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A R Spofford 10 July 91
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FORTY-SIXTH YEAR. PITTSBURG, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1891—TWELVE PAGES. ONE CENTS.

A COMPROMISE NOW

In the Club League Fight That Will Shut Out Dalzell and Robinson.

LEADERS COME TOGETHER,

With a Determination to Stop the Bitter War of Contending Republican Factions.

EDITOR ROGERS, OF SMETHPORT,

Settled on by the Peace Guardians for President of the League, in the Interest of Harmony.

TWO OTHER AVAILABLE CANDIDATES.

Quay, Cooper and Leeds Raise a Strong Voice of Protest Against the Strife Within the Republican Fold.

THEY BRAND IT AS DOWNRIGHT NONSENSE

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

PHILADELPHIA, July 17.—The contest for the Presidency of the State League of Republican Clubs has attained such acrimonious and bitter proportions as to call for the stern intervention of the leaders, and this new point on assumed shape to-day in the form of an agreement to introduce a compromise candidate in the field at an early day. The compromise feature is the outcome of a secret conference held at the rooms of the Young Men's Republican Club late Thursday night, and the suggestion to wipe out differences and harsh feeling by the formal retirement of Dalzell and Robinson is credited to Mayor Stuart, whose interest in the success of the League has been paramount to any personal concern he may have in the premises.

The Mayor has no desire to retire from the President's chair with a divided league as a legacy to the new management, and he is earnestly urging upon the factions the duty of getting together. As the factions just as earnestly refused to do that, but grew more contrary every day, only one course appeared open to a settlement, and that course is the avenue to compromise.

Quay, Leeds and Cooper Talk.

During the conference Collector Cooper expressed some terse and vigorous opinions on the subject. Marshall Leeds, in an unusually direct way for Leeds, hammered out a lot of orthodox logic on the "child's play," as he called it, and word was received from Senator Quay defining the squabble as nonsense.

The compromise candidate is Lucius Rogers, editor of the Smethport *Miner* and at present Treasurer of McKean county. Rogers, it is argued, is sufficiently Western to suit the angry Dalzell hosts in the Allegheny districts, and just sufficiently out of the Robinson country to suit the Eastern division. He is by no means young in years—somewhere between 50 and 60—and his quiet, conservative notions eminently equip him for duty as a political harmonizer. He has had some executive training also, having been "the member from McKean" back in 1872, and since then Clerk of the Senate. In the peculiar atmosphere that surrounds the McKean school of politics, with lots of independent tactics and Emery pyrotechnics thrown in as counter attractions, Rogers has never wavered as to his duty.

A Good Emergency Man.

Rogers is a stalwart Republican, and as an emergency man the conference for harmony believes there is none like him. Two other names had consideration by the harmony conference workers. If Rogers should decide not to yield to the committee appointed to talk over the new scheme with him, then Henry Clay McCormick or Emerson Collins is to be consulted. Clay McCormick is the ex-Congressman of the Sixteenth district, whom Millionaire Hopkins succeeded last year by carrying Democratic Clinton.

He is sharp and shrewd as a lawyer, and as a manipulator of booms in the lumber line has few equals in the West Branch country. His handsome home in Williamsport is the center of rare hospitality, and his newspaper organ, the *Republican*, is published in a fine structure, directly opposite the Federal building in which John B. Emery, his masterly assistant in running Lycoming politics, is postmaster. Emerson Collins is the young man who nominated Henry Clay McCormick for Governor in last year's Republican State Convention. There is lots of backbone in Collins, and he sighs for a chance to show the stuff he is made of.

The Politician's View of It.

A leading Republican politician, in talking with some friends at the Colonnade this evening, said: "C. L. Magee's fine hand is in all this beautiful business, as he is personally interested in Dalzell, not that he loves the Congressman any too well, but Quay's backing of Robinson brought out the challenge for supremacy, and the two are determined to lock horns just wherever the chance offers.

"Dalzell was in the field first, and the Western section is really entitled to a show. But Robinson surprised everybody the day he popped up, merely as a label on the Quay box at first, but later the joke was as serious business as a union. If Morrison and Gregg take the honors at the August convention, Robinson will at the September meeting, but the fight is bound to be a daisy one after all."

BLISS DOESN'T WANT IT.

