TALES OF THE TERRITORY.

THE ONLY RESERVATION WHERE THE PALEFACE HAS NO FOOTING.

Summary Work with a Party of White Hunters—An Indian's Home—Interesting Chance Meetings of Station Agents with Bad Men.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SAPULPA, I. T., Jan. 27.—The Anglo-Saxon race has a grip upon all the Indian Territory country except the Osage reservation. That picturesque and wealthy tribe sticks to traditions and red blankets, and is intolerant, haughty, and persistent in its refusal to allow the whites to gain a foothold or enjoy the benefits of the rich country that stretches beneath the shadow of the beautiful Osage range of mountains. The white man is in the country, to be sure, but his power is only gained by consort with the dusky maidens of the tribe.

An incident will illustrate their great aversion to outside intrusion, especially when the intruders bear weapons with which to kill their game. The Osage is a great country for big game, and the longing eye of the white man gazes wistfully from afar toward the blue rim of the Osage range that bends like a bow beneath the horizon's rim. Some time ago a party of Chicago railroad officials arrived in a special car at Sapulpa, intent on a deer hunt back of Twin Mountains, where Deep Fork cuts its way through the timbered bottoms, but the old conductor who had their car in charge persuaded the party that the Mecca for hunters was toward Salt Creek and the Osage Nation. With tent and camping outfit, the band of Nimrods boldly started for the forbidden land. The men were mounted on cow ponies, while the baggage was conveyed by freighters' teams. The camp was pitched just across the land, and the next day all hands rode away to slaughter the precious game of the Osages. After several miles scouting, a couple of deer were started and one of them killed, after several Winchesters had been emptied. Hardly had the roar of the guns died away than a startling whoop was heard that sent terror to the souls of the railroad raiders.

"Injun p'lice!" yelled Blake, the conductor. "We've got to make a flying switch or they'll run us down." And every man was in the saddle and off as fast as their ponies could carry them. Blake's old plug was as slow as a cow, and he was soon lagging behind, while the seven Indian police were sweeping down on him like the wind.

"Come on, come on," the other members of the party called back, but Blake only punched the spurs deeper into his superannuated steed and dodged the bullets of the pursuers.

"Put on more steam, Blake. Throw the throttle wide open, or there will be a rear-end collision," yelled his companions.

"Shut up, you d—d fools," answered the conductor. "I ain't the engineer of this train."

The Indians were only about fifty yards back and had ceased to fire, as they were sure of their men. Again the leaders in the race screamed at the top of their voices: "Get a move on yourself. Come on. Come on!"

"Come on h—ll! D'ye think I'm throwing this race?" yelped poor Blake in agonized tones as he dropped his gun.

It was only a few seconds, and the Osages had the old conductor. When his companions saw that Blake was captured, they turned back with one hand up, to indicate surrender. The police gravely said: "Guns, belts," and forthwith took possession of the arms and ammunition of the disgusted whites. There was no appeal from their action. The railroad men were allowed their horses and were marched to the Osage line, where one of the police pointed toward the far-away outlines of Twin Mountains and commanded in one brief word "Go!" which the railroaders did, gameless, gunless, and decidedly crestfallen.

They found their camp and returned to Sapulpa, cursing Blake all the way for leading them into the enemy's country, contrary to the advice of those who knew the Osage customs.

The writer was riding along a beautiful bluff that rose abruptly from the shore of Bird Creek, in the Cherokee country, and swept away to the eastward. The sun was just setting and its lingering rays made the glowing autumn foliage on the crest of the bluff a varying picture of indescribable beauty. The squirrels chattered over their evening meals, and the birds made music in the timber. Twelve miles yet lay ahead of me, when I came suddenly out of the timber to a broad expanse of prairie, well fenced, and far as the eye could reach was a vista of green. A field of young wheat seemed boundless as it stretched away along the line of vision. While wondering which way to turn, a native white came along.

"Whose ranch is this?" I asked.

"Waal, this ere place belongs ter an Injun. He's got heaps ov cattle, an' 'Lord knows how much wheat in this ground. Lives right up the road 'bout quarter. He ain't like other Injuns. He's a good un. He ain't got no Injun name, neither. He's called Sam Arbuckle." All this information I got from the native in his peculiar vernacular before the creak of his vehicle told me he was moving away.

I rode up to the very commodious white house, with well-kept grounds, and was taking a drink of cool water from one of the best wells I had encountered in the Territory, when the gate opened and Arbuckle came out of his yard. He was a serious, intelligent-looking Indian.

"Traveller," he said in courteous tones, "are you belated?"

I explained the situation and was invited to accept his hospitality for the night, which I gladly accepted. My horse was taken care of by one of his men, and I was ushered into a well-appointed sitting room, and told to make myself comfortable by the glowing fireplace. He excused himself for a moment, and when he returned I was asked into his library.

