JONAH A REFORMED BEAR.

SAM CRAIG THINKS HIS LUCK HAS CHANGED AT LAST.

Varied Misfortunes That Befell a New Brunswick Trapper—Bad Behavior of the Bear That Was His Only Comfort—Climax Supplied by a Burning House and a Trap.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Jan. 15.—Some of the American professors of animal anatomy who held post mortems on provincial moose this autumn will easily recall a slim, long-featured guide named Sam Craig who lives at Upper Keswick. Craig is a woodsman of rare skill, but he is one of those victims of fickle fortune who are being continually visited by a pat hand when there isn't a nickel in the pot and by a crooked straight or other mongrel combination whenever there is something in sight really worth raking in. He is irrevocably down on his luck. He has been married now about four years, in which time he has been twice burned out by forest fires and twice been the father of twins.

The winter before last Sam ranged the spruce woods of Cains River and picked about 300 pounds of gum. When the gum was cleaned up it weighed 175 pounds. On the day it was to be shipped to the Boston market and within an hour of the time of the arrival of the train, the freight shed at Upper Keswick burned down and all the gum went up in smoke, leaving only ashes and adjectives for Sam. That was in the month of August. In the following month of September he was engaged as guide by a wealthy American who offered him $100 for a shot at a bull moose. Craig hunted hard and faithfully for three long weeks to win the reward, but saw nothing save cows and calves, and the underfoot went home empty-handed. The very next day two large bull moose and one cow calmly sauntered into his back field. He is a cool and deadly marksman and would have bagged both bulls easily, which would have netted him about $150, but while he was coming from the house with his gun the moose were routed by a neighbor's dog and only offered him a running shot. Under these adverse conditions he fired at the fleeing herd, missed the bulls and killed the cow. By reason of this knockdown of fate he was closely pursued by the game warden of the district and had to hide in the woods for several weeks until the thing blew over. He lost not only the carcass of the cow, which was seized, but also the chance to guide two other parties of sportsmen by whom he had been engaged. Even then his pursuing Nemesis had a other rod in pickle for him. When the October moon was at the full Sam was calling moose one evening at Gaspereaux Lake. He had a horse, a fine four-year-old Clydesdale, securely stalled, as he thought, in a hovel near the camp. As the sportsman and Sam sat shivering in the fog a moose answered several times. Then there was an interval of silence, and then a large animal walked out of the shadows and appeared on the shore of the lake. A good many shots were fired and after the smoke of battle cleared away the animal was found lying dead as last year's almanac within a few yards of the shore. The fact that the moose was of the Clydesdale breed and wore a halter where his horns should have been did not seem to surprise Sam in the least.

For the past three years almost the only comfort Sam has had in the midst of his afflictions has been a pet bear that he captured when a cub. Just to show his contempt for destiny's designs, Sam called him by the name of Jonah. The cub was as playful as a kitten and a centre of interest to strangers. He was tethered to an apple tree by a long rope and his den was a lime cask lined with straw. Unless offered by a lump of sugar or a pail of milk, the cub never made a complete circuit of the tree, but always travelled in a semi-circle at the end of the rope. When he reached the end of the path he would hop over the rope with his back feet first before starting on the return trip. Upon this path he would gallop back and forth for hours every day without apparent fatigue. If a strange dog appeared Jonah shinned up the tree and whined until the intending assailant was scared off. This was when he was only a few months old. By the time he was six months old he had lost his fear of dogs and showed a great desire to play with them. Much interest was taken in speculations as to whether he would den up for the winter. In December there came severe cold and a heavy fall of snow, but Jonah still gambolled up and down his path through the drifts all day and poked his nose out of the cask bright and early every morning. On New Year's Day he fell asleep in the cask and did not wake up for six weeks.

When spring arrived Sam used to lead the cub into the woods with him on his trapping expeditions. He soon found that no rope was needed, as Jonah would follow him like a dog. On one occasion Sam went into the woods leaving Jonah tied up in the barn. After he had been absent some hours the bear broke his fast, tore down the door of the stable and followed the trail of his master for many miles until he found him. Whenever Sam was preparing a decoy call Jonah squatted on his haunches and watched the operation with unflagging interest. As soon as the call was finished he invariably walked in at the entrance and climbed out through the top without disturbing the bait. The scent thus left by Jonah seemed to allsam the fears of other bears, and they fell easy victims.

In the same territory where Sam used to take about a dozen bears every spring he now took twenty. If a male bear was taken in one of these deadfalls Jonah would attack his dead relatives in death. If the females were the bear he whined and grunted and showed signs of earnest grief. A lynx, wildcat or black cat found alive in a steel trap he would pounce upon without hesitation, and, though sometimes severely mauled, eventually settled the dispute with a blow of his powerful paw. He would even attack a porcupine when his master was present, but never in his absence.

