A COME-ON FROM NEBRASKA

"OLD BILL" VOSBURG NABBED IN HIS COMPANY.

He Had Just Paid $500 for a Lot of Yellow Paper—The Former Bank Sneak Degenerated Into a Steerer for Green Goods Men

Under the name of William Watson, "Old Bill" Vosburg, the old-time bank sneak, is locked up in the Morrisania police station. Vosburg, who has degenerated into a steerer for green goods men, is locked up for his share in swindling a Nebraska farmer out of $500. The farmer is Anton P. Cimfel. He is a native of Austria, is 34 years old, and owns a small ranch about fifty miles from Omaha, Neb. The nearest railroad and postal station is Clarkson, Neb.

A month ago a glib-talking stranger appeared in Clarkson, where he introduced himself as John Miller, agent for a Chicago grain merchant. He seemed to have plenty of money, and talked farm and farming to the farmers until they believed him an expert and an all-round good fellow. When he had studied the calibre of a few old settlers, he selected Cimfel as his victim and began talking of the poverty of the land, the trials of the farmer, and the grasping habits of the middlemen, who took all the profits, leaving the farmer all the toil.

Finally Miller felt safe to suggest that he could put the right kind of a man in the way of making money faster than he had ever dreamed of. Cimfel set about convincing Miller that he was the right kind of a man.

Miller was easily convinced, and pretty soon Cimfel was in receipt of the usual green goods circulars, telegrams, &c., and was ready to "come on" at the earliest moment. He drew his little savings from the bank, borrowed some more from his neighbors, and started for New York with $500 to spend for green goods. The steerer was to meet him at Newburgh.

Vosburg was promptly on hand. They met Thursday night, and Vosburg took the "come on" to the United States Hotel. They came to him at 8:30 o'clock yesterday morning. Cimfel thinks they landed at the Grand Central Station, but is not sure. After leaving the station Vosburg walked the farmer in and out of streets and around corners for half an hour, and then dodged into the doorway of a big building.

They climbed a flight of stairs, entered a room, went through a narrow passageway, and found themselves in the company of three men in a small rear room furnished like an office. An elderly man was counting money. To Cimfel there seemed to be no end of it. Any of it was good enough to fool his neighbors with, he felt sure, and a bargain was quickly struck.

The elderly man counted out $8,000 and handed it to Cimfel, who passed over his $500.

"Give it to the young man," said the elderly person, resuming his counting of money, as if he had no time in the rush of giving away wealth to stop to receive any cash. Cimfel passed over the $500, and stuffed the pockets of his store clothes with the supposed counterfeits until they bulged almost to bursting. He was going out the door when the young man whom he heard one of the two call "Tom" called out:

"You'll be sure to be collared if you go out with your pockets stuffed in that fashion. Come back and I'll wrap the stuff up for you."

Cimfel emptied his pockets; Tom straightened out the bills, bound them together in two bundles with rubber bands, stowed them away in a japanned tin box, locked the box, and handed it to Cimfel; at least Cimfel thought he did; but he remembers now that there were other tin boxes just like it around; he got one of the other ones.

Somebody else suggested that Vosburg better see Cimfel safely on his way back to Nebraska. They went to the Mott Haven station at 138th street in a Madison avenue car. There the countryman bought a ticket for Chicago, while Vosburg still held on to the precious box. He had carried it all the way for the farmer. There was such a violent contrast between the sharp, shrewd old bank burglar and his tall, lank companion that Policeman Franklin Lake noticed them and suspected a swindle. Vosburg handed the box to Cimfel as they entered the waiting room, and Lake asked the farmer what he had in the box.

"My lunch. What did you think I had?" said Cimfel.

"Not much. You have been fooling with green goods," said Lake, and the scared look which appeared on the countryman's face convinced him he was right.

He caught up to Vosburg, who was just leaving the room, and arrested him.

He took the box from the countryman and ordered him to follow.

Cimfel did not have a suspicion that he had no greenbacks, and was only afraid that he was going to get into trouble as a counterfeiter. At the police station Sergeant McCarthy found the box locked and pried open the cover with a screw driver. Two bright new bills of the National Treasury's best make appeared on top, and Cimfel smiled faintly. When the Sergeant lifted the top the bills vanished, disclosing paper beneath. Cimfel nearly fainted.

There were just two one-dollar notes and two piles of yellow paper. The swindlers had not even taken the precaution to fill the box with the green paper which green goods men generally use.

Seeing he had been swindled, Cimfel told the whole story, bewailing his misfortune, and wondering what his wife would say when she heard of it at intervals.

Vosburg described himself as William Watson, aged 50 years, of 175 West Forty-second street. Detectives Titus and McCafferty recognized the prisoner at once, but did not let him know they recognized him.

He was remanded by Magistrate Flammer in the Morrisania Court, and the detectives took Cimfel down town to see if he could find the house in which he had been victimized. He said the Grand Central Station looked like the one he landed in, but the house he was led to could not be found.