"You are astonished, no doubt," said Arbuckle, "to find an Indian with a library out here in the wilderness; but I am only an Indian by birth. I am an American. Myself and wife were educated in Chelsea, Mass. I fought for the old flag in the rebellion, and I have taken advantage of the blessings of learning and the possibilities of individual development under the American form of government. I am a firm believer in the survival of the fittest. The Indian stands still, while the world and civilization move on. I am with the movers in the direction of the highest civilization. Let us now see what my good wife has to cheer the inner man." And we then went to the dining room, where everything was in good taste, and a meal was spread that would do credit to any gentleman farmer's home in America.

It requires nerve and good judgment to be an agent of the railroads at many stations in the Indian Territory. The railroad station is the rendezvous of idlers and tough men who delight in annoying passengers who alight from the trains—not so much now as of yore, but occasionally, when filled up with alcohol, the bad men will break out even now. Some of the stations on the railroads are literally riddled with bullets, while many of the agents have suffered all kinds of annoyance and indignities. Mark Witmar, now at Catoosa, was for a time at Red Fork. While at the latter place as agent of the Frisco he was busily engaged receiving a message one night when a man entered the depot hurriedly. The agent did not look up until he heard a gruff voice command:

"Throw up your hands."

"Wait till I take this message," said Witmar, "and I will talk to you."

"To h—l with your message. I want the cash in this ranch." The bad man with the big gun replied, but Witmar never moved until he finished taking the telegram, and then he arose and faced the window through which a .45 six-shooter was pointed.

"Now I am ready to hear what you have got to say," was the agent's cool response.

"I say, throw up your hands while you listen to me," said the bandit.

"I will never throw up my hands to anybody but God," was Witmar's reply.

"Well, I am God's agent, understand," growled the bad man, "and I say up with your hands and be quick about it."

"Well, sir, I am the agent of this railroad company, and I'll be d—d if I obey," was Witmar's dead game reply.

Just at that stage of the game footsteps were heard outside on the platform, and the would-be robber made a dash for the door and disappeared in the darkness.

Another instance in which an agent at Sapulpa played the star part is worth recalling. One night when all was quiet at the station Bill Cook, the notorious outlaw, came in and pushed a murderous-looking weapon through the ticket window and commanded the agent to give up the cash in his possession.

"Bill," said the agent, "take that infernal gun away. I don't like to look in the muzzles of Winchesters, nohow. You know me well enough to be dead certain that I will never give up. I ain't built that way."

"Yes, I know you, Jim, and hate to have to do this. If the stuff in there was yours I wouldn't touch it, but me and Cherokee are broke, and I must ask you to shell out."

"You are very considerate of me, Bill, so just take that cussed gun away. It is very unpleasant to converse with a gentleman while gazing into a cold steel tube. You might get nervous, and the thing would go off. There isn't a dollar in the office, except seven left of my month's pay. I sent every cent away on the evening train. If you run fast enough you might catch that and hold it up," replied the nervy agent.

"D—n if you ain't cool enough to be a member of my gang," said Cook, lowering his gun. "There's two jugs of whiskey there among the express packages, for I know who ordered them, so just hand them over, and we'll call it square.

"I won't hand you a thing. You may come in and take the stuff, but I'll see you in the hottest corner of hades before you'll make me hand you anything from this office, no matter if you have got the drop on me," and the agent never moved from his seat.

"I ain't a d—n bit proud," said Cook. Pushing the door open with his Winchester, which he could handle quicker than a man could a six-shooter, he walked in, took the packages, and backed out. "Good night," he said, as he disappeared through the outside door. "I'll send Cherokee Bill around next time when I know there is stuff in the till."

"You can send your whole d—d gang," yelled the agent after the departing desperado. "They can't bluff me. Now I know you're in town I'll be prepared for you or any of the gang that calls."

Such little episodes as these help to make the life of the station agents cheerful down in the Territory, and relieve the monotony of stamping tickets, hustling freight, loading cattle, and numerous other duties that they are called upon to perform.

FUTURE OF THE NEGRO.

Dr. Washington's Address at Madison Square Garden Last Night.

Dr. Booker T. Washington, the negro orator, made the principal speech at the meeting held in the concert hall of Madison Square Garden last night under the auspices of the Armstrong Association of this city. The object of the meeting was to awaken interest in the work of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial School in Alabama, of which Dr. Washington is principal, and in the Hampton Institute in Virginia.

The address of Dr. Washington was preceded by speeches eulogistic of Lincoln and of Gen. Armstrong, the founder of the Hampton Institute, by the Rev. Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall and Robert C. Ogden. William E. Dodge presided in the place of Grover Cleveland, who had been announced as the Chairman, but did not come.

Mr. Dodge aroused great enthusiasm by his reference to the work which was being done for the colored people by Paul Dunbar, the negro poet, who was in the audience; by Turner, the negro artist, in Paris, and by Dr. Washington. Dr. Washington said:

"I believe that the second birth, this new baptism of the race into the best methods of agriculture, mechanical and commercial life and respect for labor, will bring blessings not less than those given us by our Great Emancipator whose birthday we celebrate here.

