DIVORCE QUESTION UP AGAIN

EPISCOPAL BISHOPS VOTE FOR THE NEW CANON.

It Now Goes to the House of Deputies, Which Voted It Down Last Week —Amendments to the Marriage Rules of Church—Prayer for War's Victims.

BOSTON, Oct. 17.—Although the House of Deputies of the Episcopal General Convention refused on last Friday to adopt the amendment to the canon on marriage and divorce, forbidding the remarriage by any Episcopal clergyman of a person who has been divorced, the House of Bishops this afternoon, by a vote of 51 to 23, adopted this same amendment, which reads:

"No minister shall solemnize a marriage between any two persons unless by inquiry he shall have satisfied himself that neither person had been, or is, the husband or the wife of any person then living, from whom he or she has been divorced for any cause arising after marriage."

The fact that the Bishops passed the amendment, which was turned down by the deputies last Friday, caused surprise among the latter when it was transmitted to them, and it would not surprise close observers of the proceedings of the past week if the deputies concurred with the Bishops and made the amendment a canon of the Church. It is necessary that any action of either the House of Bishops or the House of Deputies be concurred in by the other body before it becomes a law of the Church.

Three other minor amendments to the canon on divorce and marriage were also passed by the Bishops. The first requires the clergyman to secure the observance of the law of the State governing the civil contract of marriage in the place where the service shall be performed. The second amendment requires the presence of the witnesses at each marriage ceremony, and the third relates to the formal and complete record of the marriage, with the names of the witnesses thereto.

In the House of Deputies the divorce and marriage canon also came up in the form of three amendments to the present law of the Church. The Rev. Dr. J. A. Regester of Ulster, N. Y., presented a new draft of a divorce canon providing that at least a year shall elapse after the issuance of a decree of divorce before the innocent party in such a suit, may be married by a minister of the Church.

Joseph Packard, of Maryland, handed in an amendment dealing principally with the method of presenting evidence to establish the question of the innocent party in a suit for divorce. The amendment proposed that the party claiming to be innocent shall make application to the clergyman, stating that he or she is innocent, and that then the matter shall be referred to the Bishop, who shall employ legal service to investigate whether such divorce was obtained without deception or collusion. If the legal report is satisfactory, then after one year from the issuance of the divorce decree the innocent party may be remarried by a minister of the Church.

Then the Rev. W. F. Faber of western New York offered an amendment, providing that no minister of the Church who refuses to officiate at the marriage of a divorcee shall be subject to censure or discipline. All the amendments went to the committee on canons.

The Rev. W. M. Grosvenor of New York, of the special committee appointed to consider the subject of lynching, offered a resolution that as the Church is opposed to all form of violence no special action is necessary at this time and he moved that the matter be laid on the table. J. P. Stotsberg of Indianapolis dissented from Mr. Grosvenor's motion and as a substitute moved that lynching be condemned specifically. Both reports were placed upon the calendar and will come up later in the session.

A resolution was read in effect that the House of Deputies request the House of Bishops to set forth a special form of prayer for the wounded and dying in both the Russian and Japanese armies and that peace be readily restored, such prayer to be used at the discretion of the clergy.

The special order of the day was the report of the committee on courts of review and appeal. The report was very long, comprising a canon of twenty-four sections for establishing courts of review for the trial of a presbyter or deacon, and a canon of twelve sections for establishing courts of appeals.

The Rev. F. P. Davenport of Tennessee, pointed out that the proposed court was for the purpose of giving protection to clergymen from the simple forms of dishonest attack that are easily possible to be brought against them. He said that former priest of the Episcopal Church was now lying in an unnamed grave, a victim of the persecution of those whom he refused to marry.

In revenge they brought forward charges against his character and by the testimony of disreputable women drove him to such a mental state that, yielding to the pressure, he took an overdose of chloroform.

Dr. Davenport said that the proposed court would give protection to the victim of such an attempt at defamation and would not put him at the mercy of any one Bishop.

ONE-CENT SPURS FOR PEGASUS.

Though His Pay Be Modest, This Poet Still Has Hope of Fortune.

"We have sung not vainly," said the chief of the poetry works. "Lo, and behold! our song factory has been busy day and night, working overtime, undertime, all the time and any old time putting on the market various brands of rich and soulful letto and layo for the yearning public.

"The output of our joint has been well received, well paid for, and we have waxed fat from the proceeds thereof, acquired fur gloves, gleaming chandeliers, velvet carpets and bric-à-brac enough to fill a canal boat. Such is success in the line of the modest, reticent and retiring force engaged in erecting verse in our song factory.

"During a brief lapse of the usual lucidity of one of our talented songbirds he aspired for higher game, lifted the arrows of his ambition and sent the barb upon the pinions of light after one of the eagles soaring among the higher game birds of literature—and hit the mark first time, to wit:

NEW YORK, Oct. 11, 1904.

