The Sun.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1904.
No Washington forecast. Probabilities, clearing and colder-to-day.

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FERRYBOAT ON THE ROCKS.

PASSENGERS IN FRIGHT FOR HOURS UNTIL RESCUE CAME.

Police Launch Took Them Off After the Patrol and Tugboats Had Failed to Get Near Enough to Do So in the Gale —Crew and Teamsters Stay Aboard.

The police boat Patrol, two tugs and the Health Department steamer Franklin Edson went to the rescue of the passengers and crew of the ferryboat Port Morris of the New York and College Point Ferry Company, when she was blown on Berrien's Island Reef, off Astoria, shortly after 6 o'clock last night. The boats that went to the rescue couldn't get within fifty yards of the stranded ferryboat on account of the rocks and after working about her for three hours they gave up the task.

At this time six policemen from the crew of the Patrol manned a lifeboat and started from the dock at the foot of East 138th street to row two miles to the stranded ferryboat through a heavy sea that threatened to swamp the boat at any moment. They had pulled hard at the cars and were within hailing distance of the Port Morris, when Launch 5 of the Harbor police station darted out of her dock at the foot of East 122d street, and, running alongside of the grounded ferryboat, took off eleven passengers who had spent three and a half hours in terror.

Aboard the Port Morris besides the passengers were her crew of ten men, and six Long Island farmers that did not come ashore with the eleven passengers. The farmers refused to leave the four teams they had aboard and the crew remained behind to assist in getting the boat off the rocks.

The eleven passengers were taken to the East 138th street dock and from there hurried to their homes. The police got these names: William H. Ward, 329 East 119th street; Edward McDonald, Glen Ridge; George Colon, 118 East 122d street; Charles Chapman, College Point; Richard Horstman, 26 Catharine street; Albert Wetzelt, 220 East Eighty-fifth street, and his brother, Otto, of 1646 Second avenue. The launch that took them off was in charge of Roundsman Wetlofter, and the six policemen that rowed to the stranded ferryboat are Kelly, Reilly, O'Shaughnessy, Ryan, Coghlan and Dunham. The latter were so exhausted when they returned to the dock at 138th street that they were ordered to bed aboard the Patrol.

The Port Morris left College Point shortly after 6 o'clock for her slip at East Ninety-ninth street. Off the Sunken Meadows she was twisted out of our course by a terrific blow and the pilot soon found that the boat refused to respond to her helm when he put the wheel over. She drifted toward the Long Island shore and ran on the rocks off the Steinway Piano Works. The point where she grounded is at the entrance to Bowery Bay and within a few yards of the Red Beacon light that marks the rocks, which are known as the Berrien's Island Reef. Cries of panicstricken passengers could be heard ashore, although the boat appeared to be in no great danger.

The crew soon found that the Port Morris was hard aground and her whistle began screaming for help. The lighthouse keeper on North Brother Island notified Chief Clerk Mallaber of the hospital on the island, and he sent word to the Merritt-Chapman Wrecking Company in this city. About the same time the captain of New Haven Railroad Tug 14 heard the distress signals and sent word to Police Headquarters.

The police boat Patrol was ordered from Pier A, North River. The reserves of the Astoria and College Point police stations were also sent to the shore opposite the grounded ferry boat and the harbor police launches from the Harlem sub-station at 122d street were ordered to lend any assistance possible. They could make no headway in the turbulent sea.

Word of the accident was sent to Supt. Beecher of the ferry company, and he chartered the tug Three Brothers Line and started for the disabled boat.

The wind lashed the sea about North Brother Island into such a ferment that to send out an ordinary boat from there was impossible. The steamboat Franklin Edson of the Health Department hove in sight off North Brother Island. It was with the greatest difficulty that the steamer finally managed to effect a landing. She had left the dock at the foot of East Sixteenth street two hours before with patients suffering from contagious diseases. She was blown and buffeted about in the gale and once the crew thought she was going to turn turtle. Nearly all the patients were thrown from their bunks.

It was a hard task to get the Edson moored to the North Brother Island dock, and the sick patients were taken down the gangplank under dangerous conditions. When all had been got ashore the crew of the Edson put her off and headed for the Port Morris.

The Edson was unable to get anywhere near the grounded ferryboat owing to the rocks. After many attempts she gave up the task and put into the Health Department dock at the foot of East 138th street.

The police boat Patrol had been standing by throwing her searchlight on the grounded ferryboat. It could get no nearer than the Edson and it gave up and put into the 138th street dock at 9:30 o'clock. It was then that six members of her crew volunteered to row out. Their lifeboat was an ordinary seaskiff.

