

PARADE FROM SHORE  
OUT OF A SEA OF BOATS  
EMERGE THE TWO SHIPS.  
Escorted by Hundreds of Modern  
Craft, They Make Their Feeble  
Way Up the River.

Down toward the Battery yesterday afternoon— even the rawest newcomer to New York was pointed out the right way and knew instinctively his direction—hundreds of thousands of eyes, perhaps there were millions, looked for the coming of the great assembly of craft, in point of numbers and diversity of shape and use, that perhaps was ever assembled in so compact an area of water. If the gaze was fortunate enough to be up in one of the crowd's nests that gave him a glimpse of the Battery, he saw what looked like a Sargasso Sea. Usually there is water to be seen between the point of Manhattan Island and the Jersey shore, but yesterday the onlooker saw what looked like a morass that stretched endlessly in the haze in every direction, dotted with hunks of mud that raised themselves enough to give footing to a forest of masts.

From out of this morass it would not have seemed surprising to see the real Henry Hudson emerge in his Half Moon. If Liberty hadn't been over there on the left the audience could well have imagined that something strange was going to happen, and the strangeness didn't wear off as everybody about kept saying: "Isn't it weird?" Would Hudson have felt any queerer? Then the dreamers looked straight across to Jersey, saw the craft of everyday New York Harbor and woke up.

Countless were the craft of every shape and description that fitted up and down and across. Torpedo boats and gunboats, and lighters and tugs, and excursion steamers and launches, and motorboats, and even here and there a daring ordinary rowboat, that went along with as much complacency as the rest—they were all there. How could Hudson ever have thought this was a passage to the Northwest? It was the Hudson itself rather than the replica of the Half Moon or that of the Clermont that was the sight yesterday afternoon and last evening.

But the whistles of the ferryboats and the few craft that were going down the river gave the signal. "They're coming," they came. Out from beyond the end of a pier came a drab looking tug that struck the onlooker as nothing wonderful except that it showed a remarkable regard as to go for avoiding unnecessary offense to the ear.

"Back to the Governor!" exclaimed a facetious person, betraying the first or a later degree of knowledge of Brooklyn. "Poor old thing, she's as good as dead for the houseboat stage, and, oh, there she is!"

Crawling a hundred yards or so behind the tug came into view a small, high-setting thing, "awfully high in the rear," as one spectator phrased it. Every voice hastened to be first in the exclamation, "That's the Half Moon!"

"Think of Hudson crossing the ocean in a boat like that!" says one.

"I would never think of such a thing," says another, a woman.

"But isn't she right, and so frail? What a pity she hasn't her sails set."

Nevertheless this little craft, with the "high rear," moved along with a dignity that was distinctly of her age, and it evenly and gracefully. Before she was out of the minds of her audience there followed a low, grayish craft, puffing out of its funnels a dirty, brown smoke. The latter suffered at first from a likeness to the nondescript craft that had been passing up the river for an hour or more, and eyes turned back to follow the frail replica of the Half Moon. But then somebody caught sight of the peculiar paddlewheels, and everybody chorused in unison, "The Clermont!"

There was a feeling of compensation when it was seen that she was going up against a strong ebb tide under her own steam, though there was a smart looking tug at her side, as first aid, as it were, to the weary. There was a rush to the upper side to look at both the craft, and heavily laden ferries crossed smoothly through the long path of the parade and excited favorable comments as to their usefulness.

"Did that thing," asked a young woman, pointing to the Clermont, but with her eye on a Pennsylvania ferryboat, "never get from New York to Albany in a week?"

"Why, yes, she's going a little faster than she used," the miles an hour.

"Why, it would take that thing a thousand days to go anywhere, I should think! But, then," she added sentimentally, as she looked out upon the swifter up-to-date coastwise steamers, "I suppose people didn't live so fast in those days as they do now. They must have thought they were going terribly fast."

THE CLERMONT'S WHEELS WENT ROUND.

