GOT HIM OUT OF PRISON.

NOW, MULHALL SAYS, PURCELL WON'T PAY HIM.

Declares the Rich Saloon Keeper is Basely Ungrateful, and Won't Repay Even What Was Spent in Securing His Pardon—Lies and Attempted Blackmail, Purcell Says.

Martin N. Mulhall, Treasurer of the Robert Fulton Association of Engineers, and a well-known worker at Albany in the interests of that organization, has called the attention of Judge Joyce, Gov. Black's pardon clerk, to what he calls an amazing instance of ingratitude on the part of a recently pardoned convict. The ex-convict in question is William Purcell, a wealthy saloon keeper of this city, who was sent to Sing Sing for eleven years and one month for manslaughter in 1891. Gov. Morton cut five years and a half from Purcell's sentence during the last year of his term, and last July Gov. Black extended a full pardon to the man. Mulhall claims that it was due entirely to his efforts that Purcell secured his freedom. Night and day for months, he says, he worked to create a sentiment in the prisoner's favor. He spent hundreds of dollars, he says, in incidental expenses, and now, he says, when he asks Purcell to reimburse him he not only meets with refusal, but also with insults and threats.

Purcell replies to Mulhall's statements by saying that the latter has received thousands of dollars already for what he did for him, and is now trying to blackmail him. As a matter of fact, he says, Mulhall kept him in jail a year and a half longer than he would have stayed had he (Purcell) left the matter of securing a pardon to his friends instead of allowing a stranger to come into the case. Purcell has three saloons in this city, one at First avenue and Twenty-second street, another at Third avenue and Twenty-first street and another at Ninth avenue and Sixteenth street. He is well known as a politician and is reputed to be worth $150,000. Purcell never had any trouble until the shooting affair, which resulted in his being convicted of manslaughter.

"One night in January, 1891, there was a crowd of toughs in Purcell's saloon at First avenue and Twenty-second street. They were drunk and disorderly, and at midnight Purcell decided to close up in order to get rid of them. When he asked them to leave, however, they refused to go. Purcell and his bartenders charged the crowd, and after a fight succeeded in getting all hands out. The doors were then locked and the lights put out. The toughs endeavored to get revenge on Purcell for ejecting them by stoning the saloon. They broke a number of panes of glass, and were trying to batter down the side entrance when Purcell appeared with a revolver and threatened to shoot. In the meantime some one living in the neighborhood had sent for the police. A squad of officers appeared in a few moments, and the crowd was dispersed. About half an hour later Frank Farrell, one of the men who had been in the crowd, returned to the saloon and knocked at the side door. Purcell, who was inside, grabbed his revolver and ran to the side door, thinking that the crowd had come back. He shoved the barrel of the revolver through a peephole in the door just as Farrell applied his eye to the hole from the outside. Purcell pulled the trigger and Farrell fell over dead. Upon being sentenced, Purcell made arrangements with his brother, Christopher, to attend to his business.

The first effort to secure a pardon for Purcell was made in 1894. Ex-Judge Edward Browne and John C. Sheehan were engaged, but Justice Ingraham and District Attorney Fellows opposed the application, and Gov. Flower refused to interfere. It was at this point that Mulhall says he took up the case. Mulhall lives at 22 East 103d street, this city. He said yesterday:

"I went into this thing at the instigation of Purcell's brother. He came to me with several of the prisoner's friends, and asked if I would aid in the work of securing his release. I went up to Sing Sing and had a talk with the man. He thanked me profusely, and although I never mentioned the subject of money, he said he would meet all the expense I was put to, and incidentally that he would be my friend for life if I succeeded in securing a pardon for him. After the failure of ex-Judge Browne and Mr. Sheehan to accomplish anything for Purcell, I took up the case where I thought it was weakest. I worked for weeks to get a good word for Purcell from Justice Ingraham and the then District Attorney, Mr. Fellows. I finally won them over, and they agreed to favor the extension of executive clemency.

"I next went to work on a petition. I got 30,000 signatures to it, among them the names of some of the highest men in the Republican party, as well as others of wealth and standing in the community. I presented this to Gov. Morton, together with the recommendations for mercy I had got from Justice Ingraham and Col. Fellows. Then I got two delegations of Purcell's friends and took them to Albany to make personal appeals to the Governor. There were sixty-five in one of the delegations and twenty-two in the other, and the expense of transporting them and entertaining them fell on my shoulders. I was willing to endure this temporarily, as I knew that Purcell was a man of wealth and he had given me his promise to reimburse me.

"In October, 1896, Gov. Morton, who had become very much interested in Purcell's case, took five and a half years off his sentence. This was the first fruit of my work. It was the first thing that had been accomplished for the man since his incarceration. I was delighted, of course, but as I told Purcell at the time, I did not mean to quit until I got him out of jail.

