PILLORY FOR TALESMEN.

DID ANYTHING LIKE THIS EVER HAPPEN AROUND HERE?

Ambulance Surgeons Matching Pennies Under the Court Windows for Panic-Stricken Panelmen as They Jump Out to Escape Public Crucifixion as Ignoramuses

The scene is a court of justice in the city of New York; the time, last week; the occasion, a murder trial of considerable importance and still more public curiosity. In the foreground appear an able assistant for the prosecution and a legal light for the defence. A wan and weary Judge sits upon the bench—occasionally upon the able assistant and the legal light. In a corner of the jury box is huddled one juror, weeping bitterly for loneliness and wondering how he got there. In the witness chair a talesman is discovered, looking as if he wished he hadn't been. Officers and spectators are crowded in the room. The operation in progress is that of securing a jury to sit in the aforesaid murder trial which shall come up to the requirements of the two lawyers.

The Able Assistant (addressing the talesman)—Now, sir, you pretend to be a sensible man; you have defined celery, turpentine, inference with two r's, henn with two n's, periphery, wobsy, e pluribus unum, octahedron and other words without a knowledge of which a person is notoriously incompetent to try even a minor case; but we still have our doubts as to your attitude on the merits of the case. Let me ask you this: Is your psychological integument sufficiently pachydermatous to obviate the potentiality of the percolation of irrelevant sense-perceptions?

The Talesman—I—I—I hardly think—that is, I—I—I—

The A. A.—Your Honor, I ask that the talesman be directed to answer this simple question with the same directness with which it is asked.

The Judge—The question seems somewhat involved. I would suggest that it be put in easier form.

The Talesman (faintly)—If you could give it to me one word at a time and very slowly——

The A. A.—Challenged for general disability. Your Honor, we must have men of sturdy intellect in this case. Next!

The talesman leaps out of the chair, vaults the table of counsel, and rushes for the door, leaving his overcoat and umbrella behind, nor can he be persuaded to return for them, so a court officer carries them to him with congratulations on his escape. His place is taken by another victim whose pockets bulge suspiciously. After he has identified himself the legal light tackles him.

The L. L.—Now, sir, will you give us your views, briefly expressed, upon transubstantiational metempsychosis?

The Talesman—Certainly, in just a moment. (He hauls a small volume from one pocket, studies it for a moment, returns it, brings out another, casts that aside with an exclamation of disgust, produces a third, makes a note from that, and after conning a fourth which he draws from his coattail pocket, assumes an expression of dismay.)

The L. L.—Well, sir; proceed. I must confess that I don't understand this method and regard it as suspicious to say the least.

The Talesman—I got on the track of that first word all right, but the other is a tough proposition. I can't find it in my German lexicon, my French dictionary, or my Spanish handbook. If you would tell me what——

The L. L. (angrily)—Your Honor, this is an outrage. That a man should come into this court designing to hide his ignorance behind a load of dictionaries is too much, and I ask that this talesman be committed for contempt of court. So heinous an offence here he makes a sweeping gesture and knocks three volumes of the encyclopædia off the table to the floor). George (to his assistant) get all those bookmarks back in the right place or we'll have to ask for an adjournment. Your Honor, I challenge this talesman for——

The Talesman—Hold on, I've got it. Why didn't you tell me it was Greek in the first place?

The L. L.—That will do, sir. You are fortunate in being permitted to go free.

Several other talesmen come to the stand and are knocked out in short order by one or the other of the lawyers with slungshot words until a natty man of unmistakably foreign extraction takes the stand.

The L. L. (after the usual questions of identification)—You are a Frenchman by birth, I understand?

The Talesman—Out, Monsieur.

The L. L.—But you speak English?

The Talesman—Spik Angleesh? Moi! Ah, but parfaitement!

The L. L. (consulting his enclycopædia)—Would the juxtaposition of inherently incompatible circumstances in the testimony militate against a proper ideation on your part?

The Talesman (with a ferocious glare)—Sare, you min to sensolt me? Do you know who set ees to who you spik? Moi, Jean-François-Emile-Hen——

The L. L.—Oh, tut! Can you answer the question?

The Talesman (clutching at his hair in frenzy)—Tut? A moi? Tut? By ze soul of my——

The L. L.—Oh, I challenge this man.

The Talesman—You challenge me? You? Sare, you delight me! I send you two friends to night. Aha! Ze meet by ze tomb of ze Generale Grahnt to-morrow morrning. n'est ce pas? Aha! I treem your westskers wiz my leetle rapier.

The Frenchman leaves after making a low bow to his antagonist and four talesmen follow him on the stand are put out in quick succession by the first three questions fired at them. An elderly and scholarly looking man then takes the stand and the Able Assistant girds himself for the fray. The elderly person describes himself as a philologist.

The A. A.—What would you understand by an ineffectual coaptation of evidential fragmentaries?

