visitor alone. He probably kept very closely to the fence fearing that some one would see him.

Up to this time the identity of the dead man was unknown. Coroner Nason had been notified, and so had Capt. Reynolds of the Detective Bureau. The latter, with some fifteen detectives of his command, and accompanied by Inspector Brennan, hurried out to the Ralph avenue station to take charge of things. Messengers were hustled out to call detectives off of all other cases and tell them to report as soon as possible at the Ralph avenue station. As fast as the men reported they were hustled out to work on the case, and by 1 o'clock there were about thirty detectives, including the station house men, engaged in the search for clues.

When Coroner Nason arrived at the station a search of the dead man's clothing was made. A card of membership in Typographical Union No. 6 was found in an upper waistcoat pocket. It was No. 3,496. Written upon it was the name "T. J. Lyons." There was no address, but in the Brooklyn directory the police found the name "Thomas J. Lyons, printer, 130 Linden street." At that address they learned that Lyons had recently moved to 150 Grove street. There they found the wife and three children of "Thomas J. Lyons" greatly agitated because he had not come home all night. It didn't take long to establish the identity of the dead man. Mrs. Lyons's description of her missing husband tallied exactly with that of the murdered man.

The detectives learned in the neighborhood that Lyons was known as "One-Eyed" Lyons from the fact that he was blind in his right eye. Something was the matter with the right eye of the dead man, but up to that time the police had been unable to determine that this was not the result of a blow with one of the stones.

Mrs. Lyons became hysterical when the police broke the news to her. All she could say was that her husband had left the house at about 8:30 o'clock in the evening to meet a friend. He was sober when he went away, she said, and had only about a dollar with him, having given her the rest of his week's earnings earlier in the evening. He had told her that before meeting his friend he was going to Hughes's barber shop, at Gates and Knickerbocker avenues, to get shaved. He promised to be home at an early hour, and kissed her good-by before he went out. Later, when she had calmed down somewhat, Mrs. Lyons told a reporter that her husband was a hard-working man and that he earned a fair salary. He stayed home every night in the week, she said, save Saturday, when he generally went out with his friends. He rarely stayed out on Saturdays later that 11:30 o'clock, and, although he drank a little, he never came home drunk. As far as Mrs. Lyons knew, her husband hadn't an enemy in the world. The family have a pleasant little flat and live comfortably. There are three children, Thomas, Jr., aged 15; Irene, 13, and Chauncey, aged 8.

Coroners' Physician Valentine made an examination of Lyons's body at the station and discovered that the lower jaw on the right side was fractured in three places. The upper jaw was broken on both sides, the nose was broken and there was a great gaping wound over the right eye. The entire back of the head was crushed in, and Dr. Valentine said it would be impossible without the closest examination to tell just how many fractures there were.

Capt. Reynolds learned that the man whom Lyons had an engagement to meet on Saturday night was Bernard Dillon, who lives at 130 Linden street, the house in which Lyons used to live. Dillon was summoned to the station house forthwith, and there told the following story:

"I have known Lyons for a long time and we have been good friends. His wife has been in the habit of going out to meet him every night as he came home from work and walking home with him. Last night they were walking home together when I met them at the corner of Linden street and Evergreen avenue. Lyons was in great spirits and insisted on treating me. We went into Frank Ibert's saloon on the corner, had a drink, and then rejoined Mrs. Lyons on the sidewalk. He asked me where I was going that night, and I told him nowhere in particular. 'All right,' he said, 'I'll be around to your house at 9 o'clock and we'll go out together.' While we stood there he gave his wife all of his money but a dollar, which he laughingly said he was going to hold out to spend during the evening.

"I went home and had my dinner after leaving them. I waited in until 9 o'clock, but Lyons didn't show up, so I went out without him. I learned this morning that Lyons came around shortly after I left. That's all I know about the matter."

The detectives could get no trace of Lyons's movements between 9 o'clock and 11 o'clock. At the latter hour, however, he walked into Peter Shannon's saloon, at the corner of Gates and Knickerbocker avenues, very drunk. Shannon knew Lyons very well. The latter frequently came into his place on Saturday nights, but Shannon says that he never saw him before much under the influence of liquor, and was surprised at his condition on Saturday night.

"There was a raffle for a watch going on in my place when Lyons came in," said Shannon to a Sun reporter last night. "There was quite a crowd there, and I had no time to talk much to Lyons. I can state positively that he was very drunk, however, and that he stayed in my place until about 11:30 o'clock. He came up and said good-night to me then, and I told him to go straight home. He promised me he would, and the last I saw of him he was walking along Gates avenue. I didn't worry about him, because he wasn't far from home, and I had no doubt but that he'd get there all right."

