RAIDED THE CAKE WALK.

FINAL FUNCTION OF THE JEROME SOCIAL CLUB.

Police Entered Just as the Revelry Became Riot, Because Miss Bender, the Colored Champion, Had Refused with Sarcasm the Cake that She Had Won.

At one time the Jerome Social Club, which was composed equally of white and colored people, was a prominent organization of its kind on the west side. It occupied quarters on the first floor of the building at 241 West Twenty-ninth street, and many were the hilarious hops the members gave, much to their own enjoyment and to the dismay of the neighbors, who were foolish enough to think that the night was made for sleep. But things have gone badly for the club for some time past, and recently it decided to go out of existence, and with this end in view it sold all of its furniture, and gave notice that when the lease on their rooms expired it would not renew it.

Thursday night was the last night of the lease, and, although there was no furniture in the place, it was decided to have a grand final hop in the shape of a cake walk. Of all the famous cake walkers on the west side the best known is Lizzie Bender, colored, 24 years old, of 123 West Twenty-fifth street; for has she not won a cake on several occasions at the swellest of cake walks on Ninth avenue? She was seen about participating in the cake walk, and she agreed to be the bright particular star of the entertainment on one condition, and that was that she should have no other opponent than Sadie Howard, a white girl, 23 years old, of 243 West Twenty-ninth street, with whom she had always contended as to which was the most graceful walker. Sadie was seen and agreed to the test, and the two women chose as their partners Thomas Bird of 338 West Thirty-seventh street, who was to walk with Lizzie, and James Evans of 390 Seventh avenue, who was to walk with Sadie. Both men are colored.

In order that the judges might not have the imputation cast on them that their verdict had been colored to correspond with the tint of the contestants, it was decided to have white and black equally represented on the Board of Referees. Lucy Lawless of 241 West Thirty-third street, and Peter Treiner of 224 West Twenty-eighth street, were the white judges, while Annie Williams and George Davis, both of 243 West Twenty-ninth street, were the colored ones.

All were on hand Thursday night at 11 o'clock when this social function opened with great éclat. In addition to twenty-one guests, there were two bottles of gin and a keg of beer to minister to the comfort of both walkers and spectators. First a general dance was indulged in. When midnight had passed, and nearly all of the liquor had been partaken of by the guests, it was decided that it was time to have the struggle for the cake, which, in default of a table, had been resting in a corner of the room on the floor.

The walk proved so exciting that the shouts of encouragement reached the ears of a policeman on post four blocks away from the house. He started to investigate, and as he found that the mob was too large for him to handle alone he went to the West Thirty-seventh street police station and reported the matter to Acting Captain Kear. The Acting Captain ordered out the reserves, and, placing himself at the head, marched them to the scene of the disturbance.

They reached the house at 1:30 A. M., and arrived just as the Judges had decided that Miss Bender was still the champion of the cake walks on the west side. Then the police decided that it was time to take a hand themselves, and, forcing open the door, they entered the hall just in time to prevent a riot, for Miss Bender had said in a sarcastically magnanimous tone:

"Wha' for should I take de cake? I shud I taik jeeder sweet stuff no how. I wisht we had ben a-walkin' dis time foh a pickle, foh I likes sour stuff, I does. Look a-here, Sadie, you kin have yo' ole ten-cent cake."

Sadie was greatly outraged by this, and the slur at the cost of the cake highly incensed the members of so exclusive an organization as the Jerome Social Club. They started to make a dash for Lizzie, but as the police entered at that moment they made a dash, instead, for the rear window, in an endeavor to escape. But too many tried to get out at once, and the window became blocked up. The police untangled the mess and placed everybody under arrest.

Then the Jerome Social Club showed that it was a "game" one. The members submitted to the arrest with a laugh, and, forming in a long line, in double file, they placed the guitar and mandolin at their head, and marched to the station to lively music furnished by those instruments and many mouth harmonicas that members of the club had at hand. At the station house the prisoners, of whom there were twenty-one, were each charged with disorderly conduct.

In Jefferson Market Court, Magistrate Crane fined each of the prisoners $5.

TRAPPED BY AN OFFER OF WORK.

Much-married Bunte Must Stand Trial for Bigamy.

William L. Bunte, 41 years old, a shoe trimmer, of 210 East Tenth street, this city, was accused of bigamy yesterday in the Lee Avenue Police Court, Williamsburgh, by Clara Bunte, his wife. She lives at 200 Scholes street, and was married to Bunte by the Rev. Francis Snyder of 109 Second avenue, this city, on Aug. 21, 1890. Bunte told her that he had been married before, but was divorced. Three months ago the woman was told that Bunte had not been divorced. She then obtained a warrant for his arrest, but Bunte fled to Massachusetts, where he obtained employment. Two weeks ago the policeman who held the warrant had a postal card sent to Bunte, offering to him a job in George W. Baker's shoe factory in Palmetto street, Brooklyn. Bunte arrived in town yesterday morning and went to Baker's shop to take the job. He was then arrested, taken to court, and arraigned.

