CENTIPEDES IN HER CARGO.

SATSUMA BACK FROM WAR SCENES WITH A KENO PLAYING CREW.

Prayer Slips Kept the Devils Off Her Track and Russian Cruisers Out of Her Way, but She Narrowly Escaped a Mine Off Chefoo—Going Back Via Cape Horn

The Barber Line steamship Satsuma, her hold filled with stuffs from Japan and China, and four ugly-looking 4-inch centipedes imprisoned in a close barred parrot cage in the mate's room, arrived yesterday from the scene of the fighting in the Far East. All of her crew are Chinese, though her boatswain, Yin Kow, also a full blooded Chinaman, although he scorns to wear a queue, has the distinction of being a man without a country.

He was a merchant on the Pacific Coast and went home on a visit about two years ago, wearing clothes of American cut, pigtailless and without his old faith. He had been shipwrecked and had lost papers which he says would have proved his right to return to America as a Chinese merchant. After he landed in China his countrymen made it so uncomfortable for him that he took ship to America, arriving at this port. He found that the law would not let him land here to settle, so he decided to become a sailor aboard the ship, the Satsuma, in which he was then a passenger. He was made boatswain because of his knowledge of English, his intelligence and general handiness. He thinks now that he will stay afloat till Davy Jones summons him to serve where there is no distinction on account of pigtails. His shipmates do not seem to care what the boatswain believes aboard a heathen ship.

When the Satsuma was in the Red Sea, and while all the hands were sleeping on deck in hammocks slung from cargo booms, the four centipedes came up from a hatch partly opened to ventilate the cargo, which consisted partly of gambier, matting, firecrackers, corkwood, curios and a large quantity of rattan. The centipedes came out of the rattan, the hold having got even too warm for their tropical temperament.

The decks of the ship are steel, and on a placid night the least sound on them is heard distinctly above the measured throbbing of the engines. The men in the hammocks heard the scampering of the big venomous bugs across the polished deck, sounding like the rollcall of distant drummers. The Chinese recognized the tattoo, and not knowing which hammock the centiped es might climb into, they got down in a hurry and decided to capture the bugs. It was clear moonlight and the men had little trouble, with the aid of sticks, in rounding up the quartet. One got away from its captor and bit him in the left arm before it was recaptured. The arm swelled to twice its normal size, and the man was ill for a week.

The parrot was taken from its cage and the four bugs were put in its place. They are too stout to get through the spaces between bars and do not seem anxious to leave their prison, anyhow. They will be sold cheap, the mate says.

The first thing the Chinamen did after receiving their pay for the voyage yesterday morning was to get out on deck and begin a game of keno. They were at it until the sun went down, and, the mate says, will resume it again as soon as they have leisure, and will continue until one of the men has all the money. Then they will go back to China and earn enough to play another game.

When the Satsuma departed from Yokohama on May 5 all the Chinamen were permitted to gather aft and burn incense. Then, as the ship drew out into the stream, they scattered prayer slips over the stern, so the pursuing devils of ill luck would be diverted from their bad designs. The slips were many, and as the devils, according to their own etiquette, were expected to pick up every one, the Chinamen were reasonably sure that they would elude the evil ones.

They did. Not one of the crew was lost or seriously sick on the trip. They celebrated their deliverance by burning vast quantities of incense as the Satsuma passed in at the Hook.

The Satsuma on her trip out was warned at Suez by the British Consul that, as she carried railroad material and other stuff for Japan which the Russians might deem contraband, she had better be on the lookout for Russian cruisers. She did not meet any. Coming this way she ran within fifty feet of a floating mine near Chefoo, and her skipper lowered a boat and examined it to make sure that it was a mine. Thereafter he steamed at quarter speed, and kept a double lookout until he was clear of the mined district. Because of the danger of encountering Russian ships on the Suez Canal route, the Satsuma will sail for Japan on her next trip by way of Cape Horn. She will thus avoid canal dues, but will have to make a longer voyage.

