BARE FEET ON THE GRASS.

FOLLOWERS OF ABBE KNEIPP WANT SOME DEWY LAWN.

Disciples of the Bavarian Water Cleriet Ask for Permission to Stroll Barefooted in Public Parks—They Are Organized, Are Earnest, and Court Investigation.

There is much speculation going on just now as to what action the Park Board will take at its meeting on Tuesday next in the matter of Henry F. Charles's request that certain portions of east and west side parks be set aside in the early morning and early evening for the use of people who desire to walk barefooted across the lawns. The letter which Mr. Charles sent to the Board has not been officially presented to that body yet, as it was not received by Secretary Leary until too late on Tuesday afternoon. It was as follows:

DEAR SIR: The members of the Kneipp Verein No. 1 of New York beg of you to be kind enough and to designate for them a convenient spot on the lawns of one of our public parks where the adherents and disciples of the Kneipp cure are permitted to walk barefoot in the early dawn or in the evening on the grass.

Many members of our society complain that whenever they attempt to take this most healthy of all exercises they are confronted with the prohibitory sign, "Keep off the Grass." Now, what we want is to get on the grass, especially when it is dewy. Yours respectfully, HENRY F. CHARLES,

President of the Kneipp Verein No. 1 von New York, 42 Bond street.

It is not generally known that the famous advocate of the water cure, Abbe Sebastian Kneipp of Woerishofen, Bavaria, has a following in this country, but he has, nevertheless, and, according to Mr. Charles, it is a large and growing one, with branches and intended branches in all of the large cities in the Union. Just at present it would appear that these disciples of the Bavarian are in a quandary. They want to take the exercises which Father Kneipp has prescribed in his books, and which the leaders here say are absolutely necessary as a preventive and a cure for all ailments and disorders ordinarily treated with medicine and surgery. But they cannot do as they wish, they say, because they cannot get the grass to walk on. Walking on dewy grass, slipping on slimy toads and lizards, and taking what many persons would regard as long chances in the direction of pneumonia, is the main treatment according to the Kneipp theory. Alone it does not cure all things; it starts the cure and the rest of the treatment is a mixture of water cure, faith cure, and common sense. A follower of Kneipp keeps himself in health by walking barefooted across the grass when the dew is on it; and as most of the members of Kneipp-Verein No. 1, von New York, are dwellers in flats or apartment houses in the centre of the city, with no dewy grass at hand excepting in the parks, they have been able to see but one solution of the problem, and that is set forth in the letter to the Park Board.

In Europe Kneipp and his followers have a standing. Kneipp has treated royalty and the heads of the church with much success, and thousands of people have flocked to the little Bavarian village to be treated by the water curist. In this country Kneipp may have to fight for a standing. He has never been here, but he is coming very soon, his followers say, and they contend that when he does come he will revolutionize the medical and surgical world. Pending his arrival his believers are spreading his doctrines and doing all in their power to win over converts. They hope to strike double purpose of getting permission from the Park Commissioners to use certain of the parks for health strolls. First of all, they expect to keep themselves in good health, and, secondly, they mean to show the world that they practise what they preach, by inviting the seekers after truth to watch them walk around in the dewy grass. What chance they have of getting the permission they ask for is not known. The Park Commissioners will not talk about the matter now, because the letter has not come before them officially. They seem to regard the proposition kindly, however, and the chances are that ample opportunity to illustrate the virtues of their doctrines will be given to the disciples of Kneipp before long. The Kneippites fear the opposition of medical specialists and general practitioners. They assert that the men of medicine regard them as forerunners of a new kind of quackery, and will fight against their being allowed to ramble in the parks. In reply they say, they are the upholders in this country of sound common sense in the matter of health and strength, and should have the opportunity they desire to prove it, and, incidentally, keep themselves in good shape.

Henry F. Charles, who wrote the letter to the Park Board, is the leader of the followers of Kneipp in this country. He is an enthusiast on the water cure, and says that he will convert the whole country to it before long.

"We are getting along wonderfully well," he said yesterday. "Every day we get new members and 2½ lay more and more people come over to us. When Kneipp comes over and the people hear him talk and see what he can do, the cause will go ahead with a rush. This country must have the water cure the same as they have it abroad. It is established in Europe, and it will be so here before a great while, we hope. Why, Kneipp clubs are springing up all over Europe. Only a few months ago the Queen Regent herself opened a Kneipp club in Madrid, and the latest reports that I have contain the information that our literature has been translated into the Japanese language and is now read on the island of Japan.

"In this country the Kneipp movement was an individual affair for a long time. There were many believers, but somehow they didn't come together. They lacked organization, and as long as they were without it why, of course, the movement could not advance much.

