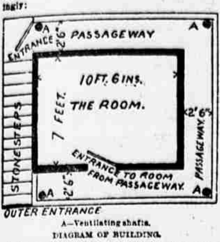
A BUILDING UNDER GROUND.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY UNDER THE SITE OF AN OLD HORSE SHED.

Belief in East New York that a Counterfeiter's Den Has Been Discovered—What Else Could It Have Been Used For?

When John Suttler, who works at the cooperage business in this city, moved four months ago into an old two-story wooden house that stood about fifty feet back from the roadway at the corner of Linwood street and Sutter avenue, in East New York, a real estate dealer from whom he hired the house said laughingly:



A—Ventilating shafts.

DIAGRAM OF BUILDING.

"You are within a stone's throw of an abandoned underground counterfeiters' den."

An old horse shed stood between the old house and Linwood street, and the agent said that the underground den was beneath the shed. Cooper Suttler hunted around, but couldn't find any trace of a den. He made up his mind that the agent had told him a fairy tale, and gave no further thought to the matter. On Saturday afternoon a gang of Italian laborers who had torn down the old horse shed came across a trap door with a ring attached to it, and, on lifting it up with crowbars, they discovered a dilapidated stone staircase leading to a queer underground building of brick. This discovery gave that part of East New York that used to be the Town of New Lots the biggest topic for speculation it has had in a quarter of a century.

A day's hard work with picks and shovels unearthed a building 16 feet square that seemed to confirm the Arabian Nights tale of the real estate agent. Theodore Le Beau, another real estate agent, at 126 Van Sicklen avenue, had bought up the property, and had a week before begun to clear it for the erection of a group of frame dwellings on the site, which is a part of a tract that used to be the old Cosine farm. Le Beau hurried around to the spot when he heard of the discovery of the buried building, and hundreds of the residents of old New Lots flocked to the scene, too. The site is in the Twenty-sixth ward of Brooklyn, and is still a sparsely settled region, with unpaved streets, but building is now going on on all sides. The older inhabitants of New Lots, like country folks in other regions, are much given to gossip, and it was difficult yesterday to sift fact from the fantastic fancies that they had woven about the mysterious buried building.

PARTLY EXCAVATED.

It was asserted almost unanimously that the building had really been occupied by counterfeiters some time in the seventies. Harry Knickman, a jeweller in Atlantic avenue, who owns considerable property in the vicinity, went down the old stone staircase with a lantern and found a very peculiar place. It was built with brick walls about a foot thick, with an arched roof, also of brick. The building was between seven and eight feet in height at the middle of the arch. The roof was about three feet below the ground level. The old staircase began at the southeastern corner of the building. He groped his way down the stairs, the passage being about 2 feet 6 inches wide, and at the foot he came to a heavy iron door, with a top rounded to fit the curve of the arch. This door had heavy iron hinges set solidly in the brick of the west wall of the passageway, which was also of brick. The door had a heavy lock, that was broken. It took some time to pry this door open, because it had been so long in disuse that the hinges didn't work. There was a continuation of the brick passageway leading around three sides of an inner building, and stopping abruptly at the wall against which the staircase was built.

When Jeweller Knickman had gone half way along the third section of this dark and damp passage he discovered by the glimmer of his lantern a second iron door with a flat top, heavy hinged like the first and provided with another heavy lock. This door led into the inner building. There was another long delay in prying this door open with picks and crowbars. When he walked through this doorway Mr. Knickman found himself in a room built entirely of brick, with an arched brick roof. Set in the west wall was a wooden shelf, rotted with age. In the southeast corner he picked up a lot of irregularly shaped pieces of metal that evidently had been melted. Some of it looked like lead, mixed with dirt, and some was a white metal, such as counterfeiters might use. Jeweller Knickman gathered this together and then explored the ceiling by the light of the lantern. He thinks it had been whitewashed, just as the walls were.

INTERIOR.

In each of the four corners was a queer joint of clay pipe about six inches in diameter, fitted into the ceiling at an angle of about sixty degrees. These pipes extended a little bit above the surface of the ground, and had evidently furnished ventilation to the mysterious underground apartment. The inner apartment was seven feet wide by ten feet long.

Agent Le Beau and Jeweller Knickman tried to find out more about the underground structure, and they ran up against the old, old story of the counterfeiters' den repeatedly. Charles H. Mauer, who manages a cheerful-looking saloon called "The Fishermen's Home" on a corner diagonally opposite, which Jeweller Knickman owns, said that he was certain that the underground building was the secret haunt of counterfeiters that he had heard much about in 1870. Mauer is an old New Lots man, who lived in that region from 1865 to 1875, and then went West, to return to his old home about three years ago. In those days there was much gossip about a hiding place of the counterfeiters, he says, but nobody could tell exactly where it was.

The workmen began the demolition of the queer building on Monday, and there was a rush of relic hunters to the place. They gathered up bricks, broken hinges, bits of old metal, and pretty much everything else that they could lay hands on. The trap door to the staircase with the ring set in it disappeared in this raid, and nobody could be found yesterday who could tell positively whether it was a counterpart of the stone trap to Monte Cristo's fabled cave of riches or was a wooden trap. The neighbors generally clung to the story that it was stone, and mighty heavy stone at that.

Some pessimistic sightseer turned up yesterday who declared that the counterfeiters' underground den was in reality only an old smoke house. He was immediately crushed by the natives. They asked him if he had ever heard of a smoke house three feet underground with chimneys or ventilating shafts, with walls a foot thick, and another house in the middle of the first with great iron doors, and the luckless stranger had to confess that he had never heard of so substantial a smoke house and retreated from the scene.

The Twenty-sixth ward station house, a model of the handsome new police houses of Brooklyn, is about ten blocks from the now demolished underground den. The policemen said that they had never heard of a counterfeiters' den there. A good many of them hadn't heard that the den had been unearthed. They laughed at the idea of a counterfeiters' haunt so near a police station. It is evident that the police don't take much stock in the counterfeiter tale. But all the other inhabitants do, and it is certain that it is one of the traditions of New Lots.

STOVER PAYS THE BILLS.

He Says It's He Who Puts Up the Money for the Chadwick Civic Club.

Who pays the bills of the Chadwick Civic Club of Fifteen?