He Declines to Stand as Gubernatorial Candidate in New York.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, July 17.—The definite announcement that Cornelius N. Bliss would not be a candidate for Governor before the Republican State Convention was the big political news item that to-day produced. The announcement was made through Mr. Bliss' friend, Horace Russell. It surprised most of the politicians. They had supposed that Mr. Bliss was willing. In Mr. Bliss' letter to Mr. Russell he says:

The mention of my name as a candidate for Governor has not been by my procurement, nor by my desire. While it has been no pleasure for many years to take such part in public affairs as I could, consistently with my business engagements and responsibilities, it has never been my purpose to seek or to accept public office. Nor is it now. Until now there has seemed to be no reason for me to do or to say anything publicly in regard to my alleged candidacy, lest it should be said I was declining what had not been and might never be offered to me.

If anything could move me from my decision it would be all the kind expressions that have come to me from personal and political friends throughout the State. As I am going abroad soon, and shall not return until after the State convention, I must entrust to you, as my friend, to make it known that I could not accept the nomination if it were tendered to me, to the end that my name may be quietly dropped, and the party unite on some acceptable candidate.

A BUCKEYE SENSATION.

Some Peculiar Figuring That Defrauded a Democrat of His Office.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

COLUMBUS, July 17.—The biggest kind of a sensation was created here to-night by the publication in the evening papers of the fact that an error in the count of a member of Ohio's State Board of Equalization had been made, whereby a Democrat had been defrauded of his election and a Republican seated. The mistake was discovered in the official figures of the Secretary of State, which looks rather bad for the officials in that office. The official vote as given by the Secretary of State elected B. F. Hyatt, of Hancock county, a Republican, member of the State Board of Equalization by 66 votes over F. R. Warren, the Democratic candidate.

It has just been discovered that a mistake of 100 votes was made in figuring up the official vote, and hence the Democratic member was elected. A resolution will be introduced in the board, possibly to-morrow, citing these facts and calling for an investigation. One member of the board having died and another resigned, the unseating of Hyatt would make the board Democratic. It is said the error in figures has been known by Republican members of the board for some time.

A ROBINSON MAN'S FAITH.

He Thinks His Candidate Has a Dead Sure Thing on the Presidency.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.]

WASHINGTON, July 17.—A genetleman, who has just returned from a visit to Philadelphia, during which he was much of the time in the company of members of the Republican League of Clubs, says that the canvass for the presidency of the League clubs is practically at an end, and that Robinson will be elected by a vote of five to one for any other candidate. The only possibility of accomplishing his defeat, this supporter of Robinson declares, is in the admission of a lot of mushroom clubs.

It may not be generally known that Washington will have four representatives in that convention. There are two Pennsylvania clubs here, both of them in the League. It is said that the delegates of both clubs will be for Robinson.

PRETTY SURE OF DALZELL.

Ex-Sheriff McCandless Feels Quite Hopeful After His Extended Tour.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

HARRISBURG, July 17.—Ex-Sheriff Alex McCandless, of Pittsburg, was here to-day in the interest of Congressman Dalzell's candidacy for President of the State Republican Clubs.

Mr. McCandless has just completed a tour of the large towns and cities in this section and expressed himself as being very confident of Dalzell's success.

GRASSHOPPER PESTS.

THEY HAVE NOT DONE VERY MUCH DAMAGE IN THE WEST YET.

Official Report of the Scientists Sent to Investigate Them—Field Crops Scarcely Touched by the Hoppers—Grass Eaten Up Remarkably Clean.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

TOPEKA, KAN., July 17.—Chancellor E. H. Snow and Prof. E. A. Popenoe, who were commissioned to look into the grasshopper scare in Eastern Colorado and Western Kansas, have finished their work and sent in the result of their investigations to-night from Arriba, Col., as follows:

After a two-days wagon ride of 75 miles the survey of the area infested by the long-winged locusts has been completed, and shows that the district covers an irregular section of the northern part of Lincoln county, containing about 300 square miles. Within this area the two favorite grasses of the range, Buffalo and the Grama grass, have been eaten to the ground. Even here, however, other vegetation is practically untouched, not excepting the numerous fields of young corn in luxurious growth. The only injury to any field crop which has come to our knowledge is the destruction of a 12-acre field of fodder sugar cane, or sorghum, only four inches in height.

