDERLOIN.

Fifty-five Policemen Arrest Eighty Men and Women at the Calcium Light Club.

The house 143 West Thirty-second street, occupied by the Calcium Light Club, a social and political organization of colored men, was raided at 12:30 o'clock this morning, and eighty prisoners were taken. Capt. Schmittberger conducted the raid personally, and forty-four uniformed policemen and eleven officers in plain clothes took part. Twelve white women and twenty-five colored women were arrested.

All the men arrested were black. It was charged that the place was a house of ill fame, and also was used for petty gambling. The proprietor is Charles Jefferson Davis, and his manager is George Washington Jackson, both colored.

Capt. Schmittberger and Detective Callahan made their way, without attracting attention, from the basement to the second story, where they found a crap game going on. It is said that there were poker games in the kitchen and dining room and a dance in the parlor.

The arrests were made on warrants issued by Justice Voorhis at Jefferson Market Police Court, and the offences alleged are keeping a disorderly house, gambling, and displaying a fraudulent liquor license.

Ives Makes a Run of 428 with the Anchor Nurse Barred.

Ives and Schaefer are still hard at practice. Last night, at 804 Third avenue, Schaefer made 600 points to Spink's 242. Schaefer's highest run was 175, and his average 75. Ives, in his afternoon practice, made a run of 428 with the anchor nurse barred. This is the highest run ever made under the same conditions. Schaefer held the previous record, 271. Al Smith was Ives's opponent. He scored only eight points to Ives's 600. The latter's average was 85. Tom Gallagher was pitted against Ives in the evening game. The score was: Ives, 600; Gallagher, 356. Ives's average was 50 5-17, and his best run, 229.

FLINT'S FINE FURNITURE.

COUCHES FOR WEAR,
COUCHES FOR BEAUTY,
COUCHES FOR LUXURIOUS EASE.

YOU WOULD NEVER GUESS THE NUMBER OF STYLES THERE ARE UNTIL YOU SEE THESE. MOST OF THEM HAVE NO BACK, EXCEPT AT ONE END. SOME HAVE NOT EVEN THAT. RUG COVERED THESE ARE, AND HEAPED WITH PILLOWS. SOME ARE COUCH AND CHAIR IN ONE. MANY HAVE A LEVEL BED. MANY MORE ARE HOLLOWED AND CURVED AS SKILFULLY AS IF MADE FROM IMPRESSIBLE MATERIAL AND MOULDED TO SHAPE BY THE BODY.

NO ROOM NEED BE WITHOUT THE RIGHT ONE, IF YOU

"BUY OF THE MAKER."

GEO. C. FLINT CO.,
43, 45, and 47 West 23d st.
NEAR BROADWAY.

DID THIS MACHINE FLY?

WALTER MERCER OF CINCINNATI SAYS HE FLEW THIRTY-SIX MILES.

His Trip Was Made in Last August in the Night from Trenton Toward New York—His Account of the Ship and the Journey.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 10.—The *Tribune* to-morrow will print the following:

"Aerial navigation has been accomplished, and not later than 1895 you will see an air ship mail line between Washington and San Francisco."

This remark was made with earnest conviction to a Cincinnati *Tribune* reporter to-day by a young inventor whom destiny seems to have indicated as the one to solve the problem which has baffled scientific men for ages, the problem of sailing the air.

That man is Walter Mercer, a former Cincinnatian, already well known for his inventions and scientific research. He is only 21 years old, but has made a successful trip of nearly forty miles in an air ship, the Albatross, constructed wholly by himself on scientific principles evolved from his own mind. The voyage was made near Trenton, N. J., on Aug. 27 last by the boy inventor, alone and almost unobserved.

The strange craft was seen, and the *Daily True American* of Trenton said on the day following that "an illuminated balloon passed over the city, going in an easterly direction, late on Sunday night."

The success of the trial trip of the Albatross was guarded with the same secrecy that was observed during its construction. Young Mercer came to this city shortly after making the successful voyage and mentioned to a few of his friends what he had had finally accomplished.

The *Tribune* heard the report and a call was made on the young genius. Walter Mercer has attracted the attention of scientists and was elected a member, without application, of the American Electrical Institute of Philadelphia.

He has patented several excellent electrical inventions which have been sold for good sums. His whole time is taken up with scientific study and research.

