LEADING MERCHANTS
And
INTELLIGENT READERS
Are
THE SUN'S
CONSTANT PATRONS,
EACH APPRECIATES THE OTHER.

The Sun.

THE WEATHER PREDICTION
For New York and Its Vicinity:
Fair; warmer; southerly winds.

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GUIDED BY CLAIRVOYANTS.

PERTH AMBOY'S SEARCH FOR JOHN STUMPS'S BODY.

Although He Was Probably Drowned in the Raritan the Searchers Are Looking for His Body Only on Land Because the Clairvoyants Said It Was Buried Under a Weight—Armed with Shovels and Picks They Search All Possible Places—Clues From Cards and Tea Grounds.

Inspired by two clairvoyants, 400 citizens of Perth Amboy, armed with shovels and picks, spent yesterday in digging holes in the earth, overturning piles of refuse, pulling apart heaps of brick and stone, and tearing up floors in disused and untenanted buildings in a search for Joseph Stumps's body, in utter disregard of apparently obvious clues to the fate of the missing man.

Not merely the ignorant part of the population engaged in this search. Representative men of the village, men of judgment and common sense, succumbed to the contagion and hysterically pursued the course vaguely indicated by the trance mediums, even going to the extent of denouncing the cooler heads who attempted to point out to them the folly of their behavior.

There is every reason to believe that Mr. Stumps was drowned in the Raritan River last Wednesday evening. For three months he had been a sufferer from gangrene of the foot, and the weakness resulting from his suffering, added to the burden of his seventy years, had made him an invalid. Since the warm weather he had been going about out of doors a little with the aid of a cane, but his walks had been short. His doctor had told him that as long as his appetite held out he would get along well; but if his appetite failed, the gangrene would spread and kill him. Lately he had not been able to eat much, and this preyed upon his mind.

About 1:30 on Wednesday afternoon he quitted his house. Before going he carefully took from his pocket all his money, and even his knife, leaving them in his room, a fact which gave rise to the theory that he had committed suicide. From his house he went west to the railroad track. Several persons saw him as he limped painfully along, and he was seen by some workmen turning off at the curve of the Long Branch Railroad track. A quarter of a mile further along, not far from the track, stands a big barn, used by tramps as a headquarters. The old man before his illness used to go there and give nickels to the tramps, of whom there were always a score or more in the place.

He always took an interest in chatting with them. On Wednesday he stopped there for a few moments, and some of the tramps say that they spoke to him, but he seemed disinclined to talk. Not far away, on the other side of the track, is Sandy Point, which juts out into the Raritan River. Watson's abandoned brick factory, where Mr. Stumps used to work, is near the point, and the old man was in the habit of walking down there and sitting on the dock. This time he stopped at the old factory, and then went slowly on. It was after 6 o'clock when Charles Martin, who was fishing on the dock, saw him and spoke to him, but got no answer. Ten minutes later Martin met Stumps leaving the old man there. From that time there is no trace of him. Twenty yards off the point is a tidal whirlpool strong enough to suck a man's body down. Bodies have been drawn into that pool and never recovered. Before the clairvoyants came into the case the general belief was that Mr. Stumps had either fallen or jumped from the dock and that his body was at the bottom of the Deep Hole, as it is called.

Not until Thursday morning did Mrs. Stumps and her daughter give the alarm, as they supposed that Mr. Stumps had spent the night at the house of one of his sons. Then J. B. Ford, the undertaker, who is, like Mr. Stumps, an Odd Fellow, started out, and, with John Stumps, one of the sons, traced the missing man, by the testimony of persons who saw him, and by the marks of his bandaged foot and his cane, to the dock. Then they spread the news, and parties of men were organized to drag the river. All day long they kept up the dragging, but without result. One of the searchers, Andrew Alcorn, made a careful search for the slouch hat worn by the old man, and for his cane, reckoning that the short, choppy waves which the breeze raised on Wednesday must have drifted these away from the Deep Hole, but nothing came of his search. After the fruitless trials of Thursday, John Stumps, the son, advised by a friend of his, came to this city and consulted a clairvoyant who calls himself Prof. Leo. The "professor" greatly impressed his client by saying to him on his entrance:

"You are looking for your father, who has been missing since yesterday."

He then told Stumps to write on different slips of paper his mother's maiden name, his own name, and any questions regarding the disappearance. The client wrote, and the clairvoyant, pressing the paper slips to his forehead, told the names correctly. He then repeated the questions asked by Stumps.

"Is my father a suicide? How did he die and where is his body?"

"That is too much," said Prof. Leo. "I cannot locate the body now, although I could do so by coming to Perth Amboy. Your father is not a suicide. He has been murdered, and his body is buried in a deep hole under heavy weights."

Stumps returned to Perth Amboy full of the wonders of clairvoyance and succeeded in impressing many of his friends by his faith in it. The dragging of the river was continued, however, but John Stumps took little interest in it.

