# The Sun.

Fair in the morning; threatening in the evening.

VOL. LXV.—NO. 41. NEW YORK, MONDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1897.—COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY THE SUN PRINTING AND PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION. PRICE TWO CENTS.


## MADISON AVENUE FLOODED

### *BIG WATER MAIN BREAKS AT FORTY-EIGHTH STREET.*

**Houses in the Neighborhood Deluged and New York Central Tracks Covered with Water—Damage $30,000—Break Due to a Blast of the Metropolitan Traction Company.**

By an explosion of a blast in a trench under the tracks of the Metropolitan Traction Company at Forty-eighth street and Madison avenue at 6 o'clock on Saturday night, the big 48-inch water main was broken, and for four hours water, flowing at the rate of 2,000,000 gallons an hour, spouted up out of the trench, overflowed the streets, flooded cellars, and damaged property to the estimated extent of $30,000.

The main which was broken is called the main supply pipe. It runs along the east side of the avenue, from Twenty-third street to Ninety-sixth street. The break occurred at a point under the roadbed of the avenue, equidistant from the north and south sides of Forty-eighth street. After the explosion of the blast had cracked the pipe, the water, flowing in such volume through the broken main, forced out a piece of pipe where the crack occurred, five feet long and two feet wide in the widest part.

When the Metropolitan Traction Company received permission to lay an electrical conduit along Madison avenue, William C. Whitney, as the representative of the company, was told that a new sewer would have to be laid along the avenue before the conduit was put in, so that the Public Works Department would not be put to the great trouble and expense and the public to the inconvenience of tearing up the street after the tracks had been put down. Mr. Whitney, for the Traction Company, according to the statement made yesterday by Howard Payson Wilds, Deputy Superintendent of Public Works, agreed to bear one-third of the expense of laying the sewer, if the contract should be awarded to his own contractor, so that he might be sure that the work would be done as rapidly as possible.

Accordingly, the contract was let to Patrick Casey, Mr. Whitney's man. Casey's bid was $74,995, the next lowest bidder being E. A. McQuade, whose bid was $116,384. Casey began work on July 28. Several weeks after that Mr. Whitney complained to the Department of Public Works that Casey was working so slowly that the work of laying the conduit was greatly retarded. The department told Mr. Whitney that so long as Casey fulfilled the terms of his contract the department could do nothing for Mr. Whitney.

Thereupon, according to Mr. Wilds, Whitney gave Casey $20,000 to turn over his contract to T. E. Crimmins. Casey agreed, and the work of completing the sewer, as well as the laying of the conduit, was turned over to Mr. Crimmins on Sept. 13. The work has progressed southward as far as Forty-eighth street. Frequently the contractor has found it necessary, in order to get rid of great boulders in the path of the sewer, to break them up with powder.

One of these boulders was found on Saturday at the intersection of Forty-eighth street and Madison avenue. The boulder lay near the big water main, but the main was not near enough. It was supposed, to be damaged by the breaking up of the rock by explosion. Three other mains, smaller than the supply pipe, and a gas main also lay near the boulder.

A hole was drilled in the rock, and, after the majority of the men had knocked off work at 6 o'clock on Saturday night, the hole was filled with powder and exploded. The report was loud enough to be heard several blocks distant, and, according to the statements of the inmates of the houses in the vicinity of Madison avenue and Forty-eighth street, the concussion was great enough to shake the furniture in the houses.

The position of the rock was such that only a little of the water main was exposed. No ill effects of the explosion could be detected immediately afterward, so the workmen went home. The night watchman of the Traction Company, one of those stationed at intervals along the lines of all the roads of the company now in the process of construction, went on duty. The night patrol of the police on both sides of the avenue passed up and down and did not notice anything out of the ordinary.

About 1:30 o'clock yesterday morning the watchman noticed a little patch of mud near where the rock had been exploded, but he thought nothing of it. Three-quarters of an hour later there was a mighty roar, or if a hidden Niagara was pouring its waters over a hidden falls in the vicinity of the intersection of street and avenue. A policeman of the Grand Central sub-station who was at the southwest corner of Madison avenue and Forty-eighth street heard the roar.

"What the devil's that?" he asked the watchman.

"How should I know?" was the watchman's reply. "Danged if it don't sound to me as if a volcano was goin' off. Ye'd better be tellin' yer beads."

Before either of them could speculate further on the cause of the disturbance there was an upheaval of stones and earth, and following this upheaval as a propelling force there appeared a great column of water, bigger around than two barrels, a policeman who saw it said, and spouting to the height of ten or fifteen feet. In a moment the flood of water was rushing in all directions. Once it found an outlet, the water seemed to pour up out of the ground in great volume and to spout higher every minute.

It took some time for the policeman and watchman to recover themselves from the first upheaval. Both had been covered with a shower of dirt and stones, and the watchman had been drenched. When he was able to think the policeman realized that a water main had burst. Realizing this, he knew that the thing to do was to telephone to the nearest station of the Water Department, which is at Eighty-seventh street and First avenue.

