# There Is But One True Blood Purifier

## Prominently In The Public Eye To-day. The Great New York Jobbing Houses Give a Verdict For

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only true blood purifier before the public to-day.

The truth of this statement is abundantly proved by the unprejudiced testimony of druggists and dealers at the present time, March, 1895. Through a long series of years these men have handled Hood's Sarsaparilla and they have seen scores of other medicines come to the surface for a short time and then disappear forever, while Hood's Sarsaparilla has continued to be increasingly in demand. The fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla has constantly held the leading place in the field of medicine is no surprise to those who realize the peculiar virtues of this great remedy.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only true blood purifier.

Think what this fact means.

Look at it in the light of that vast mass of unimpeachable testimony which has been laid before the public year after year. Recall the thousands in the North, South, East, and West who have told of years of suffering and discouragement and hundreds of dollars expended for medicines that did no good, until Hood's Sarsaparilla was tried and Hood's Sarsaparilla cured.

Think of the multitude of sufferers from scrofula, rheumatism, dyspepsia, nervousness, who have been restored to health and happiness by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This thing has been accomplished, not once or twice or a hundred times, but in thousands and thousands of cases, and frequently after the skill of physicians and the virtues of all other remedies had been exhausted.

What is the reason for this unparalleled success? It is simple, plain, easily stated and easily understood. It is this: Pure, rich blood is the basis of good health, and Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies and enriches the blood.

This sentence tells the whole story.

This fact explains the wonderful cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is the reason for those marvellous tales of relief from suffering which have been told from one end of this continent to the other and even far across the sea.

Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood; therefore it cures disease. It is the only true blood purifier, and the ideal and standard spring medicine, and its importance to the health of this community, by reason of its general use, and because of its power to purify the blood and destroy the germs of disease, is is simply impossible to estimate.

The testimony of leading wholesale druggists, given herewith, is carefully and conscientiously made, in view of their sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla in this present spring of 1895, as well as in past years. This testimony must be accepted as conclusively proving that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most prominent blood purifier, and therefore that it is the best spring medicine and the most powerful and successful curative agent in the world to-day.

MR. E. G. WELLS, OF C. N. CRITTENTON & CO., PROPRIETARY MEDICINES.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

PROMINENTLY IN THE PUBLIC EYE TO-DAY.

### HANDLE 12,000 MEDICINES.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla Steadily Increasing All the Time.**

Wherever in this country proprietary articles are sold the name of C. N. Crittenton & Co. of New York is familiar. They are the largest exclusively proprietary medicine house in the country, and handle over 12,000 different medicines. Thousands of people bless the name of C. N. Crittenton, for he is the founder of the Florence Night Mission in Bleecker street, and also of other missions of similar name in different parts of the country, doing a great deal of good. Mr. E. G. Wells, one of the officers of the company, says:

"Since Hood's Sarsaparilla was first introduced among our trade it has not only held its own, but has steadily increased in sales. This growing business it has maintained all these years, and it must be taken as evidence that Hood's Sarsaparilla does possess true merit and gives satisfaction to the public."

### PECULIAR TO ITSELF.

**That Is Why Hood's Sarsaparilla Sells and Cures.**

The firm of Lehn & Fink, in William street, New York, has probably the largest German trade in the United States. They have twenty-one travellers all over the country, and do a large business on the Pacific coast and in South America. Mr. Lehn has now retired, and Mr. Albert Plaut is now Mr. Fink's partner. The firm make this statement under date of March 12, 1895:

"We do not hesitate to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the leading blood purifier. In fact, 'blood purifier' and 'Spring medicine' may be said to be synonymous terms for Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"It is recognized throughout the entire retail trade as the medicine for making rich, red blood. Our sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla are many times those of any similar preparation.

"It is marvellous how this medicine has held the confidence of the people. Many other articles have come up and gone down, while Hood's Sarsaparilla still holds and increases its sales. Such a record must be taken as proving all that is claimed by its proprietors.