"The hole the Professor spoke of couldn't be the whirlpool," said he, "because he said the body was buried. I think somebody must have killed father and put his body in a hole, and then covered it over with something."

He came to this city again on Saturday and consulted another clairvoyant, a woman whose name he refuses to give, saying that he was forbidden to reveal it. She went into a trance and said:

"Your father died as the result of an accident. His body is in a hole, with a weight over it. This hole is near a dock, and is southwest of the dead man's house."

Hurrying back to Perth Amboy, John Stumps spread the news of the remarkable revealings of this clairvoyant, so like those of the other. The report swiftly spread about town, and yesterday morning the big searching party with shovels, pitchforks, and picks started for the dock. J. B. Ford was the leader of the party and one of the most enthusiastic in his belief in the statements of the clairvoyants.

"There can't be any mistake," said he, "when both say that the body is in a hole somewhere with a weight over it. I'll give $25 reward out of my own pocket to the man who finds the body. Now, boys, spread out and dig. Remember, the body is somewhere near the dock."

In compliance with his directions such men as J. M. Ford, A. J. Carter, J. D. Curry, a wealthy dock builder, ex-Councilman Lou Morris, Robert Bryden, Overseer of the Poor Jacob Martin, Schuyler Kempton, and many others led parties in the search. Some selected spots where the turf showed no marks of any recent disturbance and dug energetically. Others saw clues in every log or heap of stone, and, removing these obstacles, dug in the places where their weight had lain. One party attacked a pile of refuse, and when some stones were found underneath gave the cry:

"Here's the place; here's where the body is," and, in a minute, men were struggling together in their efforts to get a share in the work. When they had dug down a few feet, a rumor was started that the old man's cane had been found, and the digging went on with redoubled vigor until the toilers were worn out. Meantime other searching parties had toppled over a pile of old bricks in a disused shed, and in all directions men could be seen carrying about heavy rocks, or digging.

"There's an old old cistern somewhere in the factory," shouted a searcher, and a mob followed him into the rickety old building to help him tear up the flooring. The cistern was not found. Nothing impressed the crowd as ridiculous. Even an old woman, who hobbled about balancing a stick of forked hazel on her finger, was followed by an awe-stricken group.

"It'll bend down when it gets over a dead body," said the old woman. "It never fails."

Out on the dock an elderly man sought guidance from a pack of cards, for which he had sent to the village, and, when they were arranged and dealt, he told the open-mouthed spectators that the cards had borne out the statements of the clairvoyants. Another man had received the same information from some mystic process with tea grounds, so he announced, and all these things were regarded with a seriousness that amounted to actual reverence. After the delving and digging had gone on for some hours, some one shouted:

"The tramps' barn. The girl murdered him and buried him in the barn."

A race for the building followed. The score of tramps in the place broke for the woods under the belief that they were being raided, but the searchers had no interest in them. The first thing they attacked was a heap of hay, following the announcement of the leaders:

"This must be it. This is the weight that's over the body."

No evidence appeared that the hay had been recently disturbed, yet the whole mob fell upon it, scattering it right and left. As they got near the bottom some one advised:

"Carefully now, men. We mustn't injure the dead man's house."

But there was no body to injure. Only the planking of the floor lay underneath, and to a-ing this up resulted only in disappointment. Not yet discouraged, the men went back to the dock. Here Andrew Alcorn, H. E. Pickersgill, editor of a local newspaper, and some other men who had been searching along the river shore for the missing man's hat and cane, with no regard for the clairvoyant aspect of the case, met the searching party and suggested an examination of the opposite bank of the river.

"But Mr. Humps's body is buried," they learned from the crowd.

"How do you known that?" asked Alcorn.

"The clairvoyants said so," cried half a dozen voices.

"And you believe what those quacks tell you?" asked Pickersgill.

"They tell the truth." "Didn't they tell John Stumps all about himself?" "Both of 'em say the old man is buried; they wouldn't both say so if it wasn't right." "Those clairvoyants can find anything that's hid." "If they were here we'd find the old man's body quick enough." "No use looking in the river; the man's buried," were the replies made to his question.

"Maybe their saying he was buried under a weight meant he was under a weight of water, and that might be the whirlpool," one of the searchers finally suggested.

"No; that won't do, for I traced him with the cards up to midnight that night," said J. D. Curry, "and they didn't show there was any water in the case up to then. The cards never lie."

"You people are wasting your time here," expostulated Alcorn. "You're hunting on false scents because of the foolishness of two swindlers."

But the searchers refused to listen to him, and some of them became angry and abusive in their language toward the disbelievers. Until evening the men kept up their searching, and from time to time would come a cry that the place meant by the clairvoyants had surely been found, and then the crowd would rally to the work only to be disappointed. Most of them were still convinced when they returned that the body of old Mr. Stumps was buried near Watson's dock.

John Stumps, however, now says that unless some further revelation is made by the clairvoyants he will be content to leave the search for a time. In a few days dynamite will be fired over the river in the hope of bringing the body to the surface.

