NEW BOOKS.

Continued from Seventh Page.

the tutor knew a lot. "It is you who know nothing!" she exclaimed, for some reason much annoyed, and she went away to watch the Duke smoke and go over his accounts of the pigs and the cabbages. "It was on one such weary evening, shivery, drizzly, with a beat of rain and moan of trees, that the Duchess," having said good night to the Duke, and "crossing the great hall upstairs to her apartment, noticed a sound of music from the children's corridor. She went back a few paces, opened a baize door, and listened. Suddenly her eyes shone bright—she had recognized the melody. She passed down the corridor to one of the schoolrooms—Wilhelm's—and paused for a moment outside. Then she slowly pushed open the door and entered. Herr Goertz was at the piano. He stopped in confusion, rising rapidly to his feet.

"'Where did you learn that tune? Where do you come from? What is it?' stammered the Duchess, seeking to control her agitation.

"'It is Carinthian, Frau Herzogin. It was taught me by a cousin, who is a gamekeeper on the estates of your Highness's father. I was only trying some variations.'

"'I know.' Already she had stiffened. 'You surprised me. It is ten years since I last heard that tune. Do you know any more of the melodies of my home?'

"'Yes, Frau Herzogin.'

"'Have the kindness to play me some.'

"She gave the order as she might have given it to a servant. He colored, sat down at the piano and began. She stood listening by the door. There was no other light in the room than that of the pianoforte candles. Presently she sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands. He played on for several minutes, passing from one folksong to another, blending them together in an arrangement of his own. When he finished there was a moment of silence.

"'You play superbly,' she gasped, and left the room."

The danger of a tutor with interesting eyes who could play Austrian folksongs to the Duchess, while the Duke was sniffing over his ledger and thinking of his pigs and chickens, can be imagined by the intelligent reader. That night "the Duchess Eleanor, whom nobody ever saw weep, lay on her bed in a long torrent of tears," and for the next two days she barely spoke to Mr. Goertz; but concerning the further happenings of the story we shall not say.

Another of the women whom Mr. Maartens has known was Mrs. Russell of Mayfair. Mrs. Russell was given to works of general philanthropy. Mr. Russell, a man of much patience, did not like it, and this circumstance annoyed Mrs. Russell. "Algernon is so exacting," she said. "He would like me to stop at home every night in the year; and really, you know, there are duties one owes to one's fellow men. One who, as I, is engaged in philanthropic work must inevitably keep up a large circle of acquaintance. I *must* go to receptions and dinners and conversaziones so as to meet the people I want for my work. Algernon refuses to understand how all these things are interlaced."

Algernon dined alone for a long time, but he rebelled at last and found somebody else to dine with. Mrs. Russell, in the pursuit of her philanthropic occupations, came upon the other person and was thereupon immediately awakened to a "realizing sense." When she got home she sat by the fire and shivered. Her husband came in at midnight. "Algernon," she said, "won't you sing 'Oh, meet me in the lane' for me to-night?"

He was a kindly man, and he might have consented if the hour had been earlier. As it was, he ventured a refusal. "What!" he said, "at this time of day? Why, it's nearly twelve." "Well, then," she persisted, "read me a few pages of something, won't you? That article I heard you speaking about, Sodoma's pictures at Siena?" But this, to Algernon's unilluminated mind, was no great variation upon the other rather surprising proposition. "Oh," said he, "it's far too late. Besides, you wouldn't care twopence. I'm dead tired. I'm going to bed." And off he went, and "when the door had closed upon him she sat down to her writing table and wrote various notes to various secretaries. After that she lay back for a long time, with the envelopes spread out before her, gazing at them, thinking. At length she gathered the whole pile together in both hands, and with a sigh which was part regretful, part consolatory, she flung them all upon the dying fire."

She was of a cool temperament, and it may be that her moderate emotion had subsided and that the documents she burned were resignations. We hope, however, that the act bore another import, and that the meaning of it was that she would dine with Mr. Russell thereafter.