The speaker admitted that the wheels of the Fulton steamer were going at a pretty good clip, almost as fast as they did on ferryboats. What aroused the curiosity of the crowd most was the unusual structure of the unprotected paddlewheels. They worked with an evenness and regularity that must have been the marvel of a hundred years ago.

In marked contrast to the Clermont, and greater yet to the Half Moon, followed the coastwise steamers, the excursion steamboats, the steam yachts, the motor boats, the tugs and steam lighters, the launches, the naval cutters and other modern craft. All of them were gayly decorated for the occasion, but beyond this all seemed to have taken on the character of a distinct effort for the onlooker to excuse, until he remembered that everything in the line of a vessel in the harbor was giving precedence to age and adapting itself to age's pace.

Up from that morass of the Battery came the procession, miles long, every one of the boats moving in stately fashion at carefully regulated intervals, but all there seemed to be no dimming of the now somber looking mass that stretched toward Staten Island and Jersey. It was said they all got started, but nobody knew when or how many there were all told. Nobody stayed to count, anyway; it was too near dinner time, and the biggest part of the first day of New York's big celebration was too close at hand.

STATEN ISLAND THRONGS.

Hilltops Black with People Out to See Start of Naval Parade.

More than fifteen thousand persons traveled to Staten Island yesterday to witness the start of the naval parade from the Upper Bay. The hilltops on the south shore were black with people, as were the piers along the waterfront. Houseboats had been converted into roof gardens, and big prices were paid for seats. The throng on the hilltops saw the Half Moon crash into the Clermont.

As the Half Moon sailed past Tompkinsville she received a volley of shot from all manner of craft in the bay. When Stapleton was reached the captain and his crew were greeted by the members of the Sons of Holland, Huguenot societies and Borough President Cromwell.

Immediately after the Half Moon left Stapleton appropriate exercises were held on the big main pier by the various societies of Staten Island. Borough President Cromwell spoke for the people of Richmond, David B. Van Name for the Sons of Holland, Ira K. Morris for the Huguenot societies, and Howard R. Rayne for the citizens' committee.

