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BEAUTIFUL PETIT MANAN.

The Charming Summer Resort on the Maine Coast

BAR HARBOR'S NEW NEIGHBOR A RIVAL OF NEWPORT AND NARRAGANSETT.

Safe Yachting, Warm Bathing, Lovely Surroundings, a Big Deer Park and the Open Sea.

Boston was the first to discover the delightful possibilities for summer residences of the Maine coast. The people of Boston are always discriminating and far-sighted, and it did not take them long to discover that delightful nooks for whiling away summer hours were to be looked for to the north of them rather than to the south. Accordingly for many years we have heard of Boston's population going every summer to a number of delightful resorts along the shore of Massachusetts and Maine. The tendency each year has been to push along a little further. First it was Nahant, then Manchester-by-the-Sea, then Bar Harbor, and soon it will be Petit Manan.

New York has closely followed Boston in this movement toward the north. The fact is, available places for seashore residences this side of Maine are getting to be very scarce. Newport is crowded. Narragansett does not fill the bill. New London and other places along the Sound have long been voted a failure, except for a class of people who have only a limited vacation at their disposal. The Jersey coast is regarded in the same light, and in addition is objectionable because it involves a southerly trip, which, for some unaccountable reason, is not looked upon with favor. Our best people, like those of Boston, prefer to go north instead of south in summer. Hence each year we hear of increased numbers of our wealthy people making purchases of property along the Maine coast. The movement is well defined, and has come to stay. As a matter of fact there is no other place for them to go. Short excursions, of course, can be made in this direction or in that, but if a permanent summer residence is sought for where a considerable investment can be made, and where a family can be taken each year, those who look into the matter will find that very little choice is left them this side of Maine's picturesque shores.

A knowledge of this fact has probably had something to do with the bringing into existence of the Petit Manan Land and Industrial Company. This corporation is organized under the laws of the State of Maine and is developing the peninsula known as Petit Manan, which lies a short distance beyond Bar Harbor. The peninsula contains 2,565 acres, all of which the company owns, and probably is as delightful a spot in summer as can be found on this continent. The situation is just right for an exclusive summer resort. It is easy of access, and yet not so easy as Newport, which already is being overrun by crowds from near-by cities. The temperature is wonderfully invigorating, while the lay of the land affords great facilities for architectural displays. On entering the property an elevation of about 200 feet is obtained, and from this point a gradual slope extends to the southward, a high ridge, however, running almost the entire length of the peninsula. This arrangement is, of course, admirable for the location of building sites, as fine views are afforded from every point, the interior location being fully as desirable as those near the water's edge.

To those who enjoy the beauties of nature, a suitable point of view is of paramount importance, and for this purpose Park Lodge Lookout has been constructed near the entrance. Standing there at an elevation of more than two hundred feet, and turning in whatever direction, one finds new points of outlook and fresh beauty everywhere.

To the west Dyer's Bay and the Atlantic Ocean, equally fascinating in shadow or sunshine, with Bar Harbor and Green Mountain in the distance. To the east the land inclines into two bays, Pigeon Hill and Narraguagus, the smooth surface of their deep waters duplicating with wonderful faithfulness the forms and colorings of land and sky, while their numerous islands add variety to the scene. Southward, separated from the peninsula by a sandbar, over which, however, ships pass, lies Petit Manan Island, a picturesque spot, with its stone lighthouse rising 125 feet above the waves, while its fixed light shines steadily forth, "A pillar of fire by night."

The startled waves leap over it; the storm
smites it with all the scourges of the rain,
And steadily against its solid form press the
great shoulders of the hurricane.

Dyer's ledges, five in number, form a natural breakwater in the bay of that name. On the innermost ledge "Needle Rock" is a conspicuous figure. This rock is a huge natural obelisk firmly wedged into the ledge—an erect, tireless, ever-watchful sentinel, so the legend affirms, of Capt. Kidd's ill-gotten buried treasures. Whether true or not, Kidd's Cave, near by, is, of a certainty, sufficiently weird to have been the scene of far more ghostly events than the burying of pots of gold.

Coming suddenly in view of Castle Cove, one is forcibly reminded of the Old World, for here is found a strange group of rocks, some upright, others toppled over, the whole closely resembling the ruins of an ancient castle, with its battlements, breastworks, and broken columns. Facing the sea, in lonely splendor, it looks out across the waters, while the white-winged gulls circle and scream round its crest, and the billows, with ceaseless monotone, beat at its feet.

KIDD'S CAVE.

Paper Weight Cove, a bend in the ever-varying coast line of Dyer's Bay, reveals a beach strewn with countless stones of all colors, differing in size from a silver dollar to a rock two feet in diameter. At intervals all along this shore beautiful groves crown the cliffs, tufts of grasses and nodding harebells cling lovingly in their crevices, softening and transforming their rugged faces into wondrous beauty.