"In 1889 we started the Kneipp-Verein No. 1 in this city. We had but few members at first, but now we have a hundred and established headquarters at 192 Third avenue. Then we began to branch out. Kneipp-Verein No. 2 takes in all of Hudson county. It is located on Jersey City Heights, and Dr. J. Faber is President. It has 150 members now. There is a branch in Brooklyn, too, with headquarters in Arion Hall, on Wall street, and there is another in Newark, while still other branches are being organized in Boston and Chicago. In Germany they have a Kneipp organ, a paper devoted to the water cure. We have one here, too, and it has 800 subscribers. It is printed in German, and is known as the *Kneipp-Blätter*. At present we print it at a loss of nearly $200 an edition, but we will get it on a paying basis after a while, and then we will print an English edition, too.

"I was cured of many serious ailments by the Kneipp method, and I have taken up the work of pushing the cure here so that others may profit as I have. Now, personally I had no cause to write to the Park Commissioners, because I do not live in New York at all. I live in Flatlands, where there is plenty of grass and plenty of dew, and every morning I walk through it in my bare feet.

"Now, why should not my fellow believers in Kneipp enjoy these same privileges? Certainly there are plenty of idle lawns in the parks, and if these lawns are shut off they have no place to go. Most of them live in flats in the heart of the city. They have gone from park to park to take the exercise which they need, and everywhere they are confronted by the same old sign, 'Keep off the grass.' That is why we ask the Commissioners to give us a chance. Anybody is free to see us exercising. There is nothing disgusting or revolting in men and women walking barefoot in the grass. People who do not care to see it need not come around where we are in the morning. It is their privilege to stay away, but we should not be kept from this great exercise, which means so much to us, by their prejudice. We have little doubt but what the Commissioners will see how little we ask for and grant our request."

Capt. Collins of the Park police and his men have had several encounters with the followers of Kneipp. Last winter, Capt. Collins says, a man who gave his name as Ostricher came to him and asked permission to walk barefooted over the snow in the Park.

"Why do you want to do this?" asked the Captain.

"Oh, I want to cure a sore throat," said the man.

Then he explained the water cure, the Kneipp theory, and a number of other things to the Captain, and his statements sounded so logical that that official gave the permit asked for. For days after that the man walked over the snow-covered grass plots in the baseball field, to the intense amusement of a crowd which gathered regularly each morning to see him.

A number of other believers in the Kneipp theory have gone to Central Park on different occasions and started to stroll barefooted through the grass. Policeman Connelly once had to stop two women, who had taken off shoes and stockings, from walking across forbidden ground, and a number of men have sought permission at different times from Park policemen to take off their shoes and socks and wade into the dew.

Abbe Sebastian Kneipp, who is practically the father of the water cure, although it was used by others in a milder form before his time, was himself cured by it thirty years ago. On recovering his health he proceeded to treat others, and did so with a great deal of success. By and by it became the fad to take the Kneipp cure, and princes and princesses of royal blood, members of reigning families, and hundreds of untitled people took it, and claim to have been cured by it. Kneipp was sent for by Pope Leo XIII. to treat him for some trouble. The treatment was not altogether successful, and all Kneippists so admit, but they give as a reason the fact that the Pope was old, and not suffering from any ailment whatever when he sent for Kneipp. At any rate the Pope cured Kneipp, who was then known as Pastor Kneipp, by bestowing upon him the honorary office of Camerlingo, which carries with it the title of Monsignor. In bestowing it it is said that he did so in recognition of Father Kneipp's services to mankind.

The first thing that patients at Woerishofen are required to do is to take off their shoes and go about either barefoot or in sandals. Strangers who come around in shoes are objects of pity. It is Mgr. Kneipp's theory that bare feet will relieve, if not cure, any ailment. He attributes the beginning of all maladies to the defective circulation of the blood. He begins on sufferers by toughening the body by means of baths and douches administered in a variety of ways, by cold compresses of various kinds, and by the barefoot walking. The walking may be done on wet tiles or bagging when there is no grass handy, although grass is preferable. In extreme cases snow is recommended. The treatment increases in severity as the patient goes along. There are many and varied regulations regarding clothing, food, and the way of wearing the hair included in the treatment.

Mgr. Kneipp is expected here in a few months. He will come on the invitation of Vice-President Hugo Ch. Pressfreund of Kneipp Verein No. 1, who went abroad some time ago especially to invite the venerable Monsignor to visit this country. It is the ambition of the members of the verein to take Kneipp for a barefoot stroll through Central Park when he gets here.

JAMAICA BAYMEN PROTEST.

They Don't Want New York's Garbage Boiled Down on Barren Island.

The representatives of the Street Cleaning Department will probably have to go before the State Board of Health and demonstrate that the garbage works now being built on Barren Island will not be a nuisance. The people living in the towns and villages that border on Jamaica Bay are up in arms against the proposed works. They have retained J. M. Ferguson of 120 Broadway to look after their interests, and the first step in the fight is a petition that has been sent to the State Board of Health and the Kings County Board of Health. The reasons given in this petition why the works of the New York Sanitary Utilization Company should not be located on Barren Island are that (1) Jamaica Bay has been planted with oyster beds that represent an investment of thousands of dollars and form the means of livelihood for a majority of the people living thereabouts, and that these beds are in danger of being irretrievably ruined by the vast quantities of foul waste water that will be discharged into the bay by the works; (2) that the property in the neighborhood will be greatly damaged by the stench that will come from the works; (3) that in the vicinity are numbers of hotels that will suffer greatly from the same cause; (4) that it has been proved by experience in Washington, Dorchester, Mass., and Philadelphia that the system of garbage destruction to be employed by the New York Sanitary Utilization Company is inadequate and unsanitary.