"Freedom from debt, comfortable homes, profitable employment, intelligence, bring a self-respect and confidence without which no race can get on its feet. During the years of slavery we were shielded from competition. To-day, unless we prepare to compete with the rest of the world, we shall go to the wall as a race.

"In the present condition of my race, that knowledge of chemistry will mean most which will make forty bushels of corn grow where only twenty bushels have grown; that knowledge of mathematics will be most helpful that will make a three-room cottage to replace the one-room cabin; that literature most potent which will give the girl a thorough knowledge of modern household economy. The race sees it, the race wants it—you push the button and we will do the rest. All this not as an end but as a means to the higher life. It is beyond our duty to set metes and bounds upon the aspirations and achievements of any race, but it is our duty to see that the foundation is fitly laid.

"It is a hard thing to put much Christianity into a hungry man. There is one thing in which my race can excel yours: you can beat us in thinking; in feeling we can beat you.

"Those who revere the name of Lincoln should see to it that we do not fail in the reaping of the full fruit of his life and martyrdom. In this matter let us take high ground. The negro who has learned to love the white man is tenfold greater than the white man who has learned to hate a negro. I propose that the negro shall take his place upon the high and undisputed ground of usefulness and generosity, and that he invite the white man to step up and occupy this position with him.

"From this position I would have the negro forgive the past and adjust himself to the present. From this position I would have him teach that no race can harm another race without itself being dragged down. So long as my race is submerged in poverty and ignorance in the black belt of the South, so long as with hooks of steel will we retard the upward growth of the white man in the South. If the negro's degradation tempts one to steal his ballot, remember that it is the one who commits the theft that is permanently injured. You owe it not less to yourselves than to your white brethren in the South that this load be lifted from their shoulders."

OFF FOR ALASKA.

Yukon Relief Expedition Leaves Seattle—Other Vessels Sail.

SEATTLE, Wash., Feb. 12.—The ship Lucile, under convoy of the tug Sea Lion, departed for Skagway to-night. This vessel was chartered by the Government to carry troops and provisions, constituting the Yukon-Klondike relief expedition. There were 110 pack mules, 130 experienced Government packers, and a detachment of regulars under the command of two officers.

The dredger Pauline Warner and the tender Alpha sailed from this port to-night with twenty-one men hailing from New York city. Their destination is southeastern Alaska, and then westward. The expedition is in charge of William Bantze of Portland, Or., and is provisioned for a cruise of two years. Rivers and inlets along the coast will be dredged and prospected for gold. All the men accompanying the expedition are pecuniarily interested. They represent various professions and trades. Two of them are physicians.

The contractors for the Teslin, Hootalinqua and Klondike Railroad have been here endeavoring to obtain transportation to Fort Wrangell of 400 horses and 1,000 men to work on the new line. They find it a difficult matter to secure vessels at any price. Their contract calls for the completion of 120 miles of road by September next.

SMALL RIOT AT BRADLEY BEACH.

Firemen, Ousted by Police, Resist; Fight Followed by Ten Arrests.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Feb. 12.—The feud between the members of the Volunteer Fire Department and the Borough Council at Bradley Beach culminated to-night in the arrest of ten members of the department.

The fire company refused to vacate the engine house when ordered to do so by the Council. At noon to-day the police took possession. Then the firemen assembled in force, and, after breaking an entrance to the engine house, a small riot took place between the police officers, constables and firemen.

Revolvers and clubs were flourished. Several firemen were roughly handled. Joseph Woolley was struck on the head with a hammer. Constables Samuel S. White and Thomas S. Huggins who, with Marshal Maddox, were attempting to hold the fort, were assaulted by the firemen.

After the mêlée was over Mayor Yarnall and several of the Councilmen swore out warrants for about twenty of the assailing party. Justice Dodd held several of the accused under $500 bail for the Grand Jury.

ZOLA DEMONSTRATION AT YALE.

Seniors to Parade in Honor of Dreyfus's Champion on Monday Night.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Feb. 12.—Yale boys were cheated this afternoon of their plan of holding a gigantic Zola demonstration. All the morning was spent by the seniors who room in Vanderbilt Hall in preparing placards labelled "Vive le Zola!" and other expressions of enthusiasm for the French novelist and reformer. Some of the placards contained red-hot epithets against Esterhazy and others had eulogies of Dreyfus.

The march was to start at 2 o'clock this afternoon, but a heavy rain was falling, and the idea was given up till Monday, when, it was said tonight, it will surely take place. The seniors purpose to leave Vanderbilt Hall for the French district, and, after parading Green and St. John streets with their transparencies, to pause in front of the only French Catholic church in the city, the St. Louis monastery of Chestnut street, where an address will be delivered extolling Zola.