A SUN reporter started out yesterday morning to solve the problem which is propounded in a circular that has been scattered broadcast at labor meetings for weeks. The Chadwick Fifteen Club sends a committee to Albany today to support Senator Brown's Underground Rapid Transit bill. It was said that Richard Raleigh of the Ship Joiners' Union, Thomas Clegg of the Bricklayers' Union, and T. Gunning, a journeyman tailor, were likely to be the men to go.

The latest circular issued against the Chadwick Civic Club is anonymous. It says, among other things:

> Has the Chadwick Civic Club of fifteen poor workingmen, poor lawyers, and poor clerks, who can scarcely make a decent living for themselves, $5,000 or $10,000 to spare to pay these expenses, as well as the salary and expenses of Mr. Stover?
>
> Not a bona fide union has contributed a dollar, so far, for this purpose. Then who pays for this work in the name of non-political organized labor unions?
>
> We know who hired and paid the honest men (?) to hold bogus meetings, and send bogus committees to the meetings of the Park Board and Board of Aldermen, to protest in the name of 50,000 workingmen against a Speedway in the Park, for the shoemaker, lawyer, clerk, and others who appeared and pretended to speak for the building trades told us they did so for pay and without authority, just as the C. L. U. did then, and is doing now, misrepresenting honest labor.

Several representatives of labor were asked if they knew what the Chadwick Civic Club was. They were scared at the question, and they fled incontinently when asked if they knew where the 50,000 workmen whom the Chadwick Fifteen are supposed to represent were to be found.

Henry Weismann, delegate of the German Bakers' Union to the Central Labor Union, is supposed to be a hybrid between a Socialist, an Anarchist, and a Trades Unionist, and to have special means of knowing all about floating organizations such as the Chadwick Fifteen. He was completely in the dark about the Fifteen, and said that all he knew about them was that they occasionally sent representatives to the Central Labor Union. He said, backing to the door as he did so, that he did not know what labor unions they represented, and, above all, "who paid the bills."

At the neighborhood guild, 26 Delancey street, a small Chadwicker was caught by the reporter. He was not more than fifteen years old, and begged so piteously to be excused when asked who paid the bills that the reporter let him go.

Edward King, the principal founder of the Chadwick Fifteen, it was learned, had gone to England to teach the people there the difference between a sociologist and a sociocrat. Charles B. Stover, another of the founders of the club, was found at 146 Forsyth street in an office which he has established there. Mr. Stover is a dapper man, with a pleasant smile and a prosperous appearance. He edged to the door when the reporter appeared.

"Must I say who pays the bills?" he asked.

The reporter intimated that it would be a good idea, in view of what everybody was saying.

"Well, the fact is," he said after a little hesitation, "I pay the bills.

"The bills," he continued, "do not amount to so very much. They talk about the expenses of a mass meeting, but the mass meeting only cost $75, which I paid. I have no salary, of course, because I do not need one. I am fairly well off, but not wealthy.

"Now as to the 50,000 workingmen we represent. At one time we started an agitation to get the Museum of Art opened on Sundays. We had a petition signed by 50,000 workingmen who wanted this boon. There was another party with a petition for the same object with 30,000 signatures. The petitions were successful, and while the movement cost the other party $1,000 it cost us about $120 or $150, I am not sure which. One man had subscribed $50 for our movement and I subscribed the rest. He proposed a change in our plans which we did not approve. He then said: 'You had better give back that $50.' I said, 'Very well, I will pay it myself,' which I did.

"Now as to our name, 'The Chadwick Civic Club,' we chose it because no one knew what it meant. It was my idea. We say we represent 50,000 workingmen because the same men are the moving spirits in the Chadwick Civic Club who engineered the petition for the opening of the Museum of Art on Sundays. I called it after the late Sir Edward Chadwick of England, who devoted his life to sanitary and other reforms in cities.

"People refer to me as an Anarchist and an alien. I was born in this country, and not long since I stood by the grave of an ancestor of mine who was buried in Bucks county, Pa., in 1758. I did not intend to give these particulars, but deem it only fair to myself that I should not be made the victim of cruel misstatements."

Mr. Stover said he advocated the underground rapid transit plan because he believed in it, and he subscribed the money for the agitation because there was no other source from which it could come.

"I repeat," he said, "I did not intend to say who paid the bills, but in view of these circulars I feel forced to do so."

CRASHING OVER TIES.

A Train Bumps Over an Unused Track and Comes Near Tumbling Into the Street.

The passengers in the four cars attached to Engine 85 on the Myrtle avenue branch of the elevated road in Brooklyn had a startling experience just after the train had reached the Myrtle and Grand avenue station, shortly after 8 o'clock yesterday morning, and had started for the bridge. At this point the Park avenue line used to branch off from the main track, but this line was discontinued a couple of years ago, and the old structure in Park avenue has been almost entirely removed. About thirty feet of the old structure in Grand avenue, however, still remains at this point, but the switch connecting this with the main road is supposed always to be closed. The rails had been removed from the track, which ends just over a saloon at the northeast corner of Myrtle and Grand avenues, one corner of the upper part of this building having been cut away to allow an easy curve. There was no buffer or other obstruction at the end of the unused piece of track.

Hardly had the down-town train pulled out of the station when it began to shake and the wheels began to shriek. Then the train gave a lurch to the right, and the terror-stricken passengers felt that it had either jumped over the switch leading to the unprotected span or that the switch had been opened by mistake. The locomotive was going slowly, and the engineer quickly put on the brakes. The train crashed over the track, and the splintered ties flew in all directions. It was stopped only when the locomotive was within a few inches of the end of the track.

Had the train been going fast there is no doubt it would have plunged into the street. Only the locomotive and the forward car had run over the ties, the other three cars remaining on the main track. During the half minute of peril the passengers became instantly excited, both men and women screaming and scrambling to the windows to escape. The engine was badly damaged, and the accident caused a twenty-minute blockade of the road.

The accident was caused by the mistake of the engineer in starting the train while the danger signal was set. He has been suspended. The switch appears to have been opened, but for what reason could not be learned yesterday from the reticent railroad men.

COLLISION ON THE ELEVATED.

The Fog Causes an Express Train to Run Into a Local in Eighth Avenue.

The dense fog yesterday morning caused a south-bound express train on the Eighth avenue elevated road to crash into the rear of a delayed local train just as it was leaving the 135th street station at 7:34 o'clock. There had been a blockade of trains reaching from 135th to 125th street, because of the fog, and this had delayed the local train. The express train was the first section of No. 113, which leaves 155th street at 7:31. It runs on the main track as far as 125th street, where it switches to the middle track. It was in charge of Engineer Skelly. He did not see the delayed local train until he was within 100 feet of it, when he whistled down brakes. The brakes did not work, and his engine, which was running tender foremost, dashed into the local's rear car.

