THE END OF ALFARO'S WAR

SUCCESS OF THE LATEST REVOLUTION IN ECUADOR.

How the Struggle Began—The Battles that Were Fought—The Cry for a Great Leader—The Arrival of the Exiled General, Eloy Alfaro—His Successes in the Field—His Final Victory Won Last Week.

The civil war which has raged for the past fifteen months in the Spanish-American republic of Ecuador has ended in the triumph of the revolutionary leader, Alfaro, who will assume the office of President as soon as a lawful election shall be held.

In order that the movement which brought about a change of Government, and the incidents, military and political, which were associated with the change, may be understood by those who have not watched the course of events in Ecuador, it is necessary to take a glance at the record of the period of disturbance and revolution.

When the movement to overthrow the obnoxious President, Dr. Cordero, began in April of last year, the people were greatly stirred up against him. He had been charged with corrupt practices, with overriding the will of the electors, and with destroying the liberties of the country. There was turmoil at the capital, with demonstrations of hostility in all the prov-

GEN. ELOY ALFARO,
Supreme Chief of Ecuador's Revolution.

inces. The Liberals held assemblies in many places and organized for resistance. Their rallying cry was "National honor!" They were in insurrection. Their first success was at the port of Esmeraldas, which they captured without much difficulty, having destroyed the Government barracks by the use of dynamite. Early in the month of May there was an outbreak at the port of Guayaquil, where martial law was proclaimed, and several battalions of the regular army joined in the insurrection. There was a renewal of the struggle at Esmeraldas, in which the Government troops were successful; two of the regiments in garrison at Quito fell to fighting each other, and offered defiance to the authorities; the insurgents laid siege to several towns in different parts of the country, and captured a number of them; Esmeraldas was again for the second time taken by the insurgents, and there were contests at many places. By the end of May the civil war had spread in all directions; the Government was demoralized; the members of the Ministry quarrelled with one another, and the General of the army had given evidence of his gross incompetency. By this time it looked like revolution.

Thus far the fighting had been irregular and desultory. There was no centre of revolutionary action. There was no recognized leader of the revolution. Thus the war could not be prosecuted in a systematic manner.

The cry on all hands was for Eloy Alfaro, a General with a record of opposition to the Government, who had been banished from Ecuador, and was living in Nicaragua. He it was who could win, who was brave and patriotic, who was a great soldier, who was a friend of the people, who was famous as a Liberal, and who knew how to gain the freedom of Ecuador. He had gained distinction in other wars, and wonderful tales had been told of him; he was an exile. His name was a watchword in every revolutionary camp, and he was the choice of all the chiefs who had taken up arms against the Government.

Alfaro is a man of peculiar traits. He is imaginative, ambitious, and erratic; he is a rhetorician; he is a proud Ecuadorian, yet democratic in his ways. He belongs to the type of politico-military men who frequently figure in the affairs of the Spanish American republic; but he is an unusually large and lively individual of that type. The Conservatives of Ecuador have always regarded him as a man of quixotic mind and conduct.

"Alfaro! Alfaro!" The cry rang through Ecuador.

It was in the first week of the month of June, 1895, that Alfaro was proclaimed Supreme Chief of the revolution and provisional President of Ecuador. On the third week of the month he arrived at the port of Guayaquil, which was in the hands of the revolutionists. The popular enthusiasm was unbounded. The rejoicing was universal. There were feasts and processions. The place seemed to be frenzied. The soldiers who had been left there and the police marched through the streets shouting, "Viva Alfaro!" The hero of the hour remained calm. He proclaimed his policy as that of "Liberty, Justice, and Peace." He at once chose Ministers and organized a Government. During the previous weeks there had been many combats at various places, but the results were inconclusive. He sent a peace commission to Quito to treat with the Government, but the President had fled from the country, and the functionary who after his departure took possession of the executive office had died.

Alfaro determined to make his headquarters at Guayaquil until the capital surrendered or until he could complete his preparation to capture it. In the name of the revolution, he called upon the titular authorities at Quito to acknowledge the sovereign will of the people. The Peace Commission sent him word that the day of capitulation was at hand.

At the opening of the month of July Quito had not yet capitulated, and Alfaro issued orders that a force of 6,000 men should be organized to attack the place, saying that it could be reduced within a fortnight. He also published a call for a national convention to frame a new Constitution for Ecuador that would be serviceable at the end of the war. After two weeks of organization the revolutionary troops were ready for the field. They were in three divisions, each one of which consisted of about 2,000 men, and with them, by Alfaro's order, were branches of the Red Cross Society. He set out upon the march, with the determination to take the lead of his army in battle. He learned that a conspiracy against his life had been formed by some counter revolutionists, whom he seized and sent to prison. Even while advancing toward Quito he repeated his overtures to the titular Government there, which, though in the face of danger, refused to come to terms. On the march an Indian cacique approached him with an offer of 10,000 warriors, but he answered that only in case of necessity would their help be accepted.

