SHE'S TRAINING FOR SPEED.

BUT INCIDENTALLY THIS WHEELWOMAN WANTS TO BECOME THIN.

She Describes the Ordeal She Goes Through Daily to Attain Her Dual Object—A Trying Routine of Good Hours, Massage, Baths, Exercise, and Abstemiousness.

The hot weather of the past few days seems to increase rather than diminish the enthusiasm of wheelwomen, and they continue to take their three runs each day regardless of the sun beating down upon them. They come in off the road and calmly announce that there is a stiff breeze outside and that the weather is delightfully cool as they mop their flushed faces and damp locks. Some of them present such a limp appearance after a midday spin that one would imagine that they would never be able to indulge in another, but the next day finds them out at the same hour. Central Park is getting to be more and more of a favorite run with both old and young enthusiasts as summer advances, for there are so many cool, shady retreats there where the women can congregate and talk while they rest. Yesteday four girls dismounted and seated themselves on the grass. Soon they were joined by others, until the party numbered nearly a score, and they were enjoying themselves immensely talking over the prospective victory of bloomers over skirts, when along came a girl on a wheel who sent them off into roars of laughter. She was bent nearly double over the handle bars, and was "scorching" at a furious pace. Her 170 pounds were set off by very full bloomers and a gray sweater. As she drew nearer three or four girls in the party recognized her, and one of them called out:

"Hi, there! Stop going so fast or you'll be arrested. Seven miles an hour in the Park is the limit."

The stout girl rolled off her wheel and settled herself comfortably before she spoke a word, and then she said in a very dignified way:

"Good morning; I've gone into training."

"Into training!" exclaimed everybody, "what for?"

"Oh, I heard a lot of wheelwomen talking about speed in one of the cycling academies the other day, and some of them hold excellent records. It dawned upon me that if they could make such fine time practically without any training, that a woman who would go regularly into training could do much better, so I spoke to my brother about it and he said that he would train me. I've been at it just four days now, and it is the hardest thing that I ever undertook, and I've found my brother out, too. I always thought that he had a lovely disposition and elegant manners, and he's just as arrogant and domineering as he can be; but he says all trainers are that way, and must have absolute power over the person in training to accomplish anything."

"But what do you have to do?" asked a tall, slender girl in long skirts.

"Well, I shall be obliged to spend the next two or three months in getting rid of this superfluous flesh," she said, looking down at her cumbersome figure, "and in order to do this I have to give up afternoon teas, dinner parties, theatre parties, and in fact everything that a girl loves in the way of social life, because if one goes to such functions it keeps you up late, and the first principle of athletic training is early hours at both ends of the day. I rise at 6 o'clock every morning and my maid subjects me to a gentle massage treatment. Mind you, each muscle in my body has to be worked and limbered. This over, I eat a breakfast consisting of one lamb chop, two slices of toast, and a cup of weak tea and after resting a while I take my morning ride. I'm going short distances yet, say from three to eight miles, at a fairly good pace, but I'm to increase both distance and speed gradually until I get rid of this flesh. After the morning spin I am subjected to another massage treatment and rubbed with a liniment, and as soon as that is over I go on the road again. That's what I'm doing here now, and I expect to ride about five miles, and if you'll believe it as soon as I get home I'll have to take another rubbing, harder than either one of the two that I've described, and follow it up with a shower bath, which makes one feel fine.

"One of the meanest features of the whole thing is that I have to eat my dinner in the middle of the day, and such a dinner as it is, too! Nothing but roast beef, with the blood running out of it, one vegetable, more dry toast, and more weak tea, and then I have quite a long rest until late in the afternoon, when short spins, devoted entirely to speed work, are taken, and after they are over I go through more massage treatment and rest until supper, which consists of a chop or small piece of rare steak, dry toast, and weak tea. Really, I'm sure that if I have to keep on drinking weak tea for three months I'll become a confirmed old maid. If I didn't wear bloomers I'd feel like one already."

"You don't have to ride in the evening, do you?" questioned a matron.

"Oh, yes, indeed. That's when I go at my highest speed and my brother stands by, holding his watch, and gives me instructions. You would laugh to see us, and a person who didn't understand would think that I was going in for professional racing. Just before going to bed I have another vigorous rubbing, a bath, and then retire for eight hours' sleep, and I get it, too, for never before in my life did I sleep so soundly. I used to dream about wheels or wheeling every night, but, dear me, since I've been training I haven't dreamed of anything. In fact, it takes a small-sized cyclone to wake me up at 6 in the morning."

"I should think that would be horrible," said another very stout bloomerite, "and I wouldn't go into training if I knew that I could go at a mile a minute gait as a result, and I don't believe that you can stand it for three months. Think of not being able to eat any candy or sweetmeats or to drink any ice-cream sodas for ninety days!"