In front of Sam's house a little stream called McKinney Brook crossed the road, in which small trout and chub were plentiful. Jonah would station himself under the bridge and fish there for hours, scooping out the fish with a sudden swipe of his paw. One day a wandering peddler gave Jonah a slice of maple sugar with bee's honey. Jonah became very drunk and acted very much as the peddler himself would have done under similar circumstances, staggering in his gait, colliding with objects in his way and demanding more gin. After Jonah got sober he attacked the peddler whenever he came near the house.

Despite his many virtues, Jonah in his youthful days was an incorrigible thief. Nothing in the provision line that he could reach was safe from his prying nose and hungry stomach. On one occasion he burned his paws severely in a pan of fat pork, and never afterward went near the stove. He still considered everything he could find out of doors his legitimate prey. In the spring, when he was two years old, he wined out all the turkeys on the farm except the old gobbler. When the latter swelled up and ruffled his feathers, Jonah's heart failed, and he beat a retreat.

Last spring Jonah was three years old. He was then a full-grown bear, weighing 350 pounds, with a thick coat of jet black fur. To see the big fellow quietly following his master over the forest trails was a sight to be remembered. He now began to wander through the woods for weeks and hunt for berries in the back fields, always turning up at sundown and sleeping in the barn. He had by this time become a source of some fear, as well as annoyance, to the people in the neighborhood. The children were afraid to pass him on their way to school, and divers sheep that mysteriously disappeared from the settlement were chalked up to his account. It is believed that one of the neighbors, knowing that Jonah in his travels frequented a certain hillside ridge where blueberries were thick, deliberately set a steel trap for him.

One evening last fall Jonah failed to come home as usual at eightfoll, but Sam gave the matter only a passing thought. Upon going to bed Sam left the lamp burning in the kitchen, as one of his children was ill with the croup. About the middle of the night the inmates of the house were aroused by an unearthly racket. Jonah was heard out in the yard roaring and howling, and before Sam could slip on his trousers the frantic animal smashed in the door and entered the kitchen with a steel trap fast to his foreleg. Attached to the trap was a chain with a heavy clog. He had evidently dragged them a long distance to seek his master's help, but the pain he was suffering made the bear so wild that Sam was at his wits' end to think of any plan by which the trap could be removed. The bear beat the trap against the walls and doors of the kitchen, knocked down the stove, split the table into kindling wood and finally upset the lamp and set the house on fire.

The scene was then one of wild confusion. Sam and his wife half choked with smoke, tried to extinguish the fire with quilts and buckets of water, the terrified children were crying and the bear was screaming with rage and demolishing the furniture. In one of his blind plunges the bear smashed the clock and brought it down on the trapper's head. Sam then left his wife to fight the fire and rushed to the shed for his axe. The frenzied bear followed him and forced him into the dooryard. There Sam struck Jonah twice with the axe and left him for dead. Hastening into the kitchen Sam discovered that his wife had subdued the flames. Then he returned to the dooryard to make sure of finishing the bear, but as a second thought struck him he secured a handspike and succeeded in removing the trap. Almost immediately the bear, who had only been stunned by the blows, revived and showed his gratitude by whining in the most affectionate way and licking his master's face and hands.

Human nature is about the same article in the back settlements as elsewhere. When the neighbors gathered around next morning and learned how Sam had been afflicted they subscribed $50 to make good the loss he had suffered by the fire. The man who was supposed to have set the steel trap was conspicuously absent, but the next day he came and shook hands quietly with Sam and presented to Jonah a new brass collar. Jonah is now a reformed bear in the fullest sense of the term, never molesting the gobbler or the neighbors' sheep, nor straying far in the woods unless accompanied by his master. Sam is reinvested, too, for he is confident that his luck has turned.

$3,000 JEWEL ROBBERY ON PARK ROW.

Pawnbroker Price Accuses a Former Clerk Selling the Articles.

Michael Price, a pawnbroker at 146 Park row, reported the loss of $3,000 worth of jewels yesterday morning. Price accuses a clerk who had been in his employ until a week ago yesterday of selling the jewelry. The articles taken, according to Price's list given to the police of the Elizabeth street station, were as follows: Three diamond breastpins, $800; nineteen diamond bracelets, $500; one pair of diamond earrings, $500; one diamond, nine carats, $275; three-diamond cluster ring, $300; two diamond rings, $200; two pairs earrings, $200; a diamond brooch, $75, and a breastpin, $25. These, Price is certain, are gone. How much more is missing he does not know. He keeps no books, and his diamonds and other jewels are not listed.

A little after 7 o'clock yesterday morning Mike Halpern of 15 Eldridge street, Price's clerk, opened the store. Trade is heavy on Saturdays, and so when the former clerk came to the store and told Halpern that Price had hired him to work that day Halpern put him to work filling the showcases. The young man had worked in the store for two months, but had been discharged a week ago.

