ANY ONE CAN MAKE MONEY
Who has a good article to sell, and who advertises vigorously and liberally. Advertising is truly the life of trade. All enterprising and judicious advertisers succeed.

The Pittsburg Dispatch.

IT'S A SPLENDID MEDIUM.
WANTS
Of any kind can best be satisfied by advertising in the columns of THE DISPATCH.

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR. PITTSBURG, MONDAY, MARCH 18, 1889. TWO CENTS

A Reproduced Digitized Copy Library of Congress

NEW IS A NEW MAN,

The Indiana Leader Sees the President Alone for Several Hours, and

GOES AWAY VERY HAPPY.

He Can Have the Best of Anything at Harrison's Disposal.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH MISSIONS GONE.

Chauncey M. Depew Slated for the Court of St. James and Whitelaw Reid to Go to Paris—Illinois in the Same Box as Ohio—A Man With Too Many Legs for Office—An Old Consul Who May Be Retained—Wanamaker's Scheme to Avoid Office Seekers Discommodes Some of His Clerks.

Colonel John C. New is reported a happier man than he was when he struck Washington, a few days ago. It is also said that the best of almost anything at the President's disposal is Mr. New's, if he wants it. Two of the best places, though, are reserved. They are the English and French missions, in which positions Chauncy M. Depew and Whitelaw Reid, respectively, are claimed by their friends to be as good as settled.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, March 17.—John C. New went to drive with the President of the United States on Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock, dined with him at 6:30, smoked with him about 7:30 to 10, and then walked over a good portion of the city of Washington with him before he went to bed. Mr. New was so tired by the tramp the President gave him that he did not get up until afte rafter church time this morning, and so failed to keep an engagement he had to accompany the Chief Magistrate to the sanctuary.

Although his legs were tired, Mr. New's mind was as bright as ever, and his friends seldom saw him so good natured as he was to-day. When asked what he and the President talked about during their visit, which lasted from 4 to 12 P. M., he smiled a knowing sort of smile and asserts that they "talked of 'most everything."

Talked Everything But Weather.

"We discussed about everything but the weather," remarked Mr. New, "and we may have talked of that also, for I've forgotten many things that were said."

That the results of the conversation were gratifying to the Indiana leader is very apparent. He isn't the same man that arrived in Washington Friday, although he answers to the same name. He declines to account for the metamorphosis, but his friends are ready to offer plenty of explanations.

At the White House, on Saturday, it was said there had been no attempt or intention on the part of the President to snub or ignore Mr. New, but, on the contrary, he was the one man to whom the President owed his nomination, and he could have anything he wanted. The stories about Mr. New going to Vienna are revived, but when he is asked about them he says:

"I have not asked for any office, I am not a candidate for any office, and I do not know whether the President will tender me any office. If he does, I suppose it will be the one which he thinks will suit me best."

Only Two Things Reserved.

From other sources it is learned that Mr. New can have the Russian mission, or the Austrian mission, or the Consul Generalship to London, or any other foreign appointment except the English missson, which has been tendered to Chauncey Depew, or the French mission, which Mr. Whitelaw Reid is supposed to have under consideration.

The Kansas delegation on Saturday presented Congressman Ryan, of that State, as a good man to be sent as Minister to Chili, and both Senators Ingalls and Plumb made eloquent addresses in his behalf to the President.

The merchants who have business with Venezuela have asked that Winfield Scott Bird, who has been Consul at Laguayra for ten years, be made Minister. Bird is a native of Alabama, was a Union man during the war, and is a gentleman of excellent qualifications. At the State Department his standing is so high that Mr. Bayard refused to remove him, and once said that he considered it his duty to keep such men as Mr. Bird in the service, no matter what their political convictions were.

A Poor Show for Illinois.

Senators Cullom and Farwell made a final appeal in behalf of Asa Matthews for the Commissionership of Internal Revenue, and General James Martin for the Commissionership of Pensions, Saturday, but didn't get any encouragement. The President indicated very plainly that Mr. Mason, of West Virginia, was to get the former place, and Corporal Tanner, of Brooklyn, the latter.

Senator Farwell asked in his blunt way what Illinois was going to get. The President replied that he would try to do something for the patriots of that State, but could not tell exactly what.

"If you will indicate some office that you will give us," said Mr. Farwell, "we will find a good man for it. If you think we are not entitled to anything, just say so, and we will go home and not bother you any more."

When the President suggested that he thought a maimed soldier should be given the pension office, Farwell remarked: "Then General Martin cannot get the office, because he has too many legs." The President smiled, but made no reply.

One of the Liveliest Contests.

