WHERE WAS SHE KILLED?

THE SIXTH AVENUE MURDER MYSTERY IS STILL UNSOLVED.

If Mrs Robinson's Identification is Correct the Negress Was Going to the Home of a Woman in Thompson Street When She was Last Seen—She Had Met the Woman in Newark, and a Place Had Been Promised Her if She Came to New York—A Suspicion that More Than One Man May Have Been Engaged in the Crime.

The young negress whose mutilated body was found just after 6 o'clock on Sunday morning in front of the lot adjoining the New York Bank Note Company's building, at Sixth avenue and Waverley place, was traced yesterday from Newark to Hoboken, across the Christopher Street ferry to this city, and was last seen alive a block from the ferry. She was going up Christopher street and was bound for Thompson street. She had full instructions as to how to get there, and as she knew nothing at all about the city and was intent on reaching the place she had been instructed to go to, there is very little doubt but that she arrived there. That she met her death there some time on Saturday night or early Sunday morning is almost certain, and it seems incredible that the police should fail to find where she was killed and who killed her. The motive for the crime being robbery, as was stated in THE SUN yesterday, makes the mystery surrounding the case a trifle more difficult of solution than it would be had the motive been jealousy.

The body of the girl was identified no less than four times yesterday. The identification each time was absolute until it came to be verified. Then each identification failed. Once she was Mamie Needham. Two men were positive of that. They hadn't seen Mamie since a cake walk at the Madison Square Garden a month ago, but, as one expressed it, "She do favah her so powerful I'se cock sure it's her." The other man agreed with him. They said Mamie's cousin lived at 100 West Twenty-sixth street, and they went with two detectives to that address. Mamie's aunt and grandaunt told the detectives that they had been to the Morgue in the morning and had looked at the body and satisfied themselves that it wasn't Mamie.

Again the body was declared positively to be that of Roberta Curtis, formerly of Heathsville, Va., who left that town to work in Baltimore three years ago. THE SUN reporters found Roberta Curtis at 2,012 North Calvert street, Baltimore. She was not dead.

Another time the body of the murdered girl was identified as that of a girl who had been in a Cornelia street restaurant about midnight on Saturday. She quarrelled with her colored escort and refused to eat. The man who identified her as this woman was as positive as the others. He must have been wrong, of course, for at the hour he mentioned the murderer had probably already completed his work and was cutting up the body preparatory to disposing of it. The fourth identification was equally as faulty.

The only identification so far in which any credence at all is placed is that of Mrs. Medora Robinson, the colored woman employed as ladies' maid in the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad station in Hoboken. Her identification was as nearly perfect as an identification can be. The detectives tried yesterday by quiet tips and winks to discredit her. They gave it out that her identification was not half as positive as the morning papers had stated. What their object was in trying to give this false impression is not known. Mrs. Robinson not only identified the body, but she identified the articles found with the body, as THE SUN stated she did. She described the purple sateen used as a scarf before it was shown to her, and she also described the table cover or the piano cover in which the girl had her clothes bundled, and which was found wrapped around the body inside the piece of ingrain carpet. Mrs. Robinson is a very bright woman. Her business is one that has taught her to remember faces. Until her marriage she was a ladies' maid on parlor car trains. She always acted as maid to Mrs. Harrison when President Harrison and his wife travelled over the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad. The story that the maid told the police was printed almost fully in THE SUN yesterday, but there were some other points that were of importance which will be told later.

The first trace found of the murdered woman, if Mr. Robinson's identification is correct, was at Newark. She was at the train station of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad in that city on Sunday morning some time before 10 o'clock. She purchased a ticket for New York of the agent there and boarded the 10 o'clock train. So far as can be learned she was the only colored woman passenger on the train. The arrangement for landing passengers from the train and putting them aboard the boats in Hoboken is such that to get into the waiting room where the girl was seen by Medora Robinson she must have gone out of the station into the street and entered the waiting room from the street. Mrs. Robinson's attention was attracted to her because she acted as if she felt out of place in a room where there were white people. In the South the railroads provide separate rooms. Mrs. Robinson concluded at once that the woman was a stranger and was from the South, and she went up and spoke to her, asking her where she was going. The girl seemed to be glad to talk to somebody, and, as there was little doing in the waiting room at the time, Mrs. Robinson sat down beside her and engaged her in conversation. The girl told her she had never been in this city. She repeated the story, as told in THE SUN yesterday morning, of having come from Heathsville, Va., with this addition. She had worked in Fredericksburg a little while before coming North, and had been employed there by a white man who made a business of sending girls North to enter domestic service. She was not sent to an intelligent office, as was stated yesterday, but direct to a family in which she was to work. This family was in a small town very near Newark. After beginning service there she became acquainted with a number of colored persons. She thought her work was too hard, and the new friends told her she could do better, so she left. She went to Newark and stayed with these acquaintances three days. While she was at their house in Newark they were visited by a colored woman who lived in Thompson street in this city. This visitor told her that if she would come to New York she would find a place for her where the work would be not so hard. She was to come to New York by the Jersey Central Railroad and the woman was to meet her at the Liberty Street Ferry. The woman wrote her address on a slip of paper, so that in case she missed meeting her she could find the place by asking directions.