We have repeatedly seen the locusts passing through corn fields in swarms without inflicting the slightest injury. In several cases potato vines reported to us as being eaten by these locusts were found upon examination to have been destroyed by the Colorado beetle, and we have seen no evidence that these locusts will eat the leaves of potato plants. If it were possible, which we do not believe, that the swarms could invade Kansas, our farmers need have no fears for the staple crops of the State.

Reports agree that the eggs from which were hatched these armies were deposited last fall by the locusts, which flew into this area in August and September from the South, and it is a reasonable hypothesis that the present generation, upon acquiring wings, will retire southward toward the original habitation of their parents, according to an instinct similar to that which was observed to govern the movements of the Rocky Mountain locusts in each of the Kansas invasions. It appears then that under exceptional circumstances like the present this species, hitherto considered a non-migratory locust, may temporarily develop a migratory instinct. The immature hoppers are now rapidly undergoing a final transformation and acquiring wings, and it will be but a short time until they will have taken flight toward the South, leaving their present feeding grounds to be recuperated by the next good rain or two.

We have thus far observed no signs of internal parasites infesting these locusts, as in the case of the Rocky Mountain species. They will doubtless appear in due time and help to keep their numbers in reasonable limits, should they become unduly numerous over a large area. We have, however, observed a large robber fly capturing and killing several individuals about the station at Simon. The hogs of the town were fattening upon the locusts, which also furnish food for turkeys, chicks and hawks.

THE PRESIDENT IN CLOVER.

He Takes an Ocean Bath and His Duties Are Chiefly Social.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

CAPE MAY, July 17.—The President to-day appointed a number of Postmasters and did his usual routine work. He has sent for Charles Foster, Secretary of the Treasury, who will arrive next week and remain for a day or two. Important matters will be discussed by the two gentlemen. All appointments hereafter will be given out here, until the President removes his executive office to Washington. He received to-day at the Shoreham about 100 survivors of the third Pennsylvania Cavalry, and was assisted by his naval aid, Lieutenant Parker.

A message was received to-day concerning a reported seizure of American fishing smacks off East Point, but an inquiry at the Executive Mansion this evening revealed the fact they had not the slightest information on the subject. United States Senator Allison, of Iowa, who arrived last night, dined with the President to-day, and after dinner they had a long chat. This evening Mrs. John M. Kitchen, of Indianapolis, a friend of Mrs. Harrison, stopping at one of the hotels, took tea with the family. Mrs. Eaton, the President's sister, who lives in North Bend, O., and who has just recovered from a severe accident sustained in a runaway about a month ago, is expected to visit the Presidental family next week. Lieutenant and Mrs. Parker, who passed about three weeks at the Presidental cottage, leave to-morrow for Rockbridge Alum Springs, Va., where they will remain three weeks, after which they will return to Cape May.

The President, accompanied by his niece, Mrs. Dimmick, took another ocean bath this afternoon. In his mail to-day the President received word of the death of his intimate friend, Colonel Thomas Brown, who served in Congress for several years from Indiana. He sent his sympathy to the family. D. M. Ransdell, Marshal of the District of Columbia; Manuel Lultedo and Senor Guanes, the Spanish Minister, and D. W. Stevens, Counsellor to the Japanese legation, arrived to-night and will have conferences with the President and his Secretary to-morrow.

VIRGINIA KNOX TO WED.

A HANDSOME NEWSPAPER MAN THE OBJECT OF HER CHOICE.

The Wedding to Take Place in the Fall—Quite a Pretty Romance Connected With the Affair—Writing Up His Future Wife's Past Troubles.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

BALTIMORE, July 17.—The engagement of Miss Virginia Knox, of Pittsburg (the Countess Di Montercoli), to John P. Mackenzie, a newspaper writer, well known in this city and New York, was announced here this afternoon. That this engagement is one of the summer's sensations goes without saying. Miss Knox is the wealthy lady who several years ago married the Count Di Montercoli, but who was obliged to get a divorce on account of her husband's cruelty. The gentleman who is now to be her husband is 26 years of age and the son of the late Colin Mackenzie, of this city. He is a fine looking fellow, of medium height, with dark eyes and smooth face. His figure is sturdy and well proportioned. In his profession he is noted for the brilliancy of his writing, principally concerning matters of the turf, his letters appearing over the signature "Druid Hill."