There is quite a lively contest over the Controllership of the Currency. Mr. Charles E. Coon, who was formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and came near getting that office again, is indorsed by Vice President Morton; Hugh Young, of Pennsylvania, by Senators Quay and Cameron, and ex-Representative Richard C. Parsons by the Ohio men. A new candidate, however, has come up in the person of David E. Sickels, of New York, who is Treasurer of the American Security Company, the institution of which the present Controller, Trenholm, is to be President, as soon as his successor is appointed. The New York banks, however, are opposing Sickels because of business rivalry, and are likely to prevent his appointment.

The official term of Postmaster Pierson, of New York, expires on the 2d of April, and his successor will be named at the present session of the Senate. As in other New York appointments, the President has begged the two factions of the party to unite upon some man, but so far they have shown no disposition to do so.

Getting Rather Monotonous.

The Miller men say that they will not suggest a candidate unless they are asked to, because none of their recommendations have been adopted so far, and they do not care to subject their friends to the humiliation of being set aside. "If the President will invite Mr. Miller to select the man," said a well-known adherent of that faction to-day, "he will suggest a good one, but he does not propose to enter into competition for the office."

It is the understanding among the Western men to-day that Chilcott, of Colorado, will be appointed Commissioner of the General Land Office to-morrow, and Stone, of Iowa, Assistant Commissioner.

The clerks and doorkeepers at the Postoffice Department are considerably exercised over the fact that Mr. Wanamaker appears at his office about 8 o'clock in the morning, instead of the hour his predecessors have usually made their appearance. Mr. Wanamaker has ordered that his room be made ready for him before 8, so that he can get in an hour's work before the office-seekers begin to arrive.

One Confederate for Another.

General Longstreet is said to be booked for the office of Commissioner of Railroads, now held by General Joe Johnston, his fellow Confederate. It is said that when General Sherman went to the President to ask that Johnston be retained, the President asked him whether it wouldn't be just as well to put Longtreet there. Other reports put Longstreet in the office of Register of the Treasury, now held by General Rosecrans.

No new Pennsylvania office seekers have turned up within a day or two, but the old ones keep the Congressmen from Pennsylvania moving quite lively to count the procession. Senator Quay's visitors are not confined to Pennsylvania, as he is esteemed national property, on account of his part in the campaign. On Friday his callers numbered nearly 400, and they wore him out. He had some rest yesterday, as it was published that he was out of the city, but he found time to slip over to the White House, to speak another good word for Donath, for Public Printer. What with the immunity of yesterday and to-day, he is quite well rested.

FOOLED BY FOLLETT.

An Absconder Arrested, but He Bluffs the Detectives—He is Released and Strikes Out for Other Climes.

ST. PAUL, MINN., March 17.—A man was arrested at Helena, Mont., March 5, on strong suspicion of being Lyman D. Follett, ex-Judge of Probate of Kent county, Michigan. Judge Follett was one of the most prominent Democrats of Grand Rapids. He was Probate Judge of Kent county until April of last year, when he created a great sensation by decamping, taking with him money to the tune of $40,000, which was in his keeping as Judge of Probate. He also borrowed large sums from every one around town and forged the name of the present Judge to a check. He falsified records and deeds in the most elaborate manner, and after his departure a reward of $1,000 was offered for his capture. He was traced to New York, but eluded the detectives there, and went to New Orleans, taking a steamer there for Honduras, where he worked for the I. M. Western Syndicate. After a while he was lost sight of.

Some time ago a man in Helena, Mont., aroused the suspicions of the detectives there by his striking resemblance to Judge Follett. He was arrested and a picture sent to Grand Rapids was recognized by his wife. The Sheriff went to Helena after him, but so well did the prisoner act that he was released as remarkably like, but not Judge Follett. He made tracks for the coast as fast as possible, thinking he would be safer in a country where he would not be worth $1,000.

A private dispatch received in St Paul last night from Tacoma, W. T., states that the fugitive sailed from there yesterday on a ship lumber laden for Sydney, N. S. W., and that he confessed to the pilot before the latter departed that his real name was Follett.

OPIUM SMUGGLERS AT WORK.

A San Francisco Vessel Seized by the Customs Officers.

PORT TOWNSEND, WASH. T., March 17.—The Walla Walla, of San Francisco, was seized by customs officers for omitting proper entries of freight on inward manifest. She took four barrels, supposed to contain sauer kraut, which were taken through to Tacoma without being entered on the customs record. The freight list at Tacoma indicated that the barrels came from San Francisco, consigned to Ellenburg. Shortly afterward the barrels were seized by customs officers and found to contain opium valued at nearly $10,000. The barrels were put aboard the steamer at Victoria and secretly taken through to Tacoma. The penalty for false entry is $1,000.

The steamer was en route to Vancouver when she was seized to-day. Last evening the officers furnished $5,000 bail for appearance Monday for trial. The officials claim they can prove conspiracy, and will cause the steamer a great deal of trouble for bringing opium into the country. The ship officers disclaim all knowledge of the shipment of the barrels. The Tacoma customs officers worked the case up, and think that many hundred thousand dollars' worth of opium has been smuggled in this manner.