"Last July I succeeded in getting Gov. Black to extend a complete pardon. I took the news right from the Executive Mansion to Purcell's cell at Sing Sing and he almost hugged me with glee. When he was freed we came to New York together and on the way down he talked of his gratitude. I didn't mention the matter of money then, because he had so much else to think about that I thought it would be indelicate.

"After several weeks had elapsed, however, and I hadn't heard anything from Purcell, I went to see him. I showed him vouchers for all the money I had spent in his behalf, aggregating $845, and asked him to reimburse me. I told him that I didn't want a single cent for my services, but only the hard cash I was out of pocket on his behalf.

"Well, you'd have thought I was trying to rob him. He flatly refused to pay me a cent and said I couldn't make him, either, because he had never authorized me to make any expenditures on his behalf. I gave him a piece of my mind right there, and it seemed to impress him a bit, because he offered me $250 if I would call everything square. I refused, of course.

"At different times, while working in Purcell's behalf, I was compelled to pawn my watch and ring and my wife's watch, in order to get enough money to take me to Albany. These articles are still pledged. I have practically impoverished myself to secure that man's freedom. In my whole life I don't believe I ever heard of such ingratitude as he has shown. If he was a poor man, I would willingly wait, but he isn't. He's wealthy and can make up the money I spent without the least trouble. I can't sue him because I have nothing to show that he promised to pay me back what I spent for him."

Purcell said yesterday afternoon:

"The statement is almost entirely false. From my brother, who ran my affairs while I was away at Sing Sing, Mulhall got several thousand dollars. After my release I gave him $500, and once while I was in jail I signed a check for $500, which he was to use in paying the expenses of a policeman named Harris who was helping him. Mulhall was never asked to help me by my brother, and I didn't want him, for I regarded him as a lobbyist and a man who would hurt my case more than help it, on account of his reputation. Policeman Harris, who was drowned last June, while on a picnic, was a friend of mine and he got an exaggerated idea of Mulhall's greatness. He brought him up to Sing Sing one day and I was introduced to the man in State Detective Jackson's office. At that time friends of mine were working in my behalf and had made considerable progress. I told Mulhall that I didn't want him to interfere. I said that anything that could be would be done by my friends. He declared that my friends would work for many months before they could possibly accomplish anything, while he could positively get me out in ten days.

"Well, for a half an hour I resisted him, but a man in jail, with years ahead of him, is like a drowning man; he will clutch at a straw. The man's seriousness when he said he'd get me out in ten days fascinated me, and I finally told him that he could go ahead if he wanted to. That was a fatal mistake. Many of my friends who had been working for me were so angry when they heard that I had authorized a man like Mulhall, a professional boomer, to handle my case, that they dropped me entirely. I fully believe that I spent a year and a half more in jail than I would have had I not let Mulhall in the case.

"As to the money the man got, I'm ashamed to mention the thousands of dollars. It was outrageous, but a poor devil in jail will do anything to get his liberty. Now, as a matter of fact, it was due to the work of certain of my friends, who came back to me, and not to Mulhall, that Gov. Morton cut my sentence down and that Gov. Black afterward pardoned me. Mulhall had absolutely nothing to do with my regaining my liberty. If he spent any money it was not more than a few dollars, and he got at least $500 for every dollar he spent. As to delegations, these delegations were made up of my friends, and each and every man paid his own expenses. My bartender, Andrew Sheridan, here, will tell you that this is so. He was in both delegations. (Sheridan declared that what Purcell said was so.)

"The fact of it all is," continued Purcell, "Mulhall is trying to blackmail me. He will not succeed, however. Ingratitude is not a trait of mine. I've been an honest man and a good friend to my friends all my life. But I absolutely refuse to have my pocketbook squeezed any further by this man."

CHASED BOY FROM EIGHTH FLOOR.

Young Swindler Finally Caught Outside of the Holland House by a Policeman.

A 12-year-old boy in knickerbockers, with a little military cap cocked on one side of his head, started on the top floor of the Holland House yesterday morning to solicit subscriptions for St. Agnes's Home. He had bad luck until he got to the room of Manager Morrison on the eighth floor, and then he had worse. Mr. Morrison recognized his chipper young caller as the boy who, six weeks ago, worked the same sort of a scheme at the Fifth Avenue and other hotels. All the money he could raise for his charities he spent on candies, peanuts, and other boy's delights.

"You young rascal," said the manager, "I'm on to you. What do you mean by trying to swindle people around here?"

But he wasn't as near "on to" the lad as he thought. He reached for him, but the youngster was already running down the stairs. Mr. Morrison chased after him. Down, down they went, with the manager's knees getting shakier and with the knickerbockered fugitive's getting apparently fresher at every flight. By and by they reached the bottom and shot down the corridor to the street, much to the astonishment of those of the guests who happened to be about.

On the corner stood Policeman Garrity, kicking his heels to keep warm, and, naturally, when he saw the hotel manager running like a whitehead after the 12-year-old, he joined in the chase. This settled the false emissary from St. Agnes's Home. He was captured and taken to the West Thirtieth street police station. There he gave six different names and addresses, and finally decided that he was Harold Norensden of 358 Third avenue. As he declared that this was honest, he was so set down on the station house blotter.