DEAR SIR: We pay one cent a word for verse, therefore if this figure is satisfactory to you, we will accept your poem.

"There, if that isn't fame figuring as a top notcher, we venture to inquire modestly but proudly what is? Other warblers have struck for one dollar per word and received nil per word. And here comes floating along on the wings of the dove of the morning a brilliant singer who receives the offer of one entire cent per word for a song wrenched from the labyrinths of his great cerebrum.

"Hence his haughtiness. We have had to put ball and chain upon his slender anklets and load his pockets with rocks to prevent his pride from lifting him from common earth. Such is the effect of fame!

"And yet our happy assistant who polishes song in our verse factory is not happy. The unlucky fly in the ointment with which he lubricates the cogwheels and hot journals of his machinery of music is—his fame consists of 249 words. And he is in sadness because he failed to squeeze for just one word more, thus making the figures an even 250.

"He says he is too shy a soul to present a check for $2.49 to any bank. We advise him to accept. He may never get another chance to soar. He has accepted, and says he'll bankrupt the concern or quit. His average output per diem is 25,000 words! Sh-ah!"

GERMAN CONSUL-GENERAL ILL.

Karl Buenz Operated On for Appendicitis —Condition Critical.

Karl Bünz, German Consul-General in this city, was operated on on Saturday at his home, 50 West Forty-eighth street, for gangrenous appendicitis. His condition is critical. It was said at his home that it will be impossible to tell the result for perhaps thirty-six hours.

Dr. Otto G. T. Kiliani performed the operation, assisted by Dr. Fritz Schwyzer.

Mr. Bünz is 61 years old, and has spent many years in this country. Three years ago when Prince Henry visited this city Mr. Bünz had charge of the arrangements for the Prince's reception.

MILLION DOLLAR REALTY SALE.

Eight City Blocks in The Bronx Changes Hands for Development.

J. Clarence Davies, the real estate dealer, closed yesterday the biggest sale of property that has been made in The Bronx for many years. The property sold is the old Dater farm, which was held by Henry F. Shoemaker and associates. The farm comprises 300 lots or about eight city blocks. It is bounded by 149th and 154th streets on the south and north, and texnds from Prospect avenue to the Southern Boulevard.

The sale realized nearly $1,000,000. The Central Realty Bond and Trust Company, of which Henry Morgenthau is the dent, is the purchaser.

SEVENTH ORDERED OUT.

To Escort Gen. Worth's Body to the Armory on Wednesday.

The body of Gen. William Scott Worth who died Sunday evening at the residence of his nephew, Dr. John T. Sprague at Clifton, Staten Island, will be carried from Clifton to the Battery to-morrow on teh Government steamer Gen. Meigs. The Seventh Regiment will meet the body at the Battery and escort it to the Seventh Regiment Armory. The regiment will parade in full dress uniform.

There will be a military funeral on Thursday and the interment will be at Nyack.

LILLIAN RUSSELL IN NEW OPERA.

She Is to Be the Star of "My Lady Teazle" —John Kendrick Bangs Part Author.

Lillian Russell signed a contract yesterday with the Shuberts, by which she is to be the star of "My Lady Teazle," a comic opera. The book is by John Kendrick Bangs and Roderic C. Penfield. The music is by A. Baldwin Sloane. The opera will be produced here about holiday time.

In announcing the signing of the contract last night, Sam Shubert said that Miss Russell would be paid more money than any other comic opera singer had ever received before. She will be supported by a capable company.

IS A BELIEVER IN SPANKING.

Judge Berry of Lynn Urges Strap Oil in Plenty for Boys.

LYNN, Mass., Oct. 22.—Judge John W. Berry of the Lynn police court believes that a good spanking is necessary to correct the bad habits of young boys.

"I believe in the good old fashioned methods of correction for boys, strap oil in plenty and administered with vigor," said the Judge. "I expressed myself to that effect the other day from the bench, and I repeat in private that the restraint of boys from evil ways is a matter for the parents to attend to.

"If they find their offspring incorrigible, then it is for the courts to step in with the proper remedy. That may be the reformatory, though I dislike to send a boy of good parents to the correctional institution. I don't really think it fits a boy to go out in the world afterward and make his way with respectable people.

"He learns too well in the institutions how to do the things that ought not to be done by men or boys. I believe that in most cases if the parents would be more resolute there would be less crime among juveniles.

"The strong arm of the father and the black leather strap were good enough for our granddaddies and they are good things nowadays. We have not improved on the old ways very much. 'Spare the rod and spoil the child, is pretty old, but it is true to a certain extent. I don't believe in parental abuse, however. There are limits.

"I said something to this effect the other day when we had a number of boys in the Juvenile Court. There were four of them for breaking and entering, all boys of good parents, who ought to have known better. The cases were serious ones.