The State Board of Health has acknowledged the receipt of the petition and has promised to investigate the matter at once.

Mr. Ferguson, speaking of the petition yesterday, said:

"The people about Jamaica Bay suffer enough now from the horrible smells that come from the works on Barren Island, and they do not intend to have the nuisance increased. They are not suffering now from the works of the New York Sanitary Utilization Company, for there are no works. They have driven the piles for the foundation of their building and have laid the stringers, and that is all they have down. When the contract was signed on June 4 they knew they could not have their machinery in place by August, as the contract called for. Besides, the contracts for the machinery have only just been let. They can't finish it before Jan. 1.

"The great danger that menaces the people is the destruction of their oyster beds. From the West Shore works on Barren Island there is discharged into the bay daily sixty or seventy tons of putrid water. When the works of the New York Sanitary Utilization Company are in working order there will be discharged into the bay 700 or 800 tons of the water. This will go into the bay about one-fourth of a mile from the oyster beds, and the result is easily seen. The company claims that the water is harmless and antiseptic, but such claims are absurd on their face. Any one who knows the condition of the Schuylkill below the Arnold works, practically the same system as will be used here, will testify on this point.

"Moreover, it will be impossible to handle such a mass of garbage without a stench. The system was driven out of Dorchester, Mass., on this account. When their works burned in Washington the authorities would not let them rebuild, and suits are now in progress in Philadelphia to drive them out. The building of these works will also violate the Shields law of 1892, which forbids fat rendering, bone boiling, and the manufacture of fertilizers within three miles of the limits of any city."

Capt. Gibson, Deputy Commissioner of Street Cleaning, said in reference to these statements:

"I have heard of this petition, and all I can say is that if the State Board of Health enjoins us from using Barren Island we shall have to continue to dump at sea. I know of no other suitable place, and wherever the works are located there will be complaints. I don't know the location of the oyster beds, but I do know that Mr. Ferguson greatly exaggerates the amount of refuse water that will go into the bay. There will be more or less smell, but I don't think it will be very bad. If they don't let us use Barren Island, the company will have a good round claim against the city."

GOT TOO MUCH CITY MONEY.

The New York Infant Asylum Has Received More Than It Is Entitled To.

The Commissioners of Accounts presented a report to the Mayor yesterday on the New York Infant Asylum. The report says that between Jan. 1, 1890, and June 30, 1895, the asylum received $16,731.62 more than it was entitled to, but that since the discovery the Comptroller has withheld more than enough money to reimburse the city. The overpayments were made, says the report, for women whose children had died and who had remained in the hospital as wet nurses for other children, or who had stayed in the asylum less than two months or more than a year.

The Commissioners say:

The present Treasurer has stated that when he took office he found it had been the custom of the asylum to charge the city for the maintenance of women whose own children had died, but who were nursing other children; that the deaths of such children appeared on the face of the bills audited by the Comptroller; that he had mentioned on several occasions to the Comptroller's employees who audited the bills the fact that such charges were made, and stated that if the Comptroller did not deem them proper they could be deducted from the bills; that no such deduction was made, and that he therefore was led to believe that it was proper to charge for women in such cases. In our opinion the present officers of the New York Infant Asylum have not been guilty of any intentional wrongdoing.

The report further says that the man in charge of the accounts in the Comptroller's office has too much work to do it properly; that the records of the asylum have been badly kept. Many changes are recommended.

SIDEWALK VAULT PERMITS GO UP.

Commissioner Collis Raises Their Price to the Maximum, $2 a Square Foot.

Commissioner of Public Works Collis has made a change in the cost of permits for building vaults under the sidewalks. For many years the permit has cost seventy-five cents a square foot surface measurement. This charge was fixed under an old ordinance that says that the charge must not be less than forty cents or more than $2 a square foot. Deputy Commissioner Wilds thought seventy-five cents was too low a charge for such a valuable privilege. What brought the matter particularly to his attention were the permits issued for Sherry's new building at Fifth avenue and Forty-fourth street, and for C. A. Baudouine's building at Fifth avenue and Fifty-sixth street. Sherry got a permit for a vault 30x93 on Fifth avenue and 15x230 on Forty-fourth street, for which he paid $4,023. Baudouine got one for a vault 30x52 on Fifth avenue and 15x100 on Fifty-sixth street, for which he paid $1,085. These prices seemed too low and Mr. Collis and Mr. Wilds decided to fix the price at the maximum, $2. The new tariff went into effect yesterday.