The tender of the engine was smashed, and the coal it carried was scattered about. The hind trucks of the rear coach of the local train were thrown from the track and the car was somewhat damaged. Engineer Skelly was thrown down and one of his legs was bruised. The passengers in the coach were badly frightened, but none of them was hurt. The passengers of both trains got out, and most of them waited on the station platform for the next train. The wrecked trains were switched on to the middle track and taken back to the yards at 145th street. The accident delayed trains about fifteen minutes.

Col. Hain and Superintendent Smith of the Manhattan Company were on the 135th street station and witnessed the accident. Col. Hain says the fog alone was to blame.

Durston of Auburn Succeeds "Dead Line" Brown.

ALBANY, April 4.—Superintendent Lathrop of the Department of State Prisons, this afternoon announced that Warden Durston of Auburn Prison had consented to take charge of Sing Sing Prison, and that James C. Stout of Auburn had been appointed to succeed Mr. Durston at Auburn. These changes will take effect on May 1.

THEATRES IN EASTER WEEK.

A GOOD VARIETY OF STAGE ENTERTAINMENTS ON SALE.

"Mr. Wilkinson's Widows" Revived by Charles Frohman's Comedians—Campanini On the Vaudeville Stage—"Adonis" Again.

That unsurpassed of recent farces, really almost deserving to be called a comedy, "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," was revived at the Standard Theatre last evening very spiritedly and effectively. The cast was provided by Charles Frohman's Comedians, and three of the important characters were enacted by the artists who had originally made them successful in this American version of a French work. Joseph Holland was again the jealous husband of one of the ex-widows and his rare skill and taste in gentlemanly drollery constituted the largest single contribution to the evening's amusement. Holland has established himself with this public as an exceedingly accomplished light comedian, and he has never done anything better than his treatment of this rôle in "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows." Thomas Burns resumed the part of the well-meaning but trouble-working friend, and his famous hasty meal, with its incidental fit, proved fully as laughable as ever. The third member of the company who did a good thing over again was Annie Wood, whose obstreperous "cuke" lost none of its clever absurdity in the renewal. The saucy housemaid was given with gusto by Minnie Tittell, and the representation as a whole was excellent.

The expectation of a brisk revival of interest in theatricals for Easter wek is realized. The volume of stage amusements, freshened by the new plays of Monday night and quickened by the presence of large audiences at the familiar performances, is remarkable for the prosperity of several entertainments that have been with us for a long time. Palmer's company is still playing "Lady Windermere's Fan," but will get to the end of it on April 15; Daly's will finish its season sooner with "Twelfth Night," but Charles Frohman is unlikely to take "The Girl I Left Behind Me" away from the Empire before the end of spring. "The Guardsman" has made a good start at the Lyceum, and so has "The Poet and the Puppets" at the Garden. "The Crust of Society" has a change of company at the Broadway, and the present one is headed by Elita Proctor Otis as the wicked enchantress of the Dumas comedy. Crane is holding his own with "Brother John" at the Star, and the Coghlans are doing well with "Diplomacy" at the Fifth Avenue. Other continuances are "A Trip to Chinatown" at the Madison Square, "The Black Crook" at the Academy, and "Cordelia's Aspirations" at Harrigan's. Ramsey Morris's company is in its last week of "Joseph" at the Union Square. "Don Cæsar De Bazan" began at the advertised time last night, at the Manhattan, instead of being nearly an hour late, as had been the case on Monday, in consequence of incomplete scenery. A spring and summer season at reduced prices is begun at the Fourteenth Street, the first of the plays at lowered rates being "The Span of Life," with its bridge of living men to thrill and astonish the spectators. "A Nutmeg Match," with its pile driver and other realisms, is at the Columbus. "Mavourneen" is presented fully as well as ever at the People's. "Gasperone" and "The Tyrolean" are the comic operas of the week at the Amberg. We have several examples of variety farce in town, and there is no sign that this blend of the farce and the variety show is losing popularity. "Hoss and Hoss" is in its last week at the Bijou, with Willie Collier and his companions making a good show. "The Dazzler" is at the Harlem Opera House, with Anna Boyd, Joseph Ott, the Clipper Quartet, and a dozen others to interpret its fun. J. K. Emmet has the aid of Maggie Cline in "Fritz in Ireland" at the Grand Opera House. This is the vociferous Miss Cline's first participation in a dramatic performance, and it must be admitted that her talent is not of a tractable character, but her songs go like a whirlwind, just as they used to in the variety shows, and "Throw Him Down, McCluskey," is as tumultuous as anything to be found in current melodrama. "McCarthy's Mishaps" at Jacobs's has Barney Ferguson for its grotesque comedian.

To-morrow will have two theatrical occasions of note. One will be the production of "Adonis," at the Casino, with a company headed by Henry E. Dixey, and with a promise of splendor. It has been delayed by unreadiness. Mr. Dixey has gone meanwhile to Lakewood for a brief vacation. Preparations for to-morrow afternoon's entertainment at the Academy of Music, for the honor and other benefit of Aunt Louisa Eldridge, are such as to insure a really remarkable matinée. Marie Tempest, George Grossmith, and Mme. Scalchi are among the more recent volunteers, and they have pledged themselves to keep their appointment. Matilde Cotrelly and Lydia Thompson are to chaperon the girls who are to sell flowers in the lobby. The court room scene from "Aunt Jack" will introduce a dozen theatre managers in the jury box. The programme provides a rapid succession of various things from 1:30 P. M. until well toward 6.

