[illegible] EXCUSES.

EFFORTS TO GLOSS OVER WEDNESDAY NIGHT'S OUTRAGE.

It Was too Hot for the Crowd, or the Police; too Many Tickets Were Issued; There Were Counterfeits; the Crowd Was a Mob Bent on Riot; No Clubbing —A Feeble Case in the Light of Facts.

The police were busy yesterday inventing excuses for the display of bad temper and brutality which they exhibited in handling the crowd around Madison Square Garden on Wednesday evening. First they attributed the disorder to the effect of the heat on the citizens; then they said it was because the heat irritated the overworked patrolmen. Another excuse was that the management had issued twice the proper number of tickets, and a fourth was that somebody had counterfeited the tickets and distributed them wholesale throughout the city. A fifth excuse offered by one official was that the crowd was a dangerous mob of 40,000 citizens bent on riot and murder, and the heroic measures which the officers and patrolmen adopted to check the advance of the citizens armed with tickets of admission were justified by the danger of an impending riot.

Despite whatever may be offered in excuse for the outrageous action of the police, the fact remains that hundreds of citizens received blows from policemen's clubs without the slightest warrant for it. Chief Conlin's orders to the commanding officers, asking them to instruct their men to be "polite, courteous, and gentlemanly to all," were apparently wasted. All the courtesy that anybody with a ticket or even with a pass signed by the Chief himself got was a shove and a curse.

The police were the aggressors in creating the disorder. They acted like men who had lost their balance. There were three Inspectors directing them, and it may be that the patrolmen had too many conflicting orders and decided to throw all to the winds and act on their own impulse, which was apparently to whack anybody who got within their reach. At one time when the crowd was forced into the block in Madison avenue between Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh streets the police dashed in and swung their night sticks right and left on the heads of the unfortunates who, through no fault of theirs, were forced on the police lines.

The executive management of the police arrangements was directly responsible for the trouble. Extraordinary care had been taken to keep everybody without tickets a block away from the Garden on all approaches, but Madison Square Park had been overlooked entirely, and a crowd was allowed to mass there which it was impossible to control from one section. The crowd kept growing larger and larger under the eyes of the executive officers, who should have realized the impending danger when the crowd first began to mass. It was downright cruelty to attempt to disperse the crowd after it had been massed by simply clubbing, pushing, hauling, shoving, and buffeting about those who happened to be in front. They were unable to resist the advance movement of the crowd massed behind, and instead of sending a platoon of men around on the flank of the crowd the wise executive officers sought to beat back the entire mass by having the patrolmen pound at the front. They might just as well have tried to push back a row of tenements.

The man who had the nerve to show a ticket or pass signed by Chief Conlin was looked upon as a disturber, and was promptly grabbed and hustled along from one policeman to another with kicks and cuffs until he found himself half a block further away from the Garden, without the faintest idea of who struck him or what the cause of his beating was. In order to show one of the main causes of the mismanagement, it might be explained that Chief Conlin, in the convenience of newspaper men and others who had legitimate business inside the lines, issued 300 passes, which read as follows:

> Aug. 12, '96.
>
> Pass bearer through the lines.
>
> PETER CONLIN,
> Chief of Police.

The Chief writes a rather bold hand, and although the wording of the pass was typewritten the signature was stamped in red ink in letters large enough to be read six feet away. The inspectors were told of the issuance of the passes and samples were shown to them. Nevertheless, the patrolmen and other officers when the passes were presented shoved them aside and pushed the holders away.

"But this is Chief Conlin's pass," was the invariable protest.

"Don't make no difference; you can't go through this line with Conlin's or anybody else's pass," was the invariable reply of the policemen.

One man had two passes, two admission tickets, and two reserved seat tickets. He was accompanied by his wife. He presented his credentials courteously enough, but was unceremoniously shoved back into the crowd. Another man with a box seat ticket approached an officer at Twenty-sixth street and Fourth avenue and asked him where the entrance to the boxes was.

"Around Twenty-seventh street," replied the officer indefinitely.

The man walked "around Twenty-seventh street," and asked another officer there where the box entrance was.

"Around Madison avenue," said that officer. The man with the box seat walked around Madison avenue and asked another officer there for the box seat entrance.

"Outside," said the third officer as he pushed the man through the lines.

A thin man, decently dressed, who was apparently a clerk or bookkeeper, was walking toward the Madison avenue entrance after the crush was all over, when a burly policeman grabbed him.

"Where are you going?" asked the policeman.

"I've got a ticket——"

That was enough for the big policeman. Anybody with a ticket was under suspicion, and he hustled the thin man around.

"Run!" said the policeman.

"Me run?" exclaimed the man in surprise.

The policeman had him by the collar and was shoving him along.

"Yes, run!" said the policeman, swinging his disengaged hand around and catching the man on the jaw. "Run fast, too!" he continued, emphasizing his command with a kick.

The indignant man as soon as he was released exclaimed in protest that he was a citizen.

