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WARD TURNS KIDNAPPER.

THE EX-FINANCIER'S BOLD ATTEMPT TO CARRY OFF HIS SON.

Ward's Agent Seized the Boy in the Street at Thompson, Conn., and Drove Off With Him—The Whole Country Was Aroused and Set in Pursuit of the Kidnappers—Ward Lost the Boy by Not Being on Hand to Claim Him—The Boy Is Heir to an Estate of $80,000, and This May Have Been the Motive of the Abduction.

THOMPSON, Conn., Sept. 13.—Ferdinand Ward, lately of Wall street but later of Sing Sing, must have lost much of his cunning, for his attempt to-day to kidnap his own son was a dramatic fiasco. All the cross-country riders in this section of the State piled out after the alleged professional kidnappers from New York who had been hired by Ward to recover the boy, and for a time there was a lively hunt. It ended in ignominious capture and surrender at Webster, Mass., ten miles from here, and Ward returned to New York thoroughly discomfited.

The youngster, Clarence Ward, is 10 years old. When his mother died, four years ago, he was placed in the care of Frederick D. Green by a trust company which holds the boy's estate in keeping. The Greens have got so that they regard him as their own son, and though they have no legal right to his custody they have always said they would not give him up to his father. Clarence himself had been warned that an attempt might be made to capture him.

Mrs. Green told him that if he ever found himself seized he must shout his loudest and continue shouting until Uncle Fred or Mr. Green's sister or mother came to his rescue. He obeyed orders so effectually when the chance came today that his cries and screams brought half the county at the heels of the fast team that was carrying him off, while his captors almost choked the breath out of him in their ineffectual efforts to quiet him until they could take him to their employer and his father, Ferdinand Ward, who was awaiting impatiently ten miles away the outcome of his plot.

The son of the great ex-financier was on his way to school soon after 8 o'clock this morning. It is a half-mile walk down the road to the schoolhouse and the boy made his appearance there regularly every morning. The street was well filled with people and the youngsters were filing into the building, when a buggy containing two men drove up not far from the schoolhouse door. Neither of the occupants was known to any of the passers-by. A short, lean man, who seems to be the one who hired the rig, called out to a playmate of Clarence:

"Isn't that young Ward?" at the same time pointing to the little fellow.

Receiving a reply in the affirmative, he got out and invited Clarence to take a drive. The boy was suspicious. He refused the offer and was walking away when the stranger grabbed him under the arms and lifted him into the buggy. He jumped in himself, and the driver whipped up the horse.

This had happened in a moment. The fourteen-year-old daughter of Mrs. Green was walking just behind Clarence and saw the whole thing. She turned and ran back home to give the alarm. At the same time Clarence emitted a piercing yell, which was heard by every one that the buggy passed. His screams, stifled at times, but afterward breaking out with greater vigor, gave the alarm to fifty people within a few minutes.

Then there was mounting in hot haste. Quickly the rumor flew that young Clarence Ward had been kidnapped for a ransom. Men in buggies started in pursuit, as did pedestrians, but the buggy of the kidnappers was soon out of sight. There are plenty of telephones in Thompson and the alarm was given over them all, and messages were telegraphed along the railroad company's wires describing the seizure of the boy.

There are many winding roads with many branches about Thompson, and it was a hard matter to guess exactly which the kidnappers had taken. As soon as little Miss Green got home Mr. Green harnessed up his team and prepared to start in pursuit, though he was not certain which way to go. Just as he was starting, his telephone rang loudly and a message came from "Tip" Nichols, President of the Thompson Bank, who lives two miles down the road, that the kidnappers' outfit had just passed his house with their captive shrieking pitifully, and that they had taken the Webster road.

Mr. Green whipped up his horses and started wildly down the road. Other teams were in pursuit, but none of them was on the right track. Some of the drivers had their revolvers with them, and there is reason to believe that Mr. Green was not unarmed, though he will not now admit it. He dashed along the Webster road two miles, three, and six miles. Then he got sight of the fugitives. Their horse was flecked with foam, the driver was still urging it, and the boy was screaming for dear life.

"Come and take me, Uncle Fred!" he shrieked. "Come and take me!"

Then Mr. Green heard the cry stifled and knew the child was being muffled. He caught up with the kidnappers and called on them to stop, but of course they only went on the faster. The road was too narrow for him to drive ahead of them, and all he could do was to follow closely and await the turn of events.

In this way they drove into the town of Webster. Mr. Green shouted to the people they met to stop the buggy ahead, but the pedestrians on the street seemed dazed. One man finally took in the situation. He stopped the buggy and ordered all hands to give an explanation. This was at the Joslin House, which Ferdinand Ward had made his headquarters, and the man was Sheriff Love of Webster.

A discussion then took place as to the custody of little Clarence. Sheriff Love demanded to know which of the disputants was the father of the child. It soon developed that Mr. Green had been his guardian for four years and had a prima facie claim upon him, and Sheriff Love soon eliminated the kidnappers as having no standing whatever. Then a search was made for Ferdinand Ward. Little Clarence was placed in the care of Sheriff Love and Mr. Green went out to look for the father whose agents had laid such violent hands upon the son.

"Thank God he didn't find him," said Mrs. Green fervently to THE SUN correspondent tonight. Why she thanked God she would not say, but she meant that her husband was in a dangerous mood, though he looks like a peaceful man and is hardly of fighting physique.

The news that Clarence had been found and surrendered travelled with electric speed to Thompson, and the army corps of cross-country riders and amateur detectives, who had scattered themselves pretty well all over the face of the county, began to come in again and rendezvous around the Green homestead and along the road leading to Webster. Of course all sorts of rumors had gone forth of an imaginary encounter when Green overtook the kidnappers, and a lot of amateur lynchers were talking of what had probably happened to Ward when the good people of Webster had had his schemes explained to them.

The boy Clarence was kissed and hugged by half the women in Webster. He said that when the kidnappers grabbed him and put him into the buggy he struggled as best he could. He soon found out that he could not cope with his captors, and then he remembered that his aunt had told him to yell.

"And I yelled my best," he declared. The men saw that the people heard me and ran after the buggy, and so one grabbed me by the throat. Then he found that I got black in the face, for I heard the driver say I did, and he put his hand over my mouth. That wasn't any good either, for I yelled and yelled. A little boy can't do much better, and I had been told to yell and I just kept on that line.

