WOMEN IN THE MULTITUDE.

A BLUE MONDAY IT WAS FOR THE REGULAR SHOPPERS.

They Were Elbowed by Soldiers Who Dallied with the Shopgirls and Bought Their Summer Wardrobes and by Women from the Country Who Came to Buy in Dead Earnest.

Yesterday was a pretty blue Monday for some New York women. Most of them liked the crowd, the excitement, the chance to join in a parade almost as crowded as the Easter procession and much more varied. But there was a certain contingent of women who were both literally and figuratively put out. These were the "shopping fiends," the women who go forth every Monday morning prepared to take possession of certain retail districts. As a general thing, they have the success which comes with force of numbers and experience, but yesterday it was funny to witness their dismay at finding their territory preoccupied. They kept running into squads of soldiers and they couldn't get anywhere near their favorite shop windows because of an immovable pack of country sightseers.

There were all sorts of complications. When the Monday-morning woman sees a crowd in front of a window she is consumed with a desire to see what is the attraction. She is sure it is a wonderful bargain or the latest fashionable freak. Yesterday she came across many of these crowds, but, after pushing and edging her way through them, she found "The Shovel which Turned the First Sod for Gen. Grant's Tomb," or an "Exact Fac-Simile of the Sword Presented to Gen. Grant after Donelson."

This was all bad enough, from the habitual shopper's point of view, but it was nothing to her trials when she once got inside a store and attempted to attend to business. "Business," with the habitual shopper, consists largely in "looking around" and "pricing."

"Was there anything you wanted, madam?" they ask.

"No-o; I was just looking around. I'd like to price this piece of goods."

It was very harrowing yesterday to find the counters lined with strangers who were actually buying things and who therefore got all the best places from the "lookers" and "pricers." Even the soldier boys had drifted unhappily into the dry goods stores and were wearily endeavoring to execute commissions for the girls they have left behind them. Some of them had crumpled slips of paper over which they puzzled with the hurried and unsympathetic salesman, or—oh, happy piece of luck!—with the leisurely and coquettish "saleslady." What a day it was for Mamie and Margie and all the rest of them.

"Don't you just love soldiers?" one of them said after the first invasion of the military yesterday.

"Um! Yes! Don't them white stripes down their limbs make 'em look nice?"

Salesladies are very particular in their choice of language.

The regular shopper almost had apoplexy over these commercial-military affairs. It was hopeless to try to even price anything while there were so many conquering heroes around. The salesgirls helped the soldier boys to match ribbons and pick out gloves and select artificial flowers. Entranced by this cordial assistance, the conquering hero confided to Maggie that he wanted to take home a—well, a little present, you know; something that a lady would like. What more natural than that he should ask Maggie's advice on the subject? Of course Maggie promptly suggested something in her own department, whether she presised over candy or cutlery, and, of course, the conquering hero said it would be just the thing.

"Ain't he too sweet?" Maggie rapturously exclaimed to Mamie as she went after a manicure set and a carving knife.

Under these circumstances there was nothing left for the regular shopper but to bolt with rage and maneuvre for a better position. Probably in the next assault she ran up against a brigade of women from out of town. There were thousands of them here yesterday. They came in on the morning trains and will return to-morrow. Yesterday was their one chance at the shops, and they made the most of it. They, too, had pieces of paper with them. On these slips of paper were long lists of things they wanted to buy, and they checked off the items, one by one, as they made their purchases. Early in the day they were in high good humor. They gloated over the brilliant windows and fingered the rich materials with an unctuous delight. The well-groomed, well-gowned New York woman thrilled them with generous admiration.

"Say," said one of the visitors, speaking to a girl who was evidently a New Yorker, "would you mind telling me where you bought your waist?"

"Well, I didn't buy it; I had it made to order."

"Oh, of course! That's just my luck! I might 'a' known you never bought that ready made. Say, you seem real kind; would you mind telling me how much you had to pay for it?"

"Not at all. I paid $15."

"Fifteen—say, that's dear, isn't it? Fifteen dollars for a shirt waist seems a good deal to me."

"Well, it's silk, you know."

"Yes, still—but then, I suppose things do come high in New York. You have to watch your chance to get a bargain. I've found two or three real bargains this morning already, but then, I'm a good buyer. Always was."

Many of the out-of-town women paid comparatively little attention to the shops, although they eyed the windows wistfully as they passed by. There was a reason for this self-denial. The women were accompanied by their husbands and the latter took care to walk on the outer edge of the pavement, as far as possible from the temptations of the windows and the inviting open doorways.

The air was full of greetings yesterday. People kept rushing up to each other and exclaiming: "Where in the world did you come from?" Then they exchanged tales about their trouble in finding accommodations, their fears for the weather, and their views of New York. It was the women who spoke upon the last topic, and they, with one accord, chanted the praises of Gotham. Many of the visitors were recognizable by their winter hats, which had been retained beyond their days of appropriateness because of this contemplated visit to the headquarters of fashion. There were more felt and velvet hats to be seen in the uptown quarters yesterday than there had been for three weeks.