Another portion of this varied coast of more than ordinary interest to the tourist is the Crescent Bathing Pool. Here, in the long ago, the sea, in one of its abrupt invasions of the coast line, scooped out the land, leaving a charming beach of lustrous sand, which is continued on the lines of this famous curve by a bar composed of innumerable pebbles, stones, sand, etc. These great natural advantages have been supplemented by the cunning device of man, and a dam, 470 feet long, in which are great floodgates, has been built, connecting the extreme point of this bar with the shore. At flood tide the gates are opened, and in come the rising waters. When the pool, which is about ten acres in extent, is sufficiently filled, the gates are closed, and under the influence of the sun's genial rays the imprisoned waters are soon raised to a comfortable temperature. This is one of the features of Petit Manan that is not found in any other New England resort. A delightful bath without fear of surf or undertow, but replete with safety, comfort, and luxury to all participants.

Pinkham's Cove, a narrow inlet of Dyer's Bay, extending about half a mile into the land, is a delightful retreat. Its shores are adorned with overhanging groups of fair mountain ash, whose delicate, feather-shaped leaves and dense clusters of cream-white blossoms form a pleasing contrast to the lustrous beach and gleaming waters, while the more sombre coloring of an occasional pine, or grove of sturdy birches, adds diversity to the scene.

This cove is a favorite boating resort, having been made perfectly safe for women and children to enjoy this healthful exercise by the construction of a dam 170 feet long, connecting its opposite sides near the mouth.

Here, too, is one of the largest game preserves in America, almost as large as Central Park, New York. Its area (720 acres) is enclosed by more than five miles of wire fence, and stocked with an abundance of deer, Norway grouse, hare, and partridge. These, with the splendid trout found in the streams, together with the deep-sea fishing, combine to make Petit Manan a veritable sportsman's paradise.

The coast in this section is admirably adapted for boating and yachting, the numerous islands, large and small, giving a vast area of inland navigation. Indeed, where Casco Bay boasts an island for every day in the year, and poets sing of hundred-harbored Maine, one might readily spend a summer after this fashion and yet not exhaust one-half its extent.

The ledges to the south of the peninsula are the favorite playground and resting place of seals, or "sea lions," as they are sometimes called. Here they congregate in immense numbers, sporting in the waves, diving and swimming with exceptional activity, or, when the tide is out, bask enjoyably on the rocks.

In fact, there is no spot on the New England seaboard which presents a wider choice of marine enjoyments than Petit Manan. The artist, seeking to reproduce on canvas the beauties of nature; the geologist, ever examining with critical attention the various rich formations; the golf enthusiast, eager for a stretch of virgin soil suited to his game; the bicyclist, looking for good roads; the statesman, desirous of absolute relaxation and change from everything which he, for the time being, loathes; the overworked business man, and the weary invalid—to all these as well as to usual gay frequenters of seashore resorts, Petit Manan cannot but prove a self-satisfying, happy summer playground.

With an exclusive location, with an invigorating climate, and with great natural advantages, the Petit Manan Land and Industrial Company feel that it is only a question of a short time before the whole of their property will be taken up. They, of course, are improving the property in every possible way. Some twenty-two miles of streets are projected, of which sixteen miles are nearly completed. These form beautiful drives in any kind of weather. The company have also inaugurated a park system, as well as a system of water works, sewerage, electric lighting, &c., &c. There are also a hotel, a club house, and between fifty and sixty other buildings in course of construction at the present time, which number will be largely increased as the season advances. A wharf 500 feet long has been built, and communication will be kept up regularly with Bar Harbor, which is only one hour's sail. Petit Manan is also in regular communication with Rockland, Me., and with the Boston and Maine and the Maine Central railroads, via the Mount Desert Ferry. Communication with Bar Harbor gives residents of Petit Manan all the social advantages of that place, while exclusiveness can be maintained if desired.

BEAR COVE.

SKETCH OF COTTAGE FOR PETIT MANAN, ME.

The project appeals to New York business men in two ways. First, as a place of residence for themselves and their families. Secondly, as an investment in the Petit Manan Land and Industrial Company. Perhaps it is unnecessary to say anything more on the first of these questions, except that a little investigation will show the great advantages of Petit Manan as compared with any other growing summer resort at present before the public. We are inclined to think that in a few years Petit Manan will be a much more delightful and exclusive place of residence than Newport is at present. If this proves to be anywhere near the case, the stock of the Petit Manan Land and Industrial Company is one of the best stocks at present on the market. Every foot of the 2,565 acres which the company owns will be in demand, and choice lots will probably bring close to $1 per square foot. This, of course, would make the whole tract almost of fabulous value. Without going into all this, however, we can easily see how quick sales can be made so as to pay regular dividends to parties who invest in the $200,000 of treasury stock, which the company is now offering to investors, with the prospect of large extra dividends in the near future. An interesting thing in connection with the sales of the stock now offered is that through the International Trust Company of Boston, all stock sold is secured by a portion of the land set aside for this purpose, estimated at 3 cents per square foot, which is one-fourth the present average price of 12 cents per square foot, lots having sold at as high as 23 cents, so that in effect the stock is in the nature of a mortgage. This being the case, the investment is one where large dividends will likely be paid, while at the same time all risk is practically eliminated.