CRUDE PETROLEUM AS FUEL.

Brooklyn Elevated Railroads Experimenting for Economy and Cleanliness.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, March 17.—The Brooklyn Elevated and Union Elevated roads of Brooklyn are experimenting with crude petroleum as fuel, and it is said that they will come to a conclusion within the next ten days, either to push the experiments further or abandon them. The petroleum is stored in the tender, and is fed to the fire by a small pipe that throws a continuous spray of the fluid, combined with air.

"We are watching the experiment very closely," said President Frederick Uhlmann, of the Union road, to a reporter, "for if it proves successful we shall adopt it on both our roads. There has been plenty of talk about substituting petroleum for coal as fuel on locomotive engines, but I have never known it to be used successfully, except in Russia. It is used on all the railways there. The expense of railways in great cities in the matter of ashes alone is very large, and specially so when they are elevated roads. In addition to this the dirt and dust caused by the use of coal is a nuisance. The use of crude petroleum would reduce the cost for fuel about one-third."

A LITTLE TOO FAST.

A United States Marshal Kidnaps a Hollander Wanted in His Native Land for Theft — Secretary of State Blaine Will Interfere.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

GRAND RAPIDS, March 17.—The kidnapping of E. C. Plugge, a Hollander, from this city last week by a Deputy United States Marshal of New York, promises to extend to diplomatic circles and to be the basis of international controversy. Plugge was formerly a jeweler in a small town in the Netherlands and came here about a year ago with his wife and nine children, the oldest being 15 years of age. After his departure, what is alleged to have been a forgery was discovered, by which a loan association was defrauded of 500 guilders. He was indicted and cited to appear, but, being in the United States, he paid no attention to the summons, and the Holland Court, following the custom of the country, solemnly pronounced him guilty and sentenced him to imprisonment for ten years. His absence did not seem to make any difference with his conviction and sentence.

The old country officers sent the legal documents to officers in New York with the instructions to send the man back, and giving directions where he would be found. The New York deputy came to this city, captured his man, and then without giving the prisoner any chance to consult his attorney or taking him into the Federal courts here for examination, hustled him into a carriage, drove several miles into the country, boarded a train, and when next heard from was in New York and the prisoner was locked up in the Ludlow street jail awaiting examination before the final extradition to Holland. Plugge, upon reaching New York, telegraphed his family and attorney, and the attorney went to his rescue.

Plugge was taken away so suddenly that he didn't have an opportunity to bid farewell to his family nor even change his clothing. He had taken out his first papers preliminary to becoming an American citizen, and it is claimed he is entitled to the protection of this country. Secretary of State Blaine has been asked to interfere in his behalf. The family that Plugge left behind him is in destitute circumstances, one girl and two boys earning small wages by working in the factories.

BATTLE WITH A BURGLAR IN A BARN.

Desperate Encounter With a Fellow Looking for a Place to Sleep.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, March 17.—James Barnes, fireman in the Staten Island Dye Works at West Brighton, lives in Richmond street, Brighton. Early this morning, while looking out of his bedroom window, he saw a light in his barn. Without waiting to dress he went out to the barn and discovered a man inside, carrying a light. Barnes ran back to the house and told his wife there was a burglar in his barn, and she telephoned for the police. He then returned to the barn, and as he entered he grappled with the burglar. The burglar hit the muzzle of a pistol against Barnes' head. Barnes pushed the weapon aside as it was discharged, and the shot did not take effect. The burglar fired a second shot, which entered Barnes' left leg, near the thigh. The pistol ball, which was of 38 caliber, passed entirely through the leg.

Barnes, who is very strong, held his assailant, and had him firmly grasped by the throat when Police Inspector Cobb arrived, with one of his men. Barnes was bleeding profusely from the wound, and was growing somewhat weak from loss of blood. When the burglar heard the police coming he tossed the revolver over the fence into the next yard. The prisoner is Joseph D. Decker, aged 18, of West Brighton. He said he did not dare to go home, and was looking for a place to sleep.

Some months ago Decker and some companions broke into an unoccupied house in West Brighton, owned by Dr. Clark, and stole a large quantity of lead pipe, which they sold to a junk man. Decker was arrested for this and was fined $50.

AUSTRALIA ANGRY TOO.

The Independence of the Samoan Islands Must be Preserved.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 17.—Frank McCoppin, United States Commissioner to the Melbourne Exposition, writing from Sydney, Australia, under date of February 7, says that public opinion has been aroused there by the conduct of Germany toward Samoa, and that the Federal Council, sitting in Hobart, Tasmania, has adopted an address to Queen Victoria, in which they say:

We view with deep anxiety the course of events in Samoa, and favor the maintenance of the treaties, and the making of new ones if necessary, guaranteeing the independence of Samoa. We regard the dominion in the South Pacific by foreign power as dangerous to the safety of Australia. If England continues her double-dealing policy in regard to these islands, she will soon have to face her angry colonies, who are in full accord with the United States in desiring to preserve their independence.