The Albatross is 11 feet 6 inches long and 6 feet wide when the two silk wing parachutes are open. The ship is built of aluminum and weighs 188 pounds and 8 ounces.

It has one rear propeller, four feet eight inches long, and four raising propellers, two feet each, on top, used to elevate the ship.

Inside there is an aluminum electrical engine of 3½ initial horse power. The armature and four motors are arranged with an idea of economizing space.

The light which gave rise to the theory of the illuminated balloon, was caused by an arc light shining through the peephole in the bottom.

Mercer stood on the bottom in the centre and worked everything on a switchboard. There are no balloon attachments or theory about it except the parachute wings.

Prof. Langley said at the World's Fair that the Mercer air ship came nearer being a flying machine than any he had ever seen, and could be looked upon as a successful machine.

The Albatross is like ship are cotical shaped and are bulkheaded, and hydrogen gas, with a mixture of oxygen, was forced into the ends to displace the weight of the machine.

Mercer told the story of his trip with modesty.

"It was a bright moonlight night, the 27th of August, when I finally got started. The ship I constructed in a barn in Yardly, Pa., across the Delaware River from Trenton. Of course I was bound to keep my mission and work secret, and a number of people thought I was a smuggler, or at least a smuggler, because I worked at night secretly and kept everything locked up.

"I made the start on Sunday night, considerably after midnight, because I wanted the utmost secrecy. Before running the ship out of the shed I turned the current and it arose slightly. Imagine my sensations: I was very nervous. When outside the shed I got in and turned on the current, and the ship went up. About the last thing I heard was a man chopping wood. A moment later I heard the faint tinkling of a cow bell. Prof. Langley of the Smithsonian Institution furnished me with a mariner's compass, a barometer, and a thermometer to make tests. I had calculated on striking the eastern currents, and did not expect to need the use of the rear propeller. If you go high enough, it has been said, you will go directly east. I find it not so. The currents change, and my barometer showed these changes in ten minutes. My principle worked all right, and the sensation I felt I cannot describe.

"I do not know to just what height I was, but I think about 200 feet part of the time. I crossed the meadows and then made a discovery, that the waters on the meadows attracted the ship slightly. Among towns I passed I thought I was nearing New York and was preparing to land. I intended to land in the Orange Mountains, but missed them.

"I was scared when it came to lowering the ship, for I did not know what would happen and I could not see except through the small hole in the bottom, and it made me dizzy to look down out of that. I did not see ahead, you know. My steering was done by calculations and the compass.

"I was depending on the parachute wings for the descent. I opened the huge silk parachute. Instead of falling the machine stopped or moved ahead slightly. I stopped the propellers, and then felt the sensation of falling, like in the Chicago Auditorium elevator.

"I was falling too fast. I started up the engines again and found the only way to get down was to open the gas pressure, and, with a hand pump which scraped the ship and tore off the springs, I touched ground on the outskirts of a little town not many miles from New York, after making a trip of about thirty-six miles. When I stepped on the ground I thought the earth was rocking. I cannot describe my sensation or emotions. I was greatly excited. I immediately covered the ship with a canvas and had it hauled away."

MARTIN LUTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

Mayor Schieren Says Dr. Parkhurst Should Have Been a Lutheran.

The 411th anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther was observed last evening by the Luther League of New York, an organization of young Lutheran societies, in Association Hall, Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue. "The Day We Celebrate" was the toast assigned to Mayor Schieren of Brooklyn.

"I believe," he began, "we celebrate liberty of thought. For this stood Luther and Washington. If the former had never been born I believe we would still be in darkness and persecution.

"On Tuesday night my telephone rang in my house. I said, 'Hellos!' The answer came, 'New York.' 'What is the matter in New York?' I asked. [Laughter.] Now, what was the matter in this city on Tuesday? This brings me to Dr. Parkhurst. His inspiration was a Lutheran inspiration. He should be a Lutheran minister. He was ready to die for the cause of reform.

"Now, never allow such a burden to take hold of you again. Rejoice that the day has come for the redemption of this beautiful city, Brooklyn rejoices with you. She felt that you would get a Strong Mayor. Now you have got him. And he needs what? I can sympathize with him. I don't know whether he will receive a bill as large as mine for door bells and door knobs. I know the ordeal he has to pass through. He wants your sympathy and encouragement. Give him a chance. Don't expect too much at once. The mill of reform grinds slowly, if it grinds well. My word for it, as much as I have seen of Mr. Strong, he is about the best miller you could have got for the job."

