GRAHAM OF ESK AT WORK.

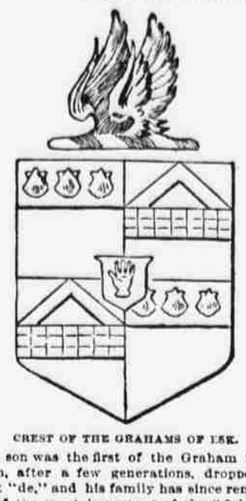
A BARONET, BUT GLAD TO EARN AN HUMBLE LIVING.

The Tenth Baronet of Esk, a Descendant of Robert Bruce, the Clerk of a Glass Dealer—For 25 Years He Has Been Known in Brooklyn as Robert Graham.

Reason contents me.—Motto of the Grahams of Esk.

A small office in the rear of the Mechanics' and Traders' Exchange, on Fulton street, Brooklyn, is occupied by a dealer in plate glass, but he is absent this week. His place at the solitary desk in the room is taken by a substitute who is glad to find casual employment. He is middle aged, of heavy build, and poorly dressed. His skin is dark, and his thin hair is gray. The Brooklyn Directory identifies him as "Rob't Graham, clerk, 318 Eleventh st.," but in Burke's Peerage he is called "Sir Robert James Stuart Graham, tenth baronet of Esk."

He is the representative of the Grahams of Esk, one of the old families of England; he is a lineal descendant of Robert Bruce and a member of the family which first, through William de Graham of Abercorn and Dalkeith, obtained the grant of lands from David I., King of Scots. This William was a witness to a charter from the Scotch King to the monks of Holyrood House in 1128, and his younger son was the founder of the present ducal house of Montrose, one of the richest in Great Britain. The



CREST OF THE GRAHAMS OF ESK.

elder son was the first of the Graham family which, after a few generations, dropped the prefix "de," and his family has since remained one of the most important of the "debatable ground" between England and Scotland. Sir Robert James Stuart Graham is the present lord of the house of the Grahams of Esk, and is recognized by Burke as one of two claimants to the estates of Strathern and Annandale.

Wealth passed away from the Grahams of Esk in 1757, and the estates became the property of the Grahams of Netherby, by the will of Lady Widdington, who devised the estates to the uncle of the great-grandfather of the Brooklyn representative of the family instead of to the direct heir. The third Vicount Preston died without issue, and the estate went to his two aunts, Lady Widdington and the Hon. Mary Susan Graham, an old maid. The two women never approved of the life led by their nephew, so, at their death the estate went not to him, but to his uncle.

In this way the wealth of the Grahams was concentrated in the family of Netherby, and not in that of Esk, and there was from that time bitter enmity between them. The estate of Netherby yields to the present head of it, Sir Richard James Graham, a yearly income of $150,000, in addition to the revenues from the coal mines. He was the partner of the Prince of Wales in a racing stable, and his sister, Violet Hermione Graham, is the wife of the Duke of Montrose, and "Mr. Graham" of Brooklyn told a SUN reporter yesterday that while the Duke of Montrose's sympathies, from the point of family descent, were with the Esk branch of the family, that his marriage to Miss Graham had identified him with the Netherby interests.

The estate of Netherby was bought in about 1630 by Richard Graham, who had been created a baronet in the year before. This Sir Richard subsequently distinguished himself under the King's banner, and at the battle of Edge Hill he was seriously wounded and lay all night among the dead. Through this ancestor the valuable estate of Netherby came first into the family of the Grahams of Esk, to be diverted from them by the will of Lady Widdington.

The present head of the Esk branch of the family is 51 years old, but in spite of his gray hair he looked ten years younger as he sat in the little office in Brooklyn yesterday and talked to THE SUN reporter of some of the curious incidents which had resulted in his being there now under such circumstances. His figure is heavy, but athletic. His dark eyes are bright and clear and his manner is easy and distinguished. He was born in London.

"I lived with my grandfather as a child," he said, "and he was on bad terms with my father, and adopted me, knowing that I would inherit the title. He was supposed to be a man of great wealth, and his purpose was to make a fight for one of the estates as soon as I became old enough. But he died, and it was found that his fortune had been dissipated chiefly through his father's speculations. He was a wine merchant, and I was led to expect that I would inherit his money. After his death my father, Sir Edward Graham, came to Canada and settled in Toronto, where he was employed by the Grand Trunk Railway Company. I was only 10 years old then. My father was married three times. His first wife was a widow, and at that time he was wealthy, but he used up most of his money in travel. He was one of the first men to go to Africa to hunt big game. While in the West Indies he met my mother, who was a Greek, and related to the reigning family at that time. They were married afterward in London, and this greatly displeased my grandfather so that after that time she was never again on good terms with him, and at her death she sent all the family papers and documents to my cousin, who now has them in the possession of his solicitor in London. My father had married again before he went to Toronto, and of the three children he had by his last wife only one, my half sister, is now living. My younger brother, Edward Charles Graham, is now the editor of a newspaper in an Illinois town.