The two launches of the harbor police at the foot of East 122d street had made several attempts to run through the heavy surf, but each time had put back for fear of swamping. Finally Roundsman Wetlofter decided to make the attempt again. The little craft had a rough trip, but he made it. Running alongside of the Port Morris, he learned from Capt. George Collins that the boat was in no immediate danger, but that the passengers would welcome the opportunity of reaching shore. The launch was made fast to the starboard side of the ferry boat, which had listed to starboard when she ran on the reef. As the deck was close to the surface of the water, the eleven passengers climbed into the launch with little difficulty.

Roundsman Wetlofter went aboard the Port Morris to ascertain just what damage had been done. From Capt. Collins he learned that a hole had been stove in the starboard bow of the boat and that for a time she had taken in water quite rapidly. The engineer patched up the rent while the crew manned the pumps. The passengers were for a time on the verge of a panic. The impact when the boat struck the rocks head on threw the eight horses from their feet and a great commotion in the runway followed. All the weight possible was shifted astern, so that the bow could be kep as high out as possible. In this way the rush of water into the leak was checked.

Just as the launch put back toward the 138th street dock, the skiff manned by the six harbor cops arrived off the Port Morris's bow. Roundsman Wetlofter called out to the six that their services were not needed and ordered them back to the Patrol. They arrived at the dock shortly after the launch had started on a second trip. The six were drenched to the skin and so exhausted from the hard row that they had to be lifted from the skiff. Roundsman Hallock, in command of the Patrol, ordered them to go to bed.

The others in the Patrol's crew said they didn't know whether or not the six were suffering from the trip as much as they were from disappointment because the launch got to the Port Morris ahead of them. When the launch reached the Port Morris on a second trip the six Long Island farmers refused to leave their teams. The wagons were farm products that were destined for Manhattan consumption.

"I reckon this boat ain't goin' to sink," said one driver, "and I guess I'll stick by my pro-duce."

When the launch reached the Port Morris on the second trip Capt. George Collins was found to be in bad shape with nervous prostration. He was stretched out on the floor of the cabin. Capt. Collins has been suffering from nervous trouble for some time.

The tug Three Brothers, Capt. Peats, with Supt. Beecher aboard, managed finally to get alongside of the Port Morris and set about to arrange for pulling her off the rocks. Capt. Collins insisted that he be taken ashore and sent to the hospital. So the Three Brothers took him to College Point, where he was sent to the Flushing Hospital. His condition is said to be quite critical.

It was learned from the crew that although the Port Morris was being blown rapidly before the gale Capt. Collins had not lost all control over the boat's helm. According to the crew, he was steering her for the open and would never have struck the Berrian's Island Reef had not the Red Beacon light been blown out by the wind.

The Three Brothers went back to the Port Morris after taking Capt. Collins ashore, fastened ropes to the stern of the boat and hoped to pull her off before morning at flood tide. When the Port Morris struck on the rocks the tide was at half ebb.

The Port Morris is a newly constructed craft of the one deck and side wheel variety. She was built in Brooklyn in 1901 for the New York and College Point Ferry Company, and was only recently put into commission. She is 143 feet long, has 500-horse-power engines and a gross tonnage of 560. She is equipped with half a dozen life boats.

FERRY BOATS BOTHERED.

Warships, Fearful of Dragging Anchors, Get Up Steam.

The storm on Staten Island increased in violence last night. The wind kicked up a high sea along the shore.

At St. George, where the ferry boats land, the boats were having a hard time of it and were away behind schedule time. In order to make the slips the boats had to be eased in by breast lines on each side and then held back from the bridges, which were bobbing up and down. Had the boats been brought up flush their decks would have been crushed by the bridges. The gap had to be spanned by movable gangways. It was almost impossible to get teams on or off the boats, but it fortunately being Sunday, there were few such out.

The delays to the ferry delayed the trains meeting the boats. The trolley lines were slow and uncertain, owing to sand and dirt washing down on the rails. The line to Richmond was especially hampered.

At the Government anchorage off Tompkinsville lie the battleships Missouri and Maine and three transports. They appear to be making good weather of it, but steam is up, so the vessels are ready to get under way if the anchors drag. All have double anchors out. Several sailing vessels lying below the warships in the stream appeared to be making heavy weather of it, but their anchors held.

At the various places where they could find shelter on Staten Island were liberty men from the warships. They should have reported on board last evening, but offers of round prices to be put alongside the warships were refused by the boatmen, and the ships' boats ceased running in the afternoon.

