body with faded pink curtain cord. All the cord was tied in loop knots. The fragment was the lower half of the trunk of a man's body, cut between the fourth and fifth ribs. The legs were cut off close up to the hips. The description of the oilcloth around the fragment found on Saturday tallied with that around the portion found yesterday, but the police immediately concluded that it was another body. It didn't seem to them that the fragment could be a part of the body found on Saturday, as it weighed over a hundred pounds. The detectives were immediately sent out, but they couldn't find the slightest clue anywhere to work upon.

Barring Saturdays and Sundays, Undercliff avenue is as lonely as a mountain pass. It is a good driving road, but is little used save on holidays. By night it is entirely deserted, and the police say that almost any kind of a violent crime might occur there without anybody knowing of it until daylight. As far as bringing the bundle which was found yesterday to the spot and throwing it over the wall, that, the police say, might be done quite easily in the middle of the day without attracting much attention. It would be nothing strange for a wagon with a bundle in it to go along the road and no one, the police say, would have to wait more than five minutes for an opportunity to throw it over the wall unseen.

From the position in which the bundle was found it was evident that it had been carried to the edge of the wall and pushed over. That it would catch on the ledge and stay there didn't occur to those who had pushed it over. They relied on its weight to carry it off the ledge and into the undergrowth, where it might have lain undiscovered for days. The police feel sure that the bundle was thrown in the woods some time on Friday or Saturday night, although they admit that it might have been there several days. It was so close to the wall that any one walking along the edge would not notice it unless they looked straight down.

At 5 o'clock Capt. Killilea decided to send the fragment to the Morgue. It reached there at 6 o'clock, just as Coroner Tuthill arrived to further investigate the finding of the first portion. A number of the Bellevue Hospital doctors went into the operating room of the Morgue when the second fragment was taken there and watched the attendants fit the two together. They fitted exactly, the measurements of the two ends of the spinal column corresponding to within a millimetre. The portion found yesterday was more decomposed than the other, but the doctors were of the opinion that having been tightly wrapped up the gases from the organs of the abdomen had gathered and caused this result. The oilcloth around the fragment found yesterday was fitted to that which formed the outer wrapper of the East River find, and they were seen to be of the same piece. The lines of the gold figuring on the red ground ran into each other exactly. Each piece was about 4½ feet wide and the length of both pieces 10½ feet. This does not include a piece four feet square which was torn from the piece around the fragment found yesterday and which is now in the High Bridge station house.

The oilcloth is of the commonest kind, known as table oilcloth. It costs about 10 cents a yard and is sold around Union Market and other east side market places by push-cart peddlers, usually in twelve-yard strips, at $1.10 for the piece.

At the Morgue most careful examination of the lower part of the body was made. There were six long scratches on the back extending longitudinally along the centre. The scratches are eighteen inches long and only two of them go deeper than the skin. At a point about a half an inch below where the scratches begin are two small punctures, which look as though they might have been made with a small knife. They are just large enough to allow of the insertion of the point of a lead pencil. The doctors think that they may have been made by a cotton hook, used in dragging the trunk around.

The ends of the thigh bones show that the legs were sawed off with the body lying face down, the bones being nearly sawed through and then broken off. The doctors think that the laceration of the chest of the fragment found in the river was done after the body was cut in two, as there is no mutilating mark on the lower part.

The list of missing persons at Police Headquarters was eagerly scanned yesterday. That of Max Carl Weinecke was among the last on it. Weinecke was one who went away from home on May 17 and never returned. He had been living with his wife and two babies in a flat at 82 East 115th street.

They kept boarders there—four men and a woman. The latter is Mrs. Weinecke's sister, Mrs. Clara Magnusen. The men are J. Johnson, a dealer in novelties at 108 Fulton street; Gustave Lundholm, a relative of Weinecke's, and two others who left about May 10.

On May 17 Weinecke, who had been out of employment for three months, left his home to collect a bill of $20 for Johnson. After asking the police to look for him, when he did not return, Mrs. Weinecke and the other members of the household moved to 333 East Twenty-eighth street. There Mrs. Weinecke was found last night. She had not heard of the portions of the body at the Morgue, but when asked for a description of her husband, she said:

"He was about 5 feet 10 inches in height, had a light brown beard, and weighed about 160 pounds. I believe he has been murdered by some of his enemies, who probably went away from home purposely to stay away, as he seemed to have been drinking the day he left, although he said he would be back that night. He may have gone to another woman's house, for I often heard him speak of another woman. He had been an inspector of lumber for a firm doing business at Clark and Spring streets up to four months ago. After losing his job he earned a little money working for Mr. Johnson, one of our boarders. He sold metallic picture frames, household goods, and dry goods. He also acted as collector for Johnson.

"After having dinner on the afternoon of May 17 he left the house, saying he would be back late that night. We had a little quarrel, but it did not amount to anything. My husband said he was going over to Ninth avenue and 115th street to collect a bill.