The last time Vosburg was in custody was on March 15, 1889, when he stole a gold watch and chain and was sentenced to 3½ years' imprisonment.

SUICIDE FOLLOWS SPECULATION.

Having Lost, Real Estate Dealer Crevier Kills Himself.

John C. Crevier, a real estate dealer, committed suicide in his office at 52 Newark street, Hoboken, by shooting himself in the head at 1:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon. A note found on Mr. Crevier's desk read:

I will never speculate again. J. C. CREVIER.

Photographs of his wife and two children were also on the desk at which he had been seated when he shot himself. William White, the bookkeeper, upon returning from lunch, found his employer lying on the floor of his private office, with an English bulldog revolver by his side and a bullet wound in his left temple. Life was not extinct, but doctors pronounced the wound mortal, and Mr. Crevier was conveyed to St. Mary's Hospital, where he expired within an hour.

Mr. Crevier had written several messages. To his wife he wrote: "I lost all my money in speculation. I will not speculate again." He wrote this message to the Rev. J. A. Owen, pastor of St. James's Methodist Episcopal Church, Elizabeth: "I would like you to call on Mrs. Crevier as early as you can this afternoon." Bookkeeper White found on his desk a slip of paper requesting him to call Dr. Whitethorne of Verona on the telephone, inform him of what had occurred, and request him to go to Mrs. Crevier at once.

Mr. Crevier was 53 years old, and succeeded his father in the real estate business. He managed it successfully and realized a fortune. A wife and two daughters, one in her twentieth year, the other 10 years old, survive. It was known to bank officials that Mr. Crevier was in financial straits, but his embarrassment was attributed to heavy real estate operations. It is now believed that he had lost by speculating in oil and cotton.

Insurance Agent Jones's Suicide.

BLOOMFIELD, Nov. 1.—Richard C. Jones, who committed suicide at his residence on Snowden place, Glen Ridge, yesterday afternoon, was a well-known resident of the borough. He shot himself in the head and died instantly. Mr. Jones was the general agent of the Mutual Reserve Fund, New York, and was well known in insurance circles. He was about 62 years of age. Melancholia is the cause assigned for his act.

The Gas Turned On in Garrett's Room.

A man about 35 years old registered as "J. K. Garrett, Wilkesbarre, Pa.," at the Long Island Hotel at 144 Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn, on Thursday night, and a room on the third floor was assigned to him. He was found unconscious in bed yesterday afternoon, with the gas turned on and escaping. He was taken to the Jewish Hospital, and was still unconscious at a late hour last night.

Sudden Death of Harmon D. Bacot.

Harmon D. Bacot, 50 years old, of 12 Arlington avenue, Jersey City, succumbed to an attack of heart trouble while sitting in the Dukes House restaurant, near the Barclay street ferry, Hoboken, at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. He was removed unconscious to St. Mary's Hospital, where he died an hour later. Mr. Bacot was a son of Robert C. Bacot, a well-known civil engineer, and a brother of John V. Bacot of the law firm of Bacot & Record, Jersey City. He had retired from active business.

WARDEN ARCHIBALD'S SPREE.

Tamsen Mounted Guard at Ludlow When He Heard of His Head Keeper's Arrest.

James P. Archibald of the Committee of Seventy, Warden of Ludlow street jail, who abode with Police Captain Pickett in West Thirtieth street for the most part of Thursday night, was arraigned in Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday morning and charged with public intoxication. He had been bailed at 4 o'clock in the morning by ex-Police Justice Maurice J. Power in the sum of $500, after Mr. Power had tried without success earlier in the night to get him out without bail. He stepped up to the rail upon the call of Officer Napthar, who had arrested him, and Magistrate Mott said to him:

"James P. Archibald, you are charged with being intoxicated in a public place, Forty-first street and Seventh avenue, and with being unable to take care of yourself. What have you to say? The officer says that you were helplessly intoxicated in a saloon."

"It is so," said Archibald as he lowered his head.

The officer told how he had been called by the bartender of Mrs. Bennett's saloon to arrest a drunken man, the prisoner, in a side room of the saloon, where two other men, the bartender thought, were trying to rob him. When Archibald told the Court who he was Magistrate Mott became severe.

"This is disgraceful," he said; "the Warden of Ludlow street jail under arrest for drunkenness. I have to fine these poor fellows who have the drink habit, and who apparently can't get along without liquor. A man who holds the responsible position you occupy, I think, deserves more punishment than those poor fellows, who have an insatiable appetite for drink."

After a pause the Magistrate continued: "You are fined $10."

The successor of Barber Raale paid his fine and left court to seek Sheriff Tamsen, his superior, and to go back to his place as Warden.