There were a few exceptions to the popularity of the military lady-killers yesterday, and one of them was an officer, too. He was in a Fifth avenue stage in the afternoon, one of its passengers. At Eighteenth street two New York women got into the stage and dropped down close by the door. One of them fished a dime out of her pocketbook and held it for a moment, giving an expectant side glance at the officer seated near her. The stage was evidently trying to make up time, and was careening, leaping, and diving as only a Fifth avenue stage can do. All New Yorkers know the etiquette of this particular line. It is a place where the passengers mutually perform the usual service of a conductor. Naturally, the women looked to the man next them to deposit their dime in the box. Still more sure were they that he would attempt the perilous trip, because he was a soldier, and presumably both brave and gallant. But he sat perfectly still. That is to say, as still as the stage would let him sit. Finally a woman opposite the new passengers held out her hand for the dime and passed it up to the box. After that, if glances could kill, the army would have lost an officer.

There was a very, very small bit of New York femininity who entertained another stageful of people early yesterday morning. She was being taken to school by her father, a swell but adoring parent. She had evidently refused to be escorted by a maid. The idea had got into her pretty head that yesterday was the day of the celebration, and she suspected her friends and family of a deep conspiracy to cheat her out of seeing the parade. When she saw the first soldiers she asked her father with her eyes and declared that "she knew it."

"But, my dear," he exclaimed, "I tell you there is no parade to-day at all."

At that moment two or three more soldiers came along.

"There is, too! There's sojer mens! I won't go to school!"

"But, my darling! There is nothing to-day; absolutely nothing!"

She wasn't convinced and she kept the sharpest kind of a lookout. As groups of blue and gray uniforms went by she broke out in fresh rebellion, but her father pacified her and reassured her that he would take her to the parade "to-morrow." But finally five soldiers came along; they wore their overcoats and the scarlet-lined capes were flung back, making a gay and dashing sight. That settled the little girl. She jumped up and down and shrieked. There was no longer any chance of convincing her that the celebration was not already on. She demanded to be permitted to stay out and see the "sojer mens" and was finally borne from the stage by her worried parent, while she shrieked her protests against school. If she was taken there, why, the passengers would like to wager that kindergarten methods didn't work in at least one school yesterday morning.

SHOT A WOMAN A LITTLE.

Hunter's Bullet Deflected by Miss Harnes's Corset Steel—He Was Jealous.

George D. Hunter, 32 years old, who describes himself as a commercial traveller, shot Mamie Harnes, 24 years old, in the hallway of Albert Dehne's hotel, at 75 Third avenue, at 10 o'clock last night, in a fit of jealousy.

The bullet struck a button on the left side of her coat and was deflected also by a steel in her corset, causing only a slight wound.

Hunter was locked up. The woman came from Honesdale, Pa., two years ago, and has been living with Hunter since July last. Yesterday afternoon a man named Peter Griffin of Honesdale called on her, and Hunter was displeased.

Hunter went out at 8 o'clock and returned at 10, just as Miss Harnes and another woman were going out to get something to eat. He pulled out a vest pocket revolver and shot her.

CASSIN'S BIG DEFALCATION.

Several Times $45,000—His Arrest—Receiver for the U. S. Bond Company.

ATLANTA, Ga., April 26.—Startling developments have succeeded the reported compromise in the Harry A. Cassin defalcation case. Twenty-four hours ago Cassin, by his own confession, was short in his accounts $45,000, but it was announced that his friends and relatives would supply the missing funds. To-night the young man sleeps in the City Prison.

Up to this afternoon the settlement seemed probable and everything was fair sailing, but a meeting of the Board of Directors of the crippled institution was called, and it was discovered that the amount of the shortage was several times greater than before reported, and that the cash on hand and available was too insignificant to be mentioned. The crime is not to rest wholly on Cassin's shoulders, for another official will probably be in the same plight as Cassin very soon.

The status of the affair has been altered in a peculiar manner. An agreement had been reached between President G. V. Gress, representing the directors, and Judge George Hillyer, Cassin's father-in-law, by which the matter was to be settled out of the courts. The missing amount, however, was found hourly to be greater than before suspected.

This frightened Morgan Gress, the President's son and heir, into going into court with an application for a receiver. Next Saturday was set for a final hearing. It took but this step to make Judge Hillyer back out, and it was not long before the entire arrangement collapsed.

A search was begun at once for the cashier, and he was placed in jail. This action also precipitated an application for a receiver for the United States Bond Company, Gress & Cassin's other joint enterprise, and both petitions were granted immediately. The bond company has branches in about 400 cities, and its bonds are held as gilt-edge securities in the prominent business centres of the North.

