FRANCO-ITALIAN VISITS.

HITCH IN KING VICTOR'S AND M. LOUBET'S EXCHANGE OF CALLS.

Leo XIII. Looks on It as a Threat to the Pope's International Standing and the End of His Hopes for Temporal Power—He Turns to His Socialist Schemes to Counteract the Danger—King in Earnest, but Time of Visits Not Fixed.

ROME, Oct. 7.—The Quirinal press has grown silent about the King of Italy's visit to Paris and M. Loubet's journey to Rome. The impression produced by the first announcement seemed to make the matter dangerous. There is a hush about the negotiations in order to weaken the opposition to this coming event. The interest of France in it is so clear, the consequences of the action stand out so distinctly, the stakes are of such historic importance that the House of Savoy prefers darkness and the "mysterious ways," of which Montaigne speaks, to the light. This interjected discretion, however, cannot deceive the clear sighted vigilance of the Vatican.

The Quai d'Orsay in its turn proposes embarrassments and suggests a misunderstanding. With his Southern lightness and re d' promises M. Delcassé is trying to put to sleep the Vatican's alarms. Without ignoring the Pope's just complaints and reasonable susceptibility, M. Delcassé smudges, explains away, confuses the true state of things, takes away from the harmful brutality of the coming together between France and Italy its offensive character against the primary interests of the Papacy. If he could be believed, the Quirinal's friendship for France is but a secondary pawn on the great diplomatic chess board.

This deceptive balancing, this smiling hypocrisy and skill in explaining away and promising do not catch the Holy Father unprepared. The Vatican knows the inner history of the bargain. The King of Italy looks on the Franco-Italian agreement as a weapon of war against the sovereignty of the Papacy and the full exercise of its international power. In internal matters he subordinates his whole government to a single aim, namely, to take away from the Vatican the possibility of breathing by putting it under a Socialist air pump. That is the secret of his alliance with the Socialists that betrays the secret reasons for his fight against Christian democracy, the motive for his cautious and stealthy intrigue about the *Non expedit*.

Some Catholics who have a fancy for organic marriages and are eager to play a political part, allow themselves to be caught in this clumsy trap. The Italian Republicans feel with more intelligent penetration what the secret object is. Less innocent and more calculating, they form an idea of the natural and inevitable consequences of the coalition. The success of the alliance must mean the decline of the Republican ideal and the consolidation of the mathematically unitarian monarchical government. Hence the acute conflict which has broken out between ravenous socialism and the Republican leaders. The latter blame the Socialists for their short-sightedness and for acting as catspaws, and accuse them, not without reason, of setting the Socialist interests above the strictly Italian reforms.

In Italy itself Victor Emmanuel III. keeps up the task of isolating the Holy See. His dream is to destroy gradually the international diplomatic power of the Papacy. The Franco-Italian agreement is the preface of the stealthy plot. M. Loubet's visit would express, in the form of a visible act, the first diplomatic success of the Quirinal methods. With the keensightedness of hatred and fear the House of Savoy guesses that back of Leo XIII.'s French policy lies a danger for the Italian monarchy. The success of the "ralliement" pressed the iron collar about the Italian monarchy's throat. French anticlericalism joined hands with the Quirinal, and the Dreyfus affair provided for their common interests the needed lever.

The alliance with the House of Savoy is to break off from any connection with the Pope and to make a return of the "ralliement" impossible. Against that glowing background M. Loubet's journey to Rome is projected. The Pope, a prisoner in the Vatican for good, with no human hope of salvation; that is Victor Emmanuel III.'s immediate object. A powerless Pope at Rome; that is the work of sectarian France. A Pope deprived of his international diplomatic function; that is the aim of both and of all active anti-Christian forces.

The danger appears in dramatic greatness. It is no longer an ordinary struggle, nor a mere revolution; it is an epoch. On the Continent this policy is the long-continued stake in the strange contest between two ideas, two spirits, two policies. How the Pope will conjure the peril and regain his independence and his empire nobody can guess as yet. Yet in the long run the policy of the Papacy contains the antidote and the remedy. The more hostile Powers seek to weaken the international diplomatic power of the Holy See, the more the Pope feels the imperative need of increasing the guarantees of his universal social ministry. The Franco-Italian coalition and the anti-clerical league have divided so well the importance of the Pope's socialistic intervention that to-day they are busying their efforts on the ground of democratic and economic reforms. It is competition. Nothing could show more clearly how correct is the Papal policy.

