POTTER PUT OUT AT LAST.

EVICTED FROM THE BAPTIST TABERNACLE PARSONAGE.

City Mission Detectives Force Their Way In and Shove the Militant Parson Out—He says He Will Sue Everybody and the Mission Issues a Statement of Its Side.

The effort of the New York Baptist City Mission Society to oust the Rev. Dr. Daniel C. Potter, formerly head of the Baptist Tabernacle, from the mission house and parsonage at Second avenue and Tenth street, succeeded yesterday. The eviction was effected by means of a dispossess warrant. Dr. Potter knew that it was going to be served, and had evidently made up his mind to make only as much of a show of resistance as would justify a claim of forcible ejectment.

He was in his room on the second floor of the mission building when the warrant was served. The door was unlocked, but it was fastened by a sliding chain. Detective Culbertson knocked at the door at 2 o'clock and announced that he intended to put Dr. Potter out by virtue of the warrant and that the clergyman had no business there. There was some parley, and then one of Detective Culbertson's aides put his shoulder to the door and snapped the chain. The detectives entered and served the warrant. Dr. Potter thrust his hands into his trousers pockets and declared that he wouldn't quit. He put his foot on the doorsill and two detectives took him by the shoulder and pushed him along.

When he got out into the street he went around the corner to the flat at 201 East Tenth street, and there made a statement that he proposed to sue the Baptist City Mission Society for damages, and that he would apply for warrants for the arrest of the detectives who had evicted him. He insisted that the detectives had broken into his room and had forcibly dragged him out and thrown him into the street.

President Isaacs of the Mission Society was present at the eviction and congratulated the detective. He said that the society would now see that the church and mission were placed in more capable and satisfactory hands. A storage company removed several vans of furniture from the mission house at daybreak by Dr. Potter's order. After Dr. Potter had vacated, the detectives bought several pounds of big nails and screws and began to nail and screw up the front and rear windows of the mission building.

The Mission Society issued a lead statement yesterday of its side of the conflict with Dr. Potter. There is little in the statement that has not already been published in the newspapers at various times since the warfare began. The statement begins with May, 1894, and June, 1895, when the Tabernacle Church assigned four mortgages to the City Mission Society, aggregating in all $88,400, with the conditions attached that the church pay interest of $1 a year on each of the mortgages, pay the assessments and water rents, and keep the church building insured at a sufficient amount to rebuild in case of fire. The history of the correspondence about the insurance is given to show that the church trustees did not live up to their agreement in that particular, also that the steps taken by the church trustees and their counsel preliminary to the attempt to have the mortgages cancelled. Then says the statement:

"In view of the attitude of the church trustees, no other course was open to the Executive Committee than to commence a foreclosure action and to assert its rights as the lawful owner of the mortgages. The church determined, instead of adopting a policy of conciliation and responding to the moral, equitable, and legal right of the society, and showing a regard for its covenants in the mortgages, to set up what its counsel thought were legal defences to the foreclosure action, and by every means within its power sought to defeat the successful prosecution of the action. To the course of the trustees and to the legal advice given and followed must be attributed the existing situation of the church, and not to any desire on the part of the City Mission Society to do anything else than to protect the trust funds represented by the mortgages, which, as trustees, they were bound to protect against loss."

WM. SCHWARZWAELDER & CO. FAIL.

The Firm Was One of the Oldest in the Manufacture of Office Furniture.

William Schwarzwaelder & Co., a corporation which manufactures bank and office furniture for export at 37 and 39 Fulton street, one of the oldest and most prominent houses in the city in this line, has passed into the hands of a receiver. The announcement caused surprise in the trade and among the creditors of the company, as the receiver was not appointed in this city, but is said to have been appointed at Hudson, N. Y. David F. Butcher, the receiver, has filed bonds of $50,000, and has taken possession of the business.

The company occupies the entire building, 37 and 39 Fulton street, formerly occupied by the Fulton Bank. The business was established in 1834, and was carried on by C. Schwarzwaelder & Bro. until 1875, when they were succeeded by William Schwarzwaelder, who admitted his son, William O. Schwarzwaelder, in 1880 under the firm style of William Schwarzwaelder & Co. In May, 1893, the business was turned into a stock company, incorporated under the laws of this State, with an authorized capital stock of $250,000, and William Schwarzwaelder as President. He died in June, 1895, and since then the office of President has remained vacant. William Schwarzwaelder is the Treasurer.

No statement of assets and liabilities has yet been made public. The company has not yet filed its statement of Jan. 1, 1897, in the New York County Clerk's office. The statement of Jan. 1, 1896, showed assets $450,000, liabilities $170,000.

HELENA BENJAMIN'S DEATH.

A Coroner's Jury Decides That Nobody Was to Blame for It.