The Talesman (calmly)—Nothing. What would you?

The A. A. (witheringly)—And you pretend to be a scholar.

The Talesman—That is no reason why I should be held up as a target for verbal pot-hunters to fire at with a blunderbuss.

The A. A.—I demand the protection of the court against insult.

The L. L.—I quite with my learned opponent in asking that such impertinent witnesses as this be suppressed.

The Judge—The effort of the lawyer for the prosecution to choke the talesman to death by ramming down his throat such an agglomeration of verbosity is culpable.

The Lone Juryman (to a court officer)—Lord help us all, the Judge has caught it from the lawyers. Did you hear that; "agglomeration of verbosity?"

The A. A. (returning to the charge)—As a synthetical theoretician, would you consider that exteriorized emotionalism would tend partibantly to an obstupefaction of ideation?

The Talesman (firmly)—I decline to answer.

The A. A., the L. L. and the Judge (simultaneously)—On what ground?

The Talesman—On the ground that the question is intended to incriminate and degrade me.

The Judge—The point is well taken and the witness excused.

The Lone Juryman (sobbing, as the talesman retires with all the honors of war)—Take me with you.

A small man, with a timid and reluctant air, nervously enters to the chair and looks about him with an expression of dread. The L. L. goes at him fiercely.

The L. L.—Tell the Court in a loud, clear tone, if you please, what you understand by the science of rheostatics.

The Talesman—Hey?

The L. L.—He doesn't know. What is sense-element?

The Talesman—Haw?

The L. L.—Do you understand what is meant by irrational irrationality?

The Talesman—Huh?

The L. L.—Oh, pshaw. What's the matter with you—are you deaf?

The Talesman (with great emphasis)—Yes, I am, and I thank God for it.

He retires on the run at a signal from the Court and his place is taken by a man who has a toothache and no other interest in life.

The A. A.—What is the meaning of simulacra?

The Talesman—I don't know. I've got a terrible toothache.

The A. A.—Never mind your toothache. What do you——

The Talesman (with deep indignation)—Never mind my toothache! That's just like a lawyer. Did you ever have a toothache?

The Judge—You must answer questions, not ask them.

The A. A.—What is the difference between decrepancy and inequipotentiality?

The Talesman—Oh, dear. Oh-h-h-h-h. Ow! Ouch.

The Judge—Is the suffering from your tooth relevant?

The Talesman—I forgot about my tooth. It was those words that hurt so.

The A. A.—Oh, challenged. I believe the man is a fraud, but he doesn't know enough to serve, anyway.

The talesman retires squirming and the Lone Juryman stuffs his handkerchief in his cheek to simulate an ulcerated molar with a view to escape, but is discovered in the act by the watchful court officer who drags the imitation forth to light again. Three ordinary citizens take the stand and are dismissed in disgrace for refusing to divulge their inmost thoughts on the subject of casuistic cecutiency. A severe gentleman with spectacles then comes to the front.

The L. L.—You described yourself as a professor of mathematics, I believe.

The Talesman—Retired.

The L. L.—I read you this extract from a well-known mathematical poem and ask you to explain it:

But what are all these gaieties to me
Whose mind is filled with indices and surds?
X square plus 7x plus 53
Equals 11-8.

The Talesman—Why is a crow?

The L. L.—Is that your answer?

The Talesman—What's the difference between a hen?

The L. L.—Your Honor, I believe this man to be of unsound mind.

The Talesman—Don't worry; I thought you might like to use these questions on the next talesman.

The L. L.—Do you refuse to answer the questions?

The Talesman—I do; sadly but firmly.

The L. L.—As you have proved yourself deficient in your own subject of mathematics, I will try you on another line. What would you understand if I warned you that you must disregard any sub-secular connictation on the part of my learned opponent?

The A. A. (rising hastily)—I object. Give me time to prepare my objections. (He seizes his dictionary and rapidly runs through it, after which he turns to the Court with an injured air.) My opponent is, I find, implying that I would be guilty of winking in a surreptitious manner at the talesman. I protest that——

The L. L.—It was merely a test question.

The A. A.—It was unfounded——

The L. L.—I am not so sure of that.

A long wrangle ensues in the midst of which, while the Judge is struggling to put a stop to it, the talesman escapes and the Lone Juryman gets half way to the door before he is collared and brought back struggling and moaning. Quiet being restored, a dreamy looking individual takes the stand and turns a mildly inquiring countenance to the frown of the Able Assistant.

The A. A. (after the talesman has described himself as a magazine editor).—If I should tell you that a preacquaintance of a preponderance of beneficent acts could not be regarded as indicating the complete banniition from the psychycological entity of the individual under discussion of a non-eleemosynary tendency, what would you understand by that?

The Talesman—Perfectly simple. I will explain. (He draws a diagram and elucidates the complication of words. The A. A. totters and is helped to his seat. He motions the L. L. to take the talesman in hand.)