"John was a Dutch woman." So begins another of these widely varied stories. John was massive, young and handsome. Before her father died and before she had been sent away to boarding school her own mother, Mevrouw Barends, had said of her: "Yes, my daughter is a very great trouble to me, a source of continual vexation. She is rougher and noisier, I think, than the four boys put together. Well, perhaps that is only my own fancy. You see, you hear a girl's whistling, and you hardly hear a boy's. But all my governesses leave ... you see, she makes apple pie beds for them and booby traps and puts cobbler's wax on their chairs, and goodness only knows what more she does. She is certainly most wild and reckless. 'Madam,' said my last but one English governess to me—poor, little worn-out creature—'I can do nothing, madam, with your daughter. She is Satan's daughter. Bu!'"

But on the death of Mynheer Barends John was the only one of the children who was in the least fitted to continue the business. She might have succeeded with it if it had not been for an extraordinary disturbance in sugar in the island of Java. This disturbance was rare good luck to Nicholas Brock, aged 40, who was the great trade rival of the house of Barends. Brock managed to lend money to John through the Batavian ... Banking Company and then ... John put on her hat and went ... to see him about it. After she had talked to Brock for a while she began to cry, but she checked herself almost immediately. "Don't think I have come here to move you by playing the cry baby!" she said fiercely. "But you're papa's old friend and I want to understand." "I intend," said Nicholas Brock, looking out of the window, "to become a partner in your business, if you will become a partner in mine." With that he caught her in his arms and kissed her. "I should like to have been made love to properly," said John. "'Tis the last thing you'd have liked," said Nicholas Brock and he spoke the truth, judging by the rest of the story.

Another of these stories tells how René de Vireflay in Paris nearly gambled away the fortune left him by his grandfather and how a good bit of it was saved by the cleverness of his lovely and devoted wife Annette. There are twelve of the stories altogether.

A Jumble of International Law.

Little can be said in commendation of "International Law," by G. G. Wilson and G. F. Tucker. (Silver, Burdett & Co.) The exact qualifications for compiling the work do not appear in anything the authors say of themselves; Mr. Wilson is professor in Brown University and Mr. Tucker was lately a reporter of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, a position that in itself does not call for much study of international law. Their book does not indicate great research on their part. It is superficial, vague, incomplete; it is largely in the air, seldom alighting on the ground of fact. Its best portions are the nine appendices, which deal with the army and the navy war codes of the United States, the war code drawn up by the Institute of International Law, the conventions of the Brussels Conference, the Declaration of Paris, and similar matters. These are all very important subjects; but the book before us omits the names of the signatories of the conventions and any statement that the codes are not yet accepted as part of the law of nations. Undoubtedly the codes are excellent and ought to be adopted; the American codes are adopted by our army and navy; but equally is it true that they do not form part as yet of international law. If a beginner in the study of that law should look in Messrs. Wilson and Tucker's book for any reference to the law applying to the seizure by France of the Turkish custom house at Mitylene, he would find no suggestion of any similar act, though it is well understood to be permissible. Similarly, no trace occurs of the "Barrundia Case," or of anything like it; in fact, the question of asylum on merchant ships is not suggested, even to deny such right of asylum. We are not using these matters as tests of the value of new books on international law; but they are modern instances and in the case of the United States, whose writers on international law have always stood in the front rank, any move it may make toward the extension or restriction of accepted rules is important. The new book is more recent than Woolsey's "Introduction," and rather later than Gen. Davis's; but in no way can it or should it supersede them. It does contain the United States Naval War Code, but refers to it as if already accepted as a rule of international law. The book is really but the outline of the elements of the subject of which it purports to treat; the filling in has been omitted.

The Holy Herb Nicotian.

What became of Master Robert Reed, that truly good little boy?

> I will not use tobacco,
> It is a filthy weed;
> I will not smoke, I will not chew,
> Said little Robert Reed.