"Presently I heard the man that held me say, 'Oh, that's all right! he wont have any hollering left in him in a few minutes.' I thought I'd fool him, and then I wriggled my face away from his hand and let out the biggest screech yet."

"Yes, Clarence," said Mrs. Green, "and if you hadn't done as you did your father would have got you by this time."

"I don't want to go with papa," said Clarence, "I want to stay with Uncle Fred."

Then the triumphant procession moved off to the westward, women with tears in their eyes throwing kisses at Clarence, whose throat was still red with the imprint of the fingers of the alleged professional kidnappers.

It turned out that the chief kidnapper was a Boston detective named Frank Ryder. The crowd hooted and groaned at him in spite of the fact that he wore a tin badge as large as a soap plate, with which he tried in vain to overawe the people.

"You're the fellow that caught and killed Charley Ross," they said to him, "but you must be getting weak at the business now, for we don't believe you could go out now and catch a cold."

"I was taking the boy home to his loving father," said the detective.

"Yes, and half strangled him on the way," they put in.

The house in Thompson where Clarence Ward lives with Frederick D. Green and his family is a two-story frame structure, painted white. Mr. Green was formerly a clerk with Grant & Ward, and is said to live on his means. When Sheriff Love and Mr. Green drove up to the house at noon with Clarence in the carriage there was a great commotion. The neighbors from the summer residences all around had gathered in force to receive them. The spectators were nearly all ladies, for every man who could get a horse had joined in the pursuit of the kidnappers. Mrs. Green was almost ready to collapse, but revived quickly when the team drove up. Ladies crowded around the carriage and wanted to know all about it.

"Why didn't you bring Ward back with you?" they asked. "He ought to be tarred and feathered, the mean thing, and he would be, too, if he ever came back here."

Sheriff Love, who is of a retiring disposition, was overwhelmed with the praises and congratulations which were showered upon him.

"It was just lovely of you to rescue Clarence," the ladies told him; "and how brave you must have been to face those desperate men in their own room."

The Sheriff blushed exceedingly, and as soon as he could get away he drove back to Webster, leaving the ladies to talk the matter over to their hearts' content.

Later in the afternoon, when the ladies had finished petting him and making him tell his story all over again and had gone to their respective homes, Clarence was sitting on the front piazza when a two-horse carriage drove up and a man jumped out. The man was a reporter, but Clarence didn't know that, and he disappeared indoors in a twinkling and dashed up stairs. His aunt was agitated, too, and not seeing the boy on the piazza, ran around the house searching for him. The house was searched and the little fellow was found hidden in the attic, pale and trembling and frightened half out of his wits. He remained in a highly excited condition all day, and was put to bed early.

Mr. and Mrs. Green were rather reticent about the affair. Mrs. Green did the talking. She is a handsome woman, and her eyes glowed with excitement as she told of the chase her husband had given the kidnappers. Mr. Green is a wiry, nervous little man, with a black beard, and he smoked a cigar and walked about impatiently during the interview.

"Clarence has lived with us ever since his mother died, about four years ago," Mrs. Green said. "She was Mr. Green's sister, and at her death there was no one to take charge of Clarence but Mr. Green and myself. Ferdinand was in prison then, you know. We have had the poor boy with us so long that I have come to look upon him almost as my own. Neither my husband nor myself has been made his legal guardian, and I suppose Ferdinand could legally make us give him up. He will have to go through all the formalities, though, before that will happen. You can rest assured of that. Probably if Ferdinand had gained possession of the kidnapped boy before Sheriff Love and my husband brought him back here he could have kept him, but fortunately he didn't even know the boy had been in Webster until after Clarence was on his way home.

"I don't see why Ferdinand should act in this way, especially toward me. I showed him all manner of kindness when he was here two years ago. He had just got out of prison and I pitied him sincerely. We took him to live with us and he stayed all summer. I introduced him to all my friends and tried to make him feel at home. I was the best friend he had in the world. When fall came Ferdinand had to leave us, and the circumstances were rather unpleasant. His proclivity for dishonesty had not been overcome by his long stay in Sing Sing, and it cropped out in a very disagreeable way. Never mind about the details.

"Well, after Ferdinand left, I have always felt a little uneasy about Clarence. His father has written me a lot of disagreeable letters, and on a number of occasions said that some day he would come for Clarence and take him away, so I told the boy to be very careful, and if ever he was carried off to scream as loud as he could. I hardly expected, though, that such a bold attempt at kidnapping would be made."

"What object," the reporter asked, "had Mr. Ward in getting possession of the boy?"

Mr. Green removed his cigar from his mouth, smiled knowingly, and said:

"Mr. Ward has always shown a remarkable fondness for anybody with property."

"Clarence's mother," continued Mrs. Green, "left him $80,000 when she died, and I suppose that Ferdinand expected to get control of the income by having possession of the boy and perhaps later to secure the principal."

Clarence has light hair and blue eyes and he wore to-day a gray suit and cap. He is a very nice boy and a general favorite with all the neighbors.

From other sources it was learned that Ward cut quite a wide swath while he was in Thompson two years ago, just after he left Sing Sing. He drove a span of horses and spent money lavishly, although living with the Greens. He spent most of his time at the Thompson house, near by.

WEBSTER, Mass., Sept. 13.—Ward had been planning the capture of his son ever since his release from Sing Sing. He found it difficult, because the Connecticut laws punishing abduction are very severe, and Mr. Green was very careful not to permit the lad to cross the Massachusetts boundary line.

One of the Massachusetts politicians whom Ward met in his financial career was Senator Charles Haggerty of this town. Mr. Haggerty is known locally as a smart lawyer. He has served in the Assembly chamber on Beacon Hill for some years, and was finally promoted to the Senate.

Through the instrumentality and political pull of Senator Haggerty, Ward has endeavored by every legal means to get possession of his boy. He failed absolutely.

Then a wild sort of kidnapping scheme was devised, which failed simply because Ward and Haggerty were gossipping away from the Joslin House, where the Boston detective Frank Ryder, who actually did the kidnapping, delivered his goods.

Ward arrived at the hotel just in time to see the boy taken away. After the recapture of the boy the detective made himself scarce at the earliest possible moment. When an officer tried to find him with a view to arrest, he was on the train bound for Boston.