GLASS EATER HAD A JAG.

Max Kessler Drank His Beer, Chewed His Glass and Smashed a Window.

Max Kessler, 21 years old, a butcher, of 342 Central avenue, Jersey City, prides himself on his ability to eat glass, and after he has accumulated a jag he insists on giving exhibitions of his ability. On Friday night Kessler went into Carl Hagen's saloon in Central avenue and ordered a glass of beer. After drinking the beer he offered to bet drinks for the crowd that he could eat the glass. No one took him up, so Kessler, to show that he was not a fakir, bit a piece from the rim of the glass and began to grind it with his teeth. He ordered another beer and repeated the glass-eating operation. The bartender protested, as the performer was only paying for the beer and not for the glass, and when Kessler ordered a third beer the bartender refused to serve it. Kessler then smashed a window and was arrested. Yesterday morning Police Justice Nevin fined him $10, and in default of payment committed him to the county jail for sixty days.

HINKEY TURNS POLITICIAN.

The Yale Football Coach Is a Candidate for President of Tonawanda Village.

TONAWANDA, N. Y., Feb. 12.—Frank Hinkey, the famous Yale football coach, has turned politician and is named as a leading candidate for the office of village President. Hinkey has to a small extent dabbled in politics during the past year, and the machine faction of the Republican party has decided to place him at the head of the ticket this spring if possible. There are several candidates for the office in the field, but the nominations will not be made before Feb. 28. Last year Hinkey was elected to the office of village trustee by the Republicans of Tonawanda. Since leaving New Haven the "silent captain" has assumed charge of a large hardware establishment in Tonawanda, but he still devotes much of his time to football. He coached the North Tonawanda High School team for the high school championship of the United States, which was played in Detroit on Christmas Day, and it is said that he will return to New Haven next fall to coach the sons of Eli throughout the entire season.

BURGLARS' DEN DISCOVERED.

A Clue Found By the Police to Many Recent Robberies in Harlem.

A lot of petty burglaries have been committed in the last month on the upper east side, and the police of both the East 104th street and the East 126th street station have been on the lookout for the thieves. Yesterday they arrested five young fellows on suspicion, and recovered a large quantity of clothing and other stolen property.

In their investigations the police learned that two suspicious young men had been keeping bachelor hall in the basement of 209 East 110th street. Detectives Meehan, Reid, and Wilmer watched the place, and yesterday afternoon they arrested two men who came out with a large gripsack. The men said they were James Reynolds, who refused his address, and Frank Thomas of Syracuse. The gripsack contained a full dress suit, some silver napkin rings, and a lot of other stuff. Both of these men are known to the police. They were locked up and another watch set on the house.

About 9 o'clock last night three more young fellows entered. Meehan followed them, while Reid remained outside. When Meehan got inside one of the men jumped through a rear window and over a fence and thence ran to Third avenue. Reid pursued him. The fugitive fired one shot at the detective without hitting him, but surrendered as soon as Reid drew his revolver. The other two made no effort to escape. The man who ran said he was John Smith. The police say his name is Baylor, and that his picture is in the Rogues' Gallery. The other two prisoners said they were Max Gluck of 1866 Third avenue and James Humphrey of 139 East 110th street. The police know nothing about them.

When the basement was searched clothing and silverware worth $200 or $300 were found. Two jimmies were also discovered between the mattresses of the bed. Part of the property was identified by Adolph Heyman of 62 East 111th street, whose house was robbed a week ago last night.

MAY PROVE TO BE WIFE MURDER.

Mrs. Bour's Skull Fractured by a Flatiron Thrown by Her Husband.

Mrs. Kate Bour of 601 West Forty-ninth street was recently deserted by her husband John, who is a cook. Yesterday she obtained at the West Fifty-fourth Street Court a summons for him, and at 1 o'clock in the afternoon took it to a tailor shop at 36 West Bleecker avenue, where he has been staying since he left her.

She carried in her arms a three-months-old baby. Bour was in the shop, and his wife handed him the summons. Then she started to leave. As she turned away Bour picked up a flatiron and threw it at her. It struck her on the side of the head. The baby dropped from her arms and she fell unconscious to the floor.

She recovered consciousness while Surgeon McNiden of Roosevelt Hospital was dressing her wound, and insisted on being sent to her home. Her skull is badly fractured and she is expected to die. Coroner Zucca took her ante-mortem statement last night. Bour is under arrest. The baby was not hurt.

TWO WRONG IDENTIFICATIONS.

Lifeless Men Selected as the Victim of the East River Murder Mystery.

Two identifications of the mutilated body found in the East River were announced yesterday. The first made it that of Tom Abramson, watchman on the barge Mars, which is lying at the foot of East Sixty-first street. That identification was upset by proof that Abramson has been seen walking about in his usual health since the discovery of the body.

