WEYLER'S VILE DUNGEONS.

A VISIT TO THE CABANAS PRISON AT HAVANA.

Cells in a Fortress in Which Political Suspects Are Packed—Little Air, Filthy Surroundings, and Bad Water—Americans Among the Victims—Daily Executions.

Madrid despatches to Havana again announce that a speedy decision in the case of the Competitor prisoners may be expected. The seven men who for nearly five months have languished in the Cabañas prison are soon to know their fate. Among them is at least one American born, and one or more are naturalized American citizens.

Havana despatches to the United States announce the arrest of a dozen more prominent citizens within the last week. These men, against many of whom there is but the vaguest suspicion, are now in the Cabañas dungeons. We hear of no released "suspects," but of the deportation of a dozen to political prisons in Africa. Of all Spain's political prisons, the Cabañas may be regarded as typical, if not indeed superior in many ways to the African strongholds.

During my recent tour of western Cuba, and while yet newly arrived, I visited the Morro Castle offenders and experienced the first shock of seeing human beings imprisoned in stone chambers whence they had little hope of emerging. Later I was able to spend an entire Sunday in the Cabañas and to make a close study of its occupants and their condition.

The capacity of the eight habitable calabozos of this fortification is about 200. This would give twenty-five inmates to a chamber and crowd them closely. If two or three of the eight chambers be used for solitary confinement, *incomunicados*, or *capilla* (chapel for those about to be put to death), the remaining five or six must be still more closely packed. The width of the calabozos, which on the outside appears to be some twenty feet, is considerably less inside, owing to the extremely thick walls which separate them. The chambers run back some distance, and, I am told, have each a small, high-up window at the rear. The depth might be 30 to 40 feet. The total number of inmates is never less than 200, and, as a consequence, the cells are constantly crowded. Each calabozo is furnished with a rough table, rough benches, square tins for drinking water, and one large bucket or barrel which is emptied twice a day. The men may furnish their own hammocks or sleep on the stone floor.

Nothing more helpless or hopeless can be imagined than the condition of these beings, whose "limbs are rusted with a vile repose;" yet, thanks to the sanguine Latin temperament and the stoical Cuban quality of resignation, which is entirely different from submission, they are all hopeful beyond belief.

The situation of the Cabañas, which should be well known to Americans by this time, is on the highest ground of the highland across the bay from Havana, and about a quarter of a mile southeast of Morro Castle. To reach it from Havana one pays a real or so to a Spanish boatman at the Caballeria wharf to ferry him—it is a short sail over—to what is called Casa Blanca, a cluster of stores and houses, whence there is a long climb up the zigzag road to the fortifications. This zigzag path, stone studded, shedsheltered, flower and shrub bordered, is an immaculate index of the prison atmosphere so far as rigid scrutiny of visitors is concerned. At every turn one meets a sentry or a pair and is halted for inspection. Visitors who are relatives or friends of the prisoners are permitted to enter the Cabañas during certain hours on Wednesdays and Sundays. By 5 o'clock the court must be clear. This permission is an understood one, without pass or aught else than the sentries' scrutiny of every arrival and a brief conversational test to discover if he is a native or Spanish subject. It is a grudged permission naturally, and not one that would encourage information seekers. An ordinary American of nerve and nonchalance, if he spoke Spanish well, might run the gauntlet; for an American Consul or other prominent person it would be out of the question.

At the time I spent my Sunday there they were beginning to enforce a more rigorous prohibition of foreigners, and I have no doubt that I might have been turned back, or requested to leave the court or even detained for examination, but for my sex, which protected me as the possible foreign-born wife of a prisoner.

The zigzag road, after one has climbed to the last sharp turn of its steepish ascent, leads through a dim entrance passage of forty feet or so into the narrow, quadrangular prison court formed by the calabozos and the opposite cuartel wall. At the head of a short flight of steps leading up into this court are guards and sentries, a stern and critical group, who examine any parcel or bundle brought by relatives of the prisoners, shaking out the clean clothing and prodding it with bayonets. After these guards are passed the visitor finds himself in the centre of a quadrangular court in a square formed by the wall of the opposite cuartel and high fences at the left and right, in which are gates presided over by sentries, who open and close them in funereal silence and with a certain awe-compelling solemnity of motion. The cuartel windows, which face the calabozos, are usually full of soldiers, who employ their leisure in commenting with marked frankness on the appearance of the Cuban women and girls who compose the majority of the visitors. In the court, between these windows, are sentry boxes, also facing the cells, for use of the guards when it rains. The calabozos themselves, four on each side of the two fences, have each a door and a window of huge iron bars, the main difference being that the doors must be opened for the carrying in of food and water. When this takes place there is always a file of six soldiers stationed outside facing the calabozo, with guns ready to fire at the least suspicious movement within. The prisoners, however, fall back from the bars of door and window at this moment—as far as they can, being so thickly crowded.