Alfaro's first combat took place at the beginning of August on the road to the capital, where he met the vanguard of the enemy. It was a victory for him, and orders were issued that a national festival should be held in honor of it. It was reported that in this affair, the battle of Chimbo, about 3,000 of Alfaro's men were engaged, and that the casualties upon both sides numbered 400. A few days afterward he fought again at Hiobamba, and was yet more successful, capturing all the enemy's artillery, slaying hundreds of the enemy's troops, and liberating all the prisoners whom he took. At Guayaquil 30,000 citizens now held a celebration in honor of the conquering hero, the victor of Hiobamba. Another conspiracy against Alfaro by officers of his own army was discovered, but the conspirators were discomfited.

Soon after this battle there were combats at Cuenca and at Giron, with results favorable to Alfaro.

By the end of August the supreme chief of the revolution was within a short distance of the capital of Ecuador, and shouts of "On to Quito!" stirred the spirit of the Alfaristas. When the guns of the revolutionary hosts were heard there, the inhabitants were stricken with terror. The enemy was unable to resist the army of Alfaro, and the city specially pronounced in favor of the revolution. The Government garrison then fled in disorder, headed by their General. Alfaro's columns marched proudly into the fallen city. At last Quito was won without bloodshed. It was the last week of August, a year ago. Thousands of people there went to and fro shouting "Viva la revolucion!" New municipal officers were appointed; all political prisoners were released; order was restored; peace reigned.

A few days afterward Gen. Eloy Alfaro made his triumphal entry into the city, amid the blare of trumpets and to the joy of the people. It was reported that such a welcome had never before been given to any man. The citizens in the streets vied with the women in the balconies as they exclaimed "Viva!" There were arches, flags, floral offerings, and music from the bands. When he entered the Government palace on the Plaza Mayor as Provisional President, one ovation followed another. The national anthem was sung by a trained company of schoolboys, and eloquent eulogies were delivered in his presence. Subsequently there were banquets, balls, and public festivals in honor of the "man who had vindicated the national honor."

In the month of September, Alfaro began the work of disbanding the victorious army of the revolution. Before the end of the month, however, there were outbreaks against his authority on the part of the Conservatives. There were combats at several places in the province of Imbabura; there was an attempt to assassinate him in his palace; there was a conspiracy to bring about his overthrow; there was danger of war with the Colombian Government, and his rule was antagonized by the clergy. He quickly expelled from the country a good many of his adversaries, including the Government commander who had fought against him, and he enforced strong measures for the maintenance of his authority.

The ordinary state of things in Ecuador was not greatly disturbed during the rest of the year; but soon after the opening of the present year there were signs that the defeated Conservative party were preparing for the renewal of hostilities.

In January last a number of malcontents were driven from the country by order of Alfaro, and there were rumors of plots in which he was always held up as the object of attack. For weeks such rumors continued to circulate, and they had an unfortunate effect upon the new Government. They alarmed Alfaro so seriously that he issued a decree providing that in the event of an outbreak the property of those concerned in it should at once be seized as a means of meeting war expenses, such property to be disposed of as he should dictate. In April and May last Alfaro's apprehensions were justified. Bands of hostile guerrillas appeared in the north, and a manifesto predicting the speedy downfall of the usurper created some agitation in the country. In the month of May fighting bodies of the Conservative party, which was supposed to have been crushed, appeared in the field, bent upon the destruction of the Alfaristas. There was a renewal of hostilities. There were combats near Cuenca and elsewhere. Fight followed fight, in one province and another. Once more, there was a critical condition of affairs. The revolt had grown so strong two months ago that Alfaro was compelled to enter upon another campaign, and to appoint one of his Ministers as the acting Executive. He took the field in June at the head of a force 3,000 strong, and proceeded toward Cuenca, which was held by the enemy, who were led to believe that they would soon again obtain control of the country, and reëstablish the Conservative party in power at Quito. Alfaro first met the enemy in the mountains while on the march; and he seems to have won the day after some hard fighting. He then advanced on the enemy's stronghold in the district of Cuenca. He captured it, and dispersed its defenders. This victory, which he has declared to be conclusive, was won only last week. With exultation he has informed the Government, of which he is yet the supreme chief, that the second struggle for the Presidency of Ecuador has ended in success. The revolution has been confirmed, and the last desperate outburst of opposition to it has been suppressed by military force. Now for that "liberty, justice, and peace" which he promised to give to his country when recalled from exile.

It looks, indeed, as though the Conservative party in the republic were crushed. There is no doubt that for years before the revolution it held power by corrupt means and against the will of a very great majority of the citizens. There has long been a strong public determination to secure some improvement in the Government and the political methods of Ecuador.

Let it be that ridicule was cast upon Eloy Alfaro while he lived in exile; let it be that he is a man of erratic mind, disposed to quixotic adventures; the fact remains that he has iron power in Ecuador through a successful revolution of which he was the leader.

NOMADIC FREDDIE SCHMITT.