The vaudeville entertainments have gained something of novelty for Easter week, together with a profusion of familiar specialties. They have captured Italo Campanini, the famous tenor. He was advertised to sing at every morning entertainment at Proctor's, but he did not appear on Monday. He had been engaged at a concert on Sunday evening and at its close was careless enough to step outdoors while heated. That brought on hoarseness, which, without being serious, scared the famous singer, and he decided to disappoint his audience rather than further endanger his voice. Yesterday he was recovered, and he sang promptly at 11:30. His introductory selection was in Italian, but its strains were listened to eagerly and applauded heartily by the big audience. On his recall he gave "Good-by, Sweetheart, Good-by" in English, and his auditors seemed to regard it as the best rendering of a popular ballad they had ever heard from the vaudeville stage. They brought the singer out again. The assemblages here as early as 11 o'clock take up two-thirds of the seats, and are for the most part of women. The other theatres devoted to vaudeville are lively, too. There is nothing better among the many acceptable acts at Tony Pastor's than a travesty of Eleonora Duse in "Fedora" by Ross and Fenton. The Pastor programme this week is composed to a considerable extent of new matter. Helene Mora, a singer of old English ballads, is to make a début at Pastor's next Monday. The acrobatic quadrille of the Dimantino troupe, one of the most flagrant of the unseemly exhibitions of women recently made on the stage, is in high favor at the Imperial, where among the other performers are George P. Murphy, Kitty Kursale, Fleurette, the Martinetties, Montague and West, the Reed birds, and John W. Meyers. The De Vans, acrobats newly from London, made their first appearance at the Imperial on Monday. Their feats are amazing. Paquerette, the odd and clever French grotesque singer, has gone from Tony Pastor's to Koster & Bial's, where her amusing singularities find full appreciation. The rest of the bill at this concert hall is made up of things, most of them excellent in their ways, already described in THE SUN. What is called a "freak dance" is promised as a startling affair for next Monday. The occupants of the stage at the Park are Harry Williams's meteors, including James F. Hoey, Joseph J. Sullivan, and others of renown in this field of theatricals. Stage performances, composed of specialties, are given afternoons and evenings at the Eden Musée, as well as at the dime museums of Doris, Worth, and Huber.

WHY THEY WERE LATE AT THE PLAY.

The Messenger Boy Sent With $20 to Buy the Clubmen a Box Came Not Back.

The reason that several members of the Knickerbocker Club were late at the performance of "Hose and Hoss" at the Bijou on Thursday night was because they sent a messenger boy from the American District Telegraph office at Thirtieth street and Broadway with a $20 bill to get a box for them. The boy did not return. After a tedious wait the clubmen went out and bought the box tickets themselves. After the performance they reported the matter at the office of the telegraph company. Special Detective Drennan then set out on a search for the boy, who went under the name of James Waterbury. He arrested him at Jay and Hudson streets yesterday. The messenger had on a new spring suit and was playing craps. He admitted the theft.

An inquiry into his record discovered that Waterbury had been stealing from the telegraph company for some time. He was for four years in the Elmira Reformatory for stealing. After coming out he got places three separate times as a messenger by means of forged recommendations. He went under the names of Smith, McIntyre, and McGuire. In Jefferson Market Court, yesterday, he was held in $1,000 bail for trial.

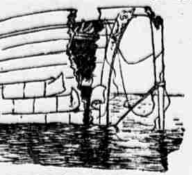
Body of a Missing Woman Found.

NYACK, April 4.—The body of Miss Margaret Maroney, the young woman who disappeared from her home in Piermont on March 27, was found to-day among the rocks of the Hook Mountain, two and a half miles north of Nyack, in one of the wildest spots in the mountain, where she had evidently wandered in the darkness. Evidences were found to show that she had fallen 100 feet down among the rocks and had broken her neck.

HACKED BY THE ALLER'S NOSE.

The Bark Enos Soule Was in the Way to the Bar with High Water Approaching.

Capt. James Ballard of the bark Enos Soule, which anchored off Bedlow's Island on Sunday after a 115-day voyage from Hong Kong, was pointing out the sights of the harbor from the after deck to his little daughter Vera at 10 o'clock yesterday morning. The fog had lifted, and the Captain saw coming toward him, and a mile away, the North German Lloyd steamship Aller making for high water at the Hook with a bone in her mouth. The Enos Soule was within the Government anchorage grounds and alongside of her was the tug America waiting to dock her. The crew were weighing the anchor. It was flood tide, and the Soule's nose was pointed out. Just as the anchor had cleared the bottom and the tug began to sheer the bark around Capt. Ballard noticed that the Aller was coming right for him. The Aller blew two whistles and the tug responded. The America had swung the Soule around so that she pointed up stream and the Aller was bearing down on her with everything wide open. On board the passengers were crowding forward to see what was going to happen. The officers drove them back, and then the Aller drove her nose into the starboard bow of the Soule and went on, leaving the Soule's bowsprit and headgear dangling in the water and a hole in her side clear to the water through which the cargo could be seen.


THE SOULE'S STARBOARD BOW.

The force of the blow sent the Soule back, and the America, tied to her, careened until the water poured over her rails. Then the monkey head broke, releasing her bow line, and she recovered. Capt. Ballard was knocked down his companionway, and the men who had been heaving the anchor made a rush to board the tug.

Capt. Ballard's wife, who was sick, was thrown out of her berth and several of the crew were sent sprawling on deck. Water was pouring into the hold and the crew manned the pumps. The America hustled the Soule over to Governor's Island, where she could be beached.

The bark had aboard a valuable cargo of teas, silks, and Chinese goods. She was consigned to M. F. Pickering & Co., and her cargo to J. S. Blydenburgh. The Aller was in charge of a Jersey pilot, and Capt. Ballard says that she was making at least sixteen miles an hour as she came down the bay.

Thirteen men had been sent to weigh the Soule's anchor just before the smash.

"Ain't that explanation enough?" asked one of the crew.

A CARGO FROM THE EAST SIDE.

Baltimore Invaded by Three Hundred New York Cigarette Girls.

A merry crowd of cigarette girls went to Baltimore yesterday. There were 300 of them, all sorts and conditions of girls, singing as the train drew out of the depot:

I had a girl in Baltimore,
Brussels carpet on the floor,
Street cars passing by her door,
I don't go there any more.
Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay, &c.

Jolly girls were these, though compelled to go nearly 200 miles from their homes to make a living. All were in the employ of Duke Brothers, the tobacco manufacturers whose factory burned up on Sunday. In order to keep them employed their employers had decided to send them to Baltimore, where there is a large factory.

By some mistake, the girls were told to be at the foot of Desbrosses street at 7¾ o'clock yesterday morning. They were there. They were all there. In fact, most of them were already there at 6¾ o'clock. What Mecca is to the Mohammedan, what the Hoffman House bar is to a politician, all that and much more is Baltimore to a cigarette girl.

But they should have gone to Liberty street instead of Desbrosses to take the Baltimore and Ohio train instead of the Pennsylvania. The first to learn of the mistake was Mary Kelly, a very artistic cigarette roller, who is also Sergeant-at-Arms of the Lady Flashes. She came very early, with her arms full of little bundles, some of which seemed to contain pie.