DID YOU LOSE TWO $1 BILLS?

Claim Them Quickly if You Did, or the Police Pension Fund Will Beat You.

The Police Pension Fund will soon be swelled by the addition of two crumpled one-dollar bills. This sum will accrue to the fund, notwithstanding the fact that there are a number of citizens of New York who feel that it would be a welcome addition to their own private resources and who have thought that they could divert it thereto.

They are disappointed, for all efforts to secure the money from the strong box of the police station under the Grand Central Station have proved futile. To-day Acting Captain Sullivan will transmit the treasure to the property clerk at Police Headquarters, who in due time will turn it over to the pension fund unless some claimant more successful than his predecessors proves his right to spend it. A general alarm has been sent through Manhattan and The Bronx for the loser of the bills to come around and prove property.

The money was given to Sergt. Hamilton on Saturday night by a man in a hurry to catch a train. He picked up the two bills in the west lobby of the station. His sense of right was strong enough to cause him to rush down into the police station and slap the bills on the desk with a breathless explanation. He didn't have time to give his name. He was prosperous looking and apparently didn't need the money himself.

The first applicant for the lost and found bills was prompt. He heard of the finding and surrender and feared he might be too late. He was too soon, for he lost by not obtaining correct details of the affair. He was nervous, too.

"Did you find $2, sergeant?" he asked Hamilton.

"A gentleman did and turned them in here."

"Can I get them, please? They're mine." He thought they were then.

"Describe the property."

"Two one-dollar bills."

"Where'd you lose 'em?"

"East lobby of the station."

"You lose. It was the west lobby. Next."

Nobody won that evening.

Yesterday Sergt. Germann was on the desk. One example will show his method. "Was it a two-dollar bill?" he asked, with apparent innocence.

"No; two one-dollar bills."

"Yes, that's right. I can't give it to you now. It will be sent to the property clerk to-morrow. You go down to Mulberry Street, take along somebody to identify you and swear to an affidavit that it's your money and you get it. We have to have the affidavit, because then if a man gets the money when he didn't lose it, we arrest him for perjury, you see."

"Maybe he'll get it," remarked the sergeant as the claimant hastily withdrew, "but I kinder reckon it will go to the fund. Say, did you hear me growl like a bear? Seems as if that fellow did. He seemed scared of me, somehow."

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

"I find people in this town pretty accommodating," said an out of town visitor. "The other morning, when the rain was pouring down, I got off a car uptown. There wasn't a cab of any kind in sight, and I was two blocks from my hotel. Just then a covered truck came along and the driver pulled up to the curb within a foot of me.

"'Say,' he said, 'you'll get wet if you don't look out. Where are you going?' I told him. 'Get in,' he said. 'I'm goin' over that way myself.'

"He dropped me off at my door.

"'Thanks,' said I.

"'By, by,' said he."

The Flatbush section of Brooklyn has many old Dutch houses which were built in Colonial days. Most of these are kept up in good style, but a few have been allowed to go to ruin. Two of these old-timers, which front on Flatbush avenue, have been given over to small stores and tenements, and the lover of things antique is inclined to shudder when he sees shoemakers' shops or cigar and candy stores in what should still be stately mansions. But the limit seems to have been reached in the corner of one of these houses, where this sign appears:

Yee How.
Laundry.

"They have a very clever representation of divers at work under water in the penny in the slot moving picture machines around town now," said the observant citizen. "Seen it yet? It's worth while. It seems under real water, all right enough, because there are the fish, big fish, swimming about with a naturalness that no mechanical contrivance could produce. Yes, they are real fish, but watch closely and you will observe that when they swim in front of the divers you can see the men through them as though the fish were transparent. Know what that means? I've figured it out. The pictures are really two pictures, one on top of the other. First the photographer with his stripe of film went to an aquarium and took pictures of the fish. Didn't make any difference if they were little fish. He could put his machine near the tank and make 'em look as big as he wanted. That made the real, bona fide, under water part. Then the divers could do their stunts in any old room and get their pictures taken on the same film. There you were. Only, you see, when the man and a fish came in the same spot, the man's portrait being on top, it would look as though you saw him through the body of a live fish."