Ward went to his room and had another long talk with Senator Haggerty. Then he paid the hotel bill of both the detectives and himself and took the express train for New York. Senator Haggarty said to-night that Ward had by no means given up the fight for possession of his child.

Ex-Comptroller Theodore Myers was much surprised to receive a message yesterday morning, sandwiched in among several financial telegrams from Boston and the East, stating that an attempt had been made at Thompson to kidnap the son of Ferdinand Ward. The telegram wound up by requesting Mr. Myers to give the information to the nearest news bureau. The telegram was dated from Providence, R. I., and puzzled Mr. Myers considerably, but he did as he had been requested.

Mr. Myers was at a loss to understand just how or why the first information of the abduction should have been sent to him over a private wire. He knew Ferdinand Ward, as he knew hundreds of other men, when Ward was a figure in Wall street.

As a factor in his brokerage business Mr. Myers has private wires running all over the country, and he finally solved the problem by deciding that a business acquaintance at Providence heard of the kidnapping and took occasion to send him the news.

Soon after his release from Sing Sing prison Ward went to his old home at Geneseo, N. Y. He was just as emaciated as he was when a boy in the village. His old friends received him well. Ward applied to a well-known lawyer of Geneseo for some sort of work. He said he was willing to do anything under the sun. His friend got him a place as clerk in a law office in the village. Ward worked well and patiently on a very small salary. He frequently spoke to his old Geneseo friends about "his boy Clarence," and wished he had him.

Ward lives in the Ward homestead on Second street. The house, which was left him by his father, is a small two-story frame structure set back a short distance from the street. After he had been in Geneseo about two weeks he married Miss Belle Storer of Staten Island. At that time Ward said that he intended to bring on his 10-year-old son and have him educated at the State Normal School at Geneseo. The second Mrs. Ferdinand Ward, impressed her Geneseo acquaintances as being very devoted to her husband. She did her own housework, and won the reputation of being a very sensible and thrifty woman.

Ward's last visit to Geneseo was in striking comparison with the preceding visit. A few months before his financial schemes crashed he went there with a small party of acquaintances. They travelled in a private car, and during a short stay the residents had more excitement than they had experienced in years. Among the guests at a dinner party given by Ward was the lawyer to whom he afterward had to apply for a job. That dinner is said to have cost more money in one evening than Ward earns in a year. Ward once presented his mother with a coach and a team of horses, but Mrs. Ward was suspicious regarding her son's suddenly acquired riches, and she never would ride in the coach.

MR. PULLMAN VIEWING LANDS.

Said to Be About to Purchase a Site for An Eastern Car Shop.

ELIZABETH, Sept. 13.—Since the Pullman strike began representatives of the Pullman Palace Car Company have been in Union county viewing lands for the purpose, it is said, of selecting a site for an Eastern branch of the car works. To-day George M. Pullman was in this city, and in company with Dennis Long, President of the County Board of Agriculture, visited a place where, it is said, Mr. Pullman contemplates purchasing a large tract of land. The land lies along the line of the Lehigh Valley Railroad about two miles from Elizabeth.

MR. JEROME'S DARK HINTS.

HE THINKS WITNESS PERKINS'S ARREST IS PERSECUTION.

The Lexow Committee Counsel Is Determined, He Says, to Find Out Who Is Causing the Arrest of Its Witnesses—Mrs. Perkins Admits that Bill Vosburg Came to See Her on the Day on Which She Decided to Prosecute Her Husband.

James H. Perkins, the contractor who testified on Tuesday before the Lexow committee that he had given Capt. Williams $500 as a bribe to secure the payment of a bill due him from the Street Cleaning Department, when that department was under the charge of the police, was arraigned yesterday in the Tombs Police Court upon a charge of abandoning his wife. Perkins is 63 years old and his wife is several years younger. He is the sixth Lexow committee witness to be arraigned in the Tombs Court since the committee began its investigations. During the proceedings Inspector Williams came in. He said that he had not heard of Perkins's arrest, but had come to court on his regular weekly tour of inspection.

Mrs. Perkins was present with her counsel, E. W. Brenen. William Travers Jerome of counsel for the Lexow committee appeared for the prisoner. "It is extraordinary," said Mr. Jerome just before the examination began, "that witnesses who have testified before the investigating committee are arrested so often. It is getting tiresome. We feel it our duty to look into the matter, and if the police are not justified in the arrests, to fight for the dismissal of the cases. That is why I am here."

While waiting for the case to be called, Perkins and his wife had an angry discussion, which began when he begged her to withdraw her complaint and promised to support her. After a few moments he burst into tears, and pulling out a lot of bank notes tossed them to his wife. She paid no attention to this. Mr. Jerome picked up the money and told Perkins to put it back in his pocket.

The proceedings began with the testimony of Mrs. Perkins. She said that she and Perkins were married thirty-two years ago, and lived in Flushing until about seven years ago, when they removed to Pulvers, Neb. Thirteen months ago Perkins came to this city. In May, she says, he went back to Nebraska and induced her to sell a piece of property in Illinois, for which she received $1,000. He wanted her to give him this money, but she refused. Finally he persuaded her to come to this city with him, and after their arrival he told her that she could double her money in a week by going into the bookmaking business. On June 1 he took her to the home of W. Call, Jr., at 234 West Twenty-first street. Call said that he had made lots of money for people and had never lost a dollar. She gave him her money and got a receipt. A week later she needed her money and went to Call for it. He put her off, and she has not been able to obtain any part of it since. She has brought suit against Call.

In the statement upon which the complaint is based Mrs. Perkins says that her husband has failed to support her and her three children, and that she is destitute and likely to become a charge on the county. Under Mr. Jerome's cross-examination it was brought out that she owns seven horses, a house, and a farm of eighty acres in Kansas, and that she holds a $500 mortgage on property in the West. Their children are a son, 22 years old, and two daughters, 20 and 15 years old. The son has a farm of 150 acres. She admitted that all the property she owns her husband gave her, and that he had gone with her several times to see Call and to try and get her money back. When they were unsuccessful he took her to a lawyer. Mrs. Perkins decided to begin proceedings against her husband on the evening of the day on which he testified before the Lexow committee. Mr. Jerome was very anxious to know why she had made up her mind on that particular date. She said that she had heard that day that Mr. Goff was giving Perkins $5 a day.

"Who told you?" asked Mr. Jerome.