"Then there were two other boys, 9 and 10 years old, who took a horse and wagon from where it was standing on the street and drove to Saugus. Other boys were accused of theft from the street railway company, two more tore out piping from a new house and another boy was accused of stealing papers. To deal with such cases is perplexing.

"It may be all right for some people on the outside to tell what to do with such cases; but I'd just like to have them try it once. The interests of the boys must be conserved as well as those of the community. Strap oil administered in the woodshed would be efficacious, I truly believe."

TWIN BABY CARRIAGES.

Now the Babies Ride Side by Side—Not All Used for Twins.

"Originally," said the dealer, "twin baby carriages were made with a seat at each end, the children sitting vis-à-vis. Later twin carriages were made wider, permitting the children to sit side by side at the back, both facing the front. This arrangement had the further advantage of bringing the weight of the children over the rear axle and upon the high wheels and near the handle of the vehicle, where it could be more conveniently handled.

"Now many twin baby carriages, like so many single baby carriages, are made in the go-cart style; in fact, the go-cart, with its shorter body, has in all styles of baby carriages largely taken the place of the longer bodied, old style baby carriage. The newest feature of the twin go-cart is a partition extending forward from the back of the carriage and rising from the seat, dividing the broad seat into two sections, one for each child.

"This assures to each child its proper amount of space and prevents crowding, and saves the children from falling over or bumping one against the other. And it makes it possible for either child to sleep peacefully in the carriage without disturbing or being disturbed by the other.

"It is a familiar fact, at least to those who have occasion to use baby carriages, that the modern, shorter bodied go-cart has a movable back, that can be lowered to such an angle as may be required, like the back of a Morris chair, thus permitting a child to lie down in it as in a longer-bodied carriage. The twin go-cart equipped with a partition in the seat has its back divided into two sections, separately movable, so that one section of the back can be lowered for a sleeping child, while the other may be kept up for the child remaining awake and in a sitting position.

"The divided seat twin go-cart has been favorably received; and we now sell as many of them as we do of twin carriages with the seat undivided.

"It would be a mistake to suppose that all twin baby carriages are used for twins only. As a matter of fact they are often used for children of different ages, the two children thus carried in one carriage requiring the attention of but a single nursemaid.

"There are, of course, nothing like so many twin carriages sold as single carriages, but we have a good trade in them."

CHURCH BOXING MASTER OUT,

BUT DR. SCUDDER SAYS PAT IS EVERY INCH A GENTLEMAN.

Was Hired to Teach the Manly Art in the People's Palace, but Congregation Kicked Because He Was a Saloonkeeper—Voluntarily Gave Up Place.

Pat Cahill, the ex-amateur middleweight champion fighter of America, who was hired by the Rev. John L. Scudder, pasto of the First Congregational Church of Jersey City, to teach boxing lessons in the People's Palace, which Joseph Milbank a New York banker built and finished for the church, has thrown up his job.

It had been announced that the "professor," who keeps a saloon at 325 Grove street, Jersey City, would start last night to instruct a class of Sunday school boys and others in the art of self-defence, and a large number of persons visited the anti-saloon institution, hoping to get a chance to see the saloonkeeper as he showed the boys how "to put up their dukes." Many were disappointed when Dr. Scudder announced that Cahill wouldn't put in an appearance for the reason that he was no longer teacher of boxing.

Cahill's selection as boxing master was criticised by many of Dr. Scudder's parishoners because the ex-pugilist was engaged in the liquor business. Those who had an opportunity told the minister that they didn't like the idea at all and others sent him expressions of opinion by mail. Dr. Scudder hastened to explain to everybody that he didn't know at the time he made a contract with Cahill that he was in the ginmill business. He liked the ex-pugilist's style so well that he forgot to ask him what he did for a living.

Dr. Scudder had a heart-to-heart talk with Cahill and explained the situation. The saloonkeeper offered to relieve the minister from his contract.

The class is now without a teacher and Dr. Scudder is looking for some one to fill the vacancy. Dr. Scudder made the following statement last night:

Owing to certain inaccuracies in the newspapers, I desire to state that Patrick Cahill was secured as teacher of boxing in the People's Palace, but at the time we were not aware that he was a saloonkeeper, and he has now voluntarily retired from the situation offered him, because of the opposition caused by the business he is engaged in. The situation, both for him and the People's Palace, was a delicate one, but I find him every inch a gentleman. He does not wish to be a bone of contention and has been both philosophical and gracious in his consideration of the peculiar situation we have been placed in.

The Peoples' Palace will teach wrestling fencing, boxing, tumbling and other athletic sports, which are all desirable, if kept within proper bounds. We wanted him to teach our young men the art of self defence, because he is a master in that line of work having been amateur middleweight champion of America for some eight or ten years. Any man who can hold that position is able to teach boxing and do it well. I don't want an old woman or a D. D. to give instruction in this line. We want some one who understands the business.