"Biff!" went the policeman's fist again, and the citizen flew down the street amid the jeers of other policemen.

These were only a few of the incidents which were constantly occurring, even after the crowd had dwindled away and quiet reigned.

It was bad enough for persons with passes and tickets to be subjected to the indignity of being turned down by the patrolmen, but some of the superior officers were apparently as densely ignorant of the duties of a policeman as the patrolmen themselves. A reporter presented one of the passes to Capt. Delaney, who had command of a line of men at Twenty-seventh street and Fourth avenue, and asked to be allowed to go through the lines.

"You can't go through," said the Captain.

"But this pass is signed by Chief Conlin," said the reporter.

"I don't care whose signature is on it. You can't go through," said the Captain, as he walked away.

That reporter joined a small army of other men with Chief Conlin's passes who were vainly seeking an officer with intelligence enough to recognize the Chief's signature and order. For the twentieth time they presented their passes to one of the roundsmen, meeting with the same rebuff, when Capt. Schultz happened to overhear their conversation.

"What is the trouble?" asked the Captain.

One of the men explained the trouble and all showed their passes.

"Let those men through," said the Captain, "and I'll assume the responsibility."

Here are some extracts from three Republican newspapers which aided the cause of the reformers in the last Mayoralty campaign in this city:

The policemen clubbed indiscriminately, and the mounted police charged the mob with drawn clubs. Cut scalps were numerous on all sides.—*The Recorder.*

Some of those who went to the Garden last night criticise the police arrangements as being stupid. H. Ladd of 61 Beekman street and his brother went to the Garden at 6 P. M. They had tickets, and in compliance with the instructions of the police they took up their position at Twenty-sixth street and Fourth avenue. After three-quarters of an hour the Ladds were told to leave Twenty-sixth street and remain at Twenty-seventh street. One hour later they were instructed to go to Twenty-fifth street and Madison avenue. Finally, at 7:45 P. M., they made an attempt to enter the Garden and failed.—*Press.*

The Chief of Police had issued personally signed orders for the benefit of newspaper men, who are supposedly a necessary concomitant of a successful meeting; but the orders 'did not go,' as the phrase runs. One burly Sergeant even asked the *Tribune* reporter, 'Who the devil's that?' when he saw the order. It took one entire hour for the newspaper man to get to the interior of the hall from Twenty-seventh street and Fourth avenue.—*Tribune.*

President Roosevelt was much perturbed yesterday over the reports of the mismanagement of the crowd.

"I was surprised to read that the police had misbehaved in handling the crowd last evening," said he. "All the reports that I have received from the officials in charge are contrary to those printed in the newspapers. I can hardly believe that the policeman behaved in such a manner. Another fact in corroboration of the police arrangements is that not a single complaint of clubbing or anything else has been filed at Police Headquarters to-day. This record is unparalleled in the history of the police of this city after an event such as that held last night. Another fact is that I have yet to hear that anybody who is said to have been clubbed was treated by the surgeons present or at any of the hospitals. Commissioner Parker also states that the allegations as to language used by a roundsman at the meeting is absolutely false. I think the crowd was handled admirably. Inspector Cortright assured me that he did not see a policeman use his club."

Police Commissioner Parker saw fit to deny yesterday the statement that he made to a SUN reporter on Wednesday night to the effect that he had been put out of the police lines twice. He also said that the language attributed to a roundsman by a SUN reporter who had one of Chief Conlin's passes was incorrect. The roundsman, whose number was 1,332, said when Chief Conlin's pass was shown to him with a request that it be honored:

"I don't care a damn for Conlin. I get my orders from McCullagh. See? Inspector McCullagh's orders go here, and no one else's."

"Did he tell you to disregard Chief Conlin's signature?" the reporter asked.

"To hell with Conlin and his signature," said the roundsman, as he prodded the reporter in the stomach with his club.

Commissioner Parker was not present when that conversation took place. He happened along while the reporter was still arguing with the roundsman. Yesterday he admitted that he said, when appealed to, that he could not help the reporter to get through the lines. This gave the roundsman an opportunity to say:

"That was a smart trick, wasn't it? You wouldn't get by me now if you had a pass signed by fifty Conlins."

This same roundsman was the official who ordered Commissioner Parker put out of the lines and was the cause of the Commissioner remarking:

"That's the second time that's happened to-night."

After leaving the reporter and roundsman the Commissioner walked off some distance and then passed through the line. He had his back turned to the roundsman, who did not recognize him, and he ordered a policeman to put the Commissioner out. The policeman was also unacquainted with the Commissioner and hauled him around so that the light fell full on his face. The roundsman then discovered his mistake and was profuse in his apologies. This was also denied by the Commissioner yesterday.

"I heard no conversation such as was reported," said the Commissioner. "I was not put out of the lines, either, and saw no clubbing or rough handling such as was described. I did not happen to be around when the crush occurred, but a group of men who saw the police handle the crowd told me afterward that their work was simply superb. They used the word superb in describing the work of the police."