James Smith, the waiter who was arrested with Archibald, with whom he had had a drink in the Bennett saloon, was discharged, as there was no evidence on which to hold him. Archibald said he had lost a gold watch valued at $100 or $150, but he declined to accuse Smith of taking it or to make any charge against him whatever. Nothing belonging to Archibald was found on Smith.

Later in the day Archibald, in due charge as Warden, said that he had never seen Smith before and had no idea who took his watch, but he was firm in the belief that knock-out drops had been given him in the saloon. He had walked from Fifty-fifth street to Forty-first, he said, and knew where he was, but lost consciousness soon after he entered the saloon at Forty-first street, and was only aroused by pain in his finger, which he found to be due to efforts to take a ring from the finger. He found then, also, he said, that the robber had tried to get his large diamond stud out of his shirt.

The Warden had nothing further to say. He had seen Sheriff Tamsen, but had nothing to report as to the Sheriff's intention. Some reporters requested Great Scott to look up the law as to the possibility of a compulsory removal of the Warden for his escapade, but the statutes provide for his compulsory removal only in case of felony or violation of his oath, not for a misdemeanor. The Warden holds his place at the pleasure of the Sheriff.

The Sheriff spent the last half of Thursday night as acting Warden at the jail, going there when he learned of Archibald's arrest. He left the jail a few minutes before Archibald got there. The Sheriff was greatly perturbed, and when he went to his office he shut himself in his private room with particular instruction to his aides to admit no newspaper reporters.

MARLBOROUGH IN WASHINGTON.

The Duke's Gifts to the Bridesmaids and Ushers of the Coming Wedding.

The Duke of Marlborough went to the national capital yesterday morning on the Washington special over the Pennsylvania Railroad. There he will be the guest of Sir Julian Pauncefote at the British Embassy. The Duke was accompanied by his cousin, Ivor C. Guest.

When he returns to town, on next Monday, probably, he will bring Sir Julian with him. The British Ambassador will be a guest at the wedding, but not as the representative of the Marlborough family, as has been stated.

On Monday evening Mrs. Brockholst Cutting of 99 Madison avenue, will give a dinner in honor of Miss Vanderbilt and her bridesmaids.

The ushers will be included among Mrs. Cutting's guests, and, presumably, the bridegroom and the best man. On Tuesday night Mrs. William Jay will give a farewell dinner to the bridal party at her residence, 22 East Seventy-second street.

Before the Duke left for Washington he gave two important commissions for jewelry to Tiffany. One was for the presents which he will give his best man and the ushers. These will be saphire scarfpins, the saphires surrounded by diamonds and surmounted with a ducal coronet. The other commission was for the Duke's gifts to the bridesmaids. They will be jewelled butterflies. The head of each butterfly will be a large ruby. One wing will be set with diamonds, and the other with emeralds, while the body will be of gold.

Walter Damrosch, who will conduct the New York Symphony orchestra at the wedding, has arranged the following programme:

Overture, Leonora (III).....Beethoven
Ave Maria.....Gounod
Introduction to third act of "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Prize song from "Die Meistersinger".....Wagner
Adagio, from Tschaikowsky's symphony.

As was announced in THE SUN several days ago, the rehearsal for the wedding will take place on Monday afternoon between 2 and 4 o'clock. After the rehearsal the bridal party will go to Mrs. Vanderbilt's house for a 5 o'clock tea and to view the wedding presents. A rumor was afloat a few day's ago that none of the relatives of Miss Vanderbilt's father had been bidden to the wedding. Anent that rumor, a person who knows much of the affairs of the Vanderbilt family said last night:

"I am not at liberty to say whether or not the Vanderbilts have received invitations for the wedding. This much, however, I believe to be true: Mrs. Alva Vanderbilt is a woman of very decided likes and dislikes, and those whom she dislikes she has as little to do with as possible. In connection with this I may say that the Duke of Marlborough has made no settlement upon Miss Vanderbilt."

A crank who had been writing letters to Mrs. Vanderbilt recently called at her house for an answer to his letters. He was sent away and has not been seen since. Two Pinkerton detectives and two policemen are now guarding the house, and any one who loiters near there is asked to explain his business. The policemen stand guard over every wagon load of wedding presents that is driven up to the door.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—The Duke of Marlborough, accompanied by Mr. Ivor Guest, arrived in Washington late this afternoon and went to the British Embassy, where they will be the guests of Sir Julian Pauncefote during their stay at the national capital.

MR. BACHE IN MADAGASCAR.

The Mystery of the Missing Insurance Agent Said to Be Solved.

BOSTON, Nov. 1.—After eluding his friends for eight months, the Rev. J. O. Bache, the New York insurance agent, has been heard from in Madagascar. It seems now that a friend of Mr. Bache, living in this city, has heard from him several times this summer. The insurance man disappeared from a Fall River boat on the morning of March 1. He was travelling with a Dr. Boyle, also an insurance official, and was bound to Boston.