A peculiar feature of the case is the utter indifference of the missing man's elder son as to his father's fate. He takes no interest in the search, and makes no pretence of being interested. He was out of town on the day when Mr. Stumps disappeared.

Popular superstition, for some reason, seems to have set on next Thursday as the day on which the body will be found.

A number of men and women are waiting for a moonlight night to continue the search in the hope that they may discover the place where the body is interred by the way the moon's rays fall. They say that the moon will not shine on the spot under which lies a murdered man's body.

PILOT BOAT R. K. FOX AGROUND.

Floated Again Without Serious Damage—Crew Taken Off by Life Savers.

Pilot boat No. 8, the Richard K. Fox, having aboard two pilots and a crew of six men, including the boat keeper, Elias Butler, grounded on the Rockaway Shoals, half way between the bell buoy and the observatory at Coney Island, at about 6 o'clock on Saturday night. There was a dense fog at the time and the accident was due to that and to the treacherous tide that was running. Pilot David Nicolay, who is the principal owner of the Fox, was at the wheel at the time, and he told a reporter last night that between tide and fog the boat had been thrown off her course.

For six hours the Fox scraped her bottom against the shoals, the hold gradually filling with water. At midnight the pilots and crew, certain that she was going to founder, left her in the boats which had been sent out from the life-saving station on Coney Island. All hands were rescued, even the ship's cat, which one of the sailors took along.

The Fox left Stapleton, Staten Island, at noon on Saturday, to cruise southward. Pilot Nicolay and Pilot James Van Pelt and the crew and boat keeper were aboard. Pilots John H. Shooks and John J. Caurrie, who are connected with the Fox, were not on board, the former being on the station boat and the latter at his home on Long Island.

The Fox went around by the Coney Island channel, and then headed directly southeast. The wind was very light, and progress was slow through the fog. When the boat was about a mile to windward of the bell buoy it was discovered that the heavy tide had drifted her about six knots out of her course. The boat went straight on the shoals. There was no confusion on board, and the men got coolly to work to get her off again. She was stuck fast, however.

A few moments after the boat struck the fog began to clear, and as it was still light her predicament could be easily seen from the Coney Island life-saving station. No signals of distress were raised, and even the cannon aboard was not fired, nevertheless the life-saving crew rowed out to the boat and asked if there was anything they could do.

"We're filling," said Pilot Nicolay, "and you might remain alongside for a time."

The crew accordingly rowed up to the Fox, and the men went on board. Pilots Nicolay and Van Pelt refused to leave the boat until midnight, when they abandoned all hope of floating her off of the shoals, there being at that time nearly six feet of water in her hold. All hands then got in the life-saving boat, and, with the Fox's yawl in tow, rowed to the life-saving station, where they were made comfortable for the night.

Shortly after 7 o'clock yesterday morning Boatkeeper Butler and three of the Fox's crew started in the yawl for Staten Island. They had made about half of the trip, when they were picked up by the tug Argus, Capt. Vandeguard, of the shore inspection service.

The Argus put them aboard pilot boat No. 13, the Caldwell H. Colt, bound in, and the wreck of the Fox was duly reported at Staten Island. Later in the day Pilots Nicolay and Van Pelt and the remainder of the crew returned to New York by way of Sheepshead Bay and Brooklyn.

The crew of the Fox were certain that their boat would be pounded to pieces before morning, and she might have been but for the efforts of the men at the life-saving station, who started in to float her as soon as it was light, and succeeded shortly after noon in getting her off the shoals.

Most of the water was pumped out of her, and at a late hour yesterday afternoon she sailed into Stapleton for a short stay, but slightly the worse for her pounding on the shoals. She will be pumped out and repaired at Bechtel's Basin, Staten Island, to-day.

The owners of the Richard K. Fox are Pilots Nicolay, John J. Canvin, John Snooks, John H. Shooks, and Roger Muller. She was built at Chelsea, Mass., in 1876, and was formerly the pilot boat Lillie of Boston. Her value is about $15,000. She is 47 tons register, 65 feet long, 30 feet beam, and draws 7 feet of water. Like most pilot boats, she is schooner rigged and very stanch and seaworthy.

KILLED BY A WRONGED HUSBAND.

He Burst in a Door and Shot the Man Who Was with His Wife.

NEW ORLEANS, May 5.—Dr. Emile Hirart of Plaquemine, La., and Mrs. S. P. Swain arrived here on Friday and registered at a hotel corner of Canal and Liberty streets as C. J. Smith and wife. They remained in their room, scarcely leaving it for longer than half an hour at a time.

This morning Dr. Swain, husband of the woman, who had followed the couple from Plaquemine, entered the place by a side door and made his way to the room occupied by them. He drew his pistol and fired five shots. Hirart also drew his pistol and fired. Swain killed the other man and was not injured. Swain immediately ran out of the house into the arms of a policeman who was attracted by the noise of the firing. The Doctor was placed under arrest and taken to the police station. The Police Sergeant then quickly went to the scene of the shooting.