"I grew up in Toronto, and when I was old enough, became a clerk in the employ of the Grand Trunk Railway Company. The salary was very small, and I soon realized that I could not stay there and associate with the people our position required us to know. Lady Lindsay, who was stationed there then, got for me a commission from Queen Victoria and offered to increase my pay as an officer by a sum large enough for me to live on. My aunt, who is now a Carmelite nun, and who was at that time very rich, and the wife of a General stationed in India, made the same offer, but I had decided that I did not want to enter the army. I had seen enough of the United States to know that a man could earn his living here, and I came to New York and went into business in Wall street. That was more than twenty-five years ago, and after three months I joined some friends from Canada and went to Colorado. Then I returned to Toronto and lived for a while with my stepmother. Soon I came to New York, got married, and ever since that time I have lived in Brooklyn. I went first into the glass business, and had for a long time a good place. The firm failed. I got work with another house, but business was bad, and, being a new man, I was one of the first discharged when the force was reduced. For some time now I have been without work. I have never asked but one thing, but that was to make a living for myself and my family, and be in a place where I could be associated with gentlemen. That only happened once, and that was during those three months I was employed in New York before I went back. That," Sir Robert said with a sigh, "was a happy time.

"During the twenty-five years I have lived in Brooklyn I have made scarcely any acquaintances. I work all day, and nobody knows me or who I am. I have never used my title in this country, and I am called Mr. Robert Graham. I believe in old families in every country, and I think it's a good thing for a man to be able to say that he descended from such a line of people and look back to them with pride. But I have been here too long to care anything about titles. The letters I get from England are all addressed with my title, but I never receive that from anybody here."

In answer to the question why he had not ever returned to England, Sir Robert said:

"There's nothing there for me. I have no money with which to make a fight for any of the estates, and I am satisfied to remain here as long as I can make a living. I rarely hear from any of my cousins in England. We have never been on good terms with the Grahams of Netherby, and for twenty-five years I have been out of that country and know nobody there now. Maybe if I had let them know of my whereabouts years ago my condition now might be different, but I never used that to bring me. My grandfather, with whom I lived, was one of the claimants for the estate and cognomen of Annandale and Hartfell as the descendant of Sir George Graham and Lady Mary Johnston. He died in 1810, and he always intended that I should make the fight with his money. But he died poor. One of the other claimants, Frederick Johnston, has gone regularly to the House of Lords for three or four years, and always his claims have been rejected as 'not proven.' Whenever that has happened I have been notified, and Burke includes me as one of the claimants. As my rights have never been acted on my position is superior to the other man's. Not long ago a man calling himself George Malcolm Graham announced in Toronto that he was going to England to claim the Strathern estates, to which I am also a claimant. Then somebody wrote to the London *Times* saying that I was the real claimant. I don't know who the other Graham was. But I have no money to fight for these estates. The law forbids me to do it with speculative backing, and there is nothing for me to do. Often since I have been in this country I have met Scotchmen who have told me that it was an outrage for me to be out here working for a pittance. But what am I to do about it?"

Sir Robert would have also the title of Viscount Preston, but that lapsed after the death of the third Viscount, who died without male issue. The Brooklyn home of the present representative of the Grahams of Esk is on the top floor of a poor apartment house in Eleventh street, South Brooklyn. There is no luxury there, scarcely comfort, and there are evidences that the struggle for life with this voluntarily expatriated aristocrat must be a severe one. He was married in August, 1874, to Miss Eliza Jane Burns of Albany, and three of their four children are in Burke's Peerage. Of these the oldest is Montrose Stewart, who will some day inherit his father's title. He is named after his cousin, the Duke of Montrose. He is 20 years old and works in a glass factory. The three other sons are Percival Harris, Robert Vernon, and George Edward. Sir Robert's quarters are small, and his way of life is very humble and modest. The Mechanics' and Traders' Exchange of Brooklyn is a place of meeting for the two classes of men mentioned in its name, and doubtless it was never before honored by the presence of a head of the house of Graham of Esk. Sir Robert uses a broad "a," and his talk is more or less English in speech, modulation, and tone, despite his long residence in this country.

THE RYLINS MAKE UP.

"Amelia," Cried Rylin; "Aleck," Cried the Husband Beater, and They Embraced.

After Amelia Rylin, the Williamsburgh husband beater, was fined $5 in the Lee Avenue Police Court on Tuesday for ill-treating her husband, Alexander, she returned to her house at 55 South First street, where she began to pack up her effects, intending to move to this city. Her sister was with her. Rylin soon appeared. He objected to the removal of certain things, which he said were his. Mrs. Rylin was getting into a turbulent frame of mind when Rylin warned her that if she attempted to strike him again he would kill her on the spot. Then her courage failed her. She was under the impression that Rylin had a revolver and would carry out his threat. She left the house. Yesterday she appealed to Justice Goetting for protection.