One of the bicycle cops whose principal business is chasing automobiles on Riverside Drive spends his time when not on duty throwing a lariat.

"When the Commissioner gives me an automobile I'll have this down fine," he explains. "No driver in New York can get away from me then. I'll just ride up behind him, lasso him, take a hitch around a big cleat on the machine and make him tow me to the station house. It's no dream."

"A person I often see at restaurants," said the man who doesn't take table board, "is very particular about wiping the plate, knife, fork and spoon with his napkin before using them. No matter how clean they look he will always give them an extra polish.

"To-day I had my first meeting with a new specimen of the kind. This one polished off the chair with the napkin before sitting down and next the strip of table before him, meanwhile preventing the waiter from spreading the cloth. Yet this was the limit of this chap's yearning for cleanliness—he did not wipe off the plate or the cutlery."

"Well," said the anagram fiend, a Republican, "the best I can do with Roosevelt-Fairbanks is 'Salt River,' although Roosevelt gives me 'votes,' but is it a shadowy presage that Parker-Davis give me 'Presid—'? The suffix is lacking."

"Broadway" cars are things of the past. The last one went to the car barns Saturday night. They will never return. Their places have been taken with cars which bear upon their fronts signs that read "59th St. and 7th Av."

"They had to do it," a conductor explained, "because so many persons were not aware of the fact that the old "Broadway" cars ran along Broadway only to Long Acre Square and then took Seventh avenue to Fifth-ninth street.

"It won't take long for the regular patrons of the old 'Broadway' cars to get on to the change, and the new signs will save us lots of trouble."

CROWNING A VIRGIN'S STATUE.

Thousands Participate in the Ceremony in San Juan de los Lagos, Mexico.

MEXICO CITY, Aug. 21.—Several thousand persons participated in the ceremony of crowning the Virgin of San Juan in the little town of San Juan de los Lagos in the State of Jalisco yesterday. When the ecclesiastical dignitaries journeyed from Santa Maria, the nearest station on the Mexican Central Railway, to San Juan de los Lagos, they passed through almost unbroken lines of kneeling human beings for the entire distance of nine miles. The dignitaries included Archbishop Ortiz and the Bishops of San Luis Potosi, Aguas Calientes, Leon, Colima and Tepic.

The crown placed on the statue of the Virgin in the San Juan de los Lagos Church was purchased from a New York house at a cost of $20,000. It contains 165 grammes of gold and 196 precious stones, including diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires. It is supported by two solid silver angels, each weighing about 15 pounds. The crowning was authorized by Pope Pius early in the present year.

San Juan de los Lagos was in past centuries the scene of a great Indian festival and has been the scene of annual celebrations in honor of the Virgin since the Spanish occupation.

ANOTHER OLD DUTCH BIBLE.

Deputy Collector Burns of Brooklyn Has One Published in 1736.

THE SUN yesterday published a story from Glens Falls in which it was stated that Harold B. Silvey of Schuylerville was the owner of an old Dutch Bible for which he had refused offers ranging from $6,500 to $9,000. The book was published in 1736 at Anne.

Chief Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue John F. Burns of Brooklyn, when he read the story, recollected that he had in his possession an old Dutch Bible. He hunted it up and last night was showing it to his friends.

"I've had several good offers for this Bible," he said, "but I wouldn't like to part with it, as it has been in the family for generations."

The Bible was published by Pieter and Jacob Keun in the State of Dordrecht in 1736, and is in an excellent state of preservation. It is 9 inches wide, 15 inches long and 4½ inches thick. Its cover is of heavy leather and is mounted with two brass locks used as clasps.

