

GOLETT JEWELS ARE FOUND.

LADY ONLY LEFT THEM IN HER SAFE. PINKERTON'S SAY.

Then forgot it and called in the Detectives to Find Them—They Said "Look in the Safe"—So She Looked, and There They Were—At Last, This Is Official.

A number of reporters, with Raffles, Mrs. Raffles and the Social Highwayman all ready to play a nine days engagement in the piece "Who Stole Mrs. Ogden Golett's Jewels" read yesterday with poorly disguised incredulity the following statement handed out by the Pinkerton Detective Agency.

Mrs. Ogden Golett's jewels, which were believed to have been lost, were, through the suggestion of the Pinkertons and Chief of Police Richards of Newport, found to-day by her in her safe at Newport.

On June 21, she took with her her jewel case. In the middle of July she went to the case for some of the jewelry she missed, and made a thorough search for it in her Newport residence. Failing to find it, in the latter part of July she reported her loss to the Pinkertons at New York and Chief of Police Richards at Newport.

After a thorough investigation by the Pinkertons, who concluded that no robbery had been committed and that the jewels were probably in her safe in Newport, and to-day on opening her safe found the jewels where she had placed them.

NEW YORK, Aug. 9.

There was no disposition on the part of any one connected with the case to say how the jewels were found. Mrs. Golett came from Newport in the morning and put up at the Buckingham Hotel. To all inquiries for her at the desk the answer was that she was out. At the office of the Golett estate, 9 West Seventeenth street, no one would talk about the supposed robbery. It was finally given out there that an authorized statement about the matter would be made by the Pinkerton Agency's office, 37 Broadway, at 5:15 in the afternoon, and an impressive array of reporters was on hand at the appointed hour. To them it was intimated that the statement, then being prepared in the office of Supt. Dougherty, would contain a great "surprise." Mr. Dougherty, in job office type, was already quoted as saying that the "Golett thief" would be in custody within twenty-four hours, and the reporters were prepared for anything.

When the reporters were led into the back room, Mr. Dougherty handed to each one without comment a copy of the statement quoted above. It certainly was a surprise. When the impressarios of the Raffles company had got their breath back a volley of questions was fired at Mr. Dougherty, to all of which he gave non-committal answers.

He finally consented to say that Mrs. Golett came to New York on June 15, after her son's wedding, and that between that time and June 21, when she left for Newport, she put the most valuable of her jewels, worth in the neighborhood of \$200,000, in the safe. He would not say whether it was the safe at the office of the Golett estate, at 9 West Seventeenth street, or the house at 608 Fifth avenue that had harbored the jewels, but Chief Richards at Newport says it was the safe in the house.

There was still considerable jewelry in the case when Mrs. Golett took it to Newport. She had no occasion to wear the jewels until the middle of July. Then she opened the case and when she found that the pearls and rubies were missing she hastily concluded that they had been lost, evidently forgetting that she had left them in the safe in New York. "How could any woman forget putting away her finest jewelry in a safe?" asked a reporter.

"You will have to get that from Mrs. Golett," replied Mr. Dougherty. "Our investigations satisfied us that there had been no robbery. We felt sure that the jewels would be found in the safe. Mrs. Golett thought otherwise. When people are wrong they don't always like to admit it. We kept urging her for a week to come to New York and open the safe. She came to-day and found the jewels where she had left them. That's all there is to the case."

There was a little more to it, namely, that private detectives and police had been notified that the jewels were missing, and circulars describing them had been sent broadcast here and abroad.

The police of this city apparently had not taken much interest in the case. Several reporters yesterday called on Police Captain Langan, who is in charge of the Central Office detective bureau in the absence of Inspector McCluskey, now on vacation. "Captain, said one of them, 'we want to know if there is anything new in big jewel robbery.'"

"Is that what you fellows came to see me about?" he asked gruffly. "It is," was the reply. "Well," said McCluskey's understudy, "I don't know nothing about it, and I don't want to hear anything about it."