His complaining wife, in her affidavit, alleged that in May, 1889, Bunte married Anna Coyle, deserted her a few months afterward, and afterward committed bigamy. Bunte admitted both marriages. He added that he had been divorced from the Coyle woman, that she was not his first wife, but his second, and that Clara Bunte is his third. The prisoner said that twenty years ago he married Alice Harris, from whom he was also divorced. Justice Goetting remanded him in default of $1,000 bail for a hearing on next Friday.

MILLIONAIRE AND PEDDLER.

Crane Fines the Peddler, but Not Because Mr. Goodridge Wanted Him To.

John Joseph, 23 years old, a Greek push cart peddler, living at 7 Roosevelt street, was arraigned in Jefferson Market Court yesterday afternoon by Policeman Hawley of the West Thirtieth street station on a charge of violating a corporation ordinance.

"Your Honor," said the policeman to Magistrate Crane, "I arrested this man on the complaint of Frederick Goodridge, a millionaire, living at 250 Fifth avenue. Mr. Goodridge does not want push carts in front of his residence and has warned a number of them away. This man has not a license. Mr. Goodridge will not appear in court, as he wishes to avoid the notoriety. I told him all I could have done to the man was to have him fined a dollar or two. He said if you could not do better down here he would come here and see you."

"I wish I could get Mr. Goodridge here to talk to him," said Magistrate Crane. "I would tell him no rich man has a right to prevent any poor man from making a living. I am forced to fine this prisoner $2 because he has not a license, but it is not because Mr. Goodridge wants him punished."

AN ALLEGED FIREBUG IN JAIL.

His Wife and Her Brother Accused of Threatening an Informant.

On a warrant issued by District Attorney Backus of Brooklyn, Fire Marshal Brymer arrested on Thursday Charles Heinz of 111 Dupont street for alleged arson. It is charged that Heinz was responsible for a fire on the night of Feb. 24 in the New York and Boston Dye Wood Works in Greene and West streets, Greenpoint, Sigmund Pykes, a fellow employee, gave the information. The fire did damage to the extent of $50,000.

Heinz's wife, it is alleged, with her brother, Joseph Fisher, went to Pykes's rooms in her house on Thursday night and threatened to kill him. Mrs. Heinz and her brother were arrested and remanded for a hearing. Heinz is in jail.

Business Troubles.

Judge Beekman of the Supreme Court has appointed Joseph Porter of New Haven co-receiver of the Peck Bros. & Co. Corporation, manufacturers of plumbers' supplies, at 47 Cliff street, this city, with a factory at New Haven and branches in Chicago and Boston.

The Sheriff received yesterday executions against the following liquor dealers: Karl Gelb of 303 East 105th street, for $1,184 in favor of the Bavarian Star Brewing Company; Albert Forejt of 1,380 Avenue A, for $284 in favor of Adolf Charwat; Jacob Mugisky of 96 Monroe street, for $180 in favor of the New York Breweries Company.

Editor Bunner Coming Home.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 3.—H. C. Bunner, the editor of *Puck*, who has been at the Occidental Hotel since March 5, suffering from tuberculosis, was able to get off last evening for New York. He was accompanied by Mrs. Bunner and W. C. Bunner, of this city, his cousin.

THE CITY CLUB'S STRUGGLES.

Talk of a New Building that Doesn't Go Well with Decreasing Membership.

The City Club, which started with such a flourish and with such high purpose in 1892, is having a hard time of it now. The report of the secretary for the year just closed showed a falling off in membership of 101. There had been about 650 members, acquisitions having been made from time to time through the earnest efforts of the Membership Committee. Ten members resigned in a bunch after the action of the club with reference to the Goo Goo ticket in the last campaign, and although this defection did not represent such a falling away as would counterbalance the gain made by the club just after Mayor Strong was elected, when the membership rolls swelled rapidly, it started a downward movement that has continued ever since with that exception.

For itself the club says that it has been laboring under disadvantages during the past year, owing to its inability to arrange for a permanent home. The present club house belongs to an estate, and the club has leased it only from year to year. Early last year it became doubtful whether the lease could be renewed next May. In this uncertainty it is said that the Membership Committee was instructed not to seek to get in any more members. This reason is given for the falling off during the year. Of the 101 lost death took away only four.

Recently it was found that the house could be leased for another year, and now the club intends to strive for an increased membership. But it is not satisfied to be a club of the kind it set out to be. The big men, the men of wealth under whose patronage the club was started, give very little attention to its economic affairs and do very little to enable the club to pay expenses. For receipts for this purpose the club looks to the young men—"the boys," as they call themselves—who play billiards and even occasionally smoke there. They are not such high rollers that their expenditures represent any great income to the club, and in casting about for a way to make money the club's committees have, it is said, run across committees of the Manhattan Athletic Club who have set bees a-buzzing for them, and they will hear nothing now but a song of a new club house, big and with plenty of rooms to rent. The M. A. C. men have led the City Club boys to believe that they are making lots of money by renting apartments to members, and the boys want to have a club house where they can go and live, at times, too.

