BANSHEES, GHOULS, SPRITES

HAUNTING HORRORS OF THE NIGHT ON LONG ISLAND.

Dreadful Ghosts that Ride the Night Winds of Hempstead Heath—Phantom Heads that Do Wing Dances on the Glen Cove Snow Fields—Blind Faces that Cry and Other Things Which May Account for Recent Happenings on the Other Side of the East River.

Where bats come forth to suck men's blood,
And ghosts their shrivelled shrouds put on;
Where pale witch lanterns skip and scud,
In the grizzly place where churchyards yawn;
Where the lean old moon hangs in the East,
And the owlet hoots at the dead-eyed dawn;
Where the ghoul sits down to his phantom feast,
In the ghastly place where churchyards yawn;
There with many a bounce and many a bound
The gay goats gallop round and round.
—*The Song of the Banshee.*

Night on Long Island is full of terrors. That salubrious land, where in winter local geography disappears under unfathomed depths of snow, and which in summer is a cloudy battle ground whereon the migratory summer resident and the sanguinary mosquito strive for supremacy, is now given over to the doers of the deeds of darkness. From all parts of the isle come horrible and hair-elevating tales. No man knows what the night will bring forth, and the wise have loaded up their guns with silver bullets, and never dream of stirring out of doors after dark unprotected by some powerful amulet such as a row of thirteen horsechestnuts hung about the neck or the left hindleg of a graveyard rabbit carried in the watch pocket. Each night when the clock strikes 12 a vibratory motion can be felt the whole length of Long Island. It is the inhabitants trembling in their beds.

The first hint of haunting terror came to Long Island last winter, when Glen Cove developed what is now supposed to have been a phantom bear. Numberless citizens saw it, always at night, performing weird exercises on the moonlit snow. Hitch-kick—three side steps—flourish—high kick is no way for a self-respecting bear to act. Nevertheless two farmers saw the bear do this one night in a snow-covered field, and when the uncanny thing had vanished away before their eyes they went to the scene of the ursine wing dance and failed to find any footprints. This so worked upon their minds that they afterward developed delirium tremens. At least, they said it was afterward. For a long terrible month that bear did his ghostly dance nightly, and when he finally disappeared—the night that the great aurora borealis was seen—half the community was suffering from nervous prostration, and six families moved out of town.

For a time thereafter the island was unplagued of the nether world; but late in the spring a ghoul cropped up at Wantagh, which used to chase belated farmers home at night, and a ghost rode the winds of every storm that visited Hempstead. Then came the terrible Boojum Snark of Woodside, which haunted the little Episcopal churchyard and made life one long succession of chills and chattering teeth to the neighbors. It is town history now how twelve of Woodside's bravest and best went forth one memorable July night, armed with all kinds of weapons, from barrel staves to blunderbusses—how they reached the churchyard, and there, as the wind blew damply from the old groves and the leaves above whispered mysterious secrets to each other, a shriek, shrill and high, rent the shuddering sky, and a terrible figure with livid green eyes floated out before them. For a brief breathspace it hovered, then phut! it went out like a soap bubble hit with a brier, leaving the hunting party to run a race, each for his respective home, with terror for a pace maker. Thereafter at odd times, lights went shimmering along deserted roads, sounds that no night wind ever made echoed through the darkness, and strange shapes flitted before the eyes of the Woodsiders who dared venture out after sundown.

Simultaneously strange stories came from Jamaica and Southampton and Stony Brook and Cold Spring Harbor and Setauket and many localities. Smithville South soon came to the front with a bad attack of sprites. Some said they were thieves. They argued that no sprite would take the trouble to steal corn from the Postmaster's field and then purloin a case of beer from the road house, that was a plain case of thieves, said they, and they hired old Sam Smith to act as watchman. Old Sam got a horse pistol and went out on post, since which he hasn't been able to wear a stiff hat, because his hair has remained perfectly rigid and upright from the shock he underwent.

One minute, as he sat on the fence near the road house, he saw Joe Murphy's new trousers swinging in the wind from the line where Joe had hung them to get the wrinkles out. The next, the trousers went sailing moonward with a total disregard for the laws of gravitation that could only be accounted for on the ground of the black art. Sounds of eerie laughter floated down from above as the garment disappeared from view; and that same night Farmer Johnson's hens all layed double-yolked eggs. If that isn't witchcraft then Smithville South doesn't know what is!