The Council of Mediation.

The Council of Mediation and Conciliation, which offered to mediate between the striking cloakmakers and their employers, is an organization formed a little over a year ago by several leaders in the Protestant Episcopal Church of this city. Bishop Potter was a prime mover in its formation. Meetings are held in the See House in Lafayette place.

In order to make the council more useful and keep it in touch with organized labor, men who are students of labor questions and those who are active leaders are requested to associate themselves with the council.

Death of David M. Tier.

David M. Tier, an old resident of Astoria, died at his home in the Boulevard, in that village, yesterday morning, aged 80 years. Two sons and a widow survive him.

SOAP BY MAIL, 50c. DEPOT, 218 6TH AV., N. Y.
ALSO SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

"Dry-Royal"

UNIVERSALLY RECOGNIZED AS ONE OF THE CHOICEST

Dry Sparkling Wines of France.

Used since 1811 throughout Europe and England by the best families. 40,000 cases sold yearly in England alone. In Clubs, Hotels, Dining-Cars, and Steamers abroad. Its remarkable quality recognized by Connoisseurs generally.

$21 per Case, Qts.

ORDER THROUGH YOUR WINE MERCHANT OR GROCER.

SOLE AGENTS. W. A. TAYLOR & CO., 39 BROADWAY.

DINNER TO ADMIRAL ERBEN.

He Praises the Men of His Late Command, and Gen. Tracy Speaks for the New Navy.

Rear-Admiral Henry Erben, who was recently put on the retired list, was entertained last night at a dinner at the City Club. The letter of invitation to the Admiral read in part as follows:

"We desire to welcome you on your return to the city of your birth, and to testify our appreciation of the distinction you have conferred upon it by your long and honorable service as an officer of our navy and a representative, at home and abroad, of the authority and dignity of the United States. We have followed with interest the career which has afforded you so many opportunities—so well improved—to increase respect for our nationality; and as a citizen of New York your distinguished reputation is part of our civic history."

The dinner of welcome was presided over by Col. William Conant Church. Admiral Erben sat at his right and Gen. Benjamin F. Tracy at his left. It was about 8 o'clock when the hosts and their guests sat down, and the speeches were not begun until two hours later. Col. Church then arose, and after expressing the hope that every one was supplied with all the comforts of a man-of-war, welcomed Admiral Erben in a short speech, saying:

"I am sure the Admiral will agree with me when I say that what he perhaps enjoyed most during his command of our squadron in European waters was the behavior of the men under his command. He had 400 of them on his own ship, and while they might not be called a McAllister 400, the latter surely could not have behaved better. No man misbehaved himself, and I know that the Admiral and every one else will appreciate the toast I propose, not only to the Admiral, but to the officers and the men of the European squadron."

The toast was drunk after a round of applause, and when it had ceased Admiral Erben arose and said that he never had had a greater honor conferred upon him than in this testimonial of the friends assembled about him.

"I came over here to this side," he said, "when I had been retired from active service, being brought over in the steamship New York, one that my friend, Gen. Tracy, and I had placed under the American flag. I felt not exactly on a lee shore, but I felt lonesome. That is another reason why your letter of invitation has made me so happy. As to the toast that was drunk just now to the men, that gratified me exceedingly, because there never was a finer body of men than the bluejackets of that squadron. The men never got drunk or misbehaved. In our three ships we went where millionaires could not go. We were received by royalty.

"'One thing that was amusing was that the men felt it incumbent upon themselves to go wherever they were invited. At the Royal Opera in London I saw six of our men sitting down in low neck and long the production of Verdi's 'Falstaff.' I did not enjoy the opera very much, and I went over to the Brazilian Minister and asked him what he thought of it. He said that it was damned rot. Well, I sat it out, and the next day I said to the boatswain's mate, whom I knew somewhere, 'Well, how do you think of the opera?' and he replied: 'I didn't understand a bloody word of it, but I stayed there because I was invited.' And that was the way Jack did everything. They stayed as long as the Prince of Wales, and I remained in the box, no matter whether they enjoyed the performance or not.