"He said he would also visit some friends of his at 11 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, and make a call on some friends in Hoboken. When he failed to come back we believed he had been murdered, and notified the police to that effect."

When Mrs. Weinecke was told of the portions of the body at the Morgue, she asked her sister and one of the boarders, Gustave Lundholm, to go there. Lundholm and Mrs. Magnusen reached the Morgue at 9 o'clock.

"Those look like Mr. Weinecke's hands and arms," said Weinecke's sister-in-law.

"Yes, and also like his shoulders," added Lundholm.

The visitors went back to the house in Twenty-eighth street and informed Mrs. Weinecke that they believed the arms and shoulders were those of her husband. Then she proceeded to the Morgue.

"Those look like my husband's hands," she said, "but I think his arms were not so stout."

When asked about the index finger of the left hand the woman said that the same finger of her husband's hand contained no scar that she knew of. Then she added that she had noticed a scar on the finger of the hand at the Morgue, but that it looked like the scar of a felon that might have come on her husband's finger after he had disappeared. Mr. Weinecke was a member of the Royal Arcanum and his life was insured for $5,000.

Henry S. Enerstein, a wholesale dealer in dry goods, said, when he saw a sample of the oilcloth, that he and the H. B. Claflin Company were probably the only dealers in the country who sold that kind. He added that it was retailed mostly by peddlers and country shopkeepers.

The police of Long Island City believed last night that the headless body was that of Robert Wood, a boarder, who disappeared on June 17. Wood started from his store in Ravenswood to go to market.

He had $150 in his pocket. His horse was found wandering in the streets of Greenpoint. The index finger of his left hand was scarred like that of the hand in the Morgue.

One of the surmises about the case is that it is the murder of one criminal by another. A famous case of that kind, in which the corpse was found in the woods near Bronxville, was that of George Leonidas Leslie, alias George Howard, leader of the Hilly Porter gang of bank burglars. There was a woman in that case.

On Monday, June 4, 1878, a policeman, following a trail of scattered straw by the roadside, came upon the corpse. There was a bullet wound in the left cheek and another behind the right ear. A revolver lay beside the body. The police learned afterward that Howard was killed while undressed, that the body was clothed, and was taken to Bronxville in an open wagon covered with straw, and that jealousy caused the crime. No one was ever convicted of the murder.

NO CORNER IN WHEAT?

Mr. C. A. Pillsbury Doesn't Believe a Corner Is Possible.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., June 27.—A morning newspaper published a story to the effect that Mr. C. A. Pillsbury was trying to corner July wheat, but this Mr. Pillsbury emphatically denies, and the wheat men in Minneapolis place no credence in the report that wheat is being cornered in Minneapolis. Some of them believe that a Chicago corner is being attempted. Mr. Pillsbury does not believe that a corner is possible.

"I know of one concern," said Mr. Pillsbury, "that has 1,000,000 bushels which it desires to place among millers, and another that has 500,000. My own firm holds a large holder of wheat bought for delivery. Last fall, when it appeared that the receipts in Minneapolis would turn out very much less than was expected, our firm contracted for all the wheat it was supposed we would need on this crop, and that takes a large proportion of all the wheat in Minneapolis, but not all of it by any means, as there are two concerns that have 2,500,000 bushels in Chicago.

The War Still Waging in the Philippines.

TACOMA, June 27.—The Northern Pacific steamer Victoria brings a letter printed in Yokohama from the rebel camp at Balin Kupang, Philippine islands, dated May 18. The writer denies that the rebellion is at an end, and adds:

"We shall never forget the massacre of hundreds of our illustrious patriots nor the murder of our helpless mothers, sisters, and children. No decree, no promise, no proclamation from the Spanish will induce us to surrender."

BRITISH CROWDS AT THE REVIEW.

Frantically Cheered Their Own Ships, but Not Enthusiastic Over Others.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

PARIS, June 27.—The correspondent of the *Matin*, who attended the jubilee naval review and who made several trips on different steamers for the purpose of learning British opinion of the visitors and the warships, sends to his paper a vivacious summing up of his experience. He says:

"How they detest the Germans. They abstained from a single cheer before the Kaiser's cruiser, and remarked with disdain her ancient construction. Coming to the superb Japanese cruiser, the crowd waxed sarcastic, crying 'Tchinn, tchinn, you, you,' which the Mikado's subjects took for marks of sympathy. The Englishmen were indifferent in the presence of the Swedish, Austrian, and Spanish warships, but they saluted with pleasure the Italian warship Lepanto. Finally reaching the French and Russian cruisers, they scanned them curiously, seeking to estimate their strength, and were visibly preoccupied and impressed."