Harold admitted that he was a swindler. He explained that he hadn't been well supplied with candy lately, and concluded he'd have to have some. In his pockets were found a bag of candy and a nickel.

At the fair given a year ago by the mission of St. Benedict the Moor Harold was employed to solicit subscriptions. He did well, and since then he has, from time to time, done a little soliciting on his own hook. He was identified by Detective Forgee of the Fifth Avenue Hotel as the same boy who was caught there six weeks ago. His description had been sent to all the hotels, and it was in this way that Manager Morrison was able to recognize him when first approached.

WHITEWASH WEARING OFF.

Another Outbreak at the New Jersey Industrial School for Girls.

TRENTON, N. J., Jan. 30.—The troubles at the Industrial School for Girls, above this city, which were whitewashed at the trustees' investigation a few weeks ago, have broken out again and the joint committee of the Legislature will probably begin an investigation. A few days ago there was a row among the inmates which resulted in a free-for-all fight in the school grounds between the adherents of Mrs. Eyler, the new matron, and those who are opposed to her. In the fight there was hairpulling, scratching, and clothes tearing that was stopped by the teachers. As a punishment, it is alleged that the participants were imprisoned, the anti-Eylers in the garret on bread and water, and the Eyler crowd in the nursery, where they fared better than in ordinary quarters. Since the row three of the girls escaped from the home, but were recaptured.

The trustees, as before, deny that there is any more serious trouble than usually occurs among a lot of women, but members of the Senate and House committees on Industrial School are receiving letters from the parents of inmates, in which allegations are made and an investigation asked for. Recently the trustees received a letter signed by fourteen of the girls, commending Matron Eyler's administration, and since the fact has become public it is charged that the management must be lax or such a paper could not be sent out, as all letters are examined before being mailed or delivered. Matron Eyler's last report says that the 125 girls in the home do not receive the religious training they should. She says more Bible study and sermons would benefit them greatly.

Managing Trustee Cook said last night that he had heard of no legislative investigation, and that the recent row on the grounds was only a little one and not more serious than those that occur nearly every day in the playgrounds of nearly all schools. He says there is no dungeon at the school, but it might be better if there was, as some of the girls are hard to manage. The girls range in age from about 12 to 18 years.

FLAMES IN BROOKLYN.

S. Trier & Son's Cardboard Factory Destroyed—Tenements Saved.

The cardboard factory of S. Trier & Son, which extended from 221 to 249 McKibbin street, Williamsburg, was destroyed early yesterday morning by fire. The buildings were of brick, three stories high, with a depth of nearly 100 feet. In the same building was the knitting mill of Samuel Schindelman and the cut-glass works of Schneider Bros. On the arrival of the firemen the entire first floor was on fire and the blaze in the rear had spread to the second story. The wind fanned the fire toward a row of frame tenement flats in Bushwick avenue, near Boerum street, which caused Assistant Chief Engineer Perry to turn in three additional alarms and five special calls.

The entire building was on fire when more apparatus arrived, and the firemen directed their efforts toward saving the tenements and an unoccupied building formerly occupied by the William Wall rope works on the opposite side of McKibbin street. After the roof fell in, taking along part of the wall on the Boerum street side, the fire was soon under control, and at daylight it was out.

The firm of Trier & Son had machinery valued at more than $40,000 in the building, all of which was destroyed. It was said the firm's loss would be more than $100,000. Neither the Schneider Brothers nor Mr. Schindelman would venture to make an estimate of their respective losses.

WRECK OF THE CORONA.

Men Wept When They Thought of Their Klondike Outfits at the Bottom of the Sea.

TACOMA, Wash., Jan. 30.—Capt. Meyer of the steamer Danube, which arrived to-day, furnishes the first details of the wreck of the steamship Corona on last Monday morning while enroute to Alaska. The steamship did not sink in forty minutes, as first reported, but took six hours to settle down, which convinced Capt. Pearce, the Corona's master, that she was not badly damaged and could be raised. The passengers, especially twenty women aboard, were panic stricken when she struck. Capt. Pearce and the other officers succeeded in allaying their fears and all were soon safely landed on Lewis Island.

All the horses and dogs were saved, together with the bedding and hand baggage and much light stuff from outfits in the forward hold. Many took their tents ashore, and a small canvas town quickly grew upon the rocky shores of Lewis Island. A bad storm came up on Monday and was still raging when the Danube passed on Wednesday. It was very cold and damp, and the passengers were suffering much from the unaccustomed exposure. All were compelled to sleep on the ground with insufficient covering. Strong men wept when they remembered that their all was invested in the outfits lost in the Corona's hold. They cannot reach the Klondike now. The twenty-ton steamer Alaskan, plying between Wrangel and the Stickine River, was sunk ten days ago, fifteen passengers barely escaping with their lives.