The L. L.—As we wish to get jurymen who are acquainted with the English language, I will try you on a few simple words in common use. What do you understand by zeolitization?

The Talesman (readily)—That is the process of altering a mineral into a zeolite. (A dull thud is heard from the vicinity of the rear of the room.)

The L. L.—What is a podosperm?

The Talesman (cheerily)—A podosperm? Why, that's a funicle. The stalk of a seed, you know. More dull thuds, followed by groans are heard.)

The L. L. (weakly—Quite so. What is your definition of a xoanon?

The Talesman (with some surprise)—The same as anybody else's, I suppose. You can find some very good specimens among the other old wood carvings in the Metropolitan Museum.

Numbers of thuds in quick succession from the rear.

The L. L. (badly battered, but with one punch still left)—Please define a cnop.

The Talesman—Spell it, please.

The L. L. (bracing up a little)—Certainly; c-n-o-p.

The Talesman—Oh, you pronounced it wrong. That's a hard C. It's an old form of knob and means about the same thing. Anything more. There is considerable confusion in the rear of the room and a court officer is seen making his way to the Judge's bench.

The L. L.—Your Honor, I have my suspicions of this witness. What is your particular line of editing, anyway?

The Talesman—I'm the puzzle editor of the *Monthly Maze and Labyrinth*. Several gongs are heard clanging outside.)

The Judge—What is all this confusion that has been going on in the rear of the room? Why are those gongs ringing?

The Court Officer, who has just approached—Thim is ambyiances comin' afther the panel, yer Honor.

The Judge—After the panel? How is that?

The Officer—Sure, whin they heard the quistions that was asked this gintleman they joomped out av the windies wan afther the other before we cud stop thim, an' now the ambyiance surgeons is matchin' pennies fer thim outside.

Another Officer—And the wan juryman is frothin' at the mouth.

The Judge—Declare court adjourned in the usual way.

The Crier—All talesmen in this case are directed to be here to-morrow morning. Those wishing to do so may come furnished with ear pads and restorative drugs. Dictionaries and lexicons may be checked with the doorman until needed. This court now stands adjourned.

COLD BLOODED PINOCHLE.

Fifteen Men Arrested in the Vicinity of a Four-Handed Game.

Late Saturday night a man rushed into the Eldridge street station and said to the sergeant on duty:

"Cabdain, cabdain, I know vere dere is a regular gampling pizness going, und you dond know it."

"Is it possible?" said the sergeant. "I will investigate."

The sergeant pushed a button and four policemen in plain clothes appeared in front of the desk.

"Gentlemen," said the sergeant, "notwithstanding our honest belief that the Bowery and all adjacent streets are clear from vice, Mr. Lazarus Jabolowsky here informs us that there is a gambling den in full blast in the precinct. He will direct you to the place and do your best to capture the culprits. Our sincere thanks are extended to you, Mr. Jabolowsky, for your public-spirited action in informing us of this fact."

Jabolowsky led the sleuths to the candy store of Abraham Hyman, at 39 Chrystie street.

"Right in dere, right in dere," whispered Jabolowsky to the detectives, who were reconnoitring in the shadows of the buildings. The detectives made a rush into the place and surprised the eleven men who were sitting around watching a four-handed game of pinochle. There was 18 cents on the table and the detectives grabbed this before the surprised gamblers could get it out of the way. The detectives then seized the gambling paraphernalia, consisting of two packs of limp cards, and arrested the fifteen men in the place, including Hyman, the proprietor.

When the prisoners were brought into the station house the sleuths were warmly congratulated by the sergeant. In the Essex Market court yesterday all the prisoners were discharged except Hyman, who was held on the charge of keeping a gambling house.

Dry Sunday in Mount Vernon.

MOUNT VERNON, Nov. 19.—As the result of the temperance campaign of the Christian Endeavor societies there was a dryness in Mount Vernon to-day such as had not been known for several years. All of the saloon keepers who were not possessors of hotel licenses either did business on the quiet with spotters at the doors or closed up completely. The saloonkeepers say that the "jug trade" on Saturday night was good. In places which hold hotel licenses a stale sandwich was served with every drink and bills of fare of meals ranging from five to fifteen cents in price were strewn about on the tables.

Women's Tailor-Made Jackets.

We offer to-day special values,

Fine Kersey Jackets,

blacks, tans, and castors, silk or satin lined, and beautifully tailored,

$10, $15 & $20.

13th St. Store only.

Hackett, Carhart & Co.

Three BROADWAY Stores. | Cor. 13th St. Cor. Canal St. Near Chambers.

ROBBER OF WOMEN JAILED.

HART WATCHED THE NEWSPAPERS AND SWINDLED ADVERTISERS.

A Long List of Women Whose Savings He Got by Pretending to Employ Them or Take Them Into Partnership Ready to Prosecute Him—One Gives Him a Shaking.