TROLLEY CAR IN A BLAZE.

Passengers Jump Off While Motorman and Conductor Douse the Flames.

The journals of a Flatbush trolley car became overheated as it went spinning along Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn, yesterday. At Dean street it was discovered that the car was on fire. A sheet of flame shot up from both sides and thick clouds of smoke curled up into the air.

A nervous little woman shrieked and jumped to the street. Sixty other passengers began a scramble to get out and they jumped off one after another. The motorman and conductor got pails of water and dashed it on the burning woodwork, putting out the blaze. Many of the passengers got on the car again. Another car had to push it to the depot.

MASHER RAN FOUL OF RUFUS.

SIX FOOT COUNTRYMAN SAVES GIRL FROM ANNOYANCE.

Interrupts Dapper Young Man's Unwelcome Attentions on a Lackawanna Train and Sends Him Flying Into Smoker—Annoyer Belts at Next Step.

EAST ORANGE, N. J., Aug. 21.—A dapper young man, whose name has not been ascertained, alighted at the East Orange station yesterday afternoon from a train bound toward Dover. He held in his hand a ticket which certified that he had paid passage from Newark to Morristown. Apparently he did not want to go to Morristown on that train. He did not look happy and he scowled darkly at the rear-end brakeman as the train moved out of the station. The brakeman on his part laughed heartily.

It was all because Rufus Joseph of Succasunna had "kem daown f'm th' kentry to take a look abaout taown in Newark." He was going home yesterday afternoon on the same train with the disgruntled one.

Rufus is broad of shoulder and thick of arm and leg. He has a good Yankee jaw and a kindly disposition. On the station platform in Newark, Rufus saw a frail slip of a girl, perhaps 17 years old, bidding her mother farewell. The girl carried a valise and a bunch of flowers, was very unsophisticated and looked as if she were going up to the country to see grandma.

Rufus Joseph said to himself that the girl was entirely too young to travel alone and vowed he would keep his eye on her. The train rolled in and mother and daughter bade each other a tearful farewell. The girl got aboard. So did Rufus and the dapper young man.

Rufus took a seat at the rear of the car and the girl one about the centre. The dapper young man walked up to the seat the girl had taken and asked her if it was engaged. She replied that it was not. The young man sat down beside her and at once opened a rapid fire conversation. The girl answered once or twice in evident bewilderment and then turned and looked out of the window. This did not worry the masher in the least and he continued to talk. At Roseville the girl arose and said:

"I think I will sit on the other side of the car."

"I think it is better over there," said the stranger; "let's go there."

Rufus Joseph had been taking it all in, and when the girl looked helplessly around he unhooked his six feet two inches of majesty and awkwardness and strode down the car.

"You'd better go up front," said he dispassionately to the stranger.

"A-h-h, run away little boy and don't be so fresh," was the retort.

Rufus smiled and placing a large hand on the shoulder of the youth said:

"You git up in ther front car right away damn quick!" The masher seemed to rise up in air and float into the next car.

"You set where yer are, Sis, and yer won't be bothered no more," said Rufus Joseph. As far as the passenger coach was concerned the matter ended there. But Rufus Joseph was not through. He went into the smoking car, where the stranger had gone.

"Gentlemen," said Rufus Joseph, raising his voice until it rose above the noise of the car, "I wish to direct your attention to this here thing in the seat. [He emphasized "thing."] It's a masher, if you ain't never seen one before. He was jest drove from a rear car for annoying a young girl who didn't have no one to 'tend to her. He's going ter stay up here naow and be good."

Everybody looked around at the youth, who blushed and cowed involuntarily.

"East Orange station; next stop for this train will be Brick Church," said the brakeman.

The masher looked around, saw that no interference would be offered and then bolted through the door and to the station platform.

"I don't go lookin' fer trouble," said Rufus Joseph, "but there aire some times yer jest can't let it go by and hev eny self-respect. Eny man as has eny sisters knows haow I feel."