The officers of the boat were convinced that Bache went ashore at Fall River, but beyond that no definite information could be secured. His friends spent hundreds of dollars trying to find out what had become of him.

The only person with whom Mr. Bache communicated, so far as is known, was a man in this city. Weeks after the disappearance had been forgotten he received word from Mr. Bache that he was in London and in good health and spirits. Two or three weeks after that a letter came to this friend, who does not wish his name known, postmarked Paris, in which Mr. Bache said he was going to southern Europe, and that he thought of sailing to a distant point, but had not then decided when he would go. A few days ago a third letter was received from Tamatave, Madagascar, in which Mr. Bache said that he had decided to settle there for a time and endeavor to reëstablish his prosperity.

Mr. Bache was manager of the New York office of the Union Central Life Insurance Company of Cincinnati. Bache's friends say that he had reasons for wanting to begin his life over again, as he had formed associations in New York which were distasteful to him.

On the Tuesday following his disappearance a woman called at the office of a New York trust company with an order for the contents of his box, but nothing has ever been learned since of the woman or whether she knew where Mr. Bache was. It is not believed that she went with him.

Mild, Gentle, Efficient 25c. HOOD'S PILLS Cure LIVER ILLS Headache, Biliousness.

GRAND JURY CONDEMNS IT.

SEVERE PRESENTMENT OF THE BRIDGE STATION.

Recommendation that a Competent Board of Engineers Modify the Present Plans for the Brooklyn Terminal of the Bridge.

Chances of some reform in the botched Brooklyn terminal of the bridge received a great impetus yesterday in the presentment handed up by the October Grand Jury of Kings county. This presentment condemned the architectural abortion in unmistakable terms, and recommended that a competent Board with knowledge of such matters consider the difficulties and confer with a view to rectifying the costly and stupid blunder that has wasted so much money and caused so much discomfort. The presentment practically says that unless some one of intelligence takes hold of the thing the terminal will, at its completion, prove to be a hopeless monument of mismanagement.

Since the new terminal opened THE SUN has unremittingly called the attention of those responsible to the gross errors in construction of the terminal and has suggested that the matter was a fit subject for consideration by the Grand Jury. This suggestion was adopted, and the jury, before being discharged from further duty, handed up yesterday morning to Judge Moore, presiding in the Court of Sessions, the following presentment:

"It is the opinion of this jury that, if completed according to present designs, as we understand them, the Brooklyn terminal of the bridge will afford entirely inadequate facilities for the proper accommodation of passengers, and we recommend that in the interest of the public a competent Board of Engineers, experienced in the management of traffic, be convened, and the whole matter be laid before them, to the end that, if possible, existing plans shall be so modified or amended that the finished structure shall accommodate the public in the best possible manner."

Many of the members of the October Grand Jury travel between Brooklyn and this city daily, so that there were needed no outside witnesses to testify to the crying evils of the terminal as it now exists. Grand Jurymen who had been pushed and hauled and squashed and jammed and trodden on in the dangerous rush hours had all the evidence necessary in the matter, and the presentment received the hearty concurrence of all. Some wanted it made even stronger, believing that the rebuke to those responsible for the present condition of affairs should be made still more severe than is conveyed by the presentment as it stands, but the majority believed that the presentment was sufficiently forcible.

Foreman W. F. Herbert when seen said:

"There is really nothing to say in the matter further than is contained in the presentment. That speaks plainly enough."

Another Grand Juror said: "I am one of the unfortunates who has travelled that path evening after evening, and I know what the rush hour is like, or, to be accurate, I don't know what it is like, for I don't believe there is anything else on earth like it unless it's a football rush. When I've been in the midst of the rush down those stairs, a new sort of Ishmaelite, with my feet against every man and every man's feet against me, I've felt as if somebody ought to be indicted for that piece of work. Seriously, it is a nuisance to the public and there is apparently no prospect of relief, as far as I can see, in the carrying out of the present plans. We have examined them carefully and we couldn't find that after the thing was completed the terrific pressure of human traffic on those murderous stairways would be relieved."

"It is a matter of mere good luck," said a New York business man whose home is in Brooklyn, and who was one of the Grand Jurymen, "that accidents more serious than those reported have not occurred at the terminal. In my journey back from New York I have seen a number of small accidents, sprained ankles, women fainting, and people bruised in the crush, and I am satisfied that the responsibility for many more cases of the kind than are made public lies with that mess of architecture. It is bad enough for men to have to endure the crush, but the effect on women who are forced to fight their way in the mob can only be imagined by a layman. A physician who is a friend of mine told me recently that he had on his hands a dozen cases of illness among his women patients which he believed to be directly traceable to crushes at the terminal. I believe that the public at large, fully understanding the discomforts and inconveniences of the terminal, fail to comprehend the graver dangers to life and health."