Coroner Hoeber held an inquest yesterday in the case of Helena Benjamin, the 15-year-old schoolgirl who died Feb. 3 at her home at 689 Cole street, Fordham, without medical attendance. The jury decided that death was due to pneumonia resulting from natural causes. No one was censured because a physician was not called in.

Mrs. M. A. Stevens of 128 West Sixty-sixth street testified that she saw the girl two days before her death, but did not think she was seriously ill. "I believe in the power of prayer, and prayed for the girl," she said; "but if I had thought she was very ill I would have advised that a doctor be called in."

Horace H. Benjamin, a lawyer, who was the father of the girl, testified that he did not think she was seriously ill, or he would have called in a physician. "I believe in mental treatment," he said, "and Mrs. Stevens did my wife so much good while she was alive by simply talking to her that I thought she would help my daughter, and I asked her to see my daughter."

Mrs. Stevens did not receive any pay for her visit. She said that she did not practise cure by prayer as a profession.

It took the jury only two minutes to reach its verdict.

TWO IMBECILES NOT WANTED.

The State of New Jersey Has Been Caring for Them in a Connecticut Asylum.

An attendant at Dr. Knight's Home for Feeble-Minded Boys at Lakeville, Conn., arrived in Jersey City yesterday with two former inmates of the home for whom no one seems anxious to become responsible. His charges were Henry Schaefiel and John W. Ellison, 32 and 21 years old respectively. Schaefiel had been in Dr. Knight's home fifteen years and Ellison ten years. They were supported by the State of New Jersey, but recently Gov. Griggs decided that as they are now adults they must be supported by their relatives or kept in some State institution at the expense of the city or county which is responsible for them.

The attendant tried to unload them at Police Headquarters, but the officials there refused to receive them. Deputy Sheriff Hewitt took charge of them temporarily. Mr. Hewitt found Schaefiel's relatives at 50 High street, and left him there, although they were not anxious to keep him. Ellison's father was found at 305 Ninth street. He is not able to take care of his son, and Mr. Hewitt told him he would have to get Passaic county to take care of the young man, as he was sent from Paterson to Dr. Knight's home.

Trask and Rankin Held for Trial.

Magistrate Cornell, in the Jefferson Market Police Court, yesterday rendered a decision in the case of Wayland Trask and Alfred N. Rankin, doing business as Wayland Trask & Co., bankers and brokers at 7 Nassau street, who are charged by Andrew J. Wollett of Brooklyn with having swindled him out of $5,000. Magistrate Cornell held both Mr. Trask and Mr. Rankin for trial in $2,000 bail each. The two bankers gave bail in court at noon and gave bail. Their former tenant, J. W. Wilson, a merchant at 52 Park street, went on their bond.

Killed by Cars While Picking Coal.

Charles Sheridan, 14 years old, living at 57 Monroe street, Hoboken, was killed by a coal train at the Ravine road crossing of the Erie road in Hoboken yesterday morning. He was picking coal along the tracks with a number of other boys.

DIEFENBACH IN THE DESERT.

The Remarkable Idea of a Remarkable Man.

Wilhelm Diefenbach is a German painter whose art and eccentricity have given him a reputation throughout the old world. He already had acquired considerable fame in his profession when he came upon the idea that man's modern mode of life was all wrong, and that he for one would return to the healthful and natural ways of existence.

When Diefenbach decided to reform his manner of life he was the father of a lot of young children. His wife was a beautiful woman of conventional ideas. One of her constitutionalities was to follow wherever her husband led; that is the conventional thing to do in Germany, if not in some other countries. Thus it happened that when Diefenbach went into the suburbs of Munich to realize his ideal existence, she and her young brood went too. Diefenbach built a large hut with his own hands. He bought half an acre of wooded land surrounding the hut and fenced it in. He was very particular about the fence, making it of joined boards, seven feet high, and carefully reinforcing knotholes and the other weak points with inside patches.

After all had been completed, before a crowd of gaping Munich loafers Diefenbach and his family moved in and the high board gate was closed, and for some time nobody knew what was going on inside. Gradually it became noised abroad in Munich that the Diefenbachs were disporting themselves in nature's garb within the limits of their own half acre. In about three weeks Diefenbach himself sauntered forth to buy supplies; his appearance partly confirmed the rumors. He was in a skin garment, made apparently after the model of a flour sack, with holes in the bottom for his head and in the sides for his arms. His head was covered only with his matted hair; his legs and feet protruded, bare and sunburned, from the skin sack. His arms, too, were naked. He was followed about the streets by a shouting crowd and was threatened by the police as a disturber of the peace. He protested to the authorities later against the conduct of the crowd and the police, and, being a man of influence, he obtained protection.