She went into the ferry house, looked around, came out again, and then said to the friendly looking cop:

"Where are they?"

"Where's what?" asked the cop.

Mary did not answer him. Her eyes wandered in every direction. She did not see a soul she knew. She bit her nails reflectively and then said to the cop:

"Gee, what a funny fog!"

"What's funny about it?" the friendly cop asked.

"Ye can't see through it at all," Mary said in an absent way, looking around her to see if they had come yet.

"That's a funny way fogs has," the cop vouchsafed. Mary looked him full in the face.

"Ain't he fresh! Maybe ye think that's funny. Gee, I wish they'd come."

Just then there approached out of the fog a little bit of a girl wearing a Tam O'Shanter cap. She, too, was loaded with little bundles.

"Hello, Mary!" she said, "where are they all?"

"Gee, I don't know," said Mary.

"Aintche glad?"

"Ye-e-e-eh! Ain'tchou?"

"Ye-e-e-eh!"

At that moment a group of at least twenty girls came into sight. Instantly there arose a loud chattering, each girl unburdening her mind at the same moment.

"Ain't it nice?"

"Ain'tche glad?"

"Oo-o-o-oh! Baltimore, girls!"

Just then a man came up and said:

"Say, there, you girls, it's all a mistake. You've got to go to the Liberty street ferry. Take that car, and when you get down there wait for the rest."

"All right, superintendent," they all cried. They boarded the car, dropped into seats, jumped up again, and then settled themselves comfortably.

Fully 300 girls gathered at the foot of Liberty street. The superintendent followed the last car load and joined the waiting crowd. They all boarded a ferryboat and had a delightful time crossing the river.

Cigarette girls do not rank high in the social scale, it is true, but they are very interesting. There is a great deal of human nature about them. They are unaffected, good-natured, sympathetic, and thoroughly feminine. A great many of them are very good looking.

One girl who seemed to be about 17 years old was particularly happy at the prospect of going to Baltimore. She clapped her hands with delight and kicked her heels up and down singing.

I had a girl in Baltimore.

One of the deck hands passed through the cabin and took a good look at the flying heels.

"Sh-h-h!" whispered her companion. "He can see."

"I don't care," the kicker pouted. "I ain't ashamed. 'I'm going to Baltimore!'"

It was a very provoking little ankle that she showed, and there was, indeed, no reason for being ashamed of it.

When the boat reached Jersey City a special train was in waiting. The girls tumbled into the cars, bounced up and down on the seats, fixed their hair, smoothed their dresses, hugged one another, and talked at a terrific rate. When the train begun to move they all sang:

I had a girl in Baltimore.

No outsiders were allowed on the train. What those girls did between here and Baltimore will therefore never be chronicled.

Twenty Minutes of a Dust Squall.

A rise of 1-10 of an inch in the barometer in half an hour, accompanied by a fall of the temperature and a change in the direction of the wind from southwest to northwest, at 8 o'clock last night, was the cause of a dust storm which for a little while made all the streets and avenues of the city running north and south about as uncomfortable as they could be.

The northwester struck town with a wind that blew thirty-three miles an hour. It picked up not only the dust that had been playing around during the day, but also the heavier sand where building or street trenching is going on and drove it in opaque clouds from the Battery to Harlem. It was all over in twenty minutes, and then the new wind settled down to a steady business gait, but while the dry squall lasted it mixed up the residuum of civilization with the population in a truly democratic fashion.

Pedestrians on upper Broadway scurried across the streets at different times to avoid the clouds of dust. The clouds came sweeping down like fog, covering the coats of the men and the wraps of the women and blinding the eyes and choking the throats of those who faced the wind. The dust was forced through doorways and fanlights on Broadway, and kept clerks busy with dusters clearing it away.

DEFECTS IN THE REVIEW.

IF HELD IN MAY IT WOULD HAVE BEEN MUCH BIGGER.

Russia's Big Fleet is Ice Bound and the Other Nations Have Sent Only Cruisers —They Might Have Sent Battle Ships.

FORT MONROE, April 4.—There is a discordant note sounding under all the jubilation over the prospective great naval review in New York on the 27th inst. It is a note of disappointment, and is sounded by those wide-awake naval men who know the difference between what the review is going to be and what it could have been. The difference—indeed, the whole subject—is intensely interesting. Had the review been held a month later it would have been ten or even a hundred times grander than it is going to be. In that event Russia, the most friendly to us of the great powers of Europe, would have been delighted in sending us her most gigantic and powerful battle ships, her thundering leviathans that ride the water like great mountains of steel afloat. She cannot do this now because of the ice in the Baltic that locks them in. A month later in the year they would have been freed, and they would have altered the whole character of our great Columbian water pageant. England would then have felt obliged to send her Dreadnaughts and Thunderers of the highest and grandest type, and all the other countries would have been obliged to follow suit, for no great power would have for an instant contemplated the idea of allowing any of its neighbors to impress the American people as better off than itself.

Instead of a great mosquito fleet of commerce destroyers and snapping greyhounds of the sea we should have seen gathered at Hampton Roads and again at New York the pride and heft of the most powerful navies of the world—a procession of miles of great movable fortresses of steel, monsters toothed with the biggest guns that naval genius has been able to float and to manipulate. We should then have had a naval spectacle unequalled in the world's history and one which would have attracted the experts and the critics and the pleasure lovers of the world to our shores to witness it.

But it is as well to make the most and best of what we are to have. And what we are to have is certainly a remarkable and uncommon, if not unique, occasion. It will be a great fleet of the most modern cruisers, protected and unprotected, and, as the naval men agree, it will fool our own people if it does not fool any one else. Better yet, it will be apparent to us Americans that in the display as it is we will show to better advantage than the great powers that have been spending billions of money upon naval progress during all the time since our Monitor days while we have been asleep. But for the new ship the New York the British might appear to excel us with their protected cruiser the Blake, which is able to fight and throw 280-pound projectiles as well as to chase and to run. It is true that the New York, with which we will match the Blake, will not be finished, will not be Government property, and will not be managed by naval officers. It is also true that she will not be equipped with real guns, and that painted wood to look like steel may form part of her exterior, but the great mass of people will not know or appreciate this. They will not care whether she is the property of her builders and not yet accepted by the Government as long as she makes a good show on the water.