PEDLERS THANK THE ALDERMEN.

Moved for the First Time to Rejoicing Over Freedom From Restraint.

The pushcart pedlers of the lower East Side held two mass meetings yesterday afternoon, at which they passed a vote of thanks to the Board of Aldermen. The board at its last meeting suspended the ordinances relating to pushcarts from Aug. 22 to Sept. 28. Between these dates, when the Jewish holidays occur, the pushcart men will be allowed to occupy both sides of the streets and act just as though there were no city ordinances regulating their trade. The Aldermen usually suspend the ordinances at this season, but this is the first time within the ordinary man's remembrance that they have had a formal vote of thanks for it.

One of the meetings was held at 83 Forsyth street under the auspices of the East Side Citizen Pedlers' Association. Sigmund Schwartz, the pushcart leader, addressed the meeting, and advised the pedlers in accepting the liberality of the Board of Aldermen not to offend Commissioner Woodbury by littering the streets with garbage. He warned them that if they did the Commissioner might find some law outside the ordinances to land them in jail.

Schwarts announced that after the truce was up there would be a conference between a committee of twelve, half of whom were to be appointed by the Mayor and the other half by the pedlers, to agree on some sort of a place to settle the pushcart problem. He said that Inspector Schmittberger would be one of the pedlers' committeemen.

At Schwarts's suggestion the Board of Aldermen was cheered. A youthful pedler began to sing "For they are jolly good fellows" in Yiddish, but was suppressed.

The other meeting was held at 66 Sheriff street under the auspices of the New York Pedlers' Benevolent Association. Schwarts was the principal speaker here, too, and repeated the advice he gave at the other meeting. Then there were more cheers for the Aldermen.

STILL HAUNT HEINZE'S HOUSE.

But the Process Servers Haven't Yet Found the Copper Magnate.

Three process servers for the law firm that is trying to serve a subpœna on F. Augustus Heinze, the copper magnate, spent a quiet Sunday yesterday in front of the residence of Arthur P. Heinze, at 220 Madison avenue. Their conduct was in keeping with the day, and it didn't cause the Heinze family the annoyance they had been subjected to for the three days before.

A. P. Heinze told a SUN reporter over the telephone last night that his friends were grateful to the process servers for leaving them alone yesterday when they called at the Madison avenue house.

"Haven't they been able to locate your brother yet?" was asked.

"Apparently not," replied Mr. Heinze.

It was said by a member of Mr. Heinze's household last night that if the subpœna servers want to find the copper man they will have to look elsewhere.

New Arrangements for Tilden Club Outing.

Owing to the sudden death of Mrs. Charles Feltman, wife of the proprietor of Feltman's pavilion at Coney Island, the beach party of the Tilden Club of the Second Assembly district of Brooklyn, of which Alderman Bridges is the president, will be held to-day at Luna Park. The tickets sold and bearing the stamp of the Tilden Club will be accepted at the gates of Luna Park.

GUARDS JUDGE PARKER'S GATE

MARY JANE, THE LAMB, ON LOOKOUT FOR JERSEY EXCURSION.

It Failed to Arrive and Only One Jersey Democrat Visited Rosemount—But a Steady Procession of Sightseers Drive or Walk Past the Judge's House.

ESOPUS, Aug. 21.—While Judge and Mrs. Parker were at church in Kingston this morning, Mary Jane, the little lamb, heard a rumor that there was a New Jersey excursion on the way to make the Sabbath hideous at Rosemount with hard boiled eggs and paper bags and political talk. She posted herself at the gate, and while eating up the dahlias and nasturtiums in the beds about the lodge kept her eye out on the road. Mary Jane can tell a man from a woman, and like most of her sex affects to despise all men folks. From the aggressive manner in which she watched the gate it was inferred that most of all she detests New Jersey men.

