CRAZY CUR UPSETS A TOWN

AMUSING AND TRAGIC EVENTS FOLLOW HIM THROUGH HACKENSACK.

Two Baby Boys Attacked Resort to Strategy Successfully—One of Them Inured to Misfortune—Many Dogs Bitten—The Dog Is Killed at Last, but in Another Town.

HACKENSACK, N. J., April 12.—The Jersey mad dog season opened auspiciously here yesday. The dog was a lop-eared, dishevelled, undersized brute, apparently innocent of ancestry and of an owner. He had a good time while his day lasted, and to-day was his day. According to reports from Ridgefield Park, a suburb of Hackensack, the dog is dead. As the glad news of his end was whispered from mouth to mouth along the streets of Hackensack, it was followed by a glad murmur—the barking of dogs let out of leash, of revolvers released from full-cock and of children allowed to run beyond the limits of the front gate. No one dog ever so devastated the peace of Hackensack before.

The dog was first seen on Main street, near the Susquehanna station early yesterday morning. He had a bitter George-Fred-Williams-on-election-day look in his left eye that should have warned some of the citizens of Hackensack. But they hurried on to catch the New York trains all unaware of the scourge they were leaving at home to prey upon their women and children. The police force of Hackensack is on duty only from sunset to sunrise. It was therefore not due to official negligence that the dog was not detected before he entered upon his career of trouble-making.

But this at least must be said for the brute, that he made his first demonstration against those voluntary exiles who go to New York every morning to earn the money wherewith to pay Jersey taxes. He began with playful nips at the heels of men hurrying to catch the 7.39 and the 8.12 and all the other trains that mark the beginning of the day for Hackensackians of differing degrees of New York prosperity. The dog was not particularly noticed by those who started for their trains early and took their walk to the station with due deliberation and dignity. But those who hung back for one more waffle and just one more swallow of coffee had good reason to wish they had not been; they reached the station. Just so surely as any one of them broke out of the ordinary Hackensack stride and started into a lope at the sound of the distant whistle there appeared from the gutter a dark apparition with foam-flecked jaws who pursued them snarling to the station itself clapping its jaws horridly together behind their heels and even emerging and mouthing the trouser hems of the less speedy.

There is no record that the beast did any actual damage in his pursuit of the belated commuters. But he sent many a man and many a fair typewriter girl to New York with heart in mouth and a vague hope that the dog would jump off the bridge into the Hackensack River and drown himself before sunset. But the dog was in pursuit of human blood. He found the pursuit of the adult variety useless and unprofitable. So he went forth after babes. At a little before 11 o'clock he entered the front yard of Walter Simpson who was away at his office and found the 4 four of Mr. Simpson's collies. Of dogs and of the son of the house, George. Mr. Simpson's mother was sitting at a front window. The dog made across the yard and grabbed a black and tan pup eight weeks old which has been Mr. Simpson's particular pride of late. He let the pup in seven places. Mrs. Simpson grabbed a broom and ran out into the yard and made motions with the broom and said: "Shoo!"

"Grr-rrr!" remarked the dog. Then he started off toward Mrs. Simpson. She turned and made for the chicken coop. She got into the outer enclosure and shut the gate, and the dog, which had followed close, gathered himself for a leap. A small fox terrier who was next to the pup, the pride of Mr. Simpson, got in the dog's way and danced. He was in the dog's attention was diverted from Mrs. Simpson. He passed out toward the gate, biting another dog on the way. Near the gate he met Georgie.

Hullo, said Georgie, cheerfully.

By way of reply the dog flew at Georgie's throat. Georgie is only a little over 2 years old, and the blow knocked him flat on his back. The dog bit a piece out of the baby's cheek as big as a quarter of a dollar. Georgie's left arm was in a sling and he had no coat on, instead, his mother had pinned a cloak about his neck. Georgie grabbed a corner of the cloak and pulled it over his head and curled up in a ball. There was no prominence left to take hold of, and the dog sniffed and went away.

Georgie's father said yesterday that if he was not so sorry for the little fellow he would be proud of him as holding the Hackensack hard luck championship. "Why, say," he said, "that kid has had nothing but hard luck for three months. First off, the day after Christmas he fell down and bumped his nose until it swelled up as big as a potato and stayed swelled up three weeks. Then when he was just getting well his mother lets him go to school with the other kid and he gets lost. Yes, by ginger, gets lost and stays lost. He was lost two hours and I tho gh he might never lose the infant. Within a week she slaps his hand for being naughty or something of the sort and he hears something about if the right hand offend thee cut it off and he borrows the butcher knife of the cook and goes out and cut his hand near half off before he got out to the yard and got to the doctor. Then the other day he had to climb on the wheel of a wagon and fell into the road and break a collarbone. So he has been going around looking like a Spanish War veteran until this mongrel cut loose along and tried to give him his dropsh in yesterday. Now, ain't he a wonder?