"Bill Vosburg," was the reluctant reply.

"I don't see what that has to do with the case," Justice Grady remarked.

"It has this," said Mr. Jerome. "Every time a witness gives damaging testimony before the committee they are arrested immediately afterward in nearly every case, and we want to get at the people that are doing it."

Bill Vosburg's picture is in Superintendent Byrnes's book labelled "bank sneak and stall." He was referred to on Wednesday as the "old man" in a certain green goods transaction Witness Applegate was describing to the Lexow committee. Mrs. Perkins said that Vosburg came to Mr. Darmour's house in Flushing where she was staying and told Darmour about the money Perkins was getting from Mr. Goff. Afterward Darmour told her about it, she said.

"Mr. Darmour told you you ought to have your husband arrested, did he not?" Mr. Jerome inquired.

"No, I thought of that myself."

"When did you first meet Bill Vosburg?"

"My husband introduced me to him in June at our house."

"What conversation took place there?"

"I refuse to answer," replied the witness, flushing.

"Why, would it incriminate you?"

"Yes. No! Not me, but——"

Mr. Brenen objected to the question and was sustained. Next Mr. Jerome endeavored to learn why the witness had come to town next day to see her lawyer about suing her husband for abandonment. She said she had come of her own free will. All further efforts on Mr. Jerome's part to learn anything further concerning that visit failed.

This concluded the testimony, and after a conference between the lawyers the case was adjourned to next Wednesday afternoon. Perkins was released on parole.

MARRIED IN A CARRIAGE.

A Broken Engagement Renewed During a Funeral Procession.

BUFFALO, Sept. 13.—The marriage of Miss Cora Spire of this city and Joseph Buchholz, editor of the Sharon (Pa.) *Herald*, last Monday, culminates a very strange romance. When Miss Spire, who comes of an excellent family here, went on a visit to some friends in Erie, Pa., a few days ago, she was engaged to Mr. Louis Heyward, a young lawyer of this city, whose age is about her own, 23 years. While Miss Spire was in Erie a relative of the friends she was visiting died in Sharon, Pa., and Miss Spire went to that city with her friends to attend the funeral. When the undertaker handed her into the carriage which was to convey her to the cemetery she found it occupied by Mr. Buchholz, whom she had not seen since the day she broke off an engagement with him three years before. Buchholz, when rejected, went to Sharon and bought a newspaper and devoted himself to it, and Miss Spire was entirely in the dark as to his whereabouts. When the first surprise was over the pair began to talk of old times. On the return trip they occupied the same carriage again, but this time they had the company of the Rev. W. M. Tinker of Sharon, who officiated at the funeral services. He was engaged to be married to a friend of Miss Spire, and the four rode together. Before this Mr. Buchholz had learned that Miss Spire was engaged again, and each had expressed regret that a slight misunderstanding should have kept them apart so long.

Made bold by the cordiality of his reception, Mr. Buchholz ventured to ask if there was no hope left for him, and the minister jocularly observed that nothing would please him better than to marry the couple. Miss Spire said she was willing if the editor was, and it was agreed that they should be married then and there. A license being necessary, one was obtained at Mercer, Pa., and the marriage was performed in the carriage, the driver and the minister's fiancée acting as witnesses. The party then drove to Mr. Buchholz's house, where the minister performed the ceremony a second time that evening for appearances' sake.

No sooner had the news reached Buffalo than the bride received a telegram saying that her mother was ill. She hastened here and found it was only a blind to secure her presence here, as her family was disappointed in her marriage. She is still here, and it is a question whether she will return to her husband, as her family is trying to induce her to sue for divorce and marry Heyward, who has been despondent ever since he heard of the affair.

STRAW HATS CALLED IN.

Produce Brokers, Excited by Mr. Pritchard's Necktie, Relieve Their Feelings.

Straw hats were called in yesterday at the Produce Exchange two days earlier than usual. This hasty action was precipitated by the unusual magnificence of one of Mr. Emilio Pritchard's gorgeous neckties. It was a plaid, that dazzled his fellow brokers into speechlessness until after 1 o'clock. Then they broke out, and after a committee had taken off the tie and passed it around for inspection Pritchard got it back. But the brokers were not satisfied, and it was decided to call in straw hats without further warning. Five minutes after the ukase went out the floor was covered with a mass of wrecks.

ITALY AND THE VATICAN.

Crispi Made the First Advances Toward Reconciliation.

LONDON, Sept. 13.—The *Times* will publish to-morrow this despatch from its Rome correspondent:

"The Ministerial papers endeavor to tone down the rapprochement between the Quirinal and the Vatican. The Vatican organs deny any concession on the part of the Government. Both parties are anxious not to wound the feelings of their extreme followers, and the Vatican probably is anxious to reassure the French Republicans that a thorough reconciliation is impossible while the Pope claims any portion of Italian territory. Nor is it desirable from the Itallen point of view, as it would greatly hamper the Government's action on several vital questions.

"But the peril of both Church and State arising from anarchism and socialism impels all elements of order to coalesce. Crispi made the first advances, thus placing before the Clericals the alternative of accepting and thereby leading to the wished-for modus vivendi, or refusing and thereby placing themselves in an odious light before all Europe.

"It appears that the Vatican adopted the former. Despite the denials of the recognized organs, the creation of the apostolic prefecture of Erythrea is a concession to the Government. It was only when the question of episcopal appointments in Italy was brought to an issue favorable to the Vatican that the Propaganda evinced a special concern for the spiritual welfare of Italians in Africa."

BLOWN FROM THE TRACK.

A Train of Cars Lifted by a Tornado—Two Killed and Twenty Hurt.

CHARLESTON, Mo., Sept. 13.—Two persons were killed and a score were injured, one of them mortally, in a tornado here yesterday, during which a train was blown from the track. It was about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon when the west-bound express on the Cairo branch of the Iron Mountain road was struck by the tornado, and the result was one of the most serious wrecks ever known on the system. The train, in charge of Conductor John Lower and Engineer Andrew Hill, had just reached the city limits, when passengers and crew noticed the approach of a funnel-shaped cloud that was dealing destruction to everything in its path, uprooting trees and carrying a lot of débris along with it. The train and the tornado met, and the wind lifted the entire line of coaches and landed them at a distance of twenty feet from the track, almost turning them completely over.