If the Bridge Commissioners see fit to follow the advice of the Grand Jury, and it is hardly conceivable that they should disregard such an outspoken expression of public opinion, they will call together several engineers of established reputation, who will take under advisement the matter and report, recommending such methods as may be likely to rescue the Commissioners from the situation in which they now find themselves. A SUN reporter crossed the bridge at the rush hour yesterday evening and heard comments on all sides from those who had read of the presentment in the evening papers.

"That's the best thing that's happened to Brooklyn in ten years."

"Maybe they'll wake up and do something now."

"That'll stir 'em up. Pity they couldn't indict a few people just to give point to it."

"By the time they get through monkeying with this terminal a man may be able to get to Brooklyn without risking his life or going on a ferryboat."

"That's a Grand Jury worth having."

Such were some of the remarks heard. There was universal rejoicing, and all Brooklynites had cause for it, barring pickpockets who have worked a rich field at this terminal, and doctors whose practice has been increased since the change was made. But when the relief does come it will undoubtedly cost a great deal of money, and the Brooklyn people will have to pay for the blunders of their official servants.

TREPANNED A LION'S SKULL.

Injured in a Fight in a Cage on the Atlanta Fair Midway.

ATLANTA, Nov. 1.—Two of Hagenbeck's lions fought on the Midway to-day. The younger was knocked out. The elder threw the other against the cage and broke his skull. To-day the injured one was brought into the city and Dr. Cavines, a veterinary surgeon, and five assistants trepanned the skull. Ether was given, and then the lion was securely bound, feet and head. An incision was made in the skull and the crushed bone was raised. The lion felt some pain and lashed his tail, but could do no harm. To-night he seems to be all right.

Increased Assessment of Railroad Property in Jersey.

TRENTON, Nov. 1.—The State Board of Assessors has finished the work of assessing the value of railroad property for the purpose of taxation. There is an increase in the aggregate assessed valuation of $1,805,000, making an increase of tax due the State this year amounting to about $21,000.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company in New Jersey is assessed at $63,665,000, making the sum of its tax bill $423,182. The Central Railroad of New Jersey will pay taxes amounting to $309,401, its property being assessed at $46,336,000. The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western is assessed $40,000,000 and will pay $275,600. The lesser systems will pay taxes as follows: New York, Lake Erie and Western, $144,384; Lehigh Valley, $133,875; Philadelphia and Reading, $50,740, and the New York Susquehanna and Western $45,500.

Business Troubles.

Joseph Donaldson, manufacturer of gas and electric fixtures at 74 East Ninth street, made an assignment yesterday to Bernhard Ginsburg. His liabilities are reported to be $21,000 and his assets $20,000.

The Sheriff has closed up the store of Louis Meryash, grocer, at 23 Pike street, on a claim for $2,161 in favor of D. J. Loewenthal.

G. S. Bixby has been appointed receiver of the New York State Mutual Fire Insurance Corporation on the application of Deputy Attorney-General Hasbrouck. The company was organized in January last.

Inspector Booley Felled with a Pistol Butt.

James A. Booley, a street improvement inspector in the annexed district, had a political argument last night with Daniel McCort, a neighbor, in Sulzer's Harlem River Park, after a political meeting. Booley's style of oratory displeased McCort, who hit his fellow statesman behind the right ear with the butt of a revolver, knocking him down. When Booley got up McCort had gone.

H. W. Janssen a Captain.

First Sergeant Harry W. Janssen was elected Captain of Company A, Seventh Regiment, at the armory last night. He succeeds Capt. Conover, who was promoted to Major. The election was unanimous, and, after the meeting, Capt. Janssen entertained the members of Company A and several of the staff officers at a dinner in the Turn Verein hall in East Sixty-seventh street.

Russia's Loan to China Goes to Japan.

BERLIN, Nov. 1.—The *Tageblatt* says that a large Berlin bank, which maintains intimate relations with the Russian Ministry of Finance, has received order from St. Petersburg to transfer a large part of the proceeds of the Chinese-Russian loan to the account of Japan.

CRITICAL BOYS.

The boy who is no longer a child becomes critical of the cut of his clothes, the style of his hat, the shape of his shoes, collar, scarf, etc.

Just then we please him so well that he chooses us as his outfitter for life.

Here are a few random selections of great coats:

Drab Kersey—$10.
Black Melton—$8.
Blue Beavers and Kerseys—$9 to $20
Black " " $9 to $20.
Cloth-lined Ulster—$9.

HACKETT, CARHART AND COMPANY.

Two Stores: Broadway and Canal Street, Broadway below Chambers Street
Open this evening.

FRANCE'S NEW CABINET POLICY.

To Expose the Southern Railway Frauds and to Create a Colonial Army.