The dog, however, stopped not to contemplate the qualities of those who he attacked, but came back down Main street from Simpson's toward Essex street. He bit three or four people on the way. At Bos Van Zandt's butcher shop he stopped and went in and bit Van Zandt's dog.

I suppose I might have shot him, Van Zandt explained to his fellow citizens to-day, but you know I ain't much of a judge of dogs and I did not know but that he might be a valuable dog belonging to somebody and I might be held liable for the damages.

The mad dog continued onward. He wandered across from Bungtown children of Fred Sawyer, John Bauman and J. J. Deninger, among others, not reported on his travels, and innumerable dogs.

By 1 o'clock no one had made it his business to attempt to stop the dog or hunt him down. But when the stay-at-home folks of Hackensack gathered at the midday meal tales of the dog were told in every household. One of these reports bore fruit. Frank, the six-year-old son of Patrick Byrnes, dealer in "rubbed, pinned and axed stone" near the Central avenue station of the Erie Road, thus addressed his father across the dinner table:

Say, pop, if you see a black dog with yellow spots on him and a lot of spit in his mouth comin' at you to-day you wanter look out. He's mad and he's bit all the kids an' other dogs in town.

Mr. Byrnes is not so old that he has forgotten the days when he hoped to grow up to take his trusty reporter and go West to kill Indians. Something of the same spirit led him to fish the family revolver out of its hiding place and put cartridges in it and put it into his hip pocket before he went back to rubbed, plained and axed bluestone. He was not within a hundred yards of the stone cutting shanty when he saw a fuse in front of John J. Guthrie's house on Central avenue. Mr. Guthrie, armed with a club, was driving a dog before him away from Mrs. Guthrie, who was crowded up against the front gate, screaming.

Mr. Byrnes, or "Pacey" as he is called by his fellow citizens, grabbed the revolver out of his pocket and sped on. This was undoubtedly the mad dog of which Frank had told him. In the middle of Central avenue was Dewey Donegan Dewey, as might be gathered from his name, is less than 3 years old. The dog swerved from the sidewalk and made for Dewey. Nobody in all Hackensack was less concerned until the dog fastened his teeth on Dewey's wrist.

"Ow," said Dewey.

The dog let go and looked at him, and Dewey showed that he had more sense than some other citizens of his town by at once falling flat on his face, tucking his legs and arms under him and curling his face in the grass as much as he could. It was the second time in the day that the dog had been met with this stratagem and he was apparently enraged, for he seized the skirt of Dewey's dress and tore it to ribbons, until he saw out of the corner of one bloodshot eye, the approach of Patsy Byrnes. Then the dog fled. With yelps of wrath and angry snarls the fugitive ran down Central avenue to State street and, because the avenue stops at State street, ran into the fence. Turning, he ran down State street to Warren, meeting George Hopkins, 14 years old, on the way. The dog made a clash for George.

"Look out!" shouted Patsy Byrnes, running almost breathlessly behind. "That dog's mad."

George kicked out and the dog dodged his foot and jumped. He missed the boy's throat and caught the lapel of his coat. George shook him off, and the dog with a sidelong glance behind at Byrnes, who had gathered reenforcements, hastened on. He saw the tight artistic iron dog that sits in the middle of the Davis lawn. The stern composure of that majestic figure seemed to bother him. He sidled crabways across the lawn and swirled in upon the statue, which, so he seemed to think, had a castiron nerve. There was a gritting of foiled teeth on rusty paint and the mad dog passed on. This excursion and Byrnes's paroxysm of glee when he saw the mistake the dog had made brought Ed Murphy out of the Harris barn. Edward may not have come from Ireland recently, but he would have hard work proving such a state of facts to be true.

"What is after the dog?" he asked of Byrnes.

"The dog is mad," replied Byrnes, who had no strength or breath for protracted discourse.

"Whurroo," shouted Murphy and joined in the first rank of the pursuit, catching up a four-foot length of two-by-four scantling as he ran. The dog turned up Main street toward the station and then made a wild dash for safety out of Dr. Curry's lane into the meadows.

The populace gathered on the meadow bank and watched him chase himself. It was apparent to them that the dog was lonely for he came back into Halstead's yard, where he was penned in for a moment. The gate was shut and Murphy and his piece of scantling advanced before an awed audience to prepare for a gruesome end to the day's vicissitudes. Murphy made a mighty swipe at the animal's head with his scantling. The dog executed a quick turning movement, avoided the full force of the blow and fastened its teeth on the ankle of Murphy's shoe. Murphy promptly fell over backward, imploring the aid of the saints and reminding them of his past spotless record. The dog went out into the street, unnoticed by Mr. Byrnes, who was trying to stop laughing at Murphy long enough to get out that revolver. He took one shot at the retreating beast as it turned into the station yard. The bullet threw up a puff of dust twenty feet from the mark and Byrnes put up the revolver. Murphy found that the dog had not drawn blood and he continued the chase with a much augmented following.