In time Mrs. Diefenbach, in a costume similar to her husband's, began accompanying him to the vegetable markets, and eventually the children, in their little skin sacks, also joined the procession. The whole Diefenbach family, in skins and nothing else, was an attraction that drew despite the most strenuous efforts of the police, and the procession led by the eccentric artist was invariably long and motley, although not disorderly.

Munich soon settled down to studying the method in Diefenbach's madness, but it failed to make much of it. After the timber in the high board fence had seasoned sufficiently to produce cracks at the joinings, it was learned that on their own half acre the little Diefenbachs ran about in summer as naked as dish. They climbed trees with the dexterity of monkeys, burrowed with the skill of moles, and rooted out nuts and acorns with the celerity of young pigs. They were as rosy and hearty as youngsters could be, and, unconscious of peeping eyes, rejoiced in their secluded and unhampered lives. Diefenbach himself compromised with nature and civilization by wearing a cloth round the loins; Mrs. Diefenbach also was clothed in the simple single garment of the modest barbarian.

Occasionally, on a day of rare festivity, the family would go into the woods. Attired in their skin sacks, parents and children would dig roots, pick nuts, and gather noble leaves. They never touched animals, except to pet them. Their diet was strictly vegetarian. They were harmless and healthy and happy, and might be so still had it not been for the warping qualities of the timber that Diefenbach had put in his fence. As it was the hands continued to shrink and the cracks to multiply and the peepers to gather and entertain themselves with the antics of the unclad family. The Munich authorities became convinced that, innocent as Diefenbach's intentions were, he was menacing the public and private morals of the city. He was told that he must give up his ideas of the natural life if he was to remain in Munich; if he felt that he must carry them into practice he would have to go somewhere else to do it.

The Diefenbachs gave up their happy ways. They deserted their half acre and their hut was left untenanted. They came and went and wandered about, some in skins, but the most of them in the clothes of ordinary European civilization. They had a sorry time of it. They often were in want. About two years ago Diefenbach applied for the aid of the municipal Government in Vienna; he had no money, no food for his children, no place in which to lay his head. His pitiable condition was relieved by the charitable, official, and unofficial of the Austrian capital. Since then little has appeared in the newspapers regarding the eccentric artist. A recent mail from the Continent, however, brings news that he has appeared in his skin sack at Helwan, a resort near Cairo, Egypt. He is not looking for a new site for a home of the naked, but is trying to realize a plan for a great art museum in the desert. He wishes to build the museum in old Egyptian style, to surround it with a park, and to dot the park with luxurious baths. The entrance to the place would be through a tunnel carried through the body of a modern sphinx. The plans for this remarkable undertaking have been drawn, and Diefenbach is said to have interested an English and a German capitalist in his enterprise. Part of the expenses of the park and museum, it is explained, would be defrayed by the proceeds from an art exhibition, to be held continually in a central room about 130 feet long. There are about a thousand and one difficulties in the way of the enterprise, but Diefenbach is hopeful.

It would be wrong to conclude from this brief sketch of Diefenbach's habits that he is crazy. He is not. Nobody in Austria or Germany has ever suggested that he is not in full possession of his senses. He is simply an example of a class of Germans that would follow a conviction through water, fire, and brimstone rather than live in comfort through a compromise.

ANGLING ON THE PAMPAS.

How the Gaucho from His Saddle Catches the Tinamous with Rod and Line.

"I had often seen tinamous in plenty hung up for sale with ducks and chickens in the markets of Buenos Ayres and Montevideo," said Capt. C. A. Buckley, whose business takes him yearly to South America. "They are queer-looking birds with short bills, long, straight necks, plump, round bodies, and short wings. In color they are not unlike a prairie chicken, and I took them at first to be a South American variety of that bird, but found out that they were of quite another genus.

"On visiting the ranch of Don Ernestino Moldavo in the interior, 150 miles from Montevideo, I learned more about this queer fowl. Riding one day on the pampas with the major domo of the estate my attention was drawn to two gaucho boys whose actions I could not understand. Each of these boys was riding on an old plug of a pony long past service on the sheep or cattle ranges, but just right for the purpose for which he now was using him. The rider held in his hand a rod, like a short fishing rod, but less tapering and limber, cut from a river reed. From the tip of the rod dangled a four-foot line with a slipnose at the end. With their rods and lines the boys were fishing for tinamous. As the horse plodding along through the grass came near a tinamou, the bird would lift its head to look. Being accustomed to the presence of horses grazing the plain, it would not offer to run or fly, but sat still with neck outstretched, waiting for the horse to go by. Gently, with the light pressure of the bridle rein on the side of the neck, the boy would direct the horse's step in a direction to pass the bird two or three yards away. Intent on watching the horse, the tinamou seemed not to notice the rider or his motions. When opposite the bird the boy, leaning from the saddle just far enough to place him at the right distance, would extend the rod and drop the noose over the tinamou's head. A little sidewise jerk of the wrist to tighten the noose, and then the young gaucho lifted and swung the bird to the saddle precisely as boys swing pickerel into a boat in the North American lakes. But here was no trouble of poling a boat about or unhooking a hook. Deftly the bird's neck was wrung, it was tied to one of the dozen short thongs attached to the saddle, the noose spread again, and the horse, not having once checked his pace, the rider would be looking for the next tinamou. Of four tinamous that I saw the boys approach to noose only one took alarm, running swiftly away through the grass without trying to use its wings.