SCHOONER ON THE ROCKS.

Four Men Probably Lost in the Gale at Tarpaulin Cove.

WOOD'S HOLE, Mass., Nov. 13.—The small two masted schooner E. Arcularius, of Rockland, Me., was wrecked on Naushon Island, about an eighth of a mile from the Tarpaulin Cove light, early to-night and it is feared that the men on board of her were lost.

The vessel went ashore on a ledge of rocks just about dark. She came through Vineyard Sound before the easterly gale, carrying only her foresail. Her skipper, Capt. Nelson, tried to haul into Tarpaulin Cove for shelter, but the gale swept him on the rocks and almost instantly the schooner was buried in breakers that were masthead high.

Keeper Carson of the Tarpaulin Cove light and a man named Robinson, one of the caretakers of the Forbes estate on Naushon Island, saw four men on the vessel's deck when she struck, but they disappeared at once, and it is believed that they were swept away.

The nearest life saving station is at Cuttyhunk, almost twenty miles away, but Keeper Carson said had the station been nearer it would have been of no help, as it would have been impossible for a lifeboat to live in the seas that raged around the craft.

No lights were seen on the craft after she struck and the people on shore were unable to distinguish her after darkness fell. It is believed that the four men perished.

RESCUED UPSIDE DOWN.

One of Two Brothers Saved From Drowning, Lost Money and Gets Mad.

Antonio Sposito and his brother Nicholas young tailors who live at 5 Elizabeth street, visited friends in Brooklyn yesterday, returning on the ferryboat Columbia of the Grand street line, which got into her slip at 9:30. Just before she docked Antonio fell into the water. Nicholas leaped over to his brother's rescue and the two were in danger of drowning. Finally some one tangled a boathook in Antonio's trousers, and with a strong pull lifted him up to the wharf feet first and head down.

The rescued man, as soon as he caught his breath, burst into indignant protest at being pulled out of the water that end up. His pockets had been emptied in the process

DID MRS. NOBLE KILL HIM?

MYSTERY SURROUNDS DEATH OF PAYTON NOBLE.

Reasoning of the Policeman Who Made the Arrest Just After the Shooting—Two Shots, One of Which Was Fired From a Point Much Closer Than the Other.

In the death of Payton Noble, clerk of the Fifth district police court in Long Island City, and a brother of Surrogate Daniel Noble of Queens county, the police of Long Island City believe they have a regular Anna Katharine Green murder mystery. It was told in THE SUN yesterday morning Noble was shot and killed in his apartment, 152 Twelfth street, Long Island City, shortly before midnight on Saturday. Only his young wife was with him when the shooting took place.

The explanation of the affair was that while she and her husband were preparing to retire she picked up his pistol from a bureau drawer. The husband told her to put it down. She playfully pointed it at him. He grasped the muzzle, she retaining her hold on the butt. Each fought to get the weapon away from the other, and in the struggle it went off twice, both bullets entering Noble's chest. He died almost instantly.

Such was the first report of the story told by Mrs. Noble to the police. A more complete and much more peculiar story was obtained yesterday. It was told by Policeman John J. Deboe, who, with Dr. P. H. Bumster, was the first to reach the Noble apartment after the shooting. Deboe was off duty on Saturday night and was standing at the corner of Twelfth street and Jackson avenue when a man ran up and told him that somebody had been shot in Payton Noble's flat, a few hundred feet up the street.

Dr. Bumster happened to be passing at the moment and he heard the story. He and Deboe hurried to the Noble flat. Noble was lying face down on the parlor floor. He was dead. Deboe paid particular attention to Mrs. Noble, who was in a highly hysterical condition. Deboe told yesterday afternoon the story of his talk with the woman. It was, in substance, as follows:

"I asked Mrs. Noble what had happened, warning her at the same time that anything she said might be used as evidence against her later. She was pretty incoherent for a while, owing to her hysterical condition, but after a little she told me that she had spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. John Phillips of 14 Buchanan place, Astoria. Mrs. Phillips, she said, was an old friend of hers and Phillips and his wife brought her home.

"They met Noble, she said, at the corner of Jackson avenue and Twelfth street, and, saying good night to the Phillipses, she and her husband walked home. They live in an apartment consisting of a parlor, three bedrooms, a dining room and kitchen on the second floor of the house. Opening off the parlor is a small bedroom.