Self protection is nature's first law, and I have little respect for a man who cannot protect himself with his fists, if occasion should call for their use. My father made me learn to box as a boy. In college I gave lessons in boxing to fellow students, and I would be boxing to-day if it were not for my spectacles.

If it were not for the saloon business Mr. Cahill would be boxing master in the People's Palace to-day, and I would want him there. He has never been a professional prize fighter; he has been an amateur gentleman sparrer, and competent to teach gentlemen how to box.

As our institution is substantially an anti-saloon enterprise, its interests demand that our ways should part. He has severed his connection with us before a lesson has been given. His manly way of meeting the situation has won my admiration, and in spite of his business he and I shall always be friends.

WHY THE SOUTH SECEDED.

A Hoosier Tells of the Action of Sugar Creek Township Debating Society.

"When Daniel Webster, referring to Massachusetts, said: 'There she stands,' Indiana had not cut the caper she has since," said an Indiana man in a downtown broker's office. A financier had asked why it was that Indiana kicked up so much dust every four years.

"Indiana," the Hoosier continued, "was the first Northern State to give aid and comfort to the South when that section started out to bust up the Government. I reckon you gentlemen have heard of Boggstown?"

The opinion was expressed with unanimity, in a pleasant way, of course, that there was no such place. This was only a bait. The Indianan took it like a fish.

"Well, I was going to ask you if you had ever heard of Sugar Creek township; but if you say there is no Boggstown, then you would deny Sugar Creek township. Gentlemen, it was in Boggstown, Sugar Creek township, Shelby county, Ind., that the first Northern resolution of sympathy for the South was passed.

"Shelby county was settled by people with inherited politics. It was the home of Tom Hendricks, and they had so much respect for him in that county and thought he was such a statesman that when there was an election in Sugar Creek township the Republicans always got sick or had business somewhere out of the county. For there were migratory voters in those days in Indiana.

"It was an October State in 1860, and the Republicans carried it. That was regarded as a revelation that Lincoln would carry it in November.

"Two months after the November election things began to bubble all over the country, as some of you may recall. Shelby county was about the hottest place north of the Ohio River. Boggstown was more than hot, and, in comparison with Sugar Creek township, hell, as the good old Baptists preach it, was a skating resort.

"A meeting was called in the district schoolhouse in Sugar Creek to instruct the Legislature as to its duty in telling the Government what it ought to do. It was agreed to turn the question over to the Sugar Creek Literary Society, to dispose of it as it thought best.

"One of the skylights of the society declared that the Government had no right to use coercion on the South. You can't coersh a man,' he said, 'and if you can't coersh a man you can't coersh a whole State.'

"The orator then read a resolution, or a pair of them, to the society. One earnestly recommended and requested the General Assembly of the State to make an application to Congress to call a convention for the purpose of passing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States that would forever settle the slavery question between the North and South.

"The other resolution was to the effect that, in case Congress failed to do this, and if the country must be divided, Sugar Creek township would feel itself compelled to cast its lot with the Southern Confederacy.

"Gentlemen, may the catfish of the Wabash River never bite again if both resolutions were not unanimously adopted. Conscious of the fact that it had done itself proud, copies of the resolutions were sent to every Legislature in the South.

"None of us knew as much geography in those days as we do in this age, and when the South heard from Sugar Creek township in Indiana it just thought that the whole of the North was ready to cross the Ohio River and give up. And in my opinion, and it was also the opinion of Sugar Creek township, the passage of those resolutions was what hurried the South to secede. And you ask me what kind of a State is Indiana?"

Poor Preaching in Anglican Church.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

The preaching in the Church of England is about the poorest, in comparison with what might fairly be expected from the average education of its ministers, that the world can show.

UNDER ETHER.

Sensations of a Man on the Operating Table in a Hospital.

"Ether!" said the man who had just come out of a hospital. "Ether! Oh, there are worse things than ether. Whiskey is a great deal worse—that is, bad whiskey; so is Welsh rabbit.

"Seriously, ether is only a bugaboo. I think the trouble is very much in the fuss the doctors make about it. They are nervous about it themselves. That is the reason why they reassure you so much—or may be it's just to swell up your idea of their importance that they suggest fears while pretending to allay them.

"Anyway, I tell you, ether is not half so bad as it's represented to be. The worst thing about it is the preliminary ceremonial.

"In the first place, of course, you're rigged in your night gear, and that suggests the idea of going to bed—your death bed, of course. Your nerves are a little bit on edge, too, from the obvious efforts your family and friends have been making to be cheerful and to keep your heart up. You notice that not one of them would say good-by to you for the world—not for the last three days.

"The nurse has made some preparations for the operation, too, and it reminds you of something you have read about cutting a man's hair before he is guillotined, or slitting the leg of his trousers before he is electrocuted. The idea strikes you as grimly humorous.