The girl who is in training had a far-away look in her eyes at this suggestion, but as she looked down at her full figure she said, "Oh, yes, I can, and I'll tell you why. It really isn't speed that I'm after, but thinness. I read in one of the papers how Amelia Summerville dieted and walked herself adipose tissue, and I'm going to see if I can't work off mine by dieting and biking. American women are not walkers, and that's one reason that the wheel is cutting such a figure with them. No, I'll stick to this training, for while it is very hard to give up all social pleasures and delicious little knickknacks in the way of edibles, I think on the whole that I'll get more fun out of reducing than Miss Summerville did, because I do have a blissful time while I'm practising."

"If you come out thin then I'll go into training," volunteered the other stout enthusiast.

"Isn't a bicycle a wonderful thing anyway?" asked the thin, long-skirted girl, with just a suspicion of maliciousness in her tone. "The cycle weighing from twenty to twenty-six pounds carries a greater load with safety than has ever been put on any other vehicle. The most marvellous thing about a bicycle is its load-bearing power in proportion to its weight. Fifty years ago the world would have declared that it was impossible for a wheel to be made with a wooden rim and steel spokes, measuring about 30 inches in diameter and weighing not more than 20 ounces, which could sustain the weight of four men standing on its side, supported only at four points under the rim and with no hub support."

"Yes, and they would have been brought to believe that more easily than they could that a cycle would some day be made which weighed only nine pounds, and was capable of carrying a person weighing 180 pounds, and that's what I saw the other day, though I wouldn't care to own one of those extraordinary light machines. By the way, the enormous traffic in bicycles has made necessary the construction of a set of scales solely for the purpose of weighing machines, so that the dealer can let the purchaser see for herself the exact weight of the wheel that she is buying. They are very simple and accurate, and are fastened to the wall. The two hooks fit around the bar of the wheel, it is set into them, and the weight ascertained at once; and between us, I wouldn't take a wheel until I saw with my own eyes what it weighed."

"There's one of those April clouds hanging overhead; hadn't we better be going?" suggested some one.

"Oh, I think it will pass over," said the would-be thin bicyclist; "but men say that no woman was ever born who had sense enough to tell when it was going to rain and when it wasn't, but let it rain, I'm fixed for it."

"How is that?" inquired an elderly woman as she watched the cloud uneasily.

"Just see what I've found," she replied, as she untied a very small parcel attached to her handle bar. To the astonishment of everybody out tumbled a long circular cape four yards wide at the bottom."

"What on earth is it?" asked everybody, eagerly.

"Why, it's a bicycle storm cape. You see since I've gone into training I'll be obliged to ride rain or shine, and fortunately I ran across this. It is made of black cravanette cloth, and water will not run through it. It can be pressed through it, as the goods is porous, but a hard shower has no more effect on it than on the back of a duck. It fastens from top to bottom with these press buttons, such as are used on men's gloves, and is wide enough to come over the handle bars, and comes down far enough, when the wearer is dismounted, to keep the knees perfectly dry. The leggins meet it in fact. It is the very thing for women who are in the habit of taking long runs, for besides being very, very light it serves admirably as a covering for extra clothing. You all saw what a small package it makes. There is another bicycle storm cape recently brought out and it is worn by both horsemen and wheelwomen. It is made of tragic texture mackintosh goods. It is stitched up in front with an opening at the back just large enough to slip over the head. When a person puts one on and extends her arms at full length the thing is much wider than it is long, and when the arms are down in a natural position it falls in queer pointed folds. I saw a man with one on executing a skirt dance the other day, and he looked so comical that it decided me against that cape. Both are excellent in case of rain, however, and I've found mine invaluable already. But I must go on and reel off my five miles and then go home for massaging and weak tea. Bah! I'd almost rather be stout, and it seems to me that I'd willingly give $5 for a chocolate ice cream soda and a pound of chocolate creams this minute."

As she started on her way the women viewed her portly figure, and the stoutest one in the crowd sighed and said, "I wonder if it's worth it."

GEORGIA EDITORS HERE.

They Visited Newspaper Row, Sampled Things, and Then Left Town.

Some strange-looking men, wearing long linen dusters of the Posey county cut and broad-brimmed hats, appeared on Park row yesterday morning and made friends with every one who talked with them. They are moulders of public opinion in Georgia, and as they happened to be going by this town they just dropped in to look around a bit.

"We were quite pahr-ticular, sah," said Col. John Triklett of the Thomasville *Times-Enterprise*, "to arrange ouah little trip so that we should not spend Sunday in youah town. We all heard how youah bars were closed tight on that day. We spent it in Saratoga drinking the-er spring water, and we came heah this morning."

There were the editors of about thirty-five Georgia newspapers in the party, and many of them were accompanied by their wives and children. They reached town early yesterday morning on a Hudson River boat, and they left late in the day for Atlanta. These Georgia editors have been having a good time on their two weeks' junket, and they have managed to see a little of Quebec, Montreal, the St. Lawrence, Lake George, and Saratoga. The Georgia editors had no headquarters here. They strolled around town until it was time to take the train. Many of them visited Park row. They didn't find New York as interesting to them as it was in 1891.