PARIS, Nov. 1.—The new Ministers held a meeting late last evening and decided to promote a searching examination into the Southern Railway scandals. The Cabinet also decided to support a proposal to submit the question involved in the Carmaux glass workers' strike to arbitration, to modify the Madagascar treaty, to create a colonial army, and to introduce in the budget for 1896 a provision imposing an income tax. It was agreed that the Foreign portfolio should be offered to M. Decrais, formerly French Ambassador to England.

To-day, however, M. Decrais declined to accept the portfolio. The Cabinet held a conference this afternoon, and M. Bourgeois went to the Elysée this evening to submit the list of his Ministerial colleagues to the President for his signature of approval.

Since the announcement last night of the formation of a new Cabinet by M. Bourgeois some changes have been made in its composition. As completed to-night it is constituted as follows:

Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior—M. Bourgeois.
Minister of Foreign Affairs—M. Berthelot.
Minister of War—M. Cavaignac.
Minister of Marine—M. Lockroy.
Minister of Finance—M. Doumer.
Minister of Justice and Public Worship—M. Ricard.
Minister of the Colonies—M. Leveille.
Minister of Public Instruction—M. Combes.
Minister of Public Works—M. Guyot-Dessaigne.
Minister of Commerce—M. Mesureur.
Minister of Agriculture—M. Viger.

PASSED A BURNING SHIP.

The Campania Lowered Boats but Could Find No Signs of Life on the Wreck.

QUEENSTOWN, Nov. 1.—The Cunard steamer Campania, which sailed from New York on Oct. 26 for Liverpool, arrived here at 4:48 o'clock this morning. On Oct. 28, in latitude 45° north, longitude 48° west, she passed a ship on fire. The flames were burning fiercely fore and aft, and the ship had been consumed nearly to the water's edge. The ocean was lighted by the fire for miles around. The Campania stopped and lowered two boats, which approached the burning ship, but found no signs of life on board. The boats returned and the Campania resumed her voyage after twenty minutes' delay.

The Campania sailed from New York on the one morning of Oct. 26, and passed the Lightship at 12:35 P. M. The time of her passage was 5 days 11 hours and 38 minutes, three hours behind the record, which is held by the Lucania, and 2 hours and 38 minutes behind her own best eastward passage of 5 days 9 hours and 30 minutes, made last December, and known as the winter record.

REQUIEM MASS FOR A CZAR'S SOUL.

The Anniversary of Alexander III.'s Death Observed in European Capitals.

BERLIN, Nov. 1.—The first anniversary of the death of Alexander III., Czar of Russia, was observed by the celebration of a requiem mass in the chapel of the Russian Embassy here. The Emperor and Empress and their sons, the members of the Emperor's civil and military household, and many foreign diplomats and members of the Germany Ministry were present.

LONDON, Nov. 1.—The Prince of Wales attended a requiem mass in the Russian chapel in Welbeck street to-day, the service being held in observance of the first anniversary of the death of Alexander III.

Grand Opera Singers Sail for New York.

LONDON, Nov. 1.—The passengers on board the Hamburg-American steamer Columbia, which left Southampton for New York to-day, include Maurice Grau, Jean de Reszke, Edouard de Reszke, Messrs. Maurel, Ancona, Bevignani, Castlemary, Lionel Mapleson, Plançon, Seppilli, Pfingst, Willy Schutz, and Lubert, and Mesdames Calvé, Clara Hunt, Nordica, Olitzka, Agathe Stein, Simonson, and Lola Beeth of the Grau opera company.

British Missionaries Thank Our Consul.

LONDON, Nov. 1.—The *Daily News* learns that more than fifty British missionaries have sent a memorial to J. Courtney Hixson, the American Consul at Foochow, thanking him for his effective action regarding the Whasang outrages. This action, the memorial says, is another proof of how closely the two great branches of the English-speaking race are united in their hearts.

The Hamburg-American's New Service.

HAMBURG, Nov. 1.—The Hamburg-American Steamship Company is arranging to have its steamers call at Plymouth, connecting with the Great Western Company's services to London and the west of England. The new plan will go into effect on Nov. 21. The steamer Fuerst Bismarck will stop at Plymouth on her homeward journey.

Emperor William Receives King Carlos.

BERLIN, Nov. 1.—King Carlos of Portugal arrived in Potsdam this evening. He was received with great ceremony by Emperor William. The railway station was decorated, and a body of troops was present as a guard of honor.

Black Flags Hard Pressed by Japanese.

HONG KONG, Nov. 1.—The Japanese have captured Katchi, a great inland town of Formosa, which had been held by the Black Flags. The position of the Black Flags is now desperate.

Notes of Foreign Happenings.

The *Kreuz-Zeitung* announces that the next session of the Reichstag will open on Dec. 3.

The Duke of Cambridge has been appointed chief personal aide-de-camp to the Queen and honorary Colonel-in-Chief of the forces.

The Swiss Federal Council gave a farewell dinner to J. O. Broadhead, the retiring United States Minister, last evening at the Hotel Bellevue in Berne.