Probably he died of the cocaine habit. If he were alive we should like to send him a copy of W. A. Penn's "The Soverane Herbe" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), a history and a panegyric of the flower of all healing plants. Originally tobacco was sacred to the gods and was burned in oblation and sacrifice. From heaven it came down to men. At first the leaves were burned, and the priest or patient was blessed by means of fumigation rather than of inhalation. Then some hero or demigod invented the pipe. From the oldest form of it, the *tobago*, which the Spaniards found in Santo Domingo, comes the word "tobacco." The *tobago* was a hollow, Y-shaped cane, a span long and of the thickness of the little finger. The two forks were stuck into the nostrils; the other end was put over the burning leaves. Next came the discovery of the bowl. Columbus discovered an island Y-shaped like the Indian pipe and named it Tobago. Previously, in November, 1492, two of his sailors exploring San Salvador were probably the first Europeans to see smoking. They described the natives as carrying firebrands (cigars) from which they inhaled smoke. The cigars were the rule on the island, the tobago or nose pipe flourished on the mainland. Tobacco, tabaco, tobago, really means a pipe, and a pipe of tobacco is a pipe of pipe. And properly a tobacconist is the user, not the vender, of tobacco. Hernandez de Toledo, a physician sent by Philip II. of Spain to study the products of Mexico, is said to have been the first to bring tobacco into Europe (1559). It is likely enough, however, that some of the earlier travellers brought some of it back as a curiosity. Jean Nicot, Sieur de Villemain, has honorable remembrance among smokers and in many languages. Ambassador of France to Portugal in this same year of 1559, he bought some tobacco leaves and seed of a Fleming who made trading voyages to Florida. He sent his purchases to the Grand Prior of France, whence tobacco was first known in that country as *Herbe du Grand Prieur*. It was also called *Herbe de la Reine* in honor of Catherine de' Medici, to whom Nicot gave some tobacco plants. Other French names were *herbe sainte*, *herbe sacrée*, *herbe de l'ambassadeur* and *nicotiane*. The Cardinal of Santa Croce, Papal Nuncio in Portugal, took some of the new plants back with him to Italy, where tobacco was at first called *Erba Santa Croce*. It is a worthy specimen of the taffy of the time that a poet declared that the Cardinal had won as much fame by bringing tobacco from Portugal to Italy as his ancestor had won by bringing a piece of the true cross from Palestine to Rome.

The time of the introduction of tobacco into England and the name of the introducer are uncertain. Drake's men and Hawkins's men must have smoked it. Gil Stow avers that "that stinking weed so much abused to God's dishonor," was brought into England about 1577. Taylor, the Water Poet, stood up for 1565 and Sir John Hawkins, and held that "it is a doubtful question whether the devil brought tobacco into England in a coach, for both appeared about the same time." Mr. Penn awards the glory to Ralph Lane, Governor of Raleigh's colony, and puts the time about 1586. Then was the first appearance of tobacco in England in any quantity. The English sailors and gentlemen adventurers in America used tobacco at first as a remedy for fatigue or indigestion. Something of ... It was a medicine. According to Sir William Vaughan, a pipe of it, taken fasting on a raw or rainy morning of a month without an r, was "a singular and sovereign remedie against the Megrim, the toothache, the falling sickness, the dropsie, the gout, and against all such diseases as are caused of winds, cold or waterish humors." As the doctors and apothecaries lost control of the remedy and the laity took it for pleasure and not for their constitutions, there arose against it a war of ... and ... Besides counterblasting, James the First raised the import duty on Virginia tobacco from 2d. to 6s. 10d. a pound. Spanish tobacco came in under the old tax, such a Spanish sympathizer was the Scottish Solomon.

In 1621 James forbade the growing of tobacco in Great Britain on the ground that to raise tobacco was to "misuse and misemploy the soil of this fruitful kingdom." In 1624 the importation of tobacco from Spain or Portugal was prohibited, and Virginia tobacco began its rightful sway. At the same time James created a tobacco monopoly.