Just a half an hour after leaving Shannon's place Lyons turned up with a stranger in George Sloan's saloon at Saratoga avenue and Fulton street, half a block from the lot in which he was murdered. It is fully two miles from Shannon's saloon and his own home, and a part of the city which he never frequented. The police think if they could trace his movements from Shannon's to Sloan's they would have the solution of the mystery in their grasp. So far they have been unable to do this. The bartender at Sloan's says that a one-eyed man answering the description of Lyons came in there at 12 o'clock with a tall dark man that he had never seen before. They had a drink, talked earnestly for a few minutes and then went out. The police are now looking for the tall, dark man.

Twenty minutes after the two men left the saloon the stranger returned. His slouch hat was pulled down over his eyes. He seemed very much agitated and ordered a drink of whiskey. He gulped the whiskey down and then went to the toilet room. He came out in a few minutes and left the saloon.

The bartender found the towel in the washroom covered with bloody finger imprints.

The story of Dozier, the colored evangelist, is as follows: Two colored men got on a Fulton street trolley car at Reid avenue at about 11:45, he says. They got into a row about fares, and the conductor tried to put one of them off. The colored men, who were apparently unknown to one another, went at the conductor together, and a slim man, with a sandy mustache, who had been sitting in the corner of the car, jumped to help the conductor. At this one of the colored men jumped off of the car. Dozier says that he then told the slim man to keep his hands out of the fight and let the conductor attend to the colored man himself. The colored man then got away from the conductor, and, running up to the slim man, said, "You get off the car and I'll lick you." Dozier says that there was a lot of talk, and that finally the colored man and the slim man got off together between Howard and Hopkinson avenues, which is about a block from the lot where Lyons was killed.

Dozier looked at Lyons's body in the station yesterday, and while he couldn't positively identify it declared that it looked very much like the slim man of the street-car row. His impression, he said, was that that man wore a gray cap, but he couldn't be sure. Lyons wore a dark-blue suit.

The police learned during the afternoon that Lyons was a Democrat, and so strongly partisan that he often got into quarrels. His friends say that he was likely to be insulting to any one who held opinions on politics different from his own. Some of them thought that this might have started the quarrel which resulted in his death.

Lyons was on the Democratic committee of his district, and was a member of the Brooklyn branch of the Irish Volunteers. His father was a soldier in an Irish regiment, and he was born on the island of Corfu. He was 45 years old.

Coroner Nason impanelled a jury yesterday, and will hold an inquest on Friday night.

Found Dying at the Brooklyn Entrance to the Bridge.

An unidentified man died in the Brooklyn City Hospital yesterday morning. He was taken ill at the Brooklyn entrance of the bridge on Saturday, and was taken to the Bridge police station, where he became unconscious. An ambulance surgeon said he was suffering with alcoholic coma. He was about 50 years old, 5 feet 3 inches in height, of light complexion, and dark hair and mustache, and wore a gray coat and vest and dark striped trousers. In one of the pockets was a pawn ticket, showing that a pair of trousers had been pawned for $1. The ticket was made out in the name of "Herrick."

Killing of Dynamite Dick.

MUSCOGEE, Indian Territory, Nov. 14.—United States Deputy Marshal Lawson, who reached here to-day, tells the story of the killing of Charley Clifton, known as Dynamite Dick, in a hut fifteen miles west of Checotah on last Sunday. Lawson's story confirms the report of the desperado's death, though false reports have been sent out from Siloam Springs, Ark., to the effect that the outlaw is still alive. Deputy Lawson says there is absolutely no question as to the identity of the dead man. Clifton led his pursuers a desperate chase before he was finally cornered.

Mrs. Ricker a Candidate for Congress.

ALTON, N. H., Nov. 14.—Mrs. Marilla M. Ricker, a lawyer of this town, announces that she will be a candidate for the Republican nomination for Congress from the First New Hampshire district. Mrs. Ricker has taken an active part in local politics and was an unsuccessful applicant for a mission under the present Administration. Local politicians are a little inclined to look upon her candidacy as a joke, but the woman herself is in dead earnest.

Did She Die of Poison?

Louise Gerabek, 18 years old, the daughter of a cigarmaker of 1467 First avenue, died suddenly in convulsions last evening. Dr. F. J. Brodel of 336 East Seventy-eighth street and Dr. Joseph Lacina of 340 East Seventy-second street, who were called, thought the girl died of poison. The Coroners' office was notified.

LEAVES LINCOLN'S HOUSE.

Mrs. Beckwith Joins Her Husband at Mount Pleasant, Ia.

CHICAGO, Nov. 14.—Warren Wallace Beckwith returned to his home at Mount Pleasant, Ia., yesterday, and this evening his bride, Jessie Lincoln Beckwith, followed her spouse. She took a train on the Burlington railroad at 5:30 o'clock, and was to have arrived at Mount Pleasant five minutes before midnight. She travelled alone.