"So far as being allied to any of the grouse family, the tinamou in reality is an ostrich, the smallest variety known. Its flesh is white and firm, and, though rather dry and flavorless, it makes an agreeable variation from the eternal beef and mutton, the principal meats served at the table, in the almost gameless country drained by the Rio de la Plata."

A PAUPER TOO STRONG TO WORK.

Evicted from the Almshouse, He Begs to Get Back, but Wants a Furlough.

James C. Johnson, an able-bodied pauper, was discharged from the Kings county almshouse yesterday. He protested against his eviction and declared that if he had money he would sue for damages. He went to the Lee Avenue Police Court and appealed to Justice Schnitzspan.

"Your Honor," said the pauper, "I don't think I've been treated fairly. I've been chased out of the poorhouse and winter isn't over yet. Either write you to send me back or put me in jail for twenty-nine days."

A charge of vagrancy was made against Johnson, and when he was arraigned he requested that the commitment be withheld for a few days so that he could visit friends. The request was ignored.

THE VANDERBILT FOR A COAL HULK.

Last Use of the Steamer the Old Commodore Gave to President Lincoln.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., March 1.—In the Chamber of Commerce is the model of a vessel of remarkably fine workmanship, of which nobody knew anything until a winter tourist saw it and recognized it with as much delight as if it had been an old friend. He had been purser on board the vessel it represents for many years during the most eventful part of its career, and he knew its history as he knew his own.

"That's the ship," said Purser McHenry, "that Commodore Vanderbilt gave to President Lincoln for $1. She cost him a million of dollars."

The ship was built for passenger service between New York and Havre. She was launched in 1856, and was noted in her day for her rapid trips across the ocean. When the civil war broke out Commodore Vanderbilt gave her outright for the sum of $1 to President Lincoln. The cautious old Commodore made out a bill of sale for the vessel in this manner so that there might be no possibility of his heirs ever making any trouble about the gift. And he made the gift personally to President Lincoln, because he and Secretary Gideon Welles of the navy had been school fellows and had quarrelled. The founder of the house of Vanderbilt neither forgot nor forgave, and he wished his school-time foe to have no sort of claim upon his princely gift.

The Vanderbilt—for that was the vessel's name—was fitted with a huge steel prow and ordered to Hampton Roads to try conclusions with the Merrimac. Capt. Lefevre called his crew—they were mostly foreigners—together and told them that they had been ordered to try and sink the rebel ram, but that it was quite as likely that the ram would sink them, and that if any one wished to leave he might do so. To a man they said they would stay with the ship. And to a man, mate, sailors, stokers, and all, stay with her they did to the end of the war. For a long time she lay at Hampton Roads waiting for the Merrimac to come out far enough to be attacked. But just as often as the rebel ram peeped out into the open and saw the steel prow of the Vanderbilt glistening in the sun, just so often she hurried back to her hiding place. She kept in shallow water, and the Vanderbilt, being a heavy draught ship, could not follow her. Said Capt. Tatnall of the Merrimac: "If it wasn't for that —— Vanderbilt's prow I'd sink every Yankee vessel in Hampton Roads in twenty-four hours."

One morning at daybreak Purser McHenry recalls how a revenue cutter steamed alongside and transferred to the Vanderbilt President Lincoln and Secretaries Chase and Stanton. A battle with the Merrimac was expected that day on board the steel-prowed ship. The Presidential party had breakfast on board, stayed there some hours, and were then taken off to Fortress Monroe, where they were to witness the hoped-for engagement.

President Lincoln jocosely called the Vanderbilt his yacht, and said that he intended to make a cruise to Europe in her when the war was over. But there was no battle. The Merrimac poked out her nose, saw that the Vanderbilt was still there and getting ready for her, and scuttled back as fast as she could go.

After the Merrimac committed suicide, to avoid public execution, the Vanderbilt was relieved of her steel prow and made into a transport ship. She was one of the swiftest ships in the service, and had the remarkably good luck of landing her human cargoes without loss or even attack, except at Port Royal, where she was struck by a Confederate shell and several persons were killed. Finally she was fitted out with a battery of ten guns and sent to chase the Alabama. Swift as was the Vanderbilt, equally swift was the Alabama, and although Capt. Lefevre and his crew steamed in hot pursuit up and down, back and forth, and twisting in at port after port just after Capt. Semmes had left, never a glimpse of the Alabama's heels could they get.