A Brooklyn Man's Tribute to Mayor Strong.

Mayor Strong received yesterday a gorgeous scroll in a gilt frame in memory of the election of 1894, which made him Mayor. It contains a tabulation by Assembly districts of the vote cast for Mayors Strong, Grant, and Gilroy, the Governors since 1891, and the Presidential vote of 1892, with the majorities and pluralities. The outer border of the scroll is done in red, white, and blue, and at the top is the inscription, "In memory of Anno 1894," and this is upheld by two eagles.

In the centre, just beneath the inscription, is a golden ring broken into five parts, and the pieces are labelled "Croker, Divver, Hill, Scanlon, Martin & Co." In the broken ring is a big elephant, stamped "G. O. P.," sitting on top of a forlorn Tammany tiger.

The scroll is the work of Jacob H. Yutte, 46 Hemlock street, Brooklyn.

Gifts to Lick Observatory.

LICK OBSERVATORY, Cal., Aug. 5.—The director of the Lick Observatory has received a letter from Miss Caroline W. Bruce of New York city, enclosing a check for $1,000 to be expended in purchasing needed apparatus for use at the observatory. This gift, together with that of Mr. W. W. Law of New York, lately received, makes it possible to carry on important work which would otherwise have to be laid aside.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The experience of the three east side fishermen who were shipwrecked last week in Flushing Bay on the ruins of an old pier and left high in the air when the tide went down, was similar to an accident which three years ago befell a party of New Yorkers who went out for a cruise on the Bay of Fundy. Their trip was to have lasted only a few hours, but to the consternation of their friends who remained behind in St. John's the return seemed indefinitely delayed. The New Yorkers with characteristic confidence in their ability to take care of themselves had gone out sailing unassisted by local boatmen; so the apprehension of their friends grew intense when night came and there were no signs of them. The next day the party returned safely to St. John's. Their delay had been caused by the tide.

"We were shipwrecked on a mountain," one of them said, "and that is one thing that I never expected to have happen to me."

The mountain was a hill covered by the high tide, and when the water quickly receded the boat stuck there. There was dry land all around the mariners until the tide came in, and they could have walked back to St. John's with perfect safety. But the behavior of the tide had rattled them, so that not one of the men was courageous enough to step out of the boat. They rested on the top of the hill until the tide came in again and they were able to sail back to port.

"I have had some curious experiences in my life," one of the party said when he came back to his friends, "but I never believed that I should ever be shipwrecked on a hill with miles of dry land stretching all around me. The loneliness of being on the water seemed nothing in comparison to the desolate feeling that crept over us three men as we sat there and waited for the tide to come back and float us off."

Staten Island society includes a young man who just at present thinks that he has been made the victim of a sudden and inexcusable fit of squeamishness. He is not in favor with his associates, and the indications at present are that he is not likely to be soon restored to their good graces. The particular occurrence which resulted in his downfall took place only a short time ago, but it was the last of a series of escapades. A cake walk was given several weeks ago at one of the hotels by the negro servants employed there. The guests of the hotel, as well as a number of Staten Island people, went to see the cake walk, and among them was the beautiful wife of this young man. She came with friends and was not accompanied by her husband. After a while the cake walk commenced and the servants of the hotel walked arm in arm around the room. The guests readily recognized the waiters, bell boys, and other servants employed in the house, but one face was strange to them. After the line had passed thrice around the room there was no mistaking the identity of the short man who was walking at the head. On his arm was a stout negress, and he stepped as proudly along as the head waiter of the hotel, who was following in the row behind him. It was, of course, the young man who is now complaining that some people on Staten Island cannot see a joke. His wife, who had no idea that he was to attend the function, was amazed to see him, with his face blackened and wearing a short curly wig. His friends got out, and so did his wife, and what his part in the affair was after they left none of them ever knew. It is said, however, that he walked until the proceedings were awarded, although he did not win one. The demeanor of his acquaintances whenever he met them soon convinced him that his appearance in the cake walk was not so funny to everybody as it had seemed to him. This fact was indeed made so very plain to him that he emphatically denounces Staten Island's painful deficiency in sense of humor.

The arrest of two Frenchmen last Sunday night for holding a concert and variety show in their saloon on Sixth avenue must have created considerable uneasiness in the minds of a great many French people in this city who are accustomed to pass Sunday evening in this way. Among the French working people in New York there are a great many small societies which, apart from benevolent purposes, aim to provide social relaxation for the members. Most of these clubs meet on Sunday nights, and after a concert or amateur vaudeville show there is usually an informal ball. These meetings are very domestic in character and all stages of family life are represented, from the white-haired grandparents down to babies in arms. The meetings are generally held in a hall or in a saloon, but the requisite accommodations vary; but in no case is there anything in the character of these gatherings to deserve the attention of the police. One hall down town on the east side was regularly engaged every Sunday night for several years by one of these societies until the Raines law rendered impossible the meetings of the organization in a manner the members could enjoy. Notwithstanding that they are French, beer is the predominating beverage at these gatherings, but it is an unimportant feature compared to the concert and the dancing. The talent is all amateur and drawn from the members of the society, but the performance is enjoyed quite as much as though it were given by the finest and the most expensive artists available. The experience of last Sunday evening will probably put an end to these gatherings, at least on Sunday nights, and force some of the members of the community into a closer conformance with the customs of the country they have adopted.