"The testimonials in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla show that it effects many remarkable cures, because of that merit which is peculiar to itself. In saying this we feel that we are only doing justice to a meritorious article."

### SALES ARE PHENOMENAL.

**Continued Increase Proves Its Merit.**

The business reputation of the house of Tarrant & Co., wholesale druggists, at the corner of Greenwich and Warren streets, New York, is as solid as the elegant new building the firm now occupies. Whatever they say is entitled to implicit confidence. Here is their letter:

"New York, March 13, 1895.

"Messrs. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

"Gentlemen: When the first attempt was made to introduce Hood's Sarsaparilla we did not believe the article could be successfully marketed, but to-day its sales with us are phenomenal, leading by far those of any other blood purifier we carry in stock.

"The long-continued and increasing sales of the preparation are an evidence of its value as a medicinal agent, for during our sixty years' experience in the drug business we have never known a preparation to sell largely and continuously without possessing intrinsic merit.

"TARRANT & CO."

### SYSTEM RUN DOWN.

**After Much Sickness Hood's Sarsaparilla Restored Perfect Health.**

"I suffered with almost every disease that a child ever had, beginning with scarlet fever and ending with whooping cough. At seven years of age my physical system was completely run down. I had no appetite and my sleep was unrefreshing. My parents tried every remedy they could think of with no avail. One day a friend suggested Hood's Sarsaparilla. When I had taken one bottle I began to recover my appetite and my

**Sleep Became Refreshing**

and restful. After taking the fourth bottle I was so changed that my friends remarked upon my improved appearance. I am now fifteen years old and as large and strong as a young man of twenty years, and I attribute it to Hood's Sarsaparilla." HENRY W. FULLER, 9 Post place, Windsor Terrace, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MR. F. M. ROBINSON, OF R. W. ROBINSON & SON, WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye to-day. This is the secret of its wonderful success. It cures where all other preparations fail.

### Spring Medicine

At this season, more emphatically than at any other, we should build for the future.

When Nature gives vitality to field and wood, there should be the harmony of renewed life and energy in our physical systems.

But, on the contrary, we find ourselves weak, dull, tired. This is because in the winter we have been housed up in poorly ventilated offices, homes and shops, our blood has become thin and impure, and is unequal to the demand of the body for more life, more vigor, more energy, more strength.

Nature imperatively cries for help!

Where is it to be found?

Logically enough, in a good Spring Medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

This preparation has proven in many years of test that it supplies the demand as nothing else can.

So easy to take and so readily assimilated, the purifying, vitalizing and enriching elements of Hood's Sarsaparilla—combined from nature's own storehouse of vegetable remedies for human ills—pass into the stomach and are then silently but certainly taken up by the blood and sent to every organ and tissue of the body.

The effect is often magical.

The weakness is soon driven off, that tired feeling disappears, the nerves are built up, the stomach resumes its tasks even greedily, the appetite becomes as "sharp as a whetstone," and the whole man feels "as made anew."

The wonderful cures of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and other dreadful diseases prove the great curative, blood purifying powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

### JUST WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT.

**A Sterling Blood Purifier and Spring Medicine.**

The firm of R. W. Robinson & Son has withstood the storms of New York city trade for thirty-five years, and is a prosperous and successful house. The present proprietor is Mr. Frederick M. Robinson, son of the founder. Owing to the widening of Greenwich street, where the business has always been located, the old home of the firm has been torn down and a new building, especially constructed for the business, is just being finished. Mr. Robinson has an enviable business record, free from all Congressional connections, and he believes in doing the city's business and the nation's business in a businesslike way. He says, in March, 1895:

"Among the articles we sell Hood's Sarsaparilla has the leading place. With us, and, in fact, in every retail drug store in the country, it is as staple as any of the drugs or herbs. The sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla have always been heavy, and especially as a Spring medicine it seems to be just what the people want. From our dealings with and knowledge of the proprietors of Hood's Sarsaparilla we believe they would not publish anything not perfectly true. Therefore, we have confidence in the testimonials in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which prove that it is a sterling blood purifier."