A story of a haunted house from Hicksville didn't attract much attention after Smithville South's trouser-stealing spirit, nor did a band of winged demons who spent two whole nights in vocal practice in a deserted house near Arverne only to fill away with shrill yells when a carriage came driving by. For a time after these manifestations nocturnal disturbances were rare. Politics took all the time of the people and the supernatural world neglected Long Island and was neglected by it.

But, election being over, the trouble began again, and the island is now under a ban of terror, haunted by evil visitors, both human and superhuman. In the latter class the Islanders thought that they had pretty well gone through the list. But they were mistaken. Ghosts and ghouls, sprites and spirits of most kinds they had seen or heard, or both seen and heard, but it remained for a year that brought a Republican avalanche to bring also a Chinese ghost to Long Island.

As is only fair, the Chinese ghost haunted a Chinaman. An American might not have recognized it for what it was. He might have mistaken it for a tea-store proprietor and tried to hang it upon the wall. This would have been very embarassing and mortifying for the ghost; for even a Chinese spirit has its pride.

But Jim Sing made no such error. When, sitting in his little laundry in Amityville one night last week, he heard a rattling knock on the door repeated three times, he moaned in despair, for he knew the announcement signal of the ghost who had caused the pigtails of seventy-seven generations of Sings to stiffen out like pokers. Jim Sing dropped upon his knees in the flatiron with which he had been burning symmetrical holes in the striped mauve shirt of his star customer and howled in dismay.

Slowly the door opened, and the ghost entered. He was a peculiar ghost. He was quite transparent, but had no perspective, and he wore a variable halo and a butcher knife. What he said to Jim Sing will never be known, for when Jim is questioned on the subject his teeth chatter so that the chips of enamel get into his throat and choke him.

It is enough to say that on the following day he fled to the home of a relative in Babylon, where he has since been devoting his entire time between worships of a joss with a bland smile and pink finger nails and devotion to an opium bayou. In his deserted laundry pale green lights are seen chasing each other around the walls at night, and from the street can be heard sounds such as could be made only by a Chinese ghost gibbering.

Close upon the heels of this horror comes an account of mysterious visitors at the hamlet of Oregon, where lives Farmer B. S. Wiggins. There is every evidence that these were human visitors, but still doubt remains in the minds of some. On Wednesday Mr. Wiggins went to his outhouses and found every thing in a state of confusion, and among other things a pig with his hind feet tied together with rea string. Soon the report spread around town, and the neighbors came in to hear about it. An old lady, wise in the ways of the other world, who lives near by, shook her head when she saw the pig.

"That's no man's work," she said, solemnly. "Them leys was never tied by no livin' man. That's witches' knots. And real string, too. If I was you, Farmer Wiggins, I'd load up a gun with a silver bullet, even if I had to melt up my bes' teaspoons, and I'd watch."

Farmer Wiggins said that lead was good enough for him, and he loaded a blunderbuss up to the muzzle and lay in wait on the following night. His son, with a shotgun, was with him. At midnight two dusky figures appeared, moving noiselessly toward the house. Both of the Wigginses rose and fired. They are sure that they could not have missed, yet both figures skimmed away with wonderful speed, and soon disappeared, leaving never a blood mark to show that they had been hit.

"Told you so," said the old lady when she heard of it. "Them spirit folks never bleeds. They ain't got no blood. You'd ought to 'a' loaded your gun with silver."

Farmer Wiggins isn't altogether sure now that she isn't right. At any rate he can't understand why these figures didn't fall to the shots of himself and his son. Other farmhouses near by have been robbed during the past week, but the thieves have left no traces.

Now here is a case from Jamaica.

It includes a mysterious appearance and a still more mysterious disappearance. It was on Wednesday night that the Rev. Richard Coup was sitting in the parlor of Mrs. O'Brien's house, where he boards, with Mrs. O'Brien and her daughter. Miss O'Brien had been looking fixedly at the window and finally she said:

"There's a face keeps appearing at that window and disappearing. It doesn't go away, it just disappears. Its eyes are all fiery. I can see it now."

Mr. Copp jumped up, seized a poker, and started out, when the servant girl burst into the room crying:

"Help! help! Saints preserve us! I seen a banshee go flyin' by my window. It was in a woman's clothes, an' its eyes was red like fire. Somebody's goin' to die here; somebody's goin' to die!"

Mr. Copp, grasping his poker, ran out and saw a figure in woman's clothing moving swiftly but easily up the street. He shouted and gave chase, whereupon the figure, lifting its dress, broke into a gallop, disclosing what looked like trousers. Now, a banshee in bloomers is something that Mr. Copp had never heard off. The fugitive finally went to cover in a deserted house, and several persons who had been aroused by the pursuer's cries came out and surrounded the place. But, look as they might, no trace could they find of the object of the search. It had evidently vanished into thin air.