The correspondent was struck by the undisguised feeling shown by the occupants of the legions of craft of all shapes and sizes threading the lines of the floating citadels. He returned to Portsmouth and started on another vessel. He found the crowds always the same. They frantically cheered their own ironclads and cruisers. The women cried and waved their handkerchiefs and the children squalled, but the enthusiasm diminished when the foreign warships were passed. Then they cheered politely, but without conviction.

IRELAND PROTESTS.

Indignation Meeting Over the Failure to Release Political Prisoners.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

DUBLIN, June 27.—A very largely attended meeting was held in Phœnix Park this evening to express the indignation felt that the Irish political prisoners had not been released by the British Government as an act of clemency to mark the jubilee of the Queen.

High Sheriff O'Reilly of Dublin presided. Mr. William Field, M. P. for the St. Patrick's division of Dublin, made a speech in which he said that the Irish would call for the voices, and, perhaps, the arms of their fellow countrymen in America. England had had her jubilee in 1897; they would have theirs in 1898.

THE QUEEN'S THANKS.

She Expresses Her Gratitude for the Jubilee Telegrams She Has Received.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, June 27.—The Queen has caused to be published in the Court Circular a statement that, finding it impossible to individually acknowledge the great number of congratulatory telegrams she has received from all parts of the empire on the occasion of her jubilee, she desires to express her sincere thanks for these touching proofs of loyalty and affection.

MULTITUDES SEE THE WARSHIPS.

Scores of Thousands On Sunday Excursions to Spithead.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

PORTSMOUTH, June 27.—Scores of thousands of "trippers" from London and elsewhere went to Spithead to-day to see the warships which took part in yesterday's great display. The waters were alive with boats of all descriptions threading their way among the fleet, their occupants curiously scanning the warships, especially those of the foreign nations.

Dr. Jameson Returns to Africa.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, June 27.—Dr. Jameson, the well-known leader of the raid into the Transvaal, sailed to-day from Southampton for South Africa. He will, after landing, proceed to Buluwayo, in Rhodesia.

SHOT BY A HACKENSACK COP.

John Buchanan Was Out Late, and Ran When the Policeman Accosted Him.

HACKENSACK, N. J., June 27.—Policeman Sachtleben shot at three young men at 2 o'clock this morning and dropped one of them. As the officer tells the story, he saw the men go into the yards of several houses, peer through window blinds and apparently try doors. When they saw him, the officer says, the men ran. He ordered them to stop, and as they kept on, he fired two shots, which caused one of the men to drop in the gutter. Two other officers were attracted by the firing, and the wounded man was taken to jail. He proved to be John Buchanan, unmarried, boarding at Mrs. Albright's, on Gamewell street. One of Policeman Sachtleben's bullets had gone through the left leg near the thigh, while the other had passed along the left forearm, tearing the coat and making a red line almost from the elbow to the wrist. Justice Heath committed Buchanan as a suspicious character. The prisoner had a whiskey bottle and a small stone in his pockets, and the police concluded that the stone was to be placed in a handkerchief for use as a slungshot.

Buchanan said he was out with James Fitzpatrick and Knoch Potty. They had been drinking in several places, and were on their way home when accosted by the officer. Not wishing to be locked up, they ran, and the shooting followed. Fitzpatrick and Potty were around town this morning, but no effort was made to arrest them. They tell practically the same story as Buchanan. Buchanan, Fitzpatrick, and Potty are employed in the Maywood Art Tile Works, and bear good reputations.

BARTLEY'S SENTENCE.

It Has Been Suspended, and He Can Leave Jail When He Gives Bail.

LINCOLN, Neb., June 27.—The sentence of J. S. Bartley to twenty years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of over $300,000 has been suspended by the Supreme Court, and Bartley's application for admission to bail has been granted. The amount of bail is fixed at $125,000, but no bond had been presented up to to-night, and Bartley is still in jail at Omaha.

Gov. Holcomb has given out this statement:

"Concerning the defalcation of Bartley as State Treasurer, I have noticed a printed statement to the effect that I was in some way connected with this shortage in a questionable manner, while a Lincoln evening paper asserts that on two different occasions I have received a specified sum of money belonging to the State Treasury.

"I wish to brand these statements not only as utterly devoid of truth, but entirely without foundation and purely malicious. I have not and never have had, directly or indirectly, one cent of money belonging to the State Treasury, nor have I any knowledge regarding the subject except that possessed by others, and which I would willingly tell to any person."

$7 FOR A NINE HOURS' DRIVE.

This Didn't Satisfy Cabby, Who, with His Fares, Is Finally Locked Up.

Ruppert Hecht of 174 West Eightieth street and Nathan Fleisch of 2 West 121st street hired a cab driven by Thomas Veitch of 419 West Forty-fifth street at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and drove around town until midnight. Their drive ended at a house in Forty-second street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues.

They had given $1 to Veitch on the trip. They now gave him $6 more. He said he'd got to have more money yet. They gave another dollar to him. Still he wasn't satisfied, and a row began that ended only when a policeman appeared. He took the three to the West Forty-seventh street police station, where all of them were locked up for disorderly conduct.

