DOWNTOWN CARS POWERLESS

MANHOLE EXPLOSION HALTS THEM FOR MANY HOURS.

Fire That Followed Destroyed Thirty-six Subway Cables From the Front Street Distributing Station — The Lower Sub-Trolley District Paralyzed.

An explosion in a street vault in Bowling Green stopped all the electric surface cars in the lower part of the city for the last half of the afternoon and the evening.

The explosion blew a manhole cover off the vault in front of the Produce Exchange just at the junction of Whitehall street and Bowling Green. A leak in a gas main, caused, it was supposed, by the excavations made for the foundations of the new Custom House building, had allowed gas to accumulate in the neighboring subways of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company's system between Bowling Green and South Ferry. The gas company spent hours in trying to find the origin of the leak, and after tapping and blocking one main at Front and Whitehall streets went to work on another in Bowling Green, between Whitehall and State streets. The explosion occurred shortly before 3 o'clock. The manhole cover was broken, and a flame several feet high shot into the air and continued for several minutes. Some observers said the flame came from the manhole opening and some said it came from the trolley slots nearby. There are few people in the streets in that vicinity on a holiday in the winter time. If the flame came from the manhole there must have been an interval between the explosion and the outburst of the flame, for the conductor of a car which had just passed the point, supposing that his car had in some way knocked off the manhole cover, jumped from his car and, to the amazement of his confrères close at hand, looked down the manhole, as though to see what else there was to come up. His older comrades shuddered. Motormen shut off their power instantly, and conductors wondered momentarily which was the direction of safety.

"If I was lookin' for a sort of irresponsible way of suicide," said one of them, "I would have gone and peered over that hole as he did. Gee, I thought 'e'd gone clean nutty."

The point of the explosion is visible to the up and downtown cars on both the Broadway and Sixth and Eighth avenue lines. When motormen found that nothing had happened in their own particular cars and that they had power with which to proceed, they started up again, and cars whose crews and passengers had seen the explosion on the down trip on the westward side of Bowling Green had time to go to the ferry and return to points above the explosion on the up trips before all power had left them.

The fire from the explosion presently burned all the insulating material from the cables in the conduit extending from the vault where the explosion took place along Bowling Green to Broadway, putting out of commission thirty-six cables from the Front street distributing station and paralyzing that station, so that all power from there was shut off. This meant the withdrawal of power from the cars of all lines in the section supplied from Front street, so the cars of the Second, Third and Fourth avenue lines were stopped below Canal street, those of the Broadway line below Grand street, and those of the Sixth and Eighth avenue lines below Grove street, and the cars on the live parts of the roads were switched, after a time, at convenient points above these streets, so as to keep the upper parts of the roads in operation.

Downtown people, accustomed to temporary blocks on the electric roads, sat in the cars in some instances for more than an hour. The motormen and conductors were obliged to remain. It was more than an hour before men could endure the smudge of the burnt insulation sufficiently to get down into the subways and find out just what happened there and what must be done to restore the service, and it was then said that several hours would be required to make the necessary temporary repairs to enable the cars to run again.

As usual when anything spectacular or of consequence happens along the street railway lines no report was made of this occurrence at the police station—the Old Slip station.

All last night a force of 100 men were at work in the manholes at Bowling Green and Whitehall street. Three of the feed cables were burned so far that they had to be dragged out and replaced by new cables. The other cables were not burned so badly and were repaired by splicing.

The cars of the Third avenue line were started at Chambers street and Park row about 6:30 o'clock, the power coming from the Ninety-sixth street power house.

Chief Engineer Francis Pearson, who was in charge of the work, said that the cars of all the lines would not be running until 2 or 3 o'clock this morning.

At midnight only the Sixth and Eighth avenue cars were still helpless.

OBITUARY.

Col. Hoffman Atkinson died yesterday at his home at 3 West Eighty-third street. He was educated at the Sing Sing Military Academy, and when the Civil War began he organized the first company of the First West Virginia Cavalry. He served with this company through the Shenandoah Valley campaign. He was seriously wounded at the battle of Perryville on Oct. 2, 1862, and when he recovered he was made Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General to Gen. William Sooy Smith. When Gen. Smith became sick Gen. Rosecrans put Col. Atkinson in command of the Nineteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry at Chickamauga. When peace was declared Col. Atkinson went to Japan, where he engaged in the tea business. He returned to this country during Gen. Grant's second administration to accept the post of Secretary of legation at St. Petersburg. In 1875 he resigned from the diplomatic service and went into business at Lima, Peru. When he came back to New York two years later he embarked in the leather trade. His firm was the first one to tan an alligator skin successfully. When he died Col. Atkinson was the Vice-President of the Electric Boat Company and interested in several other concerns. He leaves a widow and two sons.