The woman who was the cause of the trouble was seated by the bed where the dead man lay. She was fully dressed. She would not say whether the man who did the killing was her husband, and refused to give the name of the dead man. She demanded to be taken to the station house at once, and said she would speak in court only.

Dr. Swain said that the intimacy between Mrs. Swain and the dead man was of long standing. About two months ago, in Iberville parish, he and Dr. Hirart met on the public road and had a shooting affray, in which neither was hurt. Dr. Swain expressed pleasure when informed that his man was dead. The woman in the case is 26 years old and not attractive. At the head of the bed in which the man was killed was a book, the title of which was "Her Last Lover."

Found Dead in the Attitude of Prayer.

PITTSBURGH, May 5.—Aldes S. Ludwig was found dead in a room in the Bank Exchange Hotel here this morning. He had been hired yesterday to keep the bar. He retired to his room last night and was found this morning kneeling at his bedside as though he was praying. He had been was dead for some hours, the cause of death probably being heart failure. He leaves a widow in Chicago.

HALF DROWNED BY A HORSE

LITTLE THERESA M'COY KNOCKED OVERBOARD BY A RUNAWAY.

The Child and Her Sister Were Playing on a Pier When the Animal Dashed Up and Toppled Her Into the River—She and Another Child Rescued by Fellow Members of the Lone Star Boat Club.

Timothy Mahoney, a builder, of 127 East Eighty-seventh street, and his bay horse were coming at good speed down Seventh avenue at 6 o'clock last evening. The horse was apparently attending to his business so well that Mr. Mahoney was taken by surprise when at 153d street he shied at something in the road and swerved toward the curb. Mahoney lost control of the bay, and the next instant the wagon was slammed against the curb so violently that the driver was thrown to the ground.

That disposed of Mahoney for the time being, and with only the wagon to retard him the horse turned into 153d street and dashed straight ahead on the gallop. The street ends in a pier which runs about twenty-five feet out into the Harlem River. The piers along the Harlem are taken possession of on pleasant summer Sunday afternoons by women and children who come from their homes to get a breath of fresh air and to see the sights on the river. As it happened, when the bay came tearing down toward the river, there were half a score of men, women, and children on the pier watching the boat club crews at practice. So intent were they that the horse, with the wagon rattling behind, got quite near before those on the pier knew it.

The first on the pier to see the runaway cried out and made a dash to get out of the way. Some got clear away and others scurried to the sides of the pier and huddled close to the stringpieces. The pier is not very wide, but the runaway went through the avenue left for him without injuring any one and kept on toward the end.

There, close to the end stringpiece, were two little girls, Theresa McCoy, 5 years old, and her sister Lena, 9 years old. They had not had time to get out of the way, and, with the runaway coming straight toward them and almost upon them, they were too frightened to seek a place of safety, although they did get a bit to one side.

Meeting no obstruction, the runaway jumped the stringpiece, and, with the wagon still fast to him, struck the water with a tremendous splash. The people on the pier had expected to see the McCoy sisters struck down and knocked into the river, and they shouted for joy when they saw the horse go over without touching the children. But the next instant they saw the wagon swerve to one side, and then one of the wheels struck Theresa, the younger of the sisters, and flung her off the pier. She fell with her Sunday clothes billowing out around her body, and disappeared under the water. She made a pretty big splash for a little girl.

She came up all right, though, and screamed lustily for help. The horse was floundering about near her, and it was a question for a minute whether there was more excitement in the water or up on the pier. The first to act was Albert Greenspeck, a young member of the Lone Star Boat Club, whose boat house is about twenty feet from the pier.

He was on the float alongside the club house, and promptly jumped from the float and swam toward the child. His approach did not seem to cheer her up very much, but she felt better when he clutched her by the arms. She took tight hold of him, and with little trouble he swam with her to the float. They were pulled out and taken into the club house.

They took off some of Theresa's wet clothes, and then bundled and swathed and otherwise attired her in old portions of sweaters and jerseys. She was somewhat frightened at the time she was dry and warm.

While all this was going on, the runaway, sadly hampered by the wagon, was trying to swim ashore. Seeing the plight of the horse, Michael Enwright, an axeman in the Park Department, who happened to be on the pier, opened the big blade of his jackknife and jumped into the river. He swam close to the horse and managed to cut one of the traces. Then he swam around to the other side and cut the other trace. He finally got the horse freed from the wagon. Then he grabbed hold of the harness and guided the animal until the latter could touch bottom. The horse was taken to a nearby pond house. Later Enwright and his brother Jeremiah, also an axeman in the Park Department, got ropes under the wagon and by means of a derrick on the pier lifted it out.

In the mean time Mr. Mahoney was being attended by a doctor from the Manhattan Hospital, who set his right shoulder, which had been dislocated. Then Mahoney went home. So did Theresa and her sister. They live at 2,750 Eighth avenue.