That is Jamaica's ghost scare. Now here is a burglar scare for the Jamaicans who are not superstitious, wherein a real live man figures. The real live man walked down Main street about 3 o'clock on Friday morning, and when a policeman chased him—for no one is allowed out after 9 o'clock in Jamaica—he proved to be a real lively man, so lively that he would probably have escaped but for a heavy bundle that he carried on his back. When he was finally caught and taken to the station house there were found in the bundle two dictionaries, four clocks, two algebras, three trigonometries, seven knives, an autograph album, and a dozen shawl straps. The man had been raiding a schoolhouse. On the previous night a burglar's jimmy had been found on the platform of the railway station, and now Jamaica is proudly trembling in the throes of a combined burglar and ghost scare. The inhabitant can take his choice according as he is superstitious or not. It isn't every town, not even in Long Island, that can boast burglars and banshees both at once.

M'KANE JUROR THOMAS'S DEATH.

His Wife Says He Never Recovered From the Strain of the Trial.

Robert C. Thomas, who was one of the jurors when the case of John Y. McKane came up for trial before the Brooklyn Court about a year ago, died at his home, 202 South First street, Williamsburgh, early Wednesday morning, of what is supposed to have been the result of the close confinement necessitated by the trial and the subsequent rendering of the verdict. He was in his 55th year. The trial lasted twenty-five days, and Mr. Thomas was completely prostrated afterward.

The ultimate cause of his death was Bright's disease, but he never knew a well day after the trial came to an end. He was was a shipjoiner, in the employ of Thaddeus Scott in West street, this city, but he had not been able to work steadily for more than a year. The funeral took place on Friday from his late residence. The interment was in Cypress Hills Cemetery, and Mr. Trapp and two other McKane jurors accompanied the body to the grave.

Mrs. Thomas, his widow, said yesterday:

"Since the McKane trial my husband never was the same man. When he came home after the verdict was rendered all of us noticed the great change in him. He had aged not only in the expression of his face, but in his walk and his entire manner. My husband was always a very reticent man and talked but little of the trial, and it was through a friend we learned that during the trial he had required medicine in order to keep up.

"He did not begin to complain of feeling badly until about eight months ago, when he said that he had frequently recurring attacks of dizziness. When it was suggested that a doctor see him he declined, and said his attacks of lightheadedness would soon pass away.

"Mr. Thomas was a very active man, and when he found he could not do his work as well as he had done it he became greatly worried and nervous. I have seen him sit down and hold his head and refuse to talk for hours. I knew something serious was the matter with him, and unknown to him I sent for Dr. Schapps of Bedford avenue.

"The Doctor examined my husband and told me how really serious the case was. He told me Mr. Thomas could not live long. That was two weeks ago, and, although Mr. Thomas had been almost unable to get about for more than two weeks before that, he still persisted in refusing to take to his bed. Weakness finally forced him to it."

William Green, who lives in the same house, said:

"I noticed at once that the trial had had a bad effect on Mr. Thomas. He had been a hale, hearty man who had never known sickness in his life, and he seemed completely broken. All last summer he suffered, and once he told me he would have given $100,000 if he had never served on the McKane jury."

Mr. Thomas was a member of the volunteer Fire Department. He leaves two sons and three daughters.

JURY VENALITY CHARGED.

The Trial Against the Tennessee Lynchers to Be Postponed Summarily.

MEMPHIS, Nov. 11.—After being at work for a week, the Criminal Court of Shelby county yesterday had secured eleven jurors to try the murder cases of H. N. Smith and W. S. Richardson, charged with leading the lynching party that killed six negroes near Kerrville two months ago. Now the work of the week is to go for naught, for to-morrow, upon what seems sufficient grounds, the prosecuting attorney, M. R. Patterson, will move for the discharge of the entire panel, as well as for the temporary removal of Sheriff A. J. McCarver, whose personal friendship for the accused men seems to have led him into a remarkable course of procedure. Yesterday the Attorney General moved for the discharge of one accepted juror, named Harris, on the ground that before being summoned he had expressed belief in the innocence of the defendants and had made the further assertion that he would not convict white men for killing a negro.

It develops to-day that this assertion was made within the knowledge of the deputy Sheriff who summoned him. Nevertheless the man was summoned, and after going on the stand denied having any opinion. He showed a disposition to hang the accused if guilty.