Halpern says that the clerk worked faithfully for half an hour and then complained of a stomachache and said he was going to a drug store nearby for some medicine. He was gone a good while and Halpern felt a little worried. The two had been handling a lot of diamonds which were to be put in the window.

Halpern sent Manuel Cohen, the errand boy of the place, to Price's home, at 101 Park row, to ask if he had hired the young man. Price said no and went to the shop in a hurry. He examined the window and the open safe and then sent to the Elizabeth street station to say that he had been robbed. The little pasteboard box which contained all the articles now missing was found to be empty. They were the pick of Price's stock, and were kept separate from the carded diamonds. The box was on one of the shelves of his safe. In the drawers below were a number of other articles, some of which Price thinks are missing.

Detectives Tousma and Milholland of the Elizabeth street station are at work on the case.

WOULD IMPEACH MAYOR FISKE.

A Committee of Seven to Lay Charges Before Gov. Roosevelt.

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y., Jan. 21.—A public meeting was held to-night in Ferguson Hall, and a committee consisting of seven prominent citizens was named to draw up charges against Mayor Edwin W. Fiske, who, it is alleged, violated his oath of office in his rulings at the meetings of the Board of Aldermen in reference to the granting of a trolley franchise. The meeting was called to order by Charles Hill Wilson, and A. Noel Blakeman was chosen as permanent chairman. Joseph S. Wood, President of the Board of Education, read a statement of the case, and said that the air was filled with rumors of a deal that favored the granting of a franchise to the New York, West Chester and Connecticut Traction Company. The City Clerk held up the application of a rival company, he said. The Mayor sought to be impeached, he thought, and charges should be made to Gov. Roosevelt. Speeches condemning the Mayor were made by George J. Ryan, George H. Crawford, and Charles Hill Wilson.

On motion of Lieut. Henry E. Rhoades, a resolution was adopted calling for the appointment of a committee to present charges against the Mayor to the Governor. The committee named was as follows: Joseph S. Wood, J. M. Lockhart, John E. Bryant, Charles Hill Wilson, George O. Beach, John D. Pease and George H. Crawford.

DISBARRED BY JUDGE SCHATZ.

Serious Unexplained Trouble Between Him and Lawyer W. G. Conklin.

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y., Jan. 21.—Judge Schatz of the Court of Special Sessions created a sensation this morning at the trial of Raphael Moffo, the boy burglar, by publicly disbarring William G. Conklin from practice before him. The proceedings were witnessed by several hundred people, who had assembled to hear the trial. Mr. Conklin is the assistant Corporation Counsel of Mount Vernon. He was present to represent William J. Marshall, the Corporation Counsel, who was to have looked after the interests of the complainant in the trial. When the case was called Conklin stepped up to the bar and started to address the Judge.

Judge Schatz ignored him. "Is Corporation Counsel Marshall in court?" he inquired in a loud voice.

"No, your Honor," replied Court Clerk Collins. "He is unable to be present, but Mr. Conklin is here to represent him."

Turning to Conklin, Judge Schatz said: "Conklin, you cannot practice in this court while I am the Judge."

Conklin looked at the Judge dumfounded, and then wheeled about suddenly and left the room without a word.

Judge Schatz postponed the case until Monday morning and then adjourned the court. He refused to give an explanation of his action except to say that it was for a good and sufficient reason.

EDDY-RAMSEY FEUD RENEWED.

Several Men Said to Have Been Killed in the Tennessee Mountains.

MORRISTOWN, Tenn., Jan. 21.—Word has been received here that the Eddy-Ramsey feud was resumed in Hancock county, on the Tennessee and Virginia line, yesterday, and that several men were killed. The trouble between these factions began over a year ago, when one of the Eddy family killed one of the Ramseys. These are two of the best known families in the mountains of Tennessee. A few days ago trouble started again between them, and one man was killed and another so badly wounded that he will die. The conflict of yesterday, which was a battle in which a score or more of men took part, was the immediate result of the tragedy just mentioned.

More than 100 shots were fired. The place where the battle occurred is so isolated that it will be almost impossible to learn the particulars in the civilized parts of Tennessee under two days.

WAR SENATORS IN WEST VIRGINIA.

Decision That Two Legislators Who Fought in the War May Take Their Seats.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Jan. 21.—The special committee appointed by the Senate this afternoon decided that Senators Getzendanner and Pierson were entitled to their seats and will so report on Monday. Both are Republicans and at the beginning of the war with Spain took army commissions. Democrats sought to unseat them on the ground that they could not hold civil office, although their terms were not ended.

Attorney-General Rucker appeared for the Republicans. Senators Fast and Cole, who were appointed on the committee by the Republicans, have refused to serve and are opposed to the unseating plan mapped out by their party. The Senatorial situation is much mixed tonight, and the election of Scott is in serious doubt.

LINEMAN'S FRIGHTFUL FALL.