"I don't know," she said, "what gives me this shivering feeling. Maybe it is that my husband wants to have revenge. I don't want to strike him or have anything to do with him again. All I ask is to have one or two policemen go with me to my house, so that I can get my things and go my way. Then my husband can go his."

Policemen Kane and Welch were detailed to accompany her. When they got to the house they found Rylin crying, and when Mrs. Rylin entered the room where he was he cried harder. He covered his face with his hands. Then Mrs. Rylin became affected and wept too.

"Amelia," cried Rylin.

"Aleck," she responded.

In a twinkling both were locked in each other's arms, while the policemen looked on in surprise. For fully a minute the couple didn't speak. Then they let go of each other, but quickly embraced again. Mrs. Rylin begged Aleck then and to forget the past, and promised never to beat him again. He kissed her several times and replied that he was sure she would keep her promise. Then Rylin went after a truckman, and all the household effects were moved to this city, where the couple will begin marital life anew.

THE WORKING GIRLS' CLUB.

Success of the Effort to Improve the Condition of Servants.

The officers of the Working Woman's Society have succeeded in banding together into an organization some 200 kitchen maids and domestics employed in private residences in this city. The society has long conducted in connection with its other work a free employment bureau, and recently the Secretary, Miss Alice Woodbridge, conceived the idea of organizing the domestics into a benefit society. With a dozen to start with, the first meeting was called in February, and since that time the society has flourished wonderfully. It is now known as the Working Girls' Club, and although Miss Woodbridge is willing to talk about the organization, she will not tell how many members there are. That is one of the secrets of the club, she says.

"An impression seems to have gone abroad," said Miss Woodbridge yesterday, "that this organization is a trade union. That is not so. It is purely a social and benefit society which we got up with the idea of bringing the servant girls and maids together. They meet every second and fourth Wednesday, and after transacting business have a social time together singing, playing and eating. Each month they pay 25 cents in dues, and after a year's membership are entitled to help when incapacitated from work by illness or when out of employment.

"Our idea is ultimately to establish in this city a home for these girls, and we also want to establish a trade school where young girls who intend going into service may learn cooking and general housework. At present when these girls are out of employment they live together in some tenement, and our idea in getting a home for them is to provide quarters to which they may go immediately on losing their places and stay until they get work again. There are no rules regarding race or religion. All respectable servants are eligible and we want to get as many of the 33,000 of them in the city to join as we can. The members we now have are mainly German, Irish, and English. They are all very intelligent, earn from $18 to $50 per month, and are employed by the best families in the city."

DR. ATTERBURY DECORATED.

The Missionary's Services Recognized by the Emperor of China.

Friends of Dr. Boudinot C. Atterbury, the medical missionary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in China, are delighted with the news lately received of the honor which the Emperor of China has placed upon him by conferring upon him the Imperial Order of the Double Dragon, second degree. This, it is believed, is a distinction which has never before been vouchsafed to any foreigner, excepting, perhaps, in the case of the ruler of some friendly power. This mark of peculiar distinction is a recognition on the part of the Emperor of the services rendered by the American physician in connection with the work of the Red Cross Society during the late war between China and Japan, and of the success which has attended the efforts of Dr. Atterbury in the direction of the advancement of medical and surgical science in the kingdom.

Dr. Atterbury was born in this city and comes of a family long prominent in the affairs of New York. He studied at Yale College and afterward took his medical course in this city under the direction of the late Dr. Frank Hamilton. After he was graduated in medicine, about fifteen years ago, he went to China under the direction of the Presyterian Board and was assigned to missionary duty in the city of Peking. He there assisted in the establishment of the Ah Ting Hospital, one of the most noted institutions of the kind in that country. While there his work was brought to the attention of the Emperor and the royal family. He afterward went to Tientsin, where he is at present. Dr. Atterbury's services as a physician have frequently been in demand at the imperial palace, and when Prince Li Hung Chang set out on his journey to Russia as the official representative of China at the approaching coronation of the Czar, Dr. Atterbury was invited to accompany him as his medical adviser. The honor was declined.

TESSIE CARNEY BURIED.

No Evidence as Yet that the Girl Was Murdered.

The funeral of Tessie Carney, whose body was found on the tracks of the Manhattan Beach Railroad near Evergreen Cemetery early on Tuesday morning, took place from an undertaker's shop on Montrose avenue, Brooklyn yesterday afternoon. The burial was in the Lutheran Cemetery. Only one carriage followed the hearse to the cemetery. That contained the two sisters and a brother-in-law of the dead girl and George F. x, the father of the man who, it is said, was the last person to see the girl in life.

There is no evidence thus far to show that Tessie Carney met any other than an accidental death.

The Coroner's inquest has been further adjourned until next Monday.

Says Capt. O'Brien Is Making a Scapegoat of Him.

Andrew J. Anderson, 35 years old, of 96 Seventh street, who was convicted two weeks ago of receiving the silverware stolen from the house of James L. Kernochan, Jr., at Hempstead, was arraigned before Judge Newburger in the General Sessions yesterday to plead to other indictments against him. He pleaded not guilty. He was remanded for sentence. Anderson claims that he is being kept in the Tombs so that he will plead guilty to other crimes alleged against him and consent to swell the record of convictions by "years" for Capt. O'Brien of the Detective Bureau.