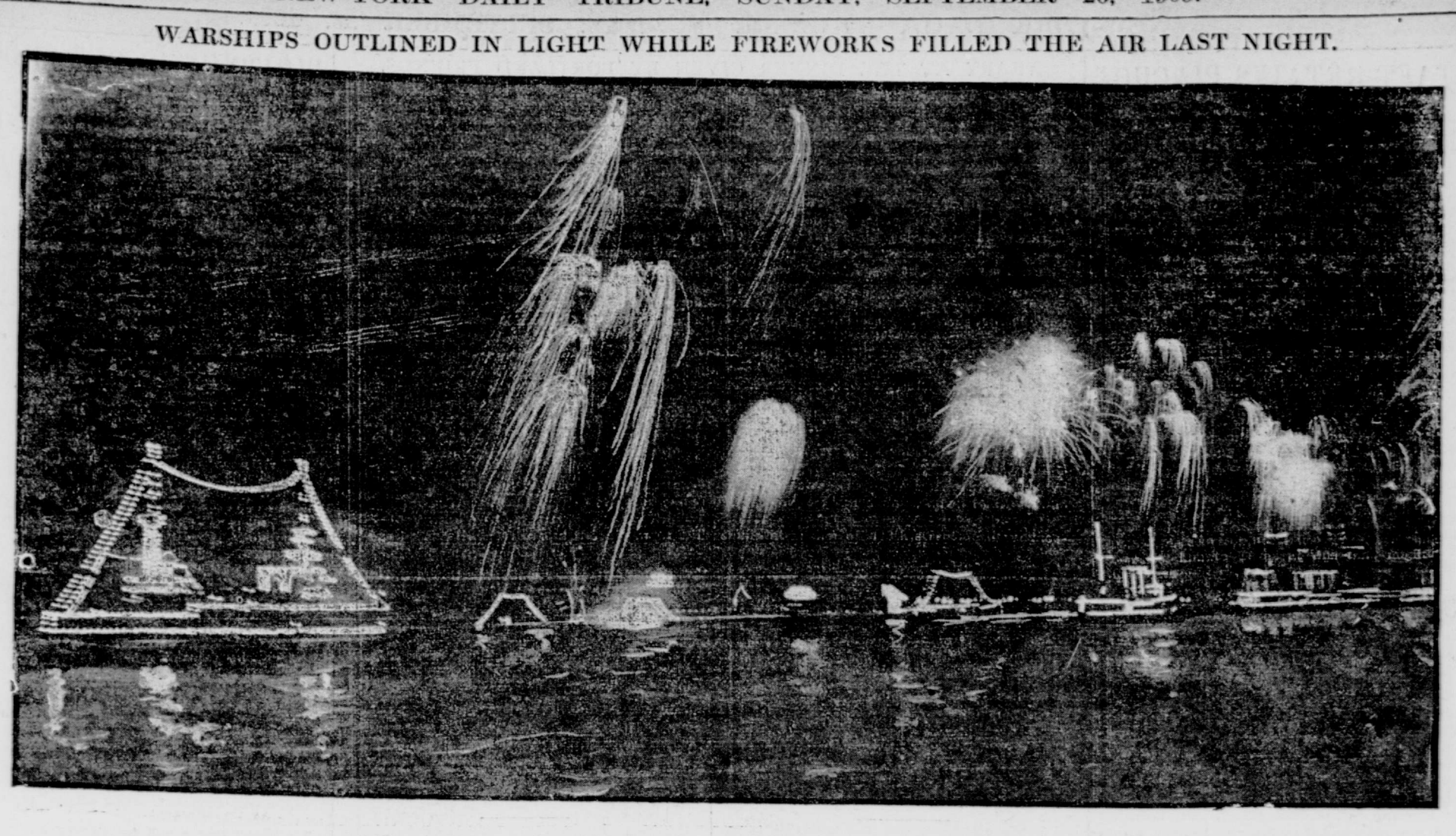
Staten Island was illuminated last night from one end to the other by big colored electric light signs on Ward's Mill, Tompkinsville. Each letter was eight feet long, and could be seen plainly from the lower section of Manhattan, Brooklyn and from many miles at sea.

LOST LIFE TO SEE CLERMONT.

Staten Island Boy Drowned from Pier During the Naval Parade.

Joseph Finnegan, aged seven years, of Taylor street, West New Brighton, was drowned yesterday while watching the Hudson-Fulton celebration naval parade.

Young Finnegan started to run to the end of a pier at Broadway, West New Brighton, to see the Clermont pass, and fell through a hole into the Staten Island Sound. His body was recovered last evening.



WARSHIPS OUTLINED IN LIGHT WHILE FIREWORKS FILLED THE AIR LAST NIGHT.

BROOKLYN DID HER PART.  
Great Crowds Line Shores When  
Half Moon Starts on Trip.

Brooklyn gave evidence of enthusiastic patriotism over the mere formation of the squadrons off her shores. Jammed elevated trains and half a dozen trolley lines brought to the South Brooklyn waterfront so many persons, in addition to the residents of the section, that nobody could begin to estimate how many hundreds of thousands crowded the shore between 65th street and Fort Hamilton when the first vessels of the fleet steamed into the Upper Bay.

The cheering began when the indistinct outlines of the Half Moon were discerned as she crept out from behind the Staten Island shore. It was hard to believe that she was real, and not a woodcut from the page of an old history. The enthusiasm of the crowds increased as the Half Moon and the hundreds of ships came into view, and with amazing promptness reached their proper places, the first squadron forming below Red Hook and the rest just behind until the Upper Bay was filled.

When the Half Moon arrived at a point just off the clubhouse of the Crescent Club, the Brooklyn committee went on board and extended felicitations to the Dutch commander. Among those in the party were Borough President Coles, Colonel Willis L. Ogden and Colonel William Hester. Then she was towed to the head of the line at Red Hook and was joined by the Clermont. They started off side by side, and the entire armada got in motion, while the bands on shore played and the great guns of the 3d Battery spoke with disconcerting regularity.