GOT ASHAMED AND DIED.

Sudden Decease of the Associate of Swindler Alfred Post.

CHICAGO, March 17.—Sudden death last night overtook James D. Hayes, the coworker with Alfred Post in the big swindle known as the Western Freight Claim Bureau, which was exposed during the past week. Heart disease, brought on by shame at the scandal and by excitement over Post's flight, are supposed to be the causes of Hayes' demise. The dead man was a handsome, popular fellow, formerly connected with the Pennsylvania and Grand Trunk roads.

He has been extremely depressed and nervous and was under medical treatment in his apartments at the Beauvivage Hotel. It was thought he had been improving, when a collapse came while he was alone. Friends claim that Hayes was entirely honest, and that Post used him as a stool pigeon.

ANN ODELIA ON THE STAGE.

The Spook Priestess Will Produce Spirit Pictures Behind the Footlights.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, March 17.—Hermann, the magician, announces that he has engaged Ann Odelia Salomon, the spook priestess, to appear with his company on April 15 at the Grand Opera House when he appears there.

Her performance will consist of a special act, in the course of which she will, in the glare of the footlights, produce "spirit pictures" and do other sleight of hand phenomena.

A MASSACHUSETTS ZEPHYR.

The Wind Blowing Fifty Miles an Hour and the Waves Running High.

HIGHLAND LIGHT, MASS., March 17.—The northeast gale, almost equaling in violence and duration the blizzard of March last year, shows no signs of abating to-night. The wind at times reaches a velocity of 50 miles an hour, driving the sea against the cliffs along the entire coast.

The threatening weather previous to the storm gave coastwise vessels a chance to make a harbor. No disaster is thus far reported.

A HOMICIDE'S DOUBLE

The Followers of the Tascott Trail Meet With Disappointment.

THEIR MAN WAS SOMEBODY ELSE.

After a Hard Chase of 8,000 Miles They Meet the Suspected Youth.

HE IS THE MURDERER'S COUNTERPART,

But Easily Proves That They Are Mistaken, and is Left Undisturbed.

The murderer of Millionaire Snell, of Chicago, is still at large. Those who have sworn to hunt him down have just gone through an experience they could never forget. They followed what looked like excellent clews for 8,000 miles, and finally caught up with the party they were trailing, but it wasn't Tascott, though near enough like him to pass as his brother.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

CHICAGO, March 17.—A. J. Stone, Alderman Badenoch, and the two detectives who have been chasing a boy whom they supposed to be Tascott, the alleged murderer of Millionaire Snell, returned home, to-night, empty handed. During the three weeks they were away from town they traveled 8,000 miles. They first visited Rat Portage, where the supposed Tascott was said to be working. When they got there they found that the young man had gone to California. The search then extended to the coast, the detectives visiting Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland and San Francisco.

After a terrible chase, which often led them through great snow-fields, they finally overtook the object of their search. He proved to be the son of wealthy and prominent people in Southern California. He bore a striking resemblance to the missing murderer. Mr. Stone is greatly discouraged, and is about ready to believe that Tascott will never be found alive, though not yet entirely despondent.

STONE TELLS HIS STORY.

Mr. Stone talked quite freely, but remarked with significance: "It must be understood that I choose to reserve names, for various reasons, some bearing upon the future.

"About a month ago," said Mr. Stone, "I received from a law firm in Minneapolis a letter stating that they had a client, a resident of Winnipeg, who had some authoritative information as to what he believed to be Tascott's whereabouts. My inquiries following showed the suspect's description tallied more closely with that of Tascott than any I had yet seen. The young man was said to be employed in a tieing camp near Rat Portage, a town on the Canadian Pacific, 250 miles east of Winnipeg. I left Chicago with four others, including Badenock, and three weeks ago to-night we went to Minneapolis, thence to Winnipeg, and thence to the tieing camp.

THE BIRD HAD FLOWN.

"We arrived there to find that a young man, such as described, had worked there until a week before. He had some time prior received a postal card from a friend, a young man in Rat Portage, stating that there was a draft there from his father, who lived in a certain town in Southern California. The contractor had held back the card for two or three weeks until the young man had worked out a debt. Upon receiving the card the young man left at once.