THE ZOO GETS A MANATEE.

FIRST SEA COW IN CENTRAL PARK FOR SIXTEEN YEARS.

Takes the Palm for Ugliness from the Caliph Family and Gives Rise to a Mistaken Rumor—Not Much Known About Her Except that She Was Captured in Florida.

Joy has fled from the hippopotamus tank in the Park. The expressive countenance of Papa Caliph and Mamma Fatima and Grandma Murphy are clouded with woe, and the baby weeps salt water tears in the depths of the fresh water tank and refuses to be comforted. All the other animals are sympathizing. The reason for it is that the booby prize in the menagerie beauty show has passed away from the hippopotami, who have hitherto held it with easy supremacy, and has gone to a rival who came to the Park in a tank yesterday. This rival is the manatee, or sea cow.

You might travel a great many thousand miles over sea and land without seeing anything quite so plain, to put it mildly, as the newcomer. How the legend of the sirens could have arisen from her species is a mystery, but it is said that it so arose. Compared

THE SEA COW.

to her the squint eyed rhinoceros is a paragon of pulchritude, and the lately departed Johanna a dazzlingly alluring sylph. From nose to tail, a distance of 9 feet 4 inches, there isn't a feature or line of the sea cow to spoil the general effect of delightful ugliness. She has the figure of a meal sack, skin like a weather-beaten tin roof, a snub nose that occupies all the space which should have been given to her face, and little twinkling eyes that peer out unexpectedly from the folds of fat somewhere about the region of the back of her neck. Projecting from her snout are a number of feelers that act like fans, creating a draught in the water when she waves them, whereby everything in sight is wafted toward her mouth. It is her own patent way of feeding, and is perhaps the easiest method in use. For the rest, she weighs 1,500 pounds is probably about twenty-five years old, and is scientifically designated as *Trichechus Americanus*. She is the only one of her species that has been in the menagerie for sixteen years.

When captured this sea-cow was feeding on water weeds at the mouth of the St. Lucie River, which empties into the Atlantic Ocean on the east coast of Florida, about 300 miles south of Jacksonville. G. W. Harle of West Palm Beach was her captor, and it took him three days to get her. Mr. Harle has captured and sold three manatees before this one, and is making a regular business of it. It was last December that he got this one, in a net especially constructed for such big fishing. He had gone to the St. Lucie River hoping to find a manatee up there feeding, as they come in from the ocean to eat the rank water grass of the everglades. After two days of cruising around in his boat he saw, on a calm morning, a huge snout appear on the surface of the river, and heard a long-drawn sighing sound.

It was the manatee breathing, for this animal breathes air and has to come to the surface every five or six minutes. After by artfully dodging it, Mr. Harle rapidly anchored one end of his net and drew the other around so as to pen the sea cow in the shallow water. Then she was slowly dragged out on land and taken home by boat, a gang of a dozen men aiding in the transportation. No danger attended the capture, as the manatee is without means of offence or defence. She throve in captivity, and became so tame that when her captor would touch her on the side she would lift her flipper out of the water and wave it playfully. From West Palm Beach she was taken to Jacksonville by rail in the tank, and thence by steamer to this city. She arrived in good condition at Central Park yesterday at noon, Mr. Harle accompanying her.

Probably Mr. Harle knows as much about the habits and ways of the sea cow as any man living, and he frankly admits that he knows very little. Science has not gone far into the life habits of the manatee. These animals are very rare, and do not frequent waters that are much traversed by steamers in a way that would seem to an anachronism belonging properly to a former age. There are more fossil than there are living species. Of the habits of this peculiar animal Mr. Harle says:

"About all I know of them is that they feed mainly in rivers and in the everglades, swimming from there to the ocean, probably at night. They can travel in three feet of water, and they are very swift—so swift that they can outswim a shark. I've seen them come darting in from the outside waters with sharks in their wake. The manatee's tail is very big and strong, and it strokes up and down, sending the animal ahead with surprising force. I believe that they live to be very old, although I'm not sure of that. Their eyesight is very keen, but they are, I think, quite defective in hearing. A loud noise does not seem to alarm them, whereas the instant they catch sight of a man they dive and are away at a tremendous pace. This one is fair sized, but I have seen them as long as fifteen feet. I've seen little ones, too, not more than two feet long. I've heard that their bones are extremely heavy, for they are big boned, and the bones are solid ivory. You wouldn't guess this one to weigh more than 500 pounds to look at her, but she'll weigh three times that.

"Down in South America the natives harpoon manatees when they can find them, and eat the flesh, which is said to be very good. I have never tasted it myself. Where they live when they are at sea, whether in the depths or near the surface, I don't know, except that they must come up to breathe very frequently. I never saw them in the skies or shores. As to their migrations I don't know either. I don't believe there is any animal about which less is known than this kind."