The girl knew nothing about Newark and the various railroads, and she mistook the Lackawanna road for the Central. That was the way she came to land in Hoboken. She knew nothing about ferries, supposed she was in New York, and was waiting for the Thompson street friend. Mrs. Robinson told her of her mistake. The girl carried a handkerchief in her hand. There was a knot in one corner of it, and when Mrs. Robinson asked her if she had money she said she had a little more than $30 tied up in the handkerchief. Mrs. Robinson said to her:

"That's a very bad way for you to carry your money, especially in New York. There are some bad people there, and if they see it they might rob you. You had better hide it somewhere."

She suggested that the girl put it inside her dress, and the girl tucked it away in her bosom. She asked Mrs. Robinson how she should reach her friend's house, and Mrs. Robinson directed her to cross the Christopher street ferry and walk straight up Christopher street to Sixth avenue. The girl went aboard the Christopher street ferryboat Secaucus, which left Hoboken at 11 o'clock. This is the complete story, except the description of the things the girl had with her, or it was told to the police by Mrs. Robinson.

The girl was noticed aboard the ferryboat by two of the deckhands, one of whom paid particular attention to her because she was so evidently from the country.

Leaving New York, the girl went outside the ferryhouse and again inquired the way to Thompson street. She asked of a group of three laborers, who did their best to induce her to take a carriage there. She refused, and they directed her the streets to take. They saw her when she was still a block from the ferry, but nobody has been found who saw her after that.

The street mentioned in Thompson street, contrary to the general belief, is less than two blocks long. It runs from Bleecker street north to the middle of the block between Third and Fourth streets. Below Bleecker street the population is almost entirely Italian. Above Fourth street is Washington square park. This, it would seem, narrowed the work of the police to less than two blocks. How thorough their search has been in those two blocks is a question which at present they refuse to answer. Even in the negro district there are almost as many Italians as there are negroes. The stores there are run by Italians.

The butcher shops all along Thompson street are run by Italians. This recalls the statements of Deputy Coroner Donlin, who first examined the body, and Deputy Coroner Weston, who performed the autopsy, that they believed the mutilation was done with a butcher's cleaver. One of the things that has puzzled the police is that if the story were pretty certain that the murder was done by a negro, the manner of executing it and the style of the after mutilation of the body was distinctly not negro. The negroes in all the negro districts have stoutly maintained from the first that no negro did the murder.

Men who are experienced in the investigation of crimes of violence yesterday gave it as their opinion that the murder, and especially the mutilation, were much more likely to be the work of an Italian than of a negro, and they suggested that possibly more than one person was involved in the crime. It would have been easier for two persons to have disposed of the body in the manner it was disposed of. If the crime was committed in one of the tenements it would have been less dangerous if two families were engaged in it than one. People live in those tenements packed almost like sardines in a box. Killing a person in one apartment, unless the person who occupied the next was engaged in the crime or was silenced in some way, would be a very dangerous undertaking, with the chances largely in favor of detection. Every sound can be heard through the thin partitions. A SUN reporter was in some of the houses yesterday. Ordinary conversation was heard distinctly through the walls. If two persons were engaged in the crime, and it was committed in one of these houses, it is as likely as not that one of the perpetrators was an Italian and one a negro. The two races live in adjoining apartments. The families mingle, and the heads of the families are nearly all friendly with each other. The reporter asked the head of one negro family yesterday:

"Do you associate with your neighbors?"

"Sure," he replied. "They ain't t' blame cause they're Italians, an' we're all hard-workin' people in hard luck."

A butcher's cleaver is a weapon that a negro in that district would not be likely to have and an Italian in that district would be likely to have. While the greater number of people in the neighborhood are law abiding, there is a large element of the very bad. Robbery is a frequent crime there. Robbery accompanied by violence is not infrequent. There are men there who wouldn't hesitate at murder to get $30 if they couldn't get it any other way. The negro district in Thompson street is between five and seven blocks from the corner of Waverley place and Sixth avenue, where the body was found. If the murder was committed there the body must have been carried that distance.