### The One Leading Blood Purifier

The young and enterprising firm of C. G. Bacon & Co., at 218 Greenwich st., New York city, succeeded to the business of Fraser & Lee, wholesale druggists, and more recently to the jobbing business of the old and well-known firm of Hall & Ruckel. Under the management of Mr. C. Graham Bacon the house is doing a large and increasing business. Mr. Bacon says:

"There is only one story to tell about Hood's Sarsaparilla. We sell more of this medicine than of any other one article in our stock. It is the one leading blood purifier. I have perfect confidence in Sarsaparilla as a blood cleanser, and believe it is the proper thing to take such a medicine in the spring. This I say, not because we sell the article, but because it is my personal conviction that a spring medicine is an annual necessity, which I carry into practice every year."

MR. C. GRAHAM BACON, OF C. G. BACON & CO., WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye. By feeding all the nerves, tissues and organs on pure blood it gives perfect health.

**Hood's Pills** cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.


## A CAT ON THE DERELICT.

***SAT ON THE MIZZEN CROSSTREES LOOKING OUT FOR A SAIL.***

**At Last a Boat from the Oil Tank Potomac Boarded the Waterlogged Bark, and the Cat Came Down on a Rope Which Was Flung to It—Sole Navigator for 22 Days.**

All was quiet on the Potomac last night, except now and then when one of the sailormen spun to inquiring reporters the yarn of the little tiger cat taken from the abandoned Norwegian bark Birgette on March 12. The Potomac is an oil tank steamship. No one of her very able seamen's yarns was precisely like another's, and which one is true may not be known until the derelict Norwegian cat is able to tell its own story. Meanwhile, a composite yarn may give the reader an impressionist's idea of what really happened.

The Birgette, lumber laden, is still drifting in the neighborhood of the steamship lane. She sailed from Mobile on Jan. 11 for Queenstown, became entangled in the great gales of February, and was waterlogged and helpless when, on Feb. 18, about 300 miles west of Queenstown, the oil-carrying steamship Snowflake, bound from Penarth, Wales, to Philadelphia, sighted her and took off her skipper, Capt. Christiansen, and thirteen men.

The life savers of the Snowflake forgot the little tiger cat, which had hidden itself in the lazarette, and the Birgette, with her rudder gone and only one bit of canvas set—a goose-winged lower maintopsail—started drifting with her cat, the biggest catboat afloat.

The sentiments of that cat must be conjectured. Maybe it got a meal now and then by capturing some of the rats that may have been driven on deck by the rising of the waters in the hold. On March 1 cat the observed a big steamship to the south. Not being familiar with the international code signals, the cat didn't know (at least it hasn't said that it did) that the big steamship was the White Star liner Teutonic.

Capt. Cameron surveyed the old bark through his glasses, but he didn't see the cat. The bark's decks were awash and her port bulwarks were gone, but her two lifeboats on the after skids were intact, and all her lower masts were standing. Then the cat had been eleven days drifting off the Irish coast.

Later, the derelict had heavy weather from all points of the compass. Her main and fore mast went by the board, and the shrouds of the mizzenmast were carried away. The cat, it is surmised, thought that its only hope of salvation was in the mizzen crosstrees, and it doubtless lost no time getting there. It saw several other steamships pass, and maybe wished some of them had Egyptian commanders with a proper regard for cats.

At last, on March 12, at 4 P. M., in a stiff gale that blew some of the fur off the cat's back, the Potomac's skipper, Capt. Leitch, sighted the Birgette 6½ miles off his starboard bow. It was 300 miles of the west coast of Ireland. The skipper thought there might be something aboard the bark, and he headed for her. He saw no moving figures on her deck, but up in the mizzen crosstrees there was animation of some sort. It looked at first like a bit of fluttering canvas.

The skipper brought his binoculars to bear on the object and (this is what one of the sailors says) found that it was a cat waving its tail as a signal of distress. The skipper suggested to First Officer Dowbiggin that it might be worth while to tow the bark to Queenstown, incidentally saving the cat. First Officer Dowbiggin, with the third officer and four men, launched a life boat to windward of the derelict and dropped down until they were a little to leeward of her.