Quite a crowd gathered about the building where the newcomer was temporarily quartered yesterday, but there was no public view of her. Through a misapprehension on the part of a Park policeman regarding the pronunciation of the name, word went abroad in the crowd that there was in the building a new man-eater, and the people supposed that it was a tiger until the policeman said something about its tank, whereupon they concluded that it must be a crocodile.

It is believed that before long there will be another manatee in Central Park, and, moreover, the second one is not expected to arrive either by rail or ship.

NOW DWYER WANTS TO DEFEND.

Says Senator McCarren Advised Him Badly in the Gideon Case.

Philip J. Dwyer moved before Justice Pryor of the Supreme Court yesterday to set aside the verdict of the Sheriff's jury assessing him $15,000 in the action for slander brought against him by David Gideon. The motion was made on the novel ground that Dwyer had been wrongly advised by his counsel to let the case go undefended. The alleged slander was that Dwyer accused Gideon of turf frauds. For the first time in the proceedings Dwyer presented an affidavit yesterday stating that he did not make such an accusation against Gideon. James R. Keene and John Hunter, who were stewards of the meeting at Sheepshead Bay when the words are alleged to have been spoken, also made affidavits that they had not heard Dwyer make use of the words charged.

Lawyer Charles J. Patterson, who made the motion for Dwyer, said that Senator McCarren of Brooklyn, who had appeared in the case for Dwyer, had been admitted to the bar only three years when he took up the case, and he believed the senator had been engaged chiefly in settling political instead of legal difficulties.

Justice Pryor said that he did not think that he could set aside the verdict of the Sheriff's jury and let Dwyer come in and defend simply on a statement of bad legal advice. He said he would, however, consider the papers presented by counsel and reserve decision.

CORONER HOEBER COMPLIMENTED.

Eight Jurors Say They Are Agreeably Surprised at His Conduct.

At the end of three inquests, which he held yesterday, Coroner Hoeber received a written address signed by each of the eight jurymen who had heard the cases, complimenting him on the way in which he had conducted them.

The address was read to the Coroner by Jacob S. Bernheimer, a business man of 31 and 33 White street, who was foreman. The address was as follows:

"In view of what we have read in the New York papers regarding the Coroner, we want to declare ourselves as agreeably surprised and pleased at the concise and fair way in which he has conducted the cases coming before us this day."

When the foreman finished Coroner Hoeber was visibly affected. All he said, however, was: "Thank you, gentlemen."

QUILTIN' A LA COLONIAL.

New England Women Entertained at the Majestic.

There was "a quiltin'" yesterday at the Hotel Majestic. "Aunt Thankfull" got the credit, but the National Society of New England Women paid the bills and got the profits. The quiltin' began in the afternoon, when two patchwork productions were put in the frames. Nobody had to work very hard, because there were several hundred pairs of hands ready to take a few stitches apiece. The members of the society appeared in old-fashioned costumes, with powdered hair and court plaster ornaments. As the maid in the cloak room remarked:

"Oh, they looks too sweet, don't they?"

A good deal of the powder which was intended for their hair had lighted on their faces, and there was a suspicious prevalence of rosy cheeks, but no one complained of that. There were programmes and invitations and menus, all in the most approved colonial style. These had been prepared by Mrs. Benjamin F. Kenyon, who spent much time in the libraries studying just how to spell and phrase à la colonial. The people who hadn't been studying up were thus provided with much occupation. One young woman was reading a large placard on the wall. Said she:

"'There be among ye, wife women'—why, how stupid," she said. "'Wife women!' what an absurd way of putting it!" and it was some time before she saw that it was wise women, instead.

The real fun began at 6 o'clock, when a sheepish-looking waiter threw open the doors into the banquet hall and rang a cracked dinner bell of generous proportions. Then the guests feasted on the following things:

Chowder
from ye succulent Clamms of Plymouth Bay.
Roast Wild Turkie Fowl
from near New Towne, with Sauce of Cranberries
from Sudbury Meadows.
Cold Boiled Hamm
from the Connecticut Colony.
Mashed Squanta Squash
from Salem Towne.
Boiled Newe Potatoes
Parson Jonathan Hubbard of Sheffield hath raised twenty Bushels in one Yeare, and hath neare been dealt with by his Church for his wicked Hardlihoode, for if one do eat of the Potatoe everie day he cannot live beyond seven yeare.
A Salet of Lettuce
such as doth appeare on genteele Tables.
Baked Beanes with Porke
a dish greatly esteemed throughout ye Colonies.
Indian Pudding
Pumpion Pye — Rhubarbe Pye
Cakes — Apples
Doughnuts — Cheese
Ye Cheese is from ye Dairie of Mistress Richard Smith in ye Rodd Island Colonie.
Tea
purchased of Daniell Vernon, licensed to sell it in Publick.
Coffee
purchased of Dorety Jones, licensed to sell both Coffee and Chocolate.
Manie Folk knowe not how to cooke ye China Herb, but do boile it longe, and then, throwing away ye liquor, do serve ye leaves with butter and salt.
Cyder.