These are the only times the cells are opened, except when a man is led out to execution, which occurs on an average to one man a day, two or more being sometimes shot at once. These unfortunates usually have the short shrift of a single night, that is, they are taken out from among their comrades at 7 in the evening, marched before a council of officers, where sentence of death is read to them, and then conducted at once to *capilla*, this being an unoccupied cell furnished with a small improvised altar, a cot, a chair, and a table, where a priest or two may offer spiritual consolation and the doomed receive the last sacraments. At sunrise they are bound and led out to the Paso, where they must kneel with their faces to the stone wall and their backs to the executioners. The Paso is not far away from the calabozos; the shots are plainly heard by the other prisoners, and the martial music of the band, as the soldiers march off and leave the bleeding bodies to the Brothers of Charity, who are permitted to take them away and bury them. Oftener than not the shooting is clumsily done, as, for example, in the case of Perdigon Petrafia, who was executed while I was there. There were four young soldiers detailed to shoot the man. Who shall say if their aim was not purposely bad, poor hirelings, pale as the condemned, and anything but content with the cruel task imposed upon them. Crash! Smoke sifting away in the strong sea wind. Petrana had fallen, face downward, but he was not dead. Two of the bullets had grazed his temples, the other two had passed through his lungs. A thin stream of blood ran from his mouth on the sand. The sergeant gave a sign, a man stepped forward and fired into the prostrate body; but this was not enough, and a second *coup de grace* had to extinguish the vital spark. Outside the sphinx-like walls of the fortifications little or nothing is known about these shootings. I have heard tales about people going to witness them. There is said to be a half-crazy woman who attends them all; but this would seem almost impossible unless she were a relative or special friend of someone in authority at the Cabañas who favored her with invitations at the last moment to this delectable sight. In Havana the people have only the meagre paragraph in the papers the day after:

"The political prisoner (*reo*), Fulano de Tal, was executed at 7 yesterday morning in the Fortress of the Cabañas for the crimes of rebellion and incendiarism."

Havana people never visit the Cabañas or the Morro; you seldom find one of them who will admit he knows anything about it, unless, of course, he has had a relative shut up there. It is a place of horror, to be shunned, forgotten.

Death, however, is a lesser misery in comparison with an endless imprisonment under conditions which, but for a sublime sort of hope and faith, might drive men mad. The political prisoners never emerge day or night from their cells. This might be better endured had they a fair range around inside. The cells, especially during the rainy season, are damp, and cleanliness must be out of the question. Herded like animals, sick and well breathing the same vile air day after day, week after week, how is it possible they should escape disease or the seeds of disease beyond cure? The coarse food brought in by friends is often delicious in quantity as well as quality. Measles, fever, intestinal maladies, have run riot among the unfortunates, and death would have thinned them out but for the wonderful vitality or tenacity of living with which Cubans seem endowed.

I had hardly passed through the right-hand gate into the prison court when a hand weakly lay on my arm. I turned, a little startled, was ready for anything, but saw only a sweet-faced young lady, who motioned me to approach the bars, behind which was visible back a yard at least from the bars. The sentry, fat-faced, ragged in attire, and evidently tired of his job, explained to one woman who had remonstrated against a particularly rough push:

"But, Señora, I have my orders, and if I don't act brutal they'll give me a beating."

I have heard it claimed that these dungeon chambers were originally built to hold ammunition, but I am inclined to disbelieve that they were ever meant for anything but dungeons, like those in the old Spanish fort at St. Augustine, Fla.

The Competitor prisoners were not all in the same cell. Laborde and Elias Hedia, a young doctor, who seems to have been involgled or impressed into the luckless expedition, were in No. 41. Melton, Kinlea, and another in the next, and Maza and another in a third.

"We are about as close as we can be packed," said one of the number, pathetically. But that same evening more prisoners—fresh arrests of the day—were thrust into that very calabozo, George Aguirre, a mere stripling, being among the newcomers.

"See?" said Laborde, holding out his wrists to me with the crimson scars; "that is the way human flesh is torn." He dropped his hands again as the sentry approached. "I have been very sick in here; would have died but that we have doctors among us. De Piña is here. You know about De Piña?"

De Piña was just behind him and came forward, another clerk, and handsome—a typical creole countenance.

"Weyler is a——" He paused. "Do you know what Weyler is?"

I could not very well reply, as Gen. Oliver's aide had come into the court and stood close behind me.

"I have been hoping you would come to see us," said Laborde. "It hardly seemed possible. Will the United States do anything for us, or are we forgotten?" He paused till the sentry had come up and turned back toward the other end of the court. "Put your face close to the bars," said Laborde then; "look in as far as you can. See for yourself. If we say nothing it is not because we are afraid to speak, but because we are so used it to that we don't think to complain. Look at the muck on the floor. Smell the vile smell. One must get used to them in four long months. Now look behind you. They are coming to take some one out."