The dog ran across Huyler's coal yard, to River street and across the Oritani Field Club grounds toward Mike Lieder's. Mike must have known that the dog was at large, for he came out on his porch with a double-barrelled shotgun. As soon as he saw the dog he lifted the gun and fired. The shot took off a limb of a tree almost directly over his head.

Murphy went up to Lieder, who stood on the porch, shouting "Did I kill him? Is he dead yet?" and took the gun out of the German's hands.

"This is no Schuetzenfest," he said; "gimme the gun."

Lieder was left panting and indignant while Byrnes and Murphy followed the dog over to Main street again and out to Anderson street.

When they were in front of Postmaster Anderson's house both had to stop to lean over a fence and laugh. An elderly woman was coming down the sidewalk and was followed by an extremely large Irish setter. The lady shouted to her to look out for the mad dog. She gave the advancing mongrel one look, reached down and put both her arms around the setter, who was rather bigger than she was herself, and staggered away across the lawn to an outhouse into which she locked herself. The cause of her tears, meanwhile, had not noticed her in the least and was far beyond her before she had even accomplished the difficult feat of balancing the setter in her arms.

On the uptown bridge, over the Hackensack River, the mad dog made a Horatius-like stand. Murphy marched in on the dog. "Close as he dared, he said—and fired the remaining barrel of Lieder's gun straight at the animal's side.

The dog fell and turned three quick somersets, howling dreadfully all the time. Then he rose, glared resentfully at Murphy and disappeared in the marsh brush clumps.

When Murphy and Byrnes returned to town they found a hundred or more angry citizens, who, armed with pitchforks and cleavers and Winchester rifles and all things, were organizing around Main street saying that if anybody would point out the dog they would wipe it off the face of the earth. None of them seemed to take well to the suggestion that they go out on the meadows and look for the wounded dog. "If it's dead," they said, "it's dead, and if it isn't dead it will come back and we can get at it then."

Until a late hour this afternoon it was supposed that the dog had died of the load of bird shot that Murphy had sent into him. But now reports have come in that the dog travelled down the river to Little Ferry and was driven back from Little Ferry to Ridgefield Park, where it was killed this afternoon.

Though the news was received with rejoicing, it brought doom to the many dogs that were bitten. Their owners do not dare take any chance that the dead dog had not rabies. Every dog known to have been bitten by him will be killed within the next few days. There are at least thirty. Eight or nine children were bitten. All their wounds were cauterized but there is much apprehension in the town about them.

DETAILS OF SMELTER UNION.

$45,000,000 of the New Stock Admitted to Dealings in the Unlisted Department.

The new stock of the American Smelting and Refining Company, amounting to $45,000,000, has been admitted to dealings in the unlisted departments of the Stock Exchange, beginning with to-day. It was stated yesterday that all the details of the consolidation of the company with M. Guggenheim's Sons are now about settled. The company has secured additional offices on the eighth floor of 71 Broadway, just over its present offices. Guggenheim's Sons will move into the new offices as soon as they can be prepared for them.

It is likely that some changes in the Board of Directors of the American Smelting and Refining company will soon be made. It is probable that three of the seven Guggenheims in there will go on the board, and probably one of them will be made Treasurer of the company.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., April 12.—The deed transferring the plant of the Guggenheim Smelting Company, Limited, at Perth Amboy, to the American Smelting and Refining Company was filed at the county clerk's office this afternoon. The consideration named in the deed is $100, but the revenue stamps attached show that the amount involved is $1,300,000.

SMALLPOX PATIENT AT LARGE.

Escaped by the Window While a Cop Watched the Door—Being Looked For.

Another smallpox patient managed to elude the Board of Health on Thursday afternoon and is now at large somewhere in this city instead of being in the hospital on North Brother Island. He is Edward Denton, 33 years old, of 230 West Forty-first street.

Denton's illness was reported to the Health Board late on Thursday afternoon. At the request of Dr Blondell of the Bureau of Contagious Diseases, a policeman was sent from the West Thirty-seventh street station to keep an eye on Denton and he could be removed by the Health Department ambulance.

The policeman decided to take no chances of getting the disease himself and stationed himself outside the house, where he could keep his eye on the door. Denton climbed out by a window, dropped to the back yard by a drainpipe and after scaling several back fences made good his escape. The policeman did not know that his man had slipped until the ambulance arrived.