A Little Traveller of Williamsburgh Twice Lost and Twice Found.

Freddie Schmitt, who is not quite 6 years old, wandered away from his home, at 924 Flushing avenue, Williamsburgh, on Monday. His mother had let him out to play, in care of an older brother, who joined his own playmates and forgot all about Freddie. When Freddie's disappearance became known everybody in the neighborhood of his home joined in a search for him. It was kept up all night without result.

The next morning Mrs. Schmitt went to the Hamburgh avenue police station and told Acting Captain Black that she believed her boy had been abducted. A general alarm was sent out. Mrs. Schmitt was made ill, and, on Tuesday night, a doctor was summoned. The search was kept up all night. Just before noon on Wednesday the police received a telephone message from Jamaica saying that a boy answering Freddie's description had been found in front of a hotel and taken to the Town Hall. Mrs. Schmitt was notified, and hurried to Jamaica. When she got there she discovered that the boy, who was her son, had been permitted to play with other children and had disappeared again. She became hysterical and was taken home in a carriage.

Searching parties were organized in Jamaica, and for twenty-four hours there was a fruitless search for the boy. Every town and village within twenty miles of Jamaica was notified to be on the lookout for Freddie. He showed up yesterday morning in Flushing, several miles from Jamaica. Hotel Keeper Badenhoff came across the boy, who was crying for his mother. Badenhoff took the boy to the hotel and learned his name. Then Badenhoff telephoned to Brooklyn Police Headquarters and was told to keep a tight grip on Freddie.

Mrs. Schmitt was notified again, and, in less than an hour, she was in Flushing. She found her long-lost child eating crackers. He grinned when he saw her, and told her that he had had a "bully" time. Mrs. Schmitt took him home, and last evening she received a throng of neighbors who wanted to see and talk to Freddie. He told them that he walked all the way to Jamaica and Flushing.

GLEASON'S JOHN MAY GO DRY.

A Raines Law Agent Jumps on Long Island City Sandwiches.

Gardner A. Hibbard, the special excise agent in Long Island City, notified the hotel proprietors there yesterday that hereafter a sandwich would not be considered as a meal and the hotel keepers disregarding the instructions would find that they were liable to punishment for violation of the Excise law. He also notified the hotel men that residents of Long Island City could not be considered guests.

Nearly every saloon in the city has, since the Raines law went into effect, been doing a big Sunday business, serving sandwiches with drinks, and a majority of the places have gone to considerable expense to fit up dining rooms. In many cases the proprietors built large additions to their saloons in order to provide the ten bedrooms called for.

Some of the hotel keepers sought advice and were told to put the ham on one plate and the bread on another and serve it with a knife and fork and napkin. From what could be learned last night it is probable that several of the hotel keepers will take chances on serving guests with anything in the shape of meat and bread called for.

ST. JOSEPH'S SEMINARY FACULTY.

Several New Members Appointed—The Institution to Open Soon.

The following have been appointed members of the faculty of the new St. Joseph's Seminary at Valentine Hill: The Rev. Edward R. Dyer, S. S., President; the Rev. Richard K. Wakeham, S. S., Treasurer and Procurator; the Rev. Joseph F. Driscoll, S. S., Professor of Dogma; the Rev. Joseph Brunean, S. S., Professor of Scripture; the Rev. William Temple, Professor of Logic. All of these are members of the Sulpician Order with the exception of Father Temple, who is a secular priest. He was, however, educated by the Sulpicians.

The following priests, who were members of the faculty of the old seminary at Troy have been retained: The Rev. William Livingston, professor of English, church history, and rubrics; the Rev. Remy Lafort, professor of moral philosophy and canon law, and the Rev. James Fitzsimmons, professor of metaphysics and philology.

It is expected that the institution will be opened for the reception of students in about a fortnight. There will be fifty-eight students from the old seminary and twenty-two new ones who have recently qualified.

BRIDGE MANAGEMENT CENSURED.

A Coroner's Jury Denounces Its Mode of Using Locomotives at Night.

Coroner Fitzpatrick held an inquest yesterday in the case of William Brown of 220 Seventh street, who was killed early on the morning of Aug. 7 by being knocked from the Brooklyn Bridge by a train.

The evidence showed that the cable on the bridge is stopped at 1 o'clock every morning, and that the trains are drawn or shoved across by locomotives until 6 o'clock. It was 5:30 o'clock when Brown was knocked from the track to the ground 120 feet below. The train that struck him was being pushed over by a locomotive.

William Gill, the conductor, said that he whistled to warn Brown to get off the track. Brown did not seem to hear him, and it was impossible to stop the train.

The jury censured the bridge authorities for using locomotives to shove trains across the bridge, thereby placing the train between the engineer and anything that might be on the track in front.

For prickly heat, insect bites, chafing, sunburns, &c., nothing is so efficacious as Pears' Extra S. diluted with a little water. [illegible] genuine.—Adv.