For a year and a half there has been a proposition before the City Club trustees for the erection by the club of a million-dollar building, but although one of the moneyed men of the organization glibly offered a resolution one night that the members wanted a club house and that the trustees should go ahead and put up an ample one for them, that is the last that has been heard of the project, it is said. Since then the committee on a new club house has been looking for options on different property, either for rental or for the purpose of a new building, but it has accomplished nothing. At one time it was hoped to get the Mrs. Paran Stevens house or the old home of the Bar Association, but the hope did not materialize. Meanwhile, as the falling off in membership indicates, interest is waning, but it is denied strenuously that the club will break up.

STEEL MEN AGREE AND PART.

Will Carry Out Their Plan to Better Trade—Trustees and a Pool Commission.

The convention of Bessemer steel men, which began at the Waldorf on Thursday morning, ended last evening. The proceedings were all secret, and when the meeting finally adjourned those who were in attendance had little to say about the business that had been done. George T. Oliver of Pittsburgh said that the conference was harmonious and successful, and that the objects for which the steel men met were accomplished. All the details were arranged as they had been decided upon at Thursday's session and as outlined in the statement published in THE SUN yesterday. Recently the price of steel billets was advanced from $17 to $20 a ton, and the manufacturers decided to maintain that price. The members of the association say there will be no restriction upon the output of any particular firm. At the same time it is understood among them that there is to be no overstocking of the market. They say that the Bessemer steel business in the United States has been a losing one for the greater part of three years, mainly through the growing influence of the middlemen and the unwholesome competition among the manufacturers themselves. For a time relief was decided to limit the production as a whole, in so far as doing away with fictitious transactions is concerned, and hereafter all negotiations will be conducted by the producer directly with the consumer without the intervention of the middleman. There will be no attempt to corner the market.

Committees were appointed, but it was deemed best to withhold the names of the committeemen from publication for the present. It was thought wise to arrange for a perpetuation of the combination; but the agreement to protect their mutual interests, the manufacturers wished, should not be regarded as anything in the nature of a trust. The steel men declared that they have not even indirectly formed a trust, but have merely adopted regulations designed to benefit their business within the laws of the United States.

The new steel association will have a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and other officers, but of course there will be no shares or stock. The hope was expressed that half a dozen large steel manufacturing firms which are now outside the organization will soon come in, but there are two concerns invited to join that cannot do so, because of existing agreements with middlemen or consumers. In Illinois there are peculiar State laws which may be interpreted as somewhat against the association. It was the opinion of the majority of the representatives present that the conference that fixed steel will not be advanced above $20 and it was thought probable that it would ere long be reduced somewhat. The manufacturers expressed an intention to keep the price only high enough to cover expenses and a fair profit. Special attention will be given to the trial of improved methods of manufacture, and the expectation is that the steel business will soon be upon a steadier and more substantial basis than for several years past. For a short time last fall the business was profitable, but it relapsed into the unfavorable condition which called for the conference which has just been held. A circular containing an official report of the proceedings will probably be issued to manufacturers within a few days.

The concerns represented at the Convention were the Cleveland Rolling Mill Company, the Pennsylvania Steel Company, the Otis Steel Company, Bellaire Steel Company, the Union Steel Company, the Shenandoah Valley Steel Company, the Wheeling Steel Company, the Maryland Steel Company, the Wheeling Steel and Iron Company, the Wheeling and Ashland Steel Company, the Carnegie Steel Company, the Hainsworth Steel Company, the Jones & Loughlin Steel Company, the Bethlehem Iron Company, the Cambria Iron Company, the Johnson Steel Company, the Gilbert & Warner Company, and the Lackawanna Iron and Steel Company.

73 AMERICAN TIN PLATE FIRMS.

84 Merely Dip Plate, but 89 Are Complete Manufactories.

The quarterly review of the American tin plate manufacturing industry, published in the *Metal Worker* this week, shows that seventy-three firms are now engaged or are ready to engage in the manufacture of tin plates in the United States. Thirty-four of these concerns are what is known as dipping plants, which merely coat black steel sheets purchased in the market and finish them into tin plates. The remaining thirty-nine concerns are tin plate works proper; that is to say, plants which roll and coat their own steel sheets. These thirty-nine works possess an aggregate of 172 hot mills, used for manufacturing the black steel plates which when coated constitute tin plates. In the first quarter of the year seventeen such mills were added to the works, increasing their annual capacity by over 500,000 boxes and bringing the present potential capacity of American tin plate mills up to about 5,200,000 boxes a year. Thus American tin plate manufacturers are now in a position to fill the whole of the consumptive demand for tin plates in the United States apart from that proportion used by the packers and by the oil trade, which, enjoying the advantage of a rebate of duty, is still held by the Welsh trade.

ROBBED AT HER OWN DOOR.