"We allowed," said Col. Rufus Hartsell, "we wouldn't spend much time in this yellow town. There ain't much heah now to see but the Bowery, and we saw that in 1891. Even Coney Island, we heah, has had the juice all squeezed out of it. We can have more fun down in Dalton or Possum Trot or Jug Tavern than we can heah."

"Dink Botts?" said Col. O. H. Hall of the Dahlonega *Nugget*, "Well it's this way with Dink. If he hadn't been the kingpin orator of North Georgia he would have been with us. He had to stay and talk patriotism on the Fourth, and I allow that he probably made a grand speech."

Hoke Smith was detained in Washington, and he sent his partner, Col. H. H. Cabaniss of the Atlanta *Journal* along to represent him. Pol Dismuke, according to the editors, was busy in his native town looking after the State troops that were quartered there. The Georgia editors who did come to New York made the most of their short stay, and they found that there were some powerful good things to drink here.

"Politics?" said Col. Dodge of the *Way of Life*. "Why, there isn't a Populist in our crowd. We are all Democrats. You see we had a good many third party editors about a year ago, but since Georgia went Democratic they lost all of their subscribers."

After a hurried inspection of the newspaper offices and obtaining convincing proof that every day wasn't Sunday in New York, the Georgia editors took the train for the South.

DR. GIBIER'S CANCER TREATMENT.

It Has Cured Patients After Surgical Operations Had Failed.

Some attention has been attracted by a paper recently read before the Académie des Sciences of Paris, in which Dr. Paul Gibier of the Pasteur Institute, this city, gave some results of his treatment of cancer by the sero-therapic method. Dr. Gibier, who has just returned to this country, talked last evening about his discovery to a SUN reporter. He said:

"In the study of infectious diseases and their treatment by the methods of Pasteur my attention was naturally drawn to cancer. I began my experiments in the sero-therapic method of treating cancers and tumors several years ago, and in 1893 communicated some of my ideas to the Académie des Sciences. The treatment has since been administered by eminent French physicians, and while in Paris recently I saw several persons who had been cured by this method after surgical operations had proved unsuccessful.

"Cancer is caused by a parasite, and so should yield to the same method of treatment that has proved successful in dealing with other diseases of the same class. At the same time, there are many kinds of cancer, and I do not say that all kinds can be cured by our method. Thus far we have only demonstrated that certain kinds of cancers and tumors, even in an aggravated form, may be relieved by the sero-therapic method."

When asked about the views in regard to the treatment of various forms of disease by hypnotism, which have been attributed to him, Dr. Gibier replied:

"I am a biologist, and as such am interested in hypnotism, and whatever else relates to the science of life. But, while it is true that I have studied hypnotism, I have never applied it to the treatment of disease. I have left that to others, confining myself to my specialty. The success of hypnotic treatment for certain brain diseases is no longer an open question, however. It has already been demonstrated."

A TROLLEY CAR JUMPS THE TRACK.

Nine Persons, Eager for Work, Are Seriously Injured.

BUFFALO, July 8.—Nine men were badly injured by the derailing of a trolley car at North Buffalo this morning.

About seventy-five Italians and Poles boarded the car to go to Tonawanda, where they are grading the new electric road between this city and Niagara Falls. Just after the car left the station the motorman noticed that something was wrong with the brakes. The car was then on a steep grade, and its speed increased to a frightful velocity.

The car went bounding over the rails, and it was with difficulty that the passengers were restrained from jumping off. For three-quarters of a mile the car went rushing along until it struck a curve and jumped the track, tumbling over and over into the ditch and being reduced to kindling wood. The passengers who escaped injury soon removed those beneath the car.

Victor Marceli, a Pole, and Pasquelo Sualle, an Italian, were seriously hurt. They were taken to the Erie County Hospital.

THE NORTH RIVER BRIDGE CO.

Its Progress as Recorded on a Granite Block in Hoboken.

On June 8 workmen began digging behind a board fence at Garden and Twelfth streets, Hoboken. It was given out that they were looking for a solid foundation for the new bridge across the Hudson. The story was verified by Counsellor Besson, as told in THE SUN. Ten days later the men quit work, and it was then said that solid rock had been struck at a short distance below the surface.

Last week the excavation was filled in, and a large granite block placed over it. On the block is this inscription:

NORTH RIVER BRIDGE CO.
Ground Broken June 8, 1895.
Laid June 18, 1895.

Local Business Troubles.

W. H. Ricketts has been appointed receiver of rents of the dwelling at 408 Central Park West in a suit brought against William Osborn, wine merchant at 45 Beaver street, who made an assignment on May 31, by Louisa Eckart to foreclose a second mortgage of $5,000. There is a prior mortgage of $35,000. The property was valued at $65,000. Deputy Sheriff Lipsky sold out yesterday, the right, title, and interest of William and Robert A. Osborn in the property of the firm of John Osborn, Son & Co. for $2,550.