HERE'S A GREWSOME SPOOK

NO WONDER WINFIELD, L. I., IS IN SEVERAL STATES OF MIND.

It Flies, It Runs, It Burrows, It Disappears—Pugilist Joe Brown Saw the "Airy-like Flight"—He Chased It Into a Sewer, but Lost It—Men on Its Track.

WINFIELD, L. I., Aug. 28.—The good people of Winfield, L. I., have been struggling with a mystery in the form of a ghost that has occupied their attention for the past two weeks, at which time the object of their intense agony was first discovered, and at present they are no nearer the solution of the problem than they were at the beginning of their meditations.

The village of Winfield has a population of about 2,500, and is four miles distant from Long Island City. It is situated on the north side division of the Long Island Railroad. The inhabitants of the place comprise almost every nationality on the face of the globe, but the majority of the people are Germans.

The mysterious visitor which is causing no little amount of uneasiness among the residents makes its nocturnal appearance about 12:30 A. M. every night, and is usually first discovered walking, or at least gliding, along Henry street by the Winfield Athletic Club house at that time. It has also been seen prowling around other parts of the village during the early hours of the morning.

The ghost, or spiritual phantom, as some have begun to call it, from its airy-like flight and disappearance when pursued, was first seen by A. Acker two weeks ago last night, and ever since has made its regular trips through the stillness of the night.

Those who have seen the strange mystery—and there are a number who claim the honor—all vary in their description of the visitor. Some say it is a woman seven feet tall, with a large bushy head; another says it is a large grizzly man disguised as a woman; still another alleges it is a ghastly, hideous old hag of a woman dressed in white, with a grizzly head that resembles a wild animal; while others describe it to be a woman above normal proportions—two heads containing long bushy hair that hangs down loosely, some of which is divided and flows down in front as well as in the back.

Joe Brown, familiarly known as the "Winfield Spider," from his pugilistic career, is probably the only person that has been close enough to give a correct description of the strange apparition and is the only one who has heard it speak. He says while returning home late one evening he met the strange spectre in front of the club house. He says he asked it who it was, when in a weird-like tone it replied:

"Touch me not or you shall die."

Brown followed it closely for some distance, until it suddenly disappeared in the air. He thought it had wings and had alighted in a near-by tree, but he says he searched the tree carefully, and the object was not so small that it could have secluded itself among the branches and escape his vigilant eye. He further stated that it positively had two heads, one of which, he says, is located on the stomach a little below the chest. He is sure he saw the long nose and the fiery eyes, with the long, flowing hair hanging down the front from the head that is located on the stomach. He also distinctly noticed the other head, which he asserts resembles that of an animal.

Wednesday evening Joe Brown, Austin Acker, and several other young men, armed with pistols, clubs, and stones, secreted themselves near the point where the strange visitor makes its usual appearance. Exactly 12:30 it was seen moving along Henry street in the direction of the club house. When it arrived opposite the building the crowd made a rush at it and it started down the street until it reached Madison avenue, where it turned and went up that thoroughfare, with the crowd at its heels yelling for it to stop. It glided over the surface of the earth like a flying bird and did not seem to be touching the ground at all. When it reached the corner of Thompson avenue it reduced its speed somewhat until the pursuing men were close upon it again. Then it turned the corner and started up Thompson avenue toward Newtown, but before it crossed the railroad tracks it darted into a near-by cornfield. The men searched the cornfield, but could find no trace of the mysterious spook.

The crowd returned to the village again, and were just discussing the sudden disappearance of the strange visitor when, to their surprise, it came walking by again. When the crowd had recovered their senses, they laid plans to capture the ghost, if possible, by heading it off. Several of the men ran around another street and stood within 20 feet of the main street, while the rest followed it up slowly in order to give their comrades time to get around the block. A sharp, shrill whistle was sufficient notice that everything was all right for the capture, and Joe Brown, at the head of the crowd that was following the spook, gave the word to make the attack, and they started on a run, while their companions at the corner, with clubs and pistols in their hands, stood waiting for their prey.

When the ghost approached the men on the corner Joe Brown said it simply lifted itself in the air, flew over the heads of the men, and vanished. Several pistol shots and the noise of a number of bricks bats striking the neighboring dwellings, which awakened the slumbering inhabitants, was all that remained of the ghost that night.

Last night it made its usual appearance, and the crowd, with Joe Brown as a leader, pursued it again. This time it took a different course and started across an open field.

Either it forgot to charge itself with the necessary electricity before starting out on its nocturnal visit or else it was to encourage its pursuers, for the leaders of the crowd that followed had almost overtaken it and were ready to say, "We've caught it," when it darted into a large culvert that runs under the street.

Quick as a flash both ends of the culvert were barricaded with men.

After a long consultation Joe Brown volunteered to brave the task of going through the tunnel in search of the ghost.