About the time that the guests were devouring "a salet of lettuce such as doth appeare on genteele Tables," a queer figure appeared in the doorway of the banqueting hall.

"Get onto old Josh!" said one waiter to another.

A typical old "hayseeder," with long chin whiskers, an immense straw hat, "pants" which he wore in his boots, a fiddle under his arm, and a lower jaw which had a steady drop of about an inch, clumped into the hall. He stared at everything, the waiters, the lights, the marble columns, and the lofty ceilings.

He was the fiddler and the caller for the dances which were to come. These dances, the Virginia Reel, Fisher's Hornpipe, White Cockade, and so on, were performed by sixteen young people in colonial costumes. They were Misses Slade, Shaller, Bagley, Mills, Jenkins, Whitney, Waterbury, and Sutton, and Messrs. Robert Gibson, Jr., Pomeroy, Flemming, Nash, Fischer, Mandelick, Manton, and Squire.

When the banqueting hall had been cleared, the country fiddler mounted a chair, rang the cracked bell, and announced the dances, which he called off in a voice as cracked as the bell. Mrs. Charles Wesley Smith set the people wild with her recitation of "Money Musk," to which she danced an accompaniment. Miss Sallie Akers sang "The Old Oaken Bucket," and the company joined lustily in the chorus.

Mrs. William G. Slade was there in her grandmother's gown, and Mrs. Theodore Frelinghuysen in her mother's. Other guests were Mrs. William G. Shaller, Mrs. Mary Dame Hall, Dr. Mary Bonin, Mrs. Cyrus Edwards, Miss Edwards, and Mrs. Ferdinand Earle, Mrs. Raymond (Anna Louise Cary), and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. And there was Mrs. Hazen Morse, who said that she brought Mrs. Wilcox and was proud of it. Mrs. Marie Le Prince made silhouettes of the guests who wanted them for twenty-five cents apiece, and there were ladies who told fortunes, guaranteed, at the same price. The profits go to the fund of the society. The quilts, one of which was made by Mrs. Ruth M. Hardy and the other by a 78-year-old lady, Mrs. Stevens of Essex, Conn., will be given to some New York Hospital.

A LAWYER CHASES BURGLARS.

He Was in His Night Robe and Alarmed His Brooklyn Neighbors.

A white-robed figure jumped from the parlor window of the suite of the flat house at 48 McDonough street, Brooklyn, shortly after 1 o'clock yesterday morning. It landed on its bare feet with a flop, recovered its balance with rapidity, and started down the street at top speed yelling, "Stop thief!" and brandishing a revolver.

In a jiffy the neighborhood was aroused. The Rev. Fred Russell, a temperance enthusiast, who lives at 27 McDonough street, poked his head out of his bedroom window, and a score of neighbors opened their windows to find out the cause of the uproar. They recognized the scantily clad figure as that of Lawyer J. Pidgeon, who is undersized but courageous.

Mr. Pidgeon was after three men who had been trying to force an entrance to his rooms. The burglars were clattering down the street half a block away, and Pidgeon seemed to be gaining on them. One or two of the neighbors joined in the chase. Pidgeon ran down McDonough street to Marcy avenue, through to Fulton street, and half way across that thoroughfare, when the alleged burglars were intercepted by a policeman. At first, so the policeman confesses, he was inclined to bolt with the men when he saw the apparition at their heels, but on second thought he made prisoners of the fugitives. Mr. Pidgeon went home to lay his revolver away and dress. The accused gave their names as Benjamin Hegenvish of 77 Patmetio street, Charles Smith of 1,070 De Kalb avenue, and Francis P. Barnes of 150 Carman street.

They pleaded not guilty when arraigned before Justice Harriman in the Gates Avenue Court, and said that they were calling on a colored servant in Pidgeon's flat.

A PISTOL FOR THE MAYOR.

He Takes It with Him to Future Board Meetings, He Says.

Mayor Strong has a pistol, the direct result of the squabble of Tuesday between Comptroller Fitch and Police Commissioner Roosevelt. It came yesterday, and with it a card which read: "Thinking that you might not be at all times armed when in the Board meetings, permit me

COL. STRONG'S NEW PISTOL.

with other friends to present this." The names of the donors are withheld.

The weapon is a formidable looking horse pistol, made of a tin-pea shooter, mounted on a highly varnished pine stock. It is warranted to shoot peas, putty, and spit balls with great accuracy.

Mayor Strong was unusually tickled over his gift. He showed it to everybody in the office, saying:

"I shall use this at all future Board meetings. I don't think I'll need the police in the future."

Mr. Fitch is still unchallenged. "I don't think there will be any bloodshed," he said yesterday in reference to the row. He has been overwhelmed with letters from men who want to act as seconds, and one Philadelphia man asked to be his executor.

Bills Approved by the Mayor.