Meantime there is said to be no prospect of a reconciliation with Mr. Lincoln, although Mrs. Lincoln is said to look with favor upon the match. During the summer visits of Mrs. Lincoln and her daughter Jessie at ex-Senator Harlan's home at Mount Pleasant Beckwith was a welcome escort in little jaunts across the country. Young Beckwith is said strongly to resemble Mrs. Lincoln's son, and there is nothing in the record to show that the young man was not an interesting and agreeable companion. When Mr. Beckwith came to Chicago last winter he was entertained at dinner at the North Shore residence, and his sisters occupied the Lincoln box at the opera when the season was at its height.

Mr. Lincoln, however, was not in the city at this time, and his advice as to the propriety of the son of a roadmaster on a railroad keeping company with the granddaughter of a rail-splitter who became President was not asked. Whether Mr. and Mrs. Beckwith will make their home at Mount Pleasant is still an open question. In leaving the mansion on the North Shore to go to Iowa Mrs. Beckwith, however, will not go into a wilderness by any means. Mount Pleasant is a pretty little college town and its society is as pleasant as its name.

Young Beckwith is a great favorite among his townsmen and can offer to his bride all the amenities, social and otherwise, which make life enjoyable far away from the din of a big city and the intrigues and bickerings of metropolitan society.

MOUNT PLEASANT, Ia., Nov. 14.—The townspeople and college students talk of nothing but the coming of Abraham Lincoln's granddaughter, and they have unanimously voted her a heroine of the first water. Although she arrived at midnight she received an ovation that would gladden the heart of a princess. Half the young society population stayed up to meet her, and as her stalwart young husband clasped her in his arms, three hearty cheers and a tiger rang out.

At the Beckwith mansion on "The Hill" there was every evidence of hurry and anticipation all day. The servants were up an hour earlier and busied themselves dusting and cleaning house and furniture, while great bunches of fragrant flowers from the Beckwith conservatories were arranged in profusion. Capt. Beckwith refused to talk of his daughter-in-law's coming.

"I can only say that I hope my boy will be happy," he said with a smile of paternal pride.

Ex-Senator James Harlan, the bride's grandfather and the "town's grand old man," said:

"Young Beckwith is a splendid specimen of young American manhood. I know of absolutely no reason to suppose he is not a fitting match for Jessie Lincoln, and I believe they will be supremely happy in their married life."

Warren Beckwith is the youngest son of Capt. and Mrs. Beckwith, who are among southeastern Iowa's most highly respected citizens. He is a genial, warm-hearted handsome young man. He is not a professional football player, as reported, but is fond of all sorts of outdoor sports in an amateur way.

He is a member of the Wesleyan University football team of this city, and has helped win a number of battles on the gridiron. He will assist in the game to be played here to-morrow between the Wesleyans and Monmouth, Ill., College.

He is very quiet in his manner, and has carried himself in a unconcerned manner since his return here on Friday from Chicago, although he has been a hero to his numerous young friends. He refuses to be interviewed on the subject of his elopement, but seems confident of a happy outcome of the escapade.

HARD FIGHTING IN CUBA.

The Patriots Are Keeping the Spanish Busy, Particularly in the West.

HAVANA, Nov. 13, via Key West, Nov. 14.—The war has assumed a desperate character in the west end of the island. While Perico Delgado, Ducasi, and Perico Diaz were fighting in Pinar del Rio yesterday at the Gobernadora Hills against Gen. Hernandez de Velasco, the Spanish commander who captured Gen. Rius Rivera, the insurgent leader Juan Delgado was attacking the Spanish at Paso Seco, in Havana province. The Spanish were led by the newly arrived Gen. Valderramas.

Both fights were triumphs for the Cubans. Though Gen. Hernandez de Velasco said in his report that he took by force the insurgents' trenches, he admits a loss of fifty-one men, which is the largest loss owned up to by the Spaniards since the withdrawal of Gen. Martinez Campos. With regard to the Paso Seco engagement Gen. Valderramas left twenty killed on the field and forty wounded, whom he brought to Havana on a special train.

In Matanzas province an official report of the Cuban commander, Gen. Pedro Betancourt, shows that eleven important engagements have been fought there in October, and six, thus far, in November. The town of Corral Nuevo in Matanzas has been attacked and plundered by the insurgents. Several Spaniards were killed, and after a short resistance they retreated and the patriots secured a large booty.

Seventeen Spanish guerrillas were hanged yesterday by the insurgents near San Felipe, Havana province. They had been previously sentenced to death for their assassinations in Cuban hospitals. They were captured by Juan Delgado's Cuban forces.

A secret revolutionary club has been established in Havana under the name of "Public Salvation." The object of the club is to propagate the revolutionary spirit and avenge the Cubans who are killed through treachery, like Maceo and Castillo. The club has severe regulations, and its members, before being accepted, are subject to hard trials of their courage and patriotism. Murder is rejected by the club. But when some person is sentenced to death for some treachery to the Cuban cause, the member of the club who executes the sentence has to do it openly and fairly, without concealing his identity. The news that this club has been organized made a sensation among the Spanish police here, who are very active in searching for its members.