The second identification was made by Alexander Tasso of Ninety-second street and Third avenue, Brooklyn, who said the body was that of Samuel McHenry. He was positive about it until Capt. McCluskey learned that McHenry was at St. Joseph's Hospital, Yonkers, until yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock, when he was discharged and sent home.

A REPRIEVE FOR CLIFFORD.

Gov. Voorhees Grants a Thirty-Days' Stay to the Murderer of W. G. Wattson.

Gov. Voorhees telephoned yesterday to Warden Lennon of the county jail in Jersey City that he had granted a reprieve for thirty days to Edward Clifford, who is under sentence to be hanged on the 16th inst. for the murder of William G. Wattson, Division Superintendent of the West Shore Railroad. Warden Lennon conveyed the news to Clifford's lawyers, Allan L. McDermott, Charles J. Pesha, and former Judge Hoffman, will apply to the Court of Errors and Appeals this week to have the record amended so as to show that Clifford was tried by a struck jury, which, it is claimed, was a violation of the defendant's constitutional rights. After the Court of Errors gives a decision the case will be taken to the United States Supreme Court.

DINNER TO FRANK R. LAWRENCE.

Given by Justice Van Brunt and Largely Attended at the Lotos Club.

At the Lotos Club last evening the Hon. Charles H. Van Brunt, Presiding Justice for the Appellate Division of the city of New York, gave a dinner complimentary to Frank R. Lawrence, President of the club, which was largely attended and which was most thoroughly enjoyed by all who were present. The dinner was informal, in the sense that there was no speaking, but it was not the less a deserved tribute to the popular President of the organization.

Among those present were: Charles C. Beaman, Cephas Brainerd, Judge William N. Cohen, A. H. Kling, Judge John J. Freedman, William Henry White, Judge Morgan J. O'Brien, Judge Chester B. McLaughlin, and others.

CO-EDS AGAINST CIGARETTES.

University of Michigan Men Mustn't Smoke on the Campus.

DETROIT, Mich., Feb. 12.—Hereafter no self-respecting student or professor at the University of Michigan is to smoke cigarettes in the corridors of the buildings or on the campus. The young woman students have issued this edict. A series of indignation meetings have been held, and it is a settled thing that "nasty" cigarettes must go. It was announced to-day that the girls would take the matter before the Board of Regents at once and insist that an anti-cigarette rule be adopted. The girls say that they are obliged to pass through crowds of male students and many instructors, and seem to delight in puffing clouds of nauseating smoke in their faces. The fumes fill corridors and recitation rooms.

A GIRL'S SUICIDE AT FIFTEEN.

Lily Guizof Was a Hunchback and So She Killed Herself with Carbolic Acid.

Lily Guizof, 15 years old, of 145 Madison street, committed suicide in her room last night. She was a dwarf and a hunchback, and her companions jeered her and teased her because she was small and quick-tempered. Recently she brooded over this so much that she was on the verge of nervous prostration.

Last night some one in her father's delicatessen store heard her groaning and she was found in her bedroom. Dr. Jones, of the Gouverneur Hospital, who was summoned, found that she had taken nearly two ounces of carbolic acid. She died a few minutes after the ambulance arrived.

NEW CIVIL SERVICE RULES.

Municipal Commission Said to Have Made Few Changes—Present Eligible Lists Abolished.

The Municipal Civil Service Commissioners have sent to the printers the copy for their new rules. The commission's report and the rules will be laid before the Mayor on Tuesday or Wednesday. It was said last night that the rules were practically the same as those in force during the Strong administration.

The present eligible lists will be abolished. It is understood that the rules must be approved by the State Civil Service Commissioners, and President Knox of the Municipal Commission is said to be confident that the new regulations will be approved.

Fordham College Glee Club Concert.

The Fordham College glee, banjo, and mandolin clubs united last night in giving a concert at Carnegie Lyceum. Every number on the programme was well received, but the one which seemed to win most favor with the large audience was "The Fordham Swells," a song with verses of local interest set to catchy music. A banjo solo by Leo J. O'Donovan, '98, and a piano solo by A. G. Rowan, 1901, were exceptionally well played. "The Frog and the Owl," sung by E. J. Fasset, 1901, and glee club was repeatedly encored, as were also glees by Maurice O'Gorman, 1900, and a chorus and a medley of Southern airs by the entire glee club. The entertainment concluded with a musical burlesque, entitled "Cycling Fordhamites," which told of the adventures in Zanzibar of two Fordham wheelmen and a camera.

Where Yesterday's Fires Were.

A. M.—3, 23 Vandam street, Patrick McGowan, damage $15; 6, 23 Park row, J. J. Astor, damage $5,000.

P. M.—6:30, 61 Pike street, damage trifling; 7:45, 525 West 125th street, A. S. Southwork, no damage; 8:40, 126 East Eighteenth street, damage $10; 9:55, 124 to 126 William street, William Kufferman, damage $1,000.

HOUSE COMMITTEE IS FOR WARD.