Joseph Armistead Carr, formerly a Lieutenant in Roosevelt's Rough Riders, died in Washington yesterday at the age of 34. His father lives in Petersburg, Va. He was a grandson of the late Gen. Armistead. U. S. A. At the battle of San Juan Hill Mr. Carr was severely wounded. It is related that while he was being taken to the rear a Spanish sharpshooter fired at him, inflicting another bad wound. Hearing Mr. Carr cry out, and seeing him press his hand to the wound, the Spaniard laughed loudly, disclosing his place in a tree by the time. One of the negro bearers from the train of wounded Rough Riders and the Spaniard fell to the ground. He was not seriously injured. The negro caught the man by the heels, dragged him to a rock, pounded the Spaniard's head upon it and with another rock dashed out his brains. Mr. Carr was appointed to a clerkship in the War Department, which he held to the time of his death.

Frank J. Allport, who was for several years a prominent fire insurance agent in this city, left offices at 54 Pine street, died yesterday at the home of his son-in-law, Mr. Alfred E. Smith, Orford street, Brooklyn. Mr. Allport, who had been in his 74th year, left a widow, four sons and three daughters. He was a native of New York.

George H. Gallup, retiring President of the Tobacco Bid Association and one of the most prominent corporation lawyers of the South, died yesterday afternoon at Marshall, Tex.

Miners Labor Leaders Arrested.

MARSHALL, Ill., Nov. 28.—Two of the union leaders, Charles Fleetham and Abe Dorsey, were arrested last night and put in jail. Warrants have been issued for eleven other leaders, among them District President Wood, on the charge of conspiring to prevent by force the operation of the mines.

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IN THE GALLERIES.

Portraits by A. Muller-Ury.

Five recent portraits by a Swiss painter, A. Muller-Ury, are on view at Knoedler's Gallery, until Dec. 7.

The painter has had it in his mind to give these canvases a pictorial quality, setting the figures against—I use the word advisedly—a background of trees and sky, a background of that indiscriminate character, flat and fuzzy, which used to be in vogue with photographers of a certain kind. Nor is there much more character in the figures. I fancy the bewilderment of some student of sociology, say fifty years hence, confronted with these canvases and informed that they are representations of American men and women at the commencement of the century. Would he not be perplexed by this portrait, for example, of a gentleman, perhaps about 35 years old, with fresh complexion and a crisply curled black mustache, who sits on a sort of stone bench in a costume that Mr. Mantalini might have invented and worn before his experience of misfortune and the mangle. He is arrayed in what the tailors would describe as a full-bosomed, double-breasted, narrow-waisted, long-skirted walking frock, a little suggestive of the *redingotes* in which Tom and Jerry flashed their way through Ranelagh a hundred years ago; except that this dove-gray garment has a high collar of olive velvet, standing stiff above the roll of the lapels, and broad cuffs of the same material over the soft gray-gloved hands, which daintily poise a gold-tipped, tassel-ornamented malacca cane. Moreover, Tom and Jerry were every inch of them men. But what is this? Its mustache, indeed, proclaims the sex, but for the rest—one falls back on the convenient ambiguity of "it."

Beside this riddle hangs the portrait of a lady in a black gown, perhaps of tarlatan, for the material is not very recognizable, with a black lace fichu over her shoulders, and black ostrich feathers depending from a large black hat and drooping alongside her cheek. Where in this picture can we detect the style that characterizes a well-dressed American lady? However, let us prudently forbear to press this personal view and keep to the technical one. The painter has essayed an arrangement that shall be alluring and have a little accent of caprice; but it lacks all style. The textures are not realized; there is no *allure* of method, the canvas with all its unusualness is tame and commonplace. And only a little less so is a standing portrait of a young lady in a white gown of nameless fabric; a light shining rather arbitrarily on the crest of the corsage, the bottom of the skirt ranged upon the ground in folds obscured by a kind of rising mist. The face, high up in the frame, is painted with a smooth precision, that finds no sufficient echo elsewhere in the canvas, which, again, is tame and textureless; a sort of inviscerated Gainsborough composition.