Got a Stunning Electric Shock at the Top of a 125-Foot Pole.

James Casey, an inspector of wires for the Westchester and Northern Telephone Company, climbed the 125-foot pole at Union avenue and Second street, West Chester, yesterday afternoon, to look up a leak at that point. A number of electric light wires are strung on a cross arm at the top of the pole, and Casey accidentally touched one of them. The shock threw him to the ground.

His back was broken and his body was horribly bruised and cut. The Fordham Hospital surgeons say there is no hope for his recovery.

Casey is 25 years old, and lived at 124 Lexington avenue with his wife and two sons, 8 and 6 years old. He has been in the employ of the Westchester and Northern Telephone Company for about a year.

Hugh McLaughlin's Daughter Engaged.

It was announced yesterday that Miss Laura McLaughlin, the younger daughter of ex-Register Hugh McLaughlin, the veteran Democratic manager in Brooklyn, was engaged to Dr. James A. Roache of 150 McDonough street, and that their marriage would be likely to take place in the fall. Miss McLaughlin is at present in Florida with her parents. The marriage of her sister Nellie to the late Dr. Carroll about ten years ago was a notable event. The wedding presents were valued at over $100,000.

Real Estate and Apartments.

No other paper affords such advantages for reaching the purchaser and tenant as THE SUN. Then, 400, they are to 1½ depended on.—Ads.

EXPLOITS OF A MAINE COOK

LUXURIES IN THE WOODS FOR HIM WHO KNOWS THE TRICK.

This Party of Hunters Was Starving When Leonce Kingman Came Along and Evolved Frog's Legs, Terrapin Stew, Turtle Steaks, Salads, and Chickens.

"Terrapin served Philadelphia style, turtle steaks and soup, frogs' legs and salads—these sound fine for the menu of a hunting camp; and it will try your belief a little when I tell you that the material for these dishes was found within a mile of our camp, in the Maine woods, but, all the same, it is a fact, and I will tell you the particulars," said F. G. Compton, a New York man, who is fond of hunting. "It all was owing to the genius—I won't use a weaker word—of our camp cook, Leonce Kingman, that we found out so many things and lived so well. Our party of four went into the Maine woods above Moosehead, about the middle of last September, for we wanted a little fishing before the trout season closed. Starting from the Northeast Carry it was our bad luck to be afflicted with the worst curse that can befall a camping party—a lazy guide. We saw before the first week was ended that he was a hopeless case, and we turned him adrift. For two or three days we tried to do our own cooking, and then, when we were nearly starved in the midst of plenty, Leonce Kingman came along looking for work in the woods camps. He was a trim, clean, honest-looking fellow with a look and accent that suggested French blood in his veins. He did not pretend to be a guide, but said he could cook, and we engaged him on trial. After one day we made the engagement permanent: we could hunt and fish without a guide, but we could not live comfortably without a cook, and Kingman was a rare cook.

"He did not burst out upon us at once with a display of all his gifts and accomplishments, but unfolded them day by day. At first he displayed his art in the more usual lines of camp fare, in the light, fresh bread and shortcake and flapjacks, the brown baked beans from the bean hole under the campfire, and the delicious broiled trout and grouse which he served us. Then one morning at breakfast we found a dish of frogs' legs cooked à la Delmonico—the result of a little pot fishing which Leonce had been doing on his own account between camp chores. After that we had frogs' legs two or three times a week until the water got cold and the frogs that had not come to our camp went down into the mud for the winter.

"But there was a greater surprise and pleasure in store for us. Two mornings after the first dish of frogs' legs was served Leonce asked me before we made our start for an all-day's tramp if I would please to set out half a bottle of sherry from the medicine chest.

"I wish to use it in preparing a new dish to surprise you on your return," he said in his polite French way.

"We had found that Leonce could be trusted with liquor, and I gave him the wine without hesitation. Then we went away and were gone until nightfall. On our return we found the frogs' legs, the frogs were found standing into the ground under a tree, and we ate from it standing—and Leonce was cooking something that simmered under the cover of a saucepan placed over a slow fire. When we were ready to be served he removed the contents of the saucepan into a wooden platter on the table and fell to cooking a fresh installment, watching us meantime out of the corner of his eye to see how we liked the dish. It was a stew of one species of game, and we found it different and exquisite. We helped ourselves all round, each took a bite, and then we looked at one another. I found my mouthful delicious. A Philadelphian, a clubman and bon-vivant, was the first to express the universal feeling. Taking a second taste of the stew, he said:

"It isn't the Maryland sort, but it's terrapin. And it's good.