Admiral Erben spoke of the pride and satisfaction with which the sight of an American man-of-war was greeted by Americans abroad. He said that they visited the ships daily and expressed much interest in our navy. To be sure, they do not always know very much about naval matters, as was illustrated by this occurrence: I met a man on a dock while we were in the Mediterranean, and after he had inquired who I was, he asked me how long we had been there. We had come into port early in the morning he had seen the American flag flying. I explained to him that we only fly our flags from 8 o'clock in the morning until sunset, to which he ejaculated: 'Great Scott! Why, the American flag ought to fly day and night.' That is the spirit of Americans abroad."

In closing, Admiral Erben said that during his whole period of commander of the squadron none of the men had been in jail for misbehavior.

The next speaker, Col. Church introduced was Gen. Benjamin F. Tracy, who said that the esteem in which he held Admiral Erben, and the honor he felt in being one to welcome him. He said:

"It seems strange to a layman that a man in the prime and vigor of life such as Admiral Erben should find himself retired, but the regulations of the service are such that when the elder officers reach a fixed age they must give way to the younger ones. The forty-six years of his service will never be forgotten. I have been asked to speak about the new navy, and I must say that the progress made by this country in its naval reconstruction of the past ten years has been without parallel in the history of the world. In 1882 it was not believed that we could build a modern ship with great marine engines; it was believed we could not build a steel ship of the floor of Congress and maintained that it would be almost impossible for our mechanics to succeed in the construction of a modern engine. And yet the ships we have today have shown superiority of design, which is conceded by naval authorities, and in the technical press of England article after article has appeared speaking of their superiority over others, even over those of England."

Gen. Tracy spoke of the lessons that had been learned from the war in the Orient, as Japanese vessels whose construction approached that of our own in regard to the position of guns and armor, demonstrated their superiority over the Chinese. In closing he said: "We want more ships and better ones, and we can and shall have them soon."

Others who spoke were Seth Low, Gen. Horace Porter, Prof. J. H. Van Amringe, the Hon. Andrew D. White, Richard Watson Gilder, and Commander J. W. Miller.

Many Senator Candidates in Nebraska.

LINCOLN, Neb., Nov. 10.—With a Republican majority of between thirty and forty in the Legislature, an active canvass for the seat in the United States Senate occupied by Gen. Manderson has begun, half a dozen aspirants for the place being in the field to-day.

Of the dozen or more candidates, John M. Thurston of Omaha has the most formidable following. As an avowed though not accepted candidate, he stumped the State all during the campaign.

Gov. Crounse is also an aspirant, and Senator Manderson would be pleased to succeed himself. G. M. Lambertson of Lincoln, John L. Webster of Omaha, and Church Howe are also candidates.

L. H. Chapin's Summer Residence Burned.

NEW LONDON, Nov. 10.—The handsome summer residence of Lingley Hoffman Chapin was entirely destroyed by fire this evening, together with its contents. The flames were discovered at about 7 o'clock in a room on the third story of the house. How the fire originated is not known. The house was filled with paintings, bric-a-brac, and furniture of great value.

A Catholic chapel situated on the grounds escaped damage. Archbishop Corrigan of New York has been a frequent visitor at Mr. Chapin's residence, and on such occasions always held services in the chapel.

Boy Missing from a Tugboat.

Charles Green of 145 Lincoln avenue started from Harlem for Gowanus Bay yesterday with a load of lumber on the tugboat Harlem River. He took along for a pleasure trip his 12-year-old son. When Gowanus Bay was reached the boy was missing. It is supposed that he fell overboard.

JOTTINGS ABOUT TOWN.

James N. Skiffington of 303 East Tenth street has been appointed United States Deputy Marshal to succeed Max Stern, resigned.

Mary Gillen and Hermione Herbert of 435 West Thirty-ninth street and Mary Murdick of 341 West Forty-ninth street, have been removed to the Reception Hospital suffering from small pox.

The fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity will be held at Delmonico's, Thursday, and dining at the rooms of the D. K. E. Club, 455 Fifth avenue. The fraternity will at the same time hold its forty-eighth annual convention.

The Republican county committee will hold its regular meeting at Tilyou Avenue Hall to-Monday evening. It is probable that the meeting will resolve itself into a jubilification over the recent victory. The only matter of importance to be considered is John Sabine Smith's proposed amendment to the Constitution increasing the membership of the committee from 110 to 200.

"77"

DR. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC

GRIP

77 will "break up" a stubborn Cold that "hangs on."

A small bottle of pleasant pellets—fits your vest pocket. Sold by druggists, or sent prepaid, 25c., 50c., or $1. HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO., corner William and John sts., New York.