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 9.—The supposed theft and the finding of the jewels of Mrs. Ogden Golett is the talk of fashionable Newport to-night. At 6 o'clock Chief of Police Richards gave out this statement at the police station to the newspaper men:

"On June 20, Mrs. Ogden Golett sent for me at Ochre Court and reported that she had missed a number of jewels, as published. On June 20 she said she had resolved from the safe deposit company in New York her jewel case with all her jewels, which she examined and found all right. She came to Newport on June 21, arriving at 4 o'clock. On July 19 Mrs. Golett had occasion to wear some of her jewels and could not find her string of pearls and examining the jewelry she found other jewels missing. She then sent for me and I investigated, requesting absolute secrecy."

I called up the Pinkerton Agency and I examined the jewels, and was satisfied that it was not the work of any professional, and that if the jewels were stolen it was no outside work. I sent for Supt. Rogers and Chief of Police Richards, both of the Pinkerton force, and they came to Newport, and we thoroughly went over the case from every standpoint, in and out of Ochre Court, and we were satisfied that there had been no professional implicated or any robbery."

On July 24 we were so certain that the jewels had not been stolen that we requested that Mrs. Golett go to her New York house and make a search for the missing jewels, for we thought as a result of our search and investigations that the jewels might have been left at the Newport house, where the jewel case had been turned over to her. We found the same precautions, however, that if a robbery had taken place, Mrs. Golett and searched her New York house on Monday afternoon and found in her safe all the missing jewels, which clears this great mystery up."

ENGLAND SENDS MAN-OF-WAR.

Warship to Demand Satisfaction From Nicaragua for Seizing Jamaicans.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 9.—Passengers from Nicaragua report excitement there over the probability of trouble with Great Britain growing out of the seizure and imprisonment, several months ago, by the Nicaraguan authorities of Jamaican fishermen, British subjects, engaged in turtle fishing on some sandy reefs or islands, to which Nicaragua has laid claim, and the confiscation of their boats. A formal protest was made at the time by the British Government, to which Nicaragua made no answer.

Mr. Paget, British Minister to the Central American States, stationed at Guatemala, was then ordered to Managua, the Nicaraguan capital, to deliver an ultimatum. He is now there and a British man-of-war is being ordered to back up his demand, which, it is understood, is a claim for damages for the injuries and losses to which the Jamaicans were subjected.

The impression in Nicaragua is that President Zelaya will refuse the demand and appeal to the United States Government for protection. There is little reason to doubt that Great Britain will enforce its claim for damages in the same way as in the recent Corinto case. It is not thought that the trouble between Nicaragua and England will develop any internal dissensions or revolution in the Republic as President Zelaya has the local situation well in hand with a well-equipped army.

WHITEHOUSE WASH GONE.

Crime Stalks Abroad in Station Island Carrying a Red Basket.

The culprit who, on Saturday last, ran away with the week's clean wash, old red basket and all, as it was being returned to the owner, G. Reynolds of Whitehouse, residing on Hamilton avenue, New Brighton, Staten Island, will need to be low if he wishes to save himself trouble. A reward of \$25 is on his head, the police are watching for him, and Mr. Whitehouse is determined that the full penalty of the law shall be visited upon him.

"It was the ordinary wash," said Mr. George N. Whitehouse yesterday, "and there was nothing in it of unusual value. But it is the principle that I care about."

"Arthur," said Mrs. McGrath, who lives at 39 Fourth street, last Saturday afternoon, "you'd better start out with the washings." The boy filled up his small express wagon and set out to deliver. At St. Mark's place and Westervel avenue he drew the wagon within the gate of the Vermilye yard while he carried one of the washings around to the back door. He was gone about ten minutes. When he returned to the wagon he found, instead of three washings, only two. The Whitehouse wash was gone.

About this time a nurse employed by the Whitehouses coming up Westervel avenue had met a man lugging a red basket, which she recognized.

"I wonder could it be possible he was Mrs. McGrath's husband," she thought to herself. This is the sole clue the police have.

FIST FIGHT IN LEGISLATURE.

A Representative and a Doorkeeper in the Georgia House Come to Blows.