"Your room, with its bare walls, severe furniture and queer iron bed, hardly bigger than a cot, might pass for the condemned cell and you are going to march out of it in a few minutes to—by gum, yes, perhaps to your death.

"That is pleasant to think of and you look around for something to divert your mind, when the nurse comes in and takes possession of you. She is a stately young woman with a distant and haughty air—which she has only put on for the occasion. She intimates that the doctors are waiting and she looks so white-robed and formal that you half expect her to begin reciting the burial service as she heads the procession to the operating room.

"The operating room, I must confess, is not pleasant. In spite of the bright light, it is fiendishly like a mortuary chamber with its lining of glazed white brick.

"Then there is the table with shining things on it that the nurse steers you away from, and the doctors are washing their hands and scrubbing them with brushes, and you know what that is for. One of the doctors, your own particular one, devotes himself to you. He begins a most entertaining narrative of his last hunting trip, laughs at his own jokes and is so aggressively trying to keep up your spirits that you would be rather inclined to resent it if you were not feeling just a trifle dazed from fasting all the morning—and perhaps a little from the natural emotions of the moment.

"Next you are told to take off your slippers, and you do it with the submissiveness of a child being put to bed; and then you lie down on the table, vaguely wondering how many of your predecessors have made an end of it there. Of course you wonder if you will, and you notice that the doctors are putting on white wraps like surplices or bath robes wrong side to the front, and there is a rivalry between a couple of internes for the honor of tying the strings down the back of the specialist who is to perform on your anatomy.

"Meanwhile a couple of nurses are packing you in blankets, composing your hands by your sides and otherwise converting you as rapidly and deftly as possible from a patient into a subject.

"And now comes the supreme moment. You have heard the roar of the laughing gas which is to be given you as an easy introduction to the ether—for your hospital is strictly up to date.

"A smiling young fellow who looks very agreeable in spite of his butcher costume puts his ear to your breast and seizes your wrist. You half hope he will find you have heart trouble and the ordeal will have to be postponed. But no; he smiles more sweetly than ever as he assures you that there is no trouble there, and produces a big rubber cone which he prepares to press over your mouth and nose.

"'Don't be afraid,' he says. 'It will not cause you the slightest inconvenience.'

"'Inconvenience!' you say to yourself; the idea of using such a word; as if you'd be there at all if your convenience were of the least consequence in such an emergency.

"Then you are told to take deep breaths and you do, and some one remarks that that is excellent.

"You close your eyes and thinking that there is a chance you may never open them again, you are inclined to give a thought to the hereafter. Just at that moment a voice tells you to open one eye, then the other. The voice says that is fine and tells you to close them again. You do, and you hastily resume your, so to speak, religious attitude.

"You formulate in your mind an expression of submission to the Great Will of the Universe when the beating of your heart begins to alarm you. It thumps like a hammer. You wonder whether you had not better stop the proceedings and tell them about it; but you have just made up your mind to take the chances when your head begins to roar and whirl and whirl ——

"And then? Oh, yes, and then you find yourself feebly moving a hand and rolling your head from side to side, and you wish they hadn't wakened you till it was over, and then it occurs to you that you are alive and you wonder at it.

"You are incredulous. You open your eyes and you realize that you are in your room. And a dull pain, as if you had been clubbed, takes hold of your attention and you are quite sure that it is all over; the work is done and you are back in a world where pain is the beginning of everything.

"Then you beg the nurse not to freeze you to death with the ice cloths which she is too zealously changing every fifteen seconds. And then you slip away again with a feeling of nausea and a bad taste in your mouth which lasts for a day.

"That is all there is to it. I assure you there are worse things than ether."

TOY WASHING MACHINES.

Designed for Doll Owners Who Don't Want to Slave Over the Washtub.

Pretty much everything designed for household use is duplicated in miniature, as a plaything. In the way of toy laundry equipment, for instance, there are toy washtubs of various sizes, and a variety of toy washboards, and various sizes of toy clothes wringers. There are different styles and sizes of toy ironing boards, and likewise of toy irons, and there are various sizes and different styles of toy clothes racks on which to hang the ironed clothes to air and dry; all these to be used in playing house, or perhaps to be put to actual use by owners of dolls in doing their dolls' washing.

Now there have been added to this varied toy laundry equipment toy washing machines, of which there are at least two styles, for the use of such doll owners as desire to do their own washing but don't want to slave over the washtub.

Fate of "Queen of Bucks."

From the Graaff-Reinet Advertiser.

Many stories have been told of wonderful animals discovered by the various native tribes of South Africa; in fact, the folklore of the Transkei alone would fill a decent little library. And even native servants who have grown to regard themselves as civilized by reason of their daily contact with the white man are by no means free from superstition.