But Blennerhassett Mahany, Parker Man, Would Like to Seat Fairchild.

A dozen New York Republican Congressmen were in town yesterday. They talked about an important decision which the Committee on Elections of the House and the House itself will reach probably on Tuesday. Any way, the matter is reaching a head, and inasmuch as nearly all New York State Republicans are interested in the subject, most of the Congressmen talked with believed that the time had come to write something about it. It concerns the seat now occupied by Congressman William Lukens Ward of Port Chester, who is the Representative in Congress for the Sixteenth New York district. His seat has been contested by the former Republican Representative of the district, Benjamin Fairchild.

Mr. Fairchild's friends for the last year have been conducting a sturdy campaign in New York and Washington to unseat Ward, and Ward has not let the grass grow under his feet to prevent this.

The Congressmen who talked about the matter last night said that the House Committee on Elections would undoubtedly vote in favor of Ward, and they went on to say that of the twenty-eight Republican Congressmen from the State of New York only two or three would vote in the House in favor of Fairchild. These three were Richard Cutts Shannon of the Thirteenth, James R. Howe of the Sixth, and Rowland Blennerhassett Mahany of the Thirty-second district. It was not at all sure that Mr. Howe will vote against Mr. Ward, but his predilections, it was added, have been for Mr. Fairchild.

The talk about this matter elicited an important incident in the short Congressional career of Mr. Mahany. The New York Congressmen who gave the information said that Mr. Mahany was well aware that they were stating the facts when they made it known that a short time ago Mr. Mahany was at the Imperial Hotel in New York city, and that he then and there publicly declared that he voted in November last for Alton B. Parker, the Democratic candidate for Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals. Friends of Mr. Mahany at the time, according to their story last night, took him to task for his public declaration that he voted for Mr. Parker. They went on to tell Mr. Mahany that he was elected as a Republican Congressman, and that he had received honors at the hands of the Republican party, and that it came with poor grace from him to declare publicly that he voted for a candidate of the Democratic party who stood on the Chicago platform of 1896. Speaker Reed and others have never taken Mr. Mahany seriously and possibly the information concerning his vote for Mr. Parker should not be regarded as of too much importance; but nevertheless, it was added, it will do no harm to have it made known that Mr. Mahany, elected as a Republican Congressman, publicly tells that he voted in November last for a candidate for the highest office in the gift of the people of the State at the time—one who had renounced his allegiance to Mr. Bryan and the Chicago platform of 1896.

NEW ROCHELLE DEMOCRATS SPLIT.

Leader Michael J. Dillon Turned Down by the Local Democratic Club.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Feb. 12.—The Democratic Club last night turned down Michael J. Dillon, who has been leader of the local Democrats for twenty years, and has been prominent in his party in Westchester county. The local Democrats had divided into two wings, the Dillonites and the followers of ex-Police Captain Charles McGuirk. The contest for supremacy reached a climax last night when McGuirk and his followers went to the Democratic Club in the Lambden building to hold a meeting to set dates for the primaries for the town election. Dillon had received a tip that they were coming, and he had the doors locked, the windows barred, the lights put out, and the knob removed from the front door. McGuirk's followers broke a panel out of the door, cut the wire, and rushed in.

The McGuirk faction had held their meeting and decided to call the primaries for Feb. 26, when Dillon, accompanied by a policeman, appeared. Dillon said he was the lessee of the hall, and the policemen ordered the mob out. Dillon will call a meeting of his supporters. The McGuirk faction say Dillon is dead so far as leadership in New Rochelle is concerned.

BAKER DEFEATS BURLEIGH.

He Carries All but Two Towns in Washington County Republican Caucuses.

WHITEHALL, N. Y., Feb. 12.—The result of the Republican caucuses in Washington county is an overwhelming victory for I. V. Baker. The reformers, with former Congressman Burleigh at the head, were routed in nearly every town. The returns to-night indicate that Burleigh has carried two towns only out of the seventeen in the county, and will go into the next County Convention with only fifteen delegates. The closest contest was in Fort Edward, which was carried for Baker by one majority. In Whitehall there was a bitter fight, six ballots being cast, and the result gave Burleigh a majority of 66. He won his own town on the strength of his announcing his candidacy for Congress.

The result of the caucuses places Washington county strongly in the Platt column. It means a Platt Assemblyman to succeed Charles Amos. Hughes will have the Washington county delegates to the Senate Convention. Washington county's delegates to the next State Convention will be solidly for Platt. The next Board of Supervisors is wrested from the control of Burleigh, and Baker will have a working majority of six in that body. Baker carried his own town by 345 to 57.

Tammany Committee to Pacify the Annex.

Tammany Hall's Executive Committee met yesterday afternoon and for half an hour discussed the troubles in the Westchester annex, where the General Committee is engaged in a fight over the leadership, which is now held by Thomas J. Mulligan. The Executive Committee appointed a sub-committee, made up of Augustus W. Peters, James J. Martin and George W. Plunkitt, to investigate and report.