Those who were not hurt seriously hastened to free themselves and rescue those who were not so fortunate. Efforts were being made in that direction when a new danger presented itself. Flames were seen in the rear of the train, and only for the heroic action of Brakeman Cartwell an even worse catastrophe might have been recorded. He secured a heavy piece of timber, battered down the door of the car, rushed in, and succeeded in extinguishing the fire with hand grenades. Near by were a woman and little child whose clothing had ignited. He succeeded in smothering the fire in their clothes, but not until the garments were almost destroyed.

Following are the names of the killed:

DEMPSEY, PARMELIA, Bertrand, Mo.
M'CLELLAN, FREDDIE, Eldorado, Ill.

Among the score of injured were:

COMLE, C. T., baggage master, badly bruised.
DAVIS, JOHN C., Eldorado, Ill., leg broken.
DEXTER, J. W., Centretown, O., internally injured.
DE CAMP, W. H., Hamilton, O., head badly hurt.
MCCULLEN, Mrs. J. W., Dexter, Mo., arm broken.
HESTER, H. W., Moorehouse, Mo., shoulder dislocated.
HUMPHREY, G. W., Leora, Mo., arm broken.
LEMING, A. D., Alto Pass, Ill., fatally injured.
MCCLENDON, GEORGE, Joplin, Mo., arm badly hurt.
MILLER, G. H., Corling, Ark., badly injured.

SHE SMOKED ON BROADWAY.

The Unusual Sight Attracted a Crowd, and the Smoker Was Arrested.

A portly, well-dressed man leaned against one of the marble pillars in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel at 7 o'clock Wednesday night smoking a perfecto, when a stylish little English woman halted in front of him. She had brown hair and bright blue eyes. Calmly producing a cigarette from a dainty silver case, she placed it between her teeth and said:

"I beg your pardon, but would you be so good as to give me a light?"

The bewildered smoker regarded the woman for a moment as though he could not believe his senses, but as she continued to hold out her neatly gloved hand he blurted out: "I—er—really—oh—ah—excuse me, miss," and tendered his cigar. The woman took it, lighted her cigarette, thanked him, and sauntered up Broadway, puffing away like an old smoker. The unusual spectacle presented by the woman caused such a crowd to follow her that at Twenty-fifth street it attracted the attention of Policeman David Wilbur.

When he saw what was up he took her to the West Thirtieth street station, where she said her name was Florence Ligot, but refused to give her address. Wilbur's charge was "smoking on Broadway," but Sergeant Halpin changed it to "drunk and disorderly," as the woman appeared to him to be slightly intoxicated.

Yesterday morning, at the Jefferson Market Police Court, the prisoner told Justice Voorhis that she had smoked on the streets of London and had not been molested. She said she was married and had a son 15 years old. The Justice reproved her for attracting a crowd, and said if she did it again she would be punished. Then he discharged her.

HIS DORY FOUND BOTTOM UP.

Henry H. Wicker of New York Believed to Have Been Drowned Off Swampscott.

LYNN, Mass., Sept. 13.—Henry H. Wicker of New York, son of President Wicker of the North Shore Traction Company, has been missing for forty-eight hours, and it is believed that he has been drowned. He left Hotel Preston, Beach Bluff, Swampscott, on Tuesday morning with the intention of sailing his dory around to his summer home on Little's Point. The fishing schooner Acacia of Swampscott, Capt. Cahoon, picked up the dory at 11 o'clock on Wednesday morning. It was found bottom up, with sails and oars gone. Tugs belonging to the Boston Tugboat Company have been chartered, and are now patrolling both the north and south shores. All the life saving stations along the coast have been notified, and parties are searching the shore.

Young Wicker was born Feb. 9, 1876. His mother, Augusta Carrol French, was the daughter of Gov. Augustus O. French of Illinois, who was instrumental in driving the Mormons from that State. On his father's side he is a grandson of Judge Cyrus Washburne Wicker of Addison county, Vt. He had just finished his course at the Berkeley School in New York city, and was enrolled as a member of this year's freshman class at Yale. He was a member of the football and baseball teams of the preparatory school.

A JOCKEY KILLED.

Phonograph Falls with John Merrick on the Somerset Track.

John Merrick, 18 years old, a jockey of Long Branch, was thrown from a horse and killed yesterday afternoon on the track at the Somerset fair grounds. He was riding Phonograph, a three-year-old, owned by Robert Flynn of Sheepshead Bay, and was finishing the second heat of a mile running race. He had won the first heat on the previous day against Burnside, Dot, Henry George, and Rolla.

The horses were well bunched near the lower turn of the track in the second heat yesterday, and Merrick was pushing Phonograph out for a lead, when the horse stumbled and fell. As the jockey was bending over to get his right foot out of the stirrup the horse fell to the left, carrying him to the ground.

Phonograph was on his feet in an instant, but Merrick lay on the track until a policeman picked him up gasping for breath, and with his head, neck, and shoulders bruised from the weight of the horse. He was taken to the office of Secretary McMurtry, where he died a few minutes later. The physician who was summoned said that Merrick's neck was broken.

Royal Blue Line for Philadelphia.

Fast morning express train, leaving New York station, Central Railroad of New Jersey, foot Liberty st., at 8:00 A. M. arrives at Philadelphia, 12th and Market sts. (centre of city), at 10:13 A. M. Other trains at 4:30, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M., 1:30, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00, 7:30, 8:45 P. M., 12:15 midnight. Sundays, 4:30, 9:00, 11:30 A. M., 1:30, 5:00, 6:00 P. M., 12:15 midnight. Parlor cars on all day trains. Dining cars on 11:30 A. M. and 5:00 P. M. trains.—*Adv.*

LUCANIA BEATS THEM ALL.

SHE BREAKS THE RECORD AGAIN ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

Reducing the Time of the Eastward Passage Between New York and Queenstown by Over Two Hours—She Was Sighted Off Brow Head at 1:05 This Morning.

LONDON, Sept. 14.—The big record-breaking Cunarder Lucania has again added to her laurels by reducing the time of the eastward passage between New York and Queenstown by over two hours. She was sighted off Brow Head at 1:05 o'clock this morning. Allowing her two hours and a half for the run from Brow Head to Daunt's Rock, the time of her passage will be five days eight hours and twenty-five minutes. The Lucania sailed from New York on Sept. 8 and passed the Sandy Hook Lightship at 2:35 P. M. of that day.