Chief Conlin said that he was investigating the conduct of the police in handling the crowd, and was determined to get at the bottom of the matter.

"I have yet to hear any complaints of clubbing," said he, and all the information that I have received is to the effect that there was no clubbing at all of any consequence. I have been assured by citizens who saw the work of the police that if they had not resorted to such heroic measures as were employed a frightful panic would have resulted. We kept a space clear for a block on all sides of the Garden as a precautionary measure. We did not know but that a crowd of Anarchists or persons bent on raising a disturbance might get into the Garden, and we wanted the streets around it clear so that we would be able to cope with them if an outbreak was made. It was impossible to tell how Mr. Bryan was going to be received by a New York crowd. When the crowd massed around Madison Square and charged on the police lines it numbered fully 10,000. The Garden was already packed to its utmost capacity and the doors were locked. If the police had allowed that crowd to break through a stampede and panic would have been certain. If they were somewhat rough in handling the crowd under these circumstances, I think they were justified. I think, taking everything into consideration, that the police showed their ability to handle the crowd in a manner that was highly commendable.

"I regret that the police refused to honor the passes issued by me, but I am informed that there were a large number of counterfeit tickets afloat, and I presume this made them wary of all passes. I do not know, for I have not concluded my investigation, and do not intend to stop until I am satisfied one way or the other."

J. Brownson Ker, the lawyer, of 621 Broadway, who was arrested by Policeman Becker apparently for revealing the fact that he had a ticket when shuffling along about to the Garden, was arraigned before Magistrate Brann, in the Jefferson Market Police Court, yesterday morning, charged with disorderly conduct. Mr. Ker, when asked by the Magistrate what he had to say to the charge, replied:

"Your Honor, when I reached the line last night, as I had a ticket, I of course tried to push my way past the policeman. This policeman stopped me and said that I could not go through. I showed him my ticket, but he said that the crowd was so great that that did not make any difference. Then I showed him that the street was not so crowded around the door, and said that I was going through the lines. This policeman said that if I attempted to do so he would arrest me. I told him I was an American citizen, and that I was a citizen of this city, and that there were some rights which I did not intend to allow the police to rob me of. I said that I was going through to the door, and if I was refused admittance there it would be all right, but I was going through to the door peaceably, unless force was used to prevent me. I then tried to go past him and he arrested me."

"And was that all that occurred?" asked the Magistrate in surprise.

"Yes, sir."

The Magistrate looked askance at the policeman, who had no more to say, apparently, and then discharged Mr. Ker, who thanked the Court.

Policeman Frank then arraigned George F. Spinney, a newspaper man and former publisher of the *Times*, for the crime of endeavoring to get through the police lines.

"Another one of those cases, eh?" said the Magistrate.

"Yes, sir," said Frank.

"Another offender against police power in New York," said the Magistrate satirically.

"Yes, sir, if you want to call it that," replied Frank.

"It's a wonder to me that you fellows don't arrest bums that are around instead of gentlemen that commit no crime," said Magistrate Brann testily.

"We were acting under orders," said the policeman, who was ordered to arrest Mr. Spinney by Acting Captain McDermott.

"Your Honor, I have no complaint to make against this policeman. He was acting under orders," Mr. Spinney interposed.

"This man had no ticket, your Honor," said the policeman. "He came up with another man and said he had a right as an American citizen to walk through the street to Fourth avenue, and that he intended to do so. I told him that the street was blocked, and if he tried to push past me I would arrest him. He said he did not care, and attempted to do so, and then I arrested him. He was partly intoxicated."

"Why, I was no more intoxicated than I am now," said Mr. Spinney.

"The policeman swears that you were," said the Magistrate.

"He is mistaken. I was walking along talking politics with a friend. We were both interested and suddenly found our progress stopped by the policeman. We demanded that we be allowed to pass through the street, as we were American citizens. He then threatened to arrest us if we attempted to do so, and when we tried to pass the Sergeant ordered that I be placed under arrest. I was not intoxicated, however."

"Well, I will discharge you," said Magistrate Brann.

Mr. Spinney thanked the Court and asked the privilege of putting two questions to the policeman. This granted, he asked the policeman if he had resisted arrest or used coarse or insulting language. Frank said that he had not. Mr. Spinney then asked that these questions and answers be entered on the record. Magistrate Brann informed him that no record other than the disposition was kept of such cases, and Mr. Spinney left court.

HEAD FIRST IN A BOG.

An Apparently Unhappy Lover Drowns Himself in Two Feet of Water.

Two boys, while passing through Leggett's lane on their way to bathe at Oak Point yesterday, found a man dead in a creek near the New Haven Railroad crossing. The man had evidently committed suicide by plunging headforemost into the bog. There were only two feet of water covering the mud in which his head was buried, and he might have saved himself easily had he cared to.