On the Continent tobacco in one form or another grew popular enough in the seventeenth century to invite persecution. By 1624 snuff taking by priests, especially in Spain, Austria and Italy, had become so common—some priests even taking snuff when celebrating mass—that Pope Urban VIII. had to issue a bull prohibiting the use of the weed in church. Ten years later the Greek Church forbade its communicants to use tobacco in any form, and by way of warning invented the legend that Noah got drunk on the fumes of tobacco. In Russia the temporal power was leagued with the spiritual against the divine weed. Tsar Michael ordered that smokers should be whipped for their first smoke and put to death for their second. Sultan Amurath IV. of Turkey was even more severe. He had tobacco pipes thrust through smokers' cheeks and rolls of tobacco hung as collars around their necks. Mounted on asses, with their faces to the tail, the smokers were driven through the streets and then hanged. The Shah of Persia burned a tobacco merchant alive with all his stock. In Berne in 1661 tobacco smoking was made by some now unintelligible process of logic, a sin against the Seventh Commandment. Thus was the truth persecuted; and thus it came to triumph.

The word tobacco may be called a world word. The Spaniards keep the original spelling "tabaco." The Italians and Portuguese have stuck in an extra c. The English have put in the extra c and changed the a in the first syllable to o, but this may be a reminiscence of *tobago*. The German, Dutch and Russians say "tobak." The French "tabac;" the Pole "tabaka;" the Danes and Swedes "tobak;" the Malays "tambracco." "Bakah" is the universal word. In Yankee it is "baccy" and "terbacker." A man knows how to ask for a "chaw"—the good old Elizabethan and Jacobean spelling—all over the world.

Mr. Penn treats the whole subject from A to Izzard; the refinements of smoking in Shakespeare's time; the cultivation and manufacture of tobacco; the making of pipes, cigars, cigarettes and snuff; the hygiene of tobacco, "tobacco and genius" and the literature of tobacco. A mighty good and entertaining book to smoke with. We specially commend for experiment the practice common among the Negritos of Luzon and said to be common among English officers in India of smoking a cigar or cheroot with the lighted end in the mouth. Here the practice is rare save among temporarily alcoholized smokers.

Other Books.

The well-known and valuable book of reference known as "Patterson's Illustrated Nautical Dictionary" appears in a revised and enlarged edition with the enlarged title of "Patterson's Illustrated Nautical Encyclopedia," by Capt. Howard Patterson. (The Marine Review Publishing Company.) The book can be improved still more. However logical the division of sea terms into five lists may be, a single alphabetical list would be far more convenient for reference. There are errors, too, that should be corrected, for instance in the United States naval flags on the cover.

Mr. Theodore Low De Vinne, deals with the literary side of the art of typography in "Correct Composition," (The Century Company.) This is a "treatise on spelling, abbreviations, the compounding and division of words, the proper use of figures and numerals, italics and capital letters, notes, &c., with observations on punctuation and proofreading." Mr. De Vinne approaches these subjects from the printer's side on which he can speak with authority, but if grammarians and authors would read what he has to say with attention a vast amount of labor and irritation would disappear from this world. Nowhere must so constant a fight be kept up against habitual carelessness and thoughtlessness as in the proofroom.

The tragic end of the great chess master, William Steinitz, has not been forgotten yet. Some of his friends in New York have prepared a little volume in remembrance of him. "A Memorial to William Steinitz," edited by Charles Devidé and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It contains a sympathetic biographical sketch by the editor and a selection of Steinitz's games, arranged chronologically, with an analysis of the play. The life of the man "who for nearly thirty years ruled the chess world" makes a pathetic story.

The automobile makes its way into the nursery with "Bubble' Jingles" (Rohde & Haskins), illustrated by Stuart Travis. The jingles are unusually flat compared even with the general run of such things, and the pictures are painful to look at. Children who see the book probably will not ask for an automobile.