Tramway Over Chilkoot Pass from Dyea.

TACOMA, Jan. 30.—The Chilkoot Railroad and Transport Company has advices from Dyea that its tramway over Chilkoot Pass was to be placed in operation to-day, transporting freight in one day from Dyea to the headwaters of the Yukon at Crater Lake. Last night the company signed a $60,000 contract at Victoria with Major Perry, representing the Canadian Government, for the transportation of supplies for the mounted police over the pass at 15 cents a pound, to which price all packing will be reduced. The opening of the tramway marks a new era in Alaska transportation. It consists of a horse tramway for eight miles and two aerial tramways extending eight miles from Dyea Cañon over the summit to Crater Lake.

Didn't Help to Sell the Salmon Catch.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 30.—The firm of Delafield, McGovern & Co. has begun suit in the United States Circuit Court against Harry A. Williams for $11,702. The complaint alleges that Delafield, McGovern & Co., having entered into a contract with the Alaska Packers' Association to purchase and market the salmon catch of the association for the season of 1897, it contracted with Williams, who was doing business as Williams, Brown & Co., to jointly finance the undertaking and market the goods. Owing, presumably, to the failure of Williams, Brown & Co., that firm was unable to carry out its share of the contract, and this suit is the consequence.

Fell Downstairs; Fractured Her Skull.

Mrs. Mary Gibbons, 55 years old, of 36 Garnet street, Brooklyn, fell down the cellar stairs at her home last evening, fracturing her skull. She was taken to the Long Island College Hospital.

A SLEUTH FROM BUFFALO.

MR. BURKE, BEING ROBBED, DOES HIS OWN PROWLING.

Blowing a Gale on a Police Whistle, He Pursues a Colored Woman Through the Tenderloin on Suspicion, and, on Chasing Her Home, Transfers His Suspicions to Her Sister.

Edward P. Burke of Buffalo gave the police of the West Thirtieth street station a few pointers last night on the detective business. Having been robbed, as he says, by a negro woman, he disguised himself as a tourist and perambulated through the Tenderloin until he thought he had the guilty person. Then he chased her wildly down the street and into her home, blowing a police whistle with as much vigor as he worked his legs with. Having cornered her, he insisted on having the police arrest another woman.

According to Burke's story as he told it to Sergeant McDermott last night in the police station, he is a well-to-do promoter and hotel proprietor. He came down from Buffalo several days ago and put up at the La Grange Hotel, 117 West Thirty-fourth street. On Saturday night, having put on his evening clothes, he went to the Lambs' Club with a friend and returned to his hotel about 9 o'clock.

Slipping off his coat and waistcoat, he lay down on the bed to read. After a time he was aroused by a sound. Looking up, he saw a colored woman standing in the doorway of his room. He says he thought she was a servant in the hotel, and paid no attention to her.

When he prepared to retire, he felt from habit for his wallet which he had left in his waistcoat pocket. It was gone, and thereupon he raised a howl. He called up the proprietor of the hotel, only to learn that no colored help was employed there and that no one knew anything of his mysterious visitor.

Mr. Burke was sore, but he took a solemn oath. He would show people down here that he was no "Rube" even if he did come from Buffalo. As a matter of form he reported his loss to the police of the West Thirtieth street station yesterday morning, and then he proceeded to put his own plans into execution. Darkness having come last night, Mr. Burke put on a long brown coat reaching almost to his heels and a tourist's cap with a vizor fore and aft. Pulling the front vizor down over his face and turning up the collar of his long brown coat he sallied forth.

"I'll show them a thing or two," he said to himself, and up and down the streets he went, sleuthing to his heart's content. Not a colored woman escaped his eagle eye. Finally he felt himself rewarded. At Thirty-fourth street and Broadway he saw a colored woman turn toward Seventh avenue. She looked like the very woman. He followed her. The woman noticed him dogging her. She kept turning back in alarm.

"She's the one, sure," said Mr. Burke to himself, and he moved up closer.

"Lordy, Lordy, what is this?" exclaimed the woman when she saw he was after her, and she took to her heels down Thirty-fourth street.

The Buffalo sleuth knew then for certain that he had his woman, and he took out after her, blowing as aforesaid the police whistle, which he had been carrying for just this emergency.

The woman kept on running, turning into Seventh avenue, and Mr. Burke, who is 65 years old, had some trouble in keeping up with the pace she set. When she got in front of 443 Seventh avenue she darted up the steps and rang the bell.

Before the Buffalonian could catch her the door was opened by another negro woman, and the pursued one darted past her shrieking that a crazy man was after her. The woman at the door held her position while the sleuth blew a gale on the whistle. Policeman Reardon heard the blast and ran up to see what was the trouble.

Mr. Burke told him, and, after much hesitation, the policeman arrested the woman at the door. She was Florence Jourdine, and by this time Mr. Burke insisted that she was the one that he had seen in the doorway of his room. The woman he had chased, who was Eugenia Jourdine, a sister of the prisoner, went along with the prisoner to the station house. She said that she was returning from church when she saw a man following her and when she became convinced that he was crazy she took to her heels. She said she was a servant in the employ of Mrs. George B. Sloan of 133 West Forty-fifth street.