The Havana conservatives continue sending cable despatches to Spain protesting against the establishing of autonomy in Cuba. The proclamation of Gen. Gomez against autonomy is widely circulating, and is received with great enthusiasm by the Cuban army all over the island.

TAYLOR REPUDIATES IT.

Didn't Tell a Colorado Reporter That McKinley Was a Jellyfish.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* of yesterday reprinted from a paper called *Facts*, published in Colorado Springs, what purported to be an interview had by the New York correspondent of the Colorado paper with the Hon. Hannis Taylor, ex-United States Minister to Spain. Among other things Mr. Taylor is made to say:

"At one of the most critical periods in our history we are absolutely without a State Department. At the head of our diplomatic affairs is a pitiable old man, so incapable, so recognizedly incapable, that even the most important of diplomatic matters are not so much as referred to him. The chief assistant to the Secretary of State, the man upon whose shoulders rest all the weighty problems of our relations with other nations, is a man who knows nothing of our diplomatic history—a man whose executive ability would be overtaxed in the conduct of a cross roads country store; a man who cannot even write good English.

"Our diplomatic correspondence is a disgrace to us. Our recent letters have been as nearly like state documents as a six-year-old schoolboy's potbooks and hangers are like Spencerian penmanship, and we feel the disgrace all the more keenly, it makes us blush all the more ruddily, when we realize that the Spaniards are past masters in the art of diplomacy and that the Spanish end of the correspondence is a model of the most nearly perfect description. Weak nations invariably develop the best diplomatists.

"President McKinley is a jellyfish. He has no backbone. He possesses the dignity of office, and that is all. He is weak, vacillating, uncertain. He is one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow. If we wait for the Administration to act in the Cuban matter we will wait forever. Our hope lies with Congress and with Congress alone."

Mr. Taylor is now at the Hoffman House. When seen by a SUN reporter last evening in reference to the alleged interview, he said:

"All I will say about this matter is that I never talked with any such person as the one referred to in the interview, and I repudiate the whole thing."

"Will you say whether you said the things accredited to you in the interview to any other person?"

"I will not. I have said all I care to on the subject."

Five Hundred Cars of Potatoes for Cuba.

ALBANY, Nov. 15.—Five hundred cars of potatoes for Cuba are being shipped from along the line of the Canadian Pacific. The tubers will be transferred to the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain R. Road at Prescott and to the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company at Rouse's Point. The potatoes are in bond. The first installment of the large shipment went over the Delaware and Hudson yesterday.

RELEASE OF THE PACIFICOS

BLANCO'S DECREE REVOKING WEYLER'S BRUTAL ORDER.

Farm Owners and Laborers to Be Allowed to Return to the Country—A Junta to Be Organized in Each Province to Care for the Suffering—It Is All Very Fine on Paper.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

MADRID, Nov. 14.—A despatch to the *Imparcial* from Havana says that Captain-General Blanco will to-morrow issue a decree, to go into effect immediately, which is destined to restore prosperity to Cuba and to protect the non-combatants. The decree, while revoking the order issued by ex-Captain-General Weyler for the concentration of the pacificos in the cities, which resulted in the death of a very large number of persons from starvation and famine diseases, will announce that it is impossible entirely to abolish the concentration of the non-combatants in certain districts. It will add, however, that the populations confined in these districts will be fully protected, food will be regularly supplied to them, and the sick among them will be cared for in the hospitals.

All the reconcentrados possessing farms, estates, or other properties will be allowed to return to them, and workmen will be allowed to seek employment on condition that they reside on the estates where they find work. The owners of the estates will be compelled to furnish food and medical attendance to their employees and to put their dwellings in condition to offer defence against the insurgents. The military commanders of all towns in which there are non-combatants will be ordered to report periodically concerning the health and condition of the inhabitants. The despatch adds that it is hoped that these measures, combined with an energetic campaign against the insurgents, will quickly restore peace.

HAVANA, Nov. 14.—Another decree, or "bando," concerning the reconcentrados, has been signed to-day by Gen. Blanco, and will be published to-morrow in the *Gaceta*. It is more liberal than the former one, in which the pacificos were ordered to be kept within the Spanish lines, and the zones of cultivation created by Gen. Weyler were to be enlarged.

The new decree of the Captain-General allows the reconcentrados who held farms or houses before they were herded around the towns to return to their dwellings. They are also authorized to resume work. Another clause says that the reconcentrados, as well as the insurgents who surrendered to the Spanish authorities, are free to return to the sugar estates and coffee and tobacco plantations on which they were formerly employed, or seek employment on the estates or farms that are ready to grind this year. A condition imposed upon them is that, according to the requirements of a previous "bando," issued on Nov. 7, they shall present themselves to the military authorities of each place, register their names and residences, and keep the authorities well informed of their whereabouts.