Hustling to the nearest telephone to be found in the vicinity at that hour in the morning, the policeman called up the station and got District Superintendent William McGill at the other end of the telephone. The policeman was not very explicit in informing Mr. McGill as to the nature of the break. Perhaps the policeman couldn't tell. Mr. McGill told him he'd be right down. But Mr. McGill had just returned from repairing a break in the water main at Seventy-second street and Madison avenue. That break had also been occasioned by the explosion of a blast set off by men employed by T. E. Crimmins, but it resulted only in blowing off a cap, and Mr. McGill thought that, possibly, the break the policeman reported, knowing from the location given that it must be near the Traction Company's tracks, was of a similar nature. A more serious break had just been reported at Eighty-sixth street and Third avenue, and Mr. McGill thought it best to have a look at that first.

In doing his duty as he saw it, the division superintendent didn't reach the scene of the most serious break of all until about 3:30 A. M. Valuable time had been lost, with water flooding the streets at the rate of 2,000,000 gallons an hour.

When Mr. McGill and his men reached the scene of the break it was impossible, on account of the flood of water, to locate even approximately the pipe which had been broken. There are two gates at the junction of the two streets, at which the water from pipes other than the big main may be shut off. These gates were closed, but still the water kept coming up. Then Mr. McGill knew that the break had occurred in the big main. The only way the water from that could be shut off was from the reservoir in Central Park, where it gets its supply on the north, and at the Forty-second street reservoir, from which it is supplied on the south. Messengers were sent to both reservoirs. At about 5:30 o'clock, four hours after it was discovered that something was wrong in the vicinity of the main, the water was shut off.

When this had been done, those who had been working to stop the flow of water had time to look around and see what had happened above ground. Madison avenue above Forty-eighth street for a block and a half, and as far south as could be seen in the gray light of the early morning, was a lake. Pavement and sidewalks were hidden under water that had risen almost to the top of the stoops.

West of Madison avenue nothing but houses and water could be seen as far as Fifth avenue. East of Madison avenue the lake found an outlet over the embankment above the tracks of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. A man who had made his way through the sheds of the Adams Express Company came back to say that the tracks of the New York Central were all under water, and that it had risen almost to the height of the ground signal lights.

Somebody in the crowd that had gathered, willing to stand in water that rose to the armpits of even tall men, realized what the result would be if the signal lights should be extinguished. Visions of a railroad wreck, added to the miseries of a flood, flashed through his mind, and he made his way, as best he could, to warn somebody at the Grand Central Station of the danger. Track walkers had already given the warning, and a message had been telegraphed along the line to hold all trains (they were all freight trains at that hour) at Ninety-sixth street until further orders.

As the day grew older those who stood where the break occurred could see, looking southward, that the water had covered roadbed and sidewalk as far as Forty-second street, where it separated to the east and west, owing to the hill in Madison avenue at that point. About this time the Catholic church bells were summoning worshippers to early mass.

From east and west and north and south people came, answering the call of the bells. Those who had purposed going up or down or across Madison avenue came to a halt on nearby bridges over the New York Central tracks, at adjacent points in Fifth avenue, or at Forty-second street. Seeing the water, apparently coming from nowhere and stopping nowhere, just rushing on wherever it could find an outlet, many were ready to believe that a second deluge had come.

Once the water had been turned off it took only about an hour, with so many outlets, to make the streets passable, if one did not mind wading in about a foot of mud in spots. Men with broad backs and strong arms turned themselves into human ferry boats where the crossings were worst and ferried over hundreds of women who had been waiting to pass for two hours or more. Fifteen cents a head for such means of transportation was the prevailing price, and many a cent was diverted from the church collection to the pockets of the ferrymen.

At 8 o'clock the streets were sufficiently passable to permit policemen to make a tour of the houses to learn whether anybody in basements had been caught in the flood. The fear was that servants in some of the houses who slept in the basements had been drowned.

Nobody was drowned. The basement and cellar of every house in Madison avenue, north to Forty-ninth street and south to Forty-second street, contained more or less water. The houses in the cross streets on the east side of the avenue, between these points, were in a similar condition, and some of the cross streets west of the avenue had been turned into reservoirs.

The cellar of William Alexander Smith's house, at the northwest corner of Madison avenue and Forty-eighth street, had about eight feet of water in it. The cellar was not large enough for the supply and the overflow filled the basement. When the servants got downstairs about 8 o'clock they found the furniture in the basement dining room floating about looking for an anchorage.

J. Hooker Hamersley's house is at 414 Madison avenue, one door above Forty-eighth street. In the basement was some valuable bric-à-brac and a grand piano. The piano was said to have been ruined and much of the bric-à-brac was broken. Next to Mr. Hamersley lives John Slayback. The Slaybacks, like the Hamersleys, are out of town. The man in charge of the house said the steam boiler and furnace had been surrounded by water and all the vegetables and wines in the cellar had been ruined. William Hustace, who lives at 415 Madison avenue, at the northeast corner of Forty-eighth street, said that the water in his cellar nearly reached the floor of the basement. Mr. Hustace is very deaf, but when he was asked by a reporter if he had sustained damage he heard the question quickly and said that if anybody thought mud and water did the inside of a house any good they'd better take a look at his cellar.