William H. Roy, merchant tailor at 118 Nassau street, made an assignment yesterday to Isaac H. Potter, giving preferences for $2,010.

Deputy Sheriff Carraher has received two claims against George Brauns, who was until recently steward of the Marine Field Club of Bath Beach, one for $407 in favor of Acker, Merrall & Condit, and the other for $485 in favor of William Ottman & Co. Mr. Brauns, it is said, severed his connection with the club on June 12.

Deputy Sheriff Lipsky has closed up the store of Edward Solovel, dealer in paper and bags at 13 Suffolk street, on an execution for $517 in favor of Nathan Michalover.

John Wales's Slayer Breaks His Neck.

MIDDLETOWN, July 8.—Curtis L. Fick, 38 years old, a grocer of Liberty, made a misstep Saturday night and fell headlong down his cellar stairs, breaking his neck. In 1887 he shot and killed John Wales for paying attention to a Mrs. David Wasine, to whom Fick was paying his addresses. The coroner's jury in that case rendered a verdict of justifiable homicide.

Manchester, N. Y., Has a $75,000 Blaze.

MANCHESTER, N. Y., July 8.—Fire early this morning destroyed two grocery stores, a hardware store, the Manchester House and barns, a bakery, meat market, two barber shops, a billiard hall and a dwelling. The estimated loss is $75,000, with insurance of about $45,000.

WADDELL'S BODY CLAIMED.

SHIPPED WEST TO THE GAMBLER'S MOTHER BY JACK HOWARD.

The $34,000 Cash Waddell Was Said to Have Had When O'Brien Shot Him Has Not Come—One of His Adventures.

The coffin containing the body of Reed Waddell, the gold-brick swindler and gambler, who was shot and killed by his friend, "Tom" O'Brien, the bunco king, in Paris, on March 27, was shipped to his mother, Mrs. Nancy R. Waddell, at Springfield, Ill., by American Express yesterday afternoon. Jack Howard, a sporting man, who lives at 108 West Thirty-eighth street, prepaid the express charges. Five cases of Waddell's personal effects, which were expected on La Touraine with the body, did not arrive. One of these cases contains the gripsack in which, according to the stories published by the Paris papers at the time, was found $34,000 belonging to the murdered man. Howard failed to find any record of these cases among the ship's bills of lading. In his dilemma he went to John Cowan, the man who handles all foreign freight for the American Express Company. Cowan cabled to Havre and Paris, and found that the goods had not been shipped.

Reed Waddell was about thirty-five years old, and the only son of his mother, who is said to be wealthy. He was a bold and successful gambler, but was best known as the inventor of the "gold brick" swindle, with which he was very successful. He was a small man, with smooth-shaven face and a quick, keen eye.

"The arrival of Reed Waddell's body," said Capt. C. G. West, Superintendent of the French line docks, "recalls to me an interesting incident which occurred in 1890 and has never been made public. In the fall of that year on the arrival of La Bretagne at her dock I was called upon to referee a quarrel, which came perilously near resulting in a duel, between Waddell and a man prominent in New York club and sporting circles. Play had been unusually heavy on the voyage, and Waddell was a large winner. Yet his methods were so skilful that he would hardly have been suspected had it not been for a singular circumstance. The poker party included, besides the two mentioned, a Mexican mine owner, two Western cattlemen, and a rich Bostonian. The latter had a friend who, though not himself a player, occasionally dropped in to watch the game. The man recognized in Waddell a fellow traveller on the outward-bound White Star liner for Liverpool a few months before. At that time attention had been attracted to Waddell because of his reputed heavy winnings at the gaming table. When this fact was communicated to the players the gambler was watched.

"Finally the New Yorker, convinced that he was being fleeced, openly accused Waddell of cheating. The interference of the others prevented bloodshed, for both men were armed. As soon as the boat made her dock I was called in to first matters, and if possible prevent a duel. I just drew up an agreement that all should abide by my decision, which each one signed. The following morning we met at the Hotel Martin, had lunch, and discussed the situation. That night I was to render my verdict. Armed with the evidence, I went at once to a prominent sporting man in whose place, as I afterward learned, Waddell and the New Yorker had frequently played, and together we reviewed the games, and made what seemed a just division of the money. A good many thousand dollars were involved. I had no sooner handed the amount when it was turned over to me, so I felt perfectly safe. The party met at dinner, I announced my decision, and required each man to sign releases, which I still hold as a memento. Throughout our interview Waddell was cool and quiet, but not a move escaped him. I privately admired the fellow. The next day I handed him his check in the Hoffman House. I can assure you it was several thousand dollars less than the sum he turned over to me the night he landed. Waddell laughingly admitted that he had not played a square game, and asked where I had gained the knowledge on which I based my decision. When I mentioned the man to whom I had submitted the case Waddell remarked; 'Now I am doubly pleased with the decision.' That very day a United States marshal from Illinois, who wanted Waddell for the latter had 'done' some people in his State out of $155,000 on the 'gold brick' swindle, offered me a large sum of money to reveal his hiding place."