There is also a pink and sleek presentment of Senator Depew in profile and a portrait of the late President McKinley wherein the face may have some power, but the body is characterless.

Were there modesty and sincerity in these canvases one could have patience, but they protest so much and do so little, that it is impossible to overlook their shortcomings both in taste and technique.

American Association of Allied Arts.

The usefulness of an association of allied arts may be quite demonstrable, but is not demonstrated by the present exhibition which will remain open at Clausen's Gallery until Dec. 9. Pictures and sculptures have so long monopolized public attention that some coöperation on the part of workers in wood, porcelain, metal, leather, needlework and so on may be necessary to enforce the claim of their wares to be credited with the possibility of artistic expression. But such a claim will hardly be enforced by this exhibition.

In the first place pictures still claim a lion's share of attention, and of these it is fair to say that, while a few might find their way into regular picture exhibitions, quite a number would be better excluded from any. In the second place the objects of handicraft are comparatively few, and with one or two exceptions, of little interest. So much ill-advised stuff is talked and thought about the arts and crafts, which has been well characterised by some humorist as "artiness and craftiness." It seems to be assumed that the mere fact that a thing is "handmade" entitles it to sentimental consideration, regardless of the way in which it is made. Thus we are treated to book racks with protruding hinges that will injure the bindings of the books, which are so flimsy that they will succumb very speedily to actual use; to a table and seat combined, the carved panels of which have already shrunk apart, through not having been originally joined according to proper methods of craftsmanship. Such evidences of poor workmanship—the unpardonable sin in the crafts—and of poor taste, as the attempts to emulate the subtlety of painting in burnt wood or birch bark or to advance our appreciation of the beautiful by covering French or German porcelain with decorations derived from books or out of the operator's head—these are the exasperating features of such hybrid exhibitions.

Intermingled with these, however, are a few praiseworthy examples. There are one or two nice pieces of lace, a bed-spread, some admirable little bits of hammered copper work, two good instances of bindings from the Nordhoff Bindery and some porcelain vases by M. Louise McLaughlin of Cincinnati. These last involve a very charming freshness of fancy. The form when it leaves the wheel has thick walls, and the surface is afterward carved away so as to render designs of leaves in relief. In some cases the stem forms have been interlaced around the neck of the vase and the interstices cut through so as to produce an irregular open lattice work. The colors applied under the glaze are in the present examples delicate greens, blues and creams. All the pieces possess delightful evidence of individual feeling and a high degree of artistic significance.

IT WAS A STUFFED TURKEY.

Glee of Butcher Schriener, Arrested for Exposing Game Outside His Store.

Moses Schriener, a Hebrew butcher of 336 East Houston street, could not restrain his mirth when he was arraigned in the Essex Market police court yesterday on the charge of violating the Sanitary Code by hanging a turkey outside his shop. He carried a bag with the offending turkey in it and kept muttering, "Such a choke! Such a choke!" Health Inspector Morris, who arrested Schriener, testified and then Schriener produced the bird.

"Vas dis der turkey?" he asked.

"That is the one," replied Morris.

"Ach, Gindge, vat a choke," babbled Schriener to Magistrate Pool. "Chust look at dis bird. Id vas a regular to stre turkey."

He reached inside the turkey and pulled forth a bunch of excelsior and feathers. He managed between laughs to explain that he had had a turkey stuffed by a taxidermist to hang in front of his store as a sign.

"That's one on you," said the Magistrate to the inspector as he discharged Schriener.

French Deputies Pass Chinese Loan Bill.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

PARIS, Nov. 28.—After a violent discussion and many calls for order the Chamber of Deputies to-day passed the Chinese loan bill by a vote of 325 to 218.

Little Cars Locker Raided.

Detectives Heim and Snydecker of the Oak street police station raided a Greek restaurant at 40 Madison street last night where some Greeks were playing cards. They arrested George Sotos, the proprietor, and another man and seized two packs of cards and $6.20.

Every Home is Bettered Intellectually through reading THE SUN and Evening Sun Summary Page. Tastes are moulded and an accurate knowledge of society gained. No better papers are published.—*Adv.*

EIGHTY KILLED IN THE WRECK

INJURED NUMBER 125, MANY OF WHOM WILL DIE.

Chicago Passenger on One of the Colliding Wabash Trains Tells Story of the Disaster and the Work of Rescue —Majority of Dead Were Immigrants.