The Knickerbocker Athletic Club at Forty-fifth street and Madison avenue and the Railroad branch of the Young Men's Christian Association opposite on the northeast corner suffered more than any others as the flood choked up all the sewers in the vicinity. The sewage, as well as the water from the broken pipe, found an outlet in the basements of both the Y. M. C. A. building and the athletic club. Ten feet of water and two feet of mud lodge in the basement of the former building. In the basement are the bowling alleys and the gymnasium, the latter having been just refitted. The water and sewage ruined nearly everything in the gymnasium, flooded the furnace and put out the fire.

In the basement of the athletic club, besides the bowling alleys and gymnasium, is a bicycle room, in which were 200 bicycles. Every bicycle was floated in its rack, and when the water went down the precipitate of filth from the sewer clung to them. The Secretary of the club, Roland B. Molineaux, tried at one of the engine houses to have an engine sent around to pump out the water. The foreman of the engine company refused, on the ground that the filthy condition of the water would befoul the engine. The loss to the Knickerbocker Club, in the sewer ruined water supply, is estimated at $2,000. The loss to individual members will, it is thought, amount to as much more.

Others who were damaged to a greater or lesser extent were the following: J. P. Pettus, 415 Madison avenue; the Woodbridge School, 417 Madison avenue; Caroline W. Colville, 27 East Forty-eighth street; Marcus H. Talbot, 25 East Forty-eighth street; John W. Auchincloss, 26 East Forty-eighth street; Mrs. Marie Le Grand Auchincloss, 24 East Forty-eighth street; Frederick Butterfield, 23 East Forty-eighth street; Charles Lanier Childs, 28 East Forty-ninth street; Miss L. Martin, 26 East Forty-ninth street; Mrs. William E. Bunker, 24 East Forty-ninth street; Dr. Grant, 22 East Forty-ninth street; Miss Martin, 20 East Forty-ninth street; the Delta Phi Club, 56 East Forty-ninth street; Mrs. Holme, 60 East Forty-ninth street; Adolph Strauss, 50 East Forty-ninth street; Mrs. Hicks, 62 East Forty-ninth street; the Misses Pennington, 54 East Forty-ninth street; Mrs. Norton, 64 East Forty-ninth street.

All these persons were damaged in amounts varying from $100 to $1,000. It was found yesterday afternoon that a few cellars as far east as Third avenue were flooded.

Not until 7 o'clock was the order issued to send trains down into the New York Central yards. These did not run at the regular rate of speed, and not until well into the afternoon were trains run on schedule time from the Grand Central Station. It was said last night that the damage to railroad property would be fully $2,000.

No official estimate could be obtained of the damage to property in the Adams Express Company's yards and sheds. It is thought that it will be large, as a large amount of property in the sheds, which were flooded, could be seriously damaged by water.

So far as could be learned from men employed on the work, Mr. Crimmins being out of town yesterday, the charge of powder used in breaking up the stone was not an unusually heavy one.

### *MINERS INSANE AT DAWSON CITY.*

**One Found Dead with $30,000 in Golddust Under His Pillow.**

TACOMA, Wash., Oct. 10.—Men who have just arrived from Dawson report that three miners have gone crazy there over the gold excitement. L. F. Gerrish, who arrived to-day, en route home to West Superior, Wis., says:

"The sanitary condition of Dawson City is not so bad as many reports have declared. In many instances sickness and death has been brought about by hard work and excitement. Some men live on barely nothing, and that only half cooked. The excitement attendant upon the washing and accumulation of gold is so great that men devote the time to it that should be given to cooking, cleanliness, and rest.

"A man named Johnson washed out $30,000 and could not dispossess himself of the idea that he was going to be robbed. The mental strain was so great that it caused his death, for he was found one morning dead in bed, and underneath his pillow lay his sack of $30,000 in gold dust. When we left Dawson men were begging at the store doors to be allowed to enter and get supplies. It was some days before our party succeeded in obtaining enough provisions to supply us on our journey out."

Two other cases of mental derangement from similar causes are reported, but the names of the men affected are not remembered by the men just out. Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Galvin of Helena and Charles Thebo are other members of the party from Dawson. Thebo estimates that the next spring clean-ups in the Klondike district will amount to $25,000,000, and that the first steamers going down the Yukon in June will carry seventeen to twenty tons of gold.

Michael Knutson took a nugget, weighing thirty-four Troy ounces and worth $583, from claim No. 36, Eldorado, a few days before the Gerrish party left. Hunker, Dominion, Henderson, Sulphur, and Adams Creeks are proving wonderfully rich. Some of them will surpass even Eldorado. Coming out Gerrish met several hundred head of cattle and sheep being driven in. He says they will reach Dawson and will be a godsend there.