"Mrs. Noble said that she took off her wraps and gown and her husband had disrobed down to his outside shirt and trousers and was sitting on the couch in the parlor taking off his shoes. She, meantime, had gone to a trunk to get something. The trunk, she said, had not been opened since she returned from her summer visit in the country. In the trunk she found her husband's pearl handled, .32-calibre, five chamber revolver in a rubber case.

"She withdrew the revolver from the case and, turning to her husband, exclaimed:

" 'Isn't that a beauty?'

"He told her to put it up and not fool with it and as he said this he got up from the couch, his shoes off, and grabbed the muzzle. They pulled backward and forward for a second or so, she said, and then the thing went off twice. She said they had had no altercation, and there was nothing about the woman to indicate that she had been drinking.

"That was all that I could get out of her and I took a look around the flat. While I was looking around I heard her say to a citizen, who will be produced at the proper time:

"'Yes, he struck me and I shot him.'

"I immediately walked over to the woman and looked at her carefully. One of her eyes seemed to me to be red, with the redness that follows a blow, but the redness may have come from weeping. I walked into the bed room off the parlor and found the top bureau drawer open about three inches. In the drawer I found several unexploded .32 calibre cartridges and a box of .22 calibre cartridges, such as are used in a small rifle. On the floor of the bedroom, near the bureau, I found an unexploded .32 calibre cartridge.

"Later, on the parlor floor, Dr. Bumster found two exploded .32 calibre shells and under Noble's body he found an unexploded cartridge of the same calibre. That made two exploded and two unexploded cartridges found near the body.

"Then I asked Mrs. Noble where the pistol was and she said she had given it to Mrs. Birnell, who lives on the floor below and to whom she rushed after the tragedy. I asked Mrs. Birnell for the pistol. She was not inclined to turn it over at first, but thought better of it. Examining the revolver, I found the breech open and two of the five chambers loaded. That struck me as peculiar, both that the breech should be open and that only two unexploded cartridges should be found, when only two shots had, apparently, been fired. Then I arrested the woman and on the way to the station I told her what I had heard her say to the citizen. She was pretty calm then and replied that I had misunderstood her. She said that what she did tell the man was this:

"'He never struck me in his life and I did not shoot him.'

This was Deboe's story and it was on his complaint that Mrs. Noble was arraigned before Magistrate Smith yesterday morning in the court of which her husband had been the clerk. She was not allowed to plead, but was remanded, without bail, to the Queens County Jail to await the result of the autopsy.

The autopsy was performed at 11 o'clock yesterday morning by Coroner's Physicians Strong of Long Island City and Flynn of Jamaica. They found two bullet holes in the chest, one just below the right nipple and the other on a line with the left nipple, about one inch to the left of the median line. The latter bullet pierced the heart and caused instant death. The other pierced the liver and stomach and probably was not, in the opinion of the doctors, the cause of death.

There were very slight traces of powder marks on the shirt front over the bullet in the right side of the chest, but on the shirt bosom over the wound on the left side the powder marks were quite thick, showing, so the doctors said, that the shot which caused death was fired much closer to Noble's body than the shot which entered the right side of the chest. The doctors said that either shot might have been self-inflicted, but if not they had been fired by some one shorter than Noble.

Noble was 37 years old and his wife is 21. They were married about two years ago and have no children.

CARDINAL GIBBONS MOBBED.

Followed Into a Priest's Home by Excited Poles—Police Club Them.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 14.—Cardinal Gibbons this afternoon was mobbed on the steps of St. Stanislaus Catholic Church by some of the members of the congregation. The Cardinal had come in accordance with an arrangement to officiate at vespers, where he was to confirm a large class and deliver a sermon.

The mobbing was the outcome of a scandal which occurred at the church recently. Father Morys, then rector of the church, swore out a warrant for the arrest of a brother priest whom he accused of sending improper letters to his housekeeper.

The Cardinal was provoked because Father Morys had not consulted him before bringing criminal proceedings, and although the charge was not pressed a scandal developed and the Cardinal removed Father Morys from his charge. The congregation requested the Cardinal to reconsider his determination without avail.

When the Cardinal arrived to-day he found a great crowd of excited Poles on the steps. He went to the priest's house and was followed by members of the congregation who held the door open until a number of excited Poles had rushed in. Then the outer door was locked. Meanwhile the Cardinal had been taken to an upper room where the mob was prevented from following.

They called out very loudly that they would not permit the Cardinal to enter the church, unless he would consent to restore Father Morys. Meanwhile the police had been summoned. They used their clubs vigorously and very soon drove the excited Poles out of the rectory.

WOMAN DROVE THE HANSOM.

Cabman, After Several Drinks, Deserted —Police Are Hunting for Him.