Giving his ructions to those on the outside to come to his assistance in case the spook might show fight, Brown started on his daring adventure. As he was proceeding through he kept informing his comrades to keep a sharp look out for the other end. He told them that he was searching for subterranean passages, but did not find any, and after making the tour he came out at the other end, satisfying himself and all of his companions that the strange visitor is no human being.

Those who were only five feet behind the spook when it entered the mouth of the tunnel swear that it went into the culvert.

A thorough examination of the culvert was made to-day, but no byways or crevices were found large enough to admit a cat or dog.

There is a vigilance committee out waiting to-night who expect to give the spook a warm reception in case it appears.

FLEAS IN PICKLESVILLE.

Upper Williamsburgh Infested by the Pests in Countless Numbers.

Upper Williamsburgh is suffering from a plague of flees. Hundreds of houses are infested with the pests, and the occupants are at their wits' end.

The district known as Picklesville, which is bounded by Flushing and Myrtle avenues and the city line, is especially infested. In the district, which got its name from pickle factories which were formerly there, the fleas apparently originate in the cellar. Attempts are made to smoke them out, while chemicals which are considered detrimental to insects are used in profusion, but without much success.

The pests soon find their way in countless numbers all over the house, and visitors take more or less away with them when they depart, and thus spread the plague to other parts of Williamsburgh. The flea killer, the inhabitants think, is as much needed in Picklesville as the fool killer is in other parts of the country, if not there.

A BARBER DIES SUDDENLY.

In the Act of Shaving a Customer the Razor Drops from His Hand.

August Arditi, 35 years old, of 389 Seventeenth street, died suddenly of heart disease last evening in George Nelson's barber shop at 35 Sands street, Brooklyn, where he was employed as a journeyman. The proprietor went out about 5 o'clock, leaving Arditi alone in the shop. A customer came in soon afterward and took his place in a chair. Arditi was about to begin the shaving, when the razor dropped from his hand on the floor and he tottered toward the wall. At that instant a tailor who lives in an adjoining house called at the shop, and, noticing the barber's condition, assisted him to the back yard and sent the customer out for a policeman. The barber died before the arrival of the ambulance surgeon.

GOSSIP OF WILLIS'S MISSION.

Travellers from Honolulu Hear Rumors of Hawaiian Affairs on Reaching 'Frisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 28.—F. C. McFarlane and F. W. McFarlane arrived yesterday from Honolulu. Inquiry was made of them last evening concerning a published rumor that Minister Willis, who recently visited the United States, was empowered to enter into negotiations either for Hawaiian annexation or for the restoration of a monarchical form of government, with Kaiulani on the throne, or for an American protectorate, the choice to be left to a vote of the people. Neither of the visitors had any knowledge concerning it.

CAPST'N, A SEA-FARING SNAKE.

How His Boa Constrictorship Saved the Gracie King from Disaster.

The schooner Gracie King of Liverpool cleared from this port yesterday for Rio Janeiro. She was loaded with flour, and her crew consisted of the Captain, ten able-bodied seamen, and a snake. The snake is not a full-articled mariner as yet, but he hopes to be by the next time the Gracie King makes New York harbor. The ship news reporter was idly watching the smoke drifting over the stern of a large white yacht going up the river, and estimating the infinitesimal smallness of the chance he had of ever owning one like it, when his attention was attracted to the cross trees of a schooner that was loading near by. Swinging from the topmast shrouds of the schooner Gracie King was what appeared to be a large and healthy black and yellow spotted boa constrictor, whose eighteen feet of life oscillated back and forth between the reporter and the sun. Suspense kills, and the reporter wanted to know whether that snake was or was not; so he climbed cautiously aboard the Gracie King and accosted one of her Majesty's subjects who seemed to be in charge.

"Is that part of your cargo?" asked the reporter, pointing to the swinging serpent.

"Wot, 'im? Naw, that's Capst'n; 'e's one o' th' crew. Hssssh! 'I there'! Capst'n! Come 'ere!" And the hardy son of Neptune called to his snakeship, who took a turn around the mast with his tail and glided down to the deck.

The ship news reporter jumped behind the sailor as the snake crawled up to the twain. "Lord luv yeh! 'E won't 'urt yeh. 'Es edificated, 'e is. 'E smokes cigarettes, 'e does. Gimme one an' I'll show yeh."

The ship news man handed over a cigarette and the sailor took a match from his pocket and handed them both to the boa. His snakeship took the cigarette in his mouth and twisted the tip of his tail around the match. He scratched the latter on the deck and applied the flame to the weed with all the nonchalance of a Circassian lady who handles reptilians for a living.

"For heaven's sake! Where did you get him?" gasped the reporter.

"Got 'im in Rio, viage before last," responded the sailor.

"Why do you call him Capstan?"