I turned and saw a file of soldiers entering through the gate. But they had only come to get a fellow soldier, a *cabo*, who was confined in a calabozo at the end of the quadrangle, for some minor offence. He marched off between them, puffing a cigarette and trying to look jaunty, with his round cap on the side of the head. There were a large number of soldiers under arrest—as there frequently are—and the following week, when an *indulto* came, by which it was announced a number of prisoners would be liberated, the soldiers were the ones to be freed. Thus more room was made for Cuban suspects without releasing any of those who had hoped for this clemency, or rather justice, since, as in the case of De Piña, no offences had been made out against them. But as for that matter, the majority of the men in the Cabañas are merely held on suspicion of their sympathy being with the insurgents. Take, for example, the Lawyer Viondi; Zayas, the brother of the late Gen. Zayas; Casuso, the physician; Ignacio Pizarro, the Adams Express brothers, and Gonzalez Llanuza. The number of doctors and lawyers in durance is something astonishing, but explicable from the fact that these professions are occupied—"monopolized," as the Spaniards say—by Cubans of the brainiest, plucklest, and most progressive class.

Shortly after the *cabo* had been marched out another file of soldiers appeared. Two of them carried water tins of filthy appearance, the others their guns. Fresh water was taken into each calabozo in turn and the cell barrel brought out and borne off through the court—the soldiers carrying it on a stick run through the handle. Of the drinking water I had had personal experience, drinking it in Havana with my teeth shut tight against wriggling worms and germs that required no magnifying glass. After this operation the prisoners returned to the barred doors and windows—many of them smoking the cigarettes the kind-hearted women had brought them—some of them too ill to more than drag their weary limbs. Back in the shadow of the interior sick men lay in their hammocks, dumbly patient, some of them oblivious to time and place. It was a day of extreme heat, but the wind that is the salvation of Havana blew strongly even in the fortification close. But it blew the loose sand of the court into the calabozos and blinded the men looking out, and choked their nostrils and throats and made new misery for them.

It was a relief to pass out of the gate, cross the centre square with its keen-eyed groups of officers, and enter the left-hand court, at the very first barred window of which sat Julio Sanguily, alone.

CECIL CHARLES.

SPANIARDS IN A STORM AT SEA.

One Soldier Killed and Others Severely Hurt While on the Way to Cuba.

HAVANA, Sept. 12.—The steamer Buenos Ayres, which arrived here on Sept. 10 with 2,000 Spanish soldiers, met with a terrible storm. She had to change her course. One soldier was killed and four received severe wounds during the storm. The steamer San Fernando arrived on the same day and brought 2,190 men.

The patriot Col. Ernesto Jerez Varona was captured at a fight near Carbillas, Matanzas province, on Sept. 8. He was brought to this city yesterday and imprisoned in the Cabana fortress. Jerez has two brothers in the Spanish army; one is in Madrid, and the other is an Adjutant to the Captain-General of Porto Rico.

Pedro Acosta Perez, Mamerto Gonzalez, Juan Serrano Alvarez, Emiliano Traba, Evaristo Cuna Canuto, Justo Suarez Soto, Victor Giraud Planas, and Manuel Vazquez Santana, all political prisoners, were shipped yesterday for Spain on their way to the Ceuta penitentiary in Africa.

The steamer Aransas has brought from New Orleans a new supply of mules for the Spanish army.

The Spanish General Echagüe is ill with yellow fever. His condition is said to be critical. While in Cuba Gen. Echagüe has acted in a most gallant way. In one or two cases he exchanged prisoners with the patriot chiefs in eastern Cuba. Gen. Mentaner and two of his staff are also sick with yellow fever.

Andrés Castro, editor of *La Union* of Manzanillo, who was arrested on a charge of treason, is a Lieutenant of that city's local volunteer corps.

The towboat Conchita, recently chartered by the Spanish Government, had an exchange of shots with the patriots at different places on the coast of Santiago de Cuba. At Punta Francesito her commander, Lieut. Ceron, and Pilot Bonifacio Nazario were wounded in the face. The boat has since been declared worthless for service and returned to her proprietors in Santiago.

El Eco de Galacia proposes that all the negro inhabitants of Cuba be transported to Africa.

Drs. Alacan and Casuso have been deprived of their rights as professors in the University of Havana.

The steamer Alfonso Doce, which left here yesterday, takes back to Spain one Brigadier-General, one Colonel, three Lieutenant-Colonels, one Major, four Captains, nine Lieutenants, three naval officers, two physicians of the army sanitary corps, forty-two sailors, and 125 soldiers, all ill or wounded.

El Imparcial del Ejercito, organ of the army in Cuba, commenting upon the sending of the American cruiser Newark to the coast of Florida, says:

"The Spanish cannot look with indifference upon the doubtful and strange conduct of the American Government and the movements of the American navy. Things must be explained so that we may know what to do."

A fort near Trinidad has been struck by lightning. The twenty Spanish soldiers garrisoned there were all more or less injured.

WARNING AGAINST CULLEN.

The Cubans Think He Is Still Deceiving the Friends of the Patriots.