A further inspection of the books shows that the affairs of both concerns are in complete confusion. President Gress is largely interested in a phonograph concern in New York, and has been a resident of that city for the last few months.

KILLED IN A STREET ENCOUNTER.

A Once Wealthy Man Knocked Down While Looking for a Dime Lodging.

Andrew Bowne, an electrical engineer, who, at one time, was reputed to be worth half a million dollars, died last night in the gutter at Chambers street and New Bowery. In his pocket was a letter in which he had written that he was penniless, and said: "Unless you aid me I must die in the gutter."

His death was due to being struck or pushed by John Ryan, a city weigher living at 404 Pearl street, who was locked up in the Oak street police station on a charge of homicide.

Bowne walked down New Bowery in search of a cheap lodging house about 10 o'clock. He had tramped the streets all day looking for work. He had been out of employment for a long time, but he had until recently managed to get along after a fashion, as those who knew him in his palmy days were in the habit of helping him more or less. One of his former acquaintances had given him the dime with which he was to pay for his lodging.

At Chambers street he bumped up against Ryan, who was going in the opposite direction. Ryan's hat fell off.

"What the hell did you do that for?" said Ryan, giving Bowne a push which was very like a blow. The old man stumbled and fell into the gutter, striking his head on the curb. Ryan walked on. Bowne did not move. Two boys who had seen what happened crossed the street and tried to lift Bowne up. One of the boys lit a match and held it up so they could see the fallen man's face. It was deathly white. Blood oozed from a wound at the back of the skull.

"He's dead!" exclaimed one of the boys. Then both shouted: "Police!" Detectives Reilly and Mallarky, with Policeman Schultz, responded to their cries. The boys pointed to Ryan, saying, "That man killed him."

The policemen placed Ryan under arrest and carried Bowne's body to the Oak street station on a stretcher.

Sergeant Hatton questioned Ryan, who admitted that he had knocked Bowne into the gutter.

"But I didn't mean to harm him," added Ryan.

The letter in which Bowne spoke of dying in the gutter was an appeal for work. It was addressed to a Mrs. Fullerton and was dated April 3.

DRUNKS TO SPECIAL SESSIONS.

City Magistrates Puzzling Over a Remarkable Raines Law Amendment.

Before the members of the Board of City Magistrates last night at the Yorkville Police Court, Magistrate Deuel pulled out a copy of the Raines Liquor Tax law with the recent amendments and caused much surprise when he called the attention of the other Magistrates to the provisions which, he said, seem to require that all persons arrested for intoxication in saloons must be tried in the Court of Special Sessions.

"What's that?" exclaimed Magistrate Simms. "Try in Special Sessions all the drunks in the city? Impossible!"

Mr. Deuel read sections 41 and 42 and the subdivision which stated that in future intoxication is to be considered a misdemeanor, punishable with a fine of $3 to $10, or imprisonment for ten days, or both; and that all violations of the Raines law must be tried in Special Sessions.

"There must be some mistake," said Magistrate Simms.

"There is the law," replied Magistrate Deuel.

"Well, Special Sessions could never dispose of all the cases," said Magistrate Wentworth.

"We had better look into that. Perhaps these amendments do not repeal the Wilds law," Magistrate Deuel said.

A letter was received from Street Cleaning Commissioner Waring stating that the police court clerks did not properly treat his employees when they went to the courts with complaints against citizens for violating city ordinances.

The board appointed Marc Monstaki court interpreter to fill the unexpired term of Dr. Gustave Abbé, who resigned.

MRS. GRANT'S SUMMER HOME.

Negotiating for a Residence at Casenovia, on the Shore of Lake Owagena.

SYRACUSE, April 26.—The company of notables who annually spend the summer months at Casenovia, on the shores of Lake Owagena, is likely to be augmented this summer by Mrs. Julia Dent Grant, widow of the late President. Mrs. Grant has lately been conducting negotiations with the object of securing the spacious old country mansion and extensive grounds of John D. Griswold of this city. It is probable, however, that Mr. Griswold will occupy his Casenovia home this summer, and it is probable that Mrs. Grant will rent another residence in the village, which is the home during the summer months of a large colony of families of army and navy officers, and other persons conspicuous in the social and political life of the country. Last summer Count Hoshi Toru, the Japanese Minister, summered there with his family, and it is the annual resort of the American members of the Bonaparte family. Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Charles S. Fairchild spend his summers on the Fairchild homestead, with Col. Johnston L. De Peyster of New York as a near neighbor, and "Eli Perkins" (Melville D. Landon) occasionally runs down from his summer place, a few miles out in the country, to exchange funny stories with the summer people.

SOLDIER MAN IN THE RIVER.

He Belongs to the Eighth Something—Isn't Hurt—Is Dryer than He Was.