"Well, yeh see 'e wuz only a little feller w'en we got 'im, but 'e growed amazin' fast, and on th' second viage we made arter gittin' 'im, 'e wuz quite sized-like. On that viage we struck a gale an' things wuz blowin' hell-bent. Th' main sheet snapped an' th' boom swung round an' knocked th' mate galley west. Th' crew wuz up forrard at th' time an' only th' second mate, whose bloomin' sheet swung by th' second time, he lits 'imself up an' ketches 'old. 'E swung out over th' side an' then as 'e swung back he takes a turn 'round th' after bit an' 'olds on. We seed th' trouble bout that time an' runs back, but afore we gits aft Capst'n 'ad twisted 'imself 'round th' bloomin' bit an' hauled th' sheet as taut as th' bloomin' crew end a done 'ith a capst'n, an' that's 'ow we giv 'im th' name."

"Is he a regular member of the crew now?" asked the reporter.

"No, 'e ain't signed articles yet, cos 'is edducation ain't finished. As soon as 'e kin splice a rope th' Cap'n sez 'ell sign 'im. 'Es larnin' fast though, an' e'll most likely be signed next viage."

The Gracie King was almost ready to swing out and the tug was already alongside. The ship news reporter thanked the sailor, and, getting over the side of the vessel, joined the crowd ashore that was waiting to welcome China's grand old man.

LAURA FORMAN RELEASED.

The Girl Says She Was Badly Treated at the House of Mercy.

Laura Forman, a tall and prepossessing young woman, whose father, John Forman of Asbury Park, placed her in the House of Mercy at Inwood on July 16, was brought before Justice Beach of the Supreme Court yesterday on a writ of habeas corpus obtained by George H. Lefferson, also of Asbury Park, who had been paying her attention. The attentions of Lefferson are said to have been the cause of the action of the father, who was not well disposed toward the young man. Forman married a widow with a child about three months ago, and Laura became restive under the changed conditions. The father advised with the Rev. Mr. Miller of Asbury Park, it is said, before he sent the girl to the institution. She was in this city visiting her sister, Mrs. Nickerson of 50 West Seventy-sixth street, when she was taken away to the institution in a carriage. Her father paid her board there, although most of the inmates are supported by the institution.

On learning of her incarceration young Lefferson consulted with Lawyer Charles E. Cook of Asbury Park, who got Lawyer William H. Ely of Tarrytown to get out the writ of habeas corpus.

In court yesterday Lawyer Samuel A. Patterson of Asbury Park, appearing for the father, said that the girl was not held contrary to law. She was cared for in an institution for young women at the expense of her father. Lawyer Ely said that Miss Forman had been taken by force from the Nickerson flat and put into a carriage with a strange woman. There had been no legal process of any kind, he said, and he asked for her release. He added that she was under restraint and was fed on bread and molasses twelve times a week. The girl took the stand and testified that she was detained against her will and that she was nearly 19 years old. Lawyer Patterson said as she was leaving the stand:

"Mr. Forman asked her there believing that it was necessary to do so to protect the character and purity of his daughter."

"It may be right from every point of view but the legal one," said the Judge. "It is not legal to confine this young woman without due process of law."

The girl refused to go with her father, and went away with Mrs. Margaret A. Green of Asbury Park.

"I merely wanted to get her out of prison," said Lefferson afterward. "There won't be any quiet or secret marriage as the result of her release."

Lawyer Cook said that she was under restraint all the time at the institution, and had even been punished by having a gag put into her mouth. He said that she would sue the House of Mercy for damages for her detention and treatment.

A SCARE IN A FLAT HOUSE.

The Elevator Falls and a Blaze and Panic Follow.

The occupants of the four-story flat house at 208 First street, Brooklyn, were aroused early yesterday morning by a loud crash, and on hastening from their apartments found that the elevator had fallen from the third floor, where it had been secured, to the cellar. Their alarm was increased by the presence of flame and smoke in the shaft, but the fire was quickly extinguished.

A prevailing strong odor of kerosene caused a suspicion of incendiarism, but the police have been unable to substantiate it. In April last there was a fire in the house which caused a loss of $2,500.

MARRIED.

LUNBECK—EMMONS.—At the residence of the bride's father, Montclair, N. J., Aug. 28, 1896, Henry Lunbeck of New York to Alice Lucinda Emmons.

DIED.

AMEND.—On Friday, Aug. 28, at his residence, 1,059 Avenue A, in this city, Bernard Amend, in his 80th year.
Notice of funeral hereafter.

CHURCHILL.—On Friday, Aug. 28, 1896, Joseph M. Churchill, aged 66 years 7 months and 16 days.
Funeral services at his late residence, Cherry Hill, N. J., on Sunday, Aug. 30, at 12 M. Interment in New York Bay Cemetery.

GARRIGUE.—On Wednesday, Aug. 26, Jessie Williams, wife of Alexander Garrigue.
Funeral services will be held at the residence of her parents, 982 Butler st., Brooklyn, on Saturday morning at 10 o'clock.

HILL.—At Corona, L. I., Aug. 27, 1896, Henry Hill, aged 69 years.
Funeral from his late residence, Jackson av., on Sunday, the 30th inst., at half past 2 o'clock.