This company have opened an office in the METROPOLITAN BUILDING, 1 MADISON AV., where full information may be obtained. Charts, maps, blue prints, showing plotted land, views of the property, sketches of houses being built and full explanations, and description of the general features of the enterprise may be had from the gentleman in charge of the office. An hour can be both pleasantly and profitably spent in looking into matters pertaining to the new Bar Harbor, whose growth has been so phenomenal that values have already more than quadrupled. Prospectuses, maps, and other literature will be sent by mail on application. Address

PETIT MANAN LAND & INDUSTRIAL CO.,
METROPOLITAN BUILDING,
1 MADISON AVENUE.

MOVING 66 TONS OF GOLD.

JUST HOW THE WORK COMPLETED YESTERDAY WAS DONE.

Clearing House Watchers at Each End of the Route and Accompanying the Trucks on Which the $50,000 Packages Were Transferred to the New Vaults.

The transfer of the $32,000,000 in gold from the vaults of the Mercantile Safe Deposit Company in the Equitable building to the new vaults of the Clearing House in Cedar street, which was begun on April 30, was completed yesterday, and all without a mishap or more incident than the ordinary moving of office fixtures.

Few persons realize what such a sum as $32,000,000 means when it is all in gold. At a dollar a pennyweight, which is about its value, it means 1,000,000 ounces, or 133,333⅓ pounds, equal to 66⅔ tons. Had the transfer been made in freight cars, the gold would have loaded six of the old-fashioned ones. It would load thirteen of the big double trucks, or make more than sixty wagon loads in the country. If the gold had been transferred by men as carriers, and divided into loads of 133⅓ pounds for each man, it would have taken 1,000 men to move it, and the procession would have been long enough to reach from Cedar street to Thomas street, along Broadway, past the City Hall, and three blocks beyond. Each of the 1,000 men would then have been supporting on his back a fortune of $32,000. Still there wouldn't have been much more danger of his running away with it than there is of a man's running off with a ball and chain. The gold and the men in such a procession would be almost equal in weight.

All of this gold is the property of the banks which form the New York Clearing House. This is about one-half of the gold which these banks keep constantly on hand, and this part of it has been deposited with the Clearing House in exchange for Clearing House certificates. These certificates are used in place of money in settling the balances which arise in the course of each day's business among the banks of the association. The certificates may be redeemed for the gold at any time, but there is little chance that the gold which has just been locked and sealed in the Clearing House vaults will be disturbed again for a generation except for an occasional counting.

Before the Clearing House erected its new building in Cedar street it had no place of its own in which to keep this vast fortune of gold. It, therefore, was counted, weighed, and sealed in bags, each holding $5,000, and placed in the vaults of the Mercantile Safe Deposit Company.

When the transfer began, the bags were taken out in the presence of Manager Sheecer of the Clearing House or of Assistant Manager William J. Gilpin and of members of the Clearing House Committee and also of the Bank Committee, in whose presence they had been originally sealed, and the seals and numbers of the bags were checked. Each lot of ten bags was locked in a strong box made of California redwood, and the box, containing $50,000, was placed in one of John Barclay's one-horse trucks, which was waiting at the Broadway entrance to the Mercantile Safe Deposit Company's vaults. Twenty boxes or two tons of gold made a load, and this was driven around the corner and 150 feet or so down Cedar street to the entrance to the Clearing House vaults. Some of the members of the two committees of bankers rode with each load and a single extra policeman was on duty in the street.

Two million dollars was transferred thus on April 30. On the following day $3,000,000 was moved, and since then $5,000,000 a day was moved, except on Saturday and Sunday a week ago. Yesterday the last $2,000,000 was moved.

When the boxes of gold got to the Clearing House, they were put upon a sidewalk elevator and lowered into the vault just as if they had been boxes of coal. Down there the members of the Clearing House and of the bank committee followed them, for it takes some of both committees to open the big safes in which the gold was stowed away.

The new vault was dedicated in THE SUN last winter. It is the biggest and thickest steel strong box in the country, and is supposed to be the nearest to burglar proof of all in the world. It is a great steel box supported on piers, so that watchmen can see all around it and under and over it, and its walls are made up of alternate plates of undrillable chrome steel and unbreakable soft steel to a thickness of six inches. This safe is divided into three compartments, and each compartment has a [illegible] door and inner doors nearly as heavy. These doors have separate combinations, and no one man is allowed to know them both. They are protected by triple time locks and by electrical connections both within the building and also running over to the Mercantile Safe Deposit Company's watch rooms.