James C. Hart, a clever criminal who has already a record as a swindler of women, is a prisoner at Police Headquarters with a long list of complainants against him. Hart is a dapper little fellow of polished manners. He is 40 years old, and wears a beard and moustache. The last heard of him in this city before this new list of complaints began to come in a few weeks ago was in October, 1898, when he was arrested in Indianapolis and sent to jail for six months for swindling a man out of $100. Previous to that time, in December, 1896, he had been jailed here for stealing nearly $10,000 worth of diamonds from Elizabeth De La Barre of 62 Seventh avenue. For this he was sent to Sing Sing for a year.

Capt. McClusky got his first intimation that Hart was again operating in this city on Sept. 22, when Mrs. T. W. Zingsen, a French woman of 452 Wythe avenue, Brooklyn, called upon him, and said she had been swindled out of $162. She had advertised, she said, on Sept. 19, that being acquainted with Parisians and speaking English, French and German, she would be willing to transact business for Americans at the coming Paris exposition. In answer to her advertisement she got a letter written on Hoffman House paper, and signed by J. Iselin Mason, general superintendent of the W. B. Corset Company, saying that the writer would call upon her the next day. At the appointed time the writer, who turned out to be Hart, called on her and her husband, and, after a talk, engaged her tentatively to represent the W. B. Corset Company in Paris. He said that he would have to report the matter to the house in Chicago, but that he guessed it would be all right.

She would have to give a $15,000 bond, he said, and pay for this herself, but at the end of her engagement the house would refund the $162 which this would cost her. Her salary was to be $75 a month.

The following day Hart called again and said that the arrangement was satisfactory to the house. While he was talking he feigned illness and Mr. Zingsen got him some powders. Then he told Mrs. Zingsen it would be necessary to get the bond that day and go to Chicago the next day to get her instructions. She started off with him to get the bond in this borough, and on the way drew the $162 from the Nassau Trust Company in Brooklyn. At Fulton street and Broadway Hart feigned illness again and declared that he must have some coffee. They went into Mouquin's restaurant and got the coffee. Mrs. Zingsen was going to pay for it, but Hart said: "Better give me the money, it will look better." She did so. When he had paid the bill he slipped away. Mrs. Zingsen, realizing that she had been swindled, went to Police Headquarters and readily picked out Hart's portrait in the Rogues Gallery.

Miss Rebecca E. Bord of 946 Lexington avenue was the next victim to report to Capt. McClusky. She had advertised for a place as governess and Hart engaged her for his family in San Diego, Cal. Then he told her that he wanted to send some valuable packages to his wife, and he should expect her to advance the money for her fare as security for her faithful carriage of the packages. On the day before she was to start she drew $100 from the bank and went with Hart to get the packages. On the way he took her money and stepping into a railroad ticket office pretended to buy her ticket. He then led her to Lord & Taylor's in Broadway and asking her to be seated while he bought the goods for his wife, disappeared.

C. E. Duncomb of 333 East 125th street was the victim next heard of. He had advertised for a place as night watchman in a private house, and Hart by engaging him to watch his pretended residence at 335 West End avenue got $90 from him to pay for bonds. Mme. Herman Gagain of 323 West Fourteenth street was next. She had advertised for a place as French maid, with no objection to traveling. Hart, calling himself J. Isham Morgan, called and engaged her as maid to his sister, who, he said, was then in Bermuda. He had some fine dresses, she said, he sent to his sister from White, Howard & Co., and he induced her to part with $75 for passage money as security. The dresses were to be sent the next day, but they never came. Victorine Midquet of 156 West Sixteenth street, who had also advertised for a place as French maid, soon afterward reported that she had parted with $50 as security for a tortoise shell comb set with diamonds from Tiffany's which Hart was to send by her to Bermuda.

McClusky set traps for Hart by inserting advertisements such as the victims had used and having detectives at the houses who knew Hart, but the swindler had evidently played that game to his limit for the time and did not answer any of the decoy advertisements. Instead, he became an advertiser himself. On Sunday last Miss Mary Gray of 236 West 118th street found the following in one of the city newspapers:

WANTED—Partner, lady or gentleman, to open a high class boarding house; advertiser can keep house full of high paid fellow employees of largest corporation in city; advertiser is a physician and bachelor. $900 cash required. Address——

Rare opportunity, 140 Columbus ave., city.

Miss Gray answered the advertisement and Hart called the next morning, bringing her letter. He gave his name as O. G. Smith. They had a talk and agreed to go into partnership. All that was needed, he said, was a suitable house and it was agreed that Miss Gray was to go out on Wednesday to hunt for one. He would meet her, he said, at the Imperial Hotel at 1 P. M. that day. He did not keep that appointment, but Miss Gray went to the place and found he arrived and declared that he had found the very house needed at 99 West Ninety-second street. It was already occupied, he said, by a Mrs. Stillwell, a sister of a lawyer named Keeler, who has offices in the Vanderbilt building and he had already seen Mr. Keeler and asked him to get Mrs. Stillwell to move for a consideration. As a matter of fact, he had seen Mr. Keeler and by representing himself as C. G. Smith, one of the talesmen who had been called in the Molineux trial, had interested him in getting the house. Lawrence Kip and M. Edison, he said, would go his security for the rent.