Then they beat to their oars, came up alongside, and boarded her. They found her decks flush with the seas and her rudder and sternpost gone. There was nothing aboard her worth saving except the cat in the crosstrees, if it was in the crosstrees. In the lazarette were several coils of heaving line. One of the sailors, who had been a hoder in Australia (remember, this is a composite yarn), made a lasso of the line and cleverly threw the looped end over the cap of the mizzenmast.

The cat immediately caught the line and began to descend with the skill of a top sawyer, but it had miscalculated its strength, and when it was half way down the line it slipped and fell. (Do not forget that this is a composite story.) First Officer Dowbiggin, who was once one of the best cricketers in the British Isles, caught the cat, which had thoughtfully rolled itself up in ball-like form.

Barring the bare places from which the fur had been blown by the gale, the cat was not ill-looking. It was wrapped in an old coat (this is a composite yarn, you know) and taken aboard the Potomac, which brought her here yesterday. If you don't believe this you may go over to Bayonne and see the cat, which has become a pet aboard the tank and is called "Getty," which is short for Birgette. Getty was twenty-two days alone on the derelict.

### *MACOY'S SWORD AND INSIGNIA.*

**His Relatives Want Them, but Mrs. St. John Says He Gave Them to Her.**

The relatives of the late Robert Macoy of Williamsburgh, founder of the Order of the Eastern Star and a thirty-third degree Mason, are trying to get possession of his sword and the jewelled insignia which he had as Grand Recorder of the Grand Commandery of the State of New York. Mrs. Elizabeth B. H. St. John of 187 Penn street, Williamsburgh, has the things, and unsuccessful efforts have been made to get them from her.

Mrs. St. John is a theosophist, and says she is the only woman living who has taken the three degrees of a Master Mason of the Blue Lodge order. She was divorced from her husband in 1884, and later was a warm friend of Macoy. After the latter's death she went to his friends, and enlisted them in a movement for the founding of a hospital to his memory. A meeting was held at her house, and the Robert Macoy Memorial Hospital Society was organized. Mrs. St. John presented to it for a hospital the house, worth $7,000, in which she lives.

When Macoy's relatives asked Mrs. St. John to surrender the sword and insignia she refused. She said yesterday that she had comforted Macoy in his old age, and accompanied him to this city and other places as his chaperon. She added that she didn't do it because he was rich, but because she had real affection for him, and that she intended to devote her life to his memory. In order to raise funds to support the hospital she has arranged for a lecturing tour. She declared that Macoy gave her the sword and insignia before he died.

About two weeks ago Mrs. St. John appeared at an encampment held by the De Witt Clinton Commandery. She was was dressed in samite, and held Macoy's sword above her head. After formally presenting the sword to the Knights, she told them she'd have to take it away again because she wanted to hang it on the new hospital wall. She also attended the Grand Encampment of the Knights held in this city, and attempted to speak there. She was prevented from doing so, and left in an indignant frame of mind.

### *IS THIS THING A SWINDLE?*

**Engineers Asked to Pay $3 for a Place in Rio de Janeiro.**

The attention of Postmaster Sullivan of Brooklyn has been directed to "The Southern Construction Company," whose Post Office address is box 413, St. Louis, Mo. The prospectus of the company offered flattering inducements to engineers, conductors, and firemen throughout the country who desired to secure employment on a big new railroad at Rio de Janeiro. Many of the trolley strikers in Brooklyn, who are still out of work, communicated with the company and received in reply letters signed "J. B. Fleming, Superintendent," in which it was announced that each applicant would have to forward $2 as "a guarantee of good faith and to protect us in arranging for shipment." Many of the prospective Rio de Janeiro voyagers sent on the $2 deposits, but none of them so far as can be learned, ever got a receipt for it.