The Cuban delegation in this city sent out some time ago a warning to American people against Orlan C. Cullen of Cullen Post Office, Va., who has been trying, through advertisements in several daily newspapers, to collect money which he pretended would be devoted to the Cuban cause. Cullen acted without authority. There are proofs at the delegation, moreover, that he collected money ostensibly for the patriot army, yet never delivered the same to Señor Palma.

Señor Gonzalo de Quesada, secretary of the delegation, has now received a letter from Stewart Daniels, complaining of Cullen thus:

"He has been fooling with me since July 15. Seeing his name in *Frank Leslie's Magazine*, together with your and other names, I arrived here on his urgent request on July 18, and at once went to work getting ready to start on an ironclad, said to be commanded by one Capt. Frye. He promised to start with us on Aug. 2, then again on the 15th, then on the 18th, and at last he sent me on a wild goose chase down to Mount Holly, Va., to meet Capt. Frye. The latter had never been there, and I came back here last night (Sept. 5), broken and disgusted."

Kneippists Want to Walk on the Grass in Brooklyn.

Commissioner Woodruff of the Brooklyn Park Department received a letter yesterday from Henry Moore, Jr., Secretary of the Flatbush Kneipp Cure Association, asking for the members the privilege of using the grounds of the Common in Prospect Park between 5 and 7 A. M. It is probable that Mr. Woodruff will grant the request.

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

NEW MERRIMENT AND MUSIC IN "LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN."

A French Play Americanized at the Fifth Avenue—Annie Russell in "Sue" and Maud Adams in "Rosemary"—Praise for Kate Dale and Hanna Ingraham.

It is an infant that is "lost, strayed, or Stolen" in the musical comedy at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. At the beginning of the play the child is ready to be christened. The father, the mother, and grandmother have chosen each a godfather. This superfluity of sponsors is accompanied by a sudden scarcity of baby, for the little one is missing when the time comes for the ceremony. The nursemaid has intrusted it to the arms of a soldier, and he has disappeared with it. A search ensues. The action, which has begun in the flower shop of the parents, passes to a military barrack, thence to a prima donna's boudoir, and finally to the Luxembourg Gardens, the searchers failing in each place to find the child, which has meanwhile fallen into the safe hands of some poor relations, and been duly baptized. But the baby hunters do not fare so placidly. They get into a succession of misadventures, such as the Parisian playwrights are expert in inventing. This is a version of a French piece, and is the first offering by Miner & Brooks, the new producing firm of managers. They have been liberal, tasteful, and careful about it. The English wording is by J. Cheever Goodwin, and the music by Woolson Morse. A capable company has been drilled thoroughly by Ben Teal. The four scenes have been painted attractively by Walter Burridge.

The net result of these efforts is an uncommonly happy entertainment. Its construction is odd in the fact that each act is, in a measure, independent, adding new characters and something of a separate story for them. By means of that scheme the theme of the lost baby is not worn out. The father and the godfathers intrude among soldiers at the barrack in the second act, and are compelled to figure as raw recruits. They pursue their clues to the missing child into the prima donna's home in the third act, and there fall into difficulties through the furious jealousy of one of her lovers and the surreptitious presence of another. They are compelled to work as a mason, a clockmaker, and a hairdresser, in order to account for being there. It went hard with them, too, in the garden of the last act, and until the infant was finally restored. They made a vast deal of fun, and no audience has laughed louder or longer in New York this season.

The four comedians whose rôles ran clear through the piece, Messrs. Harrison, Kennedy, Herbert, and Brooke, were assisted by relays of actors and actresses. Georgia Caine was the stage siren, and her lovers were George Backus and Cyril Scott, a talented trio, and in that scene a company of Spanish dancers and musicians played a passing diversion. Fannie Bulkley, a pleasing débutante who sang well, was a godmother in the first and final episodes only. Rose Beaudet was employed briefly as a nurse, and Irene Verona still more incidentally as a maid. Thus sameness was avoided, and things were kept moving briskly. Something suitable was assigned to everybody to do. The greater number of these things were worth doing and were well done. The play would probably have been acceptable if acted merely as a farcical comedy, as Mr. Goodwin had preserved all the fun of character and situation; and, with the lively music added by Mr. Morse, with the dancing by stageful of women, and with uncommonly ornate embellishment, it constituted a complex sort of big success.

Two quite forceless actresses, Annie Russell and Maud Adams, are distinguishing themselves in current plays. Miss Russell is the heroine of "Sue" at Hoyt's. The girl whom she represents is one of those creatures of Western borderland whom Bret Harte is fond of, and whom he recommends very successfully to the high regard of the readers of his stories. She is childish in her ignorance of men, and her conduct with several of them is singular. She is fascinated at the sight of a handsome circus athlete in spangled tights, and literally throws herself at him. Of course, it is the guileless face, ethereal figure, and gentle ways of the actress, and not her mimetic skill, that enable her to make such a girl step out of print onto the stage without incurring ridicule, and yet Miss Russell is to be praised for a nicety of art which stops her just short of being ridiculous, and keeps her in the tender regard of the audience.