When the war was over, and President Lincoln lay in his grave, the Vanderbilt was sent to Mare Island Navy Yard. There she was left a long time—long enough for all interested to forget about her. Then she was advertised for sale in the *Weekly Solano Herald*, a paper read by a few hundred farmers, who as everybody knows, were the least danger vessels or a battleship almost any minute. She was sold, just as if she had not been the personal property of the martyred President, for $42,000, to the Cummings Brothers. They changed her name to the Three Brothers, took out all her machinery, which they sold for more than they had paid for the entire vessel, and made a sailing ship of her. She was loaded with grain, and of all the swift ships that in those days lay in San Francisco Bay there was not one that could keep her company. She was a drogher, she made many trips, and at last was sold to the British Government. To the British Government she still belongs, and Commodore Vanderbilt's million-dollar gift to President Lincoln is ending her varied career under the Union Jack as a coal hulk at Malta.

MORE WALDENSES COMING.

One Thousand to Join the Colony in the Tennessee Mountains This Spring.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., March 3.—It is expected that more than 1,000 of the Waldenses will come here this spring from their former homes in Alpine valleys to join the colony that established itself 350 strong near Morganton in 1893. There are about 25,000 of the Waldenses who still live in the "Vales of the Vaudois." They occupy a tract of country about eighteen miles square in Piedmont. The leaders of the colonies in the Tennessee mountains say that by the year 1900 almost the entire population of the Waldensian villages in Europe will have immigrated to this country.

There are three colonies of the Waldenses in the two Americas—one in the Argentine Republic, one in Uruguay, and the other, and what is likely to be their permanent home, in the Tennessee mountains. The two colonies in South America are small, are dissatisfied with their location, and are likely to come here eventually. High taxes ever increasing, their more than crowded condition, and the enormous cost of land are some of the causes of the removal of these people from their home in Europe.

The first colony that came to America settled in Burke county, North Carolina, in the summer of 1893. Under the leadership of Dr. Teofilo Gal and the Rev. C. A. Tron they purchased several thousand acres of land, and obtained a period of twenty years in which to pay for it. Since then they have succeeded far beyond their expectations and have negotiated for 10,000 acres just across in Tennessee, which will be filled by the newcomers. They have also secured options on many thousands of acres of contiguous mountain lands, which will be purchased in case the immigration warrants it.

Valdese is the principal town of the Waldenses in the Tennessee mountains, and is ten miles from Morganton. It is situated on the Western North Carolina Railroad, and covers more than forty acres of ground, having doubled in population and area since its foundation. The Waldenses have no idlers among them, and the colony is like a beehive. They produce everything on their farm lands that will grow successfully in that region. When winter comes the farmers work in factories. The colony was a corporation, governed by nine directors, six of whom were Waldenses and three Americans, until last year, when the lands were equally divided among the colonists. They have a surplus of land which is blocked off to newcomers. Each freeholder owns 100 acres of land and has to pay his proportionate part of all debts incurred by the community. Tanneries, stone quarries, coal and mica mining, farming, lumbering, and half a dozen factories are carried on.

On Feb. 17 last there was a great celebration among the Waldenses. It was their emancipation day, and commemorated the proclamation of Feb. 17, 1848, in which King Charles Albert granted them the freedom for which they had struggled for hundreds of years. In the three years of their residence in America they have had no lawsuits, no arrests, and no complaints to civil authorities among them. They will secure naturalization papers this year.

Two of Fairchild's Accusers Dismissed.

W. A. Leonard and Andrew H. Pitchford, assistant boiler inspectors, attached to the local Board of Inspectors of Steam Vessels, were discharged summarily yesterday by the Secretary of the Treasury. This is an outcome of the recent investigation by a board of inquiry of charges made by Leonard, Pitchford, and others against Capt. Samuel G. Fairchild and William H. Barrett, chief inspectors of hulls and boilers, respectively, as a result of which Capt. Fairchild was dismissed. Subsequently Capt. Fairchild preferred charges against Pitchford, but three days ago Pitchford received word from the Treasury Department that the charges would not be entertained, and as he had no hearing in the matter his dismissal was a complete surprise.

An Insurance Collector Accused of Embezzlement.

Otto Schumann, an insurance collector, of 628 River street, Hoboken, was arrested yesterday charged with embezzling $200 from the Mutual Life Insurance Company. The complaint was made by Henry W. Jewitt, an agent of the company, who alleges that Schumann collected premiums and failed to make returns to the company. Recorder McDonough fixed bail at $500.

A $5,000 Verdict for a Brooklyn Boy.

Ten-year-old Nicholas Downey, who was badly hurt by falling through a hole in front of the Garfield building, in Brooklyn, has recovered $5,000 damages against A. A. Low, the owner of the building.