"Leonce cooked three saucepanfuls of the stew, each time on those his reserved some for himself, for there was none left in the platter when we got through. Then he told us how he got the material for the stew and showed us the shells to prove it. Looking for frogs he had found a secluded, shallow edge of a long, shallow inlet, with still water backed inshore from the stream, he had come upon a family of turtles and had gathered four of them in and brought them to camp. Either they were young turtles, or else a smaller variety than is usually seen in Maine waters, for these were about of the average size of Maryland terrapin. Two of them Leonce had parboiled, and the meat dressed with lemon juice, butter, condiments and sherry, and stewed in the saucepan by a cook—a capital C, mark you, spells the kind Leonce was—made as choice a dish as I ever saw served in a cooking club at the club.

"Two nights later we had turtle soup and steaks—terrapin, perhaps, would be a better word for the broiled bits that were served, the turtles not being of the oilpush variety—and both were fine. We had another dinner of terrapin stew and one of turtle soup and steaks when the frost sent the turtles in the logan down into the mud, just finding. But there were more surprises to come to us, by grace of our gifted cook. I forgot to mention the salads that he made from sorrel and one herb's taste of which that he found in the woods and openings. When the season got too late for these, and we had occasion to send down to Kineo for sardines, Leonce put in a special order for pickerel and steel traps. When the things arrived he set the traps in the runways the animals which we in New York and New Jersey call muskrats. At the edge of a stream he would drive a leaning stake, and stick a bit of parsnip on the end as high as a muskrat could reach when sitting up on his hind quarters. Under the piece of parsnip would be set the trap.

"Leonce got all his traps out and the next morning was skinning muskrats. When we got back camp that night there was a pot as big as the diameter of a barrel bubbling in the big kettle. There were potatoes and turnips and carrots and parsnips, and steaming among them, flavoring the whole, an abundance of delicious dark meat which we took for some chicken until we saw by the anatomical structure that it couldn't be, though we all pronounced it a bird. The stew, which was served with dumplings, did not last any longer than the previous one had lasted in former meals, and when we were all gorged and there was nothing left on the platter we asked the cook what the surprise was this time. It was musquash stew, and let me recommend it to all epicures, always provided that you have the right cook—the wrong one can bedevil musquash a little worse than any other meat in the whole range of camp fare.

"We had musquash stew again and musquash fricassee, and then, just as we were about to start out of the woods, where the snow now was lying six inches deep, Leonce astonished us once more with terrapin stew. We got an extra edge on our appetite for every drop of the thermometer, and this dish of terrapin seemed a little ahead of everything that had gone before. Guess what dish you suppose was its foundation? It was muscquash—young musquash, which Leonce had been saving from his catches ever since he began to put out his traps.

"At Greenville we parted from our cook with regrets and hopes expressed of meeting in Maine again another season. Beyond his wonderful resource and versatility as a cook we knew no more of Leonce Kingman at the end than in the beginning of our acquaintance. I have an address where a letter may reach him, but money could not hire me to reveal it. If his merits were generally known and he could be found he would be lured, I fear, to service in Porto Rico or the Philippines, where much has to be made of little in the cuisine, and I have strong reasons for wishing him to stay in Maine, where I expect to hunt and fish again next season."

MISS GOULD HELPS A CHURCH.

Sends $100 to Pastor Coons, Who Is Fighting to Close a Music Hall.

TARRYTOWN, Jan. 21.—Miss Helen M. Gould has sent a check for $100 to the Rev. Richard B. Coons, pastor of the Glenville Methodist-Episcopal Church, which she wishes to be applied toward the payment of his salary. Miss Gould has taken a great interest in the welfare and work of Mr. Coons's church, and several times recently has contributed to its support. Glenville is a little hamlet situated about one mile east of Tarrytown and the congregation of the church is necessarily small. The pastor's salary, although not large, is often hard to raise, and sometimes he goes without it. In Glenville there is a concert hall, and the trolley passing through brings lots of people. Some of the people say that Glenville is going to the bad. The church people and the pastor are hoping to close the music hall and to save those who attend it from going wrong.

Miss Gould during the past two months has attended service at the church several times. With her help Pastor Coons hopes to accomplish his purposes.

Dr. May M. Murray Married.

FLUSHING, N. Y., Jan. 21.—Dr. May M. Murray, the recently appointed Sanitary Inspector of Queens borough, was married this afternoon to Thomas M. Lowden. The bride is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William K. Murray. She graduated from the Flushing High School and then entered the Medical College of New York, from which she graduated with the degree of M.D. Several months ago she received an appointment as sanitary inspector of borough schools, but she will now resign that place. The bridegroom served five years in the Seventeenth Separate Company of the National Guard.

GERMAN DEPUTY REPROVED.

Conditions Under Which the Emperor's Speeches Must Not Be Referred To.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

BERLIN, Jan. 21.—During the debate upon the Imperial Home Office estimates in the Reichstag to-day Herr Wiemar, a member of the Freisinnige party, expressed the hope that the National Liberals would join the entire Left in opposing the bill announced in the speech from the throne for increasing the penalties imposed upon strikers attempting intimidation.