The preservation of the international diplomatic power of the Papacy by developing the universal Socialist power, such is one method, one means of diminishing the influence of its enemies.

INNOMINATO.

AN EXHIBITION OF FINE PRINTS.

An exhibition is being held at the Wunderlich Gallery, which will prove of great interest to the collector and student of fine prints. It comprises a collection of examples by Dürer, Rembrandt, Whistler and Haden, which were secured *en bloc* from an amateur in England, who seems to have had a notable taste for quality and some happy opportunities of indulging it. Some of the prints are eminently rare and many are of superlative excellence.

Among the Dürers are impressions of the three world-famous engravings, "St. Jerome in his Study," "The Knight, Death and the Devil," and "Melencolia." Always intensely human, deeply and lovably earnest, Dürer reaches in these masterpieces a concentration of purpose and a completeness of accord between the conception and its realization that sum up in perfect expression the experience and convictions, both technical and mental, of a lifetime. The pure and happy temperament of the artist reveals itself in the "St. Jerome," in the sweet and sprightly order of the sunlit study and in the quiet absorption of the translator of the Bible into Latin and the exquisite quietude of his surroundings. This particular impression of the engraving is a good one, whereas that of the Knight is a good deal more: an example penetrated with extraordinary richness.

One may be familiar with the nobly idealized realism of the horse and his rider, the wonderful treatment of the suit of mail, the still greater wonder of the warrior's face, firm-set in simple manly resolution, with gaze undeflected by nearness of Death or Devil, and with the solemn isolation of the rocky landscape, with the tenderly intimate rendering of a little distant town, executed with the completeness and delicate reserve so characteristic of Dürer's habit in this respect; but not often shall one find the impressiveness of the ensemble so mightily intensified by the lustrous qualities of the dark and light passages. In the way of depth as well as of exquisite freshness the impression is rarely beautiful. One may be enthusiastic also over this example of the "Melencolia," that most notable conception of the "Vanity of Vanities," executed after the death of a beloved mother, "What use are wings, what worth the crown of bays, what avails it to build, to measure, to level, to weigh, to solve problems of mathematics, alchemy or philosophy, when the only end is nothing? Night and eternal sleep is all that mankind has to look forward to in this life?" It is the old, perennially recurring cry of the human soul, even of the religious man as Dürer was, in the first bitterness of loss.

Particular mention should also be made of a choice impression of the "Coat of Arms with the Cock," so vigorously brilliant in the blacks and exquisitely dainty in its finer line work that one can enjoy to the full not only the extraordinary skill and freedom of the drawing, but also the marvellous fidelity with which the different textures of the foliage, the bird's plumage and the battered metal of the helmet are represented. I may likewise single out the points, exhibited here, of "The Prodigal Son" and "The Virgin Crowned by One Angel."

An incidental interest of the exhibition is the chance of comparing the Rembrandt etching with those of the modern masters, Haden and Whistler. The last is represented mainly by some of his early portrait prints and by a selection from the later Venetian ones. Among the former is a "Finette," marked in Whistler's handwriting, "Finest proof," the woman's costume of an excessively velvety black, against which is laid a sensitive hand, a marvel of refined suggestiveness.

A rare print and a very lovely one is that of "Weary," a lady lying back in a chair, a profusion of hair showered round her face, the right hand laid languidly upon the arm of the chair and the lower part of the figure merely indicated, but with complete sufficiency for the rendering of the motive. The latter is an expression of luxurious exhaustion, of delicious relaxation of the muscles, and of enjoyable enervation. The rendering is so dainty and evanescent that it seems rather to have been breathed upon the plate than bitten in. On the other hand, the treatment of Lord Wolseley's head is broad and incisive; the strokes so few that one could count them, and yet the net result so vital and comprehensive. How different these portraits from the elaborated ones by Rembrandt! It is a difference for which the respective spirit of the age is very largely responsible. Against the inexhaustible patience of the Dutch and the glorious contentment in their fellows and surroundings of the Dutch artists of the seventeenth century, set the eagerness for rapid realizations and the highly cultivated eclecticism of the modern spirit, and you get pretty close to the difference in the points of view and in the methods of these two masters. Each is a superlative product of his time.