Late last night the crew of the fireboat Havemeyer, which is tied up at the foot of Grand street, saw a lone militiaman wandering in a spiral out to the edge of the pier; then he fell into the East River. Foreman Frank McGuinness of the fireboat, assisted by Firemen Lyons and Preston, fished him out and put him in the fire room to dry. A Gouverneur Hospital ambulance was summoned and he was taken to the hospital and put to bed.

He was not in a condition to afford much information about himself, but he said that he was born in Jamestown, that his Captain was William Baker, and that he came from Ridgewood. He wore a Corporal's chevrons. His overcoat was marked 8 M, but men from the Eighth Massachusetts failed to identify him.

Later his buttons were identified as Ohio buttons.

McKinley to Preside Over the Meeting.

PHILADELPHIA, April 26.—President McKinley will attend the annual meeting of the Advisory Board of the Philadelphia Commercial Museums, to be held in this city on June 1, 2, 3, and 4. The President will arrive in Philadelphia probably with two or three members of his Cabinet on the morning of June 2, and will preside at the meeting to be held at the Academy of Music in the afternoon.

THEO. A. HAVEMEYER DEAD

SUDDEN ENDING OF THE ILLNESS OF THE SUGAR REFINER.

Baptised Into the Roman Catholic Church a Few Hours Before His Death—His Wife and Seven of His Nine Children at His Bedside—Typhoid Fever Followed an Attack of Grip.

Theodore A. Havemeyer, Vice-President of the American Sugar Refining Company, died at 3 o'clock yesterday morning from a sudden attack of typhoid fever, following a two weeks' siege of grip and generally shattered health. His death was totally unexpected by the outside world, although his intimate friends, associates in business, and the members of his family had known for a week that his illness was dangerous.

Mr. Havemeyer's health had been bad for a long time, but he stuck to his work assiduously. He finally went South, but the trip did him little or no good. Two weeks ago, after his return, he had a decided turn for the worse. Last week he rallied, and was able to go about his room. Then came an attack of grip which prostrated him completely. Not until 6 o'clock Sunday night, however, did his physicians, Dr. Cleveland and Dr. Delafield, believe that the patient was beyond hope. At that time there appeared symptoms of typhoid fever. What might have been an easy battle for a strong man was sure to be perilous for a man in Mr. Havemeyer's weakened condition.

The family were informed at 9 o'clock in the evening that the end was near. Mr. Havemeyer himself had realized on Sunday that he had not many hours to live. During his life he had not attached himself to any church, although his

THEODORE A. HAVEMEYER.

liberality to charities was well known. His father, Frederick C. Havemeyer, was a Lutheran. His wife has always been a most devout Catholic, and their children have been reared in that faith. Mr. Havemeyer, when he knew that he was about to die, expressed a wish to join the Catholic Church. One of his old friends, and a man whose work in the Church he has aided with many thousands of dollars, is the Rev. Father Sylvester Malone of Brooklyn. Father Malone had a long talk with Mr. Havemeyer on Sunday afternoon, in the course of which the dying millionaire repeated his wish to enter the Catholic Church. For some reason not known he was not baptized during the day by Father Malone. The priest went back to his home, and at 10 o'clock Sunday night, when the last vestige of hope had disappeared, Father O'Farrell of the Church of the Holy Innocents was summoned, and baptized Mr. Havemeyer into the Catholic faith.

At that time there were around the bedside Mrs. Havemeyer, Mr. three sons, C. F., H. O., Jr., and F. C. Havemeyer, four daughters, and Mr. Havemeyer's brother, H. O. Havemeyer. After the baptism the last rites of the Church were administered. Mr. Havemeyer died five hours later.

H. O. Havemeyer heard of his brother's dangerous condition on Sunday evening at his home in Stamford, Conn. He missed the 9:52 train for this city, and as there was not another for two hours, he chartered a special and came in on that. Theodore A. Havemeyer, Jr., and Mrs. E. C. Potter, a daughter of the dead man, are in Europe. They were notified several days ago of their father's condition, and started for home immediately. They are said to be on the ocean now.

Mr. Havemeyer was 58 years of age and all his life had been identified with sugar interests. He entered his father's refinery when a boy and worked side by side with the other employees. Step by step he acquired a perfect knowledge of each branch of the business he passed through, until, when his father died, he was competent to take entire charge of the great business, which he practically did. His brother, H. O. Havemeyer, went through a similar training. Having learned the workings of the business, however, H. O. Havemeyer took the financial branch under his charge, and Theodore the refining. Under the old firm title of Havemeyers & Eidlitz the brothers became the greatest sugar refiners in the world. They were prominent in the consolidation of the principal sugar interests of the country into the powerful American Sugar Refining Company of to-day.