A cabman drove his hansom up to a saloon at Twenty-sixth street and First avenue late yesterday afternoon and partly fell and partly jumped off the box. Then he grabbed his horse by the bridle and was attempting to lead it across the sidewalk into a hallway when a woman jumped out, followed by a little girl. She wore a brown tailormade suit and a brown hat with somewhat bedraggled plumes.

"Aren't you going to take us to the Plaza Hotel?" she asked angrily, seizing the cabman by the arm. The cabby gave her a look of disgust and started up Twenty-sixth street on foot.

"Where's the nearest police station?" she asked of a crowd of men. When told how to reach the East Twenty-second street station the woman picked up the reins and said to the girl, "Come on, Gladys, we won't let this poor horse suffer."

She put the child inside the hansom, and climbed to the box. A crowd of men followed the cab and directed her to the station house.

A courier reached there first, and when the woman cabby arrived, Sergeant Ford assisted her to alight.

"We engaged this cab at the Plaza Hotel, at noon," the woman said, "and went to Prospect Park, Brooklyn. On the way over and returning the cabman stopped a dozen times for drinks. I didn't object, because I thought he needed something on a day like this. Now he has deserted his horse, and I have brought it to you for safe keeping."

The woman refused to tell her name.

The police took the hansom to a nearby stable, and sent out a general alarm for the driver. The license number was 875.

LOST HOTEL CLERK.

Palmer Lost Himself on Purpose, His Friends Think—Resigned His Job First.

The police have found no trace of Alexander Hamilton Palmer, the hotel clerk, for whom his wife, Mrs. Virginia B. Palmer, caused a general alarm to be sent out on Saturday night. Palmer disappeared a week ago to-day. Before going away he wrote a letter to the proprietor of the Hotel Astor resigning as room clerk.

Palmer is 59 years old and will have some difficulty in losing himself because he is so well known. He was at the Waldorf-Astoria eleven years, and before that he spent twelve years behind the desk at the Fifth Avenue.

He was the man who greeted every arrival at the hotel and selected the room a newcomer was to occupy. This brought him in direct contact with every guest who stayed at the hotel in which he was employed. He has a remarkable memory for names and faces and he knows thousands of people. At one time he ran a hotel in Florida.

Palmer's friends say he probably knew what he was about when he went away. He lived at the Hotel Gerard in West Forty-fourth street, while his wife made her home at the Park Avenue. Palmer's room at the Gerard is still held for him. It was said there yesterday that his effects were still in his room.

THEATRE PUT OUT OF BUSINESS

Boston Students Shower the Actors With Vegetables and Stale Eggs.

BOSTON, Nov. 13.—Six hundred Institute of Technology students put the Globe Theatre out of business last night by showering the actors and actresses in Stella Mahew's "Flo Flo" with vegetables of several varieties and eggs of ancient date. The students were making merry because of the dedication of their new athletic field and because their cross country team had beaten that of Harvard to-day. The theatre management rather expected there would be some lively times with the boys and had extra policemen on hand.

During the early part of the show the students contented themselves with cheering and guying the people on the stage, but at 10 o'clock, when the cabbages and other vegetables began to fly over the foot lights, the members of the company were so busy dodging the missiles that they forgot their lines and the curtain was rung down and the audience dismissed.

Outside the theatre, the students did some cheering, but they dispersed quietly, as the recollection of the thumping the police gave them on Nov. 2 was still fresh in the minds of many of them.

SISTERS END LIFE TOGETHER.

LEAVE THEIR BODIES TO MT. SINAI HOSPITAL.

Hoped in That Way, They Wrote, to Pay for Burial—Had Disposed of Their Furniture and Been Dispossessed From Their Flat—Sent Away $200 Recently.

Valerie Fischer and Louise Abel, sisters, aged respectively 28 and 30 years, committed suicide sometime between midnight and dawn yesterday morning in their five room flat at 338 East Fifty-first street, from which they had been ordered to move. They were found at 8:30 o'clock in the morning lying stone dead on the floor of their bedroom. The window and door were tightly closed and the gas turned on.

The flat, which the two young women had lived in since Sept. 27, was stripped of every article of furniture. There was not even a chair to sit upon. The two women in writing the half dozen or so letters they left behind them, evidently had stood up and used the board cover of the stationary washtubs as a table. A box of note paper and envelopes, a new pen and ink bottle were lying there. The letters, all neatly addressed, were on the mantelpiece in the little front room. Beside them lay a silver 50 cent piece to pay the postage.