In recalling the acting of "Rosemary" at the Empire, the most vivid impression that arises from the reminiscence is embodied in Maud Adams's performance of the heroine, *Dorothy Crubshank*. The quaintness and charm seem to come from the atmosphere of the play, crystallizing its mellow, tender emotion, and forming an appropriate pivot for its old-fashioned, evanescent charm. She looks, in the costume of 1837, the embodiment of that past period touched with a piquant modernness that may not be truthful, but is none the less attractive for all that. What a lucky thing it was for Miss Adams to outgrow finally the Chevalier accent, which at one time so seriously marred her work. Two years ago in Brooklyn she acted in the comedy of "Christopher, Jr.," and that night her cockney accent would have put to shame the veriest "Arriet that ever rode along the Mile End road. Kind friends must have labored with her, for now that one early drawback to the actress's complete charm has disappeared, and everybody who sees her must be thankful for it. The scene in the third act where, reading the diary to *Sir Jasper*, she confesses the part he has played in her life during that one day on the coach ride to London, has already been praised for its delicacy and sincerity, but no commendation can too highly extol its graceful, ingenious comedy, touched as it is with an element of the pathos which makes it comedy acting of the highest class. Mr. Drew's work represents effectively the traits of the English gentleman who falls accidentally into love and never quite succeeds, even at the last, in falling entirely out of it. He is dignified and high bred, and he is graceful and finished. His acting is never deficient in its neat finish and expert technique, but there is not much beyond these qualities in "Rosemary." They are equal to representing fairly a phase of *Sir Jasper Thorndyke*, however, and yesterday afternoon there are depths in his nature which lie deeper, and Mr. Drew does not get down to these. But his performance is a better piece of serious acting than any he has given us in the past. The last of the piece in *Sir Jasper* as a soliloquizing nonagenarian is rather material than subtle in its effect. It shows the shell of the old man, but not much of his nature. But how thankful Mr. Drew's admirers ought to be. How different his return to New York is this season, with his adroit skill unroughened by the mug-pulling and old-time tricks that he exhibited at the Empire for a short time last autumn. With Miss Adams free of her coster accent, and Mr. Drew back in his old-time form, their admirers have reason to be satisfied.

Two young actresses unknown to New York are unostentatiously acquitting themselves with credit in two theatres where it is not always easy to attract critical attention. The return of familiar plays to the houses not devoted to original productions often brings fresh talent into view, but it is likely to escape notice in the demand of the large number of novelties that crop up for weekly consideration. That ultimate merit is seldom unrecognized may compensate for some delay in its public acknowledgment. "Chimmie Fadden" has stood its transfer to his own environment, and the Grand Opera House galleries are this week putting the seal of genuineness on his personality. This result has been accomplished, moreover, at no loss to the features of the piece not directly concerned with *Chimmie's* habitat. *Mr. Burton's* small bottles are not unappreciated, and the rarefied social atmosphere into which *Chimmie* soared is as much enjoyed on the west side as it was in theatres lying nearer Broadway. The rôle of *Miss Fanny* is this season acted by Kate Dale, who brings to it just the requisites that the most effective representation of the New York girl requires. It is quite as important for the successful presentation of Mr. Townsend's play that all its types of forty life should be presented with equal accuracy, and this Miss Dale is exceptionally qualified to do for the young heroine. She is quite an embodiment of the young girl of high breeding and modest life, and her own beauty is another aiding circumstance. She is, moreover, talented and intelligent, and altogether an ideal incarnation of this type of New York girlhood.

In "A House of Mystery," the play at the Fourteenth Street, Hanna Ingraham is the distressed heroine returned to her husband's home after an unjust divorce and no end of incidental melodramatic sufferings. The other characters in the drama are not well played, but Miss Ingraham's acting would be noticeable in a company of any excellence. She is necessarily strenuous, for the qualities she is called upon to depict demand that. But she succeeds well in keeping free from the merely conventional expression of these characteristics, and she invests her conventional scenes with real sincerity and feeling. It is just in these elements that her acting rises above the merely acceptable commonplace which makes up the equipment of the average player in pieces of the class in which she is employed. Miss Ingraham has force—a rare quality in our younger actresses—and she has learned already to restrain it by repose and prevent it from descending into rant by the infusion of naturalness and depth of feeling. Evidently her models have been the older actresses, possibly Clara Morris in particular. But the merits of her work are her own.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The return of Blanche Walsh to New York, whither she is travelling as rapidly as the transcontinental trains can bring her, will doubtless result in some fresh contribution to the gossip to which the Nat Goodwin divorce case has naturally given rise. Miss Walsh started for the Antipodes with Mr. Goodwin under the impression that she was to act as the leading lady of his company. This distinction was hers until the actor was about to sail from San Francisco. Then the dusky beauty of Miss Elliot intervened, and Miss Walsh's supremacy was from that time a divided one. With the continuance of the company's tour in Australia, Miss Elliot became more and more preponderant, and Miss Walsh is now on her way home prepared to unburden herself of such a tale of woe as no leading lady ever before had occasion to unfold. Meanwhile, Mr. Goodwin, undismayed by threats of divorce proceedings, continues the unruffled tenor of a prosperous tour. One of the interesting facts about the present marital complications of Nat Goodwin and Miss Elliot is that she went to California last spring for the purpose of securing a residence there preparatory to suing her husband for divorce. This was before she met Mr. Goodwin, and the lawyers in San Francisco who were looking after her interests are the same attorneys who have been engaged by Mrs. Goodwin to defend the suit which her husband has brought against her.