It is the unapproachable way in which Whistler represents this modern genius that makes his Venetian series at once so representative and, for this reason, by comparison more vitally a creation than the earlier Thames prints, wherein he rather proves his right to rank with the masters of the past than establishes his claim to be recognized as eminently the master of the present. For this very reason some may prefer his earlier work, but perhaps that is only to resent the tendency of the age. Certainly it must be difficult to refrain from admiration of such a print as "Turkeys," or the "Little Salute," in which the influence of Japanese art has been so bewitchingly interpreted.

Among the Haden examples are some very fine prints of his studies in Ireland: "A By-Road in Tipperary," "A Sunset in Ireland" and "A River in Ireland." In these appear that genuine, single-hearted love of nature, a preference for nature rather than picture-making, which especially distinguishes the English artists. By comparison Rembrandt is concerned with a picturesque foreground, and adds the distant landscape to place his important objects and to give them the relationship of environment. He is not concerned with the character of a special kind of tree, with the varying characteristics of water and seldom with the expressiveness of sky. It is in these points that the modern master excels him. Nature itself in the variety of her manifestations has a charm for him; then later with increased feeling for the pictorial and a fuller command of technical resources he produces so fine a plate as "Thames Fishermen." The impression of the latter in this collection deserves especial mention. It is a first state and distinctively rich in tone, impregnated with the mellow warmth and the lovely tranquillity of a summer evening. It expresses a mood of nature in a way that did not enter into the heart of Rembrandt.

His studies of nature are magnificently objective. There are several fine examples in this collection, notably "A Village with a Canal and a Vessel Under Sail" and "Landscape, with a Cottage and a Dutch Hay-Brow," the latter involving a distant vista of peculiar charm. Everything is suggested and with amazing authority, except the sentiment of the landscape, the close intimacy of the human spirit with nature. To find this one must turn to Rembrandt's figure subjects, particularly to his religious ones and, perhaps, more particularly to his portraits. There are beautiful impressions here of "Christ Preaching," of "Christ Healing the Sick," the famous "Hundred Guilder Plate" and of that noble conception, the "Death of the Virgin." Yet, apart from the many considerations, some intrinsic, many adventitious, that move the collector, there is probably a very general predilection for Rembrandt's portraits, for it is in these that his power of penetrative analysis is most closely united with a breadth of sympathy. We shall find here a "Clément de Jonghe" and an "Ephraim Bonus," each with Dighton's stamp, an "Old Haarlng," a "Johannes Uytenbogardus" and "The Great Coppenol," all of them choice impressions.

But the special feature of the group is an impression of the "Jan Sylvius" that belonged to himself and from his family passed to M. B. de Bosch, at whose sale it was bought by Josi, from whom it passed successively through the Aylesford, Hawkins and Buccleugh collections. It is an early impression, with the mark of the printer's fingers on the margin and is in every way a superb example. The face of the old man, "whose eloquence taught men to worship Christ and spread out before them the true way to the stars," has, in this print, a marvellous ness of delicate delineation, while the darker parts, the gown especially, have a richness and lustrous depth of color, not to be found in the generality of impressions. The print, indeed, is an example of the first order.

The exhibition will last for two weeks and should not be missed.

$15,000,000 of Bonds Almost All In.

Government bonds of the face value of $345,000 were turned over to the United States Sub-Treasury yesterday and $474,813 was paid for them. This makes a total of $14,771,450 (face value) bonds so far turned in and $20,145,362 paid for them under the Secretary of the Treasury's recent bond purchase offer. The Bank of British North America received word yesterday of the arrival of $360,000 Klondike gold, drafts for which will probably reach this city on Tuesday.

LITTLE GIRL'S LOVE LETTERS.

SWEET AND PURE, BUT NOT LACKING IN PRACTICAL THINGS.