These recent warm days have turned the thoughts of several of the old brokers on Wall street back to the time when a bath-tub in a certain down-town office was a source of general amusement. The owner of the tub was for many years a member of the Stock Exchange, and was as fastidious in his dress as if clothes of a correct cut were his only object in life. During his career on the Exchange he moved into a new down-town office building. His suite of rooms was handsomely furnished, and it was noticed that one of them was kept locked. Several of his old friends hinted broadly that they were curious about that room, but the broker didn't respond to their suggestions. The members of the Exchange speculated about it when they were not speculating in stocks, and some of them clung to the theory that it was a private barroom. This idea was contested on the ground that the broker himself was not a man to drink alone, and, moreover, there were so many public saloons around his office building that a private barroom would be a waste of valuable space. It was noticed that as soon as the Exchange closed the broker would hurry to his office and look pleased as Punch at finding his day's work. For about an hour after the close of the Exchange he would deny himself to any one who came to see him. When he did appear he invariably looked cool and well groomed. The effects of the day's work were not apparent, and there was no quicker way to win his attention than by telling him that he looked as cool as a cucumber and as neat as if he had just started out from home. The secret of the room leaked out by way of an office boy. The room that was kept locked was fitted up as a bathroom. The owner took a cold tub every afternoon after the Exchange closed.

A Free Employment Bureau was opened in Cooper Union two weeks ago in accordance with an act passed by the last Legislature, and its advocates already claim success for it. England has a somewhat similar free employment bureau with ten stations, seven in London, and one each in Ipswich, Plymouth, and Liverpool. The registry for the first week at the New York station was greater than the total for the ten English stations for a month. In the first week after the New York bureau was opened the applications for employment averaged 400 a day. More than 80 per cent. of the applicants stated that they had been without steady employment for three years, and their general excuse for it was "dullness of trade." Among the applicants have been machinists, tailors, carpenters, plumbers, lithographers, compositors, stenographers, salesmen, nurses, housekeepers, cooks, and watchmen. A man who has had an opportunity to observe them says that most of them were intelligent persons and only a few of them showed signs of being intemperate. One applicant last week said that he had been a resident of this State for fifteen years and until nine months ago he had been in business for himself. He was compelled to close his shop and since then he has been unable to find employment. His case is similar to the cases of many others who have applied at the bureau as a last resort. The results thus far have justified apparently the establishment of the bureau. It is said that New Jersey will start a similar bureau.

One of the large up-town hotels which was formerly noted for its barroom and free lunch has taken an effective way of illustrating the changed conditions under the Raines law. The café was fitted up with a handsome lunch counter from which were served, a few months ago, as good salads and cold meats as could be bought in the restaurant. They were free of course, and perhaps in some instances they proved to be a charity. This counter has been cleared, and where the salads once stood is a little glass jar with a slit for coins and above it an invitation to contribute to the support of a well-known hospital.

The pictures of the women who attended the recent conventions at Chicago and St. Louis as compared with those of the men illustrate an interesting point. Many of these women came from small Western and Southern towns, and it was noticeable that all of them aimed at New York styles in their dress. They may have aimed badly and in some cases their target was a year or two behind the day, but their intention was apparent. The men from the towns preserved their characteristic dress, and there was no indication that it was in any way affected by New York styles. If they came from a town where broad-brimmed felt hats and low-cut waistcoats were still fashionable they wore them. Their wives, however, were more or less in line with what is or has been the fashion in this city.

A LION IN THE CELLAR.

MRS. HUBINGS LOOKED ON HIS VISIT WITH CHEERFULNESS.

She Was Sorry He Spoiled Her Butter, but Was Glad He Did Not Wake the Baby—Caught with a Barrel by His Keeper, Helped by a Trio of Cops.

"He would come in," went on the White Queen dreamily. "His said he wanted a rhinoceros. Now, as it happened, there wasn't one in the house——"

"Is there usually?" Alice asked in surprise.

"Well, only on Mondays and Thursdays," answered the Queen.—*Alice Through the Looking Glass.*

Mrs. John Hubings of Flatbush has no regular day for lions. But she never allows herself to be taken off her guard when they arrive. One of them jumped into her cellar on Tuesday night at 10 o'clock and stayed there until nearly 2 o'clock the next morning.

"I heard an awful noise in the cellar," Mrs. Hubings said yesterday, "and it woke me up. My husband was out in the yard. 'John,' I called to him, 'what's making that noise down in the cellar?' 'There's a lion down there,' he said, and sure enough there was."