As the amateur detective insisted on accusing Florence of the robbery and identifying her positively, Sergeant McDermott locked her up, although he said he did it with much reluctance.

Mr. Burke was tickled at great length. "Oh, I tell you I'm no fool if I do come from 'up the State,'" he said. "I can spot 'em, and they can't get away from me, either, once I get my eye on 'em. I'm sure right, I am, and if you don't believe me ask John C. Sheehan."

He told the detectives that if they wanted to see him before morning to come beneath his window on the third floor at his hotel and whistle until a dim light appeared.

WATER ROUTE TO SIBERIA.

Admiral Makaroff's Views on the Feasibility of the Arctic Highway.

TACOMA, Wash., Jan. 30.—A Vladivostock correspondent of a Japanese newspaper says that Admiral Makaroff, who has lately returned to St. Petersburg from a journey along Russia's northern coast, declares his conviction that it is possible to travel to Siberia by water along the Arctic Ocean. He found the chief obstacle to the establishment of a maritime route to the mouths of the Obi and Yenisei rivers to be the ice floes from the Kara Sea.

Usually this sea is free from ice during August. Admiral Marakoff believes regular communication with these Siberian rivers and thence to the interior of Siberia can be established during the summer months by providing vessels bound for those parts with escorts of boats furnished with ice ploughs.

Capt. Wiggins, by his voyages for a series of years from England to the Western Siberian rivers across the Kara Sea, has already proven that this route is practicable, though sometimes difficult. The Siberian fleet through the Kara Sea last summer had excellent success.

TROUBLESOME CREVASSE.

Contractors Compelled to Cease Work on a Break Near the Eads Jetties.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 30.—James Stewart & Co., the contractors, who were closing Pass à Loutre crevasse, have abandoned the work until low water comes. The crevasse is near the mouth of the Mississippi, and diverts so much water from the Eads jetties as to render the task of keeping twenty-six feet of water through the jetties difficult. At the request of New Orleans and Mississippi Valley cities the present Congress made an appropriation to close the crevasse. The contract was awarded to James Stewart & Co. of St. Louis, who had a large force of men employed there. On Friday a large part of the piling was swept away, and the contractor, seeing that there was no chance of closing the break in the present high stage of the Mississippi, abandoned the work for the present, and will not try it again until low water.

The crevasse has proved very troublesome. It was closed several years ago by the Eads heirs, but the piling was swept away in a big storm.

The Rev. D. M. Wilson Installed in His New Pastorate.

The Rev. Daniel Munro Wilson was installed as pastor of the Third Unitarian Church, Gates avenue and Irving place, Brooklyn, last night. He succeeds the late Rev. Stephen H. Camp. The Rev. Alfred C. Nickerson of Plainfield, N. J., delivered the invocation. The installation sermon was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Minot J. Savage of the Church of the Messiah. The Rev. Robert Collyer of the Church of the Messiah delivered the prayer of installation. The charge to the new pastor was given by the Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright of the Lenox Avenue Church; the Rev. Samuel A. Eliot of the Church of the Saviour extended the right hand of fellowship, and the Rev. Dr. John W. Chadwick of the Second Unitarian Church delivered the charge to the people. An address of welcome was made by the Rev. Dr. John Coleman Adams of All Souls' Universalist Church, and the Rev. Hobart Clark of New Brighton delivered the closing prayer. The benediction was pronounced by the new pastor.

Work of the Bowery Branch Y. M. C. A.

At the Brick Presbyterian Church, Thirty-seventh street and Fifth avenue, a meeting was held last night in honor of the twenty-sixth anniversary of the foundation of the Bowery branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. After an introductory service by the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, pastor of the church, Hammond Odell said that within the year employment has been found for 3,599 men, of whom only eight proved unworthy of the help given them. Ten per cent. of these were college men and 50 per cent. were of the professional or, at least, semi-professional class.

Fell in Elevator Shaft and Broke His Leg.

John Doat of 781 Park avenue, an elevator repairer, broke his leg yesterday morning in a fall down the elevator shaft from the second floor to the basement of the United States Trust Company building at 45 Wall street. He was repairing the hoisting cables, and lost his footing on the top of the elevator.

IN THE LAND OF THE CANNIBALS.

The Experience of a Missionary—The Butchery of Children—Testimony of Two Young Savages.

Mgr. Augouard, the vicar of Oubanghi, in a pamphlet published by the "Catholic Missions," gives some terrible details of cannibalism in African villages in close proximity with European establishments.