Twelve-Year-Old Florence Merritt Loved Her 16-Year-Old Sailor Lad and Longed for Day of Wedding—Her Mother Thought He Induced Her to Leave Home

The superintendent of the Brooklyn Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has in his possession a lot of correspondence which he might publish as "The Love Letters of a Little Girl." He also has the writer of the letters, twelve-year-old Florence Merritt, of 727 Gates avenue, Brooklyn, who is being held as a witness against her boy lover, Alfred Walsh.

Alfred is 16 years old and is a United States sailor on the receiving ship at the Brooklyn navy yard. He was arrested yesterday on a charge of having induced Florence to run away. But he will be discharged to-day, for Mrs. Merritt did a lot of investigating yesterday afternoon, after court had closed, and found that Alfred was a good boy and Florence a good girl and that their only offence had been to plan to get married as soon as they grew up. They are engaged, as the little girl explained to Magistrate Naumer yesterday. Florence did run away and stay over night, but she went to her aunt's and Alfred didn't know anything about it.

When he was arraigned the sailor boy had under his blouse a pack of letters, one of which contained a lock of Florence Merritt's hair. The society agent asked for them and the diminutive United States sailor refused to surrender them. The Magistrate frowned and Florence was afraid for Alfred's sake.

"Give them the letters, Allie, give them up. I don't care if they do read them. I mean every word in them."

Most of the letters had been written in school, apparently, when the teacher wasn't looking, and there were lots of them. The first was written several weeks ago, soon after Florence had met her sailor lover at some other child's birthday party. Alfred hadn't been in the navy long then. It was the boy's first liberty night, so, of course, he wore his uniform to the party. Florence won him from a dozen other little girls.

Here are some of the letters:

DEAR ALLIE: I haven't got to recite again for half an hour. Then we have arithmetic and I haven't got three examples. But I don't care. I'm going to write to you because you asked me to. I used to hate geography, but I love it now. We've just recited in it and I knew every answer. What do you think makes me love geography now instead of hating it? If you won't laugh I'll tell you. You told me at Jennie's party that you would go all over the world in the ships from the navy yard. So I like geography because I want to know all about where the places are you will go to, 'cause it won't be so lonesome when you go away. I never thought before that geography was about places or anything in particular.

The teacher is going to ring the bell in a minute and I must stop. Good-by, Allie. I love you dearly. FLORENCE.

MY DEAR SAILOR ALLIE: I was writing "Alfred" all over the Pacific Ocean in my geography to-day because I think your name is the best in the world and because you told me that ever since that war a lot of our sailors were going to that ocean to those islands with the long name. Well, the teacher was looking over my shoulder and caught me and I died. I didn't have time to think, so I just said that I was writing it so as not to forget the name of Alfred the Great that she read us about the other day in school. So all she said was not to mark the books.

Is it wrong to tell lies when you are in love and won't dare tell because folks laugh or scold you for being too young? I wish I could tell some one. If I ever do I guess it will be gramma. I don't believe she was old when she was married. She's got an old veil that she wore when she was married and some gold studs that my grandfather wore. I never saw him, because he died. But gramma tells me about him when she shows me the veil and studs, so some day when she tells me about him I will tell her about you. Then, perhaps, she will be on our side and make the rest of the folks let you come to our house to supper when they let you go from the navy yard. I love you every minute. FLORENCE.

DEAR ALLIE: Here's that lock of hair. It's only a little one, because I didn't dare cut off much for fear they'd know. I cut it from way up underneath. Johnny White's mother and aunt have just come in to visit the school and the teacher's going to make us all do gymnastics just to show off for them. So I can't write much to-day. I hate Johnny White. He called me Flossie the other day and I hit him with an apple core because you call me that and he can't. There's the bell. Good-by, dear Allie, till to-morrow. FLORENCE.

DEAR ALLIE: I can't write yesterday. Will you forgive me? I guess you'll laugh when I tell you why. I got up late and had to hurry to school without my breakfast. When recess came I was awful hungry, so I just bought a dollar bun with the two cents and then I couldn't buy the postage stamp on the way home from school. I wouldn't have done it if I had been just a little hungry, but when I got awful hungry I have a headache. It's history time and I must stop. Good-by. I love you truly. FLORENCE.