Postmaster Sullivan thinks it would be well to suspend the forwarding of any further deposits to St. Louis until he has had an opportunity of making an investigation.

**A Warrant Out for Baumbusch.**

A warrant for grand larceny was yesterday issued by Justice Goetting in the Lee Avenue Police Court, Williamsburgh, against William Baumbusch, the absconding cashier of Henry Fattermann's dry goods store, Broadway and Flushing avenue. Baumbusch is accused of stealing $3,915.72.

The police have not been able to find the defaulter. They believe that he is in hiding in this city, waiting for an opportunity to get away.

### *ONE OF THE JOKERS KILLED.*

**What Caused the Fight in Which Bernard Ryan Received His Deathblow.**

Bernard Ryan of 209 West Thirty-second street and his friend, James Knipe, had a merry time of it last Monday, and they wound up the celebration of the day by getting drunk. At 3 o'clock on Tuesday morning they were still drinking mixed ale in a saloon on Seventh avenue, when Ryan proposed to Knipe that they should call on Mrs. Nellie Walsh, the wife of Michael Walsh, who lives on the ground floor of the tenement at 205 West Twenty-sixth street. Knipe thought Ryan's proposal a good one, and the two men started for the home of the Walshes. Now, the Walshes had also been celebrating, and when Ryan and Knipe came in front of their home they were entertaining a small growler party. They had as their guests Alexander B. McLaren of 754 Sixth avenue and Patrick Welsh of 442 West Twenty-sixth street, and the can had made many journeys to a neighboring saloon. Up to this time nothing had disturbed the gayety of the occasion except one slight difference between Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, in which the latter got a black eye.

Ryan and Knipe peeped in through the window and seeing that the Walshes were not alone they thought it would be a bright scheme to rap on the window and frighten the party. At the first few taps on the glass the party was thrown into confusion, but as the noise continued Walsh and his guest Welsh took courage and made a rush for the door. As they came upon the stoop they saw Ryan and Knipe, and without waiting for an explanation they attacked them. Ryan and Knipe received the onslaught without flinching, and in an instant all four were rolling on the sidewalk pounding each other vigorously. When the fray was at its height Mrs. Walsh came running out of the house, and seeing her husband down she screamed, "Police! murder!" at the top of her voice. The screams of the woman put an end to the fight, and Welsh and Walsh went back into the house. They were both pretty badly used up, and Walsh, besides being covered with blood, was cut about the face.

In the mean time Ryan lay on the sidewalk in a semi-unconscious condition. Knipe, who was also covered with blood and had a black eye, helped him to his feet, after which he half led and half dragged him to his home. He left Ryan sitting on the stoop in a sort of stupor. Two hours later Ryan's brother found him sitting in the same position with blood flowing from his ears. He could give no account of himself, and after carrying him into the house the brother notified the police of the West Thirty-seventh street station. An ambulance was called, and Ryan, who was then unconscious, was taken to the Roosevelt Hospital. Policeman Deering was sent to investigate the row, and he arrested Knipe in a saloon at Twenty-sixth street and Seventh avenue. The latter was without hat or coat, and his clothes were covered with blood. Subsequently Mr. and Mrs. Walsh and their guests, Welsh and McLaren, were arrested. Afterward Patrick Welsh, who is supposed to have struck Ryan, was brought to Roosevelt Hospital so that Ryan might identify him, but the injured man was still unconscious. He died without regaining consciousness at an early hour on Friday morning. His skull was fractured.

The Coroners' office was notified, and Deputy Coroner Huber took charge of the case. At first all the prisoners denied any knowledge of the fight, but later Michael Walsh admitted that he and Welsh were in it, and he said that he had brought Knipe's hat and coat into the house when the battle was over. The hat and coat were found in his rooms.

The five prisoners were arraigned before Justice Simms in the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday morning. Walsh was held without bail on a charge of homicide, and the other four prisoners were sent to the House of Detention as witnesses.