"Two children," he says, "who had previously travelled with me to Brazzaville, were quite proud of being able to talk to us in French before their astonished compatriots. They gave us provisions in exchange for breech clouts, which they immediately put on, and, without further ceremony, they jumped into our boat to continue the journey with us. On the way I questioned them in regard to the habits of their country. I asked them if they said their prayers regularly and if the people in their village still ate human flesh. They told me artlessly that every evening after sunset the throats of two or three children were always cut. The ages of the children marked for butchery ranged from 8 to 15 years. They told us that in every village the same practice was carried on, but that the heads were no longer carried in triumph, because that displeased the fathers of the children. They added, however, that some of the inhabitants of the villages refused to taste the 'meat.'

"I asked the young savages, who have not yet been baptized, but who come from time to time to the St. Paul Mission for instruction, if they themselves had given up the habit of eating human flesh. They told me that they had but I suspect that the elder one lied and that he still indulged in that luxury, because shortly afterward when the French military authorities were obliged to shoot a guilty chief, the young rascal lamented the woful waste of burying such a 'fine fat fellow.'

"'What do the poor children do?' I asked, 'when they find that they are about to be killed and cooked?'

"The answer was, 'They do nothing at all, because they are slaves, and bought for that.'

"'But do not some of them try to escape?'

"'Oh, yes, some of them run away and hide in the forest. But they are always caught later on, and then they are killed on the spot to make sure that they can't run away again. While waiting for the capture of the runaway a quieter child is taken in his place and killed for supper.'

"The two children detailed these horrors, sometimes laughing and sometimes as if they were speaking of the commonest and most natural thing in the world. We told them to use their influence with their friends to put a stop to those frightful feasts. They replied that they were already doing so, and that in a short time the evening butcheries would cease, 'especially if the papas could return more frequently to the villages.'

Speaking of one of the friendly chiefs, Mgr. Augouard says:

"Chief Besson deserves special mention. He has rendered valuable service to the missionaries, and his fidelity has never been questioned. For this he received a gift valued at about 10 francs, which is considerable in his country. The honest fellow asked me if he could make one request. I told him to speak out like a man. He said that he was amply satisfied with the gift he had received, but he hoped that on my return from my next trip I would bring him a shirt, a pair of trousers, and a high hat. It is curious to notice the passion for that awkward piece of headgear, even in the heart of Africa. I solemnly declared to the chief that his request should be granted. He bowed and retired majestically draped in my old 30-cent blanket."

JOSEPH B. STILLWELL'S DEATH.

The Brooklyn Police Do Not Accept the Theory of Accidental Shooting.

Joseph B. Stillwell, who shot himself in the right temple at his boarding house at 30 Garden place, Brooklyn, on Thursday morning, died early yesterday morning. The police say that the case was one of suicide. Mr. Stillwell informed Dr. L. J. Morton of 303 Henry street, who attended him, that the shooting was purely accidental, and occurred while he was cleaning his revolver. Coroner Burger was notified of Mr. Stillwell's death, and he ordered Dr. Hartung to make an autopsy. Dr. Morton said last night that he had explained the matter to Dr. Hartung, and that the latter said he was positive that the shooting was accidental.

"The reason that I did not report the matter to the Coroner and police on Thursday," said Dr. Morton, "was because I accepted Mr. Stillwell's statement that the shooting was accidental as accurate. Under this condition it was not a case either for the police or Coroner."

Nothing could be learned at the house yesterday regarding Mr. Stillwell's affairs. Mr. Stillwell's business, that of the Marston Remedy Company, at 19 Park place, this city, is in the hands of a receiver; but Mr. Stillwell was not heavily involved. Mr. Stillwell was twice married. By his first wife he had two sons and a daughter, who live in this city. The funeral services will be held to-morrow afternoon from the Garden place house. The Rev. Dr. John Coleman Adams of All Souls' Universalist Church will officiate, and the interment will be in Greenwood Cemetery.

ADVENTURERS FOR GOLD.

Seven Small Boys Get as Far as the Ferry and Found It a Cold World.

Seven small boys were observed marching up Greenwich street about 8 o'clock last night in so evident trouble that a policeman piloted them to the Charles street station. They described themselves as Edward Adams of 313 West 145th street, Joseph Lawler of 309 West 145th street, John McGarry of 2779 Eighth avenue, William Gill of 2662 Eighth avenue, Florence Farrell of 272 West 143d street, Angus Todd of 1706 Amsterdam avenue, and John Brennan of 315 West 145th street. They said they had decided to go to the Klondike, and had all come down town together early in the morning, intending to carry parcels for passengers from the various ferries for a few days, and hoping to save about $5 a day each. When they had saved some money they intended to travel as far as it would take them and then earn more.

Business was very bad yesterday, and at 7 o'clock they were tired, cold and hungry and had no money. After a consultation they decided to postpone their trip and return home. They were following the elevated railroad toward their homes when found.

The policemen got food for the youngsters, and in the warmth of the station house they grew quite cheerful and entertained the whole reserve squad with songs, dancing and gymnastics until their parents, to whom word of their whereabouts had been sent, began arriving and taking them home one by one.