An unpretentious little book that will be useful to lovers of dogs is "The Show Dog," by Mr. H. W. Huntington, published for the author at Providence. All the breeds of dogs are arrayed in alphabetical order, with short accounts of their origin and uses and the standards of merit and scales of points, followed by a commentary on the history of each breed from the show standpoint. There are 120 pictures from photographs of typical dogs.

We have also received:

"China in Convulsion." Two volumes. Arthur H. Smith. (Fleming H. Revell Company.)

"The Evolution of Bible Study." Henry Drummond. (Edwin S. Gorham.)

"But Thy Love and Thy Grace." Francis J. Finn, S. J. (Benziger Bros.)

"On the Great Highway." James Creelman. (Lothrop Publishing Company.)

"The Shoes of Fortune." Neil Munro. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"What's in a Dream?" Gustavus Hindman Miller. (G. W. Dillingham Company.)

"Fernley House." Laura E. Richards. (Dana Estes & Co.)

"The Life of an Elephant." (Edwin S. Gorham.)

"The Life of a Bear." (Edwin S. Gorham.)

"Where the Sugar Maple Grows." Adeline M. Teskey. (R. F. Fenno & Co.)

"Her Father's Daughter." Katharine Tynan Hinkson. (Benziger Bros.)

"A Year Book of Famous Lyrics." Frederic Lawrence Knowles. (Dana Estes & Co.)

"Paths to Power." Floyd B. Wilson. (R. F. Fenno & Co.)

"Mary Everard." Knox Magee. (R. F. Fenno & Co.)

"Around the Pan With Uncle Hank." Thomas Fleming. (The Nut Shell Publishing Company.)

"The French Revolution and Modern French Socialism." Jessica Peixotto, Ph. D. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.)

"Familiar Trees." [illegible] W. C. Bruntark (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"A Practical Study of the Soul." Margaret M. ... (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"Source Book of the History of Education for the Greek and Roman Period." Paul Monroe, Ph. D. (Macmillans.)

"The Cathedral and Other Poems." Martha Gilbert Dickinson. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"A Hermit of Carmel and Other Poems." George Santayana. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"Monuments of the Early Church." Walter Lowrie, M. A. (Macmillans.)

"The Imp and the Angel." Josephine Dodge Daskam. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"John Forsyth's Aunts." Eliza Orne White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.)

"The March of the White Guard." Gilbert Parker. (R. F. Fenno & Co.)

"Essays and Addresses." Augustine Birrell. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"God and the Soul. A Poem." John Lancaster Spalding, Bishop of Peoria. (The Grafton Press.)

"God's Revelations of Himself to Men." Samuel J. Andrews. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"French Art." New and enlarged edition. W. C. Brownell. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"The Imperial Authority of Titus Flavius. A Metrical Drama." Achim Tchodjk. (Ravenwood & Rutland.)

"Animals. A Popular Natural History." Wallace Rice. (Herbert S. Stone & Co.)

"The Animals' Picnic." Clifton Bingham and G. H. Thompson. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"The Adventures of a Japanese Doll." Henry Mayer. (Grant Richards; E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"Tales from Shakespeare." Charles and Mary Lamb; illustrated by W. Paget. (Ernest Nister; E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"Chevrons. A Story of West Point." B. H. L. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

"The Making of a Country Home." J. P. Mowbray. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"Saintly Lives. Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick." Mary E. Palgrave. (J. M. Dent & Co; E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"The Snares of the World." Hamilton Aidé. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"Nine Unlikely Tales for Children." E. Nesbit. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"Shakespeare's Heroines." Mrs. Jameson. (J. M. Dent & Co; E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"Princess Puck." Una L. Silberrad. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"A Modern Antæus." By the author of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters." (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"Bob, Son of Battle." Alfred Ollivant. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"Our National Parks." John Muir. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"George Washington." Norman Hapgood. (Macmillans.)