Miss Rosenzweig Pursued the Footpads and One Was Nabbed.

John O'Reilly, 21 years old, of 303 East Twenty-first street, was held in $1,000 bail for trial by Magistrate Deuel in the Yorkville Police Court yesterday on a charge of assault and robbery. The complainant was Mamie Rosenzweig of 237 East Twenty-sixth street. According to her story, while returning home from a visit to a friend on Thursday night she was followed by two men. When she reached her home the men quickened their steps, and, as she unlocked the door of her room, grabbed her and tore a pair of earrings from her ears. They were endeavoring to get the rings from her fingers when she screamed so loudly that the thieves became frightened and took to their heels.

Miss Rosenzweig followed them, and half a block away was joined by Policeman McCarthy of the East Twenty-second street station. After a chase of nearly half a mile the policeman caught O'Reilly, but his companion escaped with Miss Rosenzweig's jewelry.

THURBER AND MRS. TRUE.

SHALL HE STAY IN A MADHOUSE OR SHALL HE GET MARRIED?

His Relatives Say that Mrs. True, Who Got Her Divorce from True, Is After Thurber's Money—Brother Wouldn't Object to His Marrying Somebody Else.

The diverse destinies of confinement as a lunatic or marriage to Fannie Claire True which hang on the verdict of a Sheriff's jury made the inquiry into the mental condition of Edmund G. Thurber interesting yesterday. Mrs. True was there, a dark, stout, and animated woman, accompanied by her daughter, Alberta, a girl of 16. Albert True, from whom she got a divorce last week, came into court and talked to his daughter.

The relatives of Thurber, William H. Thurber, his brother, and a brother-in-law, Charles L. Sprague, who initiated the inquiry and had him sent to Bloomingdale, make no bones of declaring, nor does their counsel, George H. Ashley, that Mrs. True wants Thurber for his money, of which, they say, she has heretofore got large sums. Thurber became acquainted with Mrs. True about three years ago and has boarded in her flat in East Twenty-third street. He got about $30,000 from his father's estate. His relatives have held about $24,000 in trust for him, and they gave him $6,000 a year or so ago. Mrs. True and her daughter sat near Thurber at the hearing yesterday, and Thurber frequently conferred with them.

William H. Thurber testified that he had been informed by William J. R. Johnson of the influence of Mrs. True over his brother and that Mrs. True was getting money from Edmund. Edmund had had a delusion that he was persecuted by Mr. Siegel, private secretary of William C. Whitney, and by a Mr. Brown. That was in 1892, when Edmund had threatened to commit suicide by shooting or morphine. The witness said that his main purpose in proceeding against his brother was to prevent him getting further into the hands of Mrs. True. He regarded Mrs. True's intention to marry his brother as but a scheme to rob him. He had no objection to Edmund marrying a good woman.

Speaking about the will of the father, the witness said that the paper was so constructed that in case of the death of Edmund without issue the latter's share of the estate was to revert to the family. The witness here became dramatic, and with vigorous gesticulation told the court that before leaving the chair he would willingly sign a paper making over any possible right of his to his brother's money, in case of his death without issue, to any worthy purpose.

"Oh, that is good and generous of you, particularly so when you have to follow out the provisions of the will and trust," said Mr. Wellman.

"Well, I will sign it over to you."

"No, thank you; I do not want it."

Alice G. Thurber, a sister, testified that she considers Edmund irrational.

Nathaniel Niles, a former bank President, testified that Thurber took morphine recently and that the physicians at Bellevue had difficulty in pumping it out of him. Mrs. True was in an anteroom at the time. When he recovered, Mrs. True asked him to come to her rooms, and he said he would.

At the hospital Edmund told the witness that he had just given Mrs. True a note for $25,000. She threw it on the floor, but a physician picked it up, and Mrs. True took it from the physician. The next night he saw Thurber, who called Mrs. True and her daughter vile names. He had often seen Edmund laboring under great excitement. Mr. Niles admitted that he had received $2,800 from Edmund and had given him a note for it. He did not know that he had been named by Edmund as his residuary legatee in a will which a partner of Mr. Niles had drawn up. When a trustee was appointed for Edmund, Mr. Niles had forwarded the will of Edmund, the contents of which he did not know, the will of Edmund's mother, and some other papers to the trustee. Francis L. Wellman, in behalf of Edmund, tried to get information about the arrest of Mr. Niles on the charge of renting a house to "the French Madam," Mrs. Forret.

Dr. Edmund C. Spitzka was asked a hypothetical question supposed to cover incidents in the life of Thurber, and he replied that a person with such symptoms was suffering from chronic delusional insanity.

Dr. Austin Flint testified that he had examined Thurber at Bellevue in connection with Dr. Hamilton for an hour, and had also watched him during the trial. He said that Thurber has no delusion and is sane. Counsel asked, on prompting from Dr. Spitzka:

"Would you consider a man with a shambling gait, a swollen tongue, and unequal pupils of unsound mind?"