No country taking a place in the water parade will make such a showing of *fin de siecle* cruisers as ours, for no country has such a battalion of what may be called the cavalry of the deep. We will show all but three of our new vessels. In the ranks will be the New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Charleston, San Francisco, Yorktown, Concord, Vesuvius, Atlanta, Cushing, Newark, Bennington, Bancroft, Miantonomoh, and Dolphin. We have eighteen in all, but the Monterey, with her poor boilers, and the Boston, now at Honolulu, will not be in the display.

THE FLEET GOES TO SEA.

Two Days of Evolutions for the White Cruisers Under Admiral Walker.

NORFOLK, April 4.—Preparations for the amusement and entertainment of naval officers and the many thousand people expected during the naval rendezvous continue. Accommodations are being provided for 50,000 visitors each day. The naval ball on April 21, to be attended by over 200 officers, native and foreign, has attracted much attention. The applications for tickets are coming in by mail. The races are to be held on April 19 between crews from each of the naval vessels, and will be witnessed by great throngs. The Marine Band of Washington, Old Point Band, and bands from the foreign ships will participate in the band contest.

At 10 o'clock this morning the signal to get under way was hoisted, and half an hour later the white fleet stood out to sea in the following order: The flagship Chicago, Rear Admiral Walker; Baltimore, San Francisco, Yorktown, Concord, Bennington, Vesuuius, and Charleston.

The Philadelphia, with the Cushing, remains here. Admiral Walker will be out at sea for two days, which will be devoted to squadron drill and testing the relative speed of the different vessels. The Detroit arrived from Baltimore this morning on her way to Newport for her trial trip.

Admiral Gherardi has informed the Citizens' Executive Committee of the rendezvous that his regulation prohibiting visitors on the ships during the review will not apply during the time the fleets are in Hampton Roads. A reasonable amount of visiting will be permitted, with the understanding that visitors must refrain from smoking on shipboard, and not handle or interfere with any portion of the ships' equipments.

WASHINGTON, April 4.—It was the intention of Admiral Gherardi to see Secretary Herbert to-day regarding the official programme for the naval review, but he was unable to come to Washington owing to illness. Lieut. Buckingham, representing him, saw the Secretary and had a conference with him relative to matters regarding the review. After his conference he started for New York to perfect arrangements. The official programme is expected to be ready for publication in a few days.

DIAMOND ROBBERY AT FORT MONROE.

Mrs. Paine's Jewels Stolen from a Trunk in the Hygeia Hotel.

FORT MONROE, April 4.—Mrs. Clinton F. Paine, the wife of Gen. Paine, prominent in society in Baltimore, was robbed of more than $2,000 worth of diamonds on last Sunday at the Hygeia Hotel. The hotel is crowded with wealthy people from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other places, and the display of diamonds and other costly jewels by fashionable women has been much commented upon by newspapers. On Sunday evening Gen. and Mrs. Paine left their apartments and went to tea. Much of Mrs. Paine's jewelry, including three diamond bracelets and several solitaire rings, were left securely locked in a small trunk beside the bureau. Upon returning to her room she noticed that the lid of the trunk was partly raised. Examination showed that every article of jewelry in the trunk was missing. The hotel manager was notified at once. Private police and the Hygeia detectives were put on the case, but no trace of the missing jewels could be found.

Gen. Paine telegraphed to Philadelphia for a detective and also retained the services of a Baltimore agency. One of the bracelets, prized most highly by Mrs. Paine, was a wedding present from her husband. When the robbery became known there was a general rush for rooms. Jewel cases were carefully examined by scores of women at the hotel, but no other losses were reported.

Three Men Entombed in Laurel Hill Mine.

HAZLETON, Pa., April 4.—Richard Williams, William Trembath, and Thomas Hudson, victims of yesterday's Laurel Hill mine accident, are still entombed. There is little hope of recovering Williams alive, as it is believed that he was crushed to death. The torrent of water crushed the immense pillar of coal that divides the breast, and this causes apprehension for the safety of Trembath and Hudson. When the pillar gave way it cut off the air passages, and unless air from an undetected opening is now travelling inside, the men will undoubtedly die of black damp.

The Choctaw Militia Still Want Blood.

PARIS, Tex., April 4.—The Choctaw militia at Antlers have not yet disbanded, as they agreed to. They are still threatening to attack Locke, who is fully prepared for them.

Away Ahead

Of any event in the Retail Carpet Trade ever known in New York.

You can buy from us now 25 to 75 per cent. lower than you can anywhere else. We are compelled to close out a stock of nearly a Half Million Dollars by June 15. Have to vacate the store.

$3.50 Chinchillas for $2.09.
$3.00 Saxonys for $1.75.
$2.50 Royal Wiltons for $1.50.
$2.25 Axminsters for $1.50.
$1.50 Moquettes for 95c.
$1.40 Wilton Velvets for 90c.
$1.25 Wilton Velvets for 80c.
$1.25 Body Brussels for 85c.
$1.15 Body Brussels for 75c.
95c. Tapestries for 60c.
75c. Tapestries for 45c.
65c. Tapestries for 40c.
75c. Extra Supers for 60c.

LINOLEUMS, OILCLOTHS, STRAW MATTINGS, ORIENTAL and SMYRNA RUGS, &c., at just as great reductions.

DOBSON'S,

40-42 West 14th Street.

HIS CAPTORS GOOD JUMPERS, TOO.

The City of Augusta's Passenger's Long Leap Did Not Avail Him.

As the steamship City of Augusta of the Savannah line came in to her pier on Sunday two men stood on the edge of the dock waiting for her. The bow of the boat swung in first, and as it neared the pier the two men jumped and scrambled aboard, despite the cries of warning from the deck hands. As they climbed on to the deck the bow swung out again and the stern drifted toward the dock. A handsomely dressed man carrying a satchel stood near the stern rail. When he saw the two men board the vessel he jumped on the rail, and with a flying leap reached the pier. Then he ran rapidly up the pier toward the street. The passengers and deck hands watched with amazement, which increased when the two boarders rushed along the deck and took the same leap that the well-dressed man had taken. Up the pier they sprinted in pursuit of him and finally caught him. Subsequently the spectators learned that the two men who had boarded the boat were Detective Sergeants Cottrell and Bonnoll. The other man was William Webster, 46 years old, formerly a resident of this city at 1,023 Seventh avenue. He is wanted in West Tampa, Fla., for grand larceny.