Within each of these safes are seventy steel closets, and each closet has two separate locks. Each closet holds $500,000 in gold, or about one ton.

The $32,000,000 was just about enough to fill one compartment of the big safe. As the gold was already under seal, it did not need weighing, but the two committees counted the bags, saw them put into the closets, each committee turned its own key in the closets, and then each one locked the safe door that it was responsible for, and departed. In order that current business may be carried on, and small sums in gold taken in or paid out say, a few millions of dollars without calling out both committees, there are other closets between the inner and outer doors of each safe where such sums may be kept, but these can be got at only in business hours.

Besides the officers of the Clearing House, the men who had charge of the transfer of the sixty-six tons of gold were J. T. Mills, Jr., cashier of the Chase National Bank; F. Halpin, assistant cashier of the Chemical National Bank; H. H. Powell, assistant cashier of the Importers' and Traders' National Bank; W. E. Williams, assistant cashier of the Corn Exchange Bank, and W. H. Tappan, assistant cashier of the Third National Bank.

CANDIDATES FOR ALIMONY.

Mrs. Shrady, None; Mrs. Sueckner, $155 a Month; Mrs. Graeffe, $75.

A motion to punish George Shrady for contempt of court for failing to pay Georgina M. Shrady $400 arrears of alimony in an action he has brought against her to annul their marriage has been denied by Justice Pryor of the Supreme Court, who says he does not think the man has the money to pay. Shrady, who is in the real estate business, declares that the half million dollars which he received from the estate of his father has been dissipated, largely through the extravagance of his wife. He says she was a song-and-dance actress under the name of Miss McIntoite when he married her, and that she had a husband living at the time from whom she was not divorced.

Justice Stover of the Supreme Court has approved the report of Referee Lewis L. Delafield, which finds that Mrs. Louisa F. Sueckner should receive $155 a month for her support in the action in which she got a decree of separation from William Sueckner on the grounds of cruelty and desertion. He is a wealthy man, 84 years old. He was a widower when they were married in 1865, and his children by the former marriage, as well as their own grown son, took sides with Mrs. Sueckner in the suit.

In granting to Jessie M. Graeffe $75 a month alimony and a counsel fee of $100 in her action for a separation from Lawyer Albert J. Graeffe, Justice Pryor of the Supreme Court yesterday said that he had been in doubt how to decide the question for counsel fee and alimony, as he knew the earnings of a lawyer "to be precarious and an inconstant supply."

Strong Kills the Haffen Salary Bill.

Mayor Strong has disapproved the bill increasing the salary of Louis F. Haffen, Commissioner of Street Improvements in the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Wards, from $5,000 to $8,000, and that of his assistant from $3,500 to $5,000. Senator Guy and Assemblyman Butts spoke for the bill. When they had finished the Mayor got off his little speech that he had not consented to the increase of a salary since he had become Mayor, and that he did not intend to do so while he was Mayor. He said he thought Commissioner Haffen earned more than his present salary, and he would be one of twenty to get up a testimonial when Mr. Haffen went out of office to give him in lieu of the increased salary he didn't get.

The Mayor will in all probability also reject the bill increasing the salaries of two assistant clerks in the City Court from $1,500 to $2,000.

He has approved the bill giving the Park Department jurisdiction over West Eighty-sixth, Ninety-sixth, and 125th streets, making them parkways; also the bill prohibiting the use of any park roadways north of Fifty-ninth street by business wagons.

Betsy Likes Salt Water and Sea Grass.

Betsy, the sea cow of the Central Park menagerie, causes her keepers considerable trouble. Yesterday she wanted a salt water bath and was very surly until Keeper Snyder figured out her desire and gave her a good scrubbing with salt water of his own manufacture. Her diet is still a mystery. Grass and lettuce seemed to satisfy her for a while, but now she despises both. Sea grass from the East River has been tried with success, and Mr. Kruger has ordered a barrel of this variety of food to be brought to the Park every week.

FIRE CHIEF SHAW DEAD.

He Did Not Recover Consciousness After His Fall on Friday Night.

Fire Chief William Shaw of the Sixth battalion died at 6:45 o'clock yesterday morning in St. Vincent's Hospital from the effects of the injuries which he received on Friday night by falling from a ladder at a fire in the building at 214 Greene street. The Chief attempted to climb down the ladder which had been placed through the shaft of the sidewalk elevator to the sub-cellar of the building. The shaft was dark, and the Chief trusted to his experience in descending ladders and not to his eyesight. He made one step safely, but as he took the other the men waiting to follow him saw him topple and fall. He pitched headlong to the bottom of the shaft, a distance of twenty-five feet. The Chief was found lying face downward with a deep gash in his head. At the hospital it was found that his skull was fractured. He did not recover consciousness after the accident.