Sometimes the Indian convicts escape from Crew Hill and hide in the shrubbery in the neighborhood of the Hubings house in Malbone street, near Rogers avenue. Gypsies camp on the vacant lots nearly always in the summer months. Wild West shows are dotted over the landscape during three-quarters of the warm weather, and the Coney Island circuses travel to and fro via Rogers avenue. Residents of the region in this way have become accustomed to a variety in life that dwellers in less remote neighborhoods never experience.

OVER THE LAST FENCE.

Mrs. Hubings has occupied the frame cottage at 417 Malbone street for several years, and she has learned what to expect. So a lion in the cellar did not disturb her composure.

"They asked me to let 'em keep the beast there all night," Mrs. Hubings continued, "and I told 'em they could if he did not make a noise and wake up the baby that belongs to the family on the second story. After they went, though, he began to make a noise, and I had John telephone 'em to take him away. The baby couldn't sleep, he slashed around so. I bought my butter that morning and he spoiled every bit of that. He ruined a half barrel of apples, besides."

Mrs. Hubings suffered another inconvenience from the animal's presence in the cellar which she mentioned later. Not having expected the beast she failed to leave her cellar door open. So he jumped through the glass and carried the sash along with him.

"John said I ought to have made 'em pay for the butter and the glass anyhow," she observed, "but as long as they had gotten him out I thought I wouldn't"

STRATEGY.

The active demand for the couchee-couchee, combined with the rainy weather, has made Coney Island unprofitable this summer to the London Zoölogical Company, so its proprietors packed up the exhibits in five wagons and started on Tuesday for Canarsie, where the rivalry of the Moorish, Egyptian, Algerian, and other Oriental theatres is not so keen.

The caravan reached Malbone street in safety. Then it struck the trolley line and came to grief. One of the cages contained a lion, and the rear wheel of this wagon stuck in the track of the Nassau Electric Railway. It was the last of the cages, and the rest of the procession moved on, while two men stayed behind to extricate the wagon wheel. They worked at the job so hard that the wheel came off, letting one corner of the cage down heavily on the track.

The force of the fall sprung up the barred doors and before either of the men knew just what happened the lion had skipped nimbly out and started for the vacant lots in the direction of Malbone street. One of the men started after him, but the swish of his tail through the potato plants that grow along the fence was all that the keeper saw of him. The other man ran along Malbone street and cut through the yard of one of the houses there to head the lion off. But there was no sign of the beast. Then they both went back to the broken cage. It was nearly 10 o'clock, but the women could see the scattered lights in the houses. They knew the vacant lots, and they thought the lion. So they decided to get assistance.

BAGGED.

Patrolman Ryan was only a block away, and they found him first. He decided he would not wait around and look for the lion while they went up to the Flatbush avenue station house, but generously volunteered to go and do that while the two men kept their eyes open for the lion. Ryan had never seen the animal, and mightn't be able, you know, to recognize him as quickly as the men. So Joseph Feriri, the proprietor of the show, and the keeper with him, went back to the empty cage. Presently Ryan came back with Roundsman Hackett and Patrolman Joyce. The two moved cautiously up Malbone street. The men had drawn their pistols when they alighted from the trolley at Flatbush avenue. They proceeded in single file along the street, keeping well in the middle of the road.

"Have you got him?" asked Ryan, who was in the van. "Have you seen him?"

Feriri admitted that he hadn't. While Ryan had been forming his platoon at the Flatbush avenue station, not a trace of the beast had been discovered. So far as the watchers knew he might have been roaming in Prospect Park or down at the bridge. The hunting party was formed. Feriri was for separating and stalking the lots until the beast was driven to cover. But the policemen would have none of that plan. They were for hunting him together.

"We'll find the beast in a lump," said Patrolman Hackett, "or we won't find him at all." So the owner submitted and the hunt commenced.

The five men climbed over the fence that separated the first of three frame houses from Rogers avenue. In a body, led by Feriri, they investigated the shrubbery. One of the policemen had a dark lantern, and, in a huddled group, they followed the keeper's lead. There were no traces of the animal there beyond a number of broken geraniums near the adjoining fence, which proved that, whatever his ultimate destination had been, his path had first lain through this yard.

There was another fence and over this the quintet climbed. Again they beat the shrubbery, with the keeper and the missing animal's owner well in the fore.

Ryan threw his bull's-eye light with great effectiveness from the background. But beyond the damage to the flowerbeds there was still no trace of the lion.

"He's gone entirely," said Ryan. "Let's give up. There's no finding the beast. We'll get at him again in the morning. It's surer then and its safer."

While he was speaking the policeman backed into a clump of bushes growing by the side of the house. It seemed so open and clear that none of the party had thought it worth while to search the spot. But Ryan's words were followed by a quick, heavy rustling of the leaves. The lantern dropped from his hand and the rustling of the shrubbery passed from the clump of plants near which he stood through the short distance that separated the yard in which the men stood from the one belonging to the adjoining house.