A court in Seville has granted the extradition to London of Mrs. Martha Besson, wife of Fontane Besson, a musical instrument maker who does business in London, New York, Paris, and St. Petersburg. She is charged by her husband with having stolen £7,000 from him.

Beauty and Purity Found in Cuticura

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and American chemists in all the principal cities. British depots: F. NEWBERY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

GOOD SPORT FOR GUNNERS.

NUMBERS OF WILD FOWLS BROUGHT HITHER BY THE COLD SNAP.

Fowlers Down the Bay Already Popping Away at the Ducks—Cost of an Outing—Shooting in Jersey and on Long Island.

The last cold snap has brought the wild ducks to this neighborhood, and the hearts of the waiting fowlers are glad. All day long for the past week the crews of sloops on the lower bay have been popping at the ducks flying over and around them, which in the marshes of the Great Kills can be seen from shore at almost any hour. As yet the birds are not wild, as they will be in a few days, to remain so until the first frost.

There is very little expense attached to the sport, and any one who has the time and owns, or can buy, or hire, a good ten or twelve bore gun with some wood powder cartridges and No. 4 shot (though some sportsmen, Capt. Bogardus, for instance, advise No. 6) can have plenty of fun within a few hours of the city. All over the New Jersey and Hackensack meadows, around Passaic, in all the little creeks at early morn and toward evening, there are plenty of fowls to be flushed, and all around the reed beds of the Great South Bay and the large creeks of Mattituck, Peconic Bay, Flanders, &c., on Long Island, as well as the Connecticut shores, there are scores of good spots for those who already know them or are willing to pay a guide. Further afield, but within easy distance, is Barnegat Bay, and for those who can spare $13.50 for railway fare, $10 a week for board, and $2 a day for extra expenses, there is no place better as soon as cold weather strikes in than Cape Charles City. It is estimated that there are thirty kinds of ducks to be shot within thirty miles of the City Hall. Think of it, gunners! The best bag for a single gun for one day is sixty-three ducks on the Jersey meadows after a storm. And one may come up any day.

The most abundant species are the lordly mallard, the green-wing teal, and the blue-wing teal, daintiest of their tribe; the wood duck, the red head, and the black duck. Canvas backs are now practically relegated to the Chesapeake Bay, but the ornithological sharps say that they are occasionally seen flying over Bartholdi statue, and there certainly were two killed by striking the Goddess last year, while three were reported shot near the mouth of the Raritan River in December.

At the Great South Bay there are numbers of guides who have boats, blinds, and guns to hire at very reasonable prices, generally $2 or so a day for the boat and $3 for the man; this for two gunners, or for one if the shooter elects to go alone. The bulk of the work on the bay for some time yet will be from sink boxes with plenty of stales and a good caller in the box, for it will not be until later that the flighting will begin to any extent. Down there Canada geese were seen and two were shot in the last cold snap, and more may be expected at any time. Great quantities of snipe, yellow legs, a few phalaropes and waders are already on the ground, and, apart from giving good fun, are capital for getting one's hand in for the more important fowls later. This class of game is also plenty down at Good Ground, where Capt. Lane looks after any stragglers. Some years ago he had a large number of tame wild geese which he used as decoys, but they got adrift from one of the bad storms, and he never saw them again. On the bay on bright cold day great sport may be had with a sink box at a very moderate cost, and there is plenty of first-class accommodation at low rates.

On the other side of the island from Orient Point, up past Norton's Light to Mattituck Creek, there is rich shelter for the fowl not only but a due north wind, and in this mild and cold alternating weather they will be plentiful. Several fair bags are already reported. The creek especially is good early in the morning. At the back of the shore, up the bluffs between the creeks, there are plenty of pheasants, and they during the daytime there is sport among the meadow larks, which are unusually plentiful this year, and cooked like a woodcock, are very fine eating. These birds are also very plentiful on Staten Island, and from New Dorp to Tottenville, all along the coast meadow line, they come right up to the cottages when the sun gets warm. It is best to have a good bird dog for these fellows, but they may be shot without, if the gunner walks zigzag all the time and confuses the birds by keeping them guessing whether to run or rise and fly. They need a quick hand on the trigger, and a gun that shoots hard with a good spread.