He was for some time on the staff of the Baltimore *Daily News*, but he has also been connected with the New York *Evening Sun* and the New York *Sportsman*. The marriage will take place this fall and the honeymoon will be passed in Europe. A noteworthy and highly interesting fact in connection with this engagement is the publication of a letter by "Druid Hill," from Grand View House, Pa., last Sunday, telling the story of the Countess' misfortunes, as the writer of the letter heard it from her own lips. In his correspondence "Druid Hill" says:

It was in Florence that Virginia Knox met the man who shortly afterward married her in Pittsburg. A fete of flowers was in progress, and Miss Knox's carriage was garlanded with the beautiful fleur de lis. The Count saw her, and fell rapturously in love. He crossed to America on the same steamer on which she came. The wedding was the crack society event of that season. The "happy couple" embarked for Europe, and then the fun began. It is a romantic story, of peculiar charm when told by the ripe lips of the pretty heroine. They journeyed to the Count's "castle," which lies in some remote spot in some part of Italy, ten miles from the nearest village. On arriving there, the Count demanded money from his bride. He wanted to scatter coins upon his vassels. On the Countess' refusing to shell out, the Count waxed mad and barred all the doors and windows.

The letter tells of the Countess' appeal for protection to a consul and the subsequent proceedings for a divorce. Thus is disclosed a very pretty little romance. A newspaper man off for his summer vacation meets a beautiful heiress, who is also an Italian Countess; they wonder about the charming mountain glades; they fall in love and their engagement follows.

BISMARCK—John Russell Young tells of the meeting between Bismarck and Grant at Berlin for readers of THE DISPATCH tomorrow. A masterful analysis of the Iron Chancellor's character.

PAT FINNERTY'S HARD LUCK,

Resulting From His Losing His Temper on His Wedding Day.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

WILKESBARRE, July 17.—In 1875 Patrick Finnerty came from Ireland to this country. He settled in Lackawanna county and established himself in the grocery business. Within a year he wedded Mary Connolly, an Irish lass. There was a big time at the wedding. Finnerty quarreled with his wife's brother, William Connolly, and struck him on the head with a bottle. Connolly's skull was fractured. Dr. Welch, who was one of the wedding guests, said the man would die. Finnerty overheard the remark, and without waiting to kiss his bride fled from the house, made his way to the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad depot and went to New York. He then took the first train he could get for the West. That was the last heard of Finnerty until last Monday, when he called at his wife's old home. He had undergone such a change that he was not known. He inquired for his wife, and was told that she was dead. He was removed from the place a few hours later a maniac.

Before he became violent Finnerty told John Lawler, an old shoemaker, whom he knew before he went West, that on the night of the wedding when the doctor said his brother-in-law would have to die, the gallows loomed up before him, and he resolved to make his escape. He wandered in the West for years, and finally settled in Omaha. He entered the shoe business there and made some money. He was prompted to write to his wife every day, but afraid of detection. Three months ago he met Michael Lafferty, who lived in Lackawanna county, and Lafferty told him that his brother-in-law had not died. He resolved to come East at once in search of his wife, of whose death Lafferty was ignorant. Mrs. Finnerty, the bride, became insane after her husband deserted her. She died two years later in the Danville Insane Asylum.

MORGAN'S LATEST MOVE.

The Indian Commissioner Ignores the Catholic Indian Bureau.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.]

WASHINGTON, July 17.—Indian Commissioner Morgan has broken off "diplomatic relations" between the Government of the United States and the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, and the startling movement, announced this afternoon, is the talk of the town. Mr. Morgan did not consult with any of his superior officers before taking the step. The contracts for educating Indian children in the Catholic schools for the current year are being made by the Indian Office directly with the schools, instead of through the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions as heretofore. The amount awarded to the Catholic Bureau for this purpose last year was $360,000. The amount given to the individual Catholic schools this year will aggregate more than $400,000.

It was stated in these telegrams that Father Chappelle would have a talk with the President in regard to the matter, and that Cardinal Gibbons would probably take a hand. When it was announced that the Cardinal had paid a visit to the President, it was supposed the matter had been satisfactorily arranged.

FATE OF A GAMBLER.

A New York Card Sharp Found Dead in His London Lodgings.

MURDER IS STRONGLY SUSPECTED.

The Man's American Companion Thought to Have Killed Him.

A BROOKLYN WOMAN ALSO IN THE CASE

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, July 17.—