ATLANTA, Ga., Aug. 9.—As the result of the order of Speaker Morris of the House to have all the members locked in during the vote on the bill to raise the pay of Supreme Court Judges and to prevent them from accepting passes, a fight took place in the chamber to-day between Representative Franklin of Washington and Doorkeeper Albert Maples, in which Representative Maples of Mitchell, father of the doorkeeper, appeared as the star performer.

The doorkeeper is a small man and was being worked by Franklin, when Maples's gray-bearded father sprang to his son's assistance and began battering Franklin's face. Meantime the younger Maples had drawn a knife and was attempting to reach Franklin. He was prevented in his attempt, as practically the entire House rushed in to stop the fight. Enough of Franklin's blood was drawn to stain the floor and furniture.

WANDERING IN PAJAMAS.

Man Who Left the Vendome Well Clad Dies, Perhaps of Hunger, at Bellevue.

A man who said he was Joseph C. Gregg, 30 years old, an agent, and who gave his address as the Hotel Vendome, was found wandering at Broadway and Forty-first street, Monday morning at 6 o'clock. He was barefooted and wore pajamas under a heavy overcoat. He also had a badly bruised right eye. Policeman Reilly, who found him, took him to the Tenderloin station and he was taken from there in an ambulance to Bellevue Hospital.

The man's trouble was at first diagnosed as acute alcoholism, but some hours later Dr. L. J. Smith, in charge of the prison ward, said he thought Gregg was suffering from starvation. Late Monday afternoon the patient revived somewhat and said he hadn't eaten food for three days.

Gregg became very weak yesterday morning and toward noon was seized with convulsions and died. Smith has requested the Coroner to perform an autopsy this morning to determine positively the cause of death.

At the Hotel Vendome it was learned last night that Gregg registered at the hotel on last Friday night as coming from Pittsburgh. He only remained overnight. The clerks say he was well dressed and appeared to be in a healthy condition when he left the hotel.

BUG STOPS A HALLELUJAH.

Files Into Singing Evangelist's Mouth and Nearly Chokes Him.

OCEAN GROVE, N. J., Aug. 9.—Capt. Charles H. Stanley, the singing evangelist and one of the leaders of the Blue Button army, was suddenly cut down while giving his most rousing hallelujah during a meeting in the Ocean Grove Mission House to-night by a beetle flying into his open mouth. The meeting was suspended while a venerable deacon thumped the leader on the back and half the congregation shouted directions. The evangelist was nearly choked to death and was in a serious condition when the bug was finally dislodged.

Capt. Stanley came here last week on a free lance mission and purloined the mission house from the local evangelists. He found the place deserted on Sunday night and, entering, started a lone hand service of song. Passerby were attracted until the room was filled. He has conducted meetings there ever since.

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AUTO NEARLY SCALPS WOMAN.

HAIR CAUGHT IN GEAR AS SHE GOT OUT AT PARK CASINO.

Crowd on the Verandas Horrified by Her Shrieks—She Slipped and Fell in Alighting—Spark Quickly Turned Off Saves Life of Woman from Rochester.

An automobile containing a driver, two young women and a man in evening dress was driven up to the entrance of the Central Park Casino last night at 6:30 o'clock, when the broad verandas were crowded with diners. Both of the women were in dinner gowns and wore no hats.

The first of the occupants to alight was one of the young women, a tall brunette. In getting out she placed her right hand on the mud guard and doing so lost her balance and fell to the roadway. Her head struck the side of the car and her hair instantly caught in the crank shaft that protruded from the side between the two wheels. The crank shaft, although the auto had been brought to a stop, was revolving rapidly and the young woman's hair was wound and twisted in the gearing.

Her shrieks brought the many diners to their feet and tables were soon deserted. The driver of the machine had climbed out of the automobile and was tinkering with some part of the gear on the other side of the car. He jumped into the auto and quickly shut off the spark, thus stopping the engine and the revolutions of the shaft.