BELFAST'S PERPLEXING INDIAN.

He Shows His Face On the Odd Fellows' Wall Every Dark Night Until Midnight.

BELFAST, Me., June 27.—This town has a genuine mystery. To increase the light in Tuttle's photographic studio, the wall of the Odd Fellows' Hall, which is just opposite Tuttle's window, was whitened a few days ago. Three nights after the paint had dried there appeared on the white surface a large, black face of an Indian. Those who first saw it attributed it to shadows cast by the moon—but the sky was dark and cloudy. Since then, on every dark night, and particularly on stormy nights, appears the same silhouette. It never appears except on such nights, and disappears at the first stroke of the town clock at the midnight hour.

Senator Pettigrew Fully Recovered.

WASHINGTON, June 27.—Senator Pettigrew's condition to-day was all that his family and friends could wish. He has recovered full control and possession of his organs of speech, and promises to beat the Capitol to-morrow as usual.

WRECK COST SEVEN LIVES.

POSTAL CLERKS AND TRAINMEN KILLED IN THE WABASH WRECK.

Five of the Dead Were Postal Clerks. One Was a Brakeman, and the Other an Express Messenger—The Conductor Not Expected to Live—Heavy Rains Weakened the Bridge.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 27.—Seven lives were lost in the Missouri City train wreck on the Wabash Railroad last night. G. C. Copeland, the conductor of the train which plunged through the bridge, is wounded seriously, but has a chance for recovery. The correct list of the killed is: Onesimus M. Smith, postal clerk; Gustav A. Smith, postal clerk; Charles Withers, postal clerk; Frederick W. Brink, postal clerk; Edward Grindrod, express messenger; Charles P. Greasley, brakeman; William S. Mills, postal clerk. All of these lived in St. Louis.

None of those injured is in a dangerous condition except Conductor Copeland. Of the passengers the most seriously injured was Mrs. W. H. Wilkinson of 536 Wabash avenue, Kansas City. Two of the small bones of her left hand were fractured, and her thigh was lacerated. Onesimus M. Smith, the clerk in charge of the mail car, which was torn into splinters against the abutments of the bridge, expected to leave the mail service in a few weeks, and told a friend only a few hours before his death that he expected to receive an appointment in the St. Louis Post Office. Of the many who were injured it seems almost miraculous that only two were seriously injured. All the others were only slightly bruised or cut.

Coroner Powell, at Missouri City, did not deem an inquest over the seven dead bodies necessary, and a special train left Missouri City at noon to-day for St. Louis. Twenty of the injured were taken to All Saints' Hospital in Kansas City last night. The track at the scene of the wreck is in the Missouri River bottom near the North Bluffs. Rose's Branch, into which the train plunged, is a small stream and has its source three miles out in the hills. The rain fell in torrents yesterday for two hours. The stream was far out of its banks, and the bottom lands along the track were flooded with water.

A wagon bridge above the railroad bridge had floated down and lodged against it. This with other drift held the water and caused a great pressure against the railroad bridge. It was a wooden structure sixty feet long. The ends rested on stone abutments, and two rows of piling were in the centre.

A farmer had just walked across it, and seeing that it was unsafe, ran about 200 yards and waved his hat to the engineer, but it is supposed that the signal was not seen, as the speed of the train was not checked.

The engine dragged the tender on the bridge as it began to sink. The tender fell over on one side of the track. The mail and baggage cars were demolished. The smoking car fell on the top of them. The front of the chair car was jammed into the mass and rested on top of the sleeping car.

CONEY ISLAND TRAINS COLLIDE.

Brooklyn Elevated Engines Crash on a Switch; One Passenger Hurt.

Two trains of the Brooklyn Elevated Railroad, running on the surface tracks of the Prospect Park and Coney Island Railroad, collided at Van Siclen station, Neptune avenue, Coney Island, shortly before 6 o'clock last evening. That a disaster was averted is probably due to the fact that both trains were moving slowly. As it was, one passenger was badly hurt and several hundred were shaken up.

Engine 110 of the elevated road, drawing five cars, crowded with passengers for the Island, was due at Van Siclen station at the time when a train, also of five cars, drawn by engine 100, was to pass the station on the way from the island to Brooklyn Bridge. Through some disarrangement of the switches, the incoming and outgoing trains were thrown on the same track, and a head-on collision resulted. The pilot of engine 110 was wrecked and the windows of the cars in both trains were shattered. The passengers on the crowded cars from the bridge were thrown together pell mell, and men, women, and children scrambled for the doors and windows. The same condition prevailed to a lesser degree on the train from the Island, which carried only about seventy-five passengers.

Charles W. Lewis, 35 years old, a packer, who lives at 175 Miller avenue, East New York, was returning from the Island.