His coat and vest lay on the bank from which he had plunged, in the pockets were a few stale crusts of bread. Near the body were fragments of a letter, which indicated that the dead man believed he had lost caste with some girl with whom he was in love. The dead man was apparently 25 years old. There was no money in his clothing.

COULDN'T STAND DISGRACE.

Defaulting Bank Official Kills Himself on Detection of His Crime.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., Aug. 13.—Josiah E. Kelley, assistant cashier of the First National Bank of this city, was found dead last evening at the bottom of the cellar steps in his residence at the rear of the bank. He had committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart.

Yesterday Bank Examiner Vance appeared in this city, and, being a new man, had taken Kelley by surprise.

He soon found a shortage in the cashier's accounts. Kelley disappeared, but after a brief search his body was discovered. Kelley had four letters in his pocket, one addressed to Director E. B. Reynolds, in which he explained that there was a deficit created by him before 1891, and amounting to $24,100.

FLINT'S FINE FURNITURE.
An Art Exhibition.
Great price-temptations this month.

SIR JOHN MILLAIS DEAD.

The English Artist and One of the Founders of the Pre-Raphaelite School.

LONDON, Aug. 13.—Sir John Millais, the distinguished painter and President of the Royal Academy, died at 5:30 o'clock this afternoon. On May 10 last he underwent the operation of tracheotomy for the relief of cancer of the throat and never fully rallied from its effects, which finally caused his death.

Sir John Everett Millais was born in Southampton in 1829. His family name is said to have been borne by persons in the island of Jersey before the Norman conquest. For many centuries the family has been numbered among the smaller landlords of the island. At the age of 9 years the future painter began his art education in Musass's Academy. Two years later he became a student in the Royal Academy, where he took the principal prizes for drawing.

SIR JOHN MILLAIS.

He gained his first medal at the Society of Arts when only 9 years old. His first exhibited picture, "Pizarro Seizing the Inca of Peru," appeared at the Academy in 1846. It was followed by "Dunstan's Emissaries Seizing Queen Elgiva" and a colossal cartoon at the Westminster Hall competition.

In 1847 he painted "The Widow's Mite," and in 1848 his "Tribe of Benjamin Seizing the Daughters of Shiloh" was exhibited at the British Institution. In 1849 he painted the "Isabella" of Keats.

While still a student in the Academy's schools, he had rebelled against the routine of the academic teaching of the day, and, inspired by such specimens of early Italian art as fell in their way, he and his friends, William Holman Hunt and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, resolved to study nature as it appeared to them, not as it appeared in "the antique." Their example was followed by Charles Collins and other younger painters, who were dissatisfied, as much in jest as in earnest, the "Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood." A short-lived periodical which appeared in 1850, called *The Germ, or Art and Poetry*, the artists tried to propagate their cult with the pen.

When first a pre-Raphaelite Millais painted a mystical picture called "Christ in Sanctuary" and "Ferdinand Lured by Ariel" (1850), "Mariana in the Moated Grange" and the "Woodman's Daughter" (1851), and the "Huguenot" and "Orphelia" (1852). In 1851 Mr. Ruskin came to the support of the new school in letters to the *Times*, and afterwards in a pamphlet on "Pre-Raphaelitism" and in his "Lectures on Architecture and Painting." Millais, who was closely associated with Mr. Ruskin while they had so much in common, fell in love later with the young wife of the great writer on art. Mr. Ruskin's generosity that few husbands will sympathize with, gave her up to her lover, and they were married after a divorce had been obtained. The sacrifice ruined Ruskin's life, but he continued to speak well of the works of the man who had supplanted him.

With his marriage there came a deterioration in Millais's work. He began to paint for money and not for art. His pre-Raphaelite pictures gave place to portraits of people able to pay good prices for them.

Before this change occurred he had painted the wonderful collections of paintings which were exhibited in the Grosvenor gallery in 1886. In 1890 he exhibited in the Royal Academy "The Moon is Up and Yet it Is Not Night" and a striking portrait of Mr. Gladstone and his grandson. In 1893 he exhibited a portrait of John Hare and the "Girlhood of St. Teresa." Among those whose portraits he painted were Cardinal Newman, Lord Beaconsfield, the Marquis of Salisbury, and Lord Rosebery.

Millais became an associate of the Royal Academy in 1853 and R. A. in December, 1863. In February of the present year he was chosen President to succeed Lord Leighton, who died soon after being elevated to the peerage. Almost immediately a disease with which he had been some time afflicted was diagnosed as cancer of the throat, and his death became only a question of time.

Millais was made a baronet in 1885 on Mr. Gladstone's recommendation. He was decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in 1878, and in 1882 he was elected a foreign associate of the Beaux Arts.

Obituary Notes.