By this time the machine was surrounded by patrons of the Casino and people who came running from all directions. The woman was unconscious by the time the driver managed to stop the machinery. Policeman Keenan, on duty at the entrance of the Casino, and an even parts of an ambulance from the Presbyterian Hospital, Mounted Policemen Kane and Bomer had heard the shrieks of the woman some distance away and they galloped to the Casino. Together with Keenan they set about getting the young woman from beneath the machine, where her body had been twisted and dragged. They found it impossible to extricate her without cutting her hair and even parts of her scalp with a penknife and shears.

As soon as the woman was liberated she was carried into one of the parlors of the Casino. She was still unconscious when Dr. Lathrop arrived with an ambulance. He lost no time in hurrying her to the Presbyterian Hospital.

Meanwhile there was great excitement among the gay crowd who had been planning things to eat and drink until the accident occurred. Three women seated at a table on the veranda near the entrance fainted. Many others so distressed by the sight of the accident that they left for their homes at once.

Policeman Keenan questioned those who were in the machine as to their identity. The man in evening clothes at first refused to answer questions and seemed in a hurry to get away. He finally said:

"The young lady is my sister. I am Frank Edwards and I live at the Riverside Drive address."

The last number on Riverside Drive is in the four hundreds. Policeman Keenan reminded Mr. Edwards that the address was fictitious. The man made no reply, but jumped into a cab and followed the ambulance to the hospital.

The other young woman, who is a blonde, became hysterical and was hurried away in the ambulance. The driver, before leaving, said he was John Johnson of 138 South Fourth avenue, Mount Vernon. The automobile, he said, was owned by J. J. Hickey of 120th street and Seventh avenue. Police Officer Keenan examined the automobile and found the license number was 11406. Hickey keeps an automobile stable. He owns the automobile, but he was not in it.

At the Presbyterian Hospital, the injured young woman was revived soon after being placed in the emergency ward. She said she was Miss Mary Dougherty, saleswoman, 30 years old, of 318 North street, Rochester, N. Y. "Edwards" told the hospital authorities that he was James Farley, and gave his residence as the Hotel Manhattan. He was registered as the nearest friend of Miss Dougherty.

The doctors at the hospital said the woman's condition was not very severe, although she had several severe scalp wounds and had lost the greater part of her hair.

At the Manhattan Hotel, the name James Farley was not on the register last night, but in the alphabetical index was a card which read as follows:

"If Mr. Farley of Newark is called for, send word to Mr. Hone, Room 604, or phone the Murray Hill Hotel."

The Mr. Hone of Room 604 is registered as "F. M. Hone, Rochester, N. Y.," He arrived at the hotel on Sunday. The hotel attendants said that he had written the card in reference to Farley.

They said he was seen around at 8 o'clock, but he left after a few minutes, taking his key with him.

At the Murray Hill Hotel it was learned that a man without baggage registered about 8:30 o'clock as James Farley, Newark, N. J. He paid for his room in advance, the clerk said. He had a man with him, to whom, in the clerk's hearing, he said something about an automobile accident.

The James Farley at the Murray Hill Hotel would not answer his telephone last night nor respond to knocks on his door.

John J. Hickey is in charge of the automobile exchange and storage stable at 133 West Thirty-eighth street. The man in charge there said late last night that a Knox car of the same number as the one that drove up to the Casino, had been hired by a man named Smith early in the evening. The car, he said, had been returned and no mention of the accident had been made.

AARON V. FROST, JR., MISSING.

Left Adirondack Camp on Fishing Trip Three Days Ago and Hasn't Returned.

Mr. and Mrs. Aaron V. Frost of Brooklyn, who are spending the summer at Haines Falls Inn, in the Catskills, received word yesterday that their son, Aaron V. Frost, Jr., has been missing for three days from his camp in the Adirondacks.

Young Frost is 18 years old. He went to the Adirondacks on July 5 to spend the summer months with George Linchen. The two young men usually went on their fishing trips together, but last Friday Linchen fell indisposed and preferred to remain in his camp.

Frost took his rod and set out alone, saying he would return at sunset. When he failed to return in the evening no great anxiety was felt, but the following morning Linchen became much disturbed and organized a searching party.