A boy about 4 years old tumbled off the pier at the foot of West 153d street early yesterday morning. Leon Mayer, Captain of the Lone Star Boat Club, jumped in and rescued the boy.

ALMOST CHOKED BY A BURGLAR.

Mrs. Donihee's Exciting Experience with a Couple of Crackamen.

Mrs. Delia J. Donihee, the mother of William B. Donihee, Jr., a lawyer of 108 Fulton street, had an exciting encounter with two burglars in the basement hallway of her residence, at 143 West Sixty-third street, about midnight on Saturday. Mrs. Donihee was in the yard removing clothes from a line when she heard voices in the basement hallway. As she walked toward the doorway she heard a man say, "This is the way up stairs."

Mrs. Donihee entered the hallway, which was lighted dimly, and asked, "Who's there?"

She saw a man standing near the foot of the stairs and a second man in a small storeroom opening into the hallway. One of the men seized her by the throat, saying "Don't scream. We won't hurt you."

Mrs. Donihee was too frightened to obey any command, and she screamed hysterically for help. Her assailant's fingers tightened on her throat, but he could not stop her screams. Lawyer Donihee heard his mother's cries, and he ran down stairs. He saw her struggling with the smaller of the two men. The other burglar he saw leaving the house with a bundle of clothing in his arms. Donihee ran to his mother's assistance. The burglar released her, threw Donihee to one side, and ran out of the house. Donihee followed. He ran toward Eleventh avenue, where he was joined by the second thief.

Donihee told Policeman Terrence Carlin, whom he met on West Sixty-third street, of the robbery. They traced the two men to a hallway at Sixty-second street and Eleventh avenue. Carlin arrested both of them. They had two coats belonging to Donihee. At the police station they gave their names as Frank R. Malone of 279 Eighth avenue and Thomas Kelly of 536 West Fiftieth street. Malone was identified by Donihee as the one who had seized Mrs. Donihee by the throat. Police Justice Deuel held the men under $1,500 bail each in the Yorkville Police Court yesterday to await the action of the Grand Jury.

KILLED IN A TROLLEY CHASE.

A Railroad Sprinkler Ran Away and the Passenger Car Tried to Escape.

PITTSBURGH, May 5.—Death to one person and injuries to two others was the result of a race and collision between an electric car sprinkler and an electric car this morning on the Troy Hill branch of the Pleasant Valley street car line. Car 60, with John McAllister, conductor, and August Kauffman, motorman, was coming down the hill. Following it was a car sprinkler, with John A. Gastes motorman. It became evident that the sprinkler had got beyond the control of the motorman. Motorman Kauffman increased the speed of his car in order to outrun the heavy sprinkler. Conductor McAllister shut the car door. A young woman, whose identity is unknown, leaped up, and, panic stricken, ran to the door. The conductor caught her and tried to hold her back. She struggled so violently that in a moment she had pulled him off the car with her. Her head struck the street curb and instant death resulted. Her body was taken to the Allegheny Morgue.

Miss May Weidner was with Victor Andres in the car. They are to be married on Tuesday. She had her left eye closed and her face cut, and Andres had one leg injured when the sprinkler and the car came in collision.

Sunday with the McLaughlin Twelve.

The twelve McLaughlin jurors didn't get out of bed at the Broadway Central Hotel until late yesterday morning. Not one of them evinced any desire to go to church. After breakfast they loafed around their suite of rooms on the top floor, waiting for luncheon. Four carriages were called after luncheon and the jurors took a drive through the Park and did not return until dusk. In each carriage there were three jurors and one court officer.

Use German Laundry Soap, It's the Best. The genuine has colored wrapper.—Adv.

INCOME TAX REHEARING TO-DAY.

Justice Jackson Arrives in Washington to Take Part in It.

WASHINGTON, May 5.—Mr. Justice Jackson of the Supreme Court of the United States arrived in Washington this morning from his home, Belle Mead, Tennessee, to hear the reargument of the income tax cases. He made the trip with but little fatigue, owing to the arrangements made by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad officials. The sleeping car on the train leaving Nashville at 6:50 o'clock on Saturday morning was run out to Belle Mead the night before, so that he was enabled to secure a good night's rest before starting. Mr. Jackson found the change in temperature from Nashville to Washington quite pleasant, although to residents of this city the heat to-day was very uncomfortable. The Justice looks well, although he has lost considerable in weight since he left Washington.

This afternoon and evening Chief Justice Fuller and several other members of the court called upon Justice Jackson to express their pleasure at his return. In the course of their conversation the programme of the income tax rehearing was outlined to Justice Jackson. The whole case will be gone into and the rehearing will include the constitutionality of the tax on rents and State and municipal bonds, as well as all other points on which the court divided equally on April 8. After the argument has been concluded Justice Jackson will join in the conference as to the decision of the court, and on the determination of this question will return to Nashville. He expects to be in Washington only about a week, probably less. From this fact, although, of course, there has been no expression of opinion given by him on the subject, it has been inferred that the reargument of the case will result in no variation of the decree rendered by the court last month.