The use of agricultural tools, formerly granted, has been extended for the country people to the use of revolvers and machetes for the defence of their lives and property. Special permission has to be obtained in each case, the countryman proving that the possession of such arms is necessary.

In the capitals of the several provinces a Junta will be established for the relief of famine among the reconcentrados, disposing of funds from the Treasury and authorized to collect money from the charitable.

GEN. WOODFORD'S REQUEST.

He Is Said to Have Asked Spain to Permit the Export of Cuban Tobacco.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, Nov. 14.—A despatch to the *Daily Mail* from Madrid says that Gen. Woodford, the American Minister, has asked the Spanish Government to revoke the decree of Gen. Weyler prohibiting the export of tobacco from Cuba to the United States. Gen. Woodford represented that this prohibition was the solitary cause of damage to American commerce and interests in connection with the war.

Señor Moret, Minister of the Colonies, promises to study the matter, and he has cabled to Captain-General Blanco for information. The Colonial Minister is inclined to grant the request, as he is desirous of improving the relations with the United States.

There is a strong popular feeling against the repeal of the decree, it being believed that the United States has asked for its revocation in the interests of the tobacco manufacturers of Florida, most of whom are constant supporters of the insurgents.

300 CUBANS EXILED.

Sent to the Isle of Pines by Weyler's Merciful Successor.

HAVANA, Nov. 10.—Three hundred Cubans have been sent to-day to the penal colony on the Island of Pines in spite of the liberal decrees of Gen. Blanco. They have been sentenced for political reasons. Here are the names of the best known among them:

Marcos Herminio Rodriguez Suárez, Juan Alvarez Valdés, Manuel Villa Quesada, Antonio Real Lledó, Nicolás Hernández Olojero, Manuel Vicente Piñón, José Valdés Martinez, Lino Bernabé Millán, Enrique Domínguez Escarrás, Mamerto Valdés, Juan Casielles Arsen, José Marrero Terradas, Ramiro Delgado Seguí, Antonio Gonzáles Caballero, Vicente Méderos Valdés, Antonio Fernández Macías, Cástulo Hernández, Crescencio Rodríguez Martinez, Nazario Jover García, Evelio Lastra Martínez, Rafael Olivera Morangrs, Sebastian Santiago Espín, Daniel Aguilar Sánchez y Ramón Calvino Díaz, Santiago Gastón Rodríguez, Casimiro O'Farrill, Cándido Valdés Martinez, Daniel Valdés y Valdés, Juan Cordovés, Leandro Quiróz, Patricio Blanco Torres, Julian Armas Pulido, Vicente Valdés Gonzáles, Frederico Antonio Montoto, Domingo Delmonte, Fulgencio Díaz, Blas González, Nemesio Montiel, Pedro Alpizar, Bonifacio Puente y Juan Vera, Francisco Abreu, Eulogio Gudierin, Otilio Quintero, Lorenzo Arauto, Justo Pastor, Ignatio Márquez Díaz, Florencio Jovel Armenteros, Gumersindo del Moral, José Camacho Vega, Teodoro Tamayo, Eleuterio Rodríguez.

No other proof is needed to show that the decrees of "pardon" are more effective on paper than in fact.

The well-known autonomist, Señor Herminio Leyva, died suddenly yesterday in Havana. He greatly helped Gen. Blanco to establish peace in Cuba in 1879.

According to *La Lucha*, in a sensational editorial, under the title of "The Beam in Another's Eye," the Spanish newspapers that attacked the American ex-Minister to Spain, Mr. Taylor, for his article in the *North American Review*, are guilty of still more serious utterances against Spain and the Spanish policy with regard to Cuba.

M'KINLEY'S CUBAN POLICY.

Gomez's Proclamation Will Cause No Change for the Present.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—Now that President McKinley has received official notification from the Cubans, as told in THE SUN this morning, that they will not accept anything short of complete independence, the future policy of the Administration in regard to the perturbed island is shrouded in some uncertainty. Gen. Gomez's proclamation was called forth by the overtures made by the United States to Spain through Minister Woodford, and the announcement that the new Liberal Ministry would inaugurate a scheme of autonomy for Cuba. His absolute refusal in behalf of the Cubans to accept autonomy has not been in the possession of the President and the State Department long enough to bring about a determination as to what course should be pursued. It is said that the President will probably proceed along the lines he has laid down for his guidance in dealing with Spain, and will not abandon the purpose of bringing the Sagasta Ministry to a realization of the fact that the people of the United States cannot tolerate much longer the present unhappy conditions in Cuba and their effect on the commerce of this country.