The young Count Olivier de Kermel, whose engagement to Miss Zizinia of this city has just been announced, is a grandson of the late Gen. Philip Kearny of New Jersey and a nephew of John Watts Kearny of this city. The Marquise de Kermel, his mother, married a French nobleman living in Brittany, and for several years has been with her son in this country. The fortune left by Gen. Kearny went to his son, as is well known, and none of the other children of the family has ever been wealthy. Young De Kermel decided some time ago to come to America and learn to make his own living, believing that electrical science, which he had decided to make his business in life, could be learned better here than in any other country. He studied for some time at Schenectady in the electrical works situated there, and last year returned to New York. He is the only son of the Marquise de Kermel, and the other children, who remained with their father in Brittany, are daughters. Mme. de Kermel divides her time between her son in this country and the remainder of her family in France. The young Count has been popular in society since his arrival here, and has gained a reputation as a serious-minded, ambitious young man.

Every effort in the direction of a bicycle parade shows how great a demonstration might be made of such an occasion if it were undertaken with the idea of advertising no particular enterprise. A bicycle parade organized by the united wheelmen and bicycle clubs of the city would turn out a demonstration of remarkable size and enthusiasm. The two efforts already made in this direction have at least served to show how great the public interest in the matter is, and were the initiative in question taken by a responsible party it would unquestionably prove highly successful. The evening is best suited for spectacular display, but it would probably not be the best time for a parade of the proportions which a general turnout of the wheelmen would assume.

HIS RUBBER TROUSERS GONE.

Parson Guller of Flatbush Needs Them on Baptismal Days.

Anybody found in the vicinity of Lenox road, Flatbush, wearing a pair of India rubber trousers, is likely to get himself into trouble. A pair of those rare and handsome garments is missing from the First Baptist Church, and unless they turn up pretty soon the pastor, the Rev. H. J. Guller, is likely to get his legs wet the next time there is a baptism. The trousers are valued at $9.

Not less trying than the loss of the articles is the mystery surrounding their disappearance. What use anybody other than a Baptist minister in the pursuit of his profession could have for a pair of India rubber trousers of that particular pattern is a proposition which goes beyond the limits of Flatbush imagination. Yet it is generally believed that they have been stolen. When Mr. Guller, on his return from a vacation, went to the church last Sunday he couldn't find the garments, and a rigid search resulted only in disappointment. They were gone. Certainly they couldn't have melted away in the recent hot spell, therefore the conclusion was inevitable that thieves had been at work. But what kind of a thief would steal a pair of rubber trousers? Some thought it might have been a fisherman, but they were rather cumbrous for wading trousers. Another theory was that some tramp might have found them useful as a tooth-proof guard against dog bites.

Any way, all the church people thereabouts are keeping their eyes open. The police haven't been notified because Mr. Guller thought it would be just as well not to make the matter too public, but if amateur detective work is of any avail those waterproof garments will be found. The only drawback is that there are no clues.

SEPTEMBER WEDDINGS.

Vreeland—Higgins.

Miss Edith Secor Higgins and Cornelius Delosse Vreeland were married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Higgins, 248 Hancock street, Brooklyn, yesterday evening. The Rev. Dr. A. H. Goodenough of Rochester performed the ceremony. The best man was Edward McCully, and the maid of honor the bride's sister, Miss Marie Higgins. The ushers were Alfred G. Martin, John Cruikshank, Herrick Cruikshank, and W. H. Higgins, Jr., the bride's brother. The bridesmaids were Miss Carrie A. Higgins and Miss Mabel Packer. James Pringle was master of ceremonies.

The bridegroom, who is a graduate of Rutgers College, is the President of the Illinois Chemical Company, of which the bride's father is Treasurer. Mrs. Vreeland was graduated from the Packer Institute, Brooklyn, in 1892. A number of her classmates were present at the ceremony yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Vreeland will live in Chicago.

Haggarty—Owens.

Miss Mary Frances Owens and Joseph A. Haggarty were married last evening at 6 o'clock by F. Hart, S. J., in St. Francis Xavier's Church, in West Sixteenth street. Miss Owens was attended by her sister, Miss Mary Josephine Owens. John G. Flood was the best man, and the ushers were William Buckridge, John Buckley, William Knowd, William McKenna, George McCabe, Stephen McCabe, Edward Comerford, and Frank Haggarty. A reception followed the wedding at the home of the bridegroom, 23 West 135th street.