STEAMSHIP IN DISTRESS.  
Zeeburg Grounds on St. John's Bar  
and Is Pounding Badly.

The United Wireless, at No. 42 Broadway, received word from their agent at Savannah, Ga., last night, that at 9:23 o'clock he had received the following message:

Steamer Arapahoe, at Sea, September 25.

Steamer Zeeburg is ashore on the south jetty of the St. John's bar. She was pounding badly on rocks. Help has been sent by the steamer Arapahoe. The sea is running high and pounding over her bridge.

The Savannah agent added that the agent of the line at Savannah was informed immediately and had arranged to give quick assistance to the distressed vessel.

BREAK "BANKERS' ROW."

Montgomery and Others Transferred to Leavenworth Prison.

[By Telegram to the Tribune.]

Pittsburg, Sept. 25.—When William Montgomery, Henry W. Tiers, the former bankers, and John Purman and Joseph H. Haas, who were involved in the recent tunnel plot, awoken in the Western penitentiary this morning, they will receive a surprise. United States Marshal Stephen Stone, acting under federal orders, will take them in charge and without more delay than is necessary for change of prison stripes to citizens' clothes, will take them to a Fort Wayne railroad train and send them westward to the government prison at Leavenworth, Kan.

The prisoners will not know of the execution of transfer orders until the morning, and consequently they will not have time to bid relatives and friends goodbye.

Montgomery and Tiers are blamed by the other bankers at the prison for causing the federal investigation. It is said they insisted that Warden John Francis permit them to dine alone with food they had purchased. When these privileges were refused, it is said, their political friends brought about an investigation which resulted in a recommendation for the transfer of a number of prisoners, among them J. P. B. Rhinehart, Thomas Harvey, Henry Rieker and John Young. It is said these men will not be transferred, however. In Leavenworth, Montgomery and Tiers will have to work in the quarries and on the farm.

NEARLY BEHEADED BY BOTTLE.

Celebration Crowd Threatens to Take Two Prisoners from Policeman.

While pushing a cart last night in 96th street, between Broadway and West End avenue, Edward McCarthy, aged fifteen, of No. 44 West 101st street, was struck with part of a heavy glass bottle and his throat was cut from ear to ear. He was taken to St. Luke's Hospital after emergency treatment by Dr. Sullivan of the Floating Hospital, anchored off 56th street. It was said he had only a slight chance for recovery.

Joseph Hougel, twenty-one years old, of No. 73 Amsterdam avenue, and James Mallen, twenty, of No. 214 West 15th street, were locked up in the West 109th street station on charges of felonious assault, but they protested that the bottle was not hurled with the intention of striking McCarthy.

Several hundred persons who had been watching the spectacle on the river threatened to take the prisoners from a policeman, but the arrival of the reserves prevented trouble.

THE VAST CITY ABLAZE  
ON THE BATTERY WALL.

Continued from first page.

Over the gleaming fleet thirteen anchored floats flung up a display of fireworks such as is seldom to be seen even in the town where the fireworks come from. As the pleasure craft swept up and down past the anchored barges bomb after bomb went up, shot with a roar that echoed over the river and back again like the shock of a fleet at target practice. They burst red and yellow and blue and white, spreading freckle rains of fire falling through clouds of sparks of a hundred colors. Rockets hissed and screamed, new bombs burst in newer colors and forms, and every now and then a mine would go off with a heavier shock and rush up a hundred feet a still bigger cloud of whirling brilliance.

In the north, from the 153d street viaduct, the vast battery of searchlights was having its wild way, spreading in shifting fans of color and dancing about in bewildering shafts of light.

Such a crush as stormed the uptown streets between the afternoon and the evening shows was never seen in those parts. Restaurants in Broadway and the upper avenues were full from 5 o'clock until midnight, and many of them had lines of people waiting on the sidewalks for a block or more. Not a few ran out of provender in the unheard of rush and had to shut their doors. Food went up to preposterous prices, of course, and more than one hungry man was heard to demand ham sandwiches at \$1 apiece, if only enough to feed his workmen.