Over in Jersey plenty of men or boys can be procured with a boat to thread the water ways, and from almost every turn in the early morning there is a rise of something. From the mouth of the Passaic down to Newark, for several miles there are plenty of birds, and there will be more still. Reports from above New Brunswick show good sport last week. Even in Harlem at the swamp holes there are already snipe, and over toward the coast from Morris Park there is fair shooting, while snipe may be found in the soft spots. A woodcock was shot on Saturday a week ago over on the Palisades, and the farmers tell of ruffed grouse seen on the fence lines when they have been crossing the land. All that is wanted is a man with a dog who knows his business, and there are scores of such men to be found in this great city. There is one spot over on the Palisades which is not generally known to the city gunner, and last year was a very good place. This is about a mile and a half above Fort Lee, running from the bluff inland to what is called Greystone. Thirty years ago, an old resident says, the place teemed with partridges, rabbits, squirrels, rattlesnakes, and copperheads. This was in the days when the steamer Armenia ran as a morning boat to Albany in opposition to the steamer Glen Cove, and the gunner had a shot at every time she broke the echoes. Many a time at night as she steamed past he used to sit back by the mill and catch the disturbed birds on the flight. The rattlers and copperheads have one, he says, but the partridges remain, and there is plenty to repay a gunner for a day's trudge through the surrounding district. In the woods a mile or so further back there are 'coons, odd 'possums, and woodchucks galore. One was caught last week by a hunter who hid behind a ridge blind of grass and stuck a mirror up in front of the hole about ten feet off. The first thing Mr. Chuck saw was his own reflection, and the man behind the blind got in his shot.

MAUDE'S BUTTER BILL.

Mr. Gratebar Surprised by the Presentation of a Most Unexpected Account.

"The most remarkable bill I ever received came in to-day," said Mr. Gratebar. "It was from my oldest daughter, Maude. Maude doesn't eat butter, and never did. We used to try to get her to eat it, but she never would, and we stopped trying. I am quite sure that there could be no more indulgent father than myself, but at the same time I am quite willing to admit that it had sometimes occurred to me that if Maude wouldn't eat butter, why, it was just so much net saving in the household expenses, and so I was all the more surprised, startled, as one might say, when I received a bill, of which the following is a copy:

NEW YORK, Oct. 31, 1895.

W. Gratebar, Esq., To Maude Gratebar, Dr.
Terms cash.
For 15 years' butter supply at $12 per annum. $216.

"I don't know where Maude got the figures, but I suppose that she and her mother must have figured on the family butter bills enough to reach approximately the annual cost per head. The real joke about this bill, however, is that it will have to be paid. 'You would have paid for the butter if I had eaten it as I went along, wouldn't you?' asks Maude, to which I say, 'Certainly.' Then why shouldn't you pay for it now?' says Maude. This reasoning is of course irresistible, and if it were not it is reënforced by the fact that, with winter approaching, Maude needs a whole lot of new things; and so there is nothing for me to do but to draw a check for the amount.

"But we must get Maude to begin eating butter or I must establish a butter sinking fund; for Maude's next bill might come in at a time when I was not so well prepared to meet it."

Reporters Excluded from the Barling-Hetty Green Case.

Referee Anderson, who is hearing evidence on the motion of Edward Barling to compel Mrs. Hetty Green to accept his final accounting as executor of her father's estate, said yesterday that at the request of the lawyers for both sides he had decided to exclude reporters from the hearing in future.

Once School Superintendent, Now a Burglar.

GUTHRIE, Nov. 1.—In the District Court yesterday A. W. Foote was sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary for burglary. Foote is a graduate of the Nebraska State University and was Superintendent of Schools in Nebraska and Missouri.

JOTTINGS ABOUT TOWN.

Judge Gildersleeve has granted an absolute divorce to Marie Colin from Candide Colin.

The body of a man, with nothing about him to indicate his identity, was found in Battery Park yesterday afternoon.

While at work yesterday on an ice barge at the foot of West Tenth street, Edward Halliday, a laborer, fell from a scaffold and was killed.

Charlotte Gottschalk died yesterday in the Harlem Hospital of malpractice. Mrs. Bertha Schroeder, a midwife at 380 East Fifty-sixth street, who, she said, had given her drugs, is under arrest.

A knolpe of the New York Association of the alumni of the University of Virginia will be held on Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 8 o'clock, at the Retail Grocers' Hall, 138 and 140 East Fifty-seventh street, between Third and Lexington avenues.

A stone weighing several tons, which was being hoisted by a derrick in an excavation at 159D street and Seventh avenue yesterday morning, broke from its fastenings and fell upon a negro laborer named Paul Pratt, killing him instantly. Pratt lived at 18 East 135th street.

IVORY SOAP IT FLOATS

Some persons insist on having the costliest of everything. They do not buy Ivory Soap. Those who want the best do.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CIN'TI.

THE WORLD'S SULPHUR SUPPLY.

Sicily Threatened with Competition from the Deposits in Louisiana.

If the sulphur deposits recently reported from Louisiana are really abundant, their discovery is a matter of importance. Hitherto the chief important deposits of elementary sulphur known to the civilized world are those of Sicily, those of the Italian mainland, of Spain, France, Transylvania, Poland, Germany, and the island of Formosa. The deposits in Formosa, now that Japan has come into possession of that island, are likely to be developed in the interests of Japan's military progress. Mount Pinace, in the United States of Colombia, has a sulphur cap of nearly 1,500 square yards that gains annually two feet in depth. There is a sulphur deposit at