TOLEDO, Ohio, Nov. 28.—The last reports from the scene of the collision between the Continental Limited and another passenger train on the Wabash Railroad near Seneca, Mich., last night give the number of dead as eighty and of the injured as 125, at least twenty-five of whom will die. Of the dead fifty were Italian immigrants.

Engineer Strang of the Continental Limited, says he was running sixty-five miles an hour when he saw the light of the other train. He shut off his speed to fifty miles and jumped and so did his fireman.

Frederick L. Channing of Chicago arrived in Toledo to-day over the Lake Shore from Adrian, Mich. Mr. Channing was a passenger on one of the trains in the wreck. He says: "I was in the third coach of the Continental Limited. The coach was almost filled with people. The crash came at about twenty minutes of 7. With the pressure of the air brakes, all the occupants were half lifted from their seats. Then came the roar—the indescribable tearing and crunching sound of the forward end of our coach as it was raised in the air. The next instant we were piled in a heap.

"Broken glass rained upon us. Women screamed in agony and men, too. I had fallen between two seats and I lay there stupified. A gash in my head had spilt the blood down my face. The screams of those around me, the crashing of the broken coaches and the moans were terrible. I fainted, but almost instantly revived. In the aisle by my head lay a man with a woman on top of him. Both were dead. Men and women lay like logs. Some were conscious and struggled to free themselves. One or two lay half in the coach and half out through the apertures that had been made by the wreck. Anguished shouts came from everywhere at once. Some one pounded on the end of the car with an axe. The doors had been torn away. The coach behind ours had climbed over ours, and two of the wheels protruded through the top. A seat had been flung from its fastenings and hung above me.

"Men ran into the flames and out again, dragging by an arm or leg some half-naked man or woman. Emigrant men and women with their gaudy shawls, lay all around me. I counted fifteen men and women lying to one side. Now and then one would raise his head and stare at the fire and then drop back to the gravel.

"Rescuers tried to put out the fire, but they couldn't because they didn't have any water. It would break out in different places. The screams continued. As fast as the bodies were lifted from the ruins men carried them down the track and laid them in rows. Everybody around there seemed to be working. Every one was moving about, and above the screams and moans could be heard the orders of some people who seemed to be in authority.

"Bodies which were seen to be dead, on account of ghastly wounds, were piled in an indiscriminate heap, men and women being together. Those who were alive or whose injuries could not be seen, were carried out, each body requiring two rescuers. The long hair of women dragged along the gravel as the bodies were carried to places of safety.

"I have dreamed horrible, terrifying dreams of carnage and blood, but I never dreamed of anything so terrible. One could not even imagine the fearful scenes without being present."

BATTLE ABBEY'S NEW OWNER.

Member of the Webster Family Bought the Historic Site.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, Nov. 28.—The purchaser of Battle Abbey at the sale the other day was Sir Augustus Frederick Walpole Edward Webster, a descendant of Sir Thomas Webster, who was made a baronet in 1703, and who bought Battle Abbey in 1719 from the sixth Viscount Montague. It remained in the possession of the family for 130 years.

KUBELIK THE VIOLINIST HERE.

He Is to Receive $100,000 for the Season He Will Spend in America.

Jan Kubelik, the Bohemian violinist who has been for the past two years the musical sensation of Europe, arrived here yesterday on the Majestic to begin a series of concert engagements under the management of Daniel Frohman. The youthful virtuoso was accompanied by Rudolph Ennes, a pianist; Herr Scriven, his secretary, a valet and Hugo Goerlitz, formerly the manager of Ignace Paderewski, who is this year associated with Mr. Frohman in the direction of the violinist's tour.

Kubelik is to play in this country and Mexico 100 times and, it is said, will receive $1,000 a concert, which is more than the fee guaranteed before to any instrumental virtuoso who has come to this country in recent years.

Young Kubelik celebrated his twenty-first birthday in July last. He is smooth-faced and dark-eyed. His hair, which falls back from his brow, is of the approved virtuoso length. He is the son of a market gardener who lived near Prague until his death, eight years ago. He was his son's first teacher and the boy studied with his father on an instrument made by his teacher, who was not able to afford the luxury of a regular violin. Today the young man owns two that are valued at more than $12,000 together. But he still keeps the little fiddle on which he took his first lesson.