When the speaker referred to the Emperor's speech at Oeynhausen, where the idea of such a measure was first suggested, the President of the Chamber interrupted him and said that the dignity of the Chamber did not admit of notice being taken of speeches of which authentic versions had not been published.

PAUL DEROULEDE GOING TO NICE.

Rumors That the Leader of the League of Patriots Was Badly Hurt in a Duel.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, Jan. 22.—A dispatch from Paris to the *Sunday Times* says that M. Paul Déroulède, leader of the League of Patriots, started today for Nice, whither he has been ordered by his physician. There appears to be no doubt as to the nature of his malady. The report is still in circulation that he was badly wounded in a duel.

MME. BERNHARDT'S NEW THEATRE.

Opened with a Dress Rehearsal of "La Tosca" Before Many Celebrities.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

PARIS, Jan. 21.—What may be called the municipal inauguration of Sarah Bernhardt's new theatre took place this evening in the shape of a dress rehearsal, at which a large number of celebrities were present. Mme. Bernhardt revived "La Tosca" upon this occasion, and the production was marked by splendid scenery and all the picturesqueness of Roman accessories. The cast was excellent.

SUDERMANN'S NEW PLAY.

"The Three Heron Feathers" Mystical and a Revolt Against Realism.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

BERLIN, Jan. 21.—Hermann Sudermann's new play, "Three Heron Feathers," was produced at the Deutsche Theatre to-night. It is of a mystical nature and the product of a violent revolt against realism.

LATIN PLAY AT CAMBRIDGE.

Arrangements Being Made to Produce Plautus's "Rudens" Next Winter.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Jan. 21.—If the arrangements which are now well under way at Harvard can be carried out, the Classical Club next winter will present a Latin play in Sanders Theatre. Five years ago the club met with much success in Terence's "Phormio," and in consequence it hopes next term to present the "Rudens" of Plautus. This comedy is regarded as one of Plautus's best. The greater part of the music for the "Phormio" was composed by the late Prof. F. D. Allen. This music, to which the success of the play was greatly due, will be adapted to the "Rudens" probably by Prof. Paine. The staging of the new play will in all probability be as before, under the supervision of Profs. Greenough and Hayes.

The chief parts of the "Rudens" will be assigned by June 1. The minor parts will be decided by open competition. The women characters will be impersonated by two Radcliffe students.

AFTER THE KING MILLIONS.

Descendants of an Alleged Sister of the Late Millionaire Seeking Family Data.

NEWPORT, R. I., Jan. 21.—Mr. J. L. Anderson of Ohio, who has been here examining the family record of the late multi-millionaire, William H. King, has gone to Providence to continue his work. The members of the family which he represents reside in Missouri, Illinois, Ohio and Kentucky. They think from relics and traditions handed down to them that they are related to the Kings, but do not mean to make any claim until the relationship is established. The Kings have placed information at his disposal. He says the family he represents are children of a deceased brother of the alleged sister of the late millionaire, who eloped at an early age. The family record here shows that King had only one sister. She was named Anne and she is buried here. Mrs. E. A. Wyman, the genealogist, says that these people will in no way affect her case.

WALTER B. CHAMBERS BADLY HURT.

Thrown by a Bolting Horse on the Central Park Bridlepath.

Walter B. Chambers of 115 East Seventy-second street while riding in the bridle path in Central Park yesterday afternoon with his friend, Stowe Phelps, was thrown from his horse, which became unmanageable from some unknown reason and bolted.

A Policeman Havey chased the runaway and caught it at Ninety-sixth street and Madison avenue. Mr. Chambers was removed in a Park ambulance to his home, where the family physician was summoned. He said that Mr. Chambers was suffering from shock and concussion of the brain and was seriously hurt.

Mr. Chambers was graduated from Yale College in 1887.

PENSIONED BY THE BANK.

$3,500 a Year and a Gift of $1,000 for Mr. Ferris After Fifty Years' Service.

The directors of the Bank of New York have voted to Richard B. Ferris a testimonial of $1,000 and an annual pension of $3,500. Mr. Ferris, who was Vice-President and who retired from the bank after fifty years of service in various capacities, held a reception yesterday afternoon at the house of his son, Dr. Albert Warren Ferris, 12 East Forty-seventh street. Most of the officers and clerks of the bank were present. Mr. Ferris will make his home at Nyack.

Power Brakes for Electric and Cable Roads.

ALBANY, Jan. 21.—The State Railroad Commission is endeavoring to secure the equipment of street surface electric and cable cars with power brakes. Cars of this character are now equipped with hand brakes, differing only from those used by the antiquated horse cars in point of improvement. In view of the great weight of the cars now in use and the increased speed with which they are propelled, the commission deems the old style brakes insufficient to properly control the cars. To procure a satisfactory brake, and with the intention of recommending its use, the commission has called upon inventors to prepare for a public test, to be held under the supervision of the commission on one of the lines of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, at a date to be fixed when a sufficient number of applications for participation in the tests have been received.