"I would not form a judgment on those three symptoms," answered Dr. Flint.

Dr. Flint was asked to examine Thurber's eyes and say if they were in as healthy condition as they were in when he examined them in the asylum.

He did so and said he saw no difference. Mr. Ashley asked:

"Do you think that it would be possible for an insane person to be so coached as to pass an examination as a sane man?"

"I do not think that an insane man could be passed on me as sane under such an examination as I submitted the patient to."

Adjourned to 10 o'clock this morning.

SAMUEL P. LANGDON HELD.

Coroner's Inquiry Into Anna McGrath's Death—Little Damaging Testimony.

PHILADELPHIA, April 3.—The Coroner's inquest in the McGrath case was held this morning. Only persons directly interested in the case, and newspaper reporters, were admitted to the Coroner's office. Samuel P. Langdon, who was arrested on suspicion of having caused the death of Anna J. McGrath, occupied a seat beside Detective Kettler. Although somewhat pale, he was self-possessed. He was represented by Attorneys A. S. L. Shields and Arthur Moore. Coroner Ashbridge began the investigation at 10:15 o'clock.

Henry H. McGrath, father of the dead girl, testified that he knew nothing of the relations of his daughter with Langdon. He did not know that the couple lived together at 2,929 Girard avenue, where the girl was found dead on March 23.

Mrs. Effie Butterfield, sister of Miss McGrath, stated that Anna told her she was engaged to be married to Mr. Langdon. The witness objected to Langdon because of his age. Mrs. Butterfield further testified that her sister admitted about a week before her death that she had a dwelling at 2,929 Girard avenue, but did not say with whom she lived. When Mrs. Butterfield declared that she would tell her father of this, Anna pleaded with her not to do so, and said she would inform her father herself. The witness told of the purchase of two ounces of chloroform by her sister from the drug clerk, Howard E. Sausser, on the Wednesday before the girl's death, and of the questions asked by Miss McGrath as to the effects of poison. Sausser corroborated this testimony.

Miss Anna Griffiths, a friend of Miss McGrath, told of the girl's buying chloroform and applying it to her gums to relieve toothache.

Miss Florence Stewart created a mild sensation when she declared that a month ago Miss McGrath had stated to her that Langdon said he would kill her if she went with any other man.

Frank Brockman, a drug clerk at 2,858 Girard avenue, testified that he sold Miss McGrath five cents' worth of chloroform on March 19, presumably for toothache.

Dr. Henry Leffmann, who made the analytical examination in the case, stated that the stomach gave no evidence of the presence of any poison, and the blood contained no chloroform nor prussic acid. His report said, however, that the blood was of an unusually bright color, corresponding, in this respect, with the appearance of blood of persons poisoned with water gas.

After reading his report Dr. Leffmann declared that he had been unable to ascertain definitely the cause of death, and that his only theory was based on the indication of water gas, although the quantity was smaller than usual in cases of gas poisoning.

Dr. Thomas G. Morton, who examined Langdon's ulcerated tongue, testified that the ulceration was caused by an injury. The physician thought that the man's teeth had been forced through the tongue. He stated that the poison theory was far as Langdon is concerned.

The Coroner then charged the six jurors. He dwelt upon the mystery of the case and the refusal of Langdon to go upon the stand. The jurors deliberated for fifteen minutes, and then rendered a verdict holding Langdon for the Grand Jury.

Attorney Shields stated this afternoon that he would apply for a writ of habeas corpus to secure Langdon's release on bail as soon as possible.

DID THE UNION OPPRESS HIM?

Mason McGuire Asks Reinstatement in His Union and $25,000 Damages.

Thomas B. McGuire, a master mason, has begun a suit in the Supreme Court in Brooklyn for reinstatement in the Brooklyn Benevolent and Protective Union of the Western District, and also for $25,000 damages for injury caused him by his expulsion from the organization. He joined the union twenty years ago and was a member of the Executive Board for some time. In 1887 he became involved in a controversy with the officers over his refusal to pay an alleged unjust fine, and was dropped from membership.

In June, 1888, he was boycotted, and in consequence was idle for several months. Finally, in June last year, he succeeded in having his case reconsidered by the Executive Committee, but it again decided against him. He says the action of the union has deprived him of making a living at his lawful trade. Justice Van Wyck has granted an order directing the union to show cause why he should not be reinstated.

JUST AT THIS TIME.

A Few Valuable Hints to Those Who Are Quick to Take Advantage of Suggestions.

Can you afford to risk your life during this spring?

This is a question which a great many people will do well to consider just at this time.

How many people there are, just now, who complain of tired, worn-out feelings. They feel listless, languid, have headaches, backaches, and continually suffer from stomach troubles. Their symptoms plainly show that their liver and kidneys are out of order. Others are sufferers from dizziness, palpitation and pains near the heart. Their blood does not circulate properly and it needs purifying. Unless these things are attended to, the first cold or chill they catch is very apt to turn into pneumonia, consumption or some other dangerous malady. Can any one afford to run these risks?