Since the establishment of the corporation Mr. Havemeyer had had entire supervision of all the practical details of the refineries operated by the company. During the past couple of years he had been lightening his labors as much as possible by allowing the weight of some of them to fall on younger shoulders. This had allowed him more time to himself, and he had utilized it to build up one of the finest stock farms in the world at Rahway, N. J. He built a magnificent residence near by, and spent much of his time on this beautiful estate.

Mr. Havemeyer was interested in driving and golf as much as in the raising of stock. He was a member of almost every riding and driving club in this city. He was President of the Newport Golf Club, which was started in 1892. In August, 1894, both the Newport and St. Andrew's clubs sent out invitations looking to the formation of an association, the former sending only to the golf clubs in the United States, the latter including the Canadian clubs. The two clubs were unable to come to an agreement, and there were rival amateur championship meetings held in that year, C. B. Macdonald winning at Newport and L. B. Stoddart at St. Andrew's. Finally, at a meeting held in the Union Club Dec. 22, 1894, the present United States Golf Association was organized and Mr. Havemeyer was elected as the President for the first year. He was again elected to the office in 1896 and again at the last meeting on Feb. 17 last in this city. Mr. Laurence Curtis, as first Vice-President, will act as President until a general meeting is held to elect a new President.

Mr. Havemeyer's favorite links were those of the Newport, St. Andrew's, and Shinnecock Hills clubs. In 1896 he presented the Golf Association with the valuable perpetual amateur championship trophy now held by W. J. Wingfoot of the Onwentsia Golf Club. He was a frequent donor of silver cups for golf prizes to be competed for at different clubs, especially on the Newport links. During his sojourn in Florida he presented a cup as a prize in the first tournament of the St. Augustine Golf Club, won by William V. Chapin of this city.

Mr. Havemeyer was known as a collector of autographs. He had been collecting them for many years, and had a man to do nothing else but to take charge of them. His collection was one of the finest, if not the finest, in the country. His fortune is estimated at about $20,000,000. He had large investments in New York city and Long Island real estate. During the last three years his investments are supposed to have lessened in sugar and increased in real estate. Mr. Havemeyer leaves a widow, who was a daughter of Caevalier De Loosey, and nine children. Mr. Havemeyer was Austrian Consul-General at this port for twenty-five years. His funeral will take place from St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth avenue and Fiftieth street, on Thursday morning.

Obituary Notes.

Capt. Joseph Peene, Sr., one of the oldest residents of Yonkers, died yesterday afternoon at his home, 150 Warburton avenue. Mr. Peene was a descendant of an old English family. He was born in the village of Lydd, Kent, where his family had lived for many generations. His first visit to America was as a sailor on a passenger vessel which landed in New York in 1834. In 1835 he settled in New York. Shortly afterward he made Yonkers his home. In 1839 he found employment on the sloop Ben Franklin, which at that time was a freighter plying between Yonkers and New York, and the vessel from which the Ben Franklin Transportation Company received its name. Mr. Peene married Miss Caroline A. Garrison, daughter of the Ben Franklin's Captain. About 1851 he got command of the Ben Franklin, and a few years later with his father-in-law founded the transportation company. In 1864 Capt. Peene bought out Capt. Garrison, and from that time till 1873 had full control of the line. In that year he gave up the business to his three sons—John G., the present Mayor of Yonkers; Joseph, Jr., and George. He was at one time Village Trustee, served as Street Commissioner, and was Commissioner of Police.

Alexander Wilson Moir, G. C. M. G., who died at his home at St. Heliers, Island of Jersey, on April 6, was a brother of Mr. James Moir of this city, and the son of Dr. James Moir of Edinburgh, Scotland. Mr. Moir's family has for many years been a prominent one in Scotland, in the early part of this century his father was the most eminent surgeon in Scotland, and his brother, Dr. John Moir, was for a number of years the President of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons. The greater part of Mr. Moir's life was spent in the West Indies. He was Governor in turn of Turks Island, the Virgin Islands, Antigua, and St. Kitts.

Joseph L. Deming, a wholesale grocer, died at his home in New Haven, Conn., on Sunday. He was 77 years old, and left a widow, a sister, and three daughters. He was one of the original oyster farmers of Fair Haven, and forty years ago started one of the first grocery stores in that suburb. During the war he handled many Government contracts and he left a large estate. He had been ill a week, and his death was due to a complication of pneumonia and kidney trouble. He was a life-long Democrat.

Charles B. Fosdick, President of the Second National Bank, and one of the wealthiest leather merchants in this city, died yesterday at his residence, 31 West Thirty-sixth street, from Bright's disease. Mr. Fosdick was 73 years old, and had been in bad health. He was born in this city, was one of the founders of the Hide and Leather Bank and was its first President, was a member of the Union League, the City, and the Uptown clubs, the New England Society, and the American Museum of Natural History.