DEAR ALLIE: The teacher took that little picture of you away from me to-day. She saw me kiss it. When she took it she laughed and I screamed and kicked her foot. Then I had to stand on the line and face the blackboard all through arithmetic and most of reading. When I got over the maddest part of the way I felt I was kind of glad, for I didn't have any of the examples done. When she sent me to my seat she gave me the picture and told me to keep it in my pocket. I've got it squeezed right in my right hand this minute. I always write with my left hand when the teacher isn't looking. This is a real long letter. School will be out in five minutes. Good-night. I love you. FLORENCE.

DEAR ALLIE: The teacher read to me about sailors to-day and I forgot and raised my hand quick before I thought. I was going to say that I knew a sailor. But when she asked me what I wanted I just said "Nothing," and all the girls laughed.

I told grammy the other day that I knew a sailor and she said perhaps some day he'd be a captain. Won't that be beautiful? Will it be after we're married? Good-by, dear Allie. I love you all the time. FLORENCE.

DEAR ALLIE: Of course, I want a ring, but you mustn't spend all that money now, and besides I couldn't wear it for they'd all ask where I got it. I don't suppose we can get married yet for an awful long time, but we will some time and we will have to have a lot of things, so we might save now, even if it is a long way off. I saw a lovely teapot in a Fulton street window the other day marked 45 cents. It looked like real silver, too. And the other night I went to Nellie Martin's house to supper. That's the kind of a house we'll have. Phoebe got lots of things. There's sort of a big rocking chair there, only it hasn't got rockers, but springs underneath. I sat in it and rocked and made believe that you were there with me. They've got an open fireplace, too.

After supper they played post office and drop the handkerchief and all those kissing games, but I wouldn't play. You know why. Nellie got kind of mad.

To-morrow you can get out of the navy yard again. I'll run to City Park as fast as I can after school and see you on my way to home to supper.

Good-bye, Allie. I love you more every day. FLORENCE.

Alfred's letters to Florence will never be read, for when trouble began and agents and parents started investigating, she burned them all up in her mother's cook stove.

SMALL BOY TRAVELLED FAR.

Left Home 6 Months Ago and Saw a Lot—Home With Blood Poisoning.

Blood poisoning in his left hand has brought to a sudden termination the journeys of John Rogan, boy traveller, who before he started on his wanderings, about six months ago, lived with his mother at 675 Classon avenue, Brooklyn. Johnnie is now in the Bushwick Central Hospital, and may have to have his hand amputated.

One afternoon last April Johnnie, who was then 15 years old, told his mother he was going for a walk, and left the house. He had 16 cents in his pocket.

The next heard from him was in a letter dated May 19, Chicago. After this his mother received a rapid succession of letters from Johnnie, postmarked Omaha, Cheyenne and San Francisco. He stayed in San Francisco about two weeks. Resuming his journey, he went to Los Angeles, Yuma, El Paso, San Antonio, New Orleans and Cardington, Ohio.

He stayed in Cardington three weeks, and it was while laying pipes for a gas company there that he bruised his hand. The blood poisoning, Johnnie thinks, set in while he was hanging on to the iron bars of a freight car in a hailstorm near Syracuse, some days afterward.

He went to a dispensary the minute he reached Albany, but his hand didn't seem to improve much, so after a short term of service with the Salvation Army of that town he took the boat for Brooklyn.

When asked what impressed him most in his travels Johnnie said that pitting apricots in California was nice work, and that he liked San Antonio, Tex., all right, but that chopping wood and Western hospitality were not what they are cracked up to be.

EMEUTE OF BOROUGH HEADS.

Three of Them Find They Can't Swing the Board of Estimate by the Tail.

Since the Board of Estimate began making up the budget, last Tuesday, there has been a great deal of friction at the daily executive session. President Coler of Manhattan was the only Borough President who asked for a reduced appropriation. The other four have applied for increases which amount to more than $1,500,000. The majority of the board decided that the total increase must be cut to not more than $50,000. This led to mutinies.