Two thousand men who are still crossing Skagway and Dyea trails are having terrible experiences. Two feet of snow has fallen at the lakes and several feet at Summit. The snow caught everybody unprepared.


**Pennsylvania Railroad**

Announces that commencing Monday, Oct. 11, sleeping car service will be established between New York and Pittsburgh on train leaving West 23d st. at 8:25 P. M., Cortlandt and Desbrosses sts. at 8:45 P. M. daily except Sunday, arriving Pittsburgh 8:30 A. M., stopping at Altoona and East Liberty and connecting at Pittsburgh for points West and Southwest. This train does not run into Philadelphia and does not carry coaches.—*Adv.*


## FRANK H. SCOTT ROBBED.

### *HIS HOUSE IN ORANGE LOOTED OF PROPERTY WORTH $10,000.*

**The Thieves Arrested and the Property Recovered Before He Knew of His Loss—The Goods Carried from His House in Broad Day—Recently Imported from Europe.**

The office of Capt. George McClusky at Police Headquarters resembled a pawn shop yesterday afternoon. Strewn about on tables, chairs, and desks was a varied assortment of men's and women's clothes. Gowns, fresh from swell dressmakers; beautiful capes, cloaks, and wraps of silk, velvet, and sable, and dainty lingerie were on one side, and on the other were suits of men's clothes, silk pajamas, silk underclothes, silk socks, umbrellas, and walking sticks. On a table in the corner were dozens of knives, silver candlesticks, and all kinds of silver and gold knicknacks, together with three jimmies and two revolvers. In the midst of it all were Capt. McClusky and Chief McCullagh, smiling and happy over the biggest and luckiest catch the police have made in a long time.

It must have been a surprise to Mr. Frank H. Scott, President of the Century Company, and his wife to learn in Boston yesterday morning that all the stuff they brought with them from abroad this summer had been stolen and recovered before they knew anything about its loss. George Bennett, the "New York Kid," and Cyrus C. Hyland looted Mr. Scott's house in Orange on Friday. The job was planned days ahead and carried out with a boldness that should win the admiration of every crook in the country. No less admirable was the manner in which Central Office men Vallely, O'Connell and Cain, aided by Capt. McClusky, caught the thieves and saved for Mr. and Mrs. Scott $10,000 worth of finery.

Last Monday evening Detective Sergeant Vallely while walking down Broadway ran across Mary Rogers, a badger game thief, who is also known as Chicago May, but is not the woman generally known by that name. Vallely followed her a bit and saw her meet Bennett, also known to him as a crook. The two talked together, and then walked up the street, with Vallely after them. They went to 256 West Forty-third street, where the detective learned the woman had a flat. Capt. McClusky was notified, and he detailed O'Connell and Cain to watch the place with Vallely.

Nothing happened until Friday night, by which time the detectives had learned that Hyland lived in the flat also. At 7 o'clock Friday evening an expressman drove up and delivered a trunk and a lot of valises, how many the detectives were unable to see. Capt. McClusky was notified of this, and he ordered the detectives to wait until the two crooks came in, lest being known that they were away. At 9 o'clock Hyland came in, and at 2:30 Saturday morning Bennett appeared. Capt. McClusky, on being notified, went up to the house at once, and the four detectives ascended to the flat occupied by the crooks. The door was unlocked and they walked in. When the inmates saw the detectives the woman screamed and ran for two revolvers that lay on a shelf. O'Connell and Vallely dodged and Vallely got the pistols. No further attempt at resistance was made. The three were fully dressed, and in the room were the trunk and seven valises.

The booty and the prisoners were taken to Police Headquarters. When the trunks and valises were opened Capt. McClusky saw at once that a big haul had been made somewhere, but where he did not know. No report had been made of any robbery in New York, and from some trademarks of a Paterson, N. J., tailor on some of the clothes it was evident that it was a suburban robbery. The three prisoners were taken to Jefferson Market Court on Saturday morning and remanded to the Central Office. In the meantime a man had been sent to Paterson and learned that the clothes belonged to Frank H. Scott of Orange. He went to Orange and learned that the Scotts had been away all summer and their house closed. No one suspected that it had been looted, and the detective came back to New York without telling what had been learned here.

With this information Capt. McClusky went at the prisoners to get them to confess. Seeing that they were fairly caught, Bennett agreed finally to tell about the job, providing that his pals were present at the recital. It seems that Hyland and the woman, who passes for his wife, have been in town about four months. Bennett has been with them for three months, ever since he was released from Joliet, where he had been serving a three years' term for burglary. Since their arrival here the three crooks have been devoting their time to suburban jobs.