August Mrurice Friedlander, the portrait artist, died suddenly in Colorado Springs on Sunday night of the effects of a hemorrhage, which occurred a few days ago. Mr. Friedlander went to Colorado last February on account of ill health, but was not thought to be seriously affected until recently. Among the pictures painted by Mr. Friedlander are "Modern Venus" and "Hostler Joe." Besides these are the portraits of Gens. Sheridan, and Hancock, Archbishop Kendrick, and others.

John R. French, Vice-Chancellor of Syracuse University and Dean of the College of Liberal Arts of that institution, died yesterday at his home in Syracuse, after a brief illness. Prof. French had reached the age of more than three score years and ten. For more than thirty-five years he filled the post of professor of mathematics with distinction. Prof. French was present at the recent alumni dinner of the university at the Hotel Savoy in this city.

Col. William H. Riblet, who for more than sixty years was connected with the Seventh Regiment, died of heart failure at his home, 120 West Seventy-fifth street, on Saturday. He was born in 1816 in this city. He was once County Clerk. In 1836 he enlisted in the Seventh Regiment and was made Captain of the Fourth company in 1844. He was brevetted Colonel by Gov. Morgan in 1865 for long and faithful service.

John R. Graham, Jr., a retired lumber merchant, who lived at the Barrett House, was stricken with heart disease at Sixth avenue and Forty-second street yesterday, and died while being taken to Flower Hospital. Mr. Graham was formerly in the lumber business at 306 Eleventh avenue, where he succeeded his father. He sold out his interest some years ago. He was 45 years old.

Mrs. Cordelia Ogden Clark, widow of the late Dr. J. Henry Clark, died on Sunday night at her home in Montclair, N. J. She was 77 years old and a daughter of John Ogden. She was born in the Ogden homestead at Newark. Her grandfather, John Ogden, was the founder of the city of Elizabeth. Three daughters and one son survive.

Mrs. Elizabeth Colon, who was at one time well known in this city and Washington as a church choir soloist, died last night at the residence of her mother, Mrs. G. Taylor, 103 West Fourteenth street. Her death was due to consumption. She was a daughter of Henry Henshaw, a cavalry Colonel in the Confederate army.

William Gray, of the Boston banking firm of Gray, Dewey & Co., and a member of the Stock Exchange, died at his home in Milton, Mass., on Sunday, at the age of 41. He was a member of the Milton and Country clubs and the B. A. A.

Prof. John R. French, Dean of the College of Liberal Arts in Syracuse University since its organization, died yesterday.

Judge N. C. McFarland, former Commissioner of the Land Office in Washington, died in Topeka, Kan., yesterday.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

MOSBY HAS A FIGHTING CHANCE.

A Slight Fracture of the Frontal Bone Near the Nose Has Been Found.

RICHMOND, Va., April 26.—"Col. Mosby has a fighting chance for his life," said Dr. Hunter McGuire who returned to-night from consultation over his case at the University of Virginia.

The veteran was placed under the influence of ether to-day, and a more thorough examination of his eye was made. A slight fracture of the frontal bone near the nose was found. No operation was deemed necessary and no unfavorable development has occurred. His mind is slightly clearer. His health generally is excellent, and he possesses remarkable recuperative powers.

Col. Mosby has passed a comparatively easy day and is resting quietly. During most of the time since the accident, which occurred on Friday afternoon, he has been conscious, but his mind has appeared to wander at intervals. There appeared to be a change last night for the worse, but he has held his own well during the day, and is apparently suffering no pain. His two sons, Beverly C. Mosby of Salt Lake City and John S. Mosby, Jr., of Denver, Col., have been summoned. The other members of his family are here, and the entire Infirmary building has been turned over to them for their use.

Senator Hanna and Secretary Bliss in Wall Street.

United States Senator Mark Hanna, in company with Secretary of the Interior Cornelius N. Bliss, visited Wall street yesterday and lunched with Cashier Charles H. Patterson at the Fourth National Bank. Mr. Bliss was until recently Vice-President of this bank and is still a director.

Robbed in Minetta Lane.

Joseph Kaiser, 50 years old, a business man of Titusville, Pa., found himself in Minetta Lane last night. Presently he found himself short $115 in gold, which he had carried in a bag slung about his neck. He had two negresses arrested.

INVADING PINAR DEL RIO.

A PATRIOT FORCE OF 3,000 MEN IS MARCHING TO THE PROVINCE.

There Will Be a Big Fight Unless the Spaniards Let Them Through the Trocha Without a Murmur—Great Deficit in Spanish Finances—Starvation Stalks Abroad in the Island.

HAVANA, via Key West, April 26.—The Cuban General Mayia Rodriguez is marching to invade the province of Pinar del Rio with 3,000 men. He was seen yesterday between Batabano and Guines, near a military line made there by the Spaniards to prevent his invasion of the western province.