The argument, as stated in the order of the court, will be confined to two counsel on each side, but no limitation of time will be fixed. This makes it probable that it will not be concluded before Tuesday afternoon or Wednesday. For the opponents of the law Messrs. W. D. Guthrie and Joseph H. Choate will again appear, and the constitutionality of the law will be affirmed by Attorney-General Olney and Assistant Attorney-General Whitney. The Loan and Trust Company, whose managers were so largely instrumental in bringing on the litigation to test the constitutionality of the law, are presumably satisfied with the decision of the court as announced, for Mr. James C. Carter, who cooperated with the Attorney-General in support of the law in the original argument of the cases, does not expect to appear again. Ex-Senator Edmunds's argument in March was in behalf of John G. Moore, the New York broker who sought an injunction to restrain the Commissioner of Internal Revenue from executing the law. That case has not yet been passed upon, so that he is not interested in the reargument of the New York corporation cases.

Counsel for the antagonists of the law reached the city to-night. The list includes, besides Messrs. Choate and Guthrie, the names of Clarence A. Seward, William Jay, and ex-Secretary B. H. Bristow. Mr. Guthrie will begin the argument, opening up all the questions involved in the law. He will be followed by Mr. Whitney and Mr. Olney, and Mr. Choate will close. The argument, they expect, will run into Wednesday.

BIG FAILURE IN MINNESOTA.

N. P. Clarke & Co. Go Under With Liabilities of Nearly $1,000,000.

ST. CLOUD, Minn., May 5.—N. P. Clarke & Co.'s assignment, papers in which were filed five minutes before the Clerk's office closed last evening, is the sensation of the hour.

The liabilities will reach $800,000 and may reach $1,000,000. The value of the assets, given at $1,250,000, is problematical. The firm consists of N. P. Clarke of St. Cloud and his nephew, Fred H. Clarke of Minneapolis, whose interest is nominal.

The place of business of the firm is in Minneapolis, where it has mills. It has until lately been regarded as one of the wealthiest in the State. N. P. Clarke's extensive holdings of pine lands and other property giving it unlimited credit, but for the past year the firm has with difficulty maintained its prestige. N. P. Clarke is one of the oldest settlers here.

He owns the bank of Clarke & McClure and is also the trustee of the McClure estate, one of the richest estates in Minnesota outside of the Twin Cities. The failure, however, does not affect the McClure estate.

N. P. Clarke has been at work for the last few months in securing his personal creditors, especially the depositors in his bank. His private bank collected deposits aggregating $120,000.

All the depositors, it is now learned, hold deeds to real estate in Stearns, Benton, and Sherburne counties in lieu of their certificates of deposit, and during the last week some 200 deeds and mortgages have been placed on record in these counties.

Mr. Clarke was the owner of the finest stud of Clydesdale horses in the world, and is known to the blooded stock dealers all over the country. He is owner of Prince Patrick and Lady McGregor, who captured the world's championship medals as the best Clydesdale stallion and mare at the World's Columbian Exposition. The horses have now been mortgaged to secure depositors in the bank.

LOCKED THE JAILER IN A CELL.

Three Prisoners Escape and Two of Them Are Killed in the Oklahoma Hills.

WICHITA, Kan., May 5.—Information has been received here of a jail delivery and double killing at Woodward, Oklahoma, yesterday. Three of the prisoners, Waddle, Hill, and Heffen—the first two being confined for assisting in a jail delivery last month—obtained possession of a revolver, got the drop on the turnkey, and compelled him to unlock the door of the cell. The prisoners then locked the jailer in the cell and hastened to the hills.

Their escape was soon discovered, and the Sheriff and a party of deputies mounted horses and started after the fugitives. The men had only gone a mile when the officers overtook them. There was a fight, which ended in the killing of Heffen and Hill and the capture of Waddle. Policeman Prior's horse was shot from under him and Deputy Marshal Wolfort was shot through the left arm so that amputation was necessary. The verdict at the inquest was that the killing was justifiable.

SAYS IT WAS HER FATHER'S HAT.

The Hoboken Ferryboat Suicide Ernest Greite, an Insurance Agent.

The man who jumped into the North River from the ferryboat Paunpeck as she was leaving her slip at Hoboken on Saturday night was probably Ernest Greite, 60 years old, an insurance agent who lived at 363 Spring street, Hoboken.

Greite's daughter, Miss Phillipine Greite, on reading the story of the man's leap into the river in yesterday morning's newspapers, called at the West Twentieth street station later in the day, and after examining the felt hat left behind by the suicide, declared that it belonged to her father.

Greite, she said, had been worrying lately about business matters, and after moping about the house all day, went out by himself at 7 o'clock on Saturday night. He did not return.

BADLY HURT BY A RUNAWAY.

Manley Grabbed for the Horse's Bridle, Missed, and Fell Under Its Hoofs.