"Captain of the Crew." Ralph Henry Barbour. (Appletons.)

"In the Days of Audubon." Hezekiah Butterworth. (Appletons.)

"A Quartercentury of Cremation in North America." John Storer Cobb. (Knight & Miller.)

"Captain Bluitt. A Tale of Old Turley." Charles Heber Clark. (Henry T. Coates & Co.)

"St. Nazarius." A. C. Farquharson. (Macmillans.)

"A Real Queen's Fairy Tales." Carmen Sylva. (Davis & Co.)

"The Apostles of the Southeast." Frank T. Bullen. (Appletons.)

"The Rights of Man." Lyman Abbott. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"Pebbles and Pearls." Cleland Kernestaffe. (F. Tennyson Neely Company.)

"The Alien." F. F. Montrésor. (Appletons.)

"Cashel Byron's Profession," newly revised. George Bernard Shaw. (Herbert S. Stone & Co.)

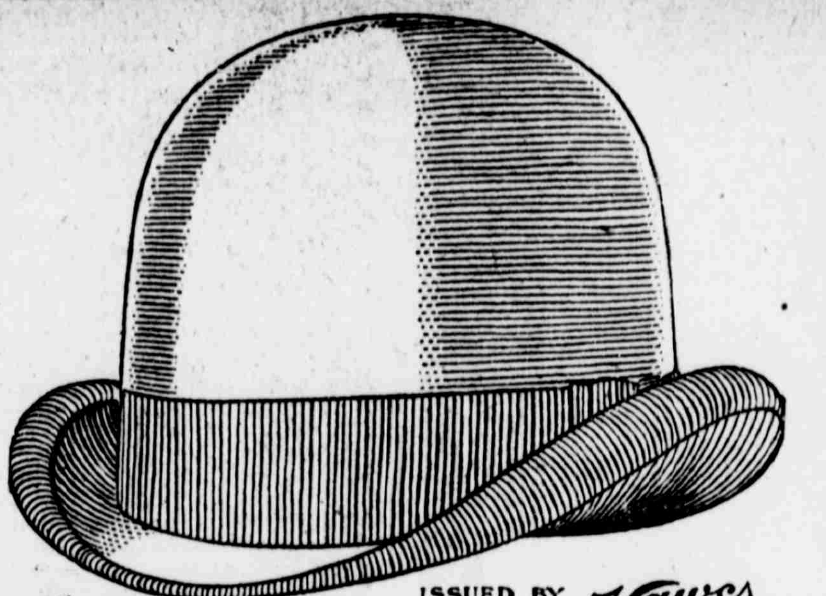
"The Most Famous Loba." Nellie K. Blissett. (Appletons.)

"Other Worlds." Garrett P. Serviss. (Appletons.)

"What Came to Winifred." Elizabeth Westyn Timlow. (Dana Estes & Co.)

"The World and the Individual." Gifford Lectures delivered before the University of Aberdeen; second series. Josiah Royce. (Macmillans.)

"James Russell Lowell. A Biography." 2 vols. Horace Elisha Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)



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NABBED FOR A STOCK SWINDLE.

Folks in the West Are Anxious to Get Hold of Alexander Seaman.

Alexander Seaman of 249 West Twenty-third street was held in $1,500 bond by Magistrate Cornell in the Centre street police court yesterday for twenty-four hours as a suspicious person. His arrest was the result of an investigation which has been carried on during the last few days by Detective Sergeants McConville and Savage.

Some time ago Capt. Titus received a letter from a man whose name is only known to the police, but whose home is in one of the cities of the middle West, asking him to look up the record of one "M. S. Philips" of 80 Broad street. The writer said that "Philips," alleging that he was a broker at that address, had been advertising extensively in the Western papers that he had an inside track on many "good things" in the stock market, and that money invested with him must yield enormous returns. Many people, the writer declared, had been swindled out of sums ranging from $12 to $200. The circulars they received bore the letter head, "M. S. Philips, 80 Broad street," and were signed "M. S. Philips" in typewritten characters, "per A. S.," written in ink beneath.