For two weeks past Bennett has been prowling around Orange and Orangeis looking for a "good graft." He settled on the house of Mr. Scott. It is situated on Reynolds Terrace, and is one of the finest in the town. He learned that the family was away in Europe, it was said, and that the house was closed. No one lived in it, but a reckless man who lives in the village, was supposed to act as watchman. Outside shutters covered all the windows of the house and no one entered it during the day. By watching he found that the coachman walked around the house two or three times a day, did odd jobs about the grounds, but made no pretence of watching it at night. He also learned that between the hours of 4 and 7 o'clock in the morning Orange is without police protection, for the night force goes off at 4 o'clock and the day force doesn't go on until 7 o'clock. He made his plans accordingly and decided to make the job of his life.

On Thursday night he and Hyland went out to Newark and stayed there until 5 o'clock Friday morning, when they took the trolley car for Orange. They each took with them three jimmies and a revolver. They reached the house about 6 o'clock. It was daylight, but not a soul was stirring in the neighborhood. On one side of the Scott house was an unoccupied dwelling, and on the other an occupied one. The thieves went around to the rear of the Scott house, pried open the shutter of a window with a jimmy, opened the window, and climbed in. Then they closed the shutter carefully, closed the window, and sat down to rest. They were safer, for the day, than they were in their own flat in Forty-third street, as after events proved.

The results of their first search disappointed them greatly. Their particular "graft" was "soft stuff" that is silver plate and jewels that could be taken away easily and in bundles of small bulk. A search showed them that all valuables of that kind, or nearly all, had been put away in some place of safety, probably in a safe deposit vault, as was the custom. They found, however, quantities of costly clothing for men and women and other portable things of value, and they proceeded to strip the house of everything worth carrying away. Bennett said yesterday:

"When the folks see that house they'll think a cyclone struck it. We tore it to pieces from attic to cellar."

The problem of getting the stuff away didn't bother them much, for the Scott family had quantities of trunks and valises ready at hand for them. They chose one big leather trunk and put into it all of Mr. Scott's clothes. They were skilful packers, for the delicate silks and satins had not a wrinkle in them when unpacked at Police Headquarters. The rest of the stuff, Mr. Scott's clothes and the knicknacks, were put in the seven valises.

Now comes the boldest part of the work, their getting the booty to the railway station. During the morning and early afternoon they kept track of the movements of the coachman. About 4 o'clock he disappeared, and Hyland, with a valise in each hand, sallied forth and went down to the station and checked them through to New York. Three times he did this, each time taking two valises. Bennett in the meantime keeping tab on the coachman. When he made his third trip he took back with him an expressman, who drove up to the door of the house and carried the trunk away. Hyland and Bennett going with him in the wagon. The neighbors saw this done, but thought nothing of it, evidently, for Bennett says they just looked and said nothing.

When the crooks reached the station they checked the trunk through to New York, as the valises had already been checked, and took the first train for the city. On their arrival here they had the stuff sent up to their flat and followed after, as has already been related. When they were nabbed by Capt. McClusky's men they were waiting for the morning to come, intending to leave for the West on the first train.

A partial list of the stuff taken is as follows:

1 silk skirt (by Worth).
1 Persian lamb collarette.
1 sable collar.
1 black and 1 white feather boa.
1 black ostrich and ostrich tips fan.
1 white feather fan, tortoise-shell handle.
1 Japanese ivory carved fan (very valuable).
1 dozen silk chemisettes.
2 dozen silk stockings.
1 velvet sacque trimmed with sable (by Worth).
1 velvet cape trimmed with jet and sable (by Worth).
3 fancy silk shawls.
1 Cashmere opera cloak, trimmed with sable (by Worth).
1 Cashmere opera cloak, trimmed with sable (by Redfern).
1 pink silk dress (Worth).
1 orange silk evening gown, embroidered (Worth).
1 woman's black jacket trimmed with green silk.
15 suits of clothes, business, evening, and golf; silk pajamas, silk underwear.
1 seal sacque and cap.
5 dozen linen handkerchiefs.
86 white-handled table knives.
26 large-handled table knives.
8 solid silver hat pins.
4 large solid silver candlesticks.
4 solid silver trays, marked I. L. S.
1 pair gold buckle garters.
2 pearl opera glasses.
6 carved ivory napkin rings.
8 silver lead pen lis.
1 gold bonbonnière having on lid in enamel a miniature of a woman's face with a crown of tiny diamonds about the head.
1 gold stamp box.
1 white leather belt, gold buckles and turquoises.

There were walking sticks, umbrellas, and quantities of fine underwear also.

Capt. McClusky got hold of Charles F. Chichester, treasurer of the Century Company, who identified much of the booty. He said that Mr. and Mrs. Scott bought nearly all of it in Paris last summer. He said that the stuff was worth at least $10,000. When they returned they sent it to their house in Orange, while they went up to the Berkshires. They were to be in Boston yesterday, and they were notified of the robbery there. They will arrive in town to-day, and will be present at the hearing in Jefferson Market Court this morning. The three prisoners were taken to court yesterday morning, and remanded again for twenty-four hours.