On Thursday Hart took Miss Gray to see Lawyer Keeler and on Friday he called upon Miss Gray and said all was arranged. Mr. Keeler had paid Mrs. Stillwell $250 out of his own pocket to get her to give up the house. This was to be repaid to Mr. Keeler with other money for expenses, Hart told Miss Gray, and when they got downtown she drew $300 out of the bank. Before closing the deal Hart went to the Albemarle Hotel "to telephone to Lawrence Kip," Hart said. He went to the telephone and did not return. Miss Gray waited for him a while and then went to see Capt. McClusky.

"Wait a minute," said Capt. McClusky, after he had heard her story. He touched a bell and whispered an order to one of his men. The man went out and a minute or two later returned with a prisoner.

"Do you know this man?" asked McClusky.

"It's the man who stole my $300!" exclaimed Miss Gray.

Sure enough it was. Detective Sergeants Caine and Stripp had been on the lookout for Hart ever since the first complaint against him came in. Failing to lure him into their hands through advertisements, they had begun a general search for him, and on Friday they saw him come across the Desbrosses street ferry. Sure of him then, they determined to follow him. They saw him go in to Miss Gray's house and followed him and Miss Gray to the Albemarle Hotel. Stripp and Caine watched the Broadway entrance and Detectives Sergeant Vallely, who had joined them, watched the Twenty-fourth street entrance. A few minutes after the couple went into the hotel, Hart came dashing out of the Twenty-fourth street entrance, making for Madison Square Park. He ran right into Vallely's arms.

When searched $375 was found in Hart's pockets. He admitted cheerfully that three one hundred dollar bank notes belonged to Miss Gray. On Saturday he was confronted by the other victims, who were known, and courteously admitted swindling each one. When Mrs. Zingsen met him she made a dash for him and shook him until his teeth chattered.

Hart's robbery of Mrs. De La Barre on June 7, 1895, was accomplished with great boldness. She had advertised for a loan on her diamonds and he went to her and offered to lend the money she wanted. Taking her with him they went to a diamond dealer to get the gems appraised, and while there Hart caught up the jewels and dashed out with them. He was not caught until December. While he was in the Tombs awaiting trial, Mrs. De La Barre died and he got off with a short sentence. At that time it was known that Hart had swindled many women by methods similar to those he has been using recently. He will be arraigned in the Centre street police court this morning.

The Expression of Contentment

worn by a SUN reader may be traced to two things—first, to the fact that he reads that paper; second, to the prosperity he enjoys through association with reputable advertisers who use its columns.—*Adv.*

POVERTY HOLLOW KEEPS ITS MAYOR.

Who Repels an Anti-Irish Raid on the Sacred Office and Re-elects Himself.

The Hon. Pat Connolly was reelected Mayor of Poverty Hollow yesterday after one of the stormiest sessions ever held by the Hollow's electors. His occupancy of the office, however, will be disputed.

Representatives of the candidates against him declare that Kentucky and the East Side are in the same class, and they expect to be able to throw out the vote of the Gloistein Four Corners, in which event Connolly will be defeated on the face of the returns. Connolly announces that he will gain possession of the office even if it is necessary to call out the Kerrymen's Association to defend the inviolability of the ballot box with their lives against the Pladdütche Schützen Corps, the Hebrew Home Guards of "de Ate" Assembly district, and the Martin Engel Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Allen street.

Poverty Hollow has elected a Mayor each year without interruption for the last twenty years, and Pat Connolly held undisputed possession of the office until two years ago, when he was supplanted by the late lamented Abe Sprung, who had backed the Hon. Thomas J. Bradley in his race for Congress against the Hon. Tim Campbell. Connolly got the office back last year and opposition to his re-election only developed a few weeks ago after Connolly had tried to have August J. Gloistein deposed from the presidency of the Gloistein Fishing Club. Connolly, when annually electing himself, has never before met with opposition at the polling place, which has always been in the big room in the rear of his saloon in Delancey street, but as soon as the crowd began to file into the room yesterday afternoon he scented danger. Grabbing Charlie McGronicle, his chief lieutenant, by the arm, he whispered:

"Charlie, be hivins, I don't like the looks of ther gang in here. Divvle a wan do I see but Dootchmen an' fellers wit' long whiskkers. What does it mane?"

"I doan' know, Pat," replied McGronicle, "but ter make sure O'Ill run down to Corlears Hook and bring up ther gang. Oi think ther Dooteh and the Jews are tryin' ter stale a marreh on us."