The rumored excursion failed to arrive, and only one New Jersey Democrat, who told Mary Jane that his name was Kenyon, appeared upon the scene. She let him pass on the ground, thinking he might be some relative of Judge Kenyon, Judge Parker's former law partner. He went up the road to the house, with his eye firmly fixed upon Mary Jane. He appeared to know very little about sheep and eyed her as if she suspected her name might be Billy. The Judge more than made amends for Mary Jane's suspicious manner in the cordiality of his greeting.

While Judge Parker was chatting with Mr. Kenyon of New Jersey, Mary Jane went upstairs in the house and explored the various rooms. They do say that the maids had a strenuous time getting her down again, and it is fortunate for Mary Jane's bones that she is thickly coated with wool, for her downcoming was swift and ungraceful.

Though the New Jersey delegation failed to materialize, there was a steady procession all the afternoon of sightseers from the neighborhood, who came in all manner of vehicles, and some of them on foot, to see Rosemount. They drove and walked past the house with all the solemnity of a funeral procession.

Judge Parker doesn't mind this kind of Sabbath visitation, but he makes no bones of saying that he will not stand for Sunday excusions to Rosemount. The weather was ideal to-day and all the Kingston young men brought their best girls down to look at Rosemount and the candidate.

Judge and Mrs. Parker and their family guests went to Kingston in the launch and attended church as usual. The Rev. Edward J. Cooper of Hackensack, N. J., preached at Holy Cross Church in place of the Rev. Charles Mercer Hall, Judge Parker's son-in-law, who with Mrs. Hall was visiting Spencer Trask in Saratoga, where Mr. Hall preached to-day. The fine weather and the chance to see the nominee brought out a large congregation. The Rev. Mr. Cooper's text was: "Sir, we would see Jesus." The sermon contained no reference to things political.

Judge Parker's remarkable memory for faces and names was notably exhibited yesterday when the Brooklyn delegation was here. Among them came Dr. Miles G. Hyde, who displayed a most inexplicable interest in Judge Parker's neck and submaxillary glands, to the great mystification of his companions. When Judge Parker caught sight of the doctor, it was all explained, for he stepped forward eagerly and clasped the doctor by the hand, calling him by name. Then it appeared that Dr. Hyde formerly lived in Cortland, and last saw the Judge when young Parker was only 17 years old. He treated him then not for a Presidential bee-sting, but for mumps. The doctor's keen inspection yesterday discovered no trace of the boyhood affliction, but Judge Parker instantly recognized the doctor and recalled the circumstances of their last meeting, when the future Judge's jaw was tied up with a towel and his words were almost as grudgingly delivered as they are to-day.

STILL SEARCH FOR KIDNAPPERS.

Brooklyn Police Make a Tour of Italian Colonies Without Result.

Capt. Rooney's men continued their search yesterday for the two alleged ringleaders of the Tony Mannino kidnapping plot. Detectives Carrao and Meali were sent hurriedly from the Amity street station, Brooklyn, to East New York yesterday morning on a rumor that Laduca and Vita Chiarrano had been seen there.

They returned to the station, having failed to learn anything about the two men. In the afternoon they visited the Italian colony in Mulberry street and Elizabeth street in hopes of getting some clue, and later in the day paid a visit to the Italian colony at Coney Island, but returned to the station house late last night without having made any progress. Yesterday morning a postal card written in Italian and mailed in the Brooklyn Post Office was received by the two Italian detectives. As translated it read:

"Dogs—To Italian detectives. If you don't stop persecuting us, we will draw a pint of blood from your hearts."

Schenectady Man Found Drowned in Saratoga Lake.

SARATOGA, Aug. 21.—The body of a man was found floating in Saratoga Lake near the Newman road house early this morning. This afternoon it was identified as that of Edward Catting of 512 Paige street, Schenectady. Suffering from protracted ill health he left his home on Aug. 17, telling his wife that he intended consulting a physician and would return shortly. That was the last seen of him alive by his family. Catting had only 29 cents on his person. He was 36 years old.