Broadway further downtown got its full share of the overload, and the evening hours brought hardly an ebb in the tides that ran through it. Many people had learned from their afternoon experiences of the slenderness of their chances of finding room near the river at night, and so consoled themselves by seeing the town.

The town was well worth seeing, at that. Besides the official illuminations of the parade route, every hotel was picked out in strings of light. The Half Moon came sailing out of the front of the Hotel Astor, several sizes larger than life, with her hull, spars, ropes and rigging shown in incandescence, and even the curl of the sea from her cutwater. Where the Flatiron split the streams of Broadway and Fifth avenue a Dutch windmill, done in lights, ground its grist of gaiety till far into the night.

In the subway it was as if a Presidential convention on nomination day had encountered an old-fashioned bridge crush in a pitched battle of five miles' length and seven hours' duration. Down every stairway the crowds poured in unbroken torrents, bearing back the crowds emerging by sheer force of gravity. To negotiate one of the lower stairways at an express station was an act of violence, and to catch a train a downright breach of the peace.

When the crowds started for home in earnest, at about 11 o'clock, Broadway and the streets east and west from the 70's to the 140's slowly emptied themselves full and curled. Banging taxicabs fought their way in through the thinner outer layers by the subway kiosks and stuck there, with little to choose in the way of wholeness between the voices of their exhausts and the voices of their drivers, and half the policemen of the city wrestled and shoved through the crowds.

The evening illumination in Brooklyn brought out crowds that only an election night can excel in numbers and enthusiasm. The Borough Hall seemed to be the goal of the majority, and the care of all lines centering at this point were crowded all the evening. The Borough Hall itself was decorated and illuminated extravagantly, and business blocks along Fulton street were not far behind in the general display of patriotic colors.

In the Broadway section the same display was in evidence and the eastern district celebrators paraded until a late hour. Automobile parties in Prospect Park admired the artistic lighting of the Soldiers and Sailors Monument at the entrance to the park. The Brooklyn Museum, the Academy of Music and Arion Hall were noteworthy for their brilliant illuminations in honor of the celebration.

Those who had come early and glued themselves to good places on the edge of the wall clung tenaciously to them, and long after dark the electric lights of the park revealed a black fringe of sightseers waiting for the night parade.

The reports from the inspectors at places of embarkation showed that the steamboat patronage was unusually light. Over two hundred and ninety

ON THE BATTERY WALL.  
CROWDS WATCH PARADE.

They Saw Only the Half Moon and the Clermont, but Were Satisfied.

When the Lustania came in on her maiden voyage from Liverpool, about two years ago, a big crowd swarmed over Battery Park, and standing room along the wall was at a premium. The throng was of the same proportion as that which assembled when Dewey returned from Manila, but nothing since these events has even approached in volume the throng assembled yesterday to see the Half Moon and the Clermont pass up the North River.

The din of whistles from the floating parade made it impossible to hear the cheering from the crowd at the Battery. Surveyor Clarkson, watching the excursion fleet from an open window in the Barge Office, was unable for two hours to hear anything but the blasts of the steamboat Matthea shrieking in vain for passengers. She is allowed by law to carry eighteen hundred passengers, but the best she could pick up yesterday at reduced prices was 302 souls. The crowd at the Battery was there to see, not to ride or buy, and even the cane and souvenir medal men went away with unsold wares. There was plenty of opportunity to see what there was to be seen from the Battery green, and the excursion boats tied up along the wall went begging, although their \$3 dollar and \$2 seats were offered for less than the proverbial 98 cents.

The crowd rose on tiptoes when the Half Moon and the Clermont came within the range of vision between the Statue of Liberty and Governor's Island, and there was a bobbing of heads up and down and a holding aloft of children under four feet tall. The parade moved slowly. The host of the inventor, and that of the bold navigator remained long enough before the gaze of the Battery to satisfy all, and while the greater part of the sightseers were from Manhattan and vicinity, there was a goodly showing of out-of-town visitors.