"We then bore down upon Rat Portage, only to learn that both young fellows had gone to another tieing camp, where we again arrived to learn that they had moved into Winnipeg, saying that the first young fellow's father, in Southern California, was dying, and they would hasten to his bedside. Now, we obtained some of the suspect's writing in the first tieing camp, and it was

TASCOTT'S OWN HAND.

in fac simile. We hurried to Winnipeg, and there at the bank added the suspect's signature to our stock of evidence. It seemed certain that Tascott had written that name, and no doubt remained in our minds that we were on the right track at last. Out of Winnipeg we ran the scent to a certain nameless town in the northwest territory, near the American line. Thence we pursued it hot to Vancouver, and thence by boat to Seattle. The next jump brought us to Tacoma, and there the trail had separated.

"Our man," continued Mr. Stone, "went to Portland by rail, and his companion shipped for San Franscisco, and we reached it a week late. It seemed probable then that the town in Southern California whence the draft issued was their destination, thither I posted my companions. Suspecting that this feature might be a ruse, I remained to watch the China-bound steamer of that week and saw her put forth without Tascott.

WAS TASCOTT'S DOUBLE.

"A telegram reached us that our man was caught in the Southern California town, and was in custody. I hastened thither. One glance at the prisoner sent my heart into my boots. He was not Tascott, though he resembled him in many points. He was a young fellow of good family, and we released him without the satisfaction of knowing for whom he was suspected.

"It was the disappointment of my life," said Mr. Stone. "We were all sure that if we found the man who signed the Winnipeg draft, whose description we had, and upon whose trail we then were, that we would have Tascott. We avoided everybody, taking no one into our confidence. We consulted none of the authorities in the numerous places we visited, and left all we encountered in a state of mystification. We were given a number of hints that Manitoba was a good refuge for 'boodlers,' and so it is for any man in hiding. Such a trackless waste of mountains, forests, lakes and big rivers it would be hard to find. I will not say that I think Tascott is in that country, but he may be. I have other clews of which I am hopeful."

OLD NEPTUNE ON A HIGH.

The Waves Dash Upon the Jersey Coast and Do a Large Amount of Damage.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

ASBURY PARK, N. J., March 17.—The high tides of last night and this morning did considerable damage along this part of the coast. A number of cottages were undermined and boardwalks and telegraph poles washed away. The railroad on Long Branch, between Barnegat City and Beach Haven was washed out. The railroad tracks from Absecom to Atlantic City were under water and no trains could cross. The railroad from Atlantic City to Egg Harbor inlet is broken up and trains cannot run. The railroad from Ocean City to the mainland was under water, as was the railroad from Sea Isle to Avelon. The latter must be repaired before it can be used. Traveling from house to house by boat was the only possible way of getting around. The railroad track from Sewells Point to Cape May was entirely under water and the beach front is so badly washed that the driveway is destroyed.

WOES OF A WIDOW.

She Wants $50,000 to Plaster Her Bleeding Heart—An Ex-United States Senator Accused of Inflicting the Injury.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

WAUKESHA, WIS., March 17.—Ex-United States Senator John P. Patterson married Mildred Franks, at Waterville, a year and a half ago. Patterson is a relative of James G. Blaine. The outlook for Mr. and Mrs. John Patterson was the brightest, but a cloud has appeared in the form of a suit by Mrs. Mary R. Fleming, of Philadelphia, who seeks to recover $50,000 damages from Senator Patterson for alleged breach of promise.

Mrs. Fleming is a widow, and claims that at the time of the quiet wedding over in Waterville the Senator was betrothed to her. Mrs. Fleming says that about November, 1885, Senator Patterson asked her to be his bride. At numerous times until June, 1887, he treated her affectionately, and wrote her several letters. He then ceased to correspond with her. He had, she said, asked her frequently to become his wife, and fixed the day for their marriage, and as many times he had himself postponed it. In preparing for the nuptials, Widow Fleming says she expended large sums of money. The Senator's wife is the daughter of Edwin G. Franks, a well-known Chicago Board of Trade man. Senator Patterson first saw Milly Franks in Washington. He was struck with her beauty and brilliancy, and afterward, when he came to Waukesha or became a visitor at Oconomowoc during the heated seasons, renewed the acquaintance. Senator Patterson and Miss Franks were married on November 2, 1887, in Waterville, and now live in Mifflintown, Pa.

MARY ANDERSON WORSE.

Her Physician Will Neither Affirm Nor Deny That Her Mind is Impaired.

PHILADELPHIA, March 17.—The condition of Miss Mary Anderson, the actress, is reported late to-night to be somewhat worse. All her engagements for the season have been cancelled and her English company of 56 people disbanded.

A rumor to the effect that Miss Anderson is insane gained circulation to-day. Dr. Sweir Mitchell, under whose care the lady has been since her arrival here, when requested to-night to affirm or deny this rumor, positively refused to say anything about his patient's condition.

Mr. Jos. Anderson, her brother, pronounced the story absurd, and said: "Miss Anderson's condition is improved, and no impairment of her health is feared."