The detectives were unable to find any such person as Philips at 80 Broad street, but they learned from the Post Office authorities that "M. S. Philips" had rented Box 230 at the Madison Square branch of the Post Office. McConville and Savage waited there on Thursday night until a man removed the mail from the box. Then they arrested him. He proved to be Alexander Seaman. He spent the night at Police Headquarters.

Seaman, who was well dressed and has fair hair and a mustache, was perfectly self-possessed when arraigned before Magistrate Cornell. Detective Sergeant McConville said that the prisoner was known to the police. The detective told reporters that a man named Alexander Seaman was released from the penitentiary in May, 1899, after serving a year for passing forged checks.

CALLAN HELD FOR ASSAULT.

Policeman York and Murphy Exonerated Must Stand Trial.

The examination in the case of Policeman Callan of the Grand avenue station in Brooklyn, accused of a brutal assault on Capt. Michael O'Rourke, a Spanish War veteran on the night of March 1, was held yesterday before Magistrate Tighe in the Butler street court. Capt. O'Rourke testified that he passed by while Callan was talking with a woman, and that Callan angrily remarked: "What are you looking at?" and then clubbed him unmercifully, breaking his jaw. An eye witness of the occurrence corroborated Capt. O'Rourke's testimony.

Magistrate Tighe declined to hear Callan and a dozen witnesses he had on hand, and held him for trial, on a charge of assault in the second degree. The complaint which Capt. O'Rourke made against Callan was dismissed by Deputy Commissioner York and the decision was confirmed by Commissioner Murphy. Before he joined the police force Callan was a boxer.

Williams Gets a Point on Coroner Zucca.

The temporary writ of prohibition which Dr. Hamilton Williams, Coroners' physician, obtained in the Supreme Court preventing Coroner Zucca from trying him on charges was made absolute yesterday by Justice O'Gorman. The Justice ignores the contention of Coroner Zucca that he had discharged Dr. Williams before the service of the temporary writ, unless he means to find by implication that Dr. Williams's statement was true, that only a pretence of completing the case and dismissing him was made in order to try and defeat the writ.

ACCIDENT TO THE BLAKELEY.

Torpedo Boat Destroyer Goes Back to Fort After Breaking Pipes.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 8.—The torpedo boat destroyer Blakeley broke down to-day during her final speed trial for acceptance by the Government and had to be withdrawn. This is the second time that she has broken down within three months.

She went through the test for standardizing her propeller successfully yesterday, making over the measured mile 20, 21, 25 and 26¼ knots. This morning the Inspection Board went on board early and she was started outside on her two hours' run. She had been running an hour, when the copper pipes that connect with the feed pump broke in two, caused by the vibration of the boat. In this crippled condition she was brought back to port and will be taken to Boston for repairs. Where her two hours' run will be held ... Her mean speed before the accident was 26¼ knots.

Woman Accuses Midwife.

Mrs. Hattie Feist, aged 24, of 271 Madison street, Brooklyn, became very ill at her home yesterday and confessed to a relative that she was a victim of malpractice. Coroner Williams was notified and took her ante-mortem statement. Mrs. Feist told him that Mrs. Annie Phillips, a midwife of 148 Devoe street, had been in attendance upon her. Mrs. Phillips was arrested last night, but admitted to bail for her appearance in the Ewen street police court to-day.

Colleges and Schools.

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Cars From Broadway Ferry to Jamaica.

The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company has commenced work on an outline which will connect the old Brooklyn elevated road at its East New York terminus with the Jamaica surface trolley line running to Jamaica. When the job is finished, which will take about two months, through cars will then be run from Broadway ferry to Jamaica. To those who travel between these two places about twenty minutes will be saved.