HELD IN ONLY $25 BAIL.

Buck Said to Have Mutilated Newspapers at Cooper Union.

For the past six months John Wilson of 107 East Fourth street has been out of work, and has been in the habit of visiting Cooper Union daily to read the papers. Secretary Jordan of Cooper Union found that some of the papers were mutilated day after day, and finally accused Wilson of being the offender. Wilson denied the charge, and was asked to try to find out who the mutilator was.

Shortly after 10 o'clock yesterday morning Wilson saw Walter Buck of 316 East Sixth street cut a coupon from a back number of a prize-giving journal. Summoning Policeman Keeling of the Fifth street station, who is detailed at Cooper Union, Wilson caused his arrest.

In Essex Market Court a charge of malicious mischief was made against Buck, and Magistrate Simms held him in $25 bail for trial at Special Sessions. The amount of bail is said to be the smallest ever fixed at Essex Market Court. It is also the smallest bail ever fixed in a case of malicious mischief, which is a misdemeanor.

TO REMOVE ASSESSOR WENDT.

He's Gone to Europe for Four Months Without Leave of Absence.

At the meeting of the Tax Commissioners tomorrow Assessor Charles E. Wendt is likely to be removed. Mr. Wendt is Chairman of the Board of Assessors and has been a member of the Board ten years or more. He was appointed originally as a representative of the German Democratic Union, of which he had been President. He sailed for Europe last week to be absent four months without getting leave of absence from the Tax Commissioners.

The Commissioners decided that this is equivalent to a forfeiture of the office, and they will act accordingly. In this way they hope to surmount a legal difficulty in the way of the removal of an assessor. The term of office of an assessor is not fixed by law, and it has been generally understood that he can hold office during good behavior. The salary is $3,000 a year.

Ex-Park Commissioner Samuel Conover, it was said yesterday, is likely to succeed Mr. Wendt. He is a Republican.

NINO TO DIE IN AUGUST.

Taken to Sing Sing as Soon as Sentence Had Been Passed.

Vincenzo Nino, who was convicted on Wednesday last of murder in the first degree for the killing of his wife Marie on Feb. 19 at 55 Baxter street, was sentenced by Recorder Goff yesterday to die at Sing Sing in the week beginning Aug. 12. The Recorder said he was convinced that Nino was simulating insanity. Sheriff Tamsen was present while the Recorder pronounced sentence and consulted the Recorder afterward in regard to the immediate transfer of Nino to Sing Sing. The new law does not empower the Warden of the Tombs to establish a death watch, and convicted murderers must be taken to Sing Sing promptly. Nino was taken to Sing Sing at once.

Hay Crop a Failure in Northern New York.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., July 8.—Owing to the drought which has continued throughout this section three weeks, the hay crop of northern New York is not worth mowing in some places, and a report comes from Potsdam that on some farms in that section growing grain is being cut for fodder because there is no grass in the pastures. In the best places hay will yield half a crop. Many farmers, foreseeing the failure of the hay crop, planted corn to take its place for fodder, and will thus save their stock from famine or expensive feeding.

To Start a Big Cotton Mill in the South.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., July 8.—The Thurlow Manufacturing Company of Chester, Pa., today purchased a site here for the removal of their five-thousand-spindle yarn mill to the South. J. R. Cotton, President of the company, made a trip through the South recently and decided that the south is the coming cotton mill country. This company owns a mill in North Carolina, besides the one intended for Birmingham.

A Brooklyn Tailor Commits Suicide.

William Altenberg, a tailor, 66 years old, committed suicide on Sunday night by shooting himself through the heart, at his home, 589 Fifth avenue, Brooklyn. His wife, and his nephew, who lived with them, went to a picnic in the afternoon and on their return, near midnight, found him dead in bed with a revolver by his side. His wife had asked him to go with her to the picnic, but he declined.

Annapolis Goes Democratic.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., July 8.—This city went Democratic to-day in a municipal election, and the Democrats will have five out of eight members of the Board of Aldermen. John H. Thomas is reelected Mayor by about twenty majority. There was a good deal of cutting of Democratic candidates.

RUIN WROUGHT BY THE STORM.

Many Bodies Found—Pollution from Dead Cattle—Cars Blown Off a Track.

ST. LOUIS, July 8.—The flood is subsiding at Winona and searches are making for the bodies of the drowned. The bodies of the Rev. G. W. Duncan and his daughter, Mattie, and Miss Norma Nevins were found at about noon under the driftwood, about a mile below the town; also the body of a stranger who was stopping at a Winona hotel.

Many rescues from the flood were made. At a point half a mile below Winona a man on the bluff tied a rope around his waist and, when a body came by, he would jump into the water, grasp it, and, with the aid of friends on the bank who held the other end of the rope, drag the body to the shore. In this way he rescued three from drowning and recovered two dead bodies.