The noise among the leaves was succeeded by a sudden sound of breaking woodwork. Then the men heard something seemingly fall to the ground. Quickly the sharp sound of breaking glass was heard, and then there was silence.

"There he is!" Feriri shouted. "We got him."

It was at this juncture that Mr. Huling, who was still awake, wondered how the glass in his cellar window had been suddenly broken. So he went out to investigate. Kneeling down he looked through the window. Undoubtedly somebody had gone down with the glass. From the far corner of the cellar there was the unmistakable gleam of two yellow eyes. He lit a match and looked again. The men in pursuit came over the fence, and by the time that Mr. Huling had realized that a lion was down in his cellar, along with the fresh butter and the half barrel of apples, the pursuers were at his back.

"Is he yours?" he asked, turning to the quintet. Feriri admitted his ownership of the intruder.

"Lion, eh?" asked Mr. Hubings, as though he hated to remain in uncertainty about the exact species of the beast. Luckily the owner answered him promptly, and when Mrs. Hubings called through the window to know what the matter was, he was able to inform her just exactly as she said.

Feriri climbed down the steps while the three policemen waited at the cellar window with their pistols ready. Mr. Hubings went across the street, in obedience to the owner's suggestion, and borrowed a barrel that was used to collect rain water. This was rolled down the steps. Mrs. Hubings, who had taken a hand by this time, brought the clothesline to the top of the cellar steps and threw it down to Feriri.

"Hadn't we better shoot?" Ryan asked the patrolman. "We've got him now. It was a hard hunt, too. Hadn't we better give it to him now?"

Feriri protested, and the beast, quietly resting in one corner, watched the proceedings calmly. His owner caught the friendly, repentant gleam in his eye. Then he called Mr. Hubings. He wanted to know that so long as the animal was quiet if he couldn't stay in the cellar all night, or at least until the cage was repaired. The barrel was there, he explained, and so was the rope. The trouble of catching him now was nothing. But Mr. Hubings would not consent until he had consulted his wife. She had gone back to bed. But he woke her up and she answered in person through the window shutters.

"If he don't keep the baby up stairs awake," she said, "he can stay. But he mustn't wake that baby. They rent from us."

Ferisi climbed up, the policemen disappeared, and the work of preparing the cage began. But it had to be taken to a blacksmith's and that required time. Mr. Hubings turned in and there was nothing but quiet in the household. The body up stairs was sleeping and so was everybody else in the house. Only the lion in the cellar had his eyes open. Suddenly the peace of that two-story frame household was disturbed by a roar which shook every shingle in it. Then there came a clatter of crockery and barrels, accompanied by snorts and howls that no private house in Flatbush had ever before heard the like of. Mrs. Hubing awoke promptly.

"Listen," she said to her husband, who in the expectation of a possible outbreak had scantily undressed. "Listen, and see if you don't hear that baby up stairs. He'll cry in a minute."

In response to the suggestion that followed Mr. Hulings hurried down to the drug store, and called up the blacksmith on the telephone. The message was imperative. In a few minutes Feriri and the keeper were at the house. The animal had subsided by this time, and the work of capturing him disappointed even Mrs. Hubings a bit. A noose made of the clothesline and dropped through the bung hole of the barrel. Feriri got behind it and called the beast. After a little persuasion he ambled over to the occasion by Mrs. Hulings.

As the lion fled in after it the noose fell over his head, and the clothesline tightened. It took only a second to stand the barrel on the bottom, and this process naturally put the lion on his head. But he scrambled into an attitude more comfortable before a piece of canvas from his cage was tied over the head of the barrel. Then he was rolled up the steps, and the capture was complete.

"I'm glad he's gone, anyhow," said Mrs. Hubings, as she shut the shutters and prepared to turn out the lights for the last time. "He's ruined the butter, and that baby couldn't have slept a wink if he'd stayed here."

LIVELY ALLIGATOR HUNT.

Ten Men Come to Grief in Trying to Capture One Which Escaped.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Aug. 5.—A Florida alligator between 14 and 15 feet long is loose in the waters of Bullock's Cove, east of the Crescent Park shore resort. Thirteen men went out this afternoon in boats and along shore, armed with guns and clubs, determined to capture the alligator. It is one of a pair which arrived a couple of days ago, consigned to Budlong Bros., exhibitors and fanciers of serpents and reptiles of various kinds. The alligators were confined in tanks in a tent at Crescent Park last night, but before morning dawned some one entered the place and set them loose.

"Prof." Sheridan traced the 'gators to the water's edge and then sent for the owners. Two boats set off from shore, and, after making a survey of the sand bars at Bullock's Point, where several cottagers declared they had seen a sea serpent, the hunters returned to the acres of swale and eel grass, and one alligator was soon detected.

He was lying with his nose just out of water. The Budlong brothers opened the fight for their prize, and by a dexterous movement an inch rope was slipped over the head of the alligator.