All of the available guides in the vicinity were pressed into service and have kept the search up ever since. Last night more than twenty guides, who know every nook and crook of the forests were out, but no trace of the young man had been found.

Experienced guides in the Adirondacks are of the opinion that young Frost has met with some accident.

His father, Aaron V. Frost, Sr., who is a partner in the jewelry firm of Black, Starr & Frost, is ill, and Mrs. Frost is keeping the news from him.

UTICA, Aug. 9.—A message received to-night from Lake Clear Junction in the Adirondacks reports that Aaron V. Frost, Jr., of New York city has been lost in the woods in the vicinity of Saranac Lake. Scouting parties have been organized and are scouring the woods for him.

73 BODIES RECOVERED.

Death List in the Colorado Wreck Reduced—Authorities Investigating.

PUEBLO, Col., Aug. 9.—The District Attorney has begun a thorough investigation of the railroad wreck at Edon, and says he has some evidence of criminal negligence on the part of railroad officials. Sheriff Armstrong of Denver, who was on the train with Gov. Peabody, which passed over the Steele's Hill bridge just before the Missouri Pacific flyer was wrecked, says the train crew had orders to run slowly and crossed the bridge at four miles an hour, while the wrecked train, railway officials say, was running at the rate of twenty miles. Some passengers say it was going forty-five miles an hour.

A thorough canvass late this afternoon among the undertakers showed many duplicate names in the list of dead sent out last night and reduced the number of bodies recovered to seventy, all but two of which were identified. Three bodies have since been brought in, those of Dr. W. F. Munn of this city and two other men. A woman's body was found thirty miles from the wreck to-day and are ten miles distant.

An umbrella found standing upright in the sand, buried to the handle, indicates that some horses are densely buried in the sand. Two hundred volunteers from here are helping in the search. The list of missing numbers forty.

5 KILLED IN RAILROAD WRECK.

Mother and Four Children Lose Their Lives in a Chicago Collision.

CHICAGO, Aug. 9.—Five persons were killed and several injured in a railroad wreck here, when a passenger train No. 17 of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and a freight train of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad shortly after 5 o'clock this afternoon at the Brighton Park railroad crossing at Western avenue and West Thirty-ninth street.

The passenger train was speeding to the city when the crash occurred. The baggage car and the locomotive of the passenger train are densely buried in the sand. The second coach was derailed. The third car, containing most of the people, was overturned and it was under this car that five persons were crushed to death. The Chicago and Eastern Illinois freight was backing in a westerly direction when the passenger train crashed into it. The dead are Mrs. C. C. Swartz and her four children, ranging in years from 6 to 11, of 1408 W. 12th street, Chicago, and when he is injured mortally, the other, hurt it is not believed any received injuries of a serious character.

YACHT BURNED IN ST. LAWRENCE.

Passengers Get on Shore Just Before the Boat Hursts Into Flames.

ODENSBURG, N. Y., Aug. 9.—Shortly after 4 o'clock this afternoon the steam yacht "Albatross," owned by Capt. E. J. Pelton of Alexandria Bay, was totally destroyed by fire inside of Morgan's Point, on the southern part of Wolfe Island, in the St. Lawrence River, midway between Clayton and Cape Vincent.

The yacht had been chartered by a party of guests from the Frontenac Hotel, early in the afternoon, and she arrived at the dock at Morgan's Point about 4 o'clock. The passengers had barely reached shore when the boat burst into flames. The crew released the burning craft and she floated out into midstream, ablaze from stem to stern. She was consumed in a few minutes. The origin of the fire is unknown. The yacht crew conveyed the passengers and crew back to Frontenac.

FIFTEEN YEARS IN ONE ROOM.

Man Afraid to Meet Strangers Taken to Bellevue—Mother Supported Him.

PAUL BORN, 45 years old, of 236 Bleeker street, went out into the open air yesterday for the first time in fifteen years, when he rode in a St. Vincent's Hospital ambulance to the Bellevue Hospital, with his mother, Teresa, 65 years old.