He occupied a seat in the car directly behind the engine of the train bound for the bridge. When the crash came he jumped out of a window and fell under a car of the other train. When he was picked up it was found that his left leg was broken, his right kneecap dislocated, and it is feared that he received internal injuries. He was taken to the Norwegian Hospital. None of the other passengers on either train needed the services of the ambulance surgeon.

The train from the Island was in charge of Conductor John Nahr and Engineer Abriska Lutz. The train from the bridge was in charge of Conductor Frank Connelly and Engineer John Gallick. William Rock, the flagman at Van Siclen station, says that the signal lights denoted that the switches were all right. When he saw that the switches were misplaced, he says, he waved his lantern for the engineers to stop, but too late to prevent the collision.

Between Rock's station and Sheepshead Bay road, where Switchman Charles Pflager is stationed, the company employs three Italians to turn the switches in response to orders given by Pflager. When Pflager signalled, giving the incoming train the right of way, the switchtenders evidently blundered, if Pflager's signal was correctly given.

SLOCUMVILLE'S TRAIN WRECKERS.

Another Attempt Made to Derail an Express Train at That Hamlet.

WESTERLY, R. I., June 27.—The two express trains known as the "Postals," which run every morning east and west between New York and Boston, are having narrow escapes from being thrown from the rails by train wreckers. This morning the express which left here at 3:07 encountered an obstruction about the same place at Slocumville that has been met on the four previous attempts.

Conductor Rourke and Engineer Hall were in charge this morning. This morning the wreckers obtained rails from the fences inclosing the tracks and put them in a heap on the tracks several feet high. The engine threw them aside when it struck and no damage resulted.

Trainmen have attributed the cause to the numerous tramps along the line. Several have been arrested on suspicion, as was also a demented colored girl named Taylor, a resident of Slocumville. That village has about a dozen houses and is thirteen miles from Westerly.

PLYMOUTH, Wis., June 27.—It has just been reported that an attempt was made recently to wreck a train on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad near Random Lake. The railway officials are very reticent about the matter, but it has been ascertained that some person placed a heavy oak beam across the track. The heavy engine broke it and thrust it aside instead of being derailed by it.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., June 27.—James H. Smith, colored, was placed in jail to-day charged with attempting to wreck an excursion train from Washington over the Annapolis Railroad. He had placed crossties on the track.

As frequently happens in some grades of crime, an epidemic of train wrecking seems to have set in. Yesterday there were printed in the newspapers accounts of three such incidents.

Near Slocumville, R. I., the fourth attempt within a month at that place was made to derail a train on the Consolidated Railroad system. A heavy pine tie was placed on the track of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad on the outskirts of Watertown. The train, as in the case near Slocumville, threw the tie aside. Reports from Mexico said that frequent attempts were being made on the Hidalgo and Northern Railroad, in that country.

CRASHED THROUGH A BRIDGE.

Many Lives Lost in a Railroad Accident in Galicia.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

VIENNA, June 27.—Terrible floods prevail in Galicia. A mail train, while running between Kolomea and Turka, passed upon a railway bridge, which, weakened by the flood, collapsed, precipitating the train into the swollen river.

The bodies of eight of the passengers who were drowned have been recovered, and it is thought that many other persons perished, as they are still missing.

Enormous damage has been done throughout the province, and it is feared that there has been considerable loss of life.

Wounded as Cleopatra Was.

From the Baltimore Sun.

CRISFIELD, Md., June 20.—Henrietta Tull, daughter of Washington Tull, was bitten by a snake Saturday while she was catching minnows in a ditch near her father's home in Crisfield. She was lying on the ground, when the snake struck her in the breast. There was considerable swelling from the wound, but it is supposed the snake was not poisonous.

Two 24-hour Limited trains each way, every day in the year, between New York and Chicago, via New York Central and its Michigan Central and Lake Shore connections.—Ads.

MISHAPS TO BICYCLISTS.

One Thrown from His Wheel in Harlem and His Skull Fractured—He May Die.

Thomas G. Fennell of 1145 East 175th street, while riding down Twelfth avenue toward 129th street last evening, lost control of his bicycle and ran into the curbstone near the corner. He was thrown over the handle bars of his machine, and fell on his head in a pile of cobblestones. He was taken to Manhattan Hospital. The doctors said that his skull was fractured, and that he might not recover.

While John Garrigan of 170 St. James place was wheeling behind a four-in-hand turnout on the Boulevard last night, the coach slowed up suddenly and he ran into it.

He was picked up after the collision with three bad scalp wounds, a cut in his lip, and bruises all over his body. The front fork of his wheel was broken. After being treated at Manhattan Hospital, he went home.

When John Goddard, a compositor of 165th street and St. Nicholas avenue, who had been riding his bicycle behind a north-bound Lenox avenue car, turned to the left at 145th street, he was run down by a south-bound car.

He received two scalp wounds, and his hands and face were badly scratched. The rear wheel of the bicycle was smashed. Mr. Goddard was patched up by a surgeon from the Harlem Hospital.