The three direct routes are down Bleecker street to Sixth avenue; down Third street, under the elevated railroad, to Sixth avenue, or up to Fourth street, and across the park to Waverley place and Sixth avenue. There are many people abroad in Bleecker street at all hours of the night. So in Third street. Between Thompson street and Sixth avenue Third street at night has as big an out-door population as it has in the day time. Fourth street is a quiet street, and there are times when there is no one in the park, but they are few a park policemen generally being on duty. The park policeman who was on duty on Saturday night could not be found yesterday.

The difficulty the murderer of the woman would have in getting a horse and wagon in which to transport the body to the Bank Note Company corner gives rise to the suggestion that a push cart such as the street fakirs use may have been utilized. They are almost as thick in Thompson street as they are in Mulberry Bend. Sixth avenue being so full of people at night, the fakirs sometimes stay there until a late hour, so that a push cart might trundle along the street even after midnight without arousing any great suspicion, though if it contained the body of a murdered woman it would take a person of mighty good nerve to venture pushing it. A bundle such as this woman's body made might be covered with a canvas like the fruit peddlers use to cover their fruit, and, though bulky, it would pass casual scrutiny as a load of bananas.

An Italian was brought to Police Headquarters yesterday afternoon by one of the Central Office men engaged on the case. He was kept there a long time. The police refused to say what they had him for or whether they got anything out of him.

One thing that makes more probable the identification of the body as that of the woman Mrs. Robinson saw and talked to is that the woman has not been heard of since. The excitement in all the negro quarters in the city is great. The murder is talked about by every one. The woman, if she is alive, must certainly know that she is believed to be the victim, and she or her friends would make the fact public, as Pearl Ivory and the other women whose names have been mentioned have done.

TEN LIVES LOST AT SEA.

Disaster Overtook the River Steamer City of Haverhill Off Barnegat.

The stern-wheel river steamboat City of Haverhill, which sailed from South Brooklyn last Wednesday for Key West, has been lost with all hands off Barnegat. The news of the disaster was brought here by a pilot of the pilotboat James Gordon Bennett, which picked up the body of the Haverhill's skipper, Capt. Warren P. Watrous of Key West, on Friday, about twenty-four miles off Barnegat. The Captain's body was encircled by a cork life buoy, bearing the name of the steamboat. The body was buried at sea. Later the pilotboat passed the pilot house of the old stern-wheeler.

Yesterday the fishing smack Edwina H. Redmond, Capt. Frederick Redmond, arrived off Stapleton with the metallic lifeboat and other wreckage from the Haverhill. The smack passed off Barnegat the body of a man with one of the Haverhill's life buoys around him. The impression of the skipper of the smack is that there was an explosion aboard the Haverhill, which rendered her unseaworthy and forced her officers and crew to trust to the life belts. The fact that the smack picked up the metallic lifeboat intact indicates that the Haverhill men did not have time to launch it or that it was blown from the davits.

There were aboard the Haverhill, besides the skipper, Pilot William D. Van Wycke, Chief Engineer Sam Brown, Assistant Engineer J. Fred Luckenbach, a nephew of the ocean tug owner; Steward Fred Probst; W. R. Watrous, son of the Captain, a college student; Deckhand W. Lawson, and Fireman George Davis. The Haverhill was bought by the Key West Steamship Company in New Haven, brought to Brooklyn, and there refitted. It was intended to take her to Key West for service in the waters thereabouts. The vessel was insured for $10,000.

Capt. Watrous lived in Key West. He had made an appointment to meet his wife and daughter at Norfolk, where he intended to put in on his voyage down the coast. Pilot William D. Van Wycke was well known among yachtsmen. He was skipper of the Sappho, Nokomis, the big schooner yacht Palmer, and of the steam yacht Norma. He lived at 152 Thirty-first street, South Brooklyn. He leaves a widow. Assistant Engineer Luckenbach lived with his father, Capt. Fred Luckenbach, in Dean street, Brooklyn. Chief Engineer Sam Brown had served on the steam yachts Lagonda, Seneca, and Rahda. He was 45 years old. His widow lives in Norfolk, Va.

WOMEN WERE TOO EAGER.

The A. P. A. Ticket in Bridgeport Only Partly Defeated—Independents Beaten.

BRIDGEPORT, April 2.—The 2,000 women who participated in the election yesterday and voted for the members of the Board of Education really defeated the very object they hoped to accomplish. The Republican Mayor and other officials nominated by the Republican A. P. A. Convention were beaten, but the official count shows that the A. P. A. candidates for members of the Board of Education were elected over the candidates of the independent Republicans. Nine-tenths of the women registered were Catholics and were solidly against the A. P. A. candidates. The plan was to elect Wrenn and Miller, Democrats, and Coggeswell and Kingsley, independents. The women, however, refused to vote an other ticket except that which had the names of Wrenn and Miller on it. During the afternoon it was seen how things were going, and an effort was made to get women to vote for Coggeswell and Kingsley, but it did not succeed. They could not see that they were surely electing the A. P. A. candidates by refusing to vote as they had been instructed to do by the priests. The men, as a rule, voted the Democratic ticket bearing the same names, fearful that the A. P. A. would defeat Mr. Wrenn. In this way Coggeswell and Kingsley did not receive the support from the women voters and the Democrats, and they were defeated.