An instance has recently occurred at Shirland, where the presence of a white springbuck had become the centre of a veritable romance. The goatherds declared that a miraculous halo surrounded the animal; she was the "Queen of Bucks," and had been endowed with perpetual youth. If a dozen bullets pierced her body she would rise phoenixlike from the bushes, with wound healed, and endowed with a double measure of vitality. Consequently, when the "baas," John E. Hobson, announced his intention of calling a few friends together in order to hunt the animal and secure the skin and horns for the Port Elizabeth Museum, his swarthy retainers stared aghast and prophesied dire disaster! The coveted buck fell to Mr. Hobson's rifle, and no misfortune resulted.

$10,000 IN DEAD WOMAN'S DESK

HUSBAND CLAIMS WEALTH OF BURNED NELLIE FERGUSON.

Row With Fireman and Police After Desk Was Broken Open and Mine of Money and Jewelry Was Found—Came From Kansas City—Servant Identifies Him.

When the residence of Mrs. Nellie Ferguson, at 164 West Fifty-fourth street, was partly destroyed by fire early last Friday morning and Mrs. Ferguson was burned to death, no one could be found to claim her body. Lettie Herbert, a negress employed in the place, said that Mrs. Ferguson had a husband, but that he wasn't in the city. Last night at 8 o'clock a man who said he was John Ferguson, the husband of the dead woman, called at the house, the ruins of which were being guarded by Patrick Decoursey, a member of the Fire Patrol corps. Ferguson had been located in Kansas City, where a telegram sent by the Campbell Undertaking Company of West Twenty-third street had reached him.

The body of Mrs. Ferguson has been at the undertaking shop ever since the fire. Ferguson first went to the undertaker's last night and made arrangements for the funeral, which will take place to-night. Arriving at the burned house, he told Decoursey that his wife always kept her insurance papers and valuable in a small desk in the rear parlor. The desk was found intact, as the fire had caused little damage in that part of the house.

It was broken open and in it were found two tin boxes, one of which was packed with money. The other contained both money and jewelry. In the desk were also a chatelaine bag and a small Japanese workbox. Both of these contained jewelry. Ferguson was anxious to take the money and jewelry with him.

He and Decoursey had an altercation over this proposition and it ended when Policeman Roberts of the West Forty-seventh street station was called in. He sent word to Capt. Hussey, and Detectives O'Neill and Kerr were sent around with orders to prevent Ferguson from taking anything away. Coroner Scholer was also notified and went to the fire damaged house. He sealed up the four parcels and had them placed in the safe at the West Forty-seventh street station. The stuff will be taken to the Coroner's office this morning. It will be turned over to Ferguson when he proves conclusively that he is the dead woman's husband.

Ferguson became angry and left the house before the Coroner arrived. Before he left, the negro servant, Lettie Herbert, called and recognized him as her former mistress's husband. Both the police and the representatives of the Fire Department and Underwriters' Association never thought that the small cabinet desk contained so much money or jewelry. The police say that the contents all told amount to about $10,000 in value.

ABOUT THE DRUMFISH.

Its Interesting Characteristics—Seven Big Ones at the Aquarium.

In the great central pool at the New York Aquarium there are seven drumfish, each about four feet long and weighing from fifty to sixty pounds; big drumfish, but not the biggest ever heard of, for the drum grows to weigh as much as eighty pounds. This lot came from the bay back of Sandy Hook.

In the pool here the seven big drumfish are always on the move, they always keep together, and they are often seen moving in some sort of regular formation.

They may be strung along overlapping or closed up in echelon, or they may be moving four abreast with three behind, or they may be in two ranks of three each, with the seventh fish out in front as a leader, like the commander of a company.

In nature there are few if any fishes that swim in schools with a formation so regular as that preserved by the drumfish. Most fishes simply herd together, though there are exceptions. Sharks in a school, for instance, are likely to swim with intervals of a few feet between the fishes. But a school of drumfish will form in a body preserving regularity of outline; perhaps with a wedge shaped front, in outline like that of a flying flock of geese, but with the drumfish packed in behind it, or perhaps in a mass with a square front, like a battalion of soldiers in close column by company.

Commonly the school of drumfish has a single drumfish for a leader out in front three or four fish lengths ahead and when the leader turns the battalion follows. When a school of drumfish is on a feeding ground in the shallow water the fishes scatter; but let the school be alarmed and the fishes will assemble in a mass in tiers three or four fishes deep and so start away, this practically solid mass of fishes making a wave a foot or two high on either sides as it moves out to sea.

The drumfish gets its name from a peculiar sound that it makes that is somewhat like the muffled roll of a drum. This sound can be plainly heard by the occupant of a boat under which, a foot or two below, a drumfish might swim; and if a big fish were thrown into a boat its drumming in the open air could be heard at a distance of twenty or thirty yards.