TRADING WITH RED MEN.

JAKE GOLD'S QUEER STORE IN OLD SANTA FÉ.

It Is No Small Job to Do Business with the Untutored Indian—Jake's Varied Stock and His Way of Carrying on Trade.

From the Chicago Daily Inter-Ocean.

SANTA FÉ, Oct. 30.—At the corner of Burrow alley and San Francisco street, two little pathways between rows of closely built adobes, is a long, low, rambling building. Perched upon its roof is an old Indian wagon with its upright poles and solid wooden wheels. Such wagons have not been used for a century or more. Hung about the doorway and on the awning posts are all sorts of curious things, squaw wedding dresses, Mexican buckskin trousers and sombreros, saddles, and trappings. The presiding genius of the place, Jake Gold, is now a man of middle age, and came to Santa Fé when a mere lad, so he is one of the "oldest inhabitants."

Gold's lair is a room long, low, lighted from above, and of the ordinary adobe construction. But the contents! Words fail to picture the conglomerate mass which lines every inch of wall, hangs from every beam of the ceiling, and trails down the centre of the room in a rough line of pine showcase and table. Down at the end of the room are the large, graceful ollas, or Indian jars and water bottles, both of the old make and the coarser modern manufacture.

It is interesting to note that the old Zunis have produced in some instances exactly Grecian lines and shapes. And they did this over a century ago. Their modern work is a weak imitation of the ancient models, and cheap earth colors are used instead of the fast mineral paints with which their ancestors decorated. There are fragments of the pottery and tools of mound builders, cliff dwellers, and ancient Pueblo, garnished with an occasional skull filled to the eye holes with crusted dirt. There are rude Indian tools of stone and iron, and specimens of every evidence of the old Indians that time has saved for us. A table near by is covered with skins—bear, coyote, and the more valuable ones. Near the door a glass case, the only one which the store boasts, is filled with those pretty cut and polished "gems" which the tenderfoot buys so eagerly. There is shelf upon shelf of modern Indian pottery and baskets; rain gods, little, ugly, squatting figures holding water jars in their laps; and there are figures in white earth painted to represent men and to imitate everything within the ken of the makers.

All these things are absorbing, but after all it is not in them nor in Jake's parrot, which swears in excellent Mexican, that the chief charm lies. Just off his main room is another and smaller one, and here is Jake's native heath. In the centre of the room is an immense stove. Covering one side are high shelves, piled with cheap trinkets of every kind and flanked by a counter covered with bright calicoes and flannels, to catch the eye of the simple native. The rest of the room is bright with Navajo blankets, the most beautiful and artistic thing the Indian makes. Here is an effective one in what is called the "lightning" stripe, with great zigzags of flaming color on a dull background. Here is a "Flagstaff" with a shaggy coat like that of a Newfoundland, so called because made at Flagstaff, Ari. All these blankets have the bright reds, yellows, and greens blending in a rough harmony very pleasing to the eye.

Winter is the time when this room is truly in its glory. While warm weather lasts existence is cheap and the Indians bring nothing to trade, but at the first frost they begin to troop into town, one wrapped in a blanket, which they conceal whatever they have brought. They all know Jake. They know that he is square, and that they have always a welcome around his big stove, now cleared of its festoons of Navajo blankets. There they squat in a silent circle. Sometimes a blanket will slip from a boy, making no sign, and then suddenly draw his treasure, whatever it is, from his blanket, and place it beside him. Here is where Jake's "fine work" begins. Of course, any sign of interest or enthusiasm on his part would at once raise the value of the article. If he sees that it is ever great a prize it may be, he glances over it, puts it down again, and walks away. If not treated with the utmost finesse the wily savage will sell his treasure to Jake and then calmly produce some other article from the mysterious folds of his blanket, and the trading must begin all over again. Jake makes it a rule to only buy in bulk, and he let many a valuable relic go before the Indians understood that they must show all they had "on the first lay-out."

When he is satisfied that he has seen all the merchandise under that particular blanket he goes behind the counter, picks out a choice assortment of the trinkets there, places them beside the desired article, and again retires. These "articles of trade" embrace all kinds of cheap dry goods, buttons, toys, and cheap brass good. Perhaps the most amusing of them is a box full of those lead bird whistles with the sound of which the fakirs make our streets hideous. A pile of handboxes in one corner is filled with soft black hats, each surmounted by a gay colored feather.