Henry Blake, who died on Tuesday night at the home of his married daughter, Mrs. Betts, at 36 Cranberry street, was a well-known Grand Army veteran of Brooklyn. He was 60 years old and was born in Kingston, N. J. He was at work in Lakeland, L. I., when the rebellion broke out, and he enlisted promptly. He was a cavalryman under Gen. Kilpatrick in New York cavalry from 1862 to 1865, and became a member of the George C. Strong, G. A. R., Post, at the close of the war. He lived in Brooklyn after his discharge from the army. A widow and ten children survive him. He had his left leg amputated in February, the limb having become affected with gangrene. The excessive heat caused the wound to become inflamed, and he got out of bed at midnight on Tuesday to seek relief by sleeping on the floor. He died in his sleep.

William James Dickey, bank President and head of the well-known woollen manufacturing company of William J. Dickey & Sons of Baltimore, died at his home at Wetheredville, Md., yesterday. He had been confined to his room for several months suffering from an attack of acute Bright's disease. Mr. Dickey was born in Ireland eighty-two years ago. For many years his firm operated woollen mills in Philadelphia, but for a decade near Baltimore, but of late years all the firm's manufacturing was done in mills within a few miles of Baltimore. Mr. Dickey had been President of the Baltimore Manufacturers' National Bank since its organization fifteen years ago.

Mrs. Mary Lawrence Mickle died at the old Lawrence Homestead at Bayside, Long Island, on Wednesday. Andrew Mickle, her husband, was Mayor of New York city early in the fifties. She was his second wife, and a daughter of the late Judge Effingham Lawrence. She left two daughters, Mrs. Effingham Lawrence of Bayside and Mrs. John H. Reynolds of Albany.

Dr. Curran C. Smith, a well-known physician of Richmond, Ky., dropped dead at his dinner table yesterday. He was a brother of the late Gen. Green Clay Smith, who distinguished himself in suppressing the New York draft riots. He was also a nephew of Gen. Cassius M. Clay.

Martin Sisco, a well-known Republican, died on Wednesday at Hackensack in his eighty-first year. He was deputy sheriff under David A. Pell. Before going to Hackensack Mr. Sisco was a contractor for concrete foundations for the elevated railroads in this city.

Alexander Field, a well-known travelling man, a son of the late ex-Gov. Field of Louisiana and a cousin of the late Eugene Field, died in San Antonio, Tex., on Wednesday, of dropsy and heart affection. He was 41 years old.

Suicide on a Truck.

A man, who has not been identified, was found dead on a truck early yesterday in front of 310 Eleventh avenue. He is believed to have committed suicide, as there was an empty vial under him which had contained carbolic acid. The poison had been purchased from a Seventh avenue druggist.

The body was removed to the West Twentieth street station house. One of the policemen there thought the suicide was a hanger-on around the docks, who was known as "Scotty." The man was about 35 years old and very poorly dressed. There was no money in his pockets. The police think that poverty drove the man to suicide.

The Massachusetts Naval Militia.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13.—Summarizing the results of his observation of the work of the Massachusetts Naval Militia during their recent term of active service, Capt. Sands of the Columbia says in his report to acting Secretary McAdoo: "The material of the naval militia is good. The men appear to be in good discipline, and the officers are zealous and capable. I think the organization, as a whole, is well calculated to fulfil the purpose for which it was established." The average attendance during the week was 85 per cent. of the total militia force.

You lose one of the pleasures of life if you don't use Woodbury's Facial Soap. It is pure and is the best for every-day use.

DEAD MAN IN HER CELLAR.

WAS HE HER HUSBAND, EDWARD WILSON, OF FLUSHING?

The Remains of the Body Taken by a Health Inspector from the Abandoned Cistern Under the House and Mrs. Wilson Locked Up in Flushing's Town Hall.

FLUSHING, L. I., Aug. 13.—The hot weather of the last few days intensified an odor that had come for weeks from the house occupied by Mrs. Edward Wilson at 22 Pine street. The woman's neighbors made a complaint to Health Inspector Roff. When Roff went to investigate the nuisance this morning some of Mrs. Wilson's neighbors told him that her husband had been missing since last September.

Before going to the Wilson house the inspector listened to several curious stories told by the neighbors. Some told him that months ago they had heard groans issuing from the house. The fact that Mrs. Wilson refused admittance to all callers was also a subject of comment. Nobody appeared to know Mrs. Wilson's means of livelihood, and the owner of the house, Sarah A. Quaterman, said that she had received no rent from the Wilsons in two and one-half years. When Inspector Roff called at the Wilsons' house he found the surroundings in a filthy condition. Mrs. Wilson was in the yard feeding her chickens. When questioned by Inspector Roff she said that the smell came from a pot of eelskins which she kept for her cats. Mr. Roff visited the cellar. It was dark and he lighted his way with matches. He saw a heap of boards on the floor of the cellar, which is a small single room entered by a trap door from the side porch. After instructing Mrs. Wilson to have it put in a sanitary condition he inquired in an offhand manner about her husband. She replied that he was in Tarrytown with H. C. Moore, who formerly lived in Flushing, but now is with the New York and Northern Railway. She said Moore had employed Wilson as a carpenter on the railroad.