The Lucania has thus stripped the laurels from her sister ship, the Campania, and twined them about her own bow. The record the Lucania has just broken was that of five days ten hours and forty-seven minutes, made on Aug. 31 last. The Campania made this over a course of 2,814 knots, with an average speed of 21.51 knots an hour. The best eastward run of the Lucania was made in five days twelve hours and fifty-nine minutes, in June of this year. Her pathway across the ocean was 2,911 knots in length, and this she covered at a greater average speed than the Campania reeled off in August, as the Lucania raced along at an average of 21.89 knots every twenty-four hours. The hourly average of a steamship's speed, rather than the time of her passage between ports, points out her real efficiency. These hourly averages have been going up ever since August, 1889, when the Paris made 20.01, and until this last performance of the Lucania had reached 21.89, made by the latter in June of this year. As the Lucania was sighted off Brow Head at five minutes past 1 o'clock this morning, she has undoubtedly greatly increased the average speed.

The Lucania also holds the palm for the best single-day run, having made 560 knots during one of her westward voyages. In order to make this, her screws were compelled to drive her through the water at an average speed of 22.54 knots an hour. If the Lucania completes her voyage in 5 days 8 hours and 25 minutes, as is expected, then the trip will be the fastest ever made across the Atlantic in either direction, as the westward record, which was made by the Campania on Aug. 31, is 5 days 8 hours and 38 minutes.

BRECKINRIDGE ATTACKS OWENS.

He Accuses Him of Being a Professional Gambler and of Other Misconduct.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Sept. 13.—The people of the Blue Grass will be astonished to-morrow morning when they read the interview with Col. Breckinridge given out to-night.

He says that W. C. Owens, his strongest opponent, has been a professional gambler for years, and that he won money from young Kentuckians while they were drunk.

He further says that Mr. Owens was ejected from a Louisville hotel because he tried to register there with a young woman as man and wife.

It is a bitter attack on Owens, and, as there is no time for him to answer it, it is calculated to do him great harm.

BRECKINRIDGE IN A RAGE.

He Denounces the Methods Used in the Canvass Against Him.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Sept. 13.—This afternoon, at Fort Spring, this county, Col. Breckinridge made his farewell county speech to over 400 people, forty-two of whom were women. He began in a conciliatory manner, but before his speech of one hour and a half was ended he indulged in most bitter personalities.

He wound up his speech in a peroration in which he pleaded with the voters not to endorse the mud slinger from Scott county (Owens), but to vote for him on Saturday.

"At the close of the canvass," he said, "I want to enter my protest against the constant, infamous attacks on the good people who have supported me. The candidate from Scott has in every part of the district said in substance that no man could afford in the presence of his mother or his wife or his sister to permit any woman who would support me to pin a buttonhole bouquet on the lapel of his coat.

"This atrocious insinuation has been made, when he knew that thousands of good women attended my meetings and desired my reëlection. It was an insult to every woman in the district. It was characteristic of his nature and of his life. It is the natural result of his vocation and of his private association, and those who have supported him have carried on the canvass upon the same plan.

"The Louisville *Times*, owned by a gang of blackmailers (W. N. Haldeman of the *Courier-Journal*) and edited by a hireling assassin of character (Emmet Logan) who is constitutionally a coward, and an habitual liar, have in numerous articles made the same intimation, and in the issue of Sept. 11 said: 'The virtuous and noble women of the Ashland district are in the fight against Breckinridge.'

"He who charges that the women of this district who are for me are ignoble puts himself beyond the pale of civilized association, and the owners of the paper who print it become eternally infamous. There are no words to express the unutterable brutality of an editor or owner who deliberately prints and makes money out of such coarse, vulgar, and brutal statements."

A BICYCLING MISHAP AT NEWPORT.

Mrs. Clement C. Moore Severely Hurt by a Fall from Her Wheel.

NEWPORT, Sept. 13.—Mrs. Clement C. Moore was thrown from her bicycle on the street today and was severely injured. Mrs. Moore comes from New York and has a cottage here. She learned to ride only recently, but she is considered an expert and the best society rider in Newport, barring, perhaps, Miss Virginia Fair, the California heiress.

Mrs. Moore was riding very rapidly when her bicycle slipped on the wet street and she fell heavily on her left side, giving her knee a severe wrench. She is now confined to her room and will be unable to ride again this season. This is the first accident from the use of the wheel that has happened to any society rider in Newport this season. Mrs. Moore was to join in Mr. Van Alen's big meet to-morrow evening.

Mr. Cleveland Visits Naushon.

BUZZARD'S BAY, Sept. 13.—The steamer Wild Duck, owned by Commodore J. Malcolm Forbes, came here this forenoon and took on board the President, Mrs. Cleveland, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Jefferson. The party proceeded as far as Naushon Island, owned and occupied by Mr. Forbes.

The yachts Volunteer and Puritan were profusely decorated with flags and bunting, and salutes were fired in honor of the President. The party was here joined by Col. and Mrs. Lamont and Dr. and Mrs. Bryant. The guests were entertained by Mr. Forbes until late this afternoon, when the President and party sailed up Buzzard's Bay, arriving at 7 o'clock.

$50,000 Fire in Williamsburgh.

Fire started at 11½ o'clock last night in the engine room of William Schindell's stair factory at 9 and 11 McKibbin street, Williamsburgh.

It extended to the three-story annex in the rear and to the buildings at 5 and 7 McKibbin street, occupied by Henry Dinger, cold storage; Hardgrove & Co., electrical contractors, and W. H. Multe, sash and blind maker. Adjoining buildings in the rear were more or less burned. It was feared at one time that the entire block would be destroyed. The total loss was about $50,000.

All the comforts of home are found in the elegant private compartment cars, introduced by the New York Central on its Limited trains.—*Adv.*

YOUNG PULLMAN'S TWO SHOTS.

Escape of a Man Who Lurked Near George M. Pullman's House at Elberon.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Sept. 13.—There was rather an exciting episode at the house of George M. Pullman at Elberon last night. Mr. Pullman and his family have been absent more or less from their summer home during the month, and there was no one in the house except Sanger W. Pullman, the 19-year-old son of Mr. Pullman, and a friend. The two young men came up from New York late yesterday afternoon, and after having dinner went out for a drive. They returned a little before midnight.