He studied at the Conservatory of Prague and later appeared with the Philharmonic Society of that city as a soloist when he was but 15, playing the Paganini concerto with which his reputation has been largely made. He was proclaimed a wonder and later he visited Vienna, Budapest and Berlin, meeting everywhere with the greatest success. He continued his lessons in the meantime and played only occasionally as a virtuoso. Two years ago he made another tour as a full-fledged performer and was received everywhere with enthusiasm. For the past two years he has crowded Queen's Hall as nobody ever did but Paderewski.

Mr. Frohman first heard Kubelik last year in London and decided to bring him to this country. He approached the young man and received the same answer that had frightened away every other musical manager from this country who had made overtures to the violinist. His invariable answer was, "One season in America must mean for me $100,000 guaranteed and not a penny less." Mr. Frohman heard this answer and retired temporarily to recover his breath.

Then he went to another concert, heard Kubelik play, realized how he fell himself and saw how the immense audience acted, so, unlike the others who had approached Kubelik with talk of an American tour, he returned to the matter. The guarantee still had that same ominous figure on it, and he said so. The result was that Mr. Frohman started back to this country a few weeks after he had first made the offer, bringing the necessary "cut" with him, and was able to hand it to Kubelik.

A few weeks later, when he was declared of age in Prague, Kubelik signed the contract. Usually he would have been a minor in the law of Bohemia until he was 24, but it is possible if the subject could be declared of age at any time after 21.

Kubelik is known as a player of great technical brilliancy and to credit to the wonderful fame with which the fame of Paganini was associated. He has succeeded in electrifying his auditors everywhere, claimed by the accomplishments in this direction.

The violinist appears here for the first time on Monday at Carnegie Hall. On Saturday afternoon he gives his second concert. There and there in the meantime in Boston.

AMERICAN CHURCH IN BERLIN.

Ambassador White Lays Foundation Stone —Fund Raised Here.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

BERLIN, Nov. 28.—The foundation stone of the new American church in Nollendorff Platz was laid to-day by Andrew D. White, the United States Ambassador to Germany. A large number of representatives of the American colony was present. Mr. White and Mr. Mason, the American Consul-General at Berlin, and the Rev. Mr. Dixie, the pastor of the church, made speeches.

The committee on the erection of the church was formed in 1870 under the Presidency of George Bancroft, who was at that time the American Minister to Prussia. Elihu Root, who was then a student at Berlin, was Secretary of the fund. Mrs. Cleveland, the wife of ex-President Cleveland, and Mrs. Stranahan of Brooklyn took a prominent part in raising $30,000 for the fund in the United States.

POPE'S OLDEST FRIEND DEAD.

Commendatore Pacelli, Once an Official Under Papal Government.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, Nov. 29.—According to the *Daily News'* Rome correspondent the Pope has just lost his oldest friend. This was Commendatore Pacelli, who was 103 years old. It is said that he was the oldest man in Rome.

He was director of the inland revenue under the Papal Government before the fall of the Pope's temporal power, and he lived afterward in the expectation of seeing this power restored. Pope Leo often received him and chatted with him concerning events that occurred during the first half of the nineteenth century, regarding which Commendatore Pacelli's memory was wonderfully clear.

It is reported that when the Pope learned of his death he exclaimed: "I have lost my oldest friend."

CONTRACT NOT DADY'S YET.

Ayuntamiento Voted Only to Take Bid Into Consideration.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

HAVANA, Nov. 28.—At a meeting of the Ayuntamiento to-day the minutes of the meeting of Nov. 15 were read and confirmed. According to the minutes it appears that the Ayuntamiento did not accept in its entirety the report of the committee appointed to consider Michael Dady's letter offering to reduce his bid for the sewering and paving contract.

In its report the committee recommended a revision of the previous vote which gave the contract to McGivney & Rokeby of Jersey City. It appears now, however, that the Ayuntamiento did not vote to accept the report, as was reported in the papers here, but only to take it into consideration.

VENTILATORS OFF WARSHIPS.

They Retard Speed—British Admiralty May Adopt Fans.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, Nov. 29.—The *Daily News* says it learns that the Admiralty proposes to remove the cowls and other ventilating apparatus from the decks of warships, experts holding that they retard the speed of the vessels.

It is contended that fans between decks will afford sufficient ventilation.

ARMY TRANSPORT SUNK.

The Wright Strikes a Reef Near Samar —Her Crew Saved.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

MANILA, Nov. 28.—The United States transport Wright has struck a rock in Iamon Bay, near the island of Samar, and sank in fifteen feet of water. The crew and most of the cargo were saved.