President Cassidy had asked for nearly a million dollars more than he got last year. When the estimates of the Tenement House Commission came to be considered Mr. Mayo suggested that an increase of $75,000 be given to that body. Mr. Grout objected, and intimated that if the budget went over $67,000,000 he would not sign it. The Mayor did not press the matter further. Thereupon, it is understood, at least three of the Borough Presidents at the recess went to lunch together and, taking their cue from the statement Mr. Grout had made, resolved among themselves to go back to the board and announce that neither would they sign the budget unless their demands were acceded to.

But when, later in the day, the little band of presidents duly got out their pronunciamento they were reminded that there would be enough votes without theirs to pass the budget, and the emeute ceased there and then.

TALKED MATHEMATICS.

Professors From a Score of Colleges Attend Meeting at Columbia.

The fall convention of the American Mathematical Society was held at Columbia University yesterday and scientists from all parts of the country, representing a score of colleges and universities, attended.

Papers were read and discussed by Dr. Edward R. Hedrick of Yale, Dr. Ernest V. Huntington of Harvard, Prof. Peter Field of Carthage College, Illinois, Dr. Edward Kasner of Columbia, Prof. Maxine Bocher of Harvard, Dr. Virgil Snyder of Cornell and Prof. Frank Nelson Cole of Columbia.

The delegates and visitors were entertained at luncheon by the members of the Columbia mathematical department in the college commons in University Hall. At the afternoon session a paper was read by a woman, Miss Ida May Schottenfels of this city, formerly a teacher in the Chicago public schools.

Lieut. Hatheway Resigns.

Lieut. Alfred S. Hatheway, senior First Lieutenant in the First Battery, has resigned on account of business. He was promoted First Lieutenant in May, 1889.

MAN AND WIFE BOTH SUE GRUBE

$100,000 APIECE, PLEASE, SIR, FOR THE LEACHES.

Mrs. Leach Says the Rich Ice Cream Man Promised to Wed Her and Mr. Leach Says He Weaned Away Mrs. Leach's Love—Was the Lady Going to Shoot?

For his failure to carry out an alleged promise to marry her, Mrs. Hattie G. Leach, the divorced wife of Merritt Leach, is suing Henry Grube, one of the heaviest stockholders in the J. M. Horton Ice Cream Company for $100,000. At the same time Merritt Leach has brought suit against Grube for another $100,000, alleging that Grube alienated his wife's affections.

There is much dispute over the venue of the breach of promise action. Mrs. Leach, through her counsel, Hoffmann & Wahle, has begun it in the City Court of this county, but Grube has obtained an order in the Supreme Court for Mrs. Leach to show cause why the suit should not be transferred to Kings county. All the parties live in Brooklyn. Mrs. Leach at 297 Park place, and Grube at 213 Sterling place. Mr. Grube contends that all the witnesses he intends to produce to disprove the alleged promise are in Brooklyn, while Mrs. Leach says that all her witnesses are in New York, and moreover that Grube's property and business are in this county.

Mrs. Leach in her complaint and affidavits says that she has known Grube for twenty years, and that she has love letters galore written by him. She says that in October, 1901, while her divorce suit was pending in Dakota, Grube agreed to marry her as soon as she got an absolute decree. She says further that at the time she was thinking of discontinuing her suit and condoning her husband's alleged offences, but that on Grube's promise she went ahead and got her decree in March of this year. She says that Grube then promised again to marry her last June, but failed to keep the promise.

Grube, on his side, denies that he ever made any promise or agreement to marry Mrs. Leach, and sets up that their relations have always been platonic. He also attacks the validity of Mrs. Leach's Dakota divorce, on the ground that neither of the parties was a resident of the Western State, and that Leach neither appeared in the suit nor was served with a summons.

Grube, who, as a prominent German-American, was a guest on board the Hohenzollern when Prince Henry was here, and was photographed by a snapshot fiend as he stood beside the Prince, says he has always been a friend of the Leach family, and even got Miss Grace Leach, a daughter, a position in the National Park Bank, but he denies ever having been so intimate as to venture to offer to marry Mrs. Leach. He says Mrs. Leach has a grudge against him, and in his affidavit he declares that she recently told Dr. W. J. Cruikshank, of 102 Fort Greene place, Brooklyn, that "she knew she had no cause of action against Grube. She realized that, and she would get square with him some day. She would shoot him."