All three of the prisoners are well-known crooks, although hitherto they have operated in the West. Bennett, or the "New York Kid," is one of the cleverest in the business. He was born in this city, but has lived in the West. He is a professional "porch-climber," and is just out of Joliet prison, where he served three years for a job which he did in company with "Reddy the Gloster" and Jack Frye, both of whom are doing time in the Indiana penitentiary, at Michigan City, for robbing the house of ex-President Harrison, in Indianapolis. Bennett is 23 years old. He says this is the first mistake of his life. He should have stuck to porch-climbing and "soft stuff."

Hyland is a Western crook who has done time. Mary Rogers, his wife, "Chicago May," is considered the cleverest badger woman in this country. She has served time also. Vallelly arrested her last spring for badgering a man in Chicago out of $1,100. When she was taken West the complainant returned to appear against her.

### *TONAWANDA SWAMP FIRES.*

**The Little Village of Meadville Partly Destroyed.**

MEDINA, N. Y., Oct. 10.—One of the worst forest fires ever known in this section is now raging near here, and 250 men are fighting it with might and main. The flames are travelling underground, and threaten, unless controlled, to reduce to ashes all the villages and buildings within a radius of many miles. The village of Meadville has been partly destroyed. A large swamp a mile or so east and 500 acres of swamp west of Shelby Centre are a roaring mass of flames.

The village of Meadville comprised a number of dwelling houses, two stores, and a large mill, which is valued, with the stock on hand, at $35,000. It is situated within the radius of the Tonawanda Swamp, and about it is a dense forest.

Fires practically surround the village, and three or four hundred men and women turned out to fight the fires. Special efforts were made to save the handsome residence of Chancellor Meade, formerly owner of the mill, and from whose family the village was named.

Trenches were dug all about the place and men and women, armed with hoes, spades and buckets of water, stood in a circle about the village. As soon as the fire broke out in one place the word was passed along the line and men and women converged there for the purpose of stamping it out before it could spread.

While the flames advanced, the mill kept up a continuous blast of the whistle, summoning help from far and near. The mill was the first to go, and was followed by dwellings. Blinded by smoke and scorched by the flames, the men worked heroically to save Mr. Meade's residence. It still stands in the midst of the ruins of the other buildings.

Supervisor H. L. James has been doing yeoman's work in saving the property of the residents of Medina, Shelby Centre and that of suburban farmhouses. He caused a ditch, some three or four feet deep, to be dug for the length of a mile across the side of the Tonawanda swamp facing these places and in the form of a circle. About every twenty rods he has had a well dug down to a depth of fifteen or twenty feet. Mr. James says that it takes one of these ditches about twelve hours to fill up.

No three or four days' rain would be sufficient to put the flames out. Instead of travelling over ground, as most forest fires do, the fire burns the peat mosses for the most part underground at a depth of one or two feet. The light showers that have occurred at intervals recently have done no good. Fifty new men have been put to work fighting the flames, and they are working night and day.

So far the despatch to work of its inhabitants, the little village of Butler Centre would have been entirely destroyed last Tuesday night. The barns and evaporator of Amenze M. Wise were fired, as also the plant of the Crystal Spring Creamery. The fire destroyed eleven acres of valuable timber belonging to William D. Post of North Wolcott.

### *DETECTIVE MOORE ARRESTED.*

**Suspected of Dealing the Stab Which Killed His Wife.**

Detective Sergeant William Moore was placed under arrest by Police Captain Devery of the West 125th street station at 1:25 o'clock yesterday morning on suspicion of complicity in the death of his wife, who died on Wednesday of a stab wound in the abdomen. The wound was not discovered until an autopsy was held on Friday.

Detective Moore explained his whereabouts on the day of his wife's death up to the time he returned home in answer to a message sent through Police Headquarters to the satisfaction of Coroner Fitzpatrick, who accordingly did not have him arrested.

Some of Moore's neighbors insist that they saw Moore running toward the Boulevard from his house about the time of his wife's death. A Mrs. Morrison is credited with saying that she heard sounds of a quarrel in Moore's room and a man's voice, saying "For God's sake, Mary, speak to me."

Capt. Devery's detectives and a detective from the Central Office spent two hours or more on Saturday night investigating these stories while the suspected Sergeant sat in the police station. It was finally thought best to make him a prisoner. He was remanded to the Coroner's office from Harlem Court by Magistrate Wentworth. Coroner Fitzpatrick committed him to the Tombs without bail pending the inquest, which will be held on Friday.

### *BURNED UP CARDS AND CHECKERS.*

**A Ten Days' Revival in Milledgeville, Ga., Ends in a Big Bonfire.**

MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga., Oct. 10.—A ten days' revival culminated last night in front of the residence of Capt. Joseph Caraker when 500 citizens made a bonfire of articles used in games and home amusement. This feature of the revival was started by Mrs. Laura Rodgers of a Sunday school class composed of young men and women.

First one and then another offered to burn cards, dice, checker boards, and other articles. When Capt. Kidd of the firm of Culver & Kidd offered to open his store and take therefrom 500 packs of cards and send them to the fire he was decided to make a combination affair of it. The scene was fixed in front of Capt. Caraker's house, and the various converts threw into the blaze the "objects of sin," while the onlookers sang "Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow."