It has further come to the hearing of the prosecuting attorney that all or nearly all of the 600 men summoned for jury service were selected along the same line. It was first ascertained that they were favorably inclined toward the accused before being summoned. An affidavit to this effect will be presented to the Court in the morning, and the discharge of the entire panel will be asked.

In Tennessee there is a statute providing that where a Sheriff is personally interested in a case criminal he shall not act in such case, but will be superseded by the County Coroner. An attempt will be made to-morrow to show to the Court that such a condition now exists here. When the lynching first occurred the Sheriff was removed from custody of the jail and Gen. Kellar Anderson placed in charge, but later the Sheriff resumed his duties.

Then it was discovered by the Grand Jury that Burch McCarver, a son of the Sheriff, had been advised in advance of the plot to lynch the negroes, and this young man was made the unwilling prosecuting witness in the case. He and other witnesses relied upon by the prosecution have been intimate associates with the lynchers ever since the lynching occurred, and no effort has been made by the Sheriff to prevent this.

It was learned further by the prosecuting attorney to-day that since their arrest both Smith and Richardson have more than once been removed from the jail and have made surreptitious visits to the neighborhood of Kerrville, where the lynching occurred, and this with the connivance of the Sheriff. Not one substantial business man has been summoned in the panel for jury duty. Most of the jurors are from the back districts.

FOUGHT ABOUT A DOG.

A Pocket Knife, a Poker, and a Broom All Used in a Triangular Combat.

An inoffensive dog was the cause of a three-cornered fight yesterday morning at 204 Park avenue, Hoboken, the combatants being two men and a woman and the weapons a pocket knife, a poker, and a broom. Robert Bucholtz, a German, who looks like a professor of music, lives at the above address. On the floor above him are the apartments of Rinaldo Stafford. Bucholtz owns a dog which, although it cannot boast a high pedigree, is faithful and is dearly beloved by its master.

Yesterday morning the dog foolishly meandered up stairs to Stafford's apartments, where it is not held in high esteem. Mr. Stafford peceeded to assist it down stairs with the aid of his boot. Bucholtz, hearing his dog yelp, rushed up stairs in time to see Stafford make a vicious kick at his pet. He made a rush at the enemy, who darted into his rooms, but soon reappeared with a poker in his hand. Bucholtz drew his pocket knife and made another rush at Stafford, but that gentleman brought the poker down on his shoulder with telling effect.

At this juncture Mrs. Stafford appeared armed with a broom, and she immediately proceeded to belabor Bucholtz over the head with it until he beat a retreat down stairs in a demoralized condition, followed by his dog. Notwithstanding the fact that he got much the worst of the battle, having sustained a bruised shoulder and several wounds on his head, the triumphant Stafford's swore out a warrant for his arrest on a charge of atrocious assault and battery. He was arrested last night and Recorder McDonough will endeavor to settle the case this morning.

The Standard
remedy for all stomach and liver complaints is Ripans Tabules. One tablet gives relief, but in severe cases one should be taken after each meal until the trouble has disappeared.—Adv.

NOTEWORTHY BINDINGS.

EXAMPLES OF THE FINEST WORK OF THE BOOK MAKERS OF TO-DAY.

A Unique Collection of the Best Things Done by the Contemporary Binders of France, England, and New York—Creditable Showing by American Workmen.

It occurred to Mr. Smith or to some one else in the house of Charles Scribner's Sons some time ago that among the books that they were handling currently were many especially good examples of the work of the modern artist bookbinders. Many of the best of these specimens, of course, come from Paris, but it was suggested that a collection of some of the very finest bindings possible from the French, English, and American binders might prove interesting, and it was undertaken. In a few cases standard works or early editions were selected by Mr. Smith for especial bindings, and so it has come about that a collection of some 250 volumes, comprising about 175 examples, has been arranged for public view. It will be shown today, and remain on exhibition until Nov. 25.

Many of the volumes are intrinsically valuable or interesting, but that has nothing to do with the present purpose, which is to show what can be done in these days in the matter of really artistic bindings. The highest skill of the bookbinders of France, England, and the United States is here illustrated in books of very great beauty. The customary description of a fine book as "sumptuous" does not really cover the case, for it must be borne in mind that these bindings are unique in the sense that in each of them the cover design, quite as much as the tooling, is the invention and work of the artist, and there are no duplicates. Such things, it is true, are intended alone for the collector; and in view of the fact that the prices for these exquisite covers (the contents thrown in of course) runs from say $35 to $600, it is safe to assume that they will not become common on the news stands.