The vote was: For Mayor—Frank F. Clark, Dem., 5,216; Emory F. Strong, Rep., 4,459; City Clerk—Fred. C. Mullins, Dem., 5,435; F. L. Bartholomew, Rep., 4,291; for Board of Education—Frank Miller, Dem., 5,678; P. W. Wrenn, Dem., 5,554; A. P. A., Elmer E. Young, Rep., 3,170; C. N. Payne, Rep., 3,187; H. C. Coggeswell, Ind. Rep., 2,725; Frank Kingsley, Ind. Rep., 2,604; Treasurer—Lyman M. Turney, Rep., 4,420; F. W. Hall, Dem., 5,209; Town Clerk—A. R. Lacey, Rep., 4,569; Gurden B. Lee, Dem., 5,177; Tax Collector—Howard C. Hubbell, Rep., 4,522; F. J. Mooney, Dem., 5,110.

The Common Council is Democratic by a majority of eight on joint ballot.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE AIR SHAFT.

While the Father Slept, Two-year-old Isaac Shapiro Met His Death.

When Charles Bertrand, the janitor at 156 Madison street, went to sweep the air shaft in the rear of the house yesterday at 6½ P. M., he found the body of two-year-old Isaac Shapiro, son of Max Shapiro, a milk wagon driver, who lives on the second floor.

Yesterday, after dinner, Mrs. Shapiro went out to get something for tea, leaving her husband playing with little Isaac in the parlor. When she returned she found her husband asleep on a lounge and the boy missing.

It is supposed, from the fact that clothes pins were found at the bottom of the shaft and on the floor of the room which opens off the shaft, that the boy was playing with a clothesline in the shaft when he fell.

Eighth Avenue's Asphalt to be Retained.

Public Works Commissioner Brookfield decided yesterday to advertise for bids for keeping the asphalt pavement of Eighth avenue in repair for ten years. The pavement is in wretched condition, and it was at first proposed to tear it up and lay granite blocks, but Mr. Brookfield found this would not be necessary. Bicyclists will rejoice to hear it.

"Pike's Peak or Bust" Puzzle.
Toy dealers, news stands, and stationers, 25c.—*Adv.*

BROOKLYN'S OLDEST HOUSE.

SCHERMERHORN MANSION TO BE TORN DOWN.

A Business Building to Take the Place of the Two Centuries Old Structure, Which Long Since Fell from Its Original Estate.

Windowless, doorless, and floorless, its walls bulging out and curving in, its chimneys tottering, a playground for children and free lodging house for tramps, the old Schermerhorn house, the oldest in Brooklyn, once the finest mansion on Long Island, is soon to disappear, to be replaced by a business block. Like all old houses, it has a history.

William Adriaense Bennet and Jacques Bentyn, in 1636, when Wouter Van Twiller was rules of New Amsterdam, went across the river and negotiated with two Indians of the Canarsie tribe for a grant of land, comprising 930 acres, extending from where Twenty-seventh street now crosses Third avenue to New Utrecht and south almost to what is now Greenwood Cemetery. On the present Third avenue, near Twentieth street, they built a house, a large stone building which was the wonder of all the good burghers on the other side of the river.

BROOKLYN'S OLDEST HOUSE.

Things went smoothly for seven years. The land was put under cultivation, and the returns were good. But in 1643 came the Indian troubles, which took Director-General Kieft a year to settle. Bennet and Bentyn with their families were forced to flee to New Amsterdam, and their house, the pride of the colony, was burned to the ground. Bennet did not long survive his loss, dying in 1644. His widow found consolation in matrimony, and, a year afterward, married Paulus Van der Beeck, and the property on Long Island passed to Adriaense Bennet, the son of William.

When the war was ended, the work on the farm was resumed. Others took up land on the island and, in 1646, all the shore from Wallabout Bay to Gowanus Bay was under cultivation. Just when the present house was built is not known, but it was probably in the third quarter of that century.

The foundations of the old house were used for the new. The dimensions of the house were about 50x30 feet, the narrow part fronting on the street. The main entrance was on the side, and a hall about fifteen feet wide ran through the width of the house. On each side of the hall are two rooms, separated by partition, in the middle of which is a huge brick chimney with great fireplaces on each side. The fireplaces in the front rooms have been bricked up, but those in the rear rooms are the same as when they were built, great caverns capable of burning huge logs of wood.