"The Clermont," said a woman who took pains to let the crowd know she was from Joliet, Ill. "Well, I don't think much of that. Looks just like the boat my son Hiram made when he was a boy in pants in '64."

A girl from Springfield, who had once crossed Lake Michigan on a steamer on the way to "St. Joe," thought the Half Moon was just the sort for all get out, and really appeared to be what its name implied. A young man from upper Sandusky ventured that maybe the Half Moon was made of green Dutch cheese, but he was actually hissed by an adjacent group from Flatbush, and he just didn't say another word.

Columbus O'Regan, a small boy who caused much annoyance to a man he called father, asked repeatedly when the Grand Republic would come along. When that big excursion boat finally did come into view, Columbus O'Regan pointed to her and, picking out one near the pilot house, said: "There he is, father. There is Dr. Cook." The remark drew at least a dozen persons across the park to the subway entrance.

Some fifty young men took possession of the territory around the big "South Pole," the steel mast of the yacht Constitution, which was stepped into a concrete base at the Battery a few months ago. They waited impatiently until the vanguard of the parade passed by, and, with the arrival of the excursion fleet, they marked time on the concrete pavement. Suddenly one of the party shouted, "Right about, face! Forward, march!" and they retreated from the string line near the wall.

By coincidence, this action seemed to be the signal for a general evacuation of the park, for sightseers in the hundred hurray to the subway and the elevated stations at South Ferry and Battery Place and Bowling Green.

A man from Hester street, with red "chillolans," asked the way to the "fish theatre." So the day went.

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HIT WITH A BLACKJACK, HE SAYS.

Man Found Wounded Tells of Attack by a Gang of Thugs.

When James Thornton, a carpenter, of No. 542 West 43d street, was revived, after being found unconscious in front of No. 4 West 43d street, last night, he said that a gang of thugs had blackjacked him. He could not say how many were in the gang, but he was sure there must have been three or four. They got no valuables.

Patrolman Booth, of the West 47th street station, found the man and summoned an ambulance from Flower Hospital. Dr. Hughes responding. While waiting for the ambulance, however, large crowds of Hudson-Fulton spectators gathered, and it was necessary to call out the police reserves to disperse the crowds.

Dr. Hughes found that Thornton suffered mainly from a laceration of the scalp, and after medical attention the wounded man was taken home.

WATERS-PIERCE SALE ORDERED.

Texas Auction Set for December—Case Against Oil Man Continued.

Austin, Tex., Sept. 25.—An order was issued by Judge C. A. Wilcox, of the 28th District, yesterday, directing that J. B. Eckhardt, receiver of the Waters-Pierce Oil Company, proceed without delay to advertise for sale at public auction and to the highest bidder all the property of every kind and character of the Waters-Pierce Oil Company, with a view of speedily winding up the affairs of the company in Texas.

The order directs the sale of the property on the first Tuesday in December, in Austin. The sale is to be made without further right of redemption, and without further valuation or appraisal. The property is valued at \$1,500,000, and is to be sold in bulk. The terms and date of sale are satisfactory to the Waters-Pierce Company.

Coincident with the issuance of this order, an order was issued continuing until November 29, the case of H. Clay Pierce, who is charged with false swearing, pending before Judge Calhoun, in the 3d District Court. This case was set for October 11, but Judge H. S. Priest, of St. Louis, appeared before the court on behalf of Pierce, declaring that to bring him to Texas at this time might mean his death.

FIRE AT WHITE HOUSE.

Flames in Executive Offices Extinguished Without Serious Damage.

Washington, Sept. 25.—Fire broke out at the White House late this afternoon and for a short time it was threatening. It was not in the White House proper, but in the executive offices, which are being reconstructed in the President's absence.

The blaze originated in the furnace room. A hot fire had been made in the furnace to dry the plaster freshly put on the walls. The furnace room was badly damaged and the blaze was communicated to the walls and roof by means of the flue. The quick response of the firemen resulted in soon bringing the blaze under control.