Before describing some of the chief items in the exhibition, it may be said, to the comfort of our proper love of country, that the few American bookbinders represented compare very favorably in their work with the best of the Parisians and Englishmen whose work is displayed here. Even so prosaic an imprint as *Bradstreet*, known commercially far and wide, receives new lustre from association with the volumes of Milton's "Areopagitica," upon which it appears. Here is a book in crushed dark blue levant, with Aldine tooling, both upon the covers and upon the inside border, and such a volume as no one would suspect could emanate from a commercial agency. The "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam, from the same bindery, is a wonderfully fine example of the art. It is in crushed levant in the Jansonist style, with the double in crushed green levant in a Moorish mosaic design, inlaid with red, blue, and brown. The fly leaves are in orange watered silk and the edges are tooled.

Blackwell is another New York binder who is represented by a copy of Bullen's "Lyrics from the Song Books of the Elizabethan Age," in blue crushed levant with a fine Aldine design, a flower design and Wordsworth's poems, in large paper, bound in light brown crushed levant, decorated in the Derome style. Strikeman of New York shows an exquisitely bound copy of the Kelmscott Press edition of Rossetti's poems, bound in green crushed levant, with an Aldine design decoration on the cover and the double in light brown crushed levant, with fan-shaped fillets in brown straight grain morocco. His volume of Dobson's "Proverbs on Porcelain" is bound in mulberry crushed levant, with an original design after the Gascon style. Two books by Smith of New York are the brilliant Andrews's "Bradford Map," in orange crushed levant, inlaid with a border of green levant, richly tooled with tulips and trees, and a centre in which is the seal of the State of New York on blue crushed levant, inlaid in a border of green crushed levant, and Lang's "The Library," in crushed brown levant, with blind tooling in a beautiful floral design.

Among the English binders it is probable that Cobden Sanderson would rank first with the products of The Doves Bindery, of which he is the founder and director. Here are exquisite examples of his art in Stevenson's "Ballads," Shakespeare's poems, and the first edition of Carlyle's "Past and Present." The "Ballads" are beautifully bound in vellum, with gilded ornaments at the corners and with ganfre edges.

Riviere of London is shown in a large and splendid binding of Dante's "Inferno," in crushed fawn levant, elaborately covered with a mosaic design in black, blue, brown, and green leathers. The double and fly leaves are in vellum. His "Doomsday Book of England," which, by the way, is valued at $600 in this present binding, is of crushed brown levant, tooled in mosaic with various colored inlays, the sides and back representing King Arthur on his throne, with a battle scene below. The flies and double are of vellum.

One of the best English binders is Zachusdorf, and there are several examples of his work here, among them a fine first edition of Butler's "Hudibras," in crushed brown levant; the Pickering edition of "Horatius," in crushed brown levant, and a fine green levant with elaborately decorated copy of Keats and Rossetti's "Poems and Sonnets," Kelmscott press edition, in crushed green levant, with flowered design filled in with dots. There are two or three works by Hogenty, Covergy, an English binder, including among other examples a beautifully bound manuscript copy of Rossetti's "Goblin Market," the work of Miss Edith Mendham of London, whose designs in wash, water color, and pen and ink, as well as the art of binding, are of the highest excellence as interesting as the binding that holds them. This work is of course unique, as this copy constitutes the entire edition of which this is No. 1. Dent of London is represented by beautiful bindings of the sixteen volumes of "The Temple Library" in crushed green levant, elaborately tooled, and Mudie of circulating library fame by a hand-made paper edition of Tennyson in light blue calf, inlaid on back and corners with red roses.

The two women binders represented in this remarkable collection are both English. Miss Irene Nichols has her bindery at Westminster, and it must be said that her work is thoroughly artistic. In a copy of "The Germ," done in crushed mauve levant, with a design of poppies and beautiful designs of chrysanthemums and leaves in applique, she has written this note on a fly leaf:

"I served, forwarded, and finished this book in the months of November and December, 1892, in my workshop at Westminster.

"The pattern on it, which I designed, has been used by me for this book alone, and will be copied by no one with my consent. Unfortunately 'Every true man's apparel fits your thief.'" "IRENE NICHOLS."

Miss Prideaux, among her several exhibits, shows a beautiful example of her work in a unique binding of Henley's "Book of Verses" in crushed lilac levant, with gaufre edges, and "Poems" by Lord de Tabley, which is unique in having been colored blue on the gaufred edges before the gilding, showing both effects in turning the leaves. Her "Historical Sketch of Bookbinding," besides being an authoritative work on the subject, is exquisitely bound by her own hands in crushed brown levant, with a panel in blind tooling, ornamented with gold points.