Brig.-Gen. J. H. Smith, commanding at Samar, telegraphs that the Wright can probably be raised.

GOV. TAFT BETTER.

Skin Grafted on His Wound—He May Visit Home Next Month.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

MANILA, Nov. 28.—Surgeons Stafford and Rhodes have successfully grafted skin on Gov. Taft's wound and he will probably be able to pay his projected visit to the United States at the end of December.

Lieuts. Foster and Wetherell of the Nineteenth Infantry, have been painfully wounded in bamboo pitfalls at Bohol.

COURT TO BE IN PEKIN JAN. 11

ACCORDING TO LATEST EDICT RECEIVED THERE.

Reason Given for the Delay Is Illness of Dowager Empress—Several Customs Disputes—The Temple of Agriculture Handed Over to the Chinese.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

PEKIN, Nov. 28.—An edict has been received fixing Jan. 11 as the date for the arrival of the Court at Pekin. The reason given for the delay is the illness of the Dowager Empress.

Prince Ching arrived at Paoting-fu to-day. He will meet there Prince Chun, brother of the Emperor, who recently returned from Germany. The latter is en route to Kaifeng-fu.

Capt. Brewster to-day handed over the Temple of Agriculture to the Chinese. Major Robertson was ill and could not be present at the ceremony, Capt. Brewster acting in his stead. Hu Yu Fen, Military Governor of Pekin, in thanking the Americans, said that the temple was in a better state of preservation than any of the property that had been held by the allies. Its condition, he added, was in marked contrast to that of the Temple of Heaven, which the Chinese declare the English looted of bronze urns and other valuables. Since the Temple of Heaven was returned to the Chinese even the bronze hardware and nails in the building have been stolen.

The Temple of Agriculture was the last important building held by the allies in Pekin.

The Ministers have declined to answer the request made by Sir Robert Hart, Imperial Commissioner of Maritime Customs, for an interpretation of certain parts of the protocol in regard to the customs.

The question was brought up by the smuggling into Chefoo of a case of firearms. In former times these would have been confiscated by the Chinese officials, but such action now would defeat the intention of the protocol.

There are also several disputes in regard to certain cargoes, the importers claiming that they are exempt from the 5 per cent. effective duty because they were shipped within the limit of ten days after the signing of the protocol and were delayed en route. There is a large margin for fraud in these matters. Sir Robert Hart will instruct his subordinates in the Customs Department to be liberal in their decisions of technical questions.

M. Knobel, the Minister from the Netherlands, who went through the siege of Pekin, left here for home yesterday by way of the United States.

MISS STONE DEAD?

Another Report That the Missionary and Her Companion Have Perished.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, Nov. 28.—A news agency despatch from Constantinople says a report has reached there that Miss Ellen Stone, the American missionary, and her companion, Mme. Tsilka, who were captured by brigands some months ago, are dead.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 28.—The only report tending to confirm the information from London that Miss Stone and Mme. Tsilka are dead came to the State Department last night from Mr. Eddy at Tera. He says that a report from the Valley of Salonica has reached the American legation that Miss Stone and Mme. Tsilka died near Myejrjoza, near Vzesnej. It is reported that Mme. Tsilka died in childbirth and Miss Stone from grief. Mr. Eddy adds that neither he nor Consul-General Dickinson places confidence in the report.

DIVORCE FOR FERDINAND?

Crown Prince of Roumania Renounces Succession, It Is Said.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

BERLIN, Nov. 28.—The *Vossische Zeitung* says that Crown Prince Ferdinand of Roumania and his wife, formerly Princess Marie of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, have agreed upon a divorce, and that the Crown Prince will renounce the succession to the crown.

Two Prisoners Shot by Boers.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, Nov. 28.—The officer commanding the lines of communication in South Africa telegraphs the War Office that two privates were taken prisoners by the Boers at Dordrecht, Cape Colony, on Nov. 16. The officer commanding has received a letter from Boer Commandant Fouche stating that he had shot both of the prisoners. Their bodies cannot be found.

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New York, Nov. 13, 1901.

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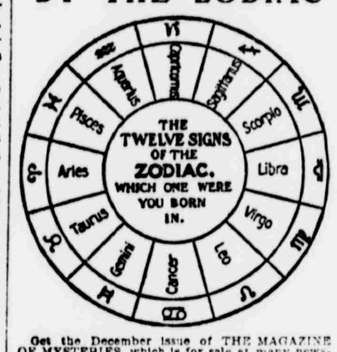

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