Mr. Hoffman, her counsel, and Mrs. Leach both say that Grube's love letters to her will prove the existence of more than friendly relations and will show that he had promised to marry her. The letters will be produced at the trial.

Mr. Hummel, who has charge of the $100,000 alienation suit begun by Merritt Leach against Grube, refused yesterday to make public the complaint or affidavits in the action.

DUNCAN PELL'S MARRIAGE.

Miss Louise Gardner the Bride—Wedding a Surprise to Mr. Pell's Friends.

The announcement made yesterday that Duncan Clarkson Pell and Miss Louise Gardner had been married on Oct. 16 at West Haven, Conn., was a surprise to Mr. Pell's friends in this city.

This is Mr. Pell's second marriage. In 1890 he married Miss Anna Pendleton of West New Brighton, Staten Island. They were divorced five years later.

Mr. Pell is a son of the late Col. Alexander P. Pell. He is a well-known clubman and brother of H. Archie Pell and Mercer Pell.

Kip—Jones.

Miss Frances Coster Jones, daughter of the late Alfred Renshaw Jones, and Harry Spies Kip, son of the late William Bergh Kip, were married in the Church of the Incarnation yesterday by the rector, the Rev. Dr. William M. Grosvenor. The bride was given away by her stepfather, Lewis Quentin Jones. She wore a white satin dress, worn also by her grandmother and great-grandmother at their weddings. Miss Marie Antoinette Davis was the maid of honor. There were no bridesmaids. Garrett B. Kip was his brother's best man. Rulf H. W. Kip, also a brother; James Darrach, Gerard Herrick, Alexander Cochran, Everett Colby, William Sloane, Murray Shoemaker and Andrew C. Saxe were ushers. There was a large reception at the home of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Edward Anthon, at West Forty-eighth street.

STOLE SEVENTY CHESTS OF TEA.

Five Men Arraigned on That Charge—Tea Was Carted From a Ship.

James Meehan, Charles H. Quinn, Benjamin Perry, Louis Mackey and John D. Nelligan were held in $1,000 bail each yesterday in the Essex Market police court, charged with being implicated in the theft of seventy chests of tea, part of the cargo of the steamer Athol, which arrived here last Wednesday.

Meehan, Quinn, Perry and Mackey, it is alleged, represented that they had authority to take the tea to a Brooklyn warehouse, to which it had been consigned, and it was delivered to them. The police of the Madison street station were notified, and the tea was found in a junk shop on Front street run by Nelligan.

Dug Up a Mastodon's Bones.

PARIS, Ill., Oct. 24.—While digging a ditch nine miles northwest of Paris, Charles Fletcher and James Murray unearthed the bones of a mastodon. Part of the right tusk, seven feet long, was intact, and was attached to the skull. The full set of upper teeth was also well preserved. Those on the right were attached to the tusk and upper part of the skull.

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Alaska Sable (Skunk) Muffs, $12, $15, $18; extra large, $20 and $25. Scarfs and boas, $15, $20 and $25. Full, fashionable length boas, $35 to $70. Capes, all sizes and lengths, $75 to $250. C. C. Shayne, 42d St., near 6th Ave.

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Dancing School Dresses,
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Rain Proof Long Coats, Misses' Separate Skirts,
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Women's Wear.

Faced Cloths, Zibelines, Panne Cloths.
Fancy Tweeds, Cheviots, and Zibeline Mixtures.
New Designs.

Broadway & 19th Street.

Stern Brothers

will exhibit to-morrow many new and desirable garments in their

Cloak Departments

among which will be found exclusive styles not heretofore shown

And in addition will place on sale

COVERT CLOTH COATS, double-breasted or fly-fronts, Value $19.00 — $14.75

EXTRA QUALITY VELOUR BLOUSE COATS, collar and cuffs of taffeta silk, trimmed with stitching and fancy braid, Value $40.00 — $28.00

WHITE BROADCLOTH EVENING COATS with facing of silk and fancy braid, Value $50.00 — $36.50

To-morrow, Monday, A large collection of high cost

Lyons Novelty Silks

consisting of Fancy Stripe Silks Brocaded and Striped Warp Print Taffetas, Brilliants and Satins, Striped and Brocaded Tinsel Silks, Heavy Corded Satins and 32 inch Brocaded Satin Cloakings,