As they drove through the gate toward the stables, Mr. Pullman saw a man lurking in the bushes near the house. When he reached the stables he told the hostler to keep a sharp lookout for the man. Mr. Pullman and his friend then went into the house to go to bed. They occupied what is called the "Bachelor building," which is an annex to Mr. Pullman's cottage.

While Mr. Pullman was undressing he happened to look out of the window, and saw the man standing in the shadow of a bush. The man at the same time must have seen Mr. Pullman, for he dropped to the ground any lay still.

Mr. Pullman took his revolver from his dresser and fired through the window without waiting to raise it. The bullet crashed through the glass, which deflected it so that it did not hit the man, who jumped up and ran away. A second shot was fired, also without effect. Daniel Richards, a watchman who guards Mr. Pullman's residence and that of Thomas T. Eckert, President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, hurried to the spot, and was joined by Mr. Pullman and the stableman, but the stranger could not be found.

It is thought that the man was either an Anarchist or some striker who wanted to kill Mr. Pullman.

CATTLE AND SHEEP MEN AT WAR.

The Sheep Men Have Armed and Gone Out to Seek Vengeance.

DE BEQUE, Col., Sept. 13.—The reported killing of 5,000 sheep at Book Cliffs is verified. It is estimated that 600 men would be required to do the work in the short time reported. The sheep men have armed in a body and gone to the scene of the slaughter.

The object of the expedition is reported here to be the capture of certain range riders who have been employed on adjacent territory, whom they suspect of having been implicated in the destruction of the sheep. They are reported to have declared that they intend to hang these suspects or compel them to divulge the names of their accomplices.

TROLLEY CAR ACCIDENTS.

Trucks Crushed in Jersey City—A Child Injured in Brooklyn.

A big truck belonging to the New York Filtering Company was moving leisurely along Grand street, Jersey City, about 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and had reached the corner of Pacific avenue, when trolley car 31 of the Jersey City and Newark line dashed into it with terrific force. There were four men on the truck, and they were thrown to the pavement. They were Robert P. Weaver, 930 Broad street, Newark; P. Van Nortwick, 121 Riverson avenue, Newark; William Hopkins, 121 William street, Harrison, and Arthur Plane, 21 Erie street, Jersey City. Their injuries were not serious, and they were able to go home.

At 6:20 P. M. motor 43 of the same line ran into a truck belonging to the Merchants' Express Company of Newark at Grand and Grove streets, Jersey City. Bernard Mooney of 173 McWolters street, Newark, the driver of the truck, was thrown from his seat, but fortunately landed on his feet and escaped injury. Daniel Daly, the motorman, was not so lucky. The force of the collision threw him violently against the dash board, and he sustained a fracture of the left knee. He was removed to the City Hospital. He lives at 490 Bank street, Newark.

Four-year-old Beatrice Griffin, while crossing Third avenue near her home at 64 Fifty-second street, Brooklyn, last evening, was struck by a Hamilton avenue trolley car and received a severe scalp wound. Her skull is thought to be fractured.

CRIMES OF A BOY ROBBER.

He Killed a Farmer, Mortally Wounded His Wife, and Set Fire to the House.

CONNELLSVILLE, Pa., Sept. 13.—Bernard Toker, a German farmer, was shot dead and his wife was mortally wounded yesterday by Frank Morris, a 16-year-old boy. The probable motive for the crime was robbery. Toker was thought to have had considerable money concealed about the house.

Young Morris was always considered a friend of the family. While Toker was building a wall in the cellar, the boy shot him in the back of the head. The murderer ransacked Toker's pockets, securing a few dollars in cash and a silver watch. He then searched the house and tried to conceal his crime by setting fire to the building. Mrs. Toker arrived home at that moment, and was fired on by the boy, who then fled. Meeting a man named Hathill on the highway, he ordered him to dismount. Hathill refusing, Morris opened fire upon him, wounding him seriously. Morris is in hiding near Connellsville, and officers are searching the mountains for him.

AN OLD FIRE CHIEF'S EXPLOIT.

Though 77 Years Old He Waded a River to Drag Hose to a Burning Schooner.

MALDEN, Mass., Sept. 13.—The two-masted British schooner Maud Pye, from Moncton, N. B., loaded with hemlock bark, caught fire this afternoon in the Malden River, near the Malden and Everett line. The rear mast was burned off and the cabin and stern of the vessel badly damaged.

The schooner was in such a position that it was difficult for the firemen to get a line of hose out to her. When the Everett firemen got their hose across the marshes to the river in which the burning schooner lay they hesitated. While they were pondering how to get on the schooner ex-Chief Joseph Swan, aged 77 years, appeared upon the scene. He seized the nozzle, jumped into the river, and, dragging the hose, waded into the water up to his neck to the mast of the vessel, which was burned off. He climbed up the slippery mast with the hose and got a stream of water on the thickest of the fire. He was loudly cheered by the spectators on the shore. The fire was easily put out then.

SHOT HIS WIFE.

A Load of Bird Shot Used to Settle a Domestic Quarrel.

William Cernowsky, 45 years old, a cigarmaker, of 27 Purvis street, Long Island City, peppered his wife with a load of bird shot yesterday afternoon. The couple had quarrelled, and Cernowsky had threatened to kill his wife. Fearing that he might carry out his threat, she spent the morning in the house of a neighbor. She returned shortly after noon, when the quarrel was renewed, and she left again. While she was leaning against the yard fence, her husband came out with a double-barrelled shotgun, and, taking aim at her, pulled the trigger. The charge struck her in the side and abdomen. She was not dangerously hurt. She was taken to St. John's Hospital. Neighbors caught Cernowsky, and he was taken to the Second precinct station house and locked up.

KILLED BY "KID" THE APACHE.

The Celebrated Renegade Commits Another Crime.

PHOENIX, Ariz., Sept. 13.—The murder of Horace Philley, near Reno Mountain, a week ago, has been found to be the work of the famous Apache renegade the "Kid." Charles Montgomery, a travelling scientist, met the "Kid" two days before the murder in the valley of Cherry Creek. Montgomery had a long conversation with the "Kid," who speaks good English and is very inquisitive as to what had been done by the authorities toward his capture. There is a reward of $6,000 for his head. The "Kid" met young Philley in the neighborhood of Tonto Creek and murdered him. Sheriff Thompson of Gila county, with a posse of cowboys, is now hot on the "Kid's" trail in the Sierra Apacha Mountains.