The inspector went to the telegraph office and communicated with Mr. Moore in Tarrytown. The reply came that he had not seen Wilson since 1894. This convinced the Inspector that the case demanded vigorous action. He procured the assistance of two men and returned to the Wilson house to make a search. Mrs. Wilson, who was standing on the porch, greeted the men pleasantly. The inspector told Mrs. Wilson that he was going to make an examination of the place. Her face looked troubled, but she said nothing. Lighting a candle, the health inspector and one of the men entered the cellar. Mrs. Wilson followed them. It was the work of a few minutes to remove the boards from the pile in the centre of the cellar, and it was noticed that there was a pool of dirty water or slime beneath the boards.

"Where is Pony, Mrs. Wilson?" asked Inspector Roff. "Pony" is the nickname by which her husband had been known in Flushing. The health inspector was down on one knee at the side of the pool and the woman stood on the opposite side. As he asked the question he held up the lighted candle to get a view of her face. He says she was greatly agitated and was trembling.

"He is in California; he went there a month ago," she replied. "There is nothing under these boards except what the rats have carried there."

Mrs. Wilson put boards back upon the heap as fast as they were lifted off, and made several efforts to cover up the pool. Enough of the boards were removed at last to give a view of what was beneath. With a stick Roff explored the dirty water. Soon he struck an obstacle. It was brought to the surface, and was recognized at once as the trunk of a human body.

"Haven't I trouble enough?" she exclaimed. "I was married when I was 15 years old, and now I am alone, and you want to give me more trouble."

She was ordered to leave the cellar. She did so very reluctantly. When Inspector Roff had seen enough to convince him absolutely that he had found the remains of a human being he came up from the cellar, closed the trap door, and told Mrs. Wilson she would have to go with him. She was taken to the office of Police Justice Smith. The Police Justice was not in his office and Mrs. Wilson was taken to the Town Hall by Deputy Sheriff James Stanton. During this walk she told Stanton that the body found was that of an Italian. While on the way from her house to the Police Justice's office she repeatedly protested against her arrest, and declared it to be an outrage. She was locked in a cell in the Town Hall. She told a reporter:

"I am 45 years old. I was born at Glen Cove, and my father's name was Jacob Seaman. He died twenty-six years ago. I was a teacher in the public schools of Flushing both before and after my marriage to Mr. Wilson, which occurred on September 12, 1866. Mr. Wilson was a native of North Hempstead. We never had any children. I have one sister living, Jane Elizabeth Seaman of Port Washington.

"My husband was a carpenter, and during the early part of our married life was a good provider. Later he secured work on the New York and Northern Railway and formed acquaintances who were dissipated. He soon acquired the same habits and became very irregular. Finally he became badly afflicted with rheumatism and was brought home. This was two years ago.

"In the latter part of last January my husband was so much improved that he went back on the railroad, working part of the time. He made his home at High Bridge, with the other carpenters. Two or three weeks ago he started with a Russian for Southern California in the hope of benefiting his health."

Mrs. Wilson could not tell the name of the Russian and did not know the day on which her husband left his home in High Bridge. She could not tell what railroad he travelled on, nor the name of the village or city he was going to, nor did she know where he got money to defray travelling expenses. When asked about the body in the cesspool she said:

"I don't know anything about it. Envious neighbors may have put it there to throw suspicion on me. How do you know it is my husband? How could you identify it?" Mrs. Wilson then wrung her hands, saying: "They are mistaken; they are mistaken. How can I be accused of such a crime? God knows, I have worked night and day for my husband, although he was a great care. I took in washing and did sewing. I used to have some friends, but they have all left me now."

Coroner John S. Corey impanelled a jury and set the inquest for Tuesday, Aug. 18. The pit where the body was found is about six feet square and as many deep. Up to three years ago it was used as a cistern, but since then the village water has been used. Whether Edward Wilson died a natural death and his body was placed in the cistern, or he was murdered and his body was placed there for concealment, may never be known. Coroner Corey says the advanced state of decomposition could not have been reached in less than a year.

Mrs. George Field states that she saw Mr. Wilson in August, 1895, and that he was then very feeble and hardly able to stand. His head-hair and his beard were several inches long, and he looked like a hermit.

ARMY AND NAVY ORDERS.

Changes in the Stations and Duties of Officers in Both Services.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13.—The following army and navy orders have been issued:

Col. William R. Shafter, First Infantry, is temporarily assigned to command the Department of California in place of Brig.-Gen. James W. Forsyth, who has two months' leave.

Col. Marshall J. Ludington, Assistant Quartermaster-General, is detailed as a member of the Army Retiring Board at Chicago during the consideration of the case of First Lieut. Henry J. Goldman, Fifth Cavalry, vice Col. James F. Wade, Fifth Cavalry.

Capt. James B. Aleshire, assistant quartermaster, will proceed from Lexington to Danville, Ky., to purchase cavalry and artillery horses for the army.