The situation is very quiet just now, and the Administration is willing to do nothing to disturb the present status until Captain-General Blanco has had an opportunity to inaugurate his reforms. Congress, however, is a serious factor in the consideration of the subject, and may take measures that will compel the President to act in a vigorous manner before he is quite ready to do so. No one in official circles here doubts that the President will follow Congress, but diplomatic considerations may make it embarrassing if the legislative branch acts too quickly.

California Excursions.

Unexcelled service in tourist sleeping cars, personally conducted, via Chicago, Union Pacific and Northwestern line. Quick time, low rates, utmost comfort. Tickets, sleeping car reservations, and full information at Northwestern line office, 461 Broadway, N.Y.—Ado.

GERMANY'S HOW WITH HAYTI.

Many Persons in Berlin Think That Hayti Has the Best of It.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

BERLIN, Nov. 14.—The official documents concerning the arrest of Herr Lueders in Port au Prince and the subsequent developments in the case, as published by the Government of Hayti, have been reproduced here.

The documents are moderate in tone, and the people here recognize that the position of Hayti was correct, and that Count Schwerin, the German Minister, was too overbearing.

Among the papers is a letter sent on Oct. 20 by Mr. Powell, the American Minister, to the Haytian Government, asking for the release of Herr Lueders. Mr. Powell said he did not wish to intervene between Hayti and Germany, and that his only aim was to prevent bloodshed and disturbance that would be damaging to American citizens engaged in trade. Afterward Mr. Powell promised, if Lueders were liberated, that he would be sent to New York on the steamer sailing the next day.

The last document is from the Haytian Secretary of State. He cordially thanks Mr. Powell for his action in the matter, and says that in view of the friendship of Hayti for the noble and great American Republic, the Haytian Government will issue a decree pardoning Lueders. While noting the promise that Lueders should leave the island, the Government reserved the right to expel him.

Letters to German journals from Port au Prince differ as to the merits of the case. The correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* declares that the business circles in Port au Prince think that Count Schwerin was too spirited.

The correspondent of the *Berliner Post* says that for months there has been a violent agitation against the whites. He adds that the Haytian police are scoundrels and thieves, that the Judges are bribed, and that perjury is habitual. He further says that Mr. Powell had to threaten that if Lueders was not liberated American warships would enter the harbor of Port-au-Prince. Two days after the liberation of Lueders the Haytians began to fire at night into houses occupied by Germans.

The incident has greatly excited the Germans. Herr Lueders is now in Berlin, where he is in communication with the Foreign Office.

CROKER AND PATRONAGE.

Tammany Won't Rain Fat Offices on Brooklynites.

John C. Sheehan, the ostensible leader of Tammany Hall, returned yesterday from Pittsburg. Richard Croker, the real leader, is expected to return from the Hot Springs of Virginia to-day to attend the Horse Show.

Mr. Sheehan had nothing to say about probable appointments by Mayor Van Wyck. The fact is said to be that Mr. Sheehan does not know much about what is going to happen in Tammany politics. He had views and opinions regarding certain policies and nominations prior to Mr. Croker's arrival from England. They were not Mr. Croker's views and opinions and what Mr. Sheehan expected and talked about did not occur. Mr. Croker will remain in the city until the new municipal machine gets into working order, and, according to the present programme, will go back to England and his racing stable, to return next year in order to have a hand in the selection of a Democratic candidate for Governor.

There is a pretty general belief in the Wigwam that he will not leave Mr. Sheehan in command during his absence. In fact, it is said that a committee of Mr. Croker's friends in the organization will look after the machine while he is away, and that John F. Carroll will be the personal representative of Mr. Croker. The probability that Mr. Carroll may succeed Mr. Sheehan as the ostensible leader has already been referred to in THE SUN.

If gossip is to be believed, Mr. Croker is going to use the patronage at the disposal of the organization in the Greater New York to strengthen his position in the leadership, to extend the influence of Tammany, and to help his friends in the State organization. In the first place, it was said yesterday that none of the big places in the gift of Mayor Van Wyck, except such as are specially reserved to the other boroughs by the charter, will go to any one outside the county of New York. Heads of departments will have deputies in the various boroughs, and through them the influence of Tammany Hall will be extended. An idea of just what is to be done will be best obtained when it is learned whom in Brooklyn Mr. Croker will name to dispense patronage there. Naturally suggestions would come from the regular Democratic organization there, and it was said that such suggestions will be received and acted on provided there is satisfactory assurance that the Brooklyn organization will act in harmony with Tammany Hall in State and national as well as in municipal matters. In any event it is said that the patronage will be so disposed that such harmonious action will be brought about.

The formation of Tammany clubs in Brooklyn and other boroughs outside this county, it was declared yesterday, was not done on advice from Tammany Hall, but in anticipation of the time when Tammany shall dominate the party in those boroughs as well as in New York county.