It is known that Dr. Mitchell has ordered that his patient must remain where she is for two months. At the end of that time, he says, unless some set-back occurs, she will be able to go to Europe, there to recuperate. Orders have been given by the doctors to positively exclude all persons from Miss Anderson's room, with the exception of her maid and the professional nurse in attendance upon her.

FATAL QUARREL AMONG SOLDIERS.

Three Privates at Fort Niagara Enliven the Place for Awhile.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

LOCKPORT, N. Y., March 17.—A fatal quarrel occurred at Fort Niagara yesterday afternoon. Privates Mokley, Lynch and Rhattigan were together on a spree. Lynch and Rhattigan quarreled and assaulted each other. Mokley tried to part them, and in the struggle was badly cut in the abdomen with a pocket-knife, which Lynch had drawn. Lynch fled to Canada. The post surgeon says that Mokley cannot live.

There are two companies of the Eleventh stationed at the fort, and they do not like the place. It is convenient to Canada, and desertions are only too numerous. There were six left last week, and no intelligence of them has been received. They slip across the river at night. The men say the discipline is too strict. The post is in charge of Major Page.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

Meetings in Honor of St. Patrick and to Swell the Parnell Fund.

NEW YORK, March 17.—Two public meetings were held to-night in honor of St. Patrick's Day—the proceeds of which are to go to the Parnell defense fund. One was held at Steinway Hall, and was under the auspices of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and the other at the Academy of Music, under the auspices of the Sons of St. Patrick. Both brought forth large audiences.

Hon. Charles A. Dana presided at the Steinway Hall meeting. He asked those present to remember that they were there not only to celebrate the day of Ireland's patron saint, but also the victory of Mr. Parnell and the Irish cause. Letters of regret were read from Samuel J. Randall, Governor Hill and T. V. Powderly.

Hon. S. S. Cox was the orator at the Academy of Music meetiug. Resolutions were adopted sending greeting to Parnell and his colleagues.

WET AND DRY.

Many Thirsty Men in Omaha, Notwithstanding the Rain.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

OMAHA, March 17.—Although the rain poured down steadily nearly all day, this was the driest Sunday Omaha ever saw. Not a saloon in the city was open. Even side and back doors were religiously closed. Mayor Broatch's order was observed to the letter, and although the saloon men protested vigorously orally, they did not dare disobey.

The reason for this was that on Friday the Legislature passed a bill amending the city charter, placing the licensing of saloon in the hands of the Fire and Police Commission, thus taking the matter entirely out of politics, as this board is appointed by the Governor of the State. Only three arrests for drunkenness were made during the day, against an average of 30 on the other Sundays of the year.

ATTAINED ITS MAJORITY.

The Sorosis Club Celebrates Its Twenty-First Anniversary.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, March 17.—To-day was the twenty-first anniversary of the organization of Sorosis, and Mrs. J. C. Crosby, the founder of the club, gave an informal reception from 8 to 11 last night, at her residence, 148 East Forty-sixth street, to the delegates from the various women's clubs from all over the country, who have come here to meet the members of Sorosis in a parliament of women. Mrs. Crosby was assisted in receiving by Mrs. H. Louise Thomas and Mrs. Ella Dietz Clymer, the outgoing and incoming Presidents of Sorosis.

THE WEAVERS STILL OUT.

No Appreciable Change in the Situation of the Strike.

FALL RIVER, March 17.—There is no change in the situation of the strike. Every mill will be entirely shut down to-morrow, as many operators desire to participate in the St. Patrick's Day celebration. Most of the mills will resume again Tuesday morning, although some will not start up until the weavers are ready to return to work.

It is expected that Tuesday will be the most critical day in the strike. If the weavers can hold together that day the struggle is likely to be prolonged.

WANAMAKER'S WORK

Isn't Nearly Done When Saturday Night Darkens His Department.

SUNDAY IS QUITE A BUSY DAY,

For He Goes Over to Philadelphia Regularly and Puts in the Day

CONDUCTING HIS OWN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Crowds Gather to Look on at the Postmaster General's Labor of Love.

Postmaster General Wanamaker's famous Philadelphia Sunday school, among its hundreds of visitors yesterday had a correspondent of THE DISPATCH, who telegraphed a full account of the proceedings. From it will be seen that the new Postmaster General works about as hard on the Sabbath as he does during the week, and yet avoids the office seekers.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

PHILADELPHIA, March 17.—You must go early to get a seat at Postmaster General Wanamaker's Sunday school nowadays. The place was jammed to the doors to-day. At 2:30, and not a second later, when the orchestra was just in the middle of a pretty bit of comic opera with a rattling jingle to it, Mr. Wanamaker stepped upon the stage. The people in the visitors' gallery craned their necks and a little buzz went around, but the regular attendants gave no sign of interest and the fiddlers never quavered a note in their operatic selection.