"We're looking for him," said Dr. Blondell last night. "It is a shame to let case get away like that. There is no knowing how many persons may contract the disease from him. And it is up to Capt. Cooney to explain how his man let it happen."

HISSES AT DEMOCRATIC DINNER.

Not Agreed That Men Who Left the Party in 1896 and 1900 Are Good Democrats.

A note of discord marred the harmony dinner of the New Jersey Democrats held in Newark last night under direction of the New Jersey Democratic Society. All a Bryan Democrat remarked that he believed that all Democrats who left their party through honest convictions in 1896 and 1900 were as good Democrats to-day as anybody at the dinner. Jeremiah O'Rourke, of Newark, formerly Supervising Architect of the Treasury, led in the hissing of this sentiment. Mr. Reilly quietly remarked:

"Very well, you have expressed your belief and I have mine."

Municipal ownership, income tax and tariff for revenue only were suggested as slogans by which Democrats might rally. Their hosts to victory. Veiled efforts were made to keep silver in the background but James E. Martine of Union, Senator Gebhardt of Hunterdon and several other speakers insisted upon resurrecting it.

German Ambassador Their Guest.

Baron von Holleben, the German Ambassador, was the guest last night of the Deutsche Verein of Columbia University. In his honor the members of the organization, the German Club of the University, held a "Kommers."

Grand Jury Looking Into the Bridge Crush.

The Grand Jury heard Alexander E. Orr and former Mayor Hewitt talk yesterday concerning the crowding during rush hours at the New York end of the Brooklyn Bridge and the conditions which cause it.

Last Structural Work of Boston's Elevated Road Finished.

BOSTON, April 12.—The last latticed girder of the seven miles of the Boston elevated railroad was placed in position to-night.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. 25c.—Adv.

TESLA PLAYS THE WIZARD.

HE MAKES ELECTRICITY DO WEIRD THINGS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

Marvellous Recent Inventions of Himself and Others Exhibited Before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers.

Fully four thousand visitors went to the Columbia University campus last night to attend the Conversazione of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. Both men and women crowded the halls of Havemeyer Hall and the Engineering building to see the thirty-two new inventions employing electricity which were being exhibited and operated there. Nicola Telsa was the man most sought after. He was scheduled to perform experiments with his electric oscillator and show new aspects of electric wave vibrations. The exhibition was to be held at 9 o'clock, but was postponed until 10.30, and the crowds made every approach to the large chemical lecture room impassable.

Thomas A. Edison, President Seth Low of the university, and Baron von Holleben, the German Ambassador to Washington, occupied front seats. Tesla's entrance was greeted with tremendous applause and cheers by the Columbia students. Tesla spoke a few words only, saying he was there to amuse, not to instruct. He explained that he was going to use an electric oscillator to produce wave vibrations which were to be discharged in various parts of the room by means of a large transmitting cable. Thirty thousand volts were employed, and the women in the audience began to feel uncomfortable when the demonstrator cleared the first three rows of seats and moved his apparatus nearer the centre of the hall. Beautiful leaping sparks were thrown from the positive and negative current poles, and the brilliancy of the electric light employed was made to decrease and diminish by Tesla's rubbing his hand along an innocent-looking table in a mysterious fashion.

Steel hoops and Geissler tubes were made fluorescent, and a thrilling effect was produced by radiating colored lights by waving vacuum tubes charged with the electric current. At times the experiments failed to work owing to a hasty preparation of the apparatus. The audience was left in the dark for minutes at a time, while the breakdown in the tremendous current was repaired. Different colored tubes were then used with platinum electrodes at each end, which the performer waved around his head, producing circles of fire.

The most experiments partook of the nature of the results obtained in induction currents. A glass moon was lighted from a huge wire coil, the current passing through the air as in wireless telegraphy. Tinfoil was heated from the centre of the coil, but Tesla failed to make it melt as he had intended to do. When the coil was short-circuited the foil heated so quickly that the demonstrator dropped it with smothered exclamations. By far the most spectacular performance was the last.

A huge flat coil ten feet high was constructed in the front of the room and the current turned on in full force. Sparks leaped six feet in all directions from the end of the wire and the heat was so intense that the insulation began to burn. The audience felt uncomfortable and Tesla smothered the flames, remarking that "It's just nothing."

In the Engineering Building R. M. Hutchison exhibited some new instruments which are promised to work wonders. They are known as the skoophone and skoophot, and are intended to enable the deaf to hear. W. H. Van Dusen of the New York Institute for the Deaf and Dumb brought eight of the deafest boys in the institution for experimental purposes. One lad was born deaf, dumb and blind. He was led to the apparatus and the ear pieces fastened over his head.