There is a great deal of dissatisfaction expressed in some quarters because of the rumors, which are accepted as more than probable, that all the old Croker district leaders and the men who have stood by Croker in all weather are to get good berths under the new administration. Not only are these men to be placed as a reward for their loyalty, it is said, but the men who have been recognized particularly as friends and followers of ex-Mayor Grant are also to be well cared for. The political relations which exist between Mr. Croker and United States Senator Edward Murphy, the father-in-law of ex-Mayor Grant, are well understood.

This means, it is said, that what is known as the Harlem crowd, ex-Mayor Gilroy and his friends, will have the plums, and that the personal following which John C. Sheehan got together during his proxy leadership of the organization will have to be content with minor "pickings."

It has been generally understood that William J. K. Kenny, ex-Supervisor of the *City Record*, may be appointed Chamberlain, and that ex-Police Commissioner James J. Martin wanted his old place. It was said yesterday, however, that Mr. Martin wants to draw the $12,000 salary of the Chamberlain. He was employed in the Finance Department under Andrew H. Green, and is familiar with the duties of the Chamberlain's office.

Considerable discontent is expressed by Tammany men in the Manhattan section of the Thirty-fourth Assembly district with the leadership of Percival Nagle. Nagle is one of the newest district leaders in the Tammany organization. His followers say that he is altogether too easy going and does not hustle enough in their behalf. They are threatening a contest against him at the coming reorganization of the district in January.

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SOL VAN PRAAG TO BE DISCIPLINED BY CHICAGO DEMOCRATS.

Missed the Train and Had to Get Money to Get Home from That Memorable Visit to Tammany—All Right to Get Dough from an Ordinary Man, but a Sin to "Touch a Real Boss."

CHICAGO, Nov. 14.—Sol Van Praag, ex-member of the Legislature, a leading member of the County Democracy and incidentally a partner of "Big Sandy" Walters in one of the most notorious of "Levee" saloons, a resort for thieves and the most depraved characters of both sexes, is in trouble. Sol was cited to appear this afternoon at the regular meeting of the County Democracy to show why he should not be expelled from the organization.

"Conduct unbecoming a gentleman," during his visit to New York with the organization just before election is the charge. Sol's most serious offence was the borrowing of $50 from Richard Croker.

"It ain't no harm for a guy to borrow, when he's in a pinch," said a colleague of "Hinky Dink" who discussed the matter with other County Democrats this afternoon. "Nor it ain't always a sin to give a man a t'ump on his dome an' take his dough from him. But it is a sin to touch a boss de size of Croker, an' dere's where de real harm comes in."

"Johnny" Powers, President of the County Democracy, gambling-house proprietor and saloon keeper, said that Van Praag's offence was grave, as it tended to bring the Marching Club into disrepute with its Tammany friends. When the club was in New York Van Praag and his friend and ally, "Big Sandy" Walters, had one uninterrupted round of pleasure. The effect of this was that they missed the train which carried their comrades on their homeward journey, and when they awoke to this fact they discovered the further one that neither had money enough to pay carfare to Niagara Falls, where they could hope to catch up with their special train if they were quick about it.

In this emergency the genius of Solomon came to the front, and shifting the badge on his breast so that all the world could see he was a member of the County Democracy, he boldly accosted Richard Croker in the office of the Murray Hill Hotel, and from him secured the loan of $50 with which to return home. Then he and his two companions went on their way rejoicing, while Mr. Croker jotted down the item of "$50 paid to Solomon Van Praag" in his list of personal expenses for the day, and went on with the work of electing Judge Van Wyck to the Mayoralty.

That would have been the end of the matter had not Mr. Croker made a casual inquiry concerning Van Praag of a member of the County Democracy left behind, and so the whole story came out. Van Praag's associates decided that something must be done, and it was intended to take action to-day, but inclement weather kept many away from the meeting and there was no quorum.

Van Praag was there first of all, but he got a chilly reception from his comrades. He vehemently declared that he had paid Mr. Croker the $50 as soon as he arrived home. Nevertheless it is believed that he will be expelled or disciplined for daring to "touch a boss."

Van Praag was appointed a Deputy United States Marshal during Cleveland's administration, and, although frequent charges have been made against him, he retains his office.

The negotiation of a loan from Mr. Croker was only one of the notable features of Sol Van Praag's visit to New York. Next to Marshal "Cap" Farrell, Sol furnished by far the most exciting incidents in the short, but, by Chicago standards, thoroughly enjoyable visit of "de push" to the Tammany Democracy of Herman Sulzer's Thirty fourth Assembly district in Harlem.