PUSHCART LAW DISPENSARY.

CIRCUMSTANCES FAIL TO DOWN ROSEY OF ESSEX MARKET.

They've Moved the Court and His Legal Brethren Have Got Nearby Offices, but He's Still in the Game—Has an Old Clo' and Collar Trade on the Side.

In a few weeks the Essex Market police court will be removed to a building in Madison street near the Madison street police station, pending the erection of a new court house in Essex street, which will probably not be completed inside of two years. The members of the Essex Market Bar Association, the Steerers' Club and the Essex Street Pullers-in Association have not been idle since they received information from trustworthy sources that the court would be removed, and there has been a boom in real estate in Madison street that has made many landlords happy.

Pincus Emanuel, who is a candidate for the Tammany nomination for Alderman in the Fourth Assembly district, was the first boomer to act. He opened a saloon opposite the new location and hung out a sign reading "Essex Market Court House Exchange."

This was the first intimation the people in the district had of the transfer. Emanuel proudly produced a lease and gleefully declared that his landlord could not raise his rent for the next two years. But the other rents in stores in the immediate vicinity began to go up in short order. The members of the Essex Market Bar Association scrambled for new quarters near the centre of activity at almost any price.

J. Choate Pearlman secured a choice store next to the new court house. Joe Levy, the Duke of Essex street, got an option on a basement in the adjoining building. Blackstone Kent Cohen had to be content with a room in the second floor of the same building. Rosey the lawyer for once in his life, according to his statement yesterday, was bested by his rival barristers. He couldn't get a room in the block.

He tried to hire window space in Pincus's saloon, but was informed that both windows were let and that an Essex street lawyer had secured the exclusive privilege of doing law business and taking fees inside the saloon. Rosey announced yesterday morning that he would get even with his enemies.

"You guys," said he, "think you're smart, but I'll beat you all out yet." Then he confided to his friends that he had secured from Pincus the privilege of opening a pushcart office in front of Pincus's saloon.

"The first cart will be there from 6 o'clock in the morning until the court closes," said Rosey. "I am going to get out a regular pedler's license. On the cart I will have law blanks, law books and other things to sell. I will also have hats, collars, neckties and collar buttons to sell to prisoners who lose these articles when they get drunk. I will also buy old clothes from those who wish to raise money to pay fines. I have secured a phonograph, which will deal out music and attract my customers. You can't beat Rosey, and I'll prove it before the day is out."

Rosey then hung out a sign in front of his office, which read:

OPEN AIR LAW OFFICE
OPPOSITE THE NEW COURT IN MADISON STREET.
ROSEY, PROPRIETOR.
As an advertisement I will defend all prisoners free to-day.
Summonses Furnished by Wholesale.

He did a rushing business. He got summons papers in bundles, but most of the prisoners he defended were mulcted in the usual amount.

"Some of these young lawyers," said Rosey after the court adjourned, "think they are brilliant. But I didn't go to Harvard College for nothing, and you bet I'll beat them out yet."

OUT THE WINDOW IN HIS SLEEP.

Boy Somnambulist Tumbles Into Airshaft —Hurts Are Trifling.

Sixteen-year-old Frederick Kaufmann, while walking in his sleep early yesterday morning, fell from a fourth story window down the airshaft at 2752 Eighth avenue. He was removed to the J. Hood Wright Hospital. His injuries are slight.

The boy works in a grocery store. His room looks out on the airshaft. He had a dream early yesterday morning that he was delivering groceries, and walked out of the window. There is a roof over the airshaft at the second floor, and he fell on it.

French Cruiser Duplelx Leaves Bar Harbor.

BAR HARBOR, Me., Aug. 21.—The French cruiser Duplelx, with Admiral Rivet in command, sailed from here early this morning for Halifax, after a ten days' visit.