Mayor Strong approved a bill yesterday which gives 45 per cent. of the $120,000 tax on foreign fire insurance companies doing business in this city to the Firemen's Pension fund, 45 per cent. to the Exempt (Volunteer) Firemen's Benevolent Fund, and 10 per cent. to the Firemen's Home at Hudson. Heretofore the Exempt Firemen have received it all.

The Mayor also approved a bill calling for a $100,000 bridge over the Harlem Railroad tracks, connecting Melrose avenue at 163d street with Webster avenue at 165th street.

The American McAlt Association.

ELIZABETH, N. J., May 6.—The thirteenth annual national Convention of the American McAlt Association was opened to-day in Westminster Presbyterian Church, this city. There were present about sixty delegates, representing a majority of the States in the Union. The association has for its object the furnishing of funds for the McAlt mission in Paris. The report of the treasurer, Mrs. A. H. Perkins of Philadelphia, showed that the receipts for the year were $37,000.

SHOT BY GEN. HEUREAUX.

A REVOLUTION IN SAN DOMINGO NIPPED IN THE BUD.

Gen. Ramon Castillo, Minister of War, Executed Summarily After Being Caught in a Trap—Gov. Jose Estay Shot for Failing to Have Castillo Killed as Directed.

Newspapers received in this city from the republic of San Domingo a few days ago brought news of the execution of no less a personage than Gen. Ramon Castillo, Minister of War. *El Listin Diario*, a newspaper supposed to be inspired by the Government, published with few details an account of the shooting of Gen. Castillo and also of Gen. José Estay, Governor of the district of Macorí. Great excitement was produced by the news among the Dominicans established in New York, and nearly all of them attributed the double execution to some personal revenge of the President of San Domingo, Gen. Heureaux.

Private letters received since explain the affair in the following manner: Gen. Ramon Castillo, Minister of War, asked President Heureaux some months ago for 1,000 rifles and the necessary ammunition to suppress, as he said, an outbreak against the President, which was going to occur in the province of San Pedro Macorí. He described so vividly the importance of the conspiracy and the urgency of suppressing it with a strong hand that the 1,000 rifles were given to him, and, besides, he was ordered to go directly to San Pedro Macorí and take command of the Government forces. He did so, but time passed, and President Heureaux heard no more of the rebel movement. Instead of that, what he heard was that Gen. Castillo himself was conspiring against him with the aim of supporting by means of arms his own candidacy for the Presidency of the republic. Moreover, the President learned that his 1,000 rifles had been distributed among disloyal persons in the province of Macorí.

Immediately after this news reached the capital orders were sent to Gen. José Estay, Governor of Macorí, to kill Gen. Castillo before he could make any attempt to raise a rebellion. A son of Gov. Estay took charge of the execution of this order. He fired on Castillo one evening while the latter was taking a walk out of town, but missed him and mortally wounded a son of Castillo, who died a few hours after. Castillo could not recognize the murderer, who escaped in safety, but suspected that the attack came from President Heureaux. This suspicion was confirmed by a summons from the President to return immediately to the capital to take charge of important affairs in the War Department; so he refused to go. He replied frankly to Gen. Heureaux that he remembered the fate of Gen. Generoso Marchena and Gen. Abelardo Manita, who was also Minister of War in 1893, both of whom were shot, and the narrow escape of Ygnacio Maria Gonzalez, Minister of Foreign Relations, who saved his life by escaping in disguise as a passenger in a foreign steamer. Castillo added that he was well acquainted with the methods of the President. Was it not Castillo himself, he asked, who, in the year 1893 shot Gen. Ysidro Pereira, Governor of that same State of San Pedro Macorí, obeying secret orders of the President of the republic?

Seeing that a menacing attitude was not likely to be successful, and that Castillo was strong enough to resist any armed attack from the Government's troops, the President decided to employ the tricks of diplomacy. He sent a letter saying that Castillo was deeply mistaken in all his fears, and that the only author of the murder of his son and the attempted murder of himself was Gov. José Estay. He ended by offering a fair trial of the case in the capital and justice to Castillo in case the latter arrested Estay and brought him to San Domingo. Castillo was caught in the trap. Indignant at the news of Estay's crime, he went with a strong force of his men to the Governor's house and, overcoming a slight resistance by the guard, arrested Estay and carried him on the steamer Mario Emilia to the capital. He was accompanied by some of his intimate friends.

As soon as he landed he and his companions were arrested. Two days later the national Congress deprived Castillo of his office as Minister of War and at midnight of the same day he was conducted as a prisoner back again to San Pedro Macorí. This time he was on board the war ship La Independencia, carrying also Gen. Ulises Heureaux, President of the republic; I. B. Pichardo, Governor of the capital; David Lalondrid, Governor of Villa-Duarte; Gen. Wenceslao Figueredo, Vice-President of the republic, and José Estay, who was not going as a prisoner, but among the intimate friends of President Heureaux. The war ship Presidente went along as escort and had on board a strong force from the battalion El Pacificador, the best military corps of the republic of San Domingo. They landed at La Caleta, near San Pedro Macorí, and Vice-President Figueredo addressed Castillo with these words:

"My General, I feel very sorry to say to you that you are sentenced to death."