Chief Shaw was born in Ireland fifty-seven years ago. He came to this country when less than 10 years old. He has lived in the Sixteenth and Twentieth wards ever since, and was well known to the residents in those districts. Chief Shaw became interested in the fireman's life when he joined the Chelsea Hook and Ladder Company, No. 2, of the Volunteer Fire Department in 1861.

He began the career as a regular fireman with the inception of the present department. He was promoted to be assistant foreman on Oct. 2, 1865, and foreman on May 1, 1869. On Jan. 1, 1895, he was made Battalion Chief. He succeeded the late Battalion Chief John J. Breslin, who was killed on Dec. 29 of last year at a fire in West Twenty-fourth street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues.

Chief Shaw was utterly devoid of fear, and it was his practice to lead his men and work with them. He was regarded as the best man in the department to locate a fire. In burning buildings which are filled with smoke it is impossible to see the fire, which is then located by the intensity of the heat felt on the floors or walls. Chief Shaw almost instinctively located a fire while others were still trying to follow up the last clue. He had several miraculous escapes from death during his career.

In 1872, during the burning of a piano factory in Tenth avenue, a large balcony on the fifth floor of the building suddenly fell burying the Chief in the debris. When extricated he was found to have sustained only first aid injuries. Later, while driving on a truck at breakneck speed through Thirty-second street on the way to a fire, one of the wheels caught in an excavation which had not been properly fixed with danger lamps, and the truck was overturned. Shaw fell underneath the wagon. He escaped with a broken ankle.

He was a veteran of the late war and a member of Farnum Post G. A. R. Chief Shaw lived with his wife at 119 West Eighteenth street. He has a son who is a fireman connected with Engine No. 30. A brother of the Chief is Captain of Hook and Ladder Company 13.

A 50-CENT SHAWL FOR $25.

Baker Jacob Ross Good-naturedly Advances Money to Oblige a Stranger.

An elderly man in sailor clothes dropped into the bakery of Jacob Ross at 228 Ewen street, Williamsburgh, on Friday night, and after buying a loaf of bread engaged the baker in conversation. Presently a younger man, also in sailor clothes, entered. He, too, bought a loaf of bread, and then casually exhibited a shawl which he said was worth $100. He said the shawl had been smuggled into this country.

The first customer examined it, and finally agreed to give $25 for it. When the bargain had been concluded, however, the first said that he had left his pocketbook at home. He induced the baker to advance him the money, and gave him the shawl to keep until he returned with the $25. The second customer took the money and departed. The first waited a minute and then left, promising to return soon. When he had been gone a long time the baker made inquiries, and discovered that the shawl was worth about fifty cents.

Le Roy Andrews and His Brother Paroled.

Le Roy Andrews, assistant manager of the Association for the Suppression of Fraudulent Auctions, and his brother, Frank Andrews, who were arrested on Friday night, charged with conspiracy and abetting a larceny, were paroled by Judge Fitzgerald in the General Sessions yesterday at the request of Assistant District Attorney Vernon M. Davis. The latter stated that both men were reputable business men, and were engaged in legitimate efforts to discover irregularities in auction sales when arrested on complaint of Auctioneer David Lindenborn. They complained against Lindenborn, and he was trying to make a counter complaint.

THE BOY TRAIN WRECKERS.

HILDRETH, HIBBARD, AND PLATO TAKEN TO AUBURN PRISON.

A Great and Turbulent Crowd at the Depot in Rome to See Them Off—Affecting Parting Between Hildreth and Miss Perryn—Another Big Crowd at the Auburn Depot.

ROME, N. Y., May 9. John Watson Hildreth, Herbert Plato, and Theodore Hibbard, the convicted young train wreckers, started for Auburn prison on the train which passes this station at 11:11. An immense crowd, that became a turbulent mob at the station, lined the streets to see the boys on their journey down from the jail. They were handcuffed together, Hibbard in the middle, Plato on the right and Hildreth on the left side. They were in charge of Sheriff Weaver, who was accompanied to the station by two deputies and was met there by two police officers, who helped make a passageway to the train. The boys did not seem downcast.

Many curious people visited the jail during the morning to catch a glimpse of the prisoners preparing for the trip. This seemed to please them, and they laughed and joked together. At about half past 10 Hibbard's parents and his sister, Maud, went to the jail and talked with him for some time. One of Plato's brothers called to bid him farewell, and shed tears as the boy was taken away. Hildreth had no other visitor except Attorney Searle, who came in to bid them all good-by.

During the morning one of the prisoners in the jail, Robert Barr, who is held for forgery, cut Hildreth's long hair, making him look a good deal younger. On his departure Hildreth wore a black soft hat and a black suit and tie. Hibbard and Plato also had on black suits, but Hibbard wore a light bow tie and a black derby hat, while Plato had on a flaring pink four-in-hand and wore a little cap, set jauntily on the back of his head. Before leaving the jail Plato lit lighted a cigarette. A number of acquaintances shouted good-by to the boys on the way through the city, and some young girls shed a few tears.