Some months ago Webster got a place as private detective in the Tampa Bay Hotel. After his arrival guests at the hotel began to miss jewelry. The more jewelry that was stolen the more zealous Webster became in his efforts to find the thief. Finally he himself was suspected, and learning this he made a final round-up and fled. In all he stole about $500 worth of jewelry and $500 in cash. On last Friday Inspector McLaughlin got a telegram from Sheriff T. K. Spencer of Tampa asking him to look out for Webster, who, it was thought, was on the City of Augusta under the name of Clark.

Webster, when arrested, had on him nearly $500 cash and much valuable jewelry. He was arraigned at Jefferson Market Court yesterday and held to await the arrival of Sheriff Spencer from Tampa with requisition papers.

Satolli in Boston.

BOSTON, April 4.—Mgr. Satolli arrived in Boston this morning. The Rev. Father Aubin, the librarian of the Catholic University, accompanied him. He went immediately to St. John's Seminary, Brighton, where a dinner was given in his honor at noon. This was followed by a disputation between four of the seminarians on theological questions. Most of the Catholic clergymen of this vicinity were present at the exercises.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

MINIATURE ALMANAC—THIS DAY.

Sun rises.... 5 38 | Sun sets.... 6 29 | Moon rises 11 05

HIGH WATER—THIS DAY.

Sandy Hook 10 30 | Gov. Island 10 46 | Hell Gate 12 35

Arrived—TUESDAY, April 4.

Ss Bovic, Thompson, Liverpool.
Ss Guildhall, Tate, Gibraltar.
Ss America, Hoosleff, St. Ann's Bay.
Ss Cevennm, Knucson, Cadiz.
Ss Adirondack, Sansom, Kingston.
Ss Hudson, Kemble, New Orleans.
Ss Vale, Kara, Gibara.
Ss Henry Dumois, Bugge, Montego Bay.
Ss State of Texas, Rogers, Brunswick.
Ss City of Birmingham, Burg, Savannah.
Ss Guyandotte, Walker, Norfolk.
Ss Croatan, Hansen, Wilmington, N. C.
Ss H. M. Whitney, Hallett, Boston.
Ship Warrior, Kitchen, Manila.
Bark Sirena, Jaccarino, Castlemar.
Bark Jose D. Bueno, Robertson, Guantanamo.
Bark R. A. C. Smith, Cooper, Manzanilla.
Bark Propheta, Silva, Port Spain.
Bark John D. Brewer, Joselyn, Alleppi.
Bark Lizzie Curry, Curry, Buenos Ayres.
Bark Polynesia, Nicholsen, Auckland, N. Z.
[For later arrivals see First Page.]

ARRIVED OUT.

Ss California, from New York, at Hamburg.
Ss Marsala, from New York, at Hamburg.
Ss Circassia, from New York, at Glasgow.
Ss Rio Grande, from New York, at Fernandina.
Ss Nacoochee, from New York, at Savannah.

SIGHTED.

Ss Georgia, from Savona for New York, passed Gibraltar.

SAILED FROM FOREIGN PORTS.

Ss Hermann, from Antwerp for New York.

SAILED FROM DOMESTIC PORTS.

Ss Kansas City, from Savannah for New York.
Ss Donna Maria, from Boston for New York.

OUTGOING STEAMSHIPS.

Sail To-day.

	Mails Close.	*Vessels Sail.*
Burnley, Grenada	12:00 M.	1:00 P. M.
Caracas, Laguayra	11:00 A. M.	1:00 P. M.
Didam, Rotterdam	6:30 A. M.	8:30 A. M.
Iroquois, Charleston	....	3:00 P. M.
Lampasas, Galveston	....	3:00 P. M.
La Normandie, Havre	7:00 A. M.	10:00 A. M.
Noordland, Antwerp	6:30 A. M.	8:30 A. M.
Seneca, Havana	....	3:00 P. M.
Teutonic, Liverpool	6:00 A. M.	9:00 A. M.
Sail To-morrow.		
Bermuda, Bermuda	1:00 P. M.	3:00 P. M.
City of Birmingham, Savannah	....	3:00 P. M.
Gellert, Hamburg	....	9:00 A. M.
Corean, Glasgow	....	....

INCOMING STEAMSHIPS.

Due To-day.

Hekla	Christiansand	March 15
Ethiopia	Glasgow	March 25
Neustria	Gibraltar	March 21
Orizaba	Havana	March 30
San Marcos	Colon	March 29
State of Nebraska	Glasgow	March 24
Darmstadt	Bremen	March 23
Massachusetts	London	March 24
Entella	Gibraltar	March 21
Havel	Bremen	March 28
Waesland	Antwerp	March 25
Due Thursday, April 6.		
Moravia	Hamburg	March 24
Olympia	Gibraltar	March 22
Due Friday, April 7.		
Germanic	Liverpool	March 29
Columbia	Hamburg	March 30
Cienfuegos	Nassau	April 3
Venezuela	Laguayra	April 1
Due Saturday, April 8.		
Colombia	Colon	April 2
Scandia	Hamburg	March 28
Umbria	Liverpool	April 1
Due Sunday, April 9.		
Bohemia	Hamburg	March 26
La Gascogne	Havre	April 1
Mohawk	London	March 29
Orinoco	Bermuda	April 6
Due Monday, April 10.		
Athos	Port Limon	April 1
Berlin	Southampton	April 1
Buffalo	Hull	March 28
Dubbeldam	Amsterdam	March 30
Pennland	Antwerp	March 29
Persian Monarch	London	March 25
Yumuri	Havana	April 6

New Publications.

50C.—SAINTE BEUVE'S "ESSAYS," Plato's "Banquet," Heine's "Travel Sketches," Beranger's "Songs." PRATT, 155 6th av.

New Publications.

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to any address. Frank A. Munsey & Com

Business Notices.

"Beautiful Snow" again.—Few people knew who was the author of this poem, and fewer than ought know of the virtues of Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. Trial bottles, 10 cents.
KINSMAN'S, 35th st. and 4th av.

Hem-O-Rene, the great internal remedy for Piles. Harmless, effective, $1 a bottle at druggists. Trade supplied by Byram Medicine Co., Newark, N. J.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are widely known as an admirable remedy for Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, and Throat troubles.

"Joy for a Season." Beauty and comfort combined. Money saved. McCANN'S Gentlemen's Hats, 210 Bowery.

Phillips' Digestible Cocoa, the only cocoa with rich chocolate flavor.

MARRIED.