Testimonial to Uncle George Deane.

The Republicans of the Seventh Assembly district presented last night at the Lincoln Club an illuminated set of complimentary resolutions to George B. Deane, the Treasurer of the County Committee. Mr. Deane was the leader of the district for years up to last fall, when he retired, and the presentation last night was in recognition of his long and faithful service to the party.

S. P. C. A. MUST PAY FOR THE DOG.

Mulcted in $200 for Destroying a Bull Terrier Captured in a Raid.

Judge James S. Irwin of the First District Court in Jersey City, who was recently appointed Prosecutor, has given a decision in a dog case which was tried before him about a month ago. About a year ago the police made a raid on a dog fight at the instigation of George M. McCarthy, President of the S. P. C. A. The two fighting dogs, one of them a bull terrier named Shambroke, were confiscated by the society, brought to the society's headquarters in this city, and asphyxiated. The owner of Shambroke, a man named Farrell, brought suit against the S. P. C. A. for $200, which he declared was the value of the fighting bull terrier. Judge Irwin decided that the dog had not been confiscated in accordance with the statutes, and, as the defendant had not questioned the alleged value of the dog, judgment would be given for the plaintiff for the full amount.

MAIL WAGON DRIVER ARRESTED.

Accused of Stealing Twelve Registered Packages from the Wagon He Drove.

Patrick Skelly, driver of a mail wagon, arrested by Post Office Inspector King upon a charge of having stolen twelve registered packages from the wagon in his charge, was held under $2,500 bail yesterday by Commissioner Shields for examination to-morrow afternoon.

Chief Post Office Inspector Ashe and his subordinates refused to give details of the case, for the reason that they believe Skelly to be a member of a gang which has been robbing the mails for some time.

Chicago's Bold Thugs.

CHICAGO, Feb. 12.—J. M. Hannan, an employee of the Pullman Palace Car Company, was held up and robbed on the lake front, opposite the Auditorium Hotel, last evening. Two robbers throttled him in plain view of the brilliantly lighted hotel, and fled after securing $20. D. H. Harris, in charge of the telephones at the Auditorium Hotel, left a car at Halsted street about 2 o'clock this morning and started toward his home. Three men sprang from an alley, and while two pinioned his arms behind him, the third robber searched his pockets, securing his watch and some small change.

Mr. Clipperton Claims the Island.

CITY OF MEXICO, Feb. 12.—J. Russell Clipperton of London, England, has presented a formal claim to the Mexican Government to ownership of Clipperton Island, which was taken possession of by Mexico a few weeks ago. The English claimant alleges that the island was discovered by and named after an ancestor of his who accompanied Capt. Cook in his famous South Sea voyage.

YACHTING.

Jarvis Returns Home and Makes an Interesting Report of His Mission.

A. Jarvis, the delegate from the North American Yacht Racing Union, returned yesterday from his quest to the British Yacht Racing Association, and made his report at a special meeting of the council of the main body of American yachtsmen that was held last night at the Hotel Imperial. The other members of the council that assembled were Newbury D. Lawton, Atlantic Y. C.; Commodore H. A. Prime, New York Yacht Racing Association; W. P. Stephens, Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.; A. D. F. Bancroft, Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia, and Frank Bowne Jones, Secretary of the Long Island Yacht Racing Association.

Contrary to the meagre reports that have transpired relative to the action of the British Association of Representative Yachtsmen in the consideration of the mission intrusted to Delegate Jarvis and his associate, J. M. MacDonough, Mr. Jarvis stated that the mission was thoroughly successful. He read several letters from the association and from individual sportsmen, all of which expressed a desire for uniform measurement rules and the willingness of the writers to lend their efforts to reaching an international understanding.

"That a uniform rule would not be adopted at once was apparent," continued Delegate Jarvis, "but from the attitude of British sportsmen as well as from my own observation, I feel assured that at a future convention an ideal set of rules will be evolved that will produce not only a very fast but a seaworthy type in which the factor of comfort as well as speed will be considered."

Mr. Jarvis stated that he had not prepared his report in full for the reasons that he desired it to be as complete as possible and that points might be suggested that could be answered fully but might be overlooked should he make up his report from his notes alone.

The communications that passed between the British council and the North American representative exhibit the sportsmanlike attitude of the English yachting body toward Americans, and those who have heretofore regarded the Dunraven episode as a perpetual barrier to another international race will be agreeably surprised. Owing to the illness of Dixon Kemp, the object of Delegate Jarvis's mission was not thoroughly understood in England, and Commodore Jarvis found it necessary to go over the ground briefly when he was introduced at the first meeting that he attended. He explained that his object was not to get them to accept the American measurement rule, but to learn from them how their rule was working and the type of boat that was evolved under its restrictions. Furthermore, he desired their opinion on the subject of uniform rules. British yachtsmen are well satisfied with their present rule, and the report of a special committe that was received at the first meeting proved that this feeling was unanimous not only among yachtsmen but naval architects. They frankly stated that at present it would not be advisable to adopt the American rule, as it was practically the same as their rating rule, which was discarded two years ago in favor of the girth measurement rule that is now in vogue. A suggestion was made to him by one of the English council that it might be fair for Americans to give a trial to the girth rule for say two or three years, after which at another conference between the representatives of the two bodies a better one might be adopted.