The crush at the station was something terrific. The Sheriff took the boys around the back way and got them into the baggage room. Hundreds of people stood about the station struggling to get a glimpse of the boys. When the train came in the policemen had to force a way through the crowd to get the Sheriff and his charges safely aboard. At the station Hildreth said he considered that his sentence was no heavier than that of the other boys.

"After a man has spent twenty-four years in prison," he said, "he will be about ready to die."

Miss Perryn was at the station to see Hildreth off, but she did not get a chance to speak with him. After the boys were taken into the depot by the back way she followed them and knocked on the door. It had been locked, however, and those inside did not hear her, so she was not admitted. Her grief was plainly evident to all who saw her. Last evening Mrs. Perryn and her daughter called on Hildreth at the jail. The boy was allowed to receive his friends in a room off the jail office. They remained almost an hour. Hildreth and the girl embraced in the most affectionate manner, and both were in tears. The lad tried to cheer her up, however, by telling her that his father and Mr. Sayles had promised to do everything they could to get him pardoned, and he hoped to be free in a few years. When the time came to part the two young people were greatly affected. It was the first time they had met to talk together since Hildreth's arrest, except for the short chats in the Court House.

Another affecting scene occurred when Plato's grandmother, Mrs. Truesdell, and two of his brothers went to the jail to say farewell to him. Herbert is the eldest of the family and has always lived with his grandmother, who thinks the world of him. She is in very feeble health and they told her he had been sentenced for only three months, as it was feared that if she knew the truth it would kill her. As it was, she exhibited much grief at the parting. Hibbard's father and mother, three brothers and two sisters also made a similar errand to the jail. There was much weeping on all sides over the parting, and the prisoner was greatly moved.

AUBURN, May 9. The three boy train wreckers, handcuffed together, accompanied by Sheriff Weaver of Oneida county, alighted from the 1:25 train west this afternoon. The station and the intervening space to the prison gate were one mass of curious humanity, through which the quartet, preceded by two policemen, forced their way. Plato wore a smile as he passed through the gate and up the prison steps. His cap was perched on one side of his head and his step was light. Hibbard's and Hildreth's faces were pale, but their step was firm and they looked straight ahead. The youthful prisoners were taken directly to the barber shop, where their hair was clipped close to their heads.

After a bath they were dressed in regulation stripes and taken to the clerk's office for registration. They were then locked in the cells allotted to them. Their new clothes were a sorry misfit, owing to their small stature, young Hildreth's trousers being ample enough to accommodate another of his size. Coming down on the train from Syracuse the boys emptied the contents of their pockets and liberally wrote their autographs to sympathizing passengers in the car.

$15 CHECK AGAINST $1 ACCOUNT.

This Disparity the Reason for George L. Harrison's Arrest.

George L. Harrison, 47 years old, the assistant manager of Walter Sanford's theatrical company, was arrested at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, on Friday night by Policeman Dugan of the Jefferson Market Court squad, on a warrant charging him with passing a worthless check for $15 on Patrick Eagan, the proprietor of a café at 7 Clinton place. The check was drawn on the Murray Hill Bank, was made payable to Joseph Felan, and was signed by Harrison. Felan is the cashier of Sanford's company, and he, too, is wanted, but he cannot be found.

In court Harrison admitted giving the check to Eagan, and said he had an account in the bank on which it was drawn, and had no intention of defrauding any one. At his request his examination was postponed until to-morrow. His account in the Murray Hill Bank is said to be less than $1.

William H. Sloane, an actor, of 258 West Forty-fourth street, was a prisoner in Jefferson Market Court yesterday morning on a warrant sworn out by the theatrical manager, Edward Rice. The two men had a lively dispute in Palmer's Theatre on Monday night, and Rice says Sloane threatened to do him bodily harm. Sloane says he made no threats, but that there was a dispute about money owed him by Mr. Rice. Mr. Rice did not appear in court yesterday, and Sloane was paroled until to-morrow afternoon.

FROM ONE HOSPITAL TO ANOTHER.

Was the Patient's Life Risked by the Transfer?

Mary Thompson, a widow, 54 years old, while walking in her sleep on the morning of May 1, fell down stairs at her home, 360 Fifth street, Brooklyn, and was removed to the Seney Hospital in an unconscious condition. On Thursday the hospital authorities notified her daughter that she had become so noisy and unruly that she would have to be taken elsewhere, and she was transferred to St. Peter's Hospital.

The daughter says that she was in no condition to be removed, and yesterday the doctors at St. Peter's declared that she was still in much need of medical treatment when received there, and was suffering from internal injuries, which were likely to result in her death. At the Seney Hospital it was said that the patient had almost entirely recovered when the transfer took place.