Fatality Followed the Family.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 30.—Ladislans Riester, a boy who was the sole support of his mother, was killed to-day while stepping between a "broken" train of cars on a siding. The boy was looking into empty freight cars for loose corn to feed his pigeons. A car was switched onto the siding and drove the cars between which he stood up against him. In 1894 Mrs. Riester's husband was shot and killed by a woman in Pittsburg, and the year before her other son was drowned in Poland.

Did She Set Her Home on Fire?

DETROIT, Jan. 30.—The police are searching the city for Mrs. W. D. MacQuisten, wife of a well-known local physician. Her husband has sued for divorce. It is alleged that the woman visited the family residence this evening in the absence of the doctor, rifled the doctor's desk, and deliberately started a fire in the parlor directly under a large oil lamp. She left her two children, 5 and 9 years old, alone in the house to perish. The older boy extinguished the fire.

Has Been Inspecting West Indian Fortifications.

Col. Henry Bloomfield Kingscote of the Royal Artillery was a passenger on the steamship Buffon, which arrived yesterday from St. Lucia. He has been inspecting the British fortifications in the West Indies, and is going home to report.

OBITUARY.

Patrolman William H. Irving of Long Island City died at St. John's Hospital yesterday. He succumbed to a disease which carried off his parents and a sister within the last ten days. The physicians who attended the family diagnosed the ailment as typhoid pneumonia. Irving was 27 years old and had been a member of the police force for two years. He lived with his parents at 143 Vernon avenue. The three remaining members of the family are now recovering from the disease.

Aunt Marcia Pease died at her home in Danbury, Conn., yesterday at the age of 100 years. She was born in Hampden, Mass., in 1798, and came from a family remarkable for longevity. One of her brothers died recently in Elizabeth, N. J., at the age of 95. Until her last illness Aunt Marcia always had good health, and one of her last duties was to make nearly 100 pincushions to distribute to her friends as souvenirs. She never married.

Mrs. Twing, the wife of the Rev. Cornelius L. Twing, rector of Calvary Episcopal Church, at Marcy avenue and South Ninth street, Williamsburg, died at the rectory, 185 Marcy avenue, on Saturday night, of apoplexy. She was 60 years old and had been married for thirty-nine years. Besides her husband she leaves three children, one, a son, being the Rev. C. W. Twing of New Jersey.

California in 3 Days.

Without change of cars, via the Chicago, Union Pacific and Northwestern lines. The "Overland Limited" leaves Chicago 6 P. M. every day in the year. Through sleeping, dining, buffet, smoking, and library cars. Sleeping car reservations and information supplied at Northwestern line office, 461 Broadway, N. Y.—Adv.

WOMAN BURNED TO DEATH.

VICTIM OF AN AFTERNOON FIRE IN MOTT HAVEN.

Her Son Escaped, Thinking She Was Following Him—A Sick Woman Carried Up a Fire Ladder to Safety by Another Tenant—Fire Discovered by Actor Joseph Emmett.

Mrs. Phœbe Banker, janitress of the brick flat house at 177 Willis avenue, was burned to death yesterday afternoon in a fire which nearly destroyed the building. The premises were occupied by seven families, two families to each floor. The ground floor was used as a shoe store by C. Munich, who also owned a bicycle repair shop in the basement. Mrs. Banker, aged 51 years, and her son William, 34 years old, occupied the second floor.

The fire was discovered by Joseph Emmett, the actor, and William Quinn, formerly a baseball umpire. Both were riding on their bicycles along the avenue when they noticed smoke pouring out of the basement windows. They called Policeman Dormidy of the Alexander avenue police station, who was standing on the corner, and together the three men broke open the front door. The hall was full of smoke, and the flames had already partly consumed the stairway. Dormidy set out to climb the stairs, but the flames drove him back. His face, hair, and neck were badly burned before he abandoned his attempt. He then turned to the bells and tubes, and by using them succeeded in warning the tenants.

When the fire was discovered William Banker was in bed asleep. He was roused by his mother. Hastily putting on a pair of trousers, he started to where the fire escape was, calling to his mother to follow him. Upon reaching the roof he noticed that his mother was not with him, and he returned to look for her. His search was in vain, and thinking that she had by some means escaped, he again returned to the roof. By this time the entire interior of the building was on fire, and the firemen who had been summoned were forced to content themselves with preventing the flames from spreading to the adjoining buildings. At 6 o'clock the fire was put out, and the firemen started to look for Mrs. Banker. Her body, burned almost to a crisp, was found in a front room of the fourth floor. She had undoubtedly become confused while attempting to reach the roof, and losing her way, was overcome by the smoke. An incident of the fire was the rescue of Mrs. Gregg by Joseph Quinn, one of the tenants. Mrs. Gregg, who had been a patient in Bellevue Hospital until Saturday night, was still in a very feeble condition. Her cries for help were heard by Quinn, who returned to the burning building to look for her. He found the woman on the fourth floor. She was kneeling in a corner of the room, alternately praying and crying for help. He tried to make her walk, but she was too frightened or too feeble to do so, and he was forced to place her on his shoulders. In this manner he carried her up the fire escape to safety.