"I got the hats alone," said Jake, "but they didn't take, so I put the feathers in them and I get rid of a lot of them now. At first the Indians would give me about anything for trade, but so many foul tourists have been offering them money for these things that they want hard cash for everything, and I use my trade stuff now mostly for 'bosh.'"

There is no haste about this bargaining. Sometimes it lasts for three or even four days, and the game is to see who can tire the other out. In the mean time the Indian camps in front of Jake's big stove. Finally an offer is made which is accepted, when the red man rises solemnly, places his treasures in Jake's hands, scoops up the goods comprising Jake's last offer, and stalks away.

Mexicans are good customers of Jake's, and many a rare old relic or curiosity have they brought him. He has old Spanish trunks covered with colored leather, overlaid with slashed rawhide and having ponderous iron clamps and locks. The trunks are small, but a modern baggage smasher might wear a lifetime spring to break one. The first missionaries brought them over, and they are still occasionally found in the old Spanish missions.

Jake, and others after him, are responsible for a kind of vandalism hardly defensible from our point of view. He knows that these old Spaniards brought over many fine paintings, some of them by the old masters, with which to adorn their chapels. These same chapels are now in the hands of ignorant and impecunious Mexicans, who was the demand for these old paintings, and such good prices could be obtained for them, that agents were sent out to search the land for them. They went around with a load of cheap, highly colored chromos, representing the Pope, different saints, a bleeding heart of Mary, and kindred subjects. These they exchanged with the guileless Mexicans for their "shop-worn" goods. It is said that, thanks to these vandals, it is now almost impossible to find any old relics in the missions. Those which Jake has he sells with a sublime disregard for artistic excellence, gauging the selling price by cost price, plus a modest percentage.

"By Jove, Jake," said anenthusiast not long ago, "I believe that picture is a Murillo!"

"Well," replied Jake, "I don't pretend to know much about such things. It may be a Murriller, but I'll bet $5 it's a woman." And it was.

There is one thing in which Jake excels, it is in "sizing up" a visitor. From long experience he is able to distinguish at a glance a connoisseur from the sentimental tenderfoot (usually female) who wants to be filled with stories about the things he or she buys. With such a one Jake is in his glory, and he tells his tales with such a childlike air of truth and candor that the happy purchaser invariably departs firm in the belief that he has purchased for a mere song the sword of Pizarro, the spurs of Cortez, or the state robe of one of the early Pueblo kings. Jake considers these "gulls" his legitimate prey, and his conscience is perfectly free concerning what he tells them. With one whom he considers in some degree posted, however, his manner is entirely different, and no fairy stories are spun to them. In short, he doesn't humbug you unless you show a desire to be humbugged. Every valuable article he has is marked with a tag, on one side of which is a C, for cash, or a T, for trade. By a very simple system of percentage he fixes a selling price based on the cost, if cash, or on the value of the stuff traded.

There are three things in this place that money cannot buy. He calls them his mascots, for they were the nucleus of his present collection. They are his old Indian cart, a large Spanish trunk, the best specimen he has found, and an immense iron kettle dug up near an old Spanish settlement, and showing unmistakable signs of having been hammered out by hand. In these three relics he has something equal if not superior to any of the curiosities of the State Historical Society.

Chicago's Comptroller Resigns.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—William K. Ackerman, Comptroller of the city, has resigned, to take effect as soon as his successor can be appointed. Mr. Ackerman gives as his reason for resigning that "the complications with which we are surrounded, the natural result of a defective system of assessments in vogue for many years past, make it practically impossible for any one, however well disposed or skilful, to successfully fulfil the duties required of the chief financial officer of the city."

Meeting of Woman's Clubs.

ORANGE, N. J., Nov. 10.—A meeting will be held in this city on Friday morning under direction of the Woman's Club of Orange, to consider whether it is advisable to form a State Federation of Woman's Clubs. Invitations have been sent out to all the Woman's Clubs in New Jersey, and each club has been requested to send two delegates.

Decided.

From the Chicago Record.

Maude—Have you decided how you are going to voote?

Mrs. Quincy—Oh, yes. I'm going to vote in my new black cloth gown, with pearl buttons.

The New Woman.

From the Chicago Record.

Young Man—Look out! There's a mouse.

The Advanced Young Woman (calmly)—Oh, how cunning! Can't you