Yates—Hasbrouck.

HILLSDALE, N. J., Sept. 16.—At Holy Trinity Church to-day Miss Cornelia Van Buren, daughter of Freeman Hasbrouck of Woodcliff, was married to Mr. W. J. Yates of New York. Miss Edith Hasbrouck was the maid of honor and there were four ushers, Mr. Eugene Bogart acting as best man.

The bride is a niece of the late Gen. Van Buren of Plainfield and granddaughter of the late Judge Van Buren of Kingston, N. Y., of the family of President Van Buren.

McLellan—Smith.

MAMARONECK, Sept. 16.—The wedding of Miss Jennie A. Smith to Dr. Frederick W. McLellan, both of Bridgeport, took place here to-day at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Stephen Fowler Hart. The Rev. Elias Sanborn of Yonkers, cousin of the bride, was the officiating clergyman. Miss Carolita Hart of Brooklyn was the maid of honor, and the ushers were Gano S. Dunn and Harris Ashton Dunn of New York, Mortimer Comstock of Bridgeport, and Fletcher H. Silleck of Newburn, N. Y.

Parson—Champlin.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 16.—Mr. John T. Parson, professor of civil engineering at Cornell University, was married in this city to-day to Miss Bertha Champlin of Washington. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, and the newly wedded pair left for a tour North, and will make their future home at Ithaca.

Buttrick—Bagley.

DETROIT, Mich., Sept. 16.—The marriage of Miss Olive Bagley, fourth daughter of the late ex-Gov. John J. Bagley, and Stedman Buttrick, a young banker of Boston, whose home is in Concord, Mass., was solemnized last evening at the home of the bride's mother.

Bullock—Slape.

PLAINFIELD, Sept. 16.—Miss Lillian T. Slape of this city was married at her parents' home this afternoon to William Starr Bullock, editor of the *Dry Goods Chronicle* of New York city.

DOLANDO DID THE TRICK

AND IT MADE THE BOOKIES SICK, FOR THE FUNERAL CROWD

Went Down to Play the Tip with Two Satchels Full of Money; Yes, They Made the Ring Look Funny, and To-day They'll Drink Enough to Float a Ship.

Dolando, the race horse named after Johnny Meehan's uncle, was tipped all over town as a good thing for third place in the fifth race at the Gravesend track yesterday, and "the Dolan funeral crowd were all on," as Chickens McGinn put it. The crowd went to the track with two satchels full of money and came back with double the amount they took down. Dolando running third at even money.

"But he's a great horse," said Walter McGinley. "In my opinion he's th' fastes' animal that iver stood in horseshoes. Whin we got a telegram dispatch that he would come in thirrud we all played him wan, two, three, an' we winned as aisy as if we had th' race forninst us before it wuz run. Who wuz there, is it? Well, sorr, I'll tell yer if ye'll follow me closely. Are yez listenin'?

"There was big Pope, the eggman, an' Mister 'Con' Brown,
An' Harlem O'Farrell, who kem from up town.
Wid Hickey, th' butcher, and Milkman John May,
An' Policy Bobby, th' restaurant jay;
There wuz Editor Taylor, who kem from Dobbs Ferry,
An' Skinny O'Brien, an' Oysterman Jerry,
Wid Conway, th' cosh-man, an' Philip, th' flea,
Commissioner Murray, an' Cornbeef Magee;
Und'taker Dave Ryan, an' Chickens McGinn,
An' Astor House Jonesy, an' 'Three-off' O'Flynn,
Wid Four O'Connell, an' old Slippery Si,
An' Thompson, th' pleman, who sents them th' pie,
There wuz sweet Napkin Annie, wid Nellie, th' cook,
An' Pete, sup'rintindint, who makes up th' book,
Wid Sinkers and Omnibus, Bicycle Bill,
An' big Cashier Charley, who tends to th' till,
Along wid John Meehan they went for some fun,
They all played Dolando, an' every man won.

"That about der womans?" interrupted the Sinker man. "Ven you speeched dot efery man won you didn't said something 'bout Napkins Annie und Nellie."

"Sure ye can't put women in poethry," said McGinley; "jist as sure as ye git them in anything there's trouble ahead."

"Nellie winded five dollar," argued Sinkers, "und dot goes. Vhen you say something vhy don'd yer spoken right? If I starts to make some poultry I knock you crazy as a bedbug."

"Shut yer face," said Chickens McGinn; "you're nobody, you are, you don't amount to a damn'd. You're no more den der Brooklyn Bridge; you kin be walked on."

"You think a wonder wid what you are," answered Sinkers; "I was a good fellow when I treat you at der track, ain't it? Then I ball off and I don't ask yer, you ring in."