First Lieut. Edwin B. Babbitt, Ordnance Department, upon being relieved from duty at the United States Military Academy, will report to the commanding officer Benecia Arsenal, California, for duty at that station.

First Lieut. Reuben B. Turner, Sixth Infantry, will be temporarily relieved of his duties at Newport, Ky., by First Lieut. Charles C. Morton, quartermaster Sixth Infantry, and will proceed to Fort Wingate, New Mexico.

Lieutenant-Commander Charles Belknap, detached from the Naval Academy and ordered to the Pinta. Lieutenant-Commander A. R. Couden, detached from the Pinta, home and two months' leave.

Pay Inspector R. F. Lisle, ordered to the San Francisco.

Paymaster J. Foster, detached from the San Francisco, home, settle accounts, and wait orders.

Used a Sickle as She Fought.

NORWALK, Conn., Aug. 13.—James Beers and Mrs. Medlecott, residents of Georgetown, met last evening in a dispute over the ownership of some chickens, and, rolling up their sleeves, went at each other. Mrs. Medlecott soon got a sickle and cut Beers on the arm and face. He is confined to the house.

REARMING THE MILITIA.

Why the Ordnance Authorities Favor the .45-calibre Springfield as a Basis.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13.—The discussion of the new small arm for the National Guard of New York has opened the broader question of the best method of rearming all the State troops that are disposed to resort to the general Government for that purpose.

Some of the States have asked that their militia may be supplied with the new Krag-Jorgenson magazine gun. To do this would either be a very slow process, requiring many years, under existing appropriations, or else it would demand a special appropriation, which has been officially estimated, in round numbers, at $2,000,000. Even then it would probably take three years to rearm the State troops. There might be some offset in the sale of the old arms returned, or in their being available for an emergency. But it is highly improbable that Congress would make an appropriation of $2,000,000 for this purpose at present.

There is another question, namely, whether the change would be warranted in any case. Here the difference between the work ordinarily expected of troops in war and that of troops employed in riot duty comes up. The magazine arm has a high velocity and great range, carrying a very small bullet, and it is of unquestioned value in contending with armies similarly armed. But it has often been remarked that a larger calibre, like the .45, may be better adapted for close-range fighting, and that excessive penetration in street firing has drawbacks. As to the magazine, while its value in general is not disputed, yet it may be an advantage sometimes that citizen soldiers should have the greater deliberation of fire which the single-shot rifle imposes. Some countries have it imperative that their magazines shall be detachable, in order that on occasions where waste of ammunition is to be avoided the rifle may be used as a single-loader.

It is further admitted that the mechanism of the magazine rifle is more complicated, while that of the .45-calibre, being simple, seems rather better adapted to troops that are only occasionally on duty, instead of constantly looking after their arms. Similar considerations apply to the ammunition in the two cases, the ordinary black gunpowder used in the .45-calibre not being subject to deterioration from long keeping and lack of use.

One argument on the other side is that, as the organized State troops would be the first to be called upon to aid the regulars in case of war, it is desirable that they should be accustomed, in time of peace, to the weapons they will then use; and undoubtedly on the outbreak of war they would be supplied with the .30-calibre magazine arm from the Government's reserve stores. But Gen. Flagler, the Chief of Ordnance, in admitting that there is something in that view, yet holds that "the fact that the calibre .45 is the better rifle for the use of the National Guard in time of peace is of paramount importance, and two weeks' constant exercise with the new arms should be all that is necessary to give our well-drilled National Guard the necessary skill in the use of the new arm. Notwithstanding the fact that we have lately adopted the new magazine rifle, the fact should not be lost sight of that the calibre .45 is still one of the best military arms in the world. We have a supply of these arms on hand, available for issue to armies that may be raised in times of emergency."

In his last report Gen. Flagler urged that it would be a great advantage if all of the National Guard could be uniformly and immediately armed with the .45-calibre Springfield rifle. He regarded that as the best practicable basis of uniformity. It has been the custom of the States to pay out large sums of money for arms and equipments for their troops, and the result is a considerable variety in arms. Secretary Lamont, in his report of last December, asserted that this variety "is so great as to preclude the employment of considerable bodies of the militia of different States in modern tactics," and that the Springfield .45-calibre rifle appears to be the best available weapon adapted to the use of the State troops."

One striking fact is that not even the regular army and the regular navy agree on the same small arm. They have adopted not only different systems of mechanism for their magazine rifles, but even the different calibres, so that they cannot use a common ammunition. Under such circumstances it is less strange that some of the States select types of new guns different from either. The general result is likely to be a continuation of the diversity, yet with an accumulation of reserves of army magazine rifles, which would be served out to State troops called into the national service in time of war. That, then, will be an ultimate chance of uniformity, possibly with a gradually growing disposition to utilize meanwhile the calibre .45 Springfield rifle for State troops.

STRIKES DRAGGING TO THEIR END.

Coat Tailors Say They Have Been Nearly Killed by Mass Meetings.