Connolly delayed the meeting until McGronicle returned with ten healthy 'longshoremen. Then he called the meeting to order.

"Gintlemen," said Connolly, "O'ive ther great plisure ternight of callin' for nominashuns for Mayor of Poverty Hollow. Av coorse it's only an honorable title, but it's ther coostom and I'll ask 'er nominashuns."

"Mister Chairman," began Gloistein, rising amid applause from the earliest comers, "I move mine nominashions fer Chairmans of der Mayor's office of der Hollow. Pat man Connolly is against der Chermans. He vanted ter runs ther fishing club, und it pecause me undt mine friends vouldn't led no Irishmans do id, he started a fight py mine saloon. I vould be der best mans for Mayor pecause I know dot reason vy der Irish was so goodt."

"Wat does the Dootch want inny way?" shouted Connolly, jumping his feet, with a roar like an angry bull. "They've just flicted a low Dootchman for Sheriff. It won't be long before ther cry will go all through ther length of ther land that ther chail is out. But be hivins it will niver be sid that Pat Connolly is one and that a low Dootchman has possession of Poverty Hollow. Let the Dutch git Ludlow Street Jail. They can play pinochle an shake dice wid ther prisoners, but Pat Connolly stays here as a rile of owld daceney and a monument ter the toims before the floodgates of Booshia and Germany drive out ther owld time gintlemen av Poverty Hollow.

"Shud up yer, Irishmans," interrupted Gas Works Myers. "Connolly, Connolly, Connolly, yer vill neffer be der Mayor again. I move dot ve now elegit Chulius Kaiser, der chendleman not puts ver owld of yer house if ver don't der prize fer ver. We don't vant no more Irishmans down here."

"O, will orther ther votin," said Connolly. "O'im in me own house. O'ill inforce orther at ther risk of me life."

Slips of paper were distributed and each man was asked to write on one the name of the candidate of his choice. Connolly's silk hat was used to receive the ballots by Pat Coleman of the Kerrymen's Association, Mike Hannigan of the sighing machine man, Bismarck Lawrence, Henry Cash, President of the Fear Creek Association; Alderman James J. Smith, Ginger McGinnis, the only Irish push cart peddler on the East Side, and ex-Alderman Edward J. Eiseman. When the votes were counted Connolly arose and announced the result in these words:

"Gintlemen, as a result of the countin' I found that ninety-eight ballots hev been cast. Of that number ninety-siven of thim hev been voted for your honorable sarvant, the Honorable Patrick Connolly, esquire, and wan of thim for Gloistein. Av coorse he voted for himself."

"Foul! Foul! Foul!" shouted Gas Work Myers.

"Tief! Tief! Tief! He vas a tief," yelled Gloistein.

Connolly pounded the table with a beer mallet, but there was a mad rush on the ballot box. Connolly's hat, it was quickly demolished and a free fight ensued, in the course of which a beer keg sailed through the plate glass window of the saloon. But the political wisdom of sending for the longshoremen from Corlears Hook was quickly demonstrated. It wasn't long before they had cleared the room of everybody but Connolly, Coleman and themselves. Then they gave three cheers for Connolly. They spent the balance of the night celebrating the victory, while Gloistein and Kaiser appealed their supporters by promising to bring mandamus proceedings.

ACCUSED OF SHOPLIFTING.

Two Young Women Arrested in Batterman's Store in Williamsburg.

Two young women were accused in Henry Batterman's dry goods store in Williamsburg late on Saturday night of stealing a jacket. George Hasslinger, a private detective, escorted them to the superintendent's office where they were searched, and in the possession of one was found a millinery bag containing forty-nine yards of silk, a velvet cape, three lace handkerchiefs, two scarfs, one gold brooch and some other articles. All the things had been stolen from that store. A policeman took the women to the Stagg street station where they said they were Mrs. Della Mooney, 25 years old, of 120 Hopkins street, and Mrs. Kate O'Connor, 20 years old, of 17 Walworth street. Mrs. Mooney is the wife of a hack driver and the other woman lives apart from her husband. The value of the stolen goods was $100. The women were each held on the charge of grand larceny. Magistrate Lemon committed them yesterday in default of $1,000 bail, each, pending a hearing on Wednesday.

Ordered Cars for the "Bay State Express."

NEW HAVEN, Nov. 19.—President John M. Hall and former President Charles P. Clark of the New Haven Railroad returned last night from Chicago, where they placed a contract for ten new drawingroom coaches for the "Bay State Express" on the New Haven line. The contract was given to the Pullman Company and amounts to between $150,000 and $170,000. The new cars will be delivered next June.

Killed in a Fight on a Fishing Boat.

BELFAST, Me., Nov. 19.—In a drunken fight on board a fishing boat in the harbor last night Capt. Elbridge Roderson of this city was killed or drowned. He attacked Capt. Dailey of Vinal Haven, the owner of the boat, and in the row was thrown overboard. Capt. Dailey is in the hands of the police.