Among the French bookbinders Michel Marius may be mentioned first. His copy of Gautier's "Emaux et Camees" stamps him as a master of his art. It is in crushed blue levant, with panelled sides, with orange flowers in the corners, the design being a wonderful orange levant, and the flies in brocade silk. Ruban, a rising bookbinder of Paris, is seen to advantage in a copy of Longus's "Daphnis et Chloe" in crushed light levant, with a tooled lace pattern in the Derome style on sides and back. His volume of Molière's "L'Ecole des Femmes" is an exquisite instance of the highest form of the art. It is in crushed red levant, with the sides tooled with six lines, broken and intertwined at the corners. The double is of crushed red levant inlaid in light blue levant, the corners covered with flowers, leaves, birds, and butterflies.

There are a beautifully bound volume of Holbein's "Le Triomphe de la Morte," by Petit; Uzanne's "Eventail" and "Ombrelle," delicately decorated by Hitter; Lenoir's "Browning's "French Art" and Shakespeare's Poems, bound with charming taste and skill by Gruel; several volumes of great beauty by Lortic, fils; Munier's fantastical and unattractive but elaborate cover for the "Histoire des quatre fils Aymon," in chiselled leather; Marius Michel's "Dante" bound by Carayon, David, the late Chambolle-Durn, Simier, Courteval, Hardy-Menail, Thierry, Trautz-Bauzonnet, and others of the French binders.

An early edition of Johnson's "Second Five Years' Struggle," in dark blue morocco and gold, done about the end of the seventeenth century, is a fine example of early Scotch bindings, and there is a copy of the first edition of Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," by Edwards, once a well-known binder in Halifax. "Breval of the Black Prince," in carved ebony with morocco back, is a curious book by an unknown binder.

Able Seamen Want Higher Wages.

A circular which was scattered yesterday through the halls on South street frequented by coast seamen and at the different meeting halls of labor organizations was headed, "If Christ came to New York what would he find?" It was issued by the Atlantic Coast Seamen's Union. The circular declares that ship owners pay starvation wages, and concludes:

"All the sailors are asking for at present is this: Able seamen are only paid $15 per month of 30 days; they are asking for an advance of $10 per month on these similarly low wages. Do you think our sailors can live and keep their wives and children respectably on less than $1 per day? If you think otherwise, use your influence to help them to get it."

Delegate Williams of the Seamen's Union caused a number of the circulars to be distributed among the delegates at the Central Labor Union, and said that a meeting of the Seamen's Union will be held on Wednesday forenoon at 51 South street to reorganize.

BEST & CO

This Suit

For boys from 4 to 12, is made of light blue doeskin, navy blue yacht cloth, gray cadet cloth, or blue crepe, handsomely braided in military style, with military cloak.

It very prettily illustrates what we have often said about our original effects in Children's Clothing, such as are designed only where that is made the exclusive business.

60-62 West 23d St.

CANDY INFLAMES HER EYES.

A Four-year-old Who Must Miss a Child's Greatest Delight.

Little Emma Zimmerman, the four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Zimmerman, who live at the corner of Bath avenue and Bay Thirteenth street, Bath Beach, furnished the specialists of the New York Ophthalmic and Aural Institute with an interesting case. The problem was to determine the cause of inflammation in her right eye. About a year ago the child first complained to her mother of pain in the eye.

Examination disclosed that there was inflammation in both the upper and lower lids and a part of the cornea was covered with a thin white film. Concluding that some particle had got into the eye, Mrs. Zimmerman poulticed it with bandages dipped in hot water. These applications brought no relief, and the inflammation continued for three days, disappearing then as mysteriously as it came.

In a few weeks afterward the inflammation returned. This time the film was thicker, and it slightly obstructed the vision. The child suffered for about three days, the pain as before and then got better. At various times during the next ten months the eye was affected in the same manner, and the mother grew alarmed. By the advice of friends she took the child to the Ophthalmic Institute, hoping to have her get the benefit of the examination by Dr. Herman Knapp. Dr. Knapp, however, was in Europe, and some of his assistants made the examination. They were at first as much puzzled to account for the cause of the inflammation as was Mrs. Zimmerman, but they were all agreed that the seat of the trouble was in the stomach. They told Mrs. Zimmermann to go home and watch the effect of everything Emma ate.