A terrible odor rises from the dead cattle, hogs, horses, and other animals. It is said that many visitors, men and women, are appropriating everything of value they can lay hands on. For several miles below Winona there are dead animals, broken wagons, beds, organs, and chairs without number in the mud and wreckage.

Eighteen bodies have been recovered at Winona and two at Thomasville, which is near by.

A cloudburst struck the town of Linn Creek, the county seat of Camden county, Saturday evening, and the entire town is under water. The citizens were compelled to leave their homes and run for the hills. The town is in a valley half a mile from Osage River, and the water from that stream is backed up into the town, while Linn Creek and several smaller streams are pouring in upon it. As far as is known no lives have been lost. A heavy rain fell all day yesterday in the neighborhood, and it is feared more damage will be done. Telegraph and telephone poles have been levelled by the dozen, and little communication has been had with the flooded district since Saturday night.

At 11 o'clock yesterday morning four inches of rain fell at Canton, Kan., and a strong wind damaged buildings on the main street. The storm wrecked a barn where a dozen men had taken shelter, injuring four, one of them mortally. Ten cars were blown from the tracks in the Santa Fé yards. Not a barn or windmill is left standing in the track of the storm in the Canton district. The damage in the county is incalculable.

GUTHRIE, O. T., July 8.—A terrific hail storm and waterspout just east of here yesterday did great damage to crops, washed away bridges, broke hundreds of windows, and wrecked several houses. In many places the hailstones were as large as hens' eggs, and injured live stock.

TRYING A GIRL FOR MURDER.

Marie Barberi's Case—A Talesman Who Doesn't Believe in Punishing Criminals.

Assistant District Attorney McIntyre began the trial before Recorder Goff in the General Sessions yesterday of Marie Barberi, 19 years old, who cut the throat of her lover, Domenico Cataldo, a bootblack, at 428 East Thirteenth street, on April 26 last. Marie is accused of murder in the first degree. She says that Cataldo seduced her under promise of marriage, laughed at her, refused to marry her, and wanted her to lead a sinful life afterward, so she cut his head nearly off in a saloon where he was playing cards. Her eyes were heavy and red when she entered the court room yesterday, and she has evidently taken her imprisonment very hard. The day was spent in trying to secure a jury.

Charles J. Jacobs, an inventor, of 2,077 Seventh avenue, had conscientious scruples against capital punishment. He believed that criminals were not sane when they committed crime. He said that crime was due to an abnormal brain development, and he did not believe that criminals were responsible.

The Recorder asked him if he did not think that a man who broke into his house should be punished. Jacobs said he did not, and would blame himself for not having taken the precaution to guard against such criminal tendencies on the part of persons with abnormally developed brains. He made a similar reply when the Recorder asked him what he believed in case his daughter was outraged. He was excused.

Four jurors were secured.

CARGO OF WILD THINGS.

Boas, a Tiger Cat, a Jaguar, a Tapir, and an Ant Eater Come to Town.

In April last William Bartels, an animal dealer of 160 Greenwich street, sent three men to Brazil to swap yards of dry goods for yards of boa constrictors and other things with the natives along the Amazon. The three men got back on Sunday on the steamship Egyptian Prince with a few less queer animals than they had when they left Para. Notably, they had four yards less of boa. Originally there were nineteen yards of boa, divided into three sections of five yards each and the section which was thrown overboard. The assistant engineer wanted the defunct section converted into hose, but as there was nobody aboard the Egyptian Prince who knew the process of tanning snake skin the boa had to go.

The surviving boas were hungry when they got here, having fasted twenty-four days. It is not true, as rumor had it, that one of them, in an agony of famine, had crawled through the port hawse hole it may have been the starboard—and swallowed the anchor chain. It is also false that the ship measured her speed, after she left Para, at 17 knots.

Besides the boas, there were aboard the Egyptian Prince a South American tiger cat, which looks like a little leopard; a jaguar, a tapir, an ant eater, thirty monkeys, thirty parrots, and a fawn. Two fawns, their mother, and a sloth died on the voyage. When the ship was three days out a monkey got loose, and gave the sailormen lots of trouble and fun before they caught him up in the main truck.

MOEBUS'S HOME DISAPPEARED.

He Has the Men Who Took Away the Last of It Arrested.

Henry Moebus of Eighteenth street and Seventeenth avenue, Newark, bought a week ago a two-story frame building in Montgomery avenue, paying cash for it, and agreeing to remove it off the lot within a specified time. When he went to arrange for the removal of his house yesterday he could not find even the foundations. All the rest of the building was a pile of the old flooring.

While Moebus was wondering about the disappearance of his house, Otto Leffling and Herman Hinkel came along and began to carry away the lumber. The owner protested, but the men paid no attention to him, and walked off with the remnants of the building. They were arrested and brought before Justice Graul.

They said they hadn't stolen the entire house. During the examination it was revealed that the people in the neighborhood heard that the property had been sold, and the report went around that it had been purchased by the city. That being the case, they thought they had a right to it, and they proceeded to tear it down and carry it off. Leffling and Hinkel were held under bail to appear before the Grand Jury.