EDITH BEHR SENTENCED.

NO TANTRUMS OR DEFIANCE OF THE COURT THIS TIME.

She Had Been Advised How to Behave by a Reporter of a Newspaper That Is Sensationalizing Her Case—Tried to Obey Instructions, but the Tears Wouldn't Flow.

ELIZABETH, N. J., March 3.—Edith Behr was resentenced this morning by Judge F. F. McCormick.

"In the October term of 1896," he said, "the Grand Jury presented an indictment against you, with your father, charging you with committing an assault and battery. On that indictment you pleaded not guilty. You were tried by an impartial jury and were found guilty. Your conduct and actions on that occasion satisfied me that you had committed perjury and that you had made up your mind to fight the case through and to seek your acquittal on your perjury. I felt it my duty to impose a severe sentence in your case as an example for others, and at that time the Court ordered that you be confined in the county jail for the term of three months. On that order you were placed in the county jail, and, as I am informed by the warden, you served five days.

"After that a writ of error was obtained and presented to me. On this writ of error you went to the Supreme Court. I am informed by the Prosecutor of the Pleas that nothing was done by you or by those interested in you on that occasion, and that the writ was dismissed.

"You are using the court for no good purpose. That remittitur has been sent here, and it becomes my duty to impose sentence upon you. I had occasion before of saying that you were defiant; that you were defying the court. Since then I am satisfied that this court has been pursued by you and your advisers, so much so that sensational newspapers have taken your case in hand, evidently with the idea that they would compel me to retract from the course I had pursued. If that was their idea, they were very much mistaken. I am sworn to do my duty to the State of New Jersey, and from that duty I will never swerve.

"I have, therefore, nothing to say except that the sentence of the court heretofore imposed on you will be the sentence now, less the five days which you served on that occasion; and therefore the sentence of the court is that you be confined in the county jail for the term of eighty-five days."

For two hours on Friday a representative of Mr. Hearst's newspaper instructed the young woman in the part she was to play when she came up to receive sentence. He told her that if she repeated the tantrums of former occasions it would greatly prejudice her in the sight of the Court of Pardons, which would meet when Gov. Griggs returned from Washington, and which, so her instructor promised her, would surely free her from custody. He told her that if she would go to court and receive her sentence to-day without any demonstration of defiance she would not only free her bondsmen from some embarrassment, but that by the time the Court of Pardons met she would be able to point to a week of martyrdom as an excuse for her conduct. He told her just what to do and just what not to do.

While Judge McCormick was pronouncing sentence in impressive tones that kept the crowded court room as quiet as if it were quite empty, the prisoner stood at the bar beside her father. As Judge McCormick ended she kissed her father, looked up and forward, smiled, nodding with a grateful smile to her newspaper adviser, she bowed her head and followed the deputy sheriff downstairs to the prison. When she got out of the court a self-satisfied smile lighted up her face. The tears prescribed in the rehearsals and fully described in the afternoon edition of her friend's newspaper refused to flow. The Warden wanted to send her fur coat, and one or two other articles of clothing belonging to her to her home.

"Oh, no," she said, "it isn't worth while. I won't be there long."

After the session of court was ended Judge McCormick explained his reference to newspapers. He said that he considered newspapers like the *Journal* absolutely pernicious in their effect upon the public mind. "Assaulting sheriffs and a dangerous menace to the proper administration of justice.

MRS. NOBLE'S FRIEND CONFESSES.

Hibbans Says He Was the Tool of Another Married Shopmate.

Three persons were arrested in Newark yesterday on suspicion of being concerned in the mysterious death of Mrs. May Noble, who died on Sunday night at the residence of Mrs. Amelia Francisco. The story given out at the time was that Mrs. Noble, who did not live with her husband, had gone out on Saturday evening and did not return until after 1 o'clock in the morning. Upon her return Mrs. Francisco said she complained of violent pains and refused to allow a doctor to be sent for. County Physician Washington made a post mortem examination and concluded that Mrs. Noble was the victim of malpractice. The detectives say they obtained evidence enough to warrant them in arresting Mrs. Francisco, Robert Hibbans and John Risburg. The two men were arrested as they stepped from a Central Railroad train. They had come from Plainfield to attend Mrs. Noble's funeral, but instead were taken to Police Headquarters. Hibbans made a full confession. He is a married man and lives in Newark, but is employed by the Potter Printing Press Company in Plainfield. He said he had been made a tool of by Risburg, a shopmate, who is married and lives at 537 Sixth street, Plainfield.

Hibbans took Mrs. Noble to Mrs. Francisco's last Thursday at Risburg's request. He was not then aware that Risburg and Mrs. Francisco had been in communication with each other on the subject. After making this confession Hibbans was allowed to go on his own recognizance, to appear when wanted.