These dangers are not exaggerated. They actually exist, they must be faced, and it is a serious matter for people who have others depending on them. Such people cannot afford to be laid up with a severe illness, lose work and pay heavy doctors' bills. It is wiser to guard against the many dangers by toning up the system and putting every organ of the body in perfect condition. This is easily accomplished by the aid of Warner's Safe Cure, which for years has been recognized as the greatest and best remedy for renewing the strength and building up the health.

Every doctor knows this truth. Thousands of prominent people have proved its value in their own experience. Ask them and they will tell you they always make it a practice to take Warner's Safe Cure whenever any ill-health approaches. That is why they can face the most dangerous exposures without risk and always keep in perfect health. There are few people who can afford to ignore these suggestions, few who should fail to avail themselves of the valuable hints they contain.—*Adv.*

INDIAN HILL'S BIG SNAKE IS DEAD.

Consequences of the Discovery of a New Use for Empty Beer Bottles.

EAST BUCKSPORT, Me., April 2.—Tom Hewey's discovery of a ring-neck snake "twenty feet long and as big around as a water pail" on the side of Indian Hill last Saturday afternoon has kept the residents of this place in a state of anxiety ever since, and has indirectly led to the practical extermination of all the muskrats in Hancock county. From a time which is now too old to remember, on until today, the waters around the foot of Indian Hill have been famous for their big bullfrogs and sleek muskrats. A man standing on top of this hill, which is a mile back from the crossroads watering trough, can fire a sixteen-shot magazine rifle and hit sixteen different ponds, every one of which is a prosperous muskrat nursery, wherein are raised pelts enough to furnish all the standing army of the United States with fur overcoats.

Though no one seriously doubts that muskrat skins were made for muskrats, the length of time which these animals wear their coats depends wholly upon the market quotations of peltry. For instance, when skins are cheap, the countryside children go barefooted until late in the fall, and take off their shoes and stockings long before the house-banking is removed in the spring; but let the price of fur go up one-half and a bare foot is hard to find even in July, while an unskinned muskrat is a novelty worth waiting all night to see.

So it comes to pass that a man—though a wayfarer and a dullard—can tell the state of the fur market by observing the people. If tatters and semi-nudity prevail, the muskrats are warmly clad; but if the residents are well dressed then one may know for sure that the poor animals have given up both clothing and life for the prosperity of mankind.

Hewey's discovery of the snake was unfortunate for the reason that he had just learned in Bangor that muskrat skins had gone up in the market from dull at 20 cents to 40 and 50 cents sharp; and knowing that his neighbors, who would hunt muskrats, would naturally fear to meet the snake, he had brought out six cases of beer as well as several jugs of fluid which was neither molasses nor kerosene. Forgetting to consult the almanac, a score or so of men and boys started for the streams Sunday morning, and reaching favorable places they divided up into small parties for the purpose of hunting muskrats by the Long Pond method. As is well known to naturalists, the muskrat, though breathing air, passes a good portion of the winter and spring months under the ice of ponds, where it deposits bubbles of atmosphere at convenient places. Then, if a muskrat wants to cross a pond, it simply dives under the ice with its lungs full of air, and swims to the next reservoir, where the vitiated atmosphere is exchanged for fresh, and so keeps on swapping breaths until it gets to the end of the journey.

These bubbles are left between the ice and water, soon become fresh and ready to use again, so by having a few hundred such stations muskrats can go all over the pond without fear of suffocation. The hunters who are familiar with the ways of muskrats take advantage of this habit, and when the ice is not too thick they will stand by a bubble and wait until their prey comes along, when a quick blow with the edge of an axe liberates the bubble and stuns the animal, so that it can be easily caught. As one man can readily watch a half a dozen bubbles in clear ice at the same time, one boy can hunt as good as or better than a man, the number of pelts captured in a day brings in a good income, even when fur is cheap. To do away with this form of killing through the early winter ice, the Maine game laws have lately been changed, so that close upon muskrat continues to March 1 and begins again May 1, allowing but two months open season in the year.

It was a charitable law, made for the purpose of preserving the muskrat from extinction, but it failed to work this year. The winter was a cold one, and by the middle of February the ice was so thick that it could defy anything from a ten-inch rifle shot to a cathode ray. Then a warm rain came on and the hills perspired for nearly a week, and when the next cold snap arrived there was five feet of water over the pond ice, so that the freeze resulted in a six-inch crust of ice on top, a deep strata of water below, and an oil like which had been forming all winter, and finally the water of the pond still lower down.

This shallow pond between the two partitions of ice was turned into a playground for the muskrats until the hunters found them out. When it was made over for a slaughter-house. Nearly a thousand pelts were secured in one week from Long Pond, and the hunters were doing equally well on the other ponds, when a lazy genius invented a plan of wholesale extermination. His name was Bob Clark, and though a pelt hunter by profession, he spent most of his time in emptying beer bottles, as a safeguard against the great snake of Indian Hill, which was reported to be roaming down the slope toward the pond.