WYLIE.—In this city on Thursday, Aug. 27, 1896, Mrs. Susie L. Wylie, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. John Neil McLeod.
Relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, 12th st., west of 6th av., on Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Pittsburgh and Philadelphia papers please copy.

THE KENSICO CEMETERY, located on the Harlem Railroad, forty-eight minutes' ride from the Grand Central Depot. Office, 16 East 42d st.

Religious Notices.

ALL are accorded a cordial welcome to services at Central Metropolitan Temple, 7th av. and 14th st., Rev. S. P. Cadman, pastor.—Sunday—11, the Rev. W. W. Alexander will preach "Ministry of Reconciliation." 3:30, Pleasant Hour, Musical Service; 6 P. M., the Rev. J. Lewis Hartsock, preacher, "Human Character a Study." Monday—Conference, "Is the Silver Attitude Consistent with a Right Moral Sense?" J. L. Hartsock. Tuesday—Picto tal. Wednesday—Public prayer-meeting. Friday—Evangelistic service by Mr. Alexander. Friday—Questions answered by Mr. Cadman. Saturday—Temple Concert; splendid programme for the people. Seats free.

CHURCH OF THE PEOPLE.—Five Points Mission, 376 Sanford, pastor, 10:30, 7:30; Sunday school, 2:30; illustrated lantern talk at night. All welcome.

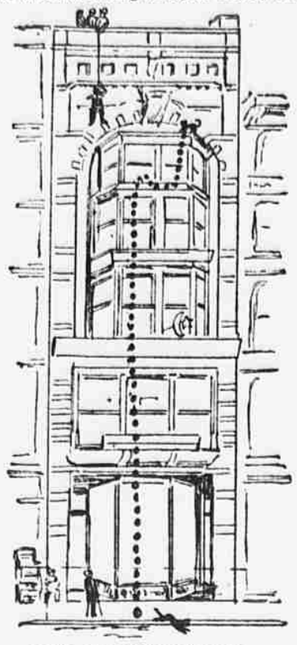
FIFTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, corner 55th st., Rev. John Hall, D. D., pastor.—Services Sunday, Aug. 30, at 11 A. M. and 4 P. M.

MARIA WOULDN'T BE SAVED

ELUDED HER RESCUERS AND JUMPED FROM THE FIFTH STORY.

Had Been on the Roof Two Days and on a Window Cornice Another—Boatswain's Chair, Fish Net, and Basket Failed to Entice Her—Landed on Her Feet.

A black Maria cat with a white nose, and possessing elevated ideas of life, managed to get on the roof of the Waverly building, a six-story structure at 339 Broadway, last Tuesday. For two days the cat loafed about the roof trying to think of some way in which she could get down to the street. If it had been an ordinary building the task of reaching the sidewalk would have been easy. But the building is not an ordinary one. To the cat it appeared topheavy, for the cornice projected out over the top story windows, and the only thing to do was to make what an educated cat might call a concave dive. Maria arrived at this conclusion on Thursday afternoon, and made the dive, landing on top of the bay win-



MARIA ESCAPES HER RESCUERS.

dow of the fifth floor. The next move was to come down another story, but when Maria sized up the situation she concluded this was an impossibility even for a high-minded Broadway cat. Then she lay down to rest for the night.

Yesterday morning she tried to get back to the roof. The trial resulted in a failure. Then she looked at the sidewalk and longed to be with the passing show.

"Meow! Mee-oowow! Oh, mee-yow!" she said to the crowd that had gathered on the opposite side of the street. The last of the three appeals, according to the engineer of the building, Jim Brush, means in cat talk, "Please do something for me." So the engineer called half a dozen men from the bicycle repair shop in the building, and, going to the roof, the rescuing party rigged up a boatswain's chair with a block and fall fastened to the chimney. The bicycle repair gang, being inexperienced in cat rescuing, bungled the job.

A man was lowered from the roof in the boatswain's chair. Then 5,000 men and women who had gathered on Broadway cheered, the cat, probably seeing a resemblance to a bowling ball in the chair, shied and went to the end of the window opposite to where the bicycle life saver came down. So that in the words of a pretzel baker in the crowd, "When he was there she was here." The repair shop gang on the roof hoisted the hero back and took the chair to the other end of the building, where it was rigged up over the point where the cat was lodged. Again the rescuer was lowered, and the pretzel man yelled out:

"Now he's here and she's there!"

The cat had run to the other end of the window cornice, and the crowd cheered. Up went the boatswain's chair to the roof again, and the six members of the bicycle repair gang held a consultation. It was decided to try it again, this time baiting the cat with a chunk of beef tied to a rope. The cat toyed with the beef as if playing with a mouse, much to the amusement of the crowd, but Maria kept far away from the men in the chair.