The Annual Exhibition of

TIFFANY FAVRILE GLASS

Opens on Wednesday, *the* twenty-second *of* November *at the*

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333 *to* 341 Fourth Avenue. Visitors *will be* welcome *between the* hours *of* nine a. m. and five p. m.

NO NEW CASE OF PLAGUE.

THE TWO QUARANTINED PATIENTS LIKELY TO RECOVER.

Bacteriologists Have Not Yet Discovered Any Live Bacilli—Precautions That Are to Be Taken with Ship, Cargo and Crew—Fire Said to Be the Only Sure Purifier.

While bacteriological and medical experts do not doubt that the steamship J. W. Taylor brought two cases of bubonic plague to this port from Santos, Brazil, on Saturday, they may have difficulty in backing up their opinion by scientific proof. Pus taken from the two patients on Swinburne Island are being analyzed by Dr. William H. Park, one of the bacteriologists to the Board of Health, and by Dr. Fitzpatrick, bacteriologist at Quarantine.

Dr. Park is doing his work in the laboratory of the Willard Parker Hospital, at the foot of East Sixteenth street. Dr. Park made a report yesterday afternoon to Dr. Herman M. Biggs, Chairman of the Board of Consultation of the Quarantine Station, and Dr. Biggs made the following statement, based on that report and his own examination of the specimens:

"The bacteriological examination thus far made by Dr. Park shows apparently that the contents of the broken-down buboes do not contain any living germs. It is possible that some may develop later in the cultures which have been taken. The results of the microscopical examinations were also rather negative. These negative results are such as might be expected in the plague at the stage of the disease presented in the men, and would be very unusual in any other condition. They therefore afford some confirmatory evidence as to the existence of the plague."

Dr. Biggs added that every possible precaution had now been taken to prevent the disease from spreading and from gaining an entrance into the city. He said he had no idea that a single case of the plague would develop here and, from the reports he had received, he thought that both the captain and cook of the steamer, the patients now supposed to be suffering from plague on Swinburne Island, would recover. As for the the rest of those who came upon the steamer, Dr. Biggs said they would be detained on Hoffman Island ten days or more to make sure that none had contracted the disease.

Dr. Biggs further said that the history of the disease showed that it was most likely to be transmitted through clothing, through food, through inspiration and by vermin and rats. Bearing these facts in mind, he said it was most important that the disposition of the infected vessel should be carefully considered. The steamer would be, of course, he said, thoroughly and carefully disinfected, and so would the cargo and everything aboard, as well as the personal effects of the officers and crew. It is known, however, that germs of the disease have apparently survived all manner of disinfection and that destruction by fire was the only sure means of killing the germs. Dr. Biggs doubted, however, the power of the Quarantine officials, under the law, to burn the steamer and its contents. Therefore, the next best thing was to prevent the steamer from getting any fouler. The city has no such power. Whether this will be done or not, Dr. Biggs said would depend upon later developments.

The work of disinfecting the steamer was carried on all day yesterday. The cabins, forecastle, decks and engineer's department were thoroughly and thoroughly cleaned and the crew were bathed and their clothes and effects were subjected to steam. Deputy Health Officer Sanborn spent several hours at the hospital on Swinburne Island, and when he returned said the crew would be kept aboard the steamship until to-day, when they would be put on supply a new crew. The crew will then be removed to Hoffman Island and detained for observation for ten days. There has been no further development of the disease thus far among the crew. After they are removed, the cargo, coffee in sacks, will be discharged into lighters. The coffee will be emptied into other receptacles and then subjected to steam disinfection on board of the James W. Wadsworth. After the discharge of cargo, the hold of the steamship will be disinfected.

No decision has yet been made of the cargo will depend somewhat on the result of the examination now being made by the bacteriological experts. Dr. Biggs said yesterday afternoon, however, that it was practically certain that no germs of the disease would attach themselves to the coffee. If germs did, they did, they would be destroyed when the coffee is roasted. He said that it was supposed at one time in India that the disease germs were carried with grain. Hankin's experiments had proved, however, Dr. Biggs said, that even when grain was artificially inoculated for the express purpose of developing the germs, the bacillus lived no longer than three or four days.