On the radiator in the parlor was a small reticule. In it was a dollar bill, a 10 cent piece and a receipt showing that $195.85 had been sent on Friday last to the son of Louise Abel in Vienna. In one of the letters he was referred to as an invalid.

It was between 7:30 and 8 o'clock in the morning that tenants in the house began to complain of escaping gas and the janitor traced it to the sisters' flat, the door of which he opened with a pass key. The door into the bedroom from the parlor was closed. The janitor could only open it about a foot, for the body of Louise Abel lay almost against it. Close by her lay Valerie. Their heads rested on a long couch cushion, the sole remnant of the furniture.

From the two burners of the gas chandelier in the ceiling were new rubber gas tubes such as are used to feed a drop light. Their ends reached to within about a foot of the floor. In order to put the ends in their mouths the sisters must have been compelled to sit partially up until they became unconscious and fell back. Louise was lying on her face, Valerie on her back. Valerie was evidently dead, but the janitor when he threw open a front window thought that Louise moved.

He hurried to the East Fifty-first street police station and an ambulance was summoned. The ambulance doctor said that the women had been dead for some hours.

In addition to the addressed personal letters there was an open sheet of paper lying on the mantel. It was written in German and was addressed:

"Dear friends, if we have any friends, who may find our bodies."

In substance the letter said that the two sisters had had so much misery together that they had determined to die together; that they did not wish to be separated even in death, and begged that they might be buried together in one grave; that if they had been unable to do any good to anybody while in this world they hoped they might be of some service to mankind after death by bequeathing their bodies to some medical institution for dissection. They designated Mount Sinai Hospital to take charge of the bequest in the hope that it might be of sufficient value to give them a decent burial together in one grave. All the other letters were addressed to persons living in Munich and Vienna.

People in the house knew very little about the sisters, save that they were courteous and gentle in their manner and orderly in their life. They worked at gold plating and polishing, they said, and one of them did needlework. The oldest, Louise, was dark and stout; the other, Valerie, was blond, slender and quite good looking. They dressed quietly but well, went away mornings and came back evenings; now and then went out together to the theatre evenings; had at one time a boarder, a man, who occupied one of the spare bedrooms. When he went away they tried to get another boarder, but did not succeed.

In October they defaulted in their rent and the janitor served them with dispossess papers. They finally raised the money and remained. This month they were behind again. They pleaded for time, but it was refused and notice to quit was again served on them. They had a fair supply of very good furniture. Last Friday a van came and carried it all away.

They remained in the empty apartments on Friday night, sleeping on the floor. On Saturday Louise, the elder, asked the janitor if they might stay one more night. He consented and they gave up all their keys save the one that opened the door from the parlor to the entrance hall. They went away together about 7 o'clock on Saturday evening. They seemed to be in good spirits and said they were going to the theatre. They returned at 11:45, went into their empty, cheerless rooms and were not seen alive again.

The bodies were removed to Merritt's undertaking establishment in Eighth avenue. There it was said that they would not go to the Potter's Field for the Merritt concern itself would pay for a decent interment.

Among the papers left in a box in the kitchen were a number of letters addressed to Valerie Suss—the young women's maiden name was Suss—19 Alterstrasse, Vienna. There was also found in the same box a large diploma certifying that Anton Suss—the father—having served and paid dues the requisite number of years, was a veteran and honorary member of the Israelite Benevolent Association.

LOSER OF $3,000 SUSPICIOUS.

Partly Because the Girl Who Was Robbed Refused to See Him.

Henry Rust, the grocer whose savings of $3,025 were supposed to have been stolen in a Sixth avenue department store on Friday from Lillian Eppich, to whom he was engaged to be married, went to Jefferson Market police court yesterday and asked what he could do in the way of proceeding against the woman.

"Why, I thought she lost the money—was robbed," said the Magistrate.

"That's what she says," replied Rust, "but she has told different stories, and last night when I went to the house at 167 West Thirty-seventh street, where she works, she slammed the door in my face."

The Magistrate told Rust that he would have to offer something in the way of evidence before the Court could do anything for him.

OCEAN RATE WAR ENDS.

Cunard and Hamburg-American Lines Reach an Agreement.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

BERLIN, Nov. 13.—A meeting of representatives of the Cunard Steamship Company and Herr Ballin, director of the Hamburg-American Line, resulted in an agreement to-day by which the Hungarian traffic, the Cunard Line consenting, will come into line with its rivals.

An official statement says that the negotiations were concluded subject to the approval of the Hungarian Government to the extent that the Cunard Line will, respecting Continental traffic, join the association of Continental companies. All war measures will be withdrawn from to-day, and the Continental rates will be restored immediately.