"That is impossible," answered Castillo. "How can I be sentenced to death without a trial? How can I be sentenced without my having made first my defence?"

All his pleading was of no avail. The soldiers of El Pacificador fired on him and he fell dead, pierced by several bullets.

"At last justice is done," exclaimed José Estay when a doctor certified the death of Castillo.

"Not yet, sir," answered President Heureaux, approaching him. "Another sentence has to be executed before we can say that justice is satisfied. That sentence is yours, Gen. José Estay."

After these words the unfortunate Estay was carried to the place where Castillo was shot, and the soldiers of El Pacificador again did their duty.

President Heureaux entered San Pedro Macorí with his two war ships and his military force. He appointed a new Governor and returned to San Domingo, leaving in the province not the least desire to rebel against his authority.

CANADA'S ELECTIONS.

Sir Charles Tupper Issues the Manifesto of the Conservative Party.

OTTAWA, May 6.—Sir Charles Tupper has issued a manifesto to the electors of Canada in which he gives his reasons for asking their support at the coming elections. He says that the Conservative party has consistently adhered to certain fixed principles of government as being best adapted to the needs of the country, while the course of the Liberal party has been vacillating and uncertain, whether in relation to fiscal matters or the general development of Canadian interests. He makes a strong appeal to the electors for their support in maintaining the national policy.

He refers to the colonial conference held at Ottawa in 1894, at which a series of resolutions were passed in favor of closer trade relations with the empire involving the principle of preferential tariff arrangements, and says this opens a hopeful view to Canada. He refers to the steps taken by the Government to secure a better steamship service on the Atlantic between Canada and Great Britain, and says that by reason of Canada's geographical position and the speed of the proposed new steamships, which will, when the service has been inaugurated, receive a large share of the traffic of the Western States.

Closely associated with the improvements of the steamship service on the Atlantic is the project of making Canada the chief highway between Great Britain and Australia and between Great Britain and the East. The means for accomplishing this great undertaking are at hand, and, with the assistance of the Canadian people at this juncture, Sir Charles says that success is assured. The Pacific cable scheme is highly commended and spoken of as an essential complement to the transportation facilities.

Sir Charles says the Government will adhere to its policy regarding remedial legislation in connection with the Manitoba schools. The national defences are to be strengthened and efforts made to induce immigration. Negotiations looking to the admission of Newfoundland into the Canadian federation are also to be resumed.

BICYCLES IN CANADA.

Making It More Convenient for Our Tourists to Cross the Border.

OTTAWA, May 6.—A new arrangement for the admission of tourists' bicycles from the United States goes into force forthwith. Members of the League of American Wheelmen will be allowed to bring in their wheels duty free on depositing their certificates of membership with the customs collector at the port of entry. This is conceded because the Canadian Wheelmen's Association have guaranteed to pay to the Government the duty on wheels that tourists bring in, but which are not afterward exported.

Bicyclists who go from Canada to the United States may, on leaving the country, obtain a certificate describing their wheels. This will entitle them to free entry on their return. No fees whatever will be collected for this service, the desire of the Government being to facilitate travel on bicycles so far as it can possibly do consistently with protection of the revenue.

Killed While Cleaning Windows.

Maggie Curtin, 21 years old, employed as a servant in Contractor Michael Mullery's house, 1 Orchard street, was sent up stairs yesterday to clean the windows. While sitting on a window sill on the third floor she lost her hold on the window sash and fell into the back yard. Her head struck the ground and she was killed instantly. The body was taken to the Morgue.

A SQUABBLE AT A GRAVE.

A Lutheran Minister in Conflict with Lodge Members.

The Rev. J. Heck, pastor of the German Lutheran Church at Third and Bloomfield streets, Hoboken, was displeased by the action of some lodge members at the funeral of Mrs. Meta Schmidt of 609 Park avenue, Hoboken, who was buried at the German Lutheran Cemetery in Greenpoint on Monday.

Mrs. Schmidt died on Saturday last from the effect of injuries received in a fall from the roof of an extension in the rear of 610 Park avenue. She was a member of Schiller Lodge 1,839, Knights and Ladies of Honor, and of the Hoboken Independent Frauen Verein. Funeral services were held in Pastor Heck's church, and delegations from both these organizations attended. Although in the German Lutheran Church one of the rules provides that lodge members shall not wear regalia in the church, many of the members attended in partial regalia. Those that came without regalia received the distinguishing mark of the lodges from members inside the church. Pastor Heck did not object to this, as he did not care to make any trouble.

The body was followed to the grave by the lodge members, four women and two men acting as pall bearers. Pastor Heck says that lodge members are only tolerated by his church and can only become communicants, being debarred from other privileges because of such association. It is a rule of the church that lodge services shall not be allowed at funerals where clergymen of the Lutheran Church officiate. Past