Fred Miller of 329 West Fourth street, Union Hill, ran into a telegraph pole while riding toward this city from Yonkers last evening and was thrown from his wheel.

He did not feel any ill effects from his fall at first, but later became ill. He was taken to the Manhattan Hospital.

Miss S. Devonshire of 15 West Ninety-sixth street and M. Collins of 65 East Sixty-sixth street collided when wheeling in upper Central Park yesterday. Mr. Collins was so badly hurt that he had to be carried home in an ambulance.

KICKED THE REFORMER OUT.

Lively All-Night Session of the Socialist Labor Party.

The representatives of the Socialist Labor party of the Greater New York had a lively session in the small hours of yesterday morning at a meeting held in the Labor Lyceum, 64 East Fourth street. The proceedings had begun on the evening before, and 120 delegates were present, representing, it is alleged, 16,000 Socialists of the Greater New York.

One of the speakers said that at the last election Daniel De Leon had polled 4,800 votes as candidate for Congress in the Ninth district, and that Tammany Hall was trying to get control of the Socialist Labor party because it was growing so rapidly. This statement set the ball rolling, De Leon, Hugo Vogt, and Howard Balkam making speeches in the course of the four hours' wrangle that ensued, all of them declaring that there were traitors in the camp.

Shortly after midnight De Leon took the floor. He said that Delegate Louis Miller was at the head of a so-called reform element. "He voted for John W. Goff in 1894," shouted De Leon, climbing on a chair, "and in 1892 he called the Prohibition party the 'so-called Socialist Labor party of America.'"

This brought all the delegates to their feet with shouts of "No Populism here" and demands that Miller be put out. The din was terrific, but above it all the voice of Miller was heard shouting: "You're a liar."

Miller, white with anger, began a speech, but not a word of it could be heard. He gesticulated wildly and was evidently denouncing De Leon.

Order was restored with difficulty, and then by an overwhelming vote it was decided that Miller be expelled. He refused to leave the hall, and resisted when the Sergeant-at-Arms tried to put him out.

The Sergeant-at-Arms called for assistance and several of De Leon's henchmen bore Miller, kicking and struggling, from the hall. They were encouraged by Marie Brueckman, a young woman who stood near the door waving her handkerchief and declaring that Miller must be expelled.

Business was resumed after Miller's ejection.

HIS HOUSE FULL OF HONEY.

Bees Live Under the Clapboards and Mr. Bennett Can't Drive Them Away.

GALE'S FERRY, Conn., June 27.—On the Centre Groton road, two miles from this village, is a large, old-fashioned country house of cosey appearance, which is fairly dripping with honey. The dwelling is owned by Albert Bennett. It is fully 100 years old, and is so completely surrounded by clover fields, groves of locust trees, and beds of old-fashioned flowers as to be very attractive to passers-by, as well as to bees. Nearly five years ago bees became so plentiful in this fertile tract that several swarms of them made their homes between the clapboards and lath of Mr. Bennett's house, near the peak of the west end, and since that time they have spread all over the house, until now they are troublesome in hot weather. Mr. Bennett is at a loss to know how to go to work to dispossess them without their abandoning him. A few days ago Mrs. Bennett left an attic room open for an hour or two, and upon her return found that a colony of the bees had crawled through a partition and swarmed in the room. They drove her from the apartment.

During the years the bees have been living in the walls of the house the crop of honey has been steadily accumulating, and it is now so abundant that, under the influence of the hot summer sun, it oozes out from under the clapboards in various places, and one has only to place vessels beneath to catch as fine a grade of strained honey as is being made in Connecticut to-day. Good judges of honey gathering believe there is more than a half a ton of honey and comb under the clapboard, and Mr. Bennett has consented, such a nuisance have the bees become, to have the crop harvested next fall. To do this it will be necessary to strip the clapboards off the house, and the job will have to be deferred until cold weather in order to avoid the risk of angering such a mass of buzzing, busy bees.

DAMAGES FOR A LYNCHED FATHER.

The Children of the Victim Want $95,000 from the Sheriff.

From the Baltimore American.

Suit has been docketed in La Plata, Md., in the Circuit Court of Charles county, by the State of Maryland, use of Annis Louise Cocking, John William Cocking, and Joseph Malcolm Cocking, infant children of Joseph Cocking, who was lynched at Port Tobacco last summer, against Sheriff George A. Wade and his bondsmen. The suit was docketed by John Grayson of Baltimore county and Herbert B. Stinson, attorney for the plaintiffs, and is for $25,000 damages for alleged neglect of duty upon the part of the Sheriff in not preventing the hanging of Joseph Cocking, father of the plaintiffs, by an armed mob.