A big battle is expected at any moment if the Spaniards do not open their line and let Rodriguez pass. Rodriguez is acting under strict orders from Gen. Gomez to make the war lively in the west of the island while he harasses the strong Spanish columns in Santa Clara province.

Another strong body of insurgents, under Gen. Alejandro Rodriguez, is also moving to the west in order to protect the advance of Gen. Mayia Rodriguez to Pinar del Rio.

The Spanish army in this latter province has been deprived of 20,000 men, who have been sent to Las Villas by order of Gen. Weyler.

The strength shown by the Cuban army in these days, in spite of Gen. Weyler's mendacious reports, bears out the pessimistic views on the situation of the Spaniards in Havana.

Much comment has been occasioned by an article in the *Diario de la Marina*, in which it is asked how the Government can meet, before the end of this year, the war expenses and the general obligations of the Treasury. The article is founded on the official report of the condition of the finances of the island published in Havana by the Financial Department.

The report shows that all the revenues of the island this year will only amount to $15,000,000 in gold, silver, and paper money. On the interest of the debt alone the Government will have to pay $30,000,000 in gold, and in addition the expenses of the army, the navy, and the other items of the budget. The deficit will be more than $100,000,000.

Guasimal, Zaza, Iarao, and other towns along the Tunas Railroad have been destroyed by orders of Gen. Weyler.

Fifty persons died yesterday from hunger in Sancti Spiritus and forty in Cardenas. In the latter place public sentiment was aroused by the fact that a woman was found dead in the street with a baby of two months in her arms. Both had died from starvation.

CUBAN EXPEDITION GETS AWAY.

5,000 Rifles and a Million Cartridges Taken from a Point Off the Jersey Coast.

PHILADELPHIA, April 26.—One of the most quietly planned expeditions that have left the United States for Cuba got away on Sunday night from a point near Sea Isle City, N. J. Every precaution was resorted to to avoid the discovery of this expedition, because it was feared that a revenue cutter would follow the party or the Pinkertons would check it, as in the last case of the Bermuda. The arms and ammunition left New York on Saturday on lighters, and were placed aboard a tug between Barnegat and Long Branch. The tug came down the coast and was joined by another boat. Off Atlantic City some Cubans and Americans were picked up. Still further along a steam launch put out from Sea Isle City with another detachment, and later another squad from Avalon was picked up. Getting out to sea all hands, with munitions of war, were transferred to a black painted steamer that started South. With the expedition there were some militiamen from this city and from Camden. The expedition took along a Hotchkiss gun, nearly 5,000 rifles, 1,200,000 rounds of ammunition, 2,000 machetes, a lot of medicines, and an experimental flying machine to be adapted, if possible, to the use of dynamite.

ONE OF THE COMPETITOR VICTIMS.

George Aguirre Released at Havana After a Year's Imprisonment.

George Aguirre, one of the crew of the filibuster Competitor, who has been in confinement in a Spanish prison for a year, was released today and delivered over to United States Consul-General Lee. He will embark for the United States on board the first steamer sailing for New York.

A Cuban Patriot Teaches Boys in Jail.

BALTIMORE, April 26.—Dr. Luis, now in the Baltimore city jail as a Cuban filibuster, began this morning to teach a class of twenty-seven boys under sixteen, who are confined there on various charges, from cran shooting to stealing. The prison school was suggested by Warden Bailey and Mayor Hooper, and it bids fair to become a permanent feature of jail life.

NEGRO POSTMASTER FOR AUGUSTA.

The Whole White Population Housed to Protest and Petition.

AUGUSTA, Ga., April 26.—A few days ago Postmaster-General Gary announced to a delegation of colored citizens in Georgia, who visited him at Washington, that President McKinley intended to appoint to the office of Postmaster of Augusta the leading Republican candidate, Henry Lyons, a negro leader.

Augusta is the oldest and most aristocratic city in the State, and it has been her boast that only white persons have ever held the responsible offices here, either Federal, State, or municipal. Already the Board of Trade and the Chamber of Commerce have arranged for special meetings to protest against the Senate's confirming Lyons's appointment, and committees will wait on Senators Irvien and Clay with a petition that they use their influence to the same end. There is no doubt that they will do this. The McKinley Club of this city, which is composed of white Republican voters, will also add its protest, and a mass meeting of citizens of all parties will be held to select a delegation to visit Washington. The delegation will represent that the Republican party in the South can be built up only by missionary work among the white voters, and that such an appointment would only serve to increase the Democratic majority. There is no doubt that McKinley will send Lyons's name to the Senate, and there is every prospect of a hot fight in that body.

ALTGELD'S DEBT, $32,146.

That is the Sum Owed by Him to the Globe Savings Bank.