GIBBONS—GIBBONS.—On Easter Sunday, April 2, at St. Stephen's Church, by the Rev. Father Brady, Ella Mary (Siss), eldest daughter of Patrick Gibbons, Westport, to Michael Gibbons of New York.

ROMAINE—BOND.—On Monday, April 3, at First Church, Roxbury, Mass., by the Rev. Mr. De Normandie, Rose Craycroft May, daughter of George Bond, to William Jones Romaine of Flushing, L. I.

DIED.

BEARD.—On Tuesday, April 4, 1893, at Flushing, L. I., James H. Beard, in the 81st year of his age.
Notice of funeral hereafter. Cincinnati papers please copy.

BYRNE.—On Monday, April 3, at his late residence 150 East 28th st., Edward Byrne.
Funeral from St. Stephen's Church, 28th st., between 3d and Lexington avs., on Wednesday morning April 5, at 10:30. Interment in Calvary.

CARROLL.—On Tuesday, April 4, 1893, at her late residence, 153 Grand st., Brooklyn, Bridget Carroll, widow of John Carroll.
Notice of funeral hereafter.

DARMSTADT.—On Sunday evening, April 2, Louis Darmstadt, aged 76 years.
Relatives and friends, also members of Goethe Lodge, No. 629, F. and A. M.; Teutonia Stamm, No. 61, U. O. R. M.; N. Y. Lager, No. 14, U. O. R. M., are invited to attend the funeral on Wednesday, April 5, from his late residence, 328 East 60th st., at 1 P. M., thence to German Masonic Temple, 220 East 15th st., where services will be held at 2 P. M. Interment at Greenwood Cemetery. It is earnestly requested that no flowers be sent.

DEMAREST.—On Tuesday morning, April 4, 1893, Mrs. M. A. Demarest.
Funeral from the residence of her father, J. R. Van Blarcom, 206 West 121st st., on Thursday, 6th, at 8 o'clock P. M. Interment at convenience of the family. Scranton papers please copy.

FAULKNER.—On Monday, April 3, Thomas C. Faulkner, aged 65 years.
Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services from his late residence, 255 Stockton st., Brooklyn, on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

FITZGERALD.—On Sunday, April 2, at her residence, 52 Beach st., Eleanor V. Mahoney, wife of Frank T. Fitzgerald.
Funeral Wednesday, April 5, at 10:30 A. M., from St. Peter's Church, Barclay st., where a solemn mass of requiem will be offered. It is kindly requested that no flowers be sent.

FRAZIER.—On Monday, April 3, after a long illness, Joseph W. Frazier, in the 60th year of his age.
Relatives and friends are invited to the funeral services, at his late residence, 2,081 Webster av., Fordham, on the arrival of train leaving Grand Central Station, Harlem division, at 10:33 in the morning, Wednesday, April 5. Interment private.

GRIFFIN.—At Newark, N. J., April 3, Mary A. G. Griffin.
Funeral from the residence of her parents, 166 Roseville av., at 9 A. M., Thursday, April 6, to St. Rose of Lima's Church, where a solemn high mass of requiem will be celebrated for the repose of her soul. Interment at Newark.

HAMILTON.—ASSOCIATION OF EXEMPT FIREMEN.—Members of this association are hereby notified to meet at St. Andrews P. E. Church, 127th st. and 5th av., on Wednesday, April 5, at 5:30 o'clock P. M., to pay the last tribute of respect to our deceased member, Edward J. Hamilton.
ROBERT B. NOONEY, President.
FRANCIS HAGADORN, F. S.

HAMILTON.—At Poughkeepsie, Saturday, April 1, in her 80th year, Rebecca McLane, widow of Philip Hamilton and daughter of the late Louis McLane of Delaware.
Funeral private.

HIGGINS.—Harriet Higgins, at the residence of her aunt, Mrs. Martin Gallagher, 1,349 1st av.
Funeral Thursday, 10 A. M., from St. Stephen's R. C. Church.

JONES.—At Yonkers, N. Y., suddenly, on Monday, April 3, Catherine E. Jones, widow of J. Wynne Jones, in her 49th year.
Funeral services on Wednesday, April 5, at 2 P. M., at her late residence, 15 Cedar place, Yonkers.

LEVY.—On April 3, 1893, Robert Levy, in the 86th year of his age, after a lingering illness.
Funeral Wednesday, April 5, 10 o'clock, from his late residence, 250 West 37th st. Please omit flowers. Friedens Verein No. 1, Deborah Verein No. 1, Frauen Verein Communante Israelite Francaise are invited to attend.

O'CONNELL.—Catharine E. O'Connell, wife of Timothy O'Connell, on April 2, at her daughter's residence, Melrose and Bushwick avs., Brooklyn.
Funeral on Wednesday, April 5. Interment at Rahway, N. J., from St. Mary's Church, Rahway. Requiem mass at 9 A. M.

PALMER.—On Tuesday, April 4, Susannah Sheldon, wife of Francis A. Palmer.
Funeral on Friday morning, April 7, at 10 o'clock, from her late residence, 180 Madison av. Interment at convenience of family. Please omit flowers.

PRICE.—Suddenly, April 2, Catherine E. Price, widow of Robert Price.
Funeral Wednesday evening, April 5, from Calvary Baptist Church at 8 P. M. Interment at Albany.

RODGERS.—Ellen, widow of James Rodgers, in her 80th year.
Funeral will take place on Thursday at 2 P. M. from residence, 398 Water st.

WALKER.—On Tuesday, April 4, at his residence, 236 East 119th st., John, eldest son of the late James and Jane Walker, in the 55th year of his age.
Relatives and friends, also members of Sagamore and Stuyvesant Democratic clubs and of Paulding Association, Volunteer Fire Department, are invited to attend his funeral on Friday, April 7, at 1 P. M.

WHITE.—At Jersey City Heights, on Monday, April 3, 1893, Rosanna White, aged 52 years.
Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral on Wednesday, April 5, at 9 A. M., from her late residence, 51 Lake st., thence to St. John's R. C. Church on Nelson av. Please omit flowers.

WHELAN.—On Tuesday, April 4, infant son of Jenny and Michael Whelan.
Funeral from his parents' residence, 82 Park place, Thursday, at 2 o'clock. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited. Interment in Calvary.

MAPLE GROVE CEMETERY, on the Long Island Railroad at Maple Grove station. City office, 1,273 B'way.

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CHILDREN HAVING WORMS
Require immediate attention. BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS are the BEST WORM LOZENGES to use. Give relief quickly. For sale by druggists. 25c. box.

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