**Perhaps It Is Whiskey Rebellion Whiskey.**

LIGONIER, Pa., March 23.—Workmen in the Loyalhanna Water Gap yesterday dug up an old half-gallon demijohn of whiskey which had lain in the ground many years. The flask was of an ancient pattern. Some persons think it was lost by either Forbes's or Boquet's army. Others believe that it is the product of an old stillhouse which stood a mile or so from the spot during the latter part of the last century. They think that the jug with others was hidden during the whiskey insurrection to avoid confiscation.

## CAUGHT A CHICKEN THIEF.

***HE IS SAID TO HAVE DENUDED MANY RAHWAY ROOSTS.***

**Vermule Sold His Plunder to a Local Butcher at Wholesale Rates—Three Hundred Chickens Stolen in Six Months.**

The despoiler of the hen coops of Rahway, N. J., has been caught at last. He was arrested early on Thursday morning while waiting to get rid of five stolen chickens, which he carried in a bag slung over his shoulder. Special Officer William Langdon made the arrest, and the man is William Vermule, who sometimes worked as a farm hand for the farmers near Rahway.

For the last six months Chief of Police Wright has been getting complaints from villagers and persons in the outskirts that many of their chickens were disappearing. The complaints became so numerous that he instructed the six men who comprise the police force to keep a sharp lookout for the thieves.

After that every man, and especially every colored man, was eyed with suspicion if he was seen on the streets after dark carrying a bundle or bag large enough to contain a chicken. In spite of the watchfulness of the police, however, chickens still disappeared. The principal loser was William Trustrum, a farmer on the Woodbridge road, just outside of Rahway.

Every morning for the last three weeks when he went to feed his fowls he found some missing. He thought it might be a preying animal, and set traps to catch the culprit, but without success. Trustrum noticed that in every instance the younger fowls were taken, while the old hens were left.

Last week Chief Wright got word that a man with a bag had been seen coming into the village very early in the morning. He surmised that the man might be the thief, and detailed Langdon to catch him. Langdon got up at 4 o'clock on Tuesday morning and lay in wait for the man with the bag. He stood near George W. Gilby's butcher shop in Cherry street, which it was said the man had been seen to enter. Langdon waited around until late that morning and the next, but no one answering the description of the man appeared.

On Thursday morning, however, Langdon was again at his post, and shortly after 5 o'clock he saw the man he was looking for come sauntering down Cherry street and stop in front of Gilby's store. He looked in, but as the store was not yet opened he started to walk away, when he was accosted by Langdon, who recognized him.

"Hello, Bill!" said the policeman, "what have you got in the bag?"

"Nothing much," drawled Vermule, as he laid the bag on the sidewalk.

Langdon kicked the bag and there was a loud squawk. He knew it was a chicken and grabbed Vermule. The latter showed fight, but after getting a punch or two in the ribs he accompanied Langdon to the police station.

Chief Wright was called and the bag was examined. In it were five live chickens. Vermule denied that he had stolen them, but he was locked up and a messenger was sent for Farmer Trustrum.

When the farmer arrived he identified the fowls as his property. As to Vermule, he said he had been employed by him as a farm hand until Feb. 15, when he left. Vermule was then taken before Justice of the Peace Frazee, who holds forth in the rear of his shoe store. Vermule there confessed that he had stolen the chickens. He also admitted having visited Trustrum's hen roost several times before. He said he had stolen altogether about thirty chickens from this one place. He had sold them to Gilby, the butcher, for ten cents a pound, live weight. He wouldn't admit that he had stolen chickens anywhere else, but Chief Wright thinks that he is the man who is responsible for the disappearance of over 300 chickens in the last six months. Vermule's bail was fixed at $200, and, in default thereof, he was taken to Elizabeth and locked up in the county jail.

Gilby, when told that he had been buying stolen chickens, was greatly surprised. He denied that he knew they were stolen, and said he paid Vermule ten cents a pound for them, live weight, which is the regular wholesale price.

**Silk Embroiderer Buckl Dead.**

Arnold Buckl, the West Hoboken silk embroiderer, who, with his wife, was found nearly asphyxiated in their home on Friday morning, died yesterday afternoon without recovering consciousness. Mrs. Buckl has fully recovered.