Progress of the Public Bath Movement.

On June 25 Mayor Strong asked that the Subcommittee on Baths and Lavatories of the Committee of Seventy be continued. Yesterday William Howe Talman sent a letter to the Mayor saying that the committee, which consisted of Messrs. Archibald, Morris, and Hamilton, had been reorganized as follows: Chairman, William Gaston Hamilton; Vice-Chairman, Dr. Noreau Morris; Secretary, Mr. Talman. He reported that plans for the erection of a bath on a city lot 50x100 feet had been submitted to President Wilson of the Board of Health and that the committee would continue its work on the same lines as in the past.

The Liberty Bell to Go to Atlanta.

PHILADELPHIA, July 8.—The opposition to the removal of the Liberty Bell to the Atlanta Exposition seems to have disappeared, and the bell will probably be started on its journey on Sept. 15. The City Council's committee having the matter in charge held a meeting to-day, and arranged details looking to the removal of the bell to the South. The Pennsylvania Railroad will build a special car for its transportation similar to that which carried the bell to Chicago two years ago.

Buggy Tipped Over by a Runaway Horse.

While Edward B. Leaycraft of Sea Cliff, L. I., brother of J. Edgar Leaycraft, was driving across the Grand Circle at Fifty-ninth street yesterday, a horse which had escaped from a neighboring livery stable ran against his buggy, overturning it. He was thrown out and badly bruised. His horse ran up the Boulevard, but was soon caught and cared for by the West Sixty-eighth street police.

Saved from Drowning by His Little Sister.

NEW BRUNSWICK, July 8.—A number of boys and girls were playing on the canal towpath above the deep lock about 4 o'clock this afternoon, when Jeremiah Hennessey, Jr., 6 years old, slipped and fell in. The little fellow had come up for the third time, when his sister Agnes, 10 years old, grabbed him by the hair and dragged him out.

Run Down by a Train and Killed.

PORTCHESTER, July 8.—John Steinert, 20 years old, was struck by an express train on the New York and New Haven railroad last night, and was instantly killed. He was walking on the track and was run down.

HER BODY NOT EXHUMED.

ONLY PUBLIC REASONS JUSTIFY OPENING A GRAVE.

If the Insurance Company Has Any Evidence or Crime It Can Go To the District Attorney With the Silverman Case.

Wolf Silverman, the husband of Mrs. Annie Silverman, does not intend to have the body of his wife exhumed from Washington Cemetery, where it was buried on June 30 last, if he can prevent it. He obtained yesterday from Judge Stover, in Supreme Court Chambers, an order vacating the order which was granted to the Empire Life Insurance Company last week for the exhumation of the body.

The insurance company, in its application for the order, declared that there was something suspicious about Mrs. Silverman's death and burial, and also that it had been deceived into giving her a policy of insurance for $3,000 on May 13 last. She then represented that she was not afflicted with any disease, but she died suddenly on June 29 last and was buried the following day, without any notification to the company. The company has ascertained that she had been rejected by two other companies before she presented her application to it. The order to exhume the body was therefore asked for, so that the company might identify the body and have it examined.

As soon as the officers of the company got the order from Judge Stover on Saturday for the exhumation of the body they went to Washington Cemetery and attempted to enforce the order, but the cemetery officials refused to allow the body to be interfered with in any way.

The application to vacate the order for the exhumation is based upon the affidavit of Wolf Silverman, who resides at 208½ Broome street. He says that there was nothing suspicious about the burial of his wife, because, according to the Jewish religion, the burial must take place within twelve hours after the death. She died on June 29 and was buried the day following. He says that the company only gave her a second class policy of $3,000 which entitled the heirs to but $1,500.

He paid the first premium of $63.90 on the policy, and after her death he was informed by the company that if he did not take back the premium which he had paid they would make trouble for him. About the same time that Mrs. Silverman obtained the policy, her husband also obtained a policy from the same company for $1,000. He declares that the purpose of the company in getting the order to exhume the body of his wife is to annoy and harass him, and if possible to force him into making a settlement with them as to the payment of the policy. Judge Stover decided to vacate the order, upon the ground that such an order should not have been granted to any one but the District Attorney. He informed the counsel for the Empire Life Insurance Company that if they had any facts of a suspicious character relative to the death of Mrs. Silverman, these facts should be presented to the District Attorney.

ACCUSED EXCISE INSPECTORS.

Liebenow Says Lion Took His Money and Steinberger Drank His Beer.

Dr. Parkhurst's Angel Dennett, who brought the case of three excise inspectors charged with extorting money from John Liebenow, a saloon keeper of 9 East Third street, to the attention of the Commissioners of Accounts, has promised that in the future he will bring any similar case affecting the Excise Department to the notice of the Excise Board. The Commissioners of Accounts have recognized the right of the latter Board to act in the present case, and will turn over the facts which they have for use to-day, when the Excise Commissioners will begin an investigation.