WIND BLOWS WOMAN OVER.

Lands Her Unconscious in a Mud Puddle in Long Acre Square.

The wind all yesterday afternoon played havoc with passengers who got on and off the trolley cars at Broadway and Seventh avenue. The vortex of a whirlwind seemed to have its abiding place there, and it did stunts to women's clothing that the Flatiron breeze never dreamed of doing. It blew Miss Emily Trevelyan of Boston right down in a mud puddle and scratched her face badly.

She was just stepping off a Seventh avenue car when the wind caught her. She fell on the tracks behind the car. Her head hit the pavement and she was unconscious for a few minutes. She was carried to a nearby drug store and revived.

The same zephyr took a hat belonging to Miss Trevelyan's escort out of sight and far beyond chasing distance up Broadway.

NEW HAVEN ELECTRIC TRANSIT.

Work to Be Begun To-day—$15,000,000 to Be Spent.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Nov. 13.—The York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company, it was learned to-day, will begin work on Monday on its new proposed six track electric rapid transit system from New Rochelle to Harlem River. The company intends to spend $15,000,000 on improvements.

Property has been purchased east of the tracks at New Rochelle, where a $100,000 station will be erected. Already the work of constructing a subway under the tracks has been begun, so that passengers will be able to reach either station without climbing the steps to the high bridge over the tracks. Three hundred men will be put to work at first in starting the many improvements intended. A corps of engineers, surveyors and contractors who will be in charge of the work have opened offices at New Rochelle.

MRS. C. F. SPRAGUE TO WED.

Widow of the Late Congressman Will Marry Edward Brandgee of Utica.

BOSTON, Nov. 13.—The approaching marriage of Mrs. Charles F. Sprague of Brookline, widow of Congressman Sprague, to Edward Brandgee of Utica, N. Y., just announced, will prove an exceedingly interesting bit of news for society. Mrs. Sprague, who has been for years one of the conspicuous leaders of the social set here, was Miss Mary B. Pratt, and as granddaughter of William F. Weld she inherited a fortune that is said to amount to at least $8,000,000. In addition to that she inherited several millions from her husband, who died in an insane asylum nearly three years ago at the age of 45.

A few years ago the Spragues made a stir by conveying a special train of nine carloads of household furnishings to Washington, at the time Mr. Sprague assumed the duties of Congressman. Mrs. Sprague attracted much public attention also by building a Venetian palace, for which the material was all imported, after it had been announced that Mrs. John L. Gardner intended to have the same sort of luxury.

SHOT BY FRESHMAN.

Wisconsin Student Resents an Attempt to Duck Him for Disloyalty.

MADISON, Wis., Nov. 13.—Walter R. Mason of Brookline, Mass., a freshman in Wisconsin University, shot Arthur Grunert of Chicago, a sophomore student, in the left foot while resisting an attempt to duck him in Lake Mendota last night.

Mason ridiculed the Wisconsin football team while at supper with Grunert and other students, and the latter resented it as an act of disloyalty to the university.

FOR REVOLUTION IN CHINA.

Report That Officers Are Being Recruited Here to Fight the Empress.

TACOMA, Wash., Nov. 13.—American representatives are recruiting throughout the Western States American officers for the Chinese Imperial Reform Army. Seven thousand commissioned officers, it is said, are wanted to officer a modern Chinese reform army of 200,000, which is being organized in southern China for the apparent purpose of overthrowing the Dowager Empress. A large number of officers have already signed and are going to China this winter as individuals. Secrecy has been maintained marvellously, up to date. The movement is known to army officers.

POSED AS TELEPHONE MAN.

Apartment House Thief Gets Away With Valuable Jewelry.

The police of the East Thirty-fifth street station are looking for a man, who, on Friday afternoon last, represented himself as an inspector employed by the New York Telephone Company, and stole some valuable jewelry from an apartment house, at 441 Park avenue.

The man went about in the different rooms examining and cutting wires. While in the rooms of Robert McLean on the first floor, he took a diamond scarf pin, a pair of diamond cuff buttons and some other jewelry of value. He cut wires in other apartments, but didn't get any more jewelry.

SUBWAY OPEN TO 157TH STREET.

Fine Mud Pond to Explore at the Terminus —Nothing More.

Subway cars on the West Side line ran to 157th street yesterday. There was no formal opening of the section from 145th street to the new northern terminal, but in spite of the rain a good many persons made the trip to the end of the line. Then they wished they hadn't. To get from the exit to the downtown entrance they were obliged to wade through a pool of mud three inches deep and the width of the street. That part of Harlem near the new station offered no attraction to any but ducks.