James M. Waterbury's Assets.

The examination of James M. Waterbury in supplementary proceedings was resumed yesterday in the Supreme Court, before Judge Truax. Baring, Magoun & Co., the bankers, secured a judgment of $131,547.27 against Mr. Waterbury for money lent to his firm in 1892. Mr. Waterbury had testified that he was supported by his wife, who kept up their country house at Westchester out of her own means. Mr. Waterbury declared yesterday that his clothing, including all kinds of suits, would not bring $100 if sold at auction, and that all his other wearing apparel probably could not be sold for more than $100. He said that the gold watch and ring he wore belonged to his wife, and that he had not sold them to her to prevent his creditors from getting them. He said he received no income from any source. His wife had given him a check for $1,000 two weeks ago.

The hearing was adjourned until Saturday, when Mr. Waterbury will bring his bank book to court.

Waterbury Preachers Not Opposed to Sunday Bicycling.

WATERBURY, Conn., May 9.—Interviews printed in the *American* to-day with the leading clergymen of the city on the question as to whether bicycling on Sunday is a vice, resulted in a unanimous recommendation of Sunday wheeling, providing church is not neglected, and the outing is of an orderly character. The Sunday runs of the Waterbury Wheel Club to neighboring cities were condemned.

WOMAN HELD FOR KIDNAPPING.

The Child Who Has Lived with Her Two Years Declares She's Not His Mother.

Fannie Lampman, alias Haig, alias McGee, alias Hardwick, the woman arrested on Friday on a charge of having kidnapped an eight-year-old boy from Bay City, Mich., was arraigned in the Centre Street Police Court yesterday. Magistrate Simms, after hearing the statements of the detectives and reading the telegrams from the Chief of Police of Megaunee, Mich., upon whose request the woman was arrested, committed her to the Tombs in $1,000 bail to await the arrival of requisition papers from Michigan. The child was committed to the care of the Gerry society.

The woman became hysterical when separated from the boy, but the latter evinced not the slightest affection for her.

The boy says that he was left alone all Wednesday night, Thursday, and Thursday night in a furnished room at 466 West Twenty-sixth street, and that the only food he got was from some persons who lived in the house. He also tells of the woman coming home at night with strange men and putting him out of bed to sleep on the floor. He insists that she is not his mother.

"Do you call her mother or mamma?" he was asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, "the lady makes me call her mamma when there is any one around."

The lad says his name is William Eddie Withmer, and that he is the son of George Withmer, who lives at Whitamore, Mich., twenty-five miles from Vassar. About two years ago, he says, he was kicked in the back of the head by a horse, and he shows the scars to corroborate the statement. In his telegrams the Chief of Police of Megaunee stated that the boy could be identified by scars on the back of his head, caused by the kick of a horse, immediately after being kicked. Eddie says he was taken from his mother's house to that of his grandmother, whose name is Grendall, and who lives in Vassar. "It was there," said the boy, "that the lady came and got me. She said to my gran'ma, 'You've got four dead now, and if you don't give me this boy I'll kill two more.' Then gran'ma said I couldn't go and got a warrant out for her, but she made my gran'ma take it back again. Then the lady took me away on the train."

Continuing, the child told of their wanderings in the United States, and finally of the trip to Scotland and the return to New York.

The List of Referees.

The following is a list of referees appointed in the State courts in this city last week:

SUPREME COURT.

By Judge Pryor.

Cases.	Referees.
Matter of Lyon	Hugh R. Garden.
Marthing agt. Meadam	Nelson Smith.
Hirshberg agt. Hirshberg	Samuel B. Paul.
Ellis agt. Ellis	Edward L. Patterson.
Jones agt. Simon	George Landon.
Acker Merrall & Condit Co. agt. Bender	William O. Davies.
Inst. for Savings of Merchants' Clerks agt. Ferris	Thomas C. T. Crain.
Parsons agt. Doe	Quincy W. Doane.
Matter of Octave Walter Op. Co.	Edward L. Parker.
Darling agt. Mathews	William M. Hoes.
Blackhaus agt. New England Mut. Life Ins. Co.	Edward Browne.
Robinson agt. Larson	Charles N. Morgan.
Matter of Am. Trading Society	Hugh R. Garden.
Matter of Federal Bank	Lawrence E. Embree.
Matter of Dale Fire Mfg. Co.	Samuel B. Paul.
Kelly agt. Kleinne	Norman F. M. Mellius.
Cruser agt. Thompson	Thomas C. Kinney.
Hewison agt. England	Edward L. Patterson.
Birchall agt. Birchall	Oswald J. Jacoby.

By Judge Truax.

Cohn agt. Boscher	Francis A. Unger.
Southworth agt. Wellner	Daniel Thomson.
Fleming agt. Wilcox	James A. Dearing.
Rives agt. Owen	Edward Merritt.
Slade agt. Morrow	Francis A. Duiro.
Nolan agt. Dreen	Wm. M. K. Olcott.