Ten men lined up like a college steam in a tug-of-war and gave a yank. The alligator was pulled half way out of the water, and then the long and powerful tail came into use. One whisk of the tail sent a few tubfuls of water into the air, wetting down the three men in the boats and disconcerting the special rifleman of the occasion.

The same tail movement jostled a couple of the tug-of-warsmen face down in the slimy eel grass. When the ten men were all in line again they had loosened up just a trifle on the rope, the result of the misadventure of the two men. There was another pull, and a strong one, but the alligator offset the efforts by two lively shakes of his tail. He hit the rowboat a tremendous whack.

An attempt was then made to lasso the alligator's tail from the boat. It was a tug-of-war, indeed, and the alligator was just far enough covered by water to move lively. W. W. Budlong leaped into the water up to his waist, and the rapidly moving tail hit him a clip.

He tried the Southern trick of shutting off the big fellow's wind, but he would not submit to such close association with his owner. The ten men pulled several times more, the alligator made a bellowing noise, and the rope about his neck started to slip over his head. Another test of strength and the tug-of-war-men went all in a heap. The alligator opened his great mouth once more, as if to swallow some of them, shook his tail taunting to the ten men looking down upon his exposed back, and made a sweeping turn and disappeared.

The companion alligator, which was about ten feet in length, had circled Bullock's Point, crossed the sand bar, and startled many people who saw him moving south very briskly. Tiring of salt water, he came ashore near the clam dump and feasted on a pot of eels.

Then he was caught after a lively fight, but he was groggy and weak compared to the big fugitive. A general warning was sent out to people along shore, including eel fishermen, clam diggers, and others, to look out for their legs and their lives.

DOG RESCUED IN MID-OCEAN.

It Had Been Left on the Bark Ernst, Whose Crew La Bourgogne Took Off.

One of the barks that were abandoned in mid-ocean on July 28 was brought into this port yesterday by the oil-carrying German steamship Mannheim. The bark belongs to a big Newfoundland dog that the German skipper of the other bark, the Ernst, was forced to leave to the luck of the stormy seas. Most of the skipper's men were taken from the Ernst by the gallant tars of the French liner La Bourgogne, which arrived here on Sunday. The rest of them, including the skipper, feared to jump into the lofty waves and be rescued by the Frenchmen. Later they were taken off by an adventuresome shipmate, the bo'sn of the Ernst, who saved them in a little boat taken from La Bourgogne. There was no room on the little boat for the Newfoundland, and it was left aboard the Ernst.

The Newfoundland set up a great howl when it found itself alone in the bark. It was too familiar with the sea and mankind to try reaching La Bourgogne by swimming, so it just stayed on the abandoned bark, which was heeling heavily, with her port rail awash, and waited to be rescued. The same old distress signals that had attracted La Bourgogne were still snapping in the gale when the Mannheim came along.

Capt. Ockelmann saw the signals and the dog, which was prancing about the deck. He is fond of dogs, but that wasn't the chief reason he steamed around the derelict. He wanted to see if there was anybody aboard. He also had decided that the Ernst was a menace to navigation and ought to be destroyed. As the Mannheim circled about the waterlogged bark she blew her whistles lustily, which made the Newfoundland jump about, bark, and wag his shaggy tail in more eloquent evidence of distress than all the radiant bunting fluttering aloft.

The oil carrier's mate and four men were lowered in a life boat and rowed to the Ernst. As the mate jumped aboard the bark the big dog leaped up on him, licked his face and hands, and then crouched at his feet as if it wanted to say: "From this moment I am yours to command." The dog was in good condition. Capt. Ockelmann liked its ways, and decided to adopt it. He called it Ernst after the abandoned bark, and will keep it.

He says the skipper of the Ernst may have his papers, which Capt. Ockelmann found in the bark's cabin, but he cannot have the dog. Before leaving the Ernst the oil tank's mate set her afire. She was blazing merrily when the Newfoundland got a final glimpse of her from the Mannheim's quarter deck.

Carl Janner, a fireman on the Mannheim, who shipped at Geestemunde, while suffering from delirium tremens, hanged himself in the hospital on Friday. He was buried at sea.

ELEPHANT MOVES A BEAR.

Duchess Solves a Weighty Transportation Problem in Central Park.

How the grizzly bear, which has been living for a year in a cage north of the lion house in Central Park should be moved, is a question which has been puzzling Director Smith. A short time ago it was decided that the grizzly should be moved up the hill to a position north of the bear cages, where she could enjoy the company of the other bears. She is very savage and it was not deemed advisable to transport her without her cage. The cage is a large structure with an iron roof and iron bars and weighs several tons. The path over which it was to be moved is asphalt, on which horses could obtain no foothold.

The elephant Duchess, which has been at the Park since March, was once employed at ploughing in Pennsylvania. Yesterday she moved the grizzly, cage and all. A breast collar was put on her and she was harnessed to a four-wheel truck, containing the bear and its cage. Billy Sn