At Greatly Reduced Prices

Also a purchase of

3,500 Yards Printed Velveteens

this season's importation, for costumes and waists, Value 75c. yd., 37c

Cloth Department

A Special offering of

2500 YDS. BROADCLOTH, 50 ins. wide, in shades for street and evening wear, also black, Value $1.25 yd. 73c

3000 YDS. CREPE ALBATROSS, in all colors, including ivory, cream white and black, at 48c

Paris Lingerie

Exceptionally large importations of Exclusive Styles from the leading Paris Houses

NIGHT ROBES, CHEMISES AND PANTALONS of Batiste, Silk and Nainsook, trimmed with Old English Embroideries, Hand Crochet and Filet Laces.

PETTICOATS of Louisines, Pongees, Taffetas and Nainsook.

MATINEES AND DRESSING SACQUES of Quilted and Embroidered Surah and Broche Silks, Albatross and Flannel.

With the Productions of Their Own Workrooms, in all forming the largest and most desirable collection of garments to be found in the city.

Women's Waists

DRESS AND STREET WAISTS of Chiffon, Crepe de Chine, Louisines, Peau de Cygne and Soie, Moire, Flannel, Etamine, Basket Cloth, Mohair, Fleece-lined Pique and Fancy Vestings

And will offer to-morrow

Figured White Pique Waists, full plaited front, enamelled studs. $1.50

Flannel Waists, stitched tucked yoke, tucked back, in cardinal, navy, green, tan, white, blue, and black, Fancy Striped Albatross Waists, military shoulders, in green and white, tan and white, navy and white, gray and white, black and white and Black and White Scotch Wool Plaid Waists, with rib collar, $2.95

Shepherd Plaid Taffeta Silk Waists, front rows of tab plaits and Changeable Taffeta Silk Waists, front, back and sleeves stitched tucks, $4.95

Girls' and Misses' Clothing

GIRLS' DRESSES of Zibilenes, Mixtures and Plain Cloths, trimmed with cloth and braid, 4 to 14 yrs. Value $7.50 to 8.90 — $4.95

GIRLS' RUSSIAN LONG CLOAKS, with belt, of blue, green or red heavy Zibilene cloth, 4 to 14 yrs., Value $10.50 — $7.50

PLAITED WALKING SKIRTS of Blue or Black Cheviots and Mannish Mixtures, 14 to 18 yrs., Value $7.50 — $5.00

MISSES' NORFOLK SUITS of Blue, Oxford or Black Heavy Cheviots, also Mannish Cloths, coat lined with taffeta silk, plaited skirt, 14 to 18 yrs., Value $21.50 — $15.00

Fine Persian Rugs & Carpets

Kirmanshah, Tebriz, Ispahan, Gosravan, Iran, Mushkabad and Khorassan Carpets in light and dark colorings, for Drawing Rooms, Libraries, Dining and Sleeping Rooms,

at $225.00, 325.00, 385.00, 450.00 to 1,450.00

100 Selected Kirmanshah, Iran, Tebriz and Sennah Rugs, in soft subdued colorings, $55.00 to 125.00

Lace Curtains

RENAISSANCE, $7.50, 12.50, 16.50
Reduced from $9.00, 14.50 & 20.00 Pr.

POINT ARABE, $13.50, 27.50, 42.00
Reduced from $18.75, 33.75 & 48.50 Pr.

Stores Bonne Femme, Each $8.50, 15.00, 30.00
Reduced from $12.50, 21.00 & 42.50

Upholstery Department

IMPORTED EMBR'D VELOURS, 50 in. wide, yd. $2.50, 3.25

HEAVY CURTAINS FOR DOORS AND WINDOWS:
Repp, handsomely bordered, Pr. $4.95
French Tapestry, " $6.75
Armure, cord on edges, " $9.75
Imported Velour, embr'd & fringed " $17.50

ORIENTAL TAPESTRY COUCH COVERS, 60 in. wide, $4.50, 5.50, 6.75

Their Workrooms are specially equipped to execute orders for every description of Draperies. Designs and Estimates Submitted.

West Twenty-third Street