The bill recites the brutal and atrocious murder of Mrs. Fannie Cocking, mother of the equitable plaintiffs, and Miss Daisy Miller on the 23d of April, 1896, at Hill Top, in Charles county, and the arrest of Joseph Cocking, father of the plaintiffs, and his indictment by the Grand Jury of Charles county for the said murder, and that he was placed in the custody of Sheriff Wade, whose duty it was to safely keep until he was discharged by due course of law; that owing to the intense excitement prevailing in the county, the prisoner was carried to Baltimore city jail; that on the 21st day of May the prisoner was removed by the said Sheriff from Baltimore to an old, dilapidated building used as the jail of Charles county at Port Tobacco. The bill tells of the trial on May 23, 1896, being postponed and a change of venue granted to St. Mary's county, which removal caused intense excitement in the county. "In spite of such excitement and danger of violence from the hands of the citizens of Charles county," says the bill, "of which the said Sheriff had full and definite warning, he persisted in keeping the prisoner at Port Tobacco, and though repeatedly requested by Attorney John Grayson, and by the prisoner himself, and others, to remove the prisoner to Baltimore for protection from mob violence, the Sheriff refused to do so."

Then the bill recites that the jail had been placed in the hands of Washington Burch, an aged and infirm negro, who did not reside on the premises, and that the building and prisoner were left unprotected. Then follows a description of the lynching of Cocking on June 26, 1896.

Presidential Nicknames.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The nicknames of our Presidents furnish an interesting example of the readiness of our people to apply sobriquets to public men whom they either like or dislike. Washington was nicknamed the Father of his Country, Americus Fabius, the Cincinnatus of the West, Atlas of America, Lovely Georgina (a sarcastic nickname applied by the English soldiery), Flower of the Forest, Deliverer of America, Stepfather of his Country (applied by bitter opponents during his Presidency), the Savior of his Country. Adams was nicknamed Colossus of Independence; Jefferson, Sage of Monticello and Long Tom; Madison, Father of the Constitution; Monroe, Last Cocked Hat; J. Q. Adams, Old Man Eloquent; Jackson, Old Hickory, Big Knife and Sharp Knife, Hero of New Orleans, Gin'ral, the Old Hero; Van Buren was Little Magician, Wizard of Kinderhook, Follower in the Footsteps, Whiskey Van and King Martin First; Harrison, Tippecanoe, Old Tip, and Washington of the West; Tyler, Young Hickory and Accidental President; Polk, Young Hickory; Taylor, Rough and Ready, Old Buena Vista, and Old Zack; Fillmore, the American Louis Philippe; Pierce, Purse; Buchanan, Old Public Functionary, Bachelor President, and Old Buck; Lincoln, Honest Old Abe, Uncle Abe, Massa Linkum, Sectional President, Rail Splitter, and Father Abraham; Johnson, Sir Veto; Grant, Unconditional Surrender, Old Three Stars, Hero of Appomattox, and American Cæsar; Hayes, President de Facto; Garfield, the Martyr President; Arthur, Our Chet, the First Gentleman in the Land; Cleveland, the Man of Destiny, and Grover; and lastly, B. Harrison, Son of His Grandfather and Backbone Bos.

NO UNION ON JUDGE GRAY.

SENATOR MURPHY HAS KNOCKED OUT THAT PLAN OF MR. HILL'S.

Mr. Hill Said to Be Strong Enough, However, to Nominate Justice Parker for Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals—Senator Platt Here—Federal Appointments Expected This Week.

All thought of an arrangement by which Judge John Clinton Gray of the Court of Appeals was to have been the candidate for Chief Judge of both the Democratic and Republican State committees has been abandoned. This was the positive information vouchsafed last night by the personal friends of Senator Edward Murphy, Jr., and ex-Senator David B. Hill. Mr. Hill has been eager for such an arrangement, but Senator Murphy is unalterably opposed to the proposition, and he is strong enough in the Democratic State Committee to defeat it.

Mr. Hill has been informed of the situation and now recognizes that the proposed arrangement cannot be carried through. There is no quarrel, it is stated, between Senator Murphy and Mr. Hill. Mr. Murphy merely thinks the proposition to unite on Judge Gray for Chief Judge to be bad politics and unwise policy, and it turns out that a majority of the Democratic State Committee agree with him.

Mr. Murphy's candidate for Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals is Charles E. Patterson of Troy. But while Mr. Murphy is strong enough to defeat Mr. Hill's proposition as to the nomination of Judge Gray to be Chief Judge, he will not be strong enough to bring about the nomination of Mr. Patterson. In other words, the friends of both Mr. Murphy and Mr. Hill say that Mr. Hill will be able to control the Democratic State Committee so as to bring about the nomination for Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals of Supreme Court Justice Alton B. Parker of Kingston, whose term on the Supreme Court bench expires Dec. 31, 1900.

With the proposed arrangement for the Democratic and Republican State committees to unite on Judge Gray for Chief Judge broken up, the Republicans, it was announced, will now begin to groom a candidate to be nominated against Justice Parker. No famous racers are in sight at the moment, it was said, but there are plenty of candidates just the same.