Tobacco Company Incorporated.

ALBANY, Jan. 21.—The Metropolitan Tobacco Company, with principal office in New York city, was incorporated to-day by the Secretary of State, with a capital of $1,000,000, of which $500,000 is to be preferred stock and $500,000 common. The preferred stock is to be entitled to a non-cumulative 10 per cent. dividend, payable out of the net profits before anything can be paid upon the common. The company will deal in tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, pipes and all smokers' articles. The directors are Adolph D. Bendheim, Mier Bendheim, Henry Bendheim, Nathan Wise, Julius G. Miller, Moses Weinstock and Henry Lehman of New York city; Lipman Aronsberg, Casper Citron and Arthur Stern of Brooklyn, and Jacob Wolff of Yonkers.

Turning Out 400 Krag-Jorgensens a Day.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Jan. 21.—The United States arsenal here is now turning out an even 400 Krag-Jörgensen magazine rifles a day for the army. This is the largest production of guns here since 1866, when the output of Springfield rifles in much less complicated weapon) was somewhat in excess. The manufacture of 400 rifles a day it is expected will be maintained until 1900. More than 2,000 hands are employed, and the pay roll is close upon $200,000 a month.

Embezzler Snure Allowed to Visit His Wife.

Louis J. Snure, who stole $20,000 from his employers, was taken from the Tombs yesterday to see his sick wife at the home of his mother-in-law, 504 West Twenty-second street. Two detectives went with him. After half an hour's talk with his wife Snure was taken back to the Tombs.

WAS A SON OF NEW YORK.

FAMOUS MISSOURI GOVERNOR IN AN UNMARKED GRAVE.

A Genius Who Was Worshipped by Society—Carried a Pardon to a Convict—Fed His Horse from the Mansion Piano—President of a Railroad—Colonel and Beggar.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Jan. 19.—New York's young generation does not know that the Empire State gave Missouri one of its most famous Governors. He died here comparatively friendless, and there is nothing about his grave to indicate the name of the occupant or the station he had in his lifetime. But the old sexton of the cemetery likes to show strangers the place and tell them that it is the grave of Gov. R. M. Stewart. By the tottering and graybeards of St. Joseph he is still called "Bob" Stewart.

There is a story considerably well authenticated, that the Prince of Wales said that Gov. Stewart was the most courtly man he had met in the States. The remark was made after a reception to the Prince in St. Louis. Missourians have pride, and when the heir apparent was in their State the citizens tendered the reception to him in St. Louis, and Gov. Stewart went to that city to represent the State and to keep the Prince away from Jefferson City. The most spirited political campaign in the State of Missouri was that which preceded the civil war. Stewart, young, handsome and proud, was the nominee of the Democratic party for Governor. His opponent was a man upon whom honors had fallen, whose oratory always pleased the multitude. Even in his prime James S. Rollins was called the old Roman of Missouri.

Stewart and Rollins stumped the State and debated the issues after the manner of Lincoln and Douglas. They spoke in this city from the steps of the Court House. The constituents stood in the yard in front. A rope divided the Stewart followers from the Rollins men. The debate began at 1 o'clock in the afternoon and closed at dark. Somebody cut the rope and a free fight followed. Rollins went among his people to quiet them. Stewart went among his and told them to finish the fight at the polls. As he walked away he was followed by his adherents, some of whom took him upon their shoulders and carried him in triumph to his hotel. He was the antithesis of Rollins in every respect. He was tall, spare, and as white in the face as a sepulchre. He was master of invective, and few ever saw his countenance lightened by a smile. He carried his sorrow to the grave, and only two people knew the story.

Stewart's election was a twofold triumph. It was a party victory, but it was more to Stewart. He had vanquished the great leader of the opposition, who was still a hero of the Mexican war. No Western State had as much wealth and as good society at that time as Missouri. The social leaders came from Virginia, Kentucky, Maryland, and some from New York. The representatives of this society made the inauguration of the young bachelor Governor a notable occasion. An incident on the following day caused comment, and showed the individuality of the new Executive. A few years before a citizen of St. Joseph was horsewhipped and hanged by three men who waylaid him and demanded to know where he kept his money. Two of the perpetrators suffered the penalty. The third was sentenced to life imprisonment. His name was Langston. The morning after the reception of the young Governor he called for a blank pardon, filled it out, and carried it himself to the Warden's office. He pardoned the man for William Langston. The Governor said he wanted the man brought in while he was there. When the reprieved prisoner entered the room he hung his head. The Governor stepped to him, took his hand and said:

"Billy, old man, let me greet you as a free man," and handed him his pardon.