ELIZABETH, May 5.—A runaway horse dashed through Elizabeth avenue this afternoon, dragging a carriage in which two young women were seated. They clung desperately to the seat and shouted for help. John Manley was standing at the corner of Sixth street with several companions. He ran into the street and grabbed at the horse's bridle, but missed it and went headlong under the animal's legs. He received a kick that tore the flesh from his forehead.

The young man was removed to the hospital, where it was said his skull had been fractured. His condition to-night is extremely serious. The runaway was stopped a block further on. The young women drove away. They refused to give their names.

Crescent Bicycles Lead.

Try them and buy them at Bowman's, Broadway and 52d st., and Spaldings', Madison Square Garden.—Adv.

STRONG IN A QUANDARY.

HE LETS THE GOVERNOR GO BACK WITH NO ASSURANCES.

Miller and Depew Urge Him to Approve the Bi-Partisan Bill, but How Can He Do So as a Non-Partisan Civil Service Reformer of the Union League Stripe?

Gov. Morton returned to Albany yesterday on the Southwestern limited, which left the Grand Central Station at 1 o'clock. Charles W. Hackett, Chairman of the Republican State Committee, was there to see the Governor off, and Chauncey M. Depew of the Republican State Advisory Committee rode as far as Peekskill with him.

Mr. Depew had arrived from the West only the night before and had learned from Cornelius N. Bliss and Elihu Root that he should see Mayor Strong and suggest that the Mayor approve of the Bi-Partisan Police bill. Mr. Bliss for a number of days debated just what ground he personally ought to take on the subject. He is not a member of the Committee of Seventy, but he is the Mayor's friend, and whatever the Mayor decides will be agreeable to Mr. Bliss. So Mr. Depew talked with the Mayor yesterday morning, and suggested that the Mayor should approve the bill. Mr. Depew reported the result of his visit to the Mayor to Gov. Morton.

Later in the day Warner Miller called on the Mayor and gave advice like Mr. Depew's. Awaiting Mr. Miller's return to the Union League Club, where he now abides, were Mr. Bliss, Gen. Anson G. McCook, Gen. C. H. T. Collis, and others, and they dined together last night.

The political argument used in certain Republican factional circles yesterday was that the Mayor should approve the bill in order to strengthen the anti-Platt sentiment in the country districts. The anti-Plattites out there complain that they are confronted daily with the unrefuted charge that Mayor Strong has heaped political favors on the Grace Democrats, and that he gave one of the very richest plums in his grasp to Francis M. Scott (Corporation Counsel at $12,000 a year); that he is retaining Joseph J. O'Donoghue (City Chamberlain, Tammany, at $25,000 a year), and so on. There are few Mugwumps up the State. They are either Democrats or Republicans, and the followers of Mr. Platt have sat back and grinned at their factional adversaries when they are staggering under the load of the Mayor's "non-partisanship."

The Mayor is in a quandary. He did not indicate yesterday to any of his visitors just what he will do. As THE SUN said yesterday he wants an excuse to approve any measure that he believes will create a sentiment which will encourage the anti-Platt feeling in the State. But he wants a valid excuse, one that will hold water, as it were, and if he can secure the unqualified approbation of Mr. Depew and Mr. Miller for the Bi-Partisan Police bill, he might throw over the Seventy, Dr. Parkhurst, and all that lot.

But some of Mayor Strong's Union League counsellors, who would have him approve the bi-partisan bill, are themselves embarrassed by the terms of the appeal sent throughout the State on April 2 by the eighteen Union League Club Republicans. The gentlemen who signed this appeal were Cornelius N. Bliss, Elihu Root, Joseph H. Choate, Horace Porter, Le Grand B. Cannon, Samuel Thomas, William Brookfield, Hamilton Fish, Lucius Robinson, Frederic Cruger, Joel B. Erhardt, C. H. T. Collis, George W. Lyon, John R. Van Wormer, Henry E. Howland, Henry W. Cannon, M. C. D. Borden, and John Claflin.

In the appeal was included the platform of the Committee was somewhat of which the Mayor was a member. Part of the Seventy's platform says that it voiced the views of the "great mass of Republicans in the city" when it declared:

"Municipal Government should be entirely divorced from party politics and from selfish personal ambition or gain."

The Mayor's letter to Joseph Larocque, Chairman of the Seventy, dated Oct. 5, was also incorporated in the appeal of the Eighteen, and says:

The platform adopted by the committee meets with my cordial approval, and after a majority of the anti-Tammany organizations, including the Republicans in the city of New York, approve of my nomination for Mayor, with a distinct understanding that the affairs of the Government of the city of New York shall be administered in the interest of good government, and absolutely non-partisan, then I shall be very willing to accept the nomination from all these organizations, and if elected shall adhere to this policy during my administration of the affairs of the city of New York as Mayor, and make all appointments without regard to party lines.