Mr. Froude Very Ill.

LONDON, Sept. 13.—The condition of James Anthony Froude, the historian, has taken a very alarming turn and it is feared he cannot recover.

HILL TO JERSEY FARMERS.

HE MAKES CLEAR THE EVILS OF CLASS LEGISLATION.

All, or None, Should Pay an Income Tax, but Any Tax on Thrift Is Objectionable—The Government's Mission Is to Care for the Interests of the Whole People, and Not of a Part—Senator Hill Also Says a Word for Good Roads—He Advises the Somerset County Farmers to Make Their Homes Attractive, So Their Young Folks Will Not Want to Wander Away.

Senator David B. Hill spoke yesterday at the Somerset county fair in New Jersey. On Tuesday he came down from Albany and stopped with Mr. Frederick P. Olcott until last night, when he returned to Albany.

The presence of Senator Hill attracted a very much larger crowd than is usual at the Somerset fair. Long before his arrival, throngs of people had gathered about the speaker's stand and on the track in front. Senator Hill drove to the grounds with ex-Congressman Alvah A. Clark, Mr. Olcott, and Mr. A. L. Cordova. He was greeted with shouts of applause, to which he responded by lifting his hat. On the platform surrounding the Senator were Congressman Johnston Cornish of Washington, N. J., ex-Mayor Haynes of Newark, ex-Senator William J. Keyes of Somerville, Mayor Howard Perry of Bound Brook, Assemblyman Frank L. Somers of Somerset, ex-Speaker James J. Bergen of Somerville, and Senator L. A. Thompson, President of the Somerset County Fair Association.

Senator Hill wore a black Prince Albert frock coat, and his turndown collar had a black bow. He appeared in exceptionally fine humor. He greeted with a smile and a hearty handshake all who spoke to him. His speech was filled with things which kept his hearers laughing, while they applauded the strong common sense ring always characteristic of his public addresses. The latter half of his speech was an earnest and convincing protest against class legislation. At the conclusion the audience cheered him, and his right arm was kept busy shaking the hands of those who congratulated him.

He spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW CITIZENS: I need not assure you that I am pleased to meet so many of the citizens of New Jersey upon this occasion. I have visited certain portions of your State, but have never had the privilege of visiting this locality until now. The particular occasion of my being here is that I received an invitation from my personal and political friend, Mr. Frederick P. Olcott, formerly a resident of my own State, to visit him at his farm in this county, suggesting at the same time that, if agreeable, I would appear here at your fair and make a few brief remarks. I accepted his invitation, and am here to carry out my promise. I was given on my way here a little handbill containing a rather poor picture of myself, in which it was announced that I would address you on the subject of agriculture, and then it was added, "No politics, just Simon pure agriculture." After having read that I wondered whether there would be any turnout of the citizens in this section. I feared there might not be because, while I might claim to know a little something about politics, I do not claim to know very much about agriculture [laughter], and I must believe that this large gathering here to-day has been attracted by that other portion of the handbill which I will now read. It says "The world-renowned cage of trained wild animals." [Laughter]. I am here to-day with the other wild animals on exhibition. I will observe this little reminder contained in this advertisement, and will not trespass upon the field of the discussion of politics.

The suggestion that there was to be a speech with no politics in it was something like the announcement of county fair authorities in my own State who once advertised that there was to be, not a horse race, but a purely agricultural horse trot.

On my way here in company with my friend Mr. Olcott, there was pointed out to me the residence of this man and that man, and I learned that the occupants of these residences did business in the great city of New York (in my own State), but resided here among the agriculturists of New Jersey. I want, right here, to enter, in behalf of my State, a protest against you Jerseymen going over to New York city to make your money and then coming back here to spend it among yourselves. I am going to suggest that as soon as the Lexow Committee gets through with our police they investigate that subject. I suppose the men who do business in New York, however, are attracted here by your just and generous treatment of them, by your fertile soil, your splendid climate, your liberal laws, and the wise and able administration of public affairs under the present distinguished Chief Executive of your State. This is the season for political farmers to visit the county fair. I have sometimes taken these trips myself to mend some of my political fences. In my own State Gov. Flower seems to have entered the list, and is delivering at least one agricultural address a day, and next week Farmer Morton is also to enter the list; and, if the farmers of our State remain in ignorance of their rights, their duties, and their opportunities, nobody will be to blame but themselves.

NEW JERSEY FARMERS.

I did not intend, and I do not intend, to detain you with any elaborate address upon any particular subject. A few general observations, applicable to all, is all that I shall attempt here. As I said to you, I am not one of those men who claim to be specially familiar with agricultural topics. It will take me a great deal longer to tell you what I don't know about that subject than to tell you what I do know. I know that you reap, and that you sow, that there is a seed time and a harvest. I know that, as a rule, the farming class constitute the conservative portion of our community. They are usually the most acceptable jurors in our courts of justice; they are the men who usually control the affairs of your local administration, and they constitute, as much as any other class, the bone and sinew and ruling power of the community.

I do not propose to assume the knowledge which the young city lawyer assumed when he went out into the country to address people assembled at a county fair. It is an old story, but you will pardon me for repeating it. He said he was born upon a farm; all his early life was passed in the rural portions of the State, and, desiring to impress his hearers with his knowledge, waxing eloquent and pointed, he said: "I might almost say, fellow citizens, that I was born and raised between two hills of corn." Immediately a country boy out in the audience shouted: "He is a regular pumpkin, by gosh!" [Laughter.] I shall not assume any such knowledge of agriculture as that. The farmer's life is one of contentment usually. I simply desire to observe that, from the looks of your residences in this portion of the State, no criticism is needed as to the manner of your looking after your farms. Your splendid husbandry is apparent. I only know that in some portions of our country our farmers are apt to look too much after their fields, and allow the weeds and grass to grow in their front yards; and I had only this practical suggestion to make, that one of the best articles you can employ to beautify your residences is that of a lawn mower.

I have little patience with those men who allow the weeds to grow in their front yards, and a little investment would greatly beautify their homes. I recollect a year ago, when I made a suggestion of this kind, a few days afterward I got a letter—probably from some manufacturer in New Jersey having an eye to business—asking me what I would take to recom-