In the cellar is the old Dutch bake oven, long ago fallen into disuse. Up stairs, under the gambrel roof, were the six sleeping rooms, lighted by dormer windows. The house is built of rough blue stone, the sides covered with thick shingles and the ends with plaster, or what is left of it.

When Adriaense Bennet died the house and farm went to his grandchildren, George and William Bennet, and Bentyn, and then it passed into the hands of Peter and Simon Schermerhorn, in whose family it remained for over a century.

Not only the buffetings of innumerable tempests have done their best to knock down the ancient house, but it has stood the shock of battle as well, and possibly some of the cracks in the shingles and plaster were caused by the bullets and cannon balls of Aug. 27, 1776, when the British attempted to advance on Brooklyn by way of the Gowanus Bridge. They were repulsed by the Continentals, and the battle raged all around the house for hours.

During the British occupation of New York and vicinity the mansion was a favorite place of rendezvous for the British officers, and many a brilliant ball, many a drinking bout, took place there. But with the close of the Revolution its glory began to wane. Other and larger mansions were built, and the old manor house became simply a farmhouse.

As the years rolled on it became less and less known, until it became a tenement for Italian ragpickers and the like. About ten years ago it was abandoned altogether and allowed to go to ruin. Its wide veranda disappeared, its doors and its windows vanished to make kindling wood for the people who lived near by. Tramps built fires in the halls and attics to keep them warm through the winter nights.

Finally John J. White, its present owner, decided to pull the ancient structure down and put up a new building in its place, and before the spring has gone the oldest house in Brooklyn will be but a memory.

SEVENTH'S CAPTAINS RESIGN.

Capts. James Thorne Harper and Eugene T. Kirkland Receive Discharges.

Word came from Albany last night that the resignations of Capt. James Thorne Harper and of Capt. Eugene Thorn Kirkland, both of the Seventh Regiment, had been accepted, and that Adjt.-Gen. McAlpin had issued honorable discharges to them.

Capt. Harper is a son of the late James Harper, head of the firm of Harper & Brothers, and he is himself connected with the great publishing house. He had been a member of the Seventh Regiment since Nov. 6, 1876, when he joined it as a private. He got a corporal's stripes on April 7, 1879; a sergeant's Nov. 9, 1880; a commission as Second Lieutenant Feb. 7, 1882; a First Lieutenant Jan. 10, 1884, and was made Captain of Company I on Jan. 5, 1886.

Capt. Kirkland joined the Seventh Nov. 9, 1879. He became a corporal Jan. 26, 1881; a sergeant Oct. 26, 1881; first sergeant Dec. 20, 1882; Second Lieutenant Dec. 3, 1884; First Lieutenant Dec. 5, 1887, and Captain of Company K on May 15, 1891.

SUGAR REFINERIES SHUT DOWN.

Repairs Will Keep the Havemeyer Works in Williamsburgh Closed for a Week.

Work was suspended in the Havemeyer sugar refineries in Williamsburgh at midnight last night, and will not be resumed until after Easter. The 3,000 employes were so informed yesterday morning, when the day shift relieved the night shift. When the employes were laid off last November for more than three weeks they were told that when work was resumed it would be kept up until the season was over next fall. The men were surprised yesterday when they were told that the refineries would be shut down.

At the office of the Havemeyer refineries in South Fourth street, near Kent avenue, Williamsburgh, last evening, James F. Bendernagel, the superintendent, said that a shut-down of a week and possibly more had been decided upon, so that repairs could be made. He said that the sugar business was not brisk at the present time.

SLANDER IN PRAYER.

The Court Holds that Libels in the Pulpit Are Not Exempt from Punishment.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., April 2.—In a decision rendered in connection with the suit for slander brought by Miss Tessa L. Kelso, librarian of the public library here, against the Rev. J. C. Campbell, Judge Clark overruled the demurrer of the defendant that his statement was privileged because it was uttered in the course of a prayer before his congregation in the First Methodist Episcopal Church. The Court holds that no prayer containing a slander publicly uttered can be exempt from the legal consequences, and that no communication made by a pastor to his congregation is privileged because of such relation.

Brooklyn's Board of Education Opposed to Military Drills in Schools.

At a meeting of the Brooklyn Board of Education yesterday a resolution was unanimously adopted protesting against the bill introduced in the Legislature appropriating $100,000 for military training in the schools of the State. Several of the members were in favor of physical training, but opposed to military discipline.