Small drumfish, up to, say, about a foot in length, are considered an edible fish, and they are sometimes sold as sheepshead. When young the drumfish is banded somewhat like the sheepshead; but as it grows older it becomes of a dull, dark, uniform color and is far less sightly in appearance. The flesh of the big drumfish is coarse and rank.

A drum of the size of those at the Aquarium has scales as big as a silver half dollar, and tough and hard and close clinging. In scaling a big drumfish an axe is likely to be used, though an old fisherman told of once seeing a man scaling a big drum with an adze; and an adze would perhaps be the most convenient implement for the purpose.

Farmers living along shore cut up big drumfish and use them for fertilizer. Sometimes a big school of drumfish will strike the leader of a pound net and follow it in and completely fill the net with a catch that is valueless, and that it takes time and labor to get rid of.

The drumfish is a great enemy of the oyster. Let a school of drumfish settle on an oyster bed and it will do great damage. A single big drumfish will destroy a bushel of oysters, perhaps two bushels, or more, in a night, picking up the oysters and crushing them in its jaws and eating the meat and rejecting the crushed shells. The drumfish is the champion oyster eater.

When the presence of a school of drumfish in the neighborhood of oyster grounds is known the oystermen get out in boats with pots and pans, which they beat upon to drive the drumfish away. When a fisherman, who may be also an oysterman, catches a drumfish, he always kills it before throwing it back into the water.

The drum is a migratory fish, going south in the fall and coming north again in the spring. The fishermen say when the drums go that summer is gone for good, and when the drums come back in the spring that they've seen the last of cold weather.

It might not seem that the drumfish was much of a subject for jokes, but there are persons who will joke over anything.

"I suppose," said a visitor at the Aquarium yesterday, to another man standing near him, who, like himself, was looking over at the big drumfish, "I suppose you might almost call these big drums bass drums."

That seemed to disturb the other man a little, but he rallied in a minute and turning to the bass drum man, he said:

"Do you know why they all keep together like that, swimming around in regular order?"

"Well, no, I don't," said the bass drum man. "Why do the drums swim around together so, keeping in such regular order?"

"Why, that, I suppose," the other man said, "is because they all belong to the same drum corps."

THE MESSRS. THEODORE A. KOHN & SON thus advertise a request that you may find it convenient to visit their New Place of Business, Number Three Hundred and Twenty-one Fifth Avenue, at Thirty-second Street. There is an especially Interesting Exhibit of Jewelled Neck Chains and La Vallières in:—

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- Amethyst
- Coral
- Zircon

Prices Range Upwards from $9.50.

Open from 8.30 A. M. until 5.30 P. M. for Visitors to make Purchases or,—just to Enjoy.

ON FIFTH AVENUE AT THIRTY SECOND STREET

HOW FANCY HAS CURED.

Remarkable Instances of Recovery From Disease by Influence of Imagination.

From the London Daily Express.

The number of cases in which "fancy" has been the only drug really used is overwhelming. It is not by any means only the prescription of the quack, for many physicians of the highest repute use it in another guise. The late Sir William Gull, for instance, one of the greatest physicians of the nineteenth century, and one of those in attendance on the King when, as Prince of Wales, his Majesty had typhoid fever, used frequently to give his patients nothing but burnt sugar and water, and with that very simple remedy he made some remarkable cures, for he knew the value of "fancy" in the cure of disease.

Pure distilled water, acting on the "fancy," once cured disease when every other means of cure had failed. The case is recorded in the *Lancet*, and is that of a woman of fifty-eight who had pains everywhere, and was supposed to have a disease of every organ. At last she was assured there was one remedy which would cure her, but it would have to be administered by an experienced nurse, and at certain hours to be scrupulously adhered to. A tablespoonful of pure distilled water was given to her at intervals of five hours regularly as the clock struck. Within three weeks every one of her pains had vanished.

There are many instances recorded by physicians where not even distilled water was required to effect a signal cure. Into the out-patient department of one of the large London hospitals a girl in the last stage of emaciation was one day led by her mother. The elder woman explained that her daughter was suffering from a contraction of the gullet, which prevented her swallowing.

The doctor looked at the girl. "I can cure that contraction in half an hour," he said. So firmly did he impress the value of what he was doing on the girl's mind that within that time she was sent into one of the wards for a good square meal, and she enjoyed a large plateful of boiled mutton, potatoes and turnips, followed by an equally generous helping of pudding.

To think that a woman should lie on her back suffering apparently from incurable paralysis of the spine for two years, and that preparations should be made for getting her into a home for incurables while she was within a couple of hours of a perfect cure merely through the influence of her "fancy," seems to the economist a terrible waste of time and to the sympathetic a cruel phase of nature. Yet such a case is recorded, and when certain remedies which acted only on the "fancy" of the woman were administered she got up and walked about and went home by omnibus entirely cured.