The operator spoke into the skoophone, which is described as a microtelephonic instrument so constructed as to reproduce and largely intensify sounds and still preserve their quality. The boy, blanked by the ear pieces, spoke, shouting the words of all sound to him. When the word "hello" was repeated many times he made an effort to repeat the sound, with only partial success. A skoophot was attached to the receiver and hard music was played. A fife was approached to the boy's ear and he spelled out the word music with his fingers to his preceptor. He began to keep time with his hands and his face was soon wreathed with smiles. He insisted when the ear was removed from his head.

Mr. Van Dusen said experiments with the skoophone on another inmate of the asylum had resulted in great success.

The patient had learned a vocabulary of thirteen words after five hours of instruction. The list is: Baw, born, bone, boil, Bob, brave, bright, bow, books, bottle, bird, marble and pipe. The principles of the instruments were kept secret as yet, but it was said the skoophon, which is to reproduce sounds emanating in the distance, has not been there ought perfected yet. An immense room was wired for experimentations and the night dumb boys engaged in animated finger conversations when the electric current was shut off.

From the top floor of the Engineering building H. R. Dilner said over the wires of life-size portrait of President William R. Harper of the University of Chicago to Chicago, where it was immediately reproduced, and the photograph of President Seth Low was flashed simultaneously from Chicago to this city. The original pictures were somewhat enlarged for the purposes of transmission and when received were photographically reduced to their normal size, thus giving an exact reproduction of the original. The enlargement is for the purpose of obtaining a greater contact surface for the transmitting of the impulsed. Mr. Dilner explained that indentations were made in the photograph on tin foil outlining the principal features of expression.

The foil is run over a recording instrument which receives impressions after the manner of phonographic records. A tap key is placed upon the indentation in the impression scroll and currents passed through it to different wires, one for each indentation. A similar impression roll is kept at the receiving station, and the figure is reproduced by photographic means. The same system applies to sketches, handwriting and the like can be transmitted over long distances, employing ordinary telegraph circuits.

Peter Cooper Hewitt, son of former Mayor Hewitt, occupied a large room for the exhibition of new electric lights of his invention. The lights produced were unusually bright, but of a peculiar and marked greenish glare, which had the effect of producing a ghoul-like pallor on the faces of all those in the room. Lips became purple and the eyes dull, and many visitors left the room early to avoid the uncanny aspect. Mr. Hewitt's lights are produced in a vacuum little larger than an apple and are operated by ordinary daylight in room, not with the electric lights in the building. The devices employed are long tubes into which mercury. When the current passes through the tube, the liquid is vaporized and becomes incandescent. This takes the place of platinum, which is used in other forms of arcs and high voltage generally employed, an induction coil is now used which automatically gives a high voltage and heats the mercury gas, which in turn lowers the resistance to the current and cuts off the voltage, with the result that a light larger than the filament are lights is produced by less electrical energy.

One large tube large of 1,000 candle power brilliantly lighted the room, using an ordinary 110-volt direct current. Experiments were also conducted illustrating the conduction of electricity by gases, and a new apparatus was shown illustrating the relation of voltage to the length and diameter of the tubes. The original apparatus used by Prof. Michael Idvorsky Pupin in developing the recent invention for the improvement of long distance and ocean telephony, consisting in the location of inductance coils in the line at distances, which are definite small fractions of a current wave length, was explained by the inventor in his laboratory. The explanation given by the professor was extremely technical and has been announced before.

A great deal of attention was attracted by the first exhibition of the Nernst electric light, recently perfected in Europe. William J. Hammer was in charge of the exhibit and announced that the new light was remarkable in that it gave the brightest light known for illuminating purposes by employing a total voltage of 200 and using less power than any other. Mr. Hammer also showed Weldemar Paulsen's new telephonograph and telegraphone, which had been loaned by Lemvig Fog and Emil S. Hagemann of Copenhagen, Denmark.

The instruments receive telephone messages in the absence of the recipient and record them on a kind of phonograph, which repeats them when the one for whom they are intended returns to his office or home.

Dr. William E. Guyer astounded the crowd by telling that he could split an electric current that fed a single lamp and make two lights, each brighter than the original, while using the same energy. This was done, he said by circuits containing self-induction and capacity and employing an alternating current. Prof. W. S. Franklin exhibited his new magnesia arc light—an electrolytic lamp on the Nernst principle, operating on 1,000 volts.

In the vault between the two exhibition buildings, A. F. Cliff had constructed a novel method for the transportation of freight by means of an electric motor. It was styled the telpherage system. The word telpherage might be explained as the automatic conveyance of merchandise by electricity. While this idea is not altogether new, the present application of the principle is of comparatively recent date. The exhibit was a perfected system of running a small motor on an overhead steel cable stretched taut, with the load carried underneath it.