### *TAILORS' BILLS SOLD.*

**Some Unnamed Debtors Enter Protests Through Lawyers.**

There was a lively time yesterday afternoon at a sale of judgments held by the Merchant Tailors' Society of this city against a lot of the customers of members of the society. The sale took place on the floor of the Real Estate Exchange, 59 Liberty street, Martin F. Hatch being the auctioneer. There were about a score of persons present. There were 101 judgments to be sold. E. V. Doll, Secretary of the society, was there to bid for the society.

The first claim on the list was against D. Edgar Anthony of 253 Broadway. It was for $17. There were no bidders for it.

"Albert Aronson, 213 West Forty-fourth street and Casino," called out the auctioneer. The claim was for $69.50, and, though the auctioneer tried to boost it, there was no bidder. Nine or ten more claims were offered, but there was no response.

The auctioneer looked discouraged, but the ice was broken when he came to the name of Samuel M. Cargill, late of 648 Broadway. This claim was sold to A. L. Brown for $85, the debt being $214.52.

"Henry B. Clifford, 361 West Twenty-third street," was called out, the claim being $236.25.

"Fifty cents!" yelled a bidder.

"Oh!" exclaimed the auctioner, who looked shocked.

There were murmurs among the spectators by this time. They observed that Mr. Doll was bidding.

Cries of "Fake sale! Fake sale!" went up.

Lawyer George Ryall protested against the sale.

"If the sale is genuine," said he, "why does not Mr. Doll come down on the floor and make his bids?"

"I'll come down if you like," replied Mr. Doll, climbing down from the auctioneer's rostrum and taking his stand on the floor.

At this juncture a little man wearing a silk hat and gold-rimmed spectacles joined in the argument.

"This sale," said he, jumping around excitedly, "is got up to annoy people. There are some names on the list which were down at the last sale. I have two or three clients on the list, and I'll see if they can't get redress."

Secretary Doll got very angry at this.

"This is a perfectly genuine sale," said he, "and anybody can bid."

"Yes," replied the little lawyer, "but the society is buying in all the claims. The sale is got up to annoy people."

N. J. Baker, another lawyer, also joined in the protest and the sale was interrupted. Matters looked very hot at this time and there was a din of voices.

Finally the tones of the auctioneer's voice were heard above the noise and the sale was proceeded with, amid many murmurings.

The claim for $84.43 against Samuel T. Melville, 112 Front street, was sold for $50. The other sales recorded were of claims against Frank E. Clyne, late of Passaic, debt $184, sold for $25 to M. Baudine; George H. Clyne, care of Sweetser, Pembrook & Co., debt $211.69, sold to M. Baudine for $50; R. W. Dinsmore, 13 Frankfort street, debt $61, sold to F. Nagle for $16; James W. Finch, late of 117 Beekman street, debt $122.08, sold for $25; John G. Underhill, real estate, 353 Fifth avenue, debt $47.75, sold for $43.50 to a Mr. Smith; Thomas J., care of W. W. Hurlbut & Co., 18 Broadway, debt $107.97, sold for $25.

The greater number of the claims were bought in by the society.

After the sale was over the wordy war was renewed. The little lawyer again denounced the sale.

"You had better make a test case of it," said Mr. Doll.

"Perhaps we will," replied the little lawyer.

"We have got $1,000,000 to spend on our side," said Mr. Doll.

"That won't deter us," was the reply.

The wrangling continued out upon the sidewalk and a crowd gathered.

Secretary Doll said that everything done was perfectly lawful, and that the society was prepared to abide by its action.

**Thrown from Her Carriage and Badly Hurt.**

RIDGEWOOD, N. J., March 23. The mother and sister of Dr. John Hopper, while out driving this afternoon, were thrown from their carriage on Prospect street and seriously injured. Mrs. Hopper lies unconscious with a fracture of the right arm and dangerous injuries to the head, which it is feared will result fatally.