### *TO JOG POLICEMEN'S MEMORIES.*

**They Must Swear to Their Complaint When They Lock Up Prisoners.**

Chief McCullagh has devised a system intended to prevent the memories of policemen from playing them false when they appear in court with a prisoner. According to the rule approved by the Police Commissioners last Wednesday, every policeman when he arraigns a prisoner in court must present an affidavit containing the complaint. The affidavit is made out when the prisoner is taken to the station house, and the Sergeant is witness to it.

Very often a policeman forgets over night exactly what the complaint is and confusion ensues. With the affidavit made out before the desk Sergeant, the policeman cannot add to the original complaint or omit any of it. The new rule was put in operation yesterday for the first time and worked satisfactorily.

**Georgia's Prosperous G. A. R. Colony.**

MACON, Ga., Oct. 10.—In 1895 a number of Indiana Grand Army men resolved to colonize in Irwin county, Ga., upon the spot where Jefferson Davis was arrested as he was trying to escape. They founded the town of Fitzgerald. Within two years they have grown so strong that they are now moving the county site from its old place, Irwinville, to Fitzgerald. The assessed valuation of the county in 1895 was something more than $1,000,000, which has been increased in the last two years to nearly $3,000,000.

## BULL FIGHTS IN FRANCE.

### *THOUSANDS FLOCK TO SEE THE CRUEL SPORT OF SPAIN.*

**The Fights Occur Near Lille, in North France, in Spite of the Law Prohibiting Them—Visitors from Paris and London—Effect on the Crowd of the Barbarities of the Bull Ring.**

*Special Cable Despatch to* THE SUN.

LILLE, France, Oct. 10.—Lille to-day made a regular Roman holiday, save that, instead of Christians, six bulls were the victims of man's love of slaughter. Here in the very north of France, less than 150 miles from Paris, about the same distance from London, and less than half that distance from Brussels, in a district that is in the very centre of Western civilization, the national law of France is forced to bow to the desire of the people and permit bull fights to be openly held. It was less surprising when the Government, after a vain effort to suppress such fights, submitted in the southern region, where the influence of Spanish ideas and tastes is potent. But here in the virtuous north, in the midst of a quiet, industrial population, one would not have thought to witness a Spanish bull fight in all its native brutality. But as a local paper said yesterday, it seems that after the outcry raised a fortnight ago, when the first fight was held, every one recognized that "whoever dislikes bull fights might stop away, leaving others to the free enjoyment of a sport that is evidently much to the taste of the people of northern France."

This is comfortable philosophy for those whom it can satisfy. However, there is no need to moralize upon that which is the national sport of a race whose history, since the time of the Inquisition to the Cuban struggles, and the sickening tales of the horrors of Spanish nineteenth-century prison torture is sufficiently known to the whole world. But it is worth while to draw attention to the fact that in the very north of France the Government fears to enforce the law, and to-day visitors from all the surrounding country and from London and Brussels poured into Lille to witness a sight, in describing which it is difficult to avoid the appearance of writing with the mere object of making a sensational story of disgusting horrors. Therefore, let the account be as plain as possible of to-day's proceedings. A little imagination on the part of the readers of THE SUN will fill in the details.

The little village of Croix-Wasquehal, a few miles outside of Lille, was the scene of action. It was an unwonted sight for a Sunday afternoon to see thousands of people streaming through the narrow cobblestoned streets. The church bells were ringing, but none seemed to obey the call. The crowd, which appeared all the greater from the smallness and quietude of the village, hurried toward the arena. It was composed chiefly of men, but there were hundreds of women and even children amid the pedestrian crowd. There were also bound for the scene many vehicles of every description, from the landaus of the wealthy to the cart of the countryman. These slowly forced their way to the entrance, where the arena was surrounded by stands containing twenty tiers of seats, with a broad promenade on the ground. Between the promenade and arena there was a wide passage, on the arena side of which was a solid plank palisade more than five feet high, having doors here and there opening upon the arena.

At 2:30 o'clock every seat was filled with spectators, who numbered more than 20,000. A band played the "Marseillaise" and other stirring music for some time. Then, amid cheers, it struck up the Toreador song from "Carmen." Six farmers living in the neighborhood, the President and cantered around the arena. They were joined by a band of eight gorgeously dressed Spanish matadors, picadors, and two other horsemen. All was bright and gay, save the four sorry steeds, not one of which was destined to see the morrow.

After renewed salutations and cheering the business of the day started. The first bull, a handsome black beast, entered the ring quietly, staring around with a puzzled air. He was soon goaded into fury with flapping cloaks. He charged madly at his tormentors, twelve at a time, six darts, with gayly decorated shafts and steel spikes six inches long, were thrust into his shoulders, and then, when at the height of his rage, a mounted toreador was led toward him.