Tacked on to the appeal of the eighteen eminent Union Leaguers who surround the Mayor are the resolutions adopted by the Republican County Committee at the time William Brookfield was its President. The resolutions say:

We cordially approve of the platform and declaration of principles adopted by the Committee of Seventy, and while the candidate for Mayor agreed upon in conference with other organizations, and nominated by us, is a Republican, we pledge for him, in the event of his election, an honest, economical, and non-partisan administration of municipal affairs.

The great point yesterday was to reconcile these ante-election "non-partisan" utterances with the demand of the Union Leaguers now that Mayor Strong shall approve of the Lexow Bi-partisan Police bill, which would make the Police Board an even distribution of the spoils between the Democrats and Republicans. How is the Mayor to explain matters to Mr. Larocque, Mr. Beaman, Dr. Parkhurst, and all of the Good Goos if he approves of the Bi-partisan bill? That's what he would like to know himself. One of the Mayor's friends said yesterday:

"How can the Mayor approve of the civil service clause in the bill in view of the Lexow developments concerning the Police Department? This clause provides for a Civil Service Board, consisting of an Inspector and four Captains of Police, to examine all candidates for appointment. Dr. Parkhurst and his friends say the Police Department is rotten from top to bottom. If Mayor Strong approves the Bi-Partisan bill he approves a measure that will give the old hacks in the police force the power to appoint."

ANYBODY HYPNOTIZING STRONG?

Parkhurst Tried It on the Bi-partisan Bill—Is This a Report of Failure?

The Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst preached yesterday morning in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church on "Insincerity of Heart." He said that people were too prone to insincere thought, and were inclined to accept that for truth that agreed most with their own thoughts. "Even in church," said Dr. Parkhurst, "there is very little thinking that is absolutely true. When you hear a sermon preached you don't want anything said that does not harmonize with your own impressions. It is surprising," he said, "to what extent people are being hypnotized into doing certain things, and into certain lines of thought, and it is very strange that more persons are hypnotized into doing wrong than into doing right."

Dr. Parkhurst said that this excuse of hypnotic influence over thought and action being advanced by so many by way of excuse reminded him of a small boy he knew who went to his mother and asked her to have somebody punished for influencing him to do wrong. When the mother asked her how he had influenced him to do wrong, the little fellow replied: "I don't know, mother, but some one made me go to the pantry and there influenced me in a way I could not resist to eat the cakes you told me I must not eat."

DEAD IN HIS FATHER'S BARN.

The Body of Rufus Choate, Missing Four Months, Found By His Elder Brother.

BUFFALO, May 5.—The body of Rufus Choate, a student at the Buffalo High School, was found this afternoon in the hay mow of his father's barn in the suburbs of Buffalo. The body was in a bad state of decomposition. There was a bullet hole in the left temple and a revolver lay beside the body. Choate disappeared four months ago. He left the house of his father, a wealthy real estate man, to go to school, and was never seen alive again. The whole country was flooded with circulars, seeking information about him, and his father had communicated with the police of all the large cities.

This afternoon Young Choate's elder brother went into the hay mow and found the body concealed behind two barrels, where it had escaped the notice of the searching hands, who visited the mow every day. The family is satisfied that Young Choate killed himself, although they are at a loss for a motive. It was afterward noticed that the blood had run down through the floor and was plainly visible on one of the joists from the floor below, but no one had noticed it before.

Ex-President Seelye Dying.

AMHERST, Mass., May 5.—The condition of Dr. Julius H. Seelye, ex-President of Amherst College, is very critical to-night. Dr. Edward Hitchcock said this afternoon that any improvement in his health would be impossible. His nervous system is completely exhausted. Since this morning he has been unable to speak.

EVACUATION OF CORINTO.

The British Withdraw Their Marines and Fleet—Nicaragua Will Pay.

WASHINGTON, May 5.—According to advices received here, the evacuation of Corinto by the British marines and fleet was quietly accomplished to-day, and the port was restored to Nicaraguan authority. Shortly after midnight on Saturday Minister Guzman received a cable message saying that the preliminaries had been satisfactorily arranged with the British Admiral through the intermediation of Señor Fiallos of Honduras. In this manner Nicaragua was spared any appearance of humiliation and friction was avoided. Nicaragua will pay the indemnity in London within the two weeks stipulated, and the remaining terms of the ultimatum will be satisfactorily arranged.

The Nicaraguan people appear to thoroughly understand President Zelaya, who is a man of great pluck and determination, and they have approved his course. Published statements that "howling mobs" were parading the streets of Managua, the capital, shouting "Death to Zelaya!" appear to have no foundation in fact. Zelaya is not the man to tolerate demonstrations of that kind. He himself headed a revolution two years ago which overthrew an obnoxious Government in fifteen days. Within that time he fought three battles and captured the capital. He was chosen President by the Constitutional Convention, which was immediately organized, and has proved himself to be a wise and just ruler.

THE SOUND MONEY RALLY.

**Senator Palmer Hints that He May Leave the Democratic Party