Dr. Biggs called attention to the analysis of cholera given before the Plague Commission in India, printed in recent numbers of the *British Medical Journal*. These reports suggest methods of handling the disease in other countries and the precautions to be taken against the disease getting a foothold in large cities. One of these reports states that witnesses before the commission testified that it was probable that the plague was carried to Calcutta by rats that came "from ships lying at the jetties, and the first case of the plague occurred quite close to these jetties." And further, "in spite of precautions. Another report states that "one observer found plague bacilli in clothes which had been subjected to disinfection in a steam sterilizer. It is, then, quite possible that recrudescence of the disease may be brought about through infection remaining latent in clothes for a considerable period. That the germs may live for some weeks, at least, outside the body is certain, for instances are recorded in which persons who have returned to, or even only visited, previously infected houses several weeks after they have been evacuated have contracted the disease." Another report states that it has been found in India that the best disinfectants are mercury perchloride and hydrogen peroxide.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—Surgeon-General Wyman said to-night that from the reports he had received concerning the suspected cases of bubonic plague at the New York Quarantine Station, he believed they were genuine cases of the plague. He apprehended no danger of infection from the vessel, as the cases had been discovered in plenty of time to enable the Health Officer to take proper precautions. As the quarantine station is under the State authorities Dr. Wyman will take no action at present, being assured that the Treasury regulations will be strictly observed. He will keep in touch with the situation and will issue a special bulletin on the plague in a few days. Santos, Brazil, was not known to be infected with the plague, although it was suspected that cases existed there. It has broken out at Asuncion, Paraguay, and no doubt will penetrate further into South America. Conditions in the United States, Dr. Wyman said, were not so favorable to the spread of the plague as they were in the Eastern countries, where it had been raging for some years, but if it should obtain a foothold here it would be driven out with great difficulty. Dr. Wyman issued a bulletin some weeks ago, on receipt of information from Brazil, warning all Health Officers to be careful in examining ships from Santos, as the existence of the plague there was suspected.

Eighth Regiment Attends Church.

Special services for the Eighth Regiment were held yesterday afternoon in the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel at Ninetieth street and Third avenue. About three hundred and fifty members of the regiment, with Col. James M. Jarvis at the head, attended. The Rev. Father James A. Droley, Chaplain of the regiment, and assistant pastor of the church, preached the sermon.

The Weather.

The low pressure and showery conditions which prevailed over the lake regions on Saturday reached the Middle Atlantic and New England States yesterday, and in addition to showers caused a dense fog along these coasts. The storm in Texas caused showers in the Southwest and in the lower Mississippi Valley. There was also showers in the extreme Northwest. Elsewhere the weather was fair.

It was colder from the lake regions southwest to northern Texas, with freezing temperatures in the Central States, taking in Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado and northern New Mexico and western Texas. In all the Atlantic States north of Virginia it was warmer.

In this city the morning was showery, the afternoon generally cloudy; average humidity, 83 per cent.; wind southwesterly, average velocity, eight miles an hour; barometer corrected to read to sea level at 8 A. M., 30.00; 8 P. M., 29.86.

The temperature as recorded by the official thermometer, and also by THE SUN'S thermometer at the street level, is shown in the annexed table:

	Official. 1899.	Official. 1898.	Sun's. 1899.		Official. 1899.	Official. 1898.	Sun's. 1899.
9 A. M.	50°	45°	49°	6 P. M.	54°	52°	53°
12 M.	51°	48°	49°	9 P. M.	52°	52°	53°
3 P. M.	55°	52°	55°	12 Mid.	51°	52°	52°

WASHINGTON FORECAST FOR TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

For New England, fair to-day and Tuesday; fresh west winds becoming variable.

For eastern New York, fair to-day; increasing cloudiness Tuesday; fresh, west winds becoming variable.

For the District of Columbia, eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware, fair to-day; increasing cloudiness Tuesday; light variable winds.

For western Pennsylvania, western New York and Ohio, fair to-day, rain Tuesday; variable winds, shifting to fresh easterly.

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"DON'T LET'S FAIL," SAYS SINKERS

When Sarsaparilla Reilly Tells Him There'll Be No Beer in 2000.

When Sarsaparilla Reilly entered the little restaurant the Sinker Man was polishing a tin pie plate.

"I see you're washin' dishes," remarked Reilly.

"Dem is not dishes," said Sinkers. "Dem's a pie plate."

"Well," replied Reilly, "afore long they won't be needed. Mind what I'm tellin' yer, Sinkers, the inventors are makin' such rapid strides wid streetless carriages that it won't be long afore we'll have electric mince pies for Christmas dinners."

"Did Edinson invention dot?" asked the Sinker Man.

"Invention what?"

"Electric pies."

"No," said Reilly, "but he will. He's now workin' on the model of a hot air bun, an' afore Christmas time you and me'll be eatin' electric pie."

"How fast we are going," remarked Sinkers, looking into space. "My head is dizzy."

"Well," said Reilly, "it'll be much dizzier next month. On December thirty-wan we'll travel nineteen billion million miles a minute and jump from this century into th' year 2000 A. D."

"For what is A. D.?" asked Sinkers.

"That stands for Anty-Diluvian," replied Reilly.

"My, how old she is!" said the Sinker Man. "Is her teeth shust so good to eat 'lectric pie?"

"Who?"

"Aunty what-is-it for her name."

"She's not a lady," said Reilly. "Anty-Diluvian means the Johnstown flood. But cuttin' that out, Sinkers, when the year 2000