Commodore Jarvis brought back with him diagrams of the midship sections of the most noted productions by Fife, Watson, Payne, Soper, Hope, and Nicholson, which were given to him with the understanding that they would not be published.

They all show that the girth rule provides for a big roomy boat with a much larger cross section than was designed under the old rule, and consequently for a more powerful craft that, in his opinion, could be still further improved on this side of the water.

RIAFL ATHLETIC CLUBS TIED.

The Boston and Knickerbocker Experts Evenly Matched at Indoor Sport.

The interclub match between the Boston A. A. and the Knickerbocker A. C. in various branches of indoor sports was finished in the local clubhouse, Madison avenue and Forty-fifth street, last night, and resulted in a tie. Two weeks ago the Knickerbockers visited Boston for the first series of events and were beaten by the home experts by a score of 6 points to 4. Billiards, pool, water polo, bowling, and shooting made up the programme last night, and in order to win the tournament the Boston clubmen were called upon to make only 5 points out of a possible 10, which would have placed the final figures at 11 to 9. The system of scoring was based upon this method:

Two points for the winner of the water polo game; two points for the team scoring highest in three bowling games; two points for the winner of the shoot; one point for the winner of each of two billiard and pool games.

The Boston men arrived here in the afternoon in a special car, and were royally received at the big clubhouse. There were twenty men representing the Hub on various teams, and they were accompanied by as many rooters. After dinner the different contests began and the clubhouse was soon crowded with enthusiastic members. Down in the swimming tank, where the air was suffocating, at least two hundred members shouted and perspired as they watched the rival teams splash about in a rough game of water polo. The visitors floundered without making a goal, while the Knickerbockers made 8, of which 5 occurred in the first half and three in the second.

When this contest was at an end there was a rush for the billiard room, where two cleverly played games, at fourteen-inch balk line, were being played. Both were won by the Knickerbocker experts, Dr. C. Miller, K. A. C., defeated Charles Threshie, B. A. A., by 200 points to 183, in thirty-nine innings; Miller's high run was 75 and his average 5 5-39. In the other game, L. L. Mial, K. A. C., won from S. H. Hooper, B. A. A., by 200 points to 127 in forty-four innings; Mial's high run was 30 and his average 4 6-11. This made in all four points for the Knickerbockers. The Boston men won two pool games, Hall defeating Croll, 125 to 119, while in the second game Hawes scored 125 while Cole, K. A. C., was running up 107.

There was a high old time in the bowling alleys, where the Bostonians were showing their rivals how to knock the pins over for keeps. In three games played the visitors proved triumphant, the scores standing: 779 to 754, 865 to 762, and 863 to 719 in their favor.

This victory made the total scores, including those of the contests held previously in Boston, stand as follows: Boston A.A., 10; Knickerbocker A. C. 8. It was, therefore, a question as to which club could win the shoot. The Knickerbockers were successful by a score of 746 to 700. This made the contest a tie.

The New English Pugilist Makes a Good Start.

YONKERS, Feb. 12.—Geoffreys Larremore Thorne, Sam Fitzpatrick's English middleweight, fought Harry Fischer, Brooklyn's well-known boxer, to almost a standstill before a large crowd at the Waverly A. C. to-night. Thorne, who stands over 6 feet tall, arrived at the clubhouse attired in a full dress suit, tall hat and patent leather shoes. He had a decided advantage over Fischer in weight and reach, and he easily outclassed his stocky opponent in point of cleverness. The Englishman showed a good left hand, which caused Fischer's left eye to close. The decision of Referee Edwards was a draw, although the Englishman held a decided advantage so far as points were concerned, and he left the ring unscratched.

In the preliminaries two draws resulted, one between Eddie Hayes and Frank Collier and the other between Jack Fox and Frank Casey.

Annual Sales over 6,000,000 Boxes

BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS

such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Giddiness, Fulness after meals, Headache, Dizziness, Drowsiness, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Costiveness, Blotches on the Skin, Cold Chills, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations.

THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. Every sufferer will acknowledge them to be

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore Females to complete health. They promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the system and cure Sick Headache. For a

Weak Stomach
Impaired Digestion
Disordered Liver
IN MEN, WOMEN OR CHILDREN
Beecham's Pills are
Without a Rival

And have the LARGEST SALE of any Patent Medicine in the World.

25c. at all Drug Stores.

Arnold, Constable & Co.

Spring Dress Fabrics.

Gren