Many other novelties were placed on exhibition for the first time. Prof. Elihu Thomson had erected two new machines, a dynamo static machine and a rotary electric apparatus. H. F. Sanville had an electric copper splicing machine, and other exhibits of importance were as follows: Floating magnetic field of E. T. Schoonmaker, revolving spark experiment of W. S. Andrews, radiographs illustrating special features of the Roentgen ray phenomena, by Profs. George F. Barker and Arthur W. Goodspeed; magnetic liquids by Prof. Francis B. Crocker, chloride accumulators of Herbert Lloyd, a new storage battery designed by Frank Perret, J. A. Barrett and W. H. Meadowcroft, a new X ray apparatus employing a modified interrupter, by Martin P. Rice, an alternating current wave tracer of Dr. Fitzhugh Townsend and radiographs of alternating current wave forms and oscillatory discharges by Prof. Frank A. Laws.

A collation was served at 11 o'clock. W. S. Barstow was chairman of the meeting.

M. PICHON ON CHINESE INDEMNITY.

It Is Reported That He Considers $200,000,000 Inadequate.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

PARIS, April 12.—A despatch from Pekin says the American Government has handed through its representative, Mr. Rockhill, a proposal to the various Ministers to the effect that the Powers should come to an understanding in regard to the indemnities to be paid by China. The American proposal is that China shall pay a lump indemnity of £40,000,000 to the Powers, which shall be divided among the various governments in proportion to the losses of their subjects and the expenses of their expeditions.

M. Pichon, the French Minister at Pekin, regards this sum as inadequate, especially as America claims £5,000,000 as her share and England wants £4,800,000.

It is believed in Paris that this proposal of the American Government will not be accepted by the Ministers at Pekin.

TWO CHINESE VESSELS SINK.

Seventy Chinamen Drowned—Collision Reported From Hong Kong.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

HONG KONG, April 1.—The Chinese vessels Hungfui and Sunchow collided last night and both sank. Seventy Chinamen were drowned. Thirteen were saved.

BOUGHT TELEPHONE PLANTS HERE.

English Government Spends $5,000,000 for Equipment in This Country.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, April 12.—Complaints are published here that £1,000,000 of the £2,000,000 voted for the establishment of post office telephones has gone to America to buy the plant, switchboards, &c.

This was done after the post office engineers visited the United States and inspected the most recent plants there. It is expected that the leading municipalities now installing systems will follow the Government's example.

BISHOP UPHOLDS PASTORAL VISITS.

Only When Pastor Has Devil in His Heart, Says Bishop Goodsell, Is There Danger.

YONKERS, N. Y., April 12.—Bishop Goodsell, in his annual memorial sermon before the New York Methodist Conference this morning, had this to say regarding pastoral visits: "A recent occurrence in a nearby city, in New Jersey, moves me to make some reference to the subject of pastoral visits and to ask, is it right for a minister to visit the household during the absence of the head of the house? Say, Yes. He has the children to reach, and it is not possible to see them in the evening. Again, there is never any danger when the minister goes in the right spirit. I would ask you, has any man ever brought scandal on the home when he has gone there in the Master's spirit and in the Master's way? [Cries of 'No, no, no.'] No, it is only when he forgets his holy calling and goes to see what he can find out, when he has the devil in his heart, that he sees evil and falls."

MAYOR VETOES BILL.

He Denounces Attempt to Legalize Ten Year Street Sprinkling Contract.

In vetoing a bill legalizing the action of the Queens County Supervisors in 1897 in making a ten-year contract for sprinkling the streets of that borough, the Mayor wrote to the Legislature yesterday:

"This is most pernicious legislation, not only as to this contract, but because it establishes a precedent for similar legislative action. It is the boast of Mr. Depew that he declared that contracts entered into just previous to consolidation for a long term of years were not binding obligations on the city for anything done or to be done after Jan. 1, 1898."

WANTS PART OF M'MAHON MONEY.

Samuel H. Morrow Seeks Share of Fortune Made in the Haymarket.

Samuel H. Morrow had an action on trial before Justice Lawrence of the Supreme Court yesterday to first prove that his missing father, James Morrow, is dead, and so establish a claim on the part of plaintiff to a twentieth interest in the estate of his relative, William McMahon, at one time proprietor of the Haymarket at Thirtieth street and Sixth avenue, who left a residuary estate of about $800,000. The action is brought against the executors of the estate, Mary McMahon, widow, John Mulligan and Seligman Manheimer.

The Weather.