Cornelius Eagan, who moved into the building on Saturday, lost all his property. The damage to the building is estimated at $12,000.

HER RESCUERS BADLY BURNED.

Woman Whose Clothing Took Fire Escapes Comparatively Unhurt.

Mrs. Angus Pincus set fire to her clothing in her flat at 209 East Sixty-ninth street yesterday morning while drinking a cup of coffee near the stove before preparing the family breakfast. Her husband, two daughters, and a woman boarder, who, responding to her screams, went to her rescue in their nightclothes, were badly burned in tearing off her burning garments. The hands of all four were rendered useless for the time, while she escaped comparatively unhurt. She is now using her whole hands in caring for her rescuers.

HOMERIC COMBAT IN A TENEMENT.

But Weapons Unknown to Greeks and Trojans Used in the Encounter.

There was a Homeric combat early last evening in the tenement at 50 Cherry street, due, it is said, to the wife of one of the tenants being jealous of her husband's alleged attentions to the wife of another. The contestants:

Michael Gills, 48 years old, at one time a saloon keeper in Chambers street just below Park row; now a longshoreman.

Annie Gills, once head waiter in Dennett's restaurant, and a belle, now Gills's wife.

George Chagrous, 28 years old, once a Greek soldier, now a peddler.

Nora, 23 years old, the Irish wife of Chagrous.

Nora Costele, 50 years old, mother of Nora Chagrous.

James McVicker, 57 years old, and John Lloyd, 35 years old, both longshoremen and boarders of the Gills.

Knives, plates, cups, an alarm clock, chairs, forks, table legs, boxes, stove lifters, stove lids, cooking utensils and pails were all used as missiles. Mrs. Gills was cut on the face in three places. Gills was cut over the eye and his hand made to bleed. The boarders were cut on the face. Nora Costele received a black eye. Mrs. Chagrous had been mauled with a chair. Chagrous himself was bunged up and the clothes of the entire outfit were cut to shreds.

Policeman McVicker called two other policemen to his assistance and they raided the house and arrested all hands. The prisoners were bundled into a patrol wagon and driven to the Oak street station.

As Policeman Lloyd was locking the door of the flat in which the row occurred somebody said:

"Hully gee! but dat was de bigges' scrap dis year."

Under the bed the policeman found Michael Gills, Jr., 9 years old. With him were Tommy, 2½ years old, and Laura, 22 months old, his brother and sister. The father had kicked his namesake under the bed so that he would be out of the way and the mother had put the other two after him.

Mrs. Gills was locked up with her two youngest children, who were half naked and barefooted. Michael, Jr., was sent to the Gerry Society with his bare feet and legs shoved into a policeman's sock. He was also enveloped in a policeman's overcoat.

Mrs. Gills, according to the stories told by the prisoners when arraigned in the police station, was the wife whose jealousy caused the row. Mrs. Chagrous was the object of her suspicions.

NO NEWS FOR FOUR WEEKS.

Proceedings of an Executive Session of the Brooklyn Central Labor Union.

An ironclad rule was passed by the Brooklyn Central Labor Union yesterday to the effect that no news shall be given out to reporters for four weeks. The meeting was held in executive session, and precautions were taken to prevent anything about the proceedings leaking out.

Samuel Solomon of Cigarmakers' Union No. 87 was the Chairman. Delegate Armor of the Stage Carpenters' Union was elected a committee to ask the Police Commissioners to see that the helmets for the police are made in union establishments. He will act in conjunction with a committee of the New York Central Labor Union.

It was announced that Typographical Union No. 98 will soon cease to exist as a separate body, and will become amalgamated with Typographical Union No. 6 of New York.

A committee was appointed to try to unionize all the breweries. The delegats of the Firemen's Union admitted that members of his organization had drunk non-union beer. He said that if the C. L. U. would let them off this time they wouldn't violate the rules again. The C. L. U. let them off.

The meeting wound up with the appointment of various committees. Next Sunday's meeting will also be in executive session.

LIVING ON STRIKE PAY.

The New Bedford Mill Workers Show No Sign of Surrender.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Jan. 30.—To-morrow morning the cotton mill operatives enter their third week of resistance against the 10 per cent. cut down. The strike pay which most of them received on Saturday has acted as an offset against the cold weather, and there is no sign of surrender on their part. Some of the collectors who have been busy in Massachusetts cities during the week have made satisfactory reports, which adds to the cheerfulness of the operatives. The Weavers' Union will issue strike pay to its members to-morrow, and a new soup house will be opened for the free delivery of soup and bread, so there is no danger of actual starving, although some of the less provident families among the operatives are becoming pinched.

The manufacturers are still silent, and have made no move toward starting their mills.

A Howl from the Bill Posters.

On motion of the delegate of the Bill Posters' Union the Central Labor Union passed resolutions yester