The poor, blindfolded horse was held, quivering with terror, until the bull leaped the barrier, and again it returned to receive more darts in its quivering, bleeding flanks. Four times it cleared the high fence only to come back to torture. Then it charged again, and the matador vaulted the palisade. The bull kicked and tossed the dead horse aside as if in disgust at a foe who refused to stand his ground. Hereupon the spectators shrieked with delighted laughter, and the bull, open-mouthed, stood pawing the ground.

Time after time the toreador tried to plunge his sword into the brute's back over the shoulder, but was forced to retreat. At last a clever stroke sent the sword up to the hilt, but still the brute was game, and it was not until ten darts and three deep sword thrusts had been received that it sank down.

Then the 20,000 spectators went home, filing past the spot where the fresh blood of the six bulls and seven horses soaked the ground. The evening had turned to gray and a light rain fell. The crowd, and, remember, it was a French crowd, was strangely silent.

### *WILL THEY STOP THE BIG LINERS?*

**The Strikers Threaten to Call Out the Engineers in the Ocean Mail Service.**

*Special Cable Despatch to* THE SUN.

LONDON, Oct. 10.—The Executive Committee of the Amalgamated Engineers' Society threatens to withdraw the engineers in the ocean mail service in the event of a continuance of the present dispute.

The Prince of Wales, replying to an independent suggestion that he use his influence to bring about an amicable settlement of the strike in the engineering and allied trades, says he deeply deplores the disastrous situation, but feels that it would not be proper for him to interfere. He adds that he regrets that he is unable to do so.

### *BLANCO'S DEPARTURE.*

**The New Captain-General Will Leave Spain for Cuba To-Morrow.**

*Special Cable Despatch to* THE SUN.

MADRID, Oct. 10.—Gen. Ramon Blanco, who was appointed yesterday to succeed Gen. Weyler as Captain-General of Cuba, will sail for Havana on Tuesday next.

Gen. Weyler will return to Spain immediately. His second in command, Marquis Ahumada, has resigned. Therefore Castellanos commands *ad interim*.

### *BELIEVE IN BURIAL ALIVE.*

**More of the Russian Fanatics Missing—A Search for Their Bodies.**

*Special Cable Despatch to* THE SUN.

ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 10.—It is announced that the police have discovered at the town of Bender, a branch of the Raskolniki, the religious sect that believes its members can gain salvation by self-immolation. Bender is fifty-eight miles from Odessa, near which city the bodies were found of a number of the fanatics who had allowed themselves to be buried alive.

The leader of the Raskolniki at Bender, a woman named Kayiowa, who is the owner of a vineyard, has disappeared, and several other persons are missing. It is supposed that they have all been buried alive in the vineyard, and the police will make a search for their bodies.

### *CURE FOR YELLOW FEVER.*

**Dr. Sanarelli Announces That He Has Found a Remedy for the Disease.**

*Special Cable Despatch to* THE SUN.

MONTEVIDEO, Oct. 10.—Dr. Sanarelli, the discoverer of the bacillus of yellow fever, announces that he has discovered a curative serum.

He will shortly publish the results of his experiments.

### *CHILD CAPTURES A BURGLAR.*

**She Held Him Until Her Screams Aroused Her Uncle, Who Collared Him.**

Gussie Mantel, the 8-year-old niece of Louis Steltzer of 86 Allen street, jumped out of bed early yesterday and grappled with a burglar who had entered her room. She managed to cling to him long enough to prevent him from making his escape from the building. She occupied the bed with her baby brother, and was awakened shortly after 8 o'clock by hearing the door opened leading from the hall. She saw the burglar go to a closet and steal a suit of clothes belonging to her uncle.

"Mister, what are you doing here?" she asked of the burglar.

"Shut up or I will choke you," replied the man. As he started to leave the room she ran after him, grabbed him by the legs, and began to scream. He tried to kick her away from him, but she got a firm grip on his trousers. He dragged her down a whole flight of stairs, where he managed to release himself. He then ran down three more flights to the hall leading to the street. Here he was met by Louis Steltzer, the child's uncle, who had been aroused by her screams. Steltzer held him until the little girl came running down and explained the cause of the trouble. Roundsman Fitzsimmons of the Delancey street station arrested the burglar, who gave the name of Samuel Bernstein, and said he lived at 56 Norfolk street. In the Essex Market Court Bernstein was held for trial.

### *GOVERNOR OF GERMAN NEW GUINEA*

**He Has Been Murdered by a Revengeful Solomon Island Native.**

VANCOUVER, B. C., Oct. 10.—The Miowera brings word that the Governor of German New Guinea has been killed by a Solomon Islander in revenge for punishment meted out for an outrage committed on planters by the murderer's friends or relatives. The Noumea correspondent of the Australian *Star* says:

"I have just returned from the French warship Eure, which brought here the news of the death of the Governor of German New Guinea. The officers say that the facts as narrated to them were that the Governor was out on a visit to a settlement about twenty-six miles from the residency at Stephansort, and while there he was killed by a shot from a rifle fired by a Solomon Island native. No further particulars were known at Stephansort."

Her