When it was done the Postmaster General tapped a little bell twice, and stood still looking over the school. He looked like the pictures of Thomas A. Edison. He wore an old-fashioned frock suit of plain black, with a turn-down collar and a little black tie. His straight, dark hair, with its irregular shading of gray was licked down flat to his head, but the heavy front lock had broken loose from the rest and fallen over his forehead, leaving a wide gap between itself and the rest of the hair.

THE REAL MUSIC STRIKES UP.

After he had swept one of his grim glances over the school, the Postmaster General made a signal to the organist, who played a little overture. Mr. Sweeney, and the full band joined in, Mr. Sweeney leading, with a folded paper for a baton. Each scholar had a little pamphlet containing the order of exercises for the day, and from it they began to sing to the accompaniment of the orchestra. All together they sang:

Onward, onward, onward Christian soldier,
Marching, marching, marching as to war.

The gallery full of girls on the right sang sweetly: "With the Cross of Jesus," and the infant class under the gallery came in with a queer little "With the cross of Jesus." Altogether they shouted: "With the cross of Jesus going on before." Then the gallery of girls went it alone again: "Christ, the royal master, leads against the foe," and the whole chimed in, "Forward to battle, see His banners go."

VOCAL BATTLEDORE.

Then a gallery of boys on the left repeated the strain the girls had sung, and so it went, back and forth, and altogether a sort of vocal battledore and shuttlecock, with every once in a while the infants under the gallery singing a line feebly all by themselves. It was very pretty and excellently done, and the Postmaster General seemed to like it, for he smiled as he leaned upon the desk, singing with the rest, and occasionally helping the leader beat time.

After a few minutes more of responsive singing and recitations the Postmaster General asked each section in turn who had brought Bibles with them. Everyone who had one held up the book, and the Postmaster General seemed pleased again. There was a baby in its mother's arms in one of the galleries, and it held up a book, too. "Why, even the baby up there has its Bible," exclaimed the Postmaster General, and added, "Bless its little heart," whereat the mother blushed rosily and petted the infant and fussed over it until it was ready to cry.

LESSON OF THE DAY.

The place of the day's lesson was then given by the school, and its subject, "Christ's Love For the Young." "Christ's love," repeated the Postmaster General, "for the old—no; he loves us all, but especially the young." Then the Golden Text, "Suffer Little Children," was recited, and the Postmaster General exclaimed: "That's our text. Once doesn't seem enough for such a good one, say it again," and the school said it again.

The school then rising at the tap of the Postmaster General's bell, read in concert the Scripture for the day and sang, "There is a green hill far away." When this was done the Postmaster General prayed. Then a collection was ordered. To the jingle of dimes and pennies the Postmaster General read a lot of notices of meetings during the week. There was some talking and confusion in the school, and he stopped suddenly and clapped his hands twice. The school was silent.

"Some housekeepers can't bear a speck of dirt about," he said, "and I cannot bear a speck of noise." Then he went on. A notice of a sale for the benefit of a seaside home was unusually long and detailed.

"There, don't say I didn't give that a good notice," said the Postmaster General, as he ended it.

A CLASS OF A THOUSAND.

When he had finished the notices the Postmaster General tapped his bell, the curtains of the stage fell together, curtains dropped before classrooms, sliding partitions slipped into place, and the audience in the visitors' gallery was on its feet to go, the classes were at work. Even sooner the Postmaster General had slipped out and across an open space to the main church building. Several hundred people were there awaiting him, and hundreds more followed him. A thousand people joined in the opening hymn of the "Superintendent's Bible class."

"I think one of the pleasantest things that has happened to me during the past two weeks," he said, "was my being introduced to Lew Wallace, the author of 'Ben Hur.' I am very grateful to the man who introduced me; I wish you all could know the man who wrote that wonderful book, with its marvelous insight in the character of the church."

Then he switched off to the lesson, and expounded it in detail. The clock in the steeple struck 4, and the Postmaster General stopped short and dismissed the class. He slipped back to the Sunday school again, several hundred of the class following him, and was at the desk by the time the classrooms were thrown together again.

TALK THAT WAS TEDIOUS.

After a song he introduced an old man, who talked tediously for 15 minutes, and then the Postmaster General talked for five minutes, and especially for the boys, about the young man whom Christ told to give up all and follow Him, and who did not do it. He told them of the beautiful land in the West just bought of the Indians, and of the thousands of settler who stood on the borders of Kansas ready to hurry in and possess the land as soon as the President made a proclamation.

"God has a land open for you," he said, "and His proclamation has been made. All you have to do is to take possession of it. The settlers who go to Oklahoma must make it their home or they can't have the land. So must you make your house upon the land of the word of God, and that's all you have to do to possess it."