The low pressure in the west Gulf has extended northward to Nebraska and caused rain in the central and southern Mississippi Valley. Cloudy conditions prevailed over the section between the east Gulf States and the upper Lakes. High pressure covered the lower Lakes and eastward and southeastward to the New England and middle Atlantic coast. The pressure was high over the country from the Rocky Mountains westward.

Generally fair weather prevailed in all the Atlantic States. There have been no marked changes in temperature.

In this city the day was fair; cooler in the morning, growing warmer during the day; wind fresh to brisk northeasterly, shifting to northwesterly; average humidity, 57 per cent.; barometer, corrected to read to sea level, at 8 A. M., 30.24; 3 P. M., 30.18.

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		Sun's		Official		Sun's
	1901	1900	1900		1901	1900	1901
3 A. M.	51°	41°	49°	6 P. M.	56°	48°	60°
12 M.	56°	42°	52°	9 P. M.	54°	43°	55°
3 P. M.	59°	43°	56°	12 Mid.	52°	42°	52°

WASHINGTON FORECAST FOR TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

For the District of Columbia, Maryland and Delaware, cloudy to-day, rain to-night and to-morrow; fresh southeast winds.

For eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey, increasing cloudiness to-day, rain to-morrow; fresh east to south winds.

For New England and eastern New York, partly cloudy to-day; fair to-morrow in north, rain in south portion; variable winds, becoming fresh east.

For western New York, increasing cloudiness to-day; rain to-morrow; fresh east winds.

Correct Dress for Men

Stylish clothing
ready to wear.
Designed for men who wish
the style, workmanship
and quality of the
exclusive tailor's productions
at much lower cost.

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THIEVES' DOUBLE MURDER.

FIRST KILLED A MERCHANT AND THEN A DETECTIVE.

Burglars Shoot T. D. Kahne, a Pittsburg Grocer, in His Home—One of Them Shoots a Policeman When All Three Are Captured Ten Hours Later—One of the Burglars Shot.

PITTSBURG, Pa., April 12.—A gang of three burglars was captured here to-day, but not before they had killed a merchant and a detective. The two killings occurred within ten hours, one early in the morning, the other in the afternoon. The police are positive that the captured men have been guilty of more than a score of robberies attempted and committed in Pittsburg and vicinity for two months past. In almost all the cases the victims were chloroformed by the housebreakers before being robbed.

At 3 A. M. to-day the wife of Thomas D. Kahne, a grocer of Mount Washington, in South Pittsburg, was awakened and saw a man standing beside the bed in which she slept with her little boy. She tried to arise and the man pushed her back pressing a handkerchief saturated with chloroform over her face. She managed to cry for help and was heard by her husband, who slept in the adjoining room. He was shot as he came to his wife's assistance and died in a few minutes. The murderer and two accomplices immediately fled without any booty.

All the morning detectives were at work. At noon the detectives got a hint that three men and two women, one man and woman boarding at 1714 Bedford avenue, and the other two men and one woman boarding at 32 Fulton street, might be the murderers. Detective P. E. Fitzgerald, Police Inspector R. S. Gray and County Detective Robert Robinson went to the Bedford avenue house at 1 P. M. and captured Thomas Wilcox and wife.

Wilcox and the woman were sent to the police station and the three officers went to the Fulton street house. The front door was unlocked. They passed in and opened the door of the front room. Here they arrested a man who was lying fully dressed on a bed and who tried vainly to pull a revolver from his hip pocket. Leaving their prisoner on the ground floor in charge of Robinson, Fitzgerald and Gray went upstairs. They pushed open the door of a room occupied by a man and a woman. Fitzgerald happened to be first. As he and Gray pushed into the room the man placed a revolver against Fitzgerald's side and fired. The bullet struck a lead pencil in his pocket and was deflected. A second bullet went through his heart. Fitzgerald dropped to the floor dead.

Gray meantime was shooting. He snatched the murder's revolver away, but the man drew another and fired two shots. Gray's bullets finally took effect and the man dropped.

The wounded burglar says his name is Ed Wright and the other man captured in the Fulton street house says he is Ed Wright's brother. The woman arrested in Fulton street says she is Wright's wife.

FATAL ENCOUNTER WITH GYPSIES.

A Deputy Wounded and One Gypsy Killed and Another Injured Seriously.

ALTOONA, Pa., April 12.—In an encounter to-day between a band of robbers, gypsies and a constable's posse at Summit, Deputy D. C. Tittler was mortally wounded, one gypsy was killed and another badly hurt. The trouble grew out of the looting of a Duncansville store by the gypsies.

LITTLE HOPE FOR CANAL TREATY.

Secretary Hay Sounding Senators as to What Kind of Treaty They Will Accept.