Mrs. Born told Dr. McGeary that her son had been a sufferer from neurasthenia for years and had such a horror of meeting people that he refused to go outside of the room they have occupied. Mrs. Born has supported him by sewing. Yesterday a paralysis rendered her helpless. Neighbors noticed the police who found both the woman and her son on the verge of starvation.

DEAL IN METROPOLITAN IS ON.

FEW KNOW THE SECRET YET, BUT THERE'S BRISK BETTING ON IT.

It is "Not Such a Coup d'Etat as the Third Avenue Deal," Says a Man Who Knows—Charter of Metropolitan Securities Co. May Furnish a Cine to Follow.

There was no official announcement yesterday to account for the boom in the Metropolitan Street Railway stocks, but The SUN was informed, on what may be regarded as very excellent authority, that it may be accounted for on other than speculative grounds. The source of this information said:

"In the parlance of the Street, there is something doing. Just what it is will be known within a reasonable time. I shall not discuss details, but I would imagine there is more than room trading behind the scenes and more than a few persons on the outside must be in the know."

"Do you imagine there is any truth in the story that the Metropolitan Securities is about to take over Interborough and B. R. T.?" asked The SUN man.

The man made no direct answer to the question, but after looking off into space for a little said:

"William C. Whitney could see further into the future than any man I ever knew. The Metropolitan Securities Company was the creature of his brain. It was incorporated two years ago last winter, primarily to provide for the future needs of the Metropolitan Street Railway. But the company's charter is very comprehensive. It may acquire the securities of corporations in this or any other State, including, as its charter reads, 'corporations which own, operate or lease, or which are organized for the purpose of constructing, owning, operating or leasing street surface railroads, elevated railroads, rapid transit railroads, underground railroads, tunnel railroads, railway terminals or railroads of any character or description in the city of New York or its suburbs or territory adjacent thereto, and corporations engaged in furnishing electricity for any lawful purpose or power in any form for use upon, or which may be used upon street railways or other railways.'"

"The life of the corporation is 1,000 years. When Mr. Whitney made his plans to control the surface traction on Manhattan Island very few persons knew of any move he made until after it had been accomplished. Some of his most intimate friends, however, were hoped to accomplish ultimately by the formation of the Metropolitan Securities Company. The terms of the charter which I have quoted show what that company might do. That's all I have to say."

"Is this going to be another Third Avenue deal?" the man was asked.

"Hardly, I should say, such a coup d'etat as that."

It would seem to be evident that some on the outside are in the know, for the vice-president of one of the largest banks in New York made this statement to a SUN man more than a week ago:

"Friends of mine told me ten days ago that there would be a very marked advance in Metropolitan, but I paid no attention to it. They seem to have known what they were talking about."

THREE WOMEN THUMP HIM.

Two Say That They Are His Wives and That There Are More Aboard.

Three women laboring a gray-haired man at Twenty-third street and Lexington avenue last night attracted Policeman Ayres. There wasn't much noise, for the old man was taking his medicine bravely, except for a grunt now and then when a blow went home. The women were too much occupied to scream.

"Ayres jumped in the mood, 'Hey, there! What's this?' he shouted, throwing protecting arms around the victim.

"He's my husband," panted the eldest woman. "And mine, too," added the most vigorous of the laborers.

"Yes, and he's got more wives we can show you, if you want to see them," chimed in the third.

"Guess you'd better straighten it out at the station house," suggested the cop.

"I'll go," said the old man, gliding, as he fastened his collar and assembled the fragments of his coat. "I'm really married to only one of them. The eldest one has no claim on me, and that other's only a butter-in."

At the station house he said he was John E. Hall, 65 years old, a carriage painter, and lived at the Putnam House. He was indicted on a charge of bigamy preferred by Miss Lelanah Hall, 30 years old, of 74 Lincoln place. She told Sergt. Welling that she had married Hall in October, 1893, in New Haven, Conn., while he was running a theatre there. She was on the stage at the time.

CHIEF CLERK OSBORNE KILLED.

His Carriage Struck by a Trolley Car—Three Other Men Injured.