The Sunday school was dismissed after this, with a song and a half-benediction, half-prayer by the Postmaster General, and the "20-minute meeting" was at once begun. This is supposed to be for teachers, but many strangers stayed, and there were 500 present in all. It was like a Methodist experience meeting. The Assistant Superintendent presided. It ended with a talk by the Postmaster General about teaching.

BUTCHERED LIKE SHEEP.

The Way Prisoners of War Are Treated in Hayti—Twelve Shot Down in Cold Blood on a Public Square—Spies at Work.

NEW YORK, March 17.—The steamer Caroline Miller arrived here last night with news from Cape Haytien. Captain Miller said that 12 of Legitime's soldiers, who had been taken prisoners by Hippolyte, were shot in the public square at Cape Haytien the day before the steamer left. The unfortunate wretches had been prisoners for some months. Sympathizers with Legitime had endeavored to get the men released, and Hippolyte had become distrustful of many of his officers.

He therefore had them put to death. Captain Miller said that Cape Haytien was filled with Legitime's spies. According to one of the officers of the Caroline Miller a transport about the size of an ordinary tug was permanently engaged carrying arms to Cape Haytien, for the use of Hippolyte's men.

The United States steamship Galena was anchored at Cape Haytien when the Miller left.

PREACHER FULTON IS BARRED

From a Richmond White Church for Talking to Negroes.

RICHMOND, March 17.—Rev. Justin D. Fulton, of Brooklyn, N. Y., last night addressed an audience in the First African Baptist church. Among other things, he said:

Let the black man go to work and make money and he will be recognized. Let a black man have money and he can buy railroads in Georgia and in other States where the negro is not allowed equal privileges with whites, and the former can say to the latter: "Now, if you don't behave yourself I will put you off my train."

He desired that all the colored people have nice homes and nice wives and clean children, so that when he came to Richmond again to speak to them he could stop at their homes. On concluding he announced that he would preach at the First Baptist Church (white), to-morrow night by invitation. The deacons of this church met today after reading the doctor's remarks, and unanimously decided that the church would not be open to him to-morrow.

FAILURE OF A LUMBER FIRM.

An Extensive St. Louis Concern Makes a General Assignment.

ST. LOUIS, March 17.—Methudy & Myer, the well-known lumber merchants, filed a general assignment this afternoon to Fred A. Wislizenus, for the benefit of their creditors. Their assets are placed at $248,500 and the amount of their liabilities is not given.

The firm is one of the oldest lumber firms in the city and Mr. Leopold Methudy has been prominently connected with a number of public movements. He was President of the North American Saengerbund Association last year. The members of the firm are Leopold Methudy, George C. Meyer and Harold Tittman.

WARNED BY WHITE CAPS.

A Colored Policeman Notified to Look Out for a Dangling Noose.

PHILADELPHIA, March 17.—Colored Policeman Robert Smith, Nineteenth district, who unearthed a policy shop in the Twenty-ninth ward on Friday, has received a "White Cap" notice to the effect that as he had started on the warpath again he had better be careful, because a noose was ready for him.

The letter is signed "Order 1972," and on the bottom is a crudely-drawn picture of a man in a coffin.

TRACEY'S IDEA OF A NAVY.

The New Secretary Makes a Speech at a Brooklyn Dinner.

NEW YORK, March 17.—The Hamilton Club, of Brooklyn, gave a dinner to Secretary of the Navy Tracey to-night. Two hundred and fifty persons were present and Justice William Bartlett presided. Ex-Secretary Whitney sent a letter of regret. General Tracey, in his remarks, spoke of the importance and necessity of a navy, and said the navy yards should not be made an asylum for worthless mechanics.

ONE HUNDRED FRENCHMEN

Reported to Have Been Killed in a Chinese Uprising.

HAMBURG, March 17.—A dispatch from Tien Tsin to the Hamburg *Correspondent* says it is reported there that natives have risen on the Kwang-Si frontier, and that they have destroyed ten blockhouses and killed 100 Frenchmen.

AN EXTRA SESSION SURE.

The Governor Will Call the West Virginia Legislature Together.

CHARLESTON, W. VA., March 17.—Governor Wilson decided to-day to call an extraordinary session of the Legislature about June 1 next, to settle the Gubernatorial muddle and to act on certain other legislation.

A Little Stag Party.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, March 17.—Ex-President Cleveland will start on his pleasure trip to Cuba at 10 o'clock this morning. Ex-Postmaster General Don M. Dickinson and ex-Secretary William F. Vilas, who, with ex-Secretary Bayard, are to be Mr. Cleveland's companions on the trip, arrived at the Victoria Hotel last night. Mr. Fairchild is also at the Brevoort, and may go along.

They Respect George W.

NEW YORK, March 17.—Representatives of 65 German societies met to-night and decided to take part in the Washington Inauguration Centennial in this city. Hon. Carl W. Schurz presided. The Chairman appointed a committee of 50 to perfect arrang