So far as any one here recalls this was the first fire the White House since the invasion of Washington by the British in 1814, when the Capitol, the White House and most of the other public buildings were burned.

MONTANA LAND FIGHT.

State Decides to Use Force Against U. S. Forestry Officials.

Helena, Mont., Sept. 25.—Forceful measures to recover land now in the possession of the United States forest officials were decided upon by the State Board of Land Commissioners to-day.

The land in controversy was sold by the state to the Great Northern Railway. The forestry officials had warned all persons against the purchase, built a fence around the tract and set it apart for registration purposes.

The bureau instructed the state land agent to "go at once into the land and take with him such assistance as is necessary to oust from the tract of land in question all trespassers and persons asserting rights against the State of Montana."

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CONFESIONAL NOT INVOLATE.

Only the Priest Barred from Disclosing Its Secrets, Says Cardinal Gibbons.

[By Telegram to the Tribune.]

Baltimore, Sept. 25.—Cardinal Gibbons said to-day that Judge Milliken, of New Bedford, Mass., did right in deciding that the testimony of the woman was not privileged in the case in which she desired to go on the stand in the suit of her husband against a priest and show that the priest in confessional had urged her to abjure her marriage because it had been a civil ceremony and not under church rites.

"If she wanted to relate conversation in the confessional, it is evidence," said the Cardinal, "but the priest is privileged from being forced to go on the stand and tell what has been said to him in the confessional. This matter was established in New York something like one hundred years ago, in the Coleman case, where it was held down that a priest does not have to tell the conversation of the confessional."

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THE OFFICIAL WELCOME  
IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIES.

Navigator and Inventor Greeted by American and Foreign Dignitaries.

Stirred by emotion as twelve miles of river craft gave a deafening roar of welcome to Henry Hudson and Robert Fulton, Vice-President Sherman, Governor Hughes, Mayor McClellan and more than two hundred guests of the Hudson-Fulton Commission silently greeted the crews of the Half Moon and the Clermont as they came up to the water gate at 110th street, where the big celebration was officially opened yesterday afternoon.

Above the ear-splitting sound of whistles which shrieked and roared from every boiler along the twelve miles of river front sounded the boom of the big guns from the battleships. The reviewing stand where the Half Moon and the Clermont were accepted by the Hudson-Fulton Commission was packed with American and foreign dignitaries.

As the approach of the Half Moon was signalled from ship to ship, and finally to the squad of jockies at the water gate, the guests hardly spoke a word. Every head was turned in the direction of the caravan which was being towed slowly up the river against a strong tide.

A gun fired from the Utrecht, representing the Dutch navy, was the signal taken up from the Battery to Spuyten Duyvil, on the river and on both shores, where thousands of whistles shrieked. Then the Half Moon, with her consort of cutters, reached the buoy in front of the gateway.

Answering the welcome given by everything that could make a noise, the tiny vessel barked a salute of several guns, and Lieutenant Lam, impersonating Henry Hudson, stepped into a lumbering cutter to land, as the captain of the Half Moon did three hundred years ago.

General Stewart L. Woodford, president of the Hudson-Fulton Commission, surrounded by representatives of foreign countries, welcomed the navigator. Turning to Vice-President Sherman, Governor Hughes and Mayor McClellan, General Woodford introduced the commander of the Dutch ship, who in turn presented members of the crew, who were supposed to have accompanied him on the long trip from Amsterdam.

S. P. Van Eeghen, president of the Amsterdam Chamber of Commerce and president of the Holland branch of the Hudson-Fulton commission, then addressed General Woodford and officially presented the Half Moon to the commission, at the same time reading a message of greeting from the people of the Netherlands to the people of the United States. He presented a document confirming the donation of the ship and a book with the names of those who contributed.

A volume containing the journals of old Dutch sailors and the log of Jan Cornelius May, who in 1611 made the same voyage as Hudson, was turned over to the commission.