Mr. Sulzer invited the Cook County Marching Club to supper at his Harlem River Park. They went. The comparatively small hall in which they supped adjoined the tremendous main hall of the park, where a great mass meeting was being held. Every little while the folks who were addressing the mass meeting would be interrupted by Cap. Farrell's hoarse shout from the other side of the partition:

"Cook County Democracy! At—ten—sho-o-o-ne! This way, Chich—ah—go!" followed by the crash of one of the champagne bottles Cap was using as a gavel. Then a voice that was thin and just as pervasive would ring out:

"Wow! Wow! W-e-e-o-ow! Let me at 'em! Whachoowant, Cap! Lemme attem! Who peel"

It was the voice of Sol Van Praag. A SUN reporter who was reporting the meeting in the big hall gave it up and went into the supper room to see why Sol raged and so vociferously imagined vain things. He found Farrell behind the table, with one hand pounding the table with an uncorked bottle and with the other wielding a silver-headed umbrella, with which he smashed every silk hat that came within reach. When Cap finally secured a moment of comparative silence Sol ceased his wail of "Lemme attem," and burst into continuous speech.

"Gentlemen," he said, "see that flag?" He pointed to a time-stained banner emblazoned with a tiger's head that hung in a corner of the hall. "Gentlemen, we want that flag! Take it to Chicago as—as sight slouvenir—I mean as light souvenir of visit to Tammany! Been good on this trip. Ain't lifted a thing. Must take something back, or boys will laugh at us. Let's take tiger!"

"We will!" roared the gang.

Herman Sulzer got up and waved a protesting hand. In the uproar he was heard to say: "Not any sign of diminished regard—no discourtesy—ask anything but not—ancient heirloom—couldn't think of parting with it—banner district has carried for years and years."

Sol Van Praag climbed the sideboard and laid his hands on the banner.

"Gentlemen!" he roared, "Chicago has banner. Mr. Sulzer, eloquent and refined host, says if we give it up we can have anything else we ask for. If he won't give us banner, why we'll take his damned old hall, park, or what you call it, just as it stands. It's the banner or the hall—which goes?"

The answer came with a fierce, wild yell of lust for spoil unleashed that sent Sulzer to the sideboard and Sol's side at a bound.

"Take the flag," he gasped. "Take the flag."

It was some time before the Chicago crowd could be dissuaded from tearing the hall down, anyway. Until 2 o'clock in the morning Sol sat on the edge of the sideboard with a row of bottles by his side and waved the banner unsteadily over the seething mob below. He sent for THE SUN man during the evening, and made a speech ten minutes long, of which this is absolutely every word fit for publication.

"Sol Van Praag's my name. You know me. You ought. Your paper is the worst thing printed. I tell you what I think about the way it has treated we genlnemen from Chicago."

SHE TEASED MR. CROKER.

Experience of the Tammany Chieftain with a Little Girl—Party Homeward Bound.

HOT SPRINGS, Va., Nov. 14.—Richard Croker is no longer invulnerable. The weak point in his armor is known, and if candidates for office who want his support will take advantage of it, success is sure to be their reward. He met his conqueror this morning. His refusal to talk politics with reporters has been mild treatment to them compared with the exasperating persistency with which his conqueror encouraged him only to slip from his hands while he was in the act of grasping her. He pleaded, coaxed, and even got down on his knees to her upon the ground in front of the Homestead Hotel, and in the presence of a half a hundred guests. But all in vain. She was a dainty, dimpled, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl about three years old. She would let Mr. Croker get near to her, and when he would bend down to talk she would turn and scamper off a dozen feet or so and call him. He followed her all over the lawn in front of the hotel, much to the little girl's glee and to the amusement of the gentlefolk on the piazza.

Mr. Croker was in a good humor to-day with every one. He seemed a little restless and anxious to get back to New York. This morning he and his entire party were driven to Warm Springs. They rode in an old-fashioned carryall and were a noisy, happy, laughing crowd. It was a cold, windy morning, and, reaching Germantown, a quaint old settlement in a narrow valley, three miles from Hot Springs, it was suggested that perhaps every one would enjoy a short rest while examining the old-fashioned houses. It had been a chilly ride, and a native, in reply to an inquiry as to the location of a hotel, directed the party to a long, low-eaved, dark-looking house, with the sign "Hotel" on it. An attendant came out, but when the order had been given for refreshments, he slowly said:

"We've only got lithia water, and that's free. It's from our springs."

The chorus of deep-voiced "Go ons" addressed to the driver that greeted this statement started the horses into a gallop and left the hotel attendant dazed, staring wildly at the fast-disappearing carryall. The hotel at Warm Springs had a greater variety of refreshments.

The party returned to the Homestead in time for a late luncheon and spent the afternoon resting and getting ready for the journey home. The entire party, excepting Mr. and Mrs. Guggenheimer, left here to-night at 8 o'clock and are due to arrive in New York over the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad at eight minutes of 4 o'clock to-morrow afternoon. They have all enjoyed their stay here, and Mr. Croker returns in the best of health and ready to take up the work of apportioning the fruits of the Tammany victory of Nov. 2.

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