Senator Platt arrived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel yesterday afternoon from Washington. He had long talks with President Quigg of the New York Republican County Committee, Republican National Committeeman Gibbs, Postmaster Van Cott and many others, including ex-Senator Edmund O'Connor of Binghamton, whose friends are already laying pipes to nominate him next year for Attorney-General in place of Theodore E. Hancock of Syracuse.

The Republicans who talked with Senator Platt said that they believed the Federal appointments for the port of New York would come along some time this week, and some were almost convinced that they would be made on Tuesday or Wednesday. The slate intact up to last night was as follows:

Collector of the Port—George R. Bidwell of New York.

Surveyor of the Port—Silas C. Croft of New York.

Appraiser of the Port—Wilbur F. Wakeman of New York.

United States District Attorney for the Southern District—Gen. Henry L. Burnett of New York.

Naval Officer of the Port—Robert A. Sharkey of Brooklyn.

Commissioner of Immigration—Walter B. Atterbury of Brooklyn.

Postmaster of Brooklyn—Andrew Jacobs of Brooklyn.

Walter B. Atterbury of Brooklyn, it was learned, has caused it to be declared in Washington that he will be made Surveyor of the Port or nothing. This, it was said, was a bluff. It was recalled that Col. John J. McCook just before inauguration day declared that he would accept no alternative to the portfolio of Attorney-General in Mr. McKinley's Cabinet. He accepted the alternative.

DRUMMERS TALK POLITICS.

They Threaten to Cut the Republicans Because of the Anti-Scalpers' Bill.

A proposition to take immediate action in opposition to the Republican party was tabled at a meeting of the directors of the Commercial Travellers' National League, held at the Ashland House on Saturday night. President Dowe, himself a Republican, was heartily in favor of holding the party responsible for legislation at Albany last winter alleged to be inimical to commercial travellers, but it was decided to postpone action and in the mean time to secure a list of those lawmakers who voted for the so-called Anti-Scalpers' bill. This list is to be published in the organ of the league, and voters will be advised to preserve it.

The league denies emphatically the charge that it is working in concert with ticket scalpers. Its main strength does not seem to be against the Anti-Scalpers' bill, but in favor of a 5,000-mile interchangeable book with photographic identification at a 2-cent rate flat. The league will also ask for a more liberal baggage concession and to fight for better hotel rates. Great stress was laid by all the speakers on the fact that there are 50,000 commercial travellers in the State of New York alone and that they are a balance of power in the State.

A fund is being raised to test the right of one commercial traveller to sell his unused railroad ticket to another—not to a broker—and President Dowe announced that on Sept. 1, when the law goes into effect, he will sell a ticket from the Capitol steps in Albany and submit to arrest.

COLLIS BOOMS STRONG.

Adds That It Will Take All the Republicans to Beat Tammany Next Fall.

Gen. C. H. T. Collis, Commissioner of Public Works, made the principal address at the picnic of the Freedom Republican Club of Eighty-ninth street and Park avenue, at College Point on Saturday. He boomed Mayor Strong for Mayor of Greater New York by saying:

"There is a decided sentiment in favor of Mr. Strong for Mayor of Greater New York. The greatest Republican argument in the next campaign is the improved methods of the present administration, under which the people have realized that the taxpayers' money has been spent with judgment, economy, and good results. Mayor Strong is the natural candidate on such an issue. However, I doubt very much whether he will accept the nomination if it is offered to him. He has always been in close contact with the laboring men, and I have been in a position to note that he is constantly endeavoring to help the wage earners." Gen. Collis added that "No anti-Tammany Mayor can be elected who has not the cordial support of the entire Republican party."

SMITH'S PECULIAR LEFT EYE.

The Pupil Was Greatly Dilated, but, in Spite of His Heart Trouble, Smith Didn't Die.

Several victims of an accident were taken to one of the big city hospitals last week. More than one of them were thought to be dying. A man who may be called Smith was badly cut and bruised, and internal injuries were feared. He had a bad heart and had not regained consciousness when the ambulance reached the hospital. A young physician felt his pulse, and, carefully pushing back the lid of one of his eyes, gazed earnestly at it.

"Poor fellow, there's no hope for him," he announced. "The pupil of his eye is greatly dilated and that's a sure sign where there's any heart trouble."

A little later one of Smith's friends called at the hospital and inquired about him. The young physician repeated what he had said before, explaining the method by which he arrived at his conclusion.

"Which eye was it you looked at?" queried the friend.

"The left eye."

"Well, there's a peculiarity about Smith's left eye."

"That so. What is it?" inquired the physician, with a scientific interest.

"It's a glass eye," said Smith's friend; and the next day Smith was discharged from the hospital.

Great Faith in Hood's

Rochester Woman Tells How Her Husband and Son Were Benefited.