That was about two months ago. A few days afterward the child ate plentifully of candy. It was only a few hours after the candy had been eaten that the eye became inflamed and the film began to gather. When the inflammation had disappeared Mrs. Zimmerman, to make sure that it was the candy that caused the trouble, gave the child some cake. There was the same result as from the candy. Emma was then taken back to the institute, and her mother told the doctors what she had discovered. She was told to keep all kinds of sweetmeats from the child, and a local application was given to reduce the inflammation.

The directions of the physicians were carried out, and Emma's eye remained all right until three days ago, when one of her sisters gave her a piece of a sweet apple. The saccharine of the apple apparently was no less disastrous to her sensitive eye than was the saccharine of the candy and cake. The eye is now greatly inflamed, and a slight white film is discernable. Mrs. Zimmerman says that in a couple of days the eye will be entirely well.

The medical men say that, while there are numerous cases where the sight has been affected by substances taken into the stomach, this is the first case they have known where the eye has been so quickly and easily affected by the eating of sweets.

SHE SAID SHE WASN'T HUNGRY.

But She Broke a Plate Glass Window Trying to Get Chicken Fricassee.

Lizzie Klotz, aged 17 years, of 232 Cook street, Williamsburgh, attended a hop on Saturday night with five of her shopmates and half a dozen young fellows. It was nearly 1 o'clock yesterday morning when they set out for home. On the way down Broadway Lizzie said she was hungry. When they got to John Wendel's restaurant at 807 Broadway Lizzie asked her escort to treat. He counted his cash and found he had just 19 cents. Lizzie said it was enough money to pay for coffee and rolls.

The girl was the more disappointed of the two when she found out how badly she had been fooled financially as Lizzie's escort. The whole party entered the restaurant, and Lizzie asked for chicken fricassee. Her escort told the waiter not to serve it. This angered the girl, and she seized a catsup bottle and hurled it at her escort. He dodged it, and the bottle went through a plate glass window valued at $25. A fight ensued, during which the girl picked up a chair and tried to brain the waiter. The crash of glass was heard by Policeman Fagan of the Cedar street station. When he got to the restaurant the fight was over and the girl was being held down in a chair. She tried to fight Fagan, but was not successful. He took her to the station house, where Wendel made a charge of malicious mischief against her, and she was locked up. When she was arraigned in the Lee Avenue Police Court, yesterday, she told Justice Quigley that she had no recollection of breaking a window and must have been in a fit. She was remanded until to-day.

Change in the Chicago Times Management.

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9 A. M.	40°	37	9 P. M.	46°	35°
12 M.	45°	39	12 Mid.	44°	36°
Average.				43½°	
Average on Nov. 11, 1893.				43¾°	

WASHINGTON FORECAST FOR MONDAY.

For New England and eastern New York, fair Monday, increasing cloudiness Tuesday; rain or snow Wednesday; stationary temperature Monday, warmer Tuesday; northwest winds becoming variable, shifting to south Tuesday.

For the District of Columbia, eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland, fair Monday, increasing cloudiness Tuesday; conditions favorable for rain Tuesday night or Wednesday morning; stationary temperature Monday; warmer Tuesday; variable winds, shifting by Monday night to south.

For western Pennsylvania, western New York, fair Monday, rain or snow Tuesday; warmer by Monday night; warmer Tuesday; winds shifting to south.

FLINT'S FINE FURNITURE.

The Thanksgiving Day celebrator in the country wishes to know about dining-room furniture. "I want artistic and good pieces or nothing," she says. "My purse is not long. Must I be content with the latter?"

We do not think so. Some of the most artistic shapes we design in sideboards, tables, china closets, are the simplest. Exquisitely finished they are and as carefully made as the richest pieces.

MODEST PRICED WITHAL.

"BUY OF THE MAKER."

GEO. C. FLINT CO.,

43, 45 and 47 West 23d St.,

NEAR BROADWAY.

WOULD ABOLISH STRIKES.

THE LEADER OF THE JOURNEYMEN TAILORS HAS RESIGNED.

He Sees a Great Strike Coming, and Is Seeking to Avert It by an Alliance of Contractors and Operators Which Would Raise the Price of Clothes.