The detectives intimate that they have evidence to show that Mrs. Francisco has performed other criminal operations. They declare as untrue her story of Mrs. Noble having left the house on Saturday.

MOUNT VERNON FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The Commissioners and All the Executive Officers Resign.

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y., March 3.—William Jewell, Chief of the Fire Department; Charles H. Heinsohn, first assistant engineer, and G. J. Angevine, second assistant engineer, have resigned, and the department is without executive officers. To complicate matters James N. Lockhart, A. W. Wallender, and David Farrington, constituting the Board of Fire Commissioners, handed in their resignations to the Common Council last evening. The trouble began more than two weeks ago, when Alderman Conklin got an amendment to the city charter passed by which the disbursement of funds for the Fire Department was taken from the Fire Commissioners. The Fire Commissioners said this amendment reflected on their integrity and business ability.

A meeting of the foremen of the fire companies has been called for Monday evening. In the mean time they will prepare a list of the property in their possession. The firemen say they own nearly all the equipments of the department, and desire to prove it to the public. They believe they have things in their own control, and that the city will have to capitulate. Some of the firemen say that unless the obnoxious amendment is rescinded the fire companies will disband after disposing of their property.

Eagan's Man, Lee, Sworn In.

The persuasiveness of Thomas F. Eagan, the Milholland leader in the Twenty-second Assembly district, finally prevailed with Mayor Strong yesterday, and the commission of Eagan's man, William H. Lee, as City Marshal, which had been held up, was saved and Lee was sworn in. Lee is the third City Marshal to Eagan's credit. The others are Louis Levy of the First District Court, a Tammany man, who was retained at Eagan's earnest solicitation, and Michael Goode, attached to the Seventh District Court. Lee's term will expire on May 1, this year.

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These are the only dental parlors in New York that have the patent appliances and methods to extract, filling, crowning, and bridge and porcelain work, independent of natural teeth and of the gums for twenty years, without the least particle of cold or rubber. Note address, opposite Cortlandt st. ferry.

Toilet set of teeth $5. Warranted a fit or no pay. Gold crowns, $3; gold fillings, $1; all painless and all other dental work done painlessly and by specialists. Have a call and you will find that we do what we advertise. Come and have your teeth extracted in the morning and go home in the even with new teeth. We can tell you exactly what your work will cost by a free examination. Hours—9 to 8; Sundays, 10 to 4. Do not mistake us, as we are not connected with any of similar name.

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NEW YORK LIFE'S PORTICO.

A Clash of Civic Authorities Over the Permission to Erect It.

Commissioner Collis has notified John A. McCall, President of the New York Life Insurance Company, that the erection of the proposed ornamental portico at the company's new building at Broadway and Leonard street, would constitute a violation of the law, inasmuch as it would extend seven feet over the sidewalk line, and that the Public Works Department will not allow the work to be done.

The erection of the portico was authorized by the Board of Aldermen on Feb. 23, and the resolution was signed by the Mayor before it was sent to the Public Works Department for investigation and report. As soon as Gen. Collis received the resolution he notified Mr. McCall that the action of the Aldermen was illegal, and he quoted section 86 of the Consolidation act defining the powers of the board in the matter of passing ordinances in support of his contention. Superintendent Constable of the Buildings Department has also protested against the erection of the portico.

President McCall asked Mayor Strong yesterday not to interfere with the building of the portico, on the ground that any change in the plans at this late day would seriously mar the beauty of the entire structure. He said that when the old building was standing the space on which it is now proposed to erect the portico was occupied by a flight of ten steps. Mr. Constable, however, holds that when the old building was torn down the company's right to maintain the encroachment ceased.

Mayor Strong is a director in the New York Life Insurance Company, and a member of the Building Committee.

RULES FOR AMBULANCE SURGEONS.

When They Fight Over Cases on Fire Calls the Fire Chief Settles the Row.

At the meeting of the Fire Board yesterday morning, rules in regard to ambulance service at fires, which had been agreed upon at a conference of the heads of the Police, Charities, and Fire departments last Monday, were read. The rules provide that whenever a general ambulance call is made for a disaster, explosion, collapse of building, or a fire of unusual proportion, severely injured persons shall be given to the ambulance surgeons in the order of their arrival, with three exceptions. These are that the surgeon first reaching an injured person shall be considered in charge of the case; and if surgeons from different hospitals reach the case at the same time, the one from the nearest hospital shall take it; and that any injured person who shall have been treated by an ambulance surgeon in the burning building or place of danger, and whose condition shall be deemed critical upon reaching a place of safety, shall be at once put in an ambulance and taken to the hospital from which the ambulance came.

Any differences between surgeons at a fire shall be settled by the highest officer of the fire department present, and should any surgeon fail to comply with the rule that officer shall report him to the Charities Department.

MEAD KILLED MRS. CHAPIN.