CYCLONE CENTRE

Right Here at 7 P. M.—West and South Cut Off.

TWO STORMS JOIN HERE.

Washington and Chicago Wires Go Down in the Gale and Sleet.

Barometer Lowest for 8 Years—Acre of Snow and Hail of Unknown Width About the City to the Southwest, 10 Inches of Snow at Altoona, Pa., Blizzard at Dover, N. J., 7 Inches of Snow at Chatham, N. Y.—Railroad Telegraph Wires Busted and Trains Taking Their Chances—Even Long Distance Telephone Wires Troubled.

The West Indian cyclone that cut off the city last night from telegraphic communication with the West and South was an infant on Friday when it started out to see and lambaste the world along nearly all the latitudes of America. It turned out to be a prodigy after it was noted by the Weather Bureau sharps off the coast of southern Florida on Saturday morning.

Its oncoming then was indicated to shore folk merely by a "slight depression." This developed in short order into a barometric tumble that meant business. The speed the storm acquired on its track was little short of phenomenal. It swished from the extreme southern point of Florida to Hatteras in twenty-four hours. There was no high pressure in its course to block it, and that is why it was so swift. It whirled from Hatteras to this neighborhood, 400 miles or more, in twelve hours, the centre arriving somewhat east of us about 7 o'clock last night. The barometer of Forecaster Emery at that time recorded 28.68, which is the lowest that New York has seen since Feb. 6, 1896, when it reached the same point.

The gales that the Southern storm drew into it as it passed were not of unwonted cyclonic energy around these parts. The fiercest came when the low pressure storm from the Lake region, finding a kindred spirit in the Southern twirler, mingled with it. The marriage occurred, according to the theory of the local Weather Bureau, within a few miles of this city, and that's what made the barometer fall.

On its unobstructed way here the Western blow tore down wires and cut off our communication with half a continent.

The individual force of the Western storm could not be measured here, because of this merging right in the presence of the 'ometers. But it was a mighty one, and the two as they headed to the eastward are likely to give trouble to skippers in the steamship lane.

The centre of the rumpus was conjectured, at 8 o'clock last night, to be near Block Island, where the gale was blowing seventy-six miles and the barometer had fallen to 28.62. This is very low even for Block Island, which has some records in that line.

On other quadrants of the West Indian storm there probably were fiercer winds than it created here, where the worst blew forty-eight miles from the north at 8 o'clock last night. In the day there were many gusts, probably of greater force, that smashed windows all over town. The first semblance of a snowstorm came when the howlers got together. The blast from the north, entering the rain permeated air, created flurries of big soft flakes that melted as they whirled to earth.

In the face of such startling phenomena as palsied their instruments the local prophets did not care last night to make any conjectures about the weather we may have to-day. The wind showed a westerly tendency at midnight, and if some more abnormal air spirits don't butt in the likelihood is that we will have a clear, cold day, with the temperature close to freezing.

In the afternoon bulletins began to come to the city of fierce winds, heavy snow and hail and blocked railroad traffic. Last night New York sat alone and unable to talk with the rest of the country west and south. Telegraph communication had become crippled in the afternoon. At night the service was cut off completely to the west, and bepond Philadelphia to the south. The Western Union was poking out in all directions trying in vain to make up circuits to work a word around the storm by way of Canada and down into the West. The wires ran into blank space and silence.

The operators testing wires and testing again, trying now one wire and now another, could not tell even where the trouble lay or how wide the band which separated the East from the West was, or exactly what weather conditions existed in that belt. All they could say was that "wires were down"—they might be able to get some "up" again at any time, and they might not. They knew that rain, snow, hail and wind had cut them off, but nothing more. Means of communication with Chicago had dwindled to a single wire, and then early in the evening that wire flickered out. Then points nearer were lost—even Syracuse. The storm reached as far south as Georgia and up through Pennsylvania, cutting off the cities there, and through New York State, not far west, up somewhere into Canada. Beyond this the telegraph people could say nothing.

At midnight the Western Union was still without wires West but had picked up Baltimore to the South. Messages were getting through from Boston, Albany and Philadelphia. Gangs of men were set in motion along all the telegraph routes to begin work at dawn setting up poles blown down and mending broken wires.

Even the long distance telephone wires were affected and no connection could be made with Washington or Baltimore or with Chicago or Western cities. The manager of the long distance telephone company would not admit that the wires were