Henry Hudson could not have been more overwhelmed than the man who appeared for him yesterday when he listened to the tribute paid to his country by General Woodford. He had hardly spoken the last words of greeting when a little cutter bearing Robert Fulton and a number of friends dressed in the costume of his time climbed on the landing float. Hudson withdrew, making way for Fulton, who escorted Miss Harriet Livingston to the court of honor.

Again General Woodford referred to the return of the dead as he introduced the Rev. C. S. Bullock as Robert Fulton, who had come again to New York one hundred years after he piloted the first steamboat up the river. Fulton quickly turned to the vision in the dock and bowed to the honor of introducing his fiancé, Miss Harriet Livingston.

On every side of the landing stage were sailors and marines who stood at attention during the impressive ceremonies. A signal flag stopped the greetings of cannon, whistles and horns, while the courtesies were being exchanged on the pier and a guard of honor held back the crowds who had gathered around the big arch where the distinguished guests were seated.

As the navigator and inventor passed down the gangplank to the float Dr. Jokichi Takamine, representing Japan, was escorted from a naval launch to the reception platform. Addressing the committee, he delivered a message of welcome from the Japanese Kingdom.

Among the foreign dignitaries on the stand were Admiral Sir Edward Seymour, G. C. B., representing Great Britain; His Imperial Highness Prince Kunikida, Japan; Gross Admiral von Koester, Germany; Minister Wu Ting-fang, China; his excellency Yousouff Zia Pacha, Turkey; J. T. Cramer, Netherlands; Count de Buisson, Belgium; Baron Louis Ambrosi, Austria-Hungary; Rear Admiral Jules Marie le Pord, France, and Señor Don Carlos Perera, Mexico.

GOVERNOR COMER ONCE SOLD LIQUOR.

Leader of Alabama Prohibitionists Quit the Traffic Thirty-three Years Ago.

[By Telegram to the Tribune.]

Montgomery, Ala., Sept. 25.—Governor B. B. Comer, leader of the forces working for a prohibition amendment to the constitution, admits that he once sold liquor, and at a time when the business was extremely profitable. A statement made by Senator Spragins that the Governor was an ex-dealer in liquor is thus borne out. The Governor makes no attempt at concealment.

"The Governor will not discuss the subject, it is said he sold liquor in bottles in the 70's in his store at Comer. Determining, however, that it was wrong, he quit on the 1st of one September, although his license did not expire until the following January. This was thirty-three years ago, since which time he has not allowed any sales at any of the several stores he operates. He is now worth \$1,000,000.

END OF OMAHA STRIKE IN SIGHT.

Settlement Expected To-day—Alleged Train Robber Tries to Escape in Riot.

Omaha, Neb., Sept. 25.—After a protracted strike conference, Mayor Dahlman announced this afternoon that another meeting would be held to-morrow, at which a proposition from the company to striking streetcar men would be formulated. It is believed that the offer will be acceptable to the men, and that the strike will be ended to-morrow.

Among the seriously wounded in incident riots last evening were Patrolman Frank Roney, whose skull was fractured by a stone and Harry Morgan, a motorman, who had an eye destroyed by a brick. While the patrol wagon was taking G. W. Marvin, the alleged Union Pacific train robber, back to jail from a barber shop, the wagon ran into a small streetcar riot and the prisoner made an attempt to escape. He was clubbed into submission.

PRISON KEEPER SUES FOR DIVORCE.

Auburn, N. Y., Sept. 25.—Allen P. Tupper, principal keeper of Auburn Prison, brought suit to-day against his wife, Jeanne, for absolute divorce before Justice Rich, in the Supreme Court. Tupper makes serious charges. He was recently ill in the Auburn City Hospital, and he says that when he left the hospital he feared to return home because he believed "she would give him an overdose of powerful medicine, and thus cause his early demise."

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS NOTES.

Not Guilty of Dispensary Graft.

Columbia, S. C., Sept. 25.—The jury in the case against J. S. Farnum for bribery returned a verdict of not guilty to-day. The next of the dispensary graft cases will be taken up on Wednesday, when John Black, former dispensary director, will be tried on a charge of bribery.