The coat tailors seemed yesterday to have given up all pretence of interest in their strike, which has now been in progress for over a fortnight, and which is likely to end to-morrow. The contractors for the last day or two have been meeting, passing resolutions never to agree to the strikers' conditions, and then slipping around by twos and threes to the headquarters of the Strike Committee and quietly settling. As the season is likely to be crowded into a few weeks now, a stampede of contractors to sign agreements is looked for to-day or to-morrow. The opening of co-operative shops in large numbers by the strikers has upset all the plans of the contractors.

On the other hand, the strikers, about 2,500 or 3,000 of whom are still out, who will go back to work now, will go back with enfeebled frames from lack of food and breathing the poisoned air of Orchard street during so many days of torrid heat. They had been looking forward to working extra hard when the strike was over to make up for lost time. Some of them are really ill from the long strain, and probably the working days of some of them are over. One of the strikers, who was among the most enthusiastic of the shouters when the strike began, said yesterday:

"The strike, no matter how it ends, will not be much of a victory for us. The mass meetings this time have nearly killed some of us."

The executive committee of the tailors' union said yesterday that twenty-five contractors had signed the agreement, and that two more co-operative shops had been opened. Unless something unexpected happened it was said that the strike would probably be ended to-morrow.

The striking pants makers and vest makers seemed to be gradually ending their strikes yesterday. Attempts were made to hold mass meetings, but they were failures. One or two of the leaders said that these last strikes had killed the popularity of hot weather mass meetings.

A small riot was started yesterday morning by two striking coatmakers in the shop of Samuel Klein of 72 Willett street. The two had a crowd of other strikers with them, and set upon the employees of Klein as they went to work. A free fight followed. David Freedman of 36 Norfolk street and Henry Schickman of 125 Columbia street were arrested as ringleaders. In Essex Market Court Freedman was held for trial and Shickman was held in default of $500 bail to keep the peace for six months.

Painters May Not Strike.

The Executive Committee of the New York Painters, including about eight unions, which ordered a general strike on Aug. 17, is to meet in a day or two to reconsider its decision. Some of the painters, especially the marine painters, who do the painting of craft of all kinds when they are in dry dock for repairs, want the strike to go on. The German painters, who say they have the majority in membership, declare that one-third of their members are out of work and that a strike now would be disastrous. If the strike goes on the Germans will probably secede from the New York Painters.

Owen O'Connor's Estate Again in Court.

The dispute over the estate of the late Owen O'Connor, which has been before the courts for some time was up again yesterday before Justice Clements in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, on a motion for an extra allowance of $2,000 to Lawyer McConnell. When Mr. O'Connor died he left a large amount of real estate. The property was partitioned in 1885 and Senator Eugene F. O'Connor, a son, bought it in. In 1891 Mrs. Johnstone, the Senator's sister, brought an action for an accounting, alleging that the property, bought for $615,000, was really worth $1,078,000. The issues were tried before Gen. B. F. Tracy as a referee, and Gen. Tracy found for the defendant. The case is to be carried to the Appellate Court. Decision was reserved yesterday on the motion for an extra allowance.

Zephyr Weight Suits

Gray and Brown Mixed Skeleton Worsted Suits, reduced from $12 and $14 to $10 each.

Blue and Black Tropical Serge Suits, reduced from $12 to $8.50 each.

The largest and finest line of Men's Bathing Suits shown at retail. Prices 98 cents, $1.50, $1.98, $2, $2.50, $3, $3.50, $4, $4.50, $5, and $6.50. Ladies' Bathing Suits $3 to $7.50.

Everything for men's wear.

A. Raymond & Co.
MEN'S OUTFITTERS
NASSAU AND FULTON STS.

SHUT UP BY SILVER.

S. F. Myers & Co., Wholesale Jewellers, Make Application for a Receiver.

Justice Stover, in the Supreme Court, yesterday appointed Louis W. Clark, Jr., a furrier at 828 Broadway, temporary receiver of the wholesale jewelry firm of S. F. Myers & Co., at 48 and 50 Maiden lane, in proceedings for dissolution of the firm brought by Samuel F. Myers against the other members, Marcus A. Myers and Samuel Blumauer. The liabilities of the firm are $517,000 and the nominal assets are $819,000. The receiver is required to furnish a bond of $200,000 with two sureties.

The firm of S. F. Myers & Co. was organized twenty years ago, and conducted a large business successfully. Last year it added a bicycle department to the business, becoming the general agent of the Olympic Bicycle Company. The trouble which resulted in the appointment of a receiver began about a week ago, and is attributed by the firm to the threat of free silver. The firm found it impossible to secure money to meet outstanding obligations. Forty promissory notes, aggregating $70,000, were held by the New York Life Insurance and Trust Company, and the company was unwilling to extend the time on the notes while the money market is in its present unsettled condition.

Yesterday morning, after the firm had found it impossible to secure money from the banks to take up the notes, the insurance company secured an attachment against it for $70,000