Coroner Higgins Presents His Findings in the Falls Village Tragedy.

WINSTED, Conn., March 3.—Coroner Higgins has filed with the Clerk of the Superior Court his finding in the Chapin-Mead double tragedy in Falls Village. In it he declares that Mrs. Hattie Chapin was killed on Feb. 20 by two bullets from a revolver owned and fired by Charles Francis Mead, and that Mead then killed himself with a bullet from the same revolver. Walter A. Chapin, husband of the murdered woman, is declared guiltless of the double crime.

"From remarks made by Mead," the finding says, "from his conduct, from a writing or poem found in his pocket it would seem that he was very much infatuated with Mrs. Chapin and 'could not live without her. He said to his mother in regard to Mrs. Chapin, 'If we can't live together, we can die together.' In December, 1894, in Springfield, Mass., he said that he was in love with a woman in Connecticut and intended to kill her and himself, and that he had the revolver ready."

GOT HOFFNER'S WATCH AND MONEY.

Then Hoffner Was Made to Get Out of His Wagon and the Thief Drove Off.

QUEENS, L. I., March 3.—Frank Hoffner, a Creedmoor farmer, complied with the request of a strange young man the other afternoon to give him a ride. The stranger climbed in over the back of the wagon and then drawing a revolver placed the muzzle close to Hoffner's face and quietly asked for his money and watch. Hoffner dropped the reins and handed over $15, which he intended to invest at Jamaica in a suit of clothes. He also gave the robber his watch.

Then the man told Hoffner that he preferred to ride alone, and Hoffner was forced to get out of the wagon. The man whipped up the horse and soon disappeared around a turn in the road. Hoffner followed on foot and found his turnout standing on the roadside. The robber had disappeared. Hoffner says he will not try to find the thief. He believes that such a clever scoundrel is entitled to all he got.

A NEW COACHING CLUB.

Brooklyn Whips Said to Want an Organization of Their Own.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* says: There is trouble brewing in the New York Coaching Club that is likely to result in the formation of a rival organization, which shall include all the prominent Brooklyn whips, several of whom have been notified of the new project. The trouble has been precipitated, the *Eagle* says, by the blackballing of two or three applicants for membership, who are expert whips and popular among the drivers of the two cities, and against none of whom, it is alleged, could be urged any valid reason for rejection, either in their personal characters or in their social positions.

Batonyi, the well-known whip, is said to be at the head of the enterprise, and he has sent notices, it is added, to all the New York and Brooklyn four-in-hand drivers.

ISLAM WISHES HE HADN'T.

A Fortune Teller's Tip as to Lost Clothing Is Taken Too Readily.

Islam Sayers, a colored Pullman porter, who lives in Jersey City, lost some of his clothing recently. He consulted Mme. Uclus, a colored fortune teller, and told her that he suspected Mrs. Edith Jewell, also colored, who lives at 255 Washington street. Mme. Uclus apparently went into a trance, and told Sayers that she plainly saw his clothing hanging up in Mrs. Jewell's closet. Sayers procured a warrant for Mrs. Jewell's arrest, and she was arraigned before Justice of the Peace Weed yesterday. Sayers failed to appear, and Mrs. Jewell was discharged. Some one had told Sayers that he was liable to be punished for false imprisonment, and he decided to let the case drop.

Thirsty Hoboes Wreck a Jersey City Barroom.

Two tramps looked into Samuel Birnbaum's barroom, 619 Henderson street, Jersey City, shortly before midnight on Tuesday, and, seeing the proprietor alone, walked boldly up to the bar and ordered whiskey for two. Birnbaum suggested that they produce their money first, but they admitted that they had no money. "No money, no drinks," tersely remarked Birnbaum. The tramps resented this insult by picking up empty glasses from the bar and hurling them at Birnbaum. He dodged, and the missiles crashed through the mirror and the bottles and glassware on the back bar. Then the tramps turned the faucets of the whiskey barrels and allowed the liquor to run off. Birnbaum, who had taken refuge under the bar, ventured out, armed with a bungstarter, and made an attack on the tramps who were then filling up with the liquor which was escaping from the open faucets. Birnbaum plied the bungstarter vigorously and drove the tramps out of the place. They returned in a few minutes and renewed the work of wrecking the place. Birnbaum drove them out once more and locked the doors. One of the tramps drove his fist through a pane of glass in the front door and cut himself severely. Before he could tear himself loose a policeman arrested him. His explanation escaped. The prisoner said he was Patrick Flaherty, 22 years old, no home. His wounds were dressed, and he was locked up to await examination to-day. The damage to Birnbaum's place amounts to about $300.

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TAMMANY TO FORCE THE ISSUE.

Will Begin at Once a Preliminary Campaign for the Coming Municipal Election.

John C. Sheehan said yesterday that Tammany Hall would begin a vigorous prelimin