By Judge Beach.

McGovern agt. Hynes	Bastus S. Ransom.

By Judge Dugro.

Hahn agt. Man. Disp. and Hospital	Frederick A. Ward.

By Judge Andrews.

Riggs agt. Riggs	John H. Judge.
Matter of Colleen (two cases)	Edward D. O'Brien.
N. Y. Life Ins. Co. agt. Livingston (two cases)	James B. Butler.
Matter of Tokushima	Frank S. Donohue.
Riggs agt. Riggs	James B. Butler.
Bodinger agt. Bodinger	Edward D. O'Brien.
Von agt. Ogden	Hamilton Odell.
Bertin agt. Bertin	John H. Judge.

By Judge Smith.

Davidson agt. Schultze	John H. Rogan.
Chase agt. Ferguson	Wm. J. Lardner.

By Judge Lawrence.

Am. Fibre Chamois Co. agt. Grier	Franklin Bien.

Another Park Commission for Brooklyn.

Justice Gaynor of the Supreme Court in Brooklyn has appointed John M. Rider, Thomas S. Tice, and Chas. E. Woodbridge a Commission to condemn some lands in Bensonhurst, which are required for park purposes.

BLUEJACKETS PARADE.

INDIANA'S MEN MARCH WITH THE NAVAL RESERVE.

The Battle Ship's Tars Were the Guests for the Day of the Amateur Sailors—A Jolly Time on Board the Old New Hampshire, Where the Guests Were Feted.

The bluejackets of the battle ship Indiana were the honored guests yesterday of the First Naval Battalion aboard the old man-of-war New Hampshire, which is kept for the use of the citizen sailors at the foot of East Twenty-eighth street. In the Naval Battalion there is a very general impression that the Yankee bluejacket is the greatest fighting sailor in the world. The bluejackets have said frequently, in their own way, that if all the Naval Reserve are as good fellows and as able seamen as the First Naval Battalion, the ships of the new navy will not want for competent sailors if the time ever comes for their decks to be cleared for action against the navy of an enemy.

In view of the existence of this mutual admiration, the Naval Battalion concluded to cement, even closer, the good feeling between the real and the "tin sailors" by extending the hospitality of the New Hampshire to the Indiana's crew yesterday. The bluejackets had no difficulty in getting shore leave for the day, and therefore no regrets were sent to the invitations. The Indiana's men, by twos and companies, began to arrive aboard the New Hampshire about noon. They came fully armed and equipped. Each man wore a cartridge belt filled with cartridges, a cutlass hung at the side, and tucked under one arm or slung across the shoulder was the bluejacket's rifle.

A light luncheon was served, and then the reason for the guests coming under arms was made manifest. A part of the day's programme included a parade of the battalion and the bluejackets, in the course of which the real and would-be sailors were to be reviewed in front of the Waldorf by the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, the Adjutant-General of the State, and a number of naval officers. The line of march extended from the New Hampshire through Twenty-eighth street to Madison avenue, up Madison avenue to Forty-first street, to Fifth avenue, past the reviewing stand, and back to the New Hampshire.

There were about 650 men in line, headed by the Brooklyn Navy Yard band. After the band came the Indiana's men, under command of Lieut.-Commander John C. Fremont. After the bluejackets came the battalion band and drum corps, followed by the battalion, under Commander I. W. Miller. In the battalion were three divisions of infantry, including the Hospital Corps, and one division of artillery, with four rapid-fire guns.

A crowd had gathered in front of the reviewing stand to see the sailors march by. The reviewing officers occupied the first row of seats, and included Adjt.-Gen. McAlpin, at whose right stood Commodore Montgomery Sicard, and at whose left was Assistant Secretary of the Navy McAdoo. The other remaining officers were Paymaster-General James M. Varnum, Judge Advocate-General William E. Wallace Coles, George W. Turner, and C. F. James and Major Varnum of the Governor's staff; Capts. Silas Casey and Murray, U. S. N.; Capt. Herbert L. Satterlee, representing the Naval Reserve on the Governor's staff; Lieutenant-Commander Adams, U. S. N., and Lieut. A. P. Niblack, U. S. N.; Lieut. Tappan, U. S. N., and Ensign T. C. Zerega of the Naval Reserve. Others on the platform were Rear Admirals Braine and Erben, U. S. N., retired; Lieut. Church, U. S. N., retired; Aaron Vanderbilt, President of the Naval Reserve Association; Loyal Farragut, a son of Admiral Farragut; Gen. C. H. T. Collis, Elon L. Burroughs, representing Mayor Strong; Col. James G. Gardiner, George F. Henry, Howard Peyson Wilds, Thomas H. Chalmers, and John Archoloman, President of the Board of Aldermen.

After passing the reviewing stand