CHICAGO, April 26.—The committee appointed by the Senate to probe the case of Spalding, formerly State University Treasurer, has been busy all day. The committee's most important disclosure is the fact that ex-Gov. Altgeld was, at the time the Globe Savings Bank failed, a debtor to the bank, either directly or as a guarantor, in the sum of $32,146. His total indebtedness had been $20,000 greater, but had been reduced; that is, cash to the amount of $50,000 had been either advanced to him or on his indorsement since the bank opened. The credit side of the ledger in those years showed $20,000, leaving an unpaid balance of $32,146, much of which was charged up to profit and loss in the bank examination.

Cashier Churchill of the bank was on the witness stand most of the day, and admitted that he was ignorant of the ordinary methods of banking. Spalding is still in jail, but is hopeful of securing bail soon.

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HOWLAND BELIEVED TO BE ALIVE.

The Wreck of the New Bedford Mills Less Serious Than First Reported.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., April 26.—The worst of the mill troubles that have shaken this city within the past few days is now believed to be over. Morgan Rotch, President of the Howland corporations expects that the reports of the experts will show the affairs of the corporations to be better rather than worse than was feared.

The ability of the banks to meet all their obligations is beyond doubt, and they are prepared to pay dollar for dollar, and a demand for them to do so means a profit that they could not hope to make in less troublesome times. As to the Howland corporations, their actual condition just now is secondary to the fate of the man who has managed them. The people are satisfied that the wreck is less serious than was at first reported.

The feeling grows that Treasurer William D. Howland still lives, having wandered away in a dazed condition overwhelmed by the disaster that befell him when the banks refused further assistance. It is a high tribute to the man, for whom a search is being made high and low, that the men and women who have worked for him have but one thought, and that is of sympathy for him and his in the present great trouble.

Many have expressed their willingness, if it would relieve the stress on the corporations, to sustain a temporary cut down, or even to forego their pay days for a time till such time as the corporations can better afford to make payment.

Mr. Howland has been traced to a point near Fall River, where he was seen on Friday afternoon. Since then nothing definite has been learned of his whereabouts. A servant in the employ of a relative in Providence says she saw him in that city on Friday night, but it is likely that she was mistaken.

A search that covers all southern New England is being made for the missing man. A part of the harbor here has also been dragged, under the suspicion that Mr. Howland committed suicide. His friends do not hold to the suicide theory, but believe that he is still alive.

Morgan Rotch, President of the three Howland corporations, said this morning that from what he has been able to learn up to this time he is satisfied that the trouble was painted in the darkest and most alarming colors at the start. What will come out later cannot fail to be encouraging.

"Until the reports of the experts are handed in there is nothing that I can tell definitely," he said. "I have seen enough to satisfy me, however, that this is no such an affair as that of the Belmont and Columbia. I do not pretend to say that the stockholders will not lose anything, but the shrinkage of the capital stock will be small; nothing in fact that cannot be met by all of those concerned."

A petition for a receiver for the Howland, Rotch, and New Bedford mills was made before Judge Maynard at Fall River to-day, but he referred the petitioner to the Superior Court, now sitting at Boston. Attachments have been filed against the Howland corporations by Herman Capelle & Co., and Gustav Almkin & Co., cotton dealers. Each concern has two attachments, one in an action of contract and the other in an action of tort. In each attachment the amount was named at $80,000. The writs were from the offices of Morse & Lane of Boston. Deputy Sheriff Nickerson filed to-day two attachments issued from the offices of A. M. Alger and F. J. Milliken, one of $10,000 in the interests of Peter H. Corr of Taunton and the other for $1,000 in the interests of the Taunton Dye Works and Bleachery Company. Both were actions of contract.

TO LOOK INTO LAMONT'S DOINGS.

Presbyterians Hear That He Would Let Catholics Put a Church on a Reservation.

PHILADELPHIA, April 26.—Ex-Secretary of War Lamont, when a member of the Cleveland Administration, is said to have given permission to the Roman Catholic authorities of the diocese of New York to erect a Roman Catholic church on the ground owned by the United States and set aside for a military reservation at West Point. Whether the report is true is in doubt. At all events, the Rev. E. W. E. Jones, a member of the Presbyterian Ministers' Conference in this city, submitted at the meeting this morning the following resolution:

"*Whereas*, This permission had been extended to the Roman Catholic Church; and

"*Whereas*, It is plainly in contravention of the Constitution of the United States to have so closely allied the Church and the State:

"*Resolved*, That the present Secretary of War, Gen. Russell A. Alger, be requested forthwith to rescind such permission and prevent the erection of the church."

A motion to adopt was amended so as to direct the Executive Committee to look into and verify the report, and, if the facts as stated were found to be true, to send the letter to Secretary Alger. Dr. Jones said after the meeting that there was no doubt that the statement was true, as he had received the information from a friend who had a church not far from West Point. "Not only are they true," said he, "but matters have progressed so far that it is intended to break ground on next Thursday,