A Smith street trolley car ran into a coach at the Neptune avenue crossing in Coney Island early this morning.

Thomas Osborne, the chief clerk of the Coney Island police court and a leader in politics at the resort, was instantly killed. Alderman Fred Lundy of Sheephead Bay and William McKane, nephew of the late John Y. McKane, were both in the coach with Osborne. They were thrown out and badly injured. Both were removed to the Reception Hospital.

It is thought that McKane has a fractured skull and the doctors say he cannot live.

William Hogan, the driver of the coach, was also badly hurt. He sustained fractures of both legs and internal injuries. The motorman and conductor of the car were arrested.

RUSSIAN ASSASSINATED.

Chiefs of Police and Forestry Killed at Nakhchivan.

SPECIAL CABLE DISPATCH TO THE SUN. BERLIN, Aug. 9.—The Vossische Zeitung says that Tregubenko, head of the forest department, and Chief of Police Kuznezoff, have been murdered openly in the streets of Nakhchivan, Russia.

Nakhchivan is on the Don, close to Rostov. It was founded by Armenians and is the residence of the Armenian Patriarch in Russia. It has a population of about 20,000 and has an extensive trade.

SAVED BY J. B. NELSON.

Brother of Mrs. R. Vanderhill Prevents Serious Injury to an Agent Woman.

LEXINGTON, Mass., Aug. 9.—Julius B. Nelson of New York, brother of Mrs. Reginald Vanderhill, saved Mrs. John Donovan, an aged Lenox woman, from a serious injury this morning. She tried to leave a trolley car as it approached Lenox station. Mr. Nelson, who was a passenger, caught her and except for a bruise on the face she escaped serious results.

Mr. Nelson with his bride arrived in Stockbridge yesterday from abroad.

BUNCOED A WOMAN.

Two Broadway Crafters Acquire a Diamond Ring.

"One of the men bet that my diamond ring could be pawned for \$15 and the other bet it couldn't. I let them have it to try and they didn't come back. I don't dare go back to my husband at Atlantic City without it, and it's worth \$150."

This was the story of a woman who brought the Tenderloin police last night to find the ring. They said they would try. The woman said that the two men had introduced themselves to her at Broadway and Twenty-sixth street as friends of her husband and that they all were in a saloon when the ring started on its travels.

DUST CLOUD STOPS CAR.

Workmen Pulling Down Old Mt. Sinai Hospital Blamed by Motorists.

It was noticed at the East Sixty-seventh street police station yesterday afternoon that the Lexington avenue cars were not running as regularly as they should. Late in the day they stopped altogether. Detectives Vanderau and Eisenberg went out to look into the matter.

It is the dust from the old Mount Sinai Hospital, said the motorists. "Every time they tear down a piece of wall we have to wait until it settles. The dust cloud is so dense we can't see ahead, and we don't dare butt into it."

The detectives went up to Sixty-sixth and Sixty-seventh streets, where the old building is being taken down, and found the street in a very bad way. They arrested the contractors, Lyman and Moses Gavanski. They gave \$500 bond each to appear in the Yorkville court to-day.

ELEVEN DAYS, NO FOOD OR WATER.

Two Fishermen Finally Picked Up and Have Recovered.

NORTH SYDNEY, N. S., Aug. 9.—The schooner Hydrangea, arrived here yesterday, bringing two fishermen, Peter Grady and C. Corley, who went astray in their dory from the Gloucester schooner Indiana. The men were picked up forty miles off St. Pierre, after they had been eleven days without food or water. They have recovered.

HOLD-UP MEN IN A SCRAMBLE.

Victim's Money Fell on the Sidewalk and They Got \$525 of It.

CHICAGO, Aug. 9.—Held up in an alley by three men in the rear of his home at the point of revolvers, F. H. Bartholomew, 1000 West Madison street, at 6:30 A. M. to-day tried to defend himself with a valise. He struck one of the robbers over the head with the valise, it flew open, and \$520 in the valise, paper currency scattered on the ground.

READY FOR FINAL ASSA