Beer, which is said to deaden the wits of most men, served to quicken Clark's ideas, and when he had made away with two cases an inspiration met him head-on. Putting quicklime into empty bottles and pouring in all the water they would hold, he securely fastened the rubber caps, and dropped the compound through the ice. The water, uniting with the lime, generated steam and other gases, which put on such a pressure that the bottles burst one after another, lifting fragments of ice and great masses of water high in air, and killing nearly every fish and muskrat there was in the pond.

The profits from this general slaughter were so great that a cart load of beer was ordered from Bangor, and when it was duly sampled they organized a grand hunt for the big snake. Hewey went up along the road and pointed out the spot where the snake was lying on the side of the hill. Sticking their toes into cracked ledges and holding by saplings, they reached the reptile's lair and found nothing but a crooked log, so glazed in ice as to look like fish scales. The snake was dead.

JAMES E. BAREMORE SANE.

Put in Possession of His Property by a Decree of Vice-Chancellor Emery.

James E. Baremore, a diamond broker, whose vicissitudes have been told at frequent intervals in the newspapers, has at last been adjudged sane. The decision, which was rendered by Vice-Chancellor Emery of New Jersey, puts him in possession of his estate. Mr. Baremore is a son-in-law of Dr. Roswell Van Buskirk of Newark, and he formerly resided in Elizabeth, but spent most of his time abroad in the interest of Randel, Baremore & Billings of Maiden lane.

About three years ago he was sent to the Morris Plains Asylum under a writ of inquiry as to his sanity, and subsequently was removed to a private asylum at Amityville, L. I. Many of his friends doubted the justice of his commitment, and moved to free him. His release was obtained on a writ of habeas corpus.

Reinstated Policeman Resigns.

Policemen Jacob J. Kiebrick and Thomas Hogsett, who after dismissal from the force were recently reinstated by the Supreme Court because their discharge was held to be irregular, have resigned from the department. They gave up their shields Thursday. Their past records were put in evidence at their trial for being in a saloon in uniform and were considered in determining their guilt. It is supposed that they were advised to resign by their counsel. It was the general belief at Headquarters that the Commissioners would have dismissed them again.

HE'S A LETTER-BOX THIEF.

THOMPSON, WHOM THE DETECTIVES HAD TO SHOOT TO NAB,

Belonged to a Gang that Has Stolen Thousands—While in Prison in Trenton He Invented the Lock that Secures All the Cells at Once, Now in General Use in Jails.

The two men who were arrested in East Eighty-fourth street early Thursday, one of them after he had been shot in the wrist by a Central Office detective, turned out to be bigger game than the detectives who spent several hours of the night pursuing them even hoped. At least one of them proved a notable capture. He is John Thompson, alias George Johnson, alias Howard, alias Tobin, and alias several other names. His companion was John B. Ferguson.

With these two men was another man, and the three were chased by Detectives Reap and Foye and Policemen Flay, Berkley, and Frank Rice, who had been looking for pickpockets along the line of the circus parade. The third man got away, but the capture of Thompson makes up for this in the eyes of the police.

The Post Office inspectors have been looking for Thompson for two years. He is one of a gang of Post Office burglars which made large sums by a series of operations, the history of which is familiar to newspaper readers. Four of the gang are now under sentence. One is dead. Thompson will make the sixth taken out of the way of opportunities for crime.

Prior to Thompson's operations with this band in New York and elsewhere in the United States he had served twenty years in State prison at Trenton, the Post Office inspectors say, and was released from there about six years ago. He is now about 40 years old. Two years ago he went to England with Billy Hamilton, Charles Fisher, and Steve Boyle, all members of the gang that had been operating here, and started in to swindle banks by wholesale.

The scheme was planned by Fisher and Hamilton while they were in prison. In one of the first ventures, however, it was nipped short. Hamilton presented a forged order for a check book for an East Indian firm at the Bank of Scotland in London. A clerk of the firm happened to be in the bank at the time, and Hamilton was arrested. He was released from jail because of a consumptive condition, real or feigned, however, and came back here. He is now in jail, and Boyle is dead. Fisher, who made the seventh one of the gang here, was arrested in Cincinnati not long ago, but he escaped while awaiting trial.

Both Ferguson and Thompson were loaded down with burglars' tools when they were arrested, and it is said at the office of the Post Office inspectors that, undoubtedly, the local authorities will send both men up for long terms, so that the Government will not have to deal with Thomson just yet. Both men were examined in Yorkville Court yesterday, but Thompson was unable to leave Bellevue Hospital, where he is confined, because of the bad shot wound in his wrist, so the examination of Ferguson was put off until to-day.

Thompson, it is said, invented while in prison the lock that locks all cell doors at once, which is now in general use throughout the country. The history of the Post Office box robberies of this gang has been gone over in the public press recently in connection with the arrests and trials of the other men. Thompson has figured also in other burglaries and attempts at burglary in New York.