As told to the Excise Commissioners the charges affect Excise Inspectors Edward Lion, Julius Steinberger, and another, supposed to be an inspector, unknown to Mr. Liebenow. The transactions, which affected the transfer of a license, began in March, and Lion is the only inspector directly charged by the Liebenows with the receipt of money. Their affidavits charge payments to Lion aggregating $50. The first, $10, was made to Lion alone, they say. The second payment of $20 was made when the unknown was with Lion. After this Lion introduced Steinberger to the Liebenows as the new Inspector who was to work in the district with him. In the first week of April, the Liebenows swear they paid Lion $10, he being alone, and the last payment of $10 they declare was made to Lion at the Excise Department offices when the license was transferred. The only direct charge made against Steinberger is that he, with Lion, drank a lot of beer at Liebenow's which was not paid for.

Steinberger was one of the Committee of Seventy. He is a member of the Confederated Council of Good Government Clubs. He had been appointed only a few days at the date of his alleged introduction by Lion to the Liebenows, and his friends are sure that he had nothing to do with the extortion.

The agents of the Parkhurst society have informed the Excise Commissioners that they have other cases of extortion in preparation against other excise inspectors, the offenders in all cases being men who were in office before the present Board of Commissioners was appointed.

A DRUGGIST PRESCRIBED.

The Child Died, but His Drugs Had Nothing to Do with His Death.

Coroner Fitzpatrick was asked yesterday to investigate the circumstances of the death of Augusta Slauber, aged six months, whose parents live at 38 Washington street. Dr. F. S. Merrill of 40 Greenwich street called the Coroner's attention to the case, saying that the child was taken sick on Saturday and that a druggist at Rector and Greenwich streets had prescribed for her on Sunday. According to the mother's story the druggist said he was a physician, and gave her some powders which she administered to the child. The baby's condition did not improve, and the mother returned to the drug store and received a liquid tonic from one of the drug clerks. This she also gave to the child.

Early yesterday morning the baby became worse, and Dr. Merrill was called in, but he was unable to save the child's life.

The druggist said last night that Mrs. Slauber visited his place on Sunday and asked for a charity physician who was in the habit of going there.

"I told her that he didn't come here on Sundays," said the druggist, "and then she said her baby was in a fever and asked me to give her some cooling powders. I gave her half a grain of calomel. On Sunday she returned and saw my clerk. He gave her some cholera mixture composed of rhubarb and magnesia. The Coroner was here this evening and said that my drugs had nothing to do with the child's death."

Vice-Chancellor Pitney Grants a Divorce.

A divorce was granted in Jersey City yesterday to Henrietta Trapp, the wife of Frederick Trapp, a retired grocer of Bayonne. Before the decision was rendered, Lawyer Benny, who appeared for Trapp, asked that the case be postponed for a week.

"What is the use of postponing it?" asked Vice-Chancellor Pitney. "Who knows but that this woman may have a man in view whom she is eager to marry, and if that is the case why should we interfere with her plans? I must refuse to grant any adjournment."

A Guardian for Ferdinand Ward's Son.

GENESEO, N. Y., July 8.—Letters of guardianship of the person and property of Clarence Ward, son of Ferdinand Ward, were issued today by the Surrogate's Court of Livingston county to the Hon. Otto Kelsey, a member from Livingston in the Legislatures of 1894 and 1895. The bond filed by Mr. Kelsey is in the penal sum of $80,000, and application will be at once made by Mr. Kelsey to the Connecticut courts to compel the surrender of the boy by his uncle, in whose care he now is.

Says He Will Kill Himself When He Gets Out of the Hospital.

An elderly man, with a bottle of laudanum in his pocket, was removed to Hudson Street Hospital yesterday afternoon from the Brooklyn Bridge, where he had apparently been overcome by the effects of the drug. On reviving he said he intended to commit suicide as soon as he got out of the hospital. He called himself Frank Williams, but admitted that this was not his real name. He said he came from Michigan. He appears to be a laborer.

Louis Nelson Went Down on the Colima.

Detective Julius Nelson of Hoboken yesterday received word that his brother Louis was one of the victims of the wreck of the steamship Colima. Mr. Nelson was a chemical expert, and travelled extensively through mining territories. He lived for several years in Hoboken, and was well known.

The New Lutheran Church in Brooklyn.

It is expected that ground will be broken next Sunday for the new St. Matthew's English Lutheran Church, in Seventh street, near Seventh avenue, Brooklyn. The church will be of pressed brick, with brown stone trimmings, and will cost $85,000.

Brooklyn Bonds Bring a Good Price.

The Brooklyn authorities have sold $300,000 Gravesend local improvement bonds and $270,000 bridge bonds, each bearing interest at 3½ per cent., to Vermilye & Co. at 103.81.

IVORY SOAP
IT FLOATS

Those who think that imported soaps must be the finest, do not know that the materials for Ivory Soap are the best to be found anywhere. The vegetable oil of which Ivory Soap is made, is imported, almost in ship loads,