WASHINGTON, April 12.—Very little hope is felt in Administration circles that a basis will be reached between this Government and Great Britain for the negotiation of another Isthmian Canal treaty before the Senate assembles in December. Secretary Hay is continuing his policy of consulting with United States Senators, whenever the opportunity is presented, to ascertain the character of an agreement which will be acceptable to the Senate, but so far there has been nothing to show that there has been any change of sentiment in regard to the defence and fortification of the canal by the United States.

EACH HELD IN $20,000 BAIL.

Meyers and Short Accused of Forging Alleged Rice Will.

Recorder Goff held Morris Meyers and David L. Short yesterday in $20,000 bail on a charge of forging the will purporting to have been executed by the late William Marsh Rice on June 30 last. Albert T. Patrick, charged with murdering Rice, is implicated with Short and Meyers in the charge of forgery, and they have been held to await the action of the Grand Jury.

ADMINISTRATOR OF RICE ESTATE.

H. Baldwin Rice, Son of F. A. Rice, Who Recently Died, Appointed.

HOUSTON, Tex., April 12.—Application was filed in the Probate Court to-day by H. Baldwin Rice for his appointment as permanent and temporary administrator of the estate of William Marsh Rice, deceased.

The prayer as to his appointment as temporary administrator was granted and bond was fixed at $400,000, which he at once filed, and he was placed in charge of the estate.

Yocum—Knapp.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., April 12.—John H. Yocum of Orange, N. J., and Miss Florence Knapp were married to-day at the residence of Mrs. Olive Knapp in Deposit. Miss Knapp is an heiress, and the groom was a witness in the Molineux case and an intimate friend of Harry Crawford.

$5,000 Made for Mme. Janauschek.

The performance given at Wallack's Theatre yesterday afternoon for the benefit of Fanny Janauschek realized $4,920, nearly all of which will go to the actress, as nearly everything was donated. Theodore Moss gave the use of the theatre and his check for $80 so as to make up even $5,000.

Coquelin and Plancon at a Benefit.

Constant Coquelin delivered some of his famous monologues yesterday afternoon at the entertainment for the benefit of the Home for the Destitute Blind given in the large ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria. M. Plancon came from Boston to sing.

Husband's Suicide Follows Wife's.

Mangus H. Lamp, 40 years old, of Second avenue, College Point, committed suicide on Thursday. Lamp's wife killed herself about three weeks ago.

A CARD to Advertisers

If you have high grade goods to sell, advertise to the guests of the Waldorf-Astoria, The Holland, The New Netherland, The Savoy, the Plaza Hotels, and the people whose homes line Fifth Avenue, Riverside Drive and the adjacent streets. You can do this at very little expense by using one of the few available advertising spaces in the passenger vehicles operated by the Fifth Avenue Coach Company.

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It contains more valuable, rare and extraordinary specimens than are found in any private or museum collection in this country or Europe.

LAST DAY OF SALE
TO-DAY, April 13, at 2:30 P. M.

Mr. Keresey, who has been in the Rug business for the last twenty years and a noted expert, pronounces the sale to be of unparalleled importance.

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DEFENDS MRS. KALTENBORN

HER FATHER SAYS THERE WAS NO GROUND FOR DIVORCE.

It Was He, He Declares, Who Compelled Her to Make No Defence, His Purpose Being to Avoid Further Publicity—Mr. Borman Now Greatly Regrets Taking This Course.

A. H. Borman, father of Mrs. Franz P. Kaltenborn, when asked yesterday if Mrs. Kaltenborn's non-defence of the divorce suit brought against her by her former husband implied an admission of guilt, said:

"Most decidedly not. I know her to be innocent. I myself am responsible for the fact that the suit was not contested. She declared her innocence and begged me to defend it. But I, for reasons that now appear to me selfish, even heartless, compelled her to go to the slaughter absolutely undefended. I dreaded newspaper notoriety. But now that the papers have so ruthlessly torn her to tatters and that her ingrate husband is gloating over her downfall I must, in justice to her, tell of the terrible wrong done her.

"The facts are these: The first intimation of the trap that she had fallen into in Philadelphia came to me through my friend and partner, Mr. White. Gen. Wingate, Kaltenborn's lawyer, told Mr. White of it a few hours after it happened. Mr. White said Wingate was a lifelong friend and neighbor and would do all he could to me for his sake. I went to Brooklyn that night dragging my daughter with me. Mr. White, who had known my daughter from her earliest childhood, was almost as much prostrated over the affair as I. Gen. Wingate agreed for Mr. White's sake to keep the matter from publicity, but first getting me to agree to withdraw a suit for that much-talked-of six-thousand-dollar violin that Kaltenborn walked off with. I acquiesced. I wasn't caring much for violins at that time.

"But the other end of the bargain was not kept, and the next day all the papers were full of the scandal in all its vile details—