Drs. Hibbard and Smith of Bellevue Hospital performed an operation yesterday afternoon on Thompson's wrist. Dr. Hibbard said later that the operation was a success, and that the man would regain the use of his hand, but that it would never be as well as before he was shot. In taking out the bullet one of the small wrist bones was found to be crushed, and it had to be removed. The bullet was of 32 calibre.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON'S SALT MINE.

A Deposit of Unknown Thickness Under His Estate in Louisiana.

For a long time most people have regarded Joseph Jefferson as the salt of the earth. This theory seems to be founded on fact, for Mr. Jefferson turns out to be the owner of one of the most colossal deposits of pure salt in the world. He did not know until very recently that he was prepared to supply the world with salt; but so it has turned out.

Along the lower part of Louisiana, scattered here and there among the cypress swamps, bayous, and marshes, are a number of so-called islands. They are hills of from 75 to 200 feet in height, and they form one of the most interesting geological peculiarities of the State. Some ten or fifteen years ago, Mr. Jefferson purchased one of these hills, with several thousand acres of the lowlands around it, paying $60,000 for it. The place was then known as Orange Island, but it has long since been rechristened Jefferson's Island by the people of that part of the country. It is an island simply by virtue of a small creek or bayou which runs around part of the hill and by a pretty little lake which curves around the other side.

When Mr. Jefferson bought the place there were enough orange trees on the island to make it deserve the name if they had not the peculiar Louisiana frosts killed these off long ago and now there is no revenue from the broad acres except the game which Mr. Jefferson, his sons, and his guests bring down with their guns. Charles Jefferson, the oldest son of the same name, attempted to make the place yield something in the shape of a certain degree of pleasure to its owner, but he soon resigned the land so the swamp grass, the Cherokee hedges, and the ducks. This probably suited Mr. Grover Cleveland quite as well when he went down there a couple of years ago.

The place is about 140 miles southwest of New Orleans and is partially reached by a branch of the Southern Pacific, which runs the main line at New Iberia. It is partially reached in this way. Visitors at Jefferson's are set down at a little station in the middle of the prairie. It is called Rob Acres, out of compliment to the owner of the neighboring land, and it is out of sight! That is to say, there isn't another house to be seen and the only method of getting away is to have a stout team pull you through the marshes and mudholes.

They have just such teams up at Jefferson's, so that visitors are sure of reaching the beautiful hill, covered with magnolias, live oaks, and crowned by a rose-garlanded cottage, which was built by the present owner. Broad verandas stretch around it and at one corner are the servants' quarters, where Johnson, the cook and general guardian during Mr. Jefferson's absence, lives with his wife and three of the oldest of little pickaninnies.

Formerly the arriving visitor would have heard no sound except that of the welcoming voices of friends, the soft tones of Johnson, and the wind through the great trees. Of late, however, there has been a continual accompaniment of hammering and rattling and driving day and night as the diamond drill is being sent further and further down into a hole which is already about 2,000 feet deep, and which, since a depth of 170 feet, has sent up a core of pure salt.

About ten miles from Jefferson's Island is another and larger hill, called Petit Anse or Avery's Island. During the war the soldiers discovered that there was a deposit of salt here, and since that time the mines have been worked almost constantly. There is literally a hill of absolutely pure rock salt, which has only to be dug out, crushed to the requisite degree, and sent out packed ready to be used.

The Salt Mine, as the island is known even on the map, is a curiosity which people go miles to see. The part of the mine which is being worked at present is about 100 feet below the surface. When one steps off the elevator which has carried one down the shaft, one finds oneself in an immense vaulted chamber, of which the floor, the walls, the ceiling are of pure salt crystals. The air is singularly pure and agreeable. The large gasoline lamps, with half a dozen burners, light up the vaulted ceiling, which sparkles as if the lamps were Aladdin's and had changed the salt to diamonds.

The deposit is absolutely without any other veins or strata. The drill at Jefferson's has not found a single break in the pure salt. Mr. Jefferson has always had an idea that there was some deposit of a mineral nature underlying his hill, and now he is carrying his curiosity further still, and is trying to find out what is underneath the salt.

Capt. Lucas, the superintendent of the salt mine and also of the work at Jefferson's, hints darkly of certain hopes he entertains of finding something better than common salt. If he keeps on at this rate his hopes will be realized, for he seems in a fair way to bore through salt all the way to China.

A Fire in the Flatbush Nursery.

A slight fire occurred yesterday morning in the nursery attached to the almshouse at Flatbush through the upsetting of a pot of sulphur, while the place was being fumigated. There were over 200 children in the building, and a panic was only averted by the well-directed efforts of the nurses.

The Hanging of Ackerman Postponed.

PATERSON, April 3.—The execution of Daniel Ackerman, the wife murderer, who was sentenced to be hanged on April 24, was stayed to-day, Judge Dixon having granted a writ of error.

FLINT'S FINE FURNITURE at less than manufacturing price, to make room for daily arrivals from factory.

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