They walked out of the penitentiary building together. The incident shocked many, but the Governor rebuked his critics with the remark:

"When I was sick and moneyless in St. Joseph and had no friends Langston waited upon me and took care of me when there was no hope such kindnesses could be recompensed. Why should I not pardon him?"

Langston returned to St. Joseph and the Governor secured labor for him, and was his friend as long as Langston lived. And when the old man died Stewart, Governor no longer, was a pallbearer.

"It was a strange sight to me," said an old man in recalling it. "Stewart was broken in health; his hair, nearly as long and thin as a woman's, was white and tangled. His face was waxen in its coloring and nearly transparent, and his legs hardly held up his emaciated figure. But he was faithful to the last to the man who had given him the cup of cold water."

During Stewart's administration a habit contracted in politics fastened itself upon him. He was frequently unable to see his constituents. But he would never sign an act or a pardon when he was in his cups. When he had drunk to excess he was guilty of acts not only unbecoming in the chief magistrate, but sometimes so violent that his friends could find no way to shield him. One day, while in a reckless mood, he rode his horse into the mansion and fed him from the Executive Mansion, or what was then called the Executive Mansion, and ordered an attendant to open the piano and pour a peck of oats on the keyboard, from which he fed his horse. Then he rode out, dismissed his escort, saying to those whom he met that a horse had as much right to be served properly as a man.

Another one of his acts while Governor was the pardon of all the female convicts. Some of these had been sentenced to the mansion, and the story is that they stripped it of everything they could carry. After the expiration of his term Gov. Stewart was elected President of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, and, by his personal influence, that corporation in the enactment of legislation and the settlement of claims, every man and woman who had known him who wanted a pass over the road received it. He resigned to accept the Colonelcy of a cavalry regiment. He was appointed at the request of Fremont. He was also from wearing a Colonel's uniform, he took little part in the war. The regiment was under the command of Major Jacob T. Child, at one time a soldier of fortune, and recently connected with the Consular service under two Administrations. Stewart often called upon his Major to give him lessons in tactics, but the Governor's memory was treacherous. One day he passed a guard, who challenged. The Colonel and former Governor stopped, looked at the guard and asked:

"What the hell's the matter with you? Put down that gun."

The guard was forced to explain. He had obeyed orders in salutes his superior officer.

"And what do I do?" asked the Colonel.

The guard showed him.

"All right," said the Colonel, giving the return salute, "but that's not the way Jake Child told me to do it."

Hallock was forced to ask Stewart for his resignation. The former Governor returned to this city, and here he lived in the home of his niece until her death. The old citizens of St. Joseph still recall a figure that sometimes staggered along the street; that sometimes stood about the doorways of saloons until he saw one he knew, and him he followed to the bar, where, unless he was asked, he begged for a drink. There was nothing in the face of the man or his apparel to indicate what he had been, but there remained a semblance of courtliness in his manner and something in his speech which caused even strangers to respect the man.

No one did more to keep Missouri in the Union than "Bob" Stewart. The foregoing facts in his history are furnished in the hope that New York, which gave this gifted son to Missouri, will strew flowers on his grave. Missouri seems to have forgotten.

Lehigh and Wilkesbarre's Lesson to Its Workmen Over.

HAZLETON, Pa., Jan. 21.—Having impressed the lesson upon its workmen that it would allow no interference with its manner of conducting its business, the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company posted notices in its Honeybrook and Green Mountain collieries this afternoon that work would be resumed on Monday morning. The 2,000 men and boys affected will all be glad to get back to work.

Paris Deckhand Knocked Into the River.

While the American liner Paris, which arrived yesterday from Southampton, was warping into her dock at the foot of Fulton street, North River, Seaman Nicolas Gravenge was knocked from the pier head into the icy water by a hawser. A deckhand on one of the tugs that was helping the Paris to dock threw a line to the sailor when he came to the surface, and he was hauled aboard the tug. He was taken to the Hudson Street Hospital.

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IN AN EASTERN HAREM.

Some Wonderfully Valuable Things for Women to Know

Until within a few years life in eastern harems was a veiled mystery; modern science and education have disclosed some facts which are of the most vital value and importance to womankind. The wonderful health and beauty possessed by the inmates of these harems has always been known and acknowledged, but it is the reason for the maintenance of such marvellous health and beauty which most interests the women of our land. The reason is simple. The women of Eastern harems never work, fret nor worry. From birth they are trained to lives of ease and indolence, with naught to do but eat, sleep and be merry. The bath, the toilet, the dance and the sweetmeats make up the life of the harem's houri. What wonder that with such care of herself she can maintain her health and beauty! On the contrary, the life of the average American woman is made up of work, fret and worry, and these gradually break down her health, fade her beauty, and render her weak, nervous and discouraged. Woman's first duty is to seek health, and if she is not well, if she is run down from debility, out of order, with weak and shaky nerves, has headache, backache, female weakness or other weakening disease, she should take at once that great regulator and