Dressy Men
This Spring and Summer will wear colored shirts at business. There's economy in a colored shirt in warm and dusty weather and the dirt of daily travel. The makers of

Keep's Fancy Shirts

Have an exceptionally tasteful line of all the suitable cloths—fine imported Madras, Cheviot, and French Percale, made to order.

15.00 PER ½ DOZEN.

We also have them in stock, with cuffs attached or detached, at 1.50 each.

KEEP M'F'G. COMPANY,
Broadway, bet. 11th and 12th Sts.
Branch stores in Boston and Philadelphia.

CUBAN INDEPENDENCE.

The Heroic Efforts that Have Been Made to Throw Off the Spanish Yoke.

PHILADELPHIA, April 2.—There may be people in the United States who regard with indifference, or affect to do so, the heroic struggles which the people of Cuba have put forward in the past century to throw off the galling yoke of Spanish rule, and who condemn as jingoism all evidences of sympathy for the Cuban people in their present effort; but such people are not imbued with the true spirit of American democracy. They either forget or conveniently ignore the terrific struggles of the Revolutionary patriots to throw off the British yoke, and with what eagerness the struggling colonists scanned the political heavens for signs of encouragement, and how gratefully they were received, from whatever source they came. We were weak then, even as the Cubans are to-day, and the friendly assistance of Europeans, either as Governments or as individuals, was not regarded as jingoism. There were few Mugwumps among the colonists, who regarded peace with dishonor as more to be desired than war with honor. Because we have grown to be a rich and puissant nation, respected, if not feared, by the great nations of the earth, who look upon us as a giant who does not know how to use his strength, we should not overlook the fact that we, too, had our small beginnings.

The love of freedom, the love of self-government, is alive in the breast of all people on the globe who are oppressed. There is no oppression to-day more onerous and hateful than that which exists in the colonies controlled by European powers. The people of these colonies are ruled by aliens and taxed to the limit of desperation to maintain a degenerate dynasty or decaying State. There is not a British or Spanish colony anywhere on the globe to-day whose people are not ground to powder, and who would not be better off if they were citizens of a free and independent State. They have nothing in common with the Governments that control and tax the life out of them, and not a one of them but would jump at an opportunity to be a sovereign and independent State, and be tenfold happier and more prosperous in such a condition than it is now.

Many of these European dependencies are natural allies of the United States. By all the rules that govern and regulate commerce they are more nearly identified with us than they are with Europe. If they do not belong in the federation of American States, they should be independent States, joined to us at least by commercial union. British North America, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Lake Superior, and the Bahama Islands, and Spanish Cuba, fall naturally in this classification. Commercially their interests are identical with those of the United States. The four physical divisions of Canada are to-day paralyzed because of their commercial segregation from the United States for political and economic reasons repugnant in Downing street, 3,000 miles away; while a simple twist of the tariff impost on raw and manufactured tobacco is sufficient to convulse the island of Cuba and to fill the cities of Key West, Tampa, and Jacksonville in Florida and the large cities of the Middle States with the most expert tobacco operatives who can no longer make a living at home. A condition of affairs in which such results are possible is clearly unnatural.

But there is another and more serious side to the question, especially as it applies to Cuba and the Bahamas. They lie immediately at our doors, on the southern side. They are almost actually within sight of the coast of Florida, to which they have been wedded by American capital in steamships and telegraphs. American capital and enterprise are revolutionizing them, particularly Cuba. And yet these islands, instead of being towers of defence to us in times of war, are actually fortresses behind which the enemy may skulk, to come upon us when we can least afford to defend ourselves from that quarter. It is notorious fact that all through the war of the rebellion the Southern Confederacy used the Bahamas as a base of supplies, with the tolerance if not the connivance of the British Government. When in Charleston last February I spent many hours listening to the yarns of a noted Confederate blockade runner, who was as familiar with the six hundred islands, and especially the fifteen important ones, in the Bahamian group as he was with the five in Charleston harbor. He did not underrate the importance of these islands as a base of supplies for the Confederate Government in their operations against the Government of the United States. If these islands had been a sovereignty, instead of a dependency of Great Britain, anxious for the dismemberment of the republic, it would have observed the neutrality which Great Britain has never hesitated to violate when she dared to do it.

Three times since 1852 the United States have been on the verge of war with Spain because of complications growing out of our propinquity to Cuba and the interests of our citizens in the efforts of the Cubans to throw off the authority of Spain. The Alliança affair recently but accentuates the sensitiveness of the American people to any interference whatever of Spain with American commerce or other interests. Americans have millions of dollars invested in Cuban interests, every penny of which in critical times, like those which Cuba is now undergoing, is a torpedo signal, the explosion of which is sure to arouse the American spirit to the war pitch. It is inevitable that such interests should take root in Cuba; it is natural that the people of the United States should be constantly apprehensive that Spanish volatility and impetuosity, in times of excitement, should disturb these interests and thus precipitate international complications of great moment. Physically the island belongs to the United States; politically it belongs to Spain. Such anomalous relations are as certain to produce incessant friction as a gritty substance in contact with the gaps and end of a lucifer match.