"Me ringer in? I'm a full quart, der best on de ice, and dat goes everywhere, yer pretzel!"

"If I'm a pretzel you're a harp," said Sinkers.

This was the drift of the arguments in Park row after the race. But early in the day, when the crowd started for the track, Sinkers and Chickens were good friends. In fact, they rode to Gravesend in the same coach, the fourth in the line that crossed the bridge at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. Undertaker Dave Ryan, the mascot, rode in the first coach with Johnny Meehan and President Thompson of the Baking Company. The former Excise Commissioner Murray rode in the second coach with Harlem Farrell, Hickey the butcher, and May the milkman. Napkin Annie and Nellie the cook went to Gravesend by way of the Brooklyn elevated railroad.

The funeral crowd was called together on the top balcony of the grand stand at 3 o'clock, Johnny Meehan made a little speech telling his friends to play Dolando for third place. When Meehan got through, Sinkers said:

"Gentlemens, I dreamed a dreamt yesterday night, and Mebbe dot means someting. You know dot alleyway behinds der restaurant? Well, I dreamed-ed dot I saw Dolando sneak oop dot alleyway und chump over der barber shop on der second floor."

"Dat's a sign of a close shave," remarked Policy Bob; "it means dat Dolando'll come putty near getting first an' second, but I miss by der shave of a head. We'll play him third. Termorrow we'll play der barber's pig in der Park row policy shop, an' if yer want a first number take forty-tree; d'yer see?"

"Dolando's chockey got barber-pole sleeves on him's undershirt," said Sinkers; "dot's der remarkablest thing I ever seen. But say, fellers, ve must go down und smash der betting rings. Ve'll chust knock der coocumbers out oof dem bookkeepers asfore ve go home, von't ve?"

They opened up their satchels, took out the money, checked off their lists, and laid their bets. Then they stood in groups, smoking "Connerimus" Plat cigars, discussing the qualities of Dolando. As usual, Sinkers wore the heels off his shoes making trips to the bar, and, as usual, he had to telegraph to his wife in Harlem. The first despatch was sent just before the horses went to the post in the fifth race. It read:

GRAVESEND TRACK.

DEAR LENA: Four horses got stratched. I don't know which way it happened, but I think they boost themselves in the stable stall. Mebbe on the picket fence.
CHRIS.

Commissioner Murray and Harlem Farrell had put up the job by talking of the way horses are scratched on racetracks.

"Telegraph that Dolando will win third," said Farrell, and Sinkers did as he was told. He sent another despatch, after the race had been run, like this:

GRAVESEND TRACK.

DEAR LENA: I went in the been jun for ten dollar because a I did not advice what was coming from John's luck when he said-ed that I should third play. One two three I make twice what I put up what you said I should not do.
CHRIS.

After collecting from the bookmakers he sent a fourth despatch. This one read:

DEAR LENA: Astore I go home I will get off a coupler hours at Cassebocks on Ave A. Dent school. I give you a dollar extras.
CHRIS.

About thirty of the seventy funeralites at the track went to Coney Island after the race. The others came back to the city. On the way up Thompson, the pleman, invited the crowd to meet him at Thirty-ninth Street Ferry this afternoon at 3 o'clock, when Dolando's latest victory will be celebrated with a tally-ho party. The crowd will drive in tally-hos down to Far Rockaway, and with the money they won help celebrate fireman's day at the seaside resort. Yesterday's winnings for the funeral crowd footed up $17,000, but when Chickens McGinn reached the Ninth ward it was "seventeen million five hundred and sixty-four thousand and some cents."

JERSEY JUSTICE ARRESTED.

This One Is Charged with Participating in a Drunken Row.

Justice of the Peace Paul Weckmuller of Newark was one of five prisoners arraigned before Justice Eggers in the Third Precinct Police Court of that city yesterday morning for engaging in a drunken row on a trolley car while returning from a fishing excursion Tuesday night. His companions under arrest were John Danebaum, George Danebaum, John Blumenstein, and Joseph Blumenstein. The first is a saloon keeper and the others are painters.

The party spent the day fishing at Perth Amboy. They did not catch many fish, but became very hilarious, and when they boarded a trolley car they made themselves so obnoxious that Conductor David Lewis remonstrated. He was set upon and beaten. When the car reached the shops two other conductors ran to Lewis's assistance.

Conductor Charles Johnson tried to get into the car and was kicked in the stomach. He persisted, and then the drunken fishermen tripped him. They dragged him up the steps, pushed him into the car, and then threw him out of a side window, cutting him severely with the broken glass.

Meanwhile word had been sent to the Third precinct police station by telephone, and while the row was still on the patrol wagon arrived, and the five men were arrested. The other passengers in the car were terror-stricken during the row, and one woman fainted.

Weckmuller, besides being a Justice of the Peace, keeps a saloon at 22 Sussex avenue, and is a ward politician about thirty-three old. He and the others were held in $300 bail, and will be tried on Friday.

THE MONTE TABOR WRECK.

**Surviving S