One would hardly think that severe rheumatism could be cured by the spilling of a kettle of boiling water acting on the "fancy." Yet Dr. Buckley records such a case. A doctor was summoned to see a lady suffering in this way. He thought that a vapor bath would do her good. He got a tea kettle and filled it with water. Then he attached a piece of pipe to the spout, which he put under the bed-clothes, put a spirit lamp under the kettle and proceeded to boil the water.

Unfortunately he had filled the kettle too full, and instead of the steam only reaching the patient, the water boiled over into the tube, and a few drops touched the patient's leg. "You have scalded me," she cried, and she jumped out of bed. To her amazement, her rheumatism was cured.

A remarkable example of how "fancy" can cure a disease produced by exactly that same cause was recorded by a physician at Zurich. A patient went to him one day and told him that two years before he had had pneumonia, which had left him with a headache from which he had never been free for a single day. He explained that the physician who had attended him had told him that he would always have a headache, as he had inherited it from his father.

"I can cure that headache of yours," said the physician. He gave the man a remedy and impressed on him the fact that his headache would be cured in a short time and would remain cured. When the physician saw the man four months later he learned that he had never since had a headache.

Some time ago a doctor had a charming girl as a patient. She suffered acute agony from nervous dyspepsia. Every remedy known to science was given to her, but she remained as ill at the end of all the dosing as she had been before. She was engaged to be married to a man whom she loved very dearly.

"You will not be able to get married," said the doctor, "unless you are cured, and this medicine which I am going to give you is the thing which I believe will cure you." Her fancy was impressed with the fact. She took the medicine—was it a little distilled water?—and in a very little while she was perfectly cured.

One would scarcely suppose that such a thing as warts could be cured by the effect of "fancy." Yet a famous physician in Havre proved the value of the remedy in such a case. A boy whose hand was covered with these ugly growths had the part well washed with blue water. "If this does not cure the warts," said the doctor in effect, "I shall have to use yellow water, and that will burn you terribly."

The boy went home, his "fancy" deeply moved by the suffering which would result if he were subjected to the more severe treatment. In a week all the warts but two or three had vanished.

Striking as all these cases are, there are others to which reference was made at the annual meeting of the British Medical Association. Certain women apparently suffering from internal tumors were put under chloroform, taken into the operating room and an incision made, but nothing was removed. In other words, the remainder of the operation was not proceeded with. Yet these patients were all cured.

Even more striking was that of a woman who, having been put under the influence of chloroform and taken in the room, was removed without anything at all being done to her. She believed she had been operated upon, and she got perfectly well, as vivid an example as could well be adduced of the way in which "fancy can cure."

Burglars Visit Mrs. Osborn's.

Burglars paid a visit to Mrs. Osborn's dressmaking shop in Fifth avenue early yesterday morning, getting in from an adjoining building. They carried away several gowns valued at $1,000.

LEADERSHIP in hat styles is the privilege of the maker whose business is fine hats exclusively.

Youmans Hats
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If you've caught an underwear that preserves your comfort by fitting you and being fitted to your skin—hold on to it.

We probably have it in more grades and gradations of price than you've hitherto found.

If you haven't caught just the right thing yet, we can help you out.

We've more sorts of good underwear than most men ever heard of—plenty of stout sizes too.

ROGERS, PEET & COMPANY.

258 Broadway, cor. Warren, opposite City Hall.
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We fill orders by mail.

"Your Health!"
The very life of the grape—most healthful of fruits—all the sunshine and zest it has gathered as it ripened in the vineyard, is contained in

COOK'S Imperial EXTRA DRY

Champagne—the most delicious and most healthful of wines.

HORSES MOPE FOR BEER.

Team at City Island Won't Work Without It and Can't Get It.

Charles Angus, proprietor of a hotel at City Island, has two horses for sale. Mr. Angus was asked yesterday why he wanted to sell them. He said that some one had given the horses a drink of beer a few months ago and that the loungers about the hotel had thought it such a good joke that they spent their money for beer for the horses.

"The horses seemed to like it," said Angus, "and have been drinking beer steadily. They got so used to it that now they won't drink water and they won't work unless they get beer. I can't keep horses with expensive tastes like that, and anybody can have 'em that wants to put up the money."

Telephones show the way the business goes. A firm without adequate telephone service is soon out of active business.

NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO.
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Kennedy
12 CORTLANDT ST.

Best Underwear Direct.
Only the better fabrics from the best mills saving two profits.

75c. heavy ribbed Balbriggan Shirts or Drawers, at..... 49c
$1.50 English Worsted, natural color, at..... 98c
$3.50 Heavy All-Wool, made in Germany, at..... $1.75
$2.50 Shirts $1.49
Made of French Percale. Laundered Bosoms, cuffs attached, coat fashioned.
Perrin's $2.00 Gloves $1.2
New light shades, all weights.

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