Unless one has come in contact with the Cuban colonists in New York and Philadelphia, or Jacksonville, Tampa, and Key West, he can have no idea of the indensity of the Cuban longing for independence of Spanish tyranny and misrule. I have met many such men in the North and South. Even when they have become citizens of the United States they fire up at the first report of a revolutionary gun, and are ready to join their kinsmen in Cuba in the effort to strike down Spanish rule. I had the honor and the pleasure of seeing much of Gen. Flor Crompet, when he was in New York in the summer of 1893, having been exiled from Cuba and his estates confiscated before he left this country for Costa Rica, from which, report has it, he has just gone to Cuba, to have another chance to throttle the Spanish incubus. This man, who would attract attention on Broadway, so princely was his bearing, so melancholy his countenance, was so intensely in earnest, so hated Spanish tyranny, and felt so keenly the wrongs heaped upon him and his countrymen, that I do not remember ever to have seen him smile. There was an infectious gravity even in the enthusiasm of his patriotism. It was impossible to come under his influence without admiring the man and sympathizing with his cause.

The discontent of the Cubans with Spanish rule has been insistent since the first uprising in 1717, since which time there have been at least ten such attempts, of small or large degree, in three of which the United States have been involved. The execution of Col. Crittenden at Havana, in 1850, for taking part in the expedition of Gen. Narciseo Lopez; the firing on the American steamer Black Warrior by a Spanish war ship, followed by the Ostend manifesto in 1854, and the Alliança affair of the present year, growing out of the uprising of the Cubans now in progress, have all been regarded by the American people as sufficient cause for declaring hostilities against Spain. As the commercial interests of the United States and Cuba become more intimate and considerable, and as the Cubans continue to strive to achieve their independence of Spain, coupled with the unmistakable decadence of the Madrid genius for government, a genius which it never possessed to any appreciable extent in its halcyon days, friction with the United States, and imminence of European war in consequence of it, must always be regarded as inevitable.

The revolution of 1868, which was precipitated by the two Aguileras, Osorio, Alvarez, Garcia, Marmol, and Manuel Fernandez, and spread out over several years, was the most important of its kind and the most costly in men and money to Spain, some 80,000 soldiers being slaughtered by the Cubans at an expense of quite $80,000,000 to the Spanish treasury. Although Cuba is fabulously rich in mineral and cereal resources, it has been a constant drain on the Spanish treasury during the past twenty years. The desperation of the Cubans has compelled Spain to keep up a military establishment on the island large enough to eat up the vast revenues of the province and still leave a deficit to be made good by the home Government, already impoverished by maladministration and incompetency at the top and peculation and ignorance at the bottom of the Government.

There is nothing plainer in governmental administration, based upon the facts of history, than that Spain cannot retain Cuba except by keeping a great standing army on the island, at a cost in excess of the revenues, to keep in subjection the natives; and yet all overtures on the part of the United States to purchase Cuba have been repelled by Spain. This policy, instead of being dictated by wisdom, is obviously the result of stupidity and vainglory, a dog-in-the-manger spirit, at variance with the political and commercial genius of the century.

The interests of the United States, as well as the sympathy of its people for any race heroically struggling through a century for independence of a foreign power, plainly dictate that Cuba should be a part of the United States, or an independent republic, with which, because of mutual interests, it would be easy and natural to form satisfactory treaty relations.

The people of the United States will not be satisfied with the political and commercial situation until every European power has been dislodged from the Occidental hemisphere. They should be satisfied with Europe, Asia, and Africa; if they refuse to be, the necessities of the United States and the Latin States will compel them to be within the next half century.

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ST. BENEDICT THE MOOR.

The Church of the Colored Catholics to Be Moved Up Town.

An erroneous statement has been published to the effect that the Church of St. Benedict the Moor, in Bleecker street, the church of the colored Catholics of New York, was to be abandoned. This church was dedicated on Nov. 18, 1883, by the Rt. Rev. M. J. O'Farrell, Bishop of Trenton. On Oct. 8, 1886, the Sisters of the Third Order of St. Dominic took charge of the colored orphan children connected with it, and on Dec. 8, 1888, St. Benedict's Home for Colored Children was formally opened. On March 7, 1890, eight acres of land in Rye, Westchester county, was purchased for the new St. Benedict's Home, and thither, on July 2, 1890, St. Benedict's Home was transferred.