Engineer Brush finally sent for a fish net. When he tried to capture Maria with the net she jumped from the cornice to the window sill. A man inside the building quickly covered her with a wicker paper basket and dragged her into his office. The cat by this time was badly frightened, and, getting out of the basket, scratched her rescuer and escaped out of the window back to her old position. The man with the basket leaned out of the window a second time. The cat looked at him, and then glanced down, as the crowd on Broadway, as if measuring the distance with her eye. Crouching down she sprang from the fifth story window ledge and landed on the sidewalk, right side up with care. Then she darted off, dodging imaginary messenger boys and real cable cars, and disappeared around the corner of Leonard street.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

MINIATURE ALMANAC—THIS DAY.

Sun rises .. 5 25 | Sun sets .. 6 39 | Moon rises. 9 12

HIGH WATER—THIS DAY.

Sandy Hook.11 54 | Gov.Island.11 15 | Hell Gate.. 1 04

Arrived—FRIDAY, Aug. 28.

Ss St. Louis, Randle, Southampton Aug. 22.
Ss Scandia, Kuhn, Hamburg Aug. 14.
Ss Pontiac, Owen, Gibraltar Aug. 14.
Ss Galilee, Forth, London Aug. 15.
Ss Ohio, Boggs, Southampton Aug. 19.
Ss City of Augusta, Doggett, Savannah.
Ss Jamestown, Tapley, Norfolk.
Ss Cottage City, Bennett, Portland.
Ship Iranian, Webster, Dundee.
Ship Ardmore, White, London.

[For later arrivals see First Page.]

ARRIVED OUT.

Ss Jersey City, from New York, at Queenstown.
Ss Rhein, from New York, at Bremerhaven.
Ss Pennland, from New York, at Genoa.
Ss Etona, from New York, at Buenos Ayres.
Ss Queen Olga, from New York, at Sinzapore.
Ss Westerdijk, from New York, at Bristol.
Ss Cuba, from New York for Sinzapore, at Gibraltar.
Ss Chesapeake, from New York, at London.
Ss Critic, from New York, at Dundee.

SIGHTED.

Ss Umbria, from New York for Liverpool, passed Brow Head.
Ss Thingvalla, from New York for Christiansand, passed Lizard Island.
Ss Mannheim, from Rotterdam for New York, off the Lizard.
Ss Excelsior, from Bremerhaven for New York, off Prawle Point.

SAILED FROM FOREIGN PORTS.

Ss Augusta Victoria, from Southampton for New York.
Ss Anchoria, from Glasgow for New York.
Ss Energie, from Shields for New York.
Ss Francisco, from Hull for New York.

SAILED FROM DOMESTIC PORTS.

Ss El Mar, from Port Eads for New York.
Ss Rio Grande, from Brunswick, Ga., for New York.

OUTGOING STEAMSHIPS.

	Hour Close	Vessel Sails
Sail To-day.		
Lucania, Liverpool	6:00 A. M.	8:00 A. M.
La Bretagne, Havre	7:30 A. M.	9:00 A. M.
Ems, Bremen	8:00 A. M.	10:00 A. M.
New York, Southampton	7:00 A. M.	10:00 A. M.
Circassia, Glasgow		
Persia, Hamburg		10:00 A. M.
Spaarndam, Rotterdam	8:00 A. M.	10:00 A. M.
Norge, Christiansand	11:00 A. M.	1:00 P. M.
Mississippi, London		9:00 A. M.
Yumuri, St. Marc	10:00 A. M.	12:00 M.
Alps, Hayti	10:00 A. M.	12:00 M.
Alvena, Kingston	10:00 A. M.	12:00 M.
Saratoga, Havana	10:00 A. M.	1:00 P. M.
El Sonte, New Orleans		3:00 P. M.
City of Augusta, Savannah		5:00 P. M.
Nueces, Galveston		3:00 P. M.
Knickerbocker, New Orleans		3:00 P. M.
Sail To-morrow.		
Panama, Havana	5:00 A. M.	8:00 A. M.
Sail Monday, Aug. 31.		
Advance, Colon	10:00 A. M.	12:00 M.

INCOMING STEAMSHIPS.

Due To-day.		
Elwick	Gibraltar	Aug. 10
Pawnee	Liverpool	Aug. 18
City of Rome	Glasgow	Aug. 20
Seine	London	Aug. 14
Handel	St. Lucia	Aug. 21
Etruria	Liverpool	Aug. 22
La Bourgogne	Havre	Aug. 22
Schiedam	Amsterdam	Aug. 15
City of Birmingham	Savannah	Aug. 26
Due Sunday, Aug. 30.		
Amsterdam	Rotterdam	Aug. 19
British King	Antwerp	Aug. 16
Croft	Dundee	Aug. 16
Seminole	Jacksonville	Aug. 27
Due Monday, Aug. 31.		
Tauric	Liverpool	Aug. 21
State of California	Glasgow	Aug. 21
Monawk	London	Aug. 20
Saale	Bremen	Aug. 22
Monican	Cardiff	Aug. 17
George Heaton	Gibraltar	Aug. 16
City of Washington	Havana	Aug. 27
Finance	Colon	Aug. 26