Meyer Schoenfield, the leader of the tailors in the big strike which ended seven weeks ago, has resigned his leadership of the United Brotherhood of Tailors because he does not believe in strikes and because he desires to avert another strike which he says is impending. Mr. Schoenfield is an operator, but for the past sixteen months has been a paid officer of the Tailors' Brotherhood, being organizer or walking delegate. His term expires this week, and he has been nominated for reelection, but because his fellows will not adopt a platform from which strikes shall be eliminated he has declined to accept the nomination, and he will return to work at his trade. He has not resigned from the union, but he will decline to take any part in its affairs unless the members conclude to adopt the non-striking policy. His action, apparently, has thrown the organization into confusion, and the office at 46 Attorney street was crowded yesterday with men who appeared not to know just what to do.

Mr. Schoenfield yesterday afternoon defined his position as follows:

"There is going to be a strike in the garment-making trades here within the next two months, and it will be a bigger one than has ever been known. Under present conditions it is bound to come. The men do not believe so, but I know it. I can see it and I want to prevent it if possible.

"The wholesalers cannot afford to pay the present prices for goods because of the competition. The manufacturers, therefore, force the contractors to take some work at reduced figures, and the contractors to protect themselves have to squeeze the laborers. Immigration is swelling the ranks of our trade as well as others among the tenement inhabitants down town, and the new people are willing to work any number of hours. The contractor who goes to them can supply the manufacturers at a less price than the others, and the result will be that the contractors will force our people to meet those conditions. This, our people will not stand. Before the last strike they were working twelve to fifteen hours a day and making from $8 to $10 a week. Now they are making from $9 to $15 a week on ten hours' time a day. They will not endure being forced back to the old conditions and they will strike.

"The contractors are naturally against the working people. They are against us for their own protection, as the manufacturers, to meet the great competition among wholesale dealers, are obliged to shave the prices they can pay to the contractors, who are pressed as hard and then got better. At various times during the next ten months the eye was affected in the same manner, and the mother grew alarmed. By the advice of friends she took the child to the Ophthalmic Institute, hoping to have her get the benefit of the examination by Dr. Herman Knapp. Dr. Knapp, however, was in Europe, and some of his assistants made the examination. They were at first as much puzzled to account for the cause of the inflammation as was Mrs. Zimmerman, but they were all agreed that the seat of the trouble was in the stomach. They told Mrs. Zimmermann to go home and watch the effect of everything Emma ate.

That was about two months ago. A few days afterward the child ate plentifully of candy. It was only a few hours after the candy had been eaten that the eye became inflamed and the film began to gather. When the inflammation had disappeared Mrs. Zimmerman, to make sure that it was the candy that caused the trouble, gave the child some cake. There was the same result as from the candy. Emma was then taken back to the institute, and her mother told the doctors what she had discovered. She was told to keep all kinds of sweetmeats from the child, and a local application was given to reduce the inflammation.

The directions of the physicians were carried out, and Emma's eye remained all right until three days ago, when one of her sisters gave her a piece of a sweet apple. The saccharine of the apple apparently was no less disastrous to her sensitive eye than was the saccharine of the candy and cake. The eye is now greatly inflamed, and a slight white film is discernable. Mrs. Zimmerman says that in a couple of days the eye will be entirely well.

The medical men say that, while there are numerous cases where the sight has been affected by substances taken into the stomach, this is the first case they have known where the eye has been so quickly and easily affected by the eating of sweets.

SHE SAID SHE WASN'T HUNGRY.

But She Broke a Plate Glass Window Trying to Get Chicken Fricassee.

Lizzie Klotz, aged 17 years, of 232 Cook street, Williamsburgh, attended a hop on Saturday night with five of her shopmates and half a dozen young fellows. It was nearly 1 o'clock yesterday morning when they set out for home. On the way down Broadway Lizzie said she was hungry. When they got to John Wendel's restaurant at 807 Broadway Lizzie asked her escort to treat. He counted his cash and found he had just 19 cents. Lizzie said it was enough money to pay for coffee and rolls.

The girl was the more disappointed of the two when she found out how badly she had been fooled financially as Lizzie's escort. The whole party entered the restaurant, and Lizzie asked for chicken fricassee. Her escort told the waiter not to serve it. This angered the girl, and she seized a catsup bottle and hurled it at her escort. He dodged it, and the bottle went through a plate glass window valued at $25. A fight ensued, during which the girl picked up a chair and tried to brain the waiter. The crash of glass was heard by Policeman Fagan of the Cedar street station. When he got to the restaurant the fight was over and the girl was being held down in a chair. She tried to fight Fagan, but was not successful. He took her to the station house, where Wendel made a charge of malicious mischief against her, and she was locked up. When she was arraigned in the Lee Avenue Police Court, yesterday, she told Justice Quigley that she had no recollection of breaking a window and must have been in a fit. She was remanded until to-day.

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