Catholic churches which have been consecrated are never "abandoned;" under the rules of the Church they cannot be. Dedicated churches are rarely abandoned, either. There are now more Catholic churches in the lower, or down-town, portions of town than there have been at any previous time. The number is increasing, not diminishing, though the converse of this is true of churches generally in New York at the present time, the majority following the movement of population uptown. There is one class of exceptions to the rule of permanence among Catholic churches in New York, and such exceptions arise in the case of churches maintained for a portion of the population, as the Bohemian Catholic church in East Fourth street, the Polish Catholic church in Stanton street, and, latterly, the colored Catholic church in Bleecker street. As the parish population ministered to by such a church move away, the attendance is affected adversely, so the church must move if it is to continue accessible to the congregation.

Ten years ago the portion of town in and about Bleecker, Thompson, Downing, Cornelia, and Sullivan streets was known as "Little Africa," and was thickly populated by colored people. The Church of St. Benedict the Moor was in the heart of this region. Now the colored people—only a small percentage of them in New York are Catholics—have moved away to other localities on the east and west sides of town, and those who remain who are Catholics are not numerous enough to sustain, by their exclusive efforts, a church. For this reason, it is expected, the Church of St. Benedict the Moor will be moved to a site further up town.

Meanwhile the colored home at Rye is maintained under the direction of the Rev. Father Burke, who has devoted himself to spiritual work among the colored Catholics of this town.

THE DEED CONVEYING DELAWARE.

Historical Document to Be Offered for Sale at Auction.

Delawareans are much moved by the prospect that the rarest and most interesting historical document pertaining to their State will be sold to strangers. The document is the original deed conveying from the Duke of York to William Penn the region that is now the State of Delaware. The parchment bears date Aug. 21, 1682, and upon it appears the Duke's signature in schoolboy hand, though James was then no longer a young man, and was soon to enter upon his short reign as King of England.

This document in some unknown way came into the hands of J. H. Rogers of New Castle, and he has placed it in the hands of a Philadelphia auctioneer to be sold along with other curios on April 9. There is a movement on foot to have the deed purchased by the State, and as it has been suggested that the British Museum may become a bidder for the document there is a possibility that it may fetch almost as much as the land deeded was worth at the date of the transfer. Howard Pyle has written a public letter urging the purchase of the deed by the State, questioning the right of any private citizen to its possession, and suggesting that perhaps the sale can be prevented by injunction.

The parchment has just now a practical as well as a sentimental value, as it is upon the language of this instrument that Delaware bases her claim to the Delaware River bed to the Jersey shore opposite New Castle as falling within the twelve-mile circle, and Mr. Cleveland has just undertaken to adjudicate the claim. It is now recalled, in view of the question concerning the fate of the deed, that residents of New Jersey within the limits of the circle used to cross over to New Castle to vote, and were summoned to jury duty in Delaware, and the intimation is that Delaware may ask not only for the river bed, but also for a segment of New Jersey's dry land. Meanwhile, a friend of the auctioneer declares that Delaware has no claim to the deed, as it was executed before the State had any sort of existence, and that the "three counties in Delaware" were not separated from Pennsylvania until nearly 100 years after the date of the transfer.

The Iowa Mulct Law Sustained.

DES MOINES, April 2.—The Supreme Court, in an opinion filed to-day, sustained the constitutionality of the Iowa statute for the regulation of the liquor traffic known as the Mulct law. This law was passed by the last Legislature as a compromise between license and prohibition. Under it prohibition remains the law of the State, but upon the petition of a majority of the voters of cities of over 5,000 population or of 65 per cent. of the voters of the counties having no cities of that size, city Councils and township authorities may inflict a mulct tax of $600 and upward per annum upon places where liquor is sold. The payment of this tax is a bar to prosecutions under the prohibitory law.

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DEATH OF DAVID M. STONE.

FOR 31 YEARS EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.

In His 44 Years of Journalism He Took No Vacation—His Garden Contained 18,000 Flowers—He Also Loved Horses.

David M. Stone, the veteran retired editor of the *Journal of Commerce*, died last night at 8:30 o'clock at his home at 482 Franklin avenue, Brooklyn. He had been suffering from enlargement of the heart and catarrh of the stomach for the past five weeks. It was the first serious illness Mr. Stone had during his long and active life.

All hope of Mr. Stone's recovery had been abandoned nearly a week ago, but the end came quite unexpectedly. Dr. William N. Butler, the attendant physician, found his patient in such good condition yesterday afternoon that he came with his wife to this city to make a call, and was not on hand when death occurred. A trained nurse and Miss Hale, Mr. Stone's favorite niece and constant companion since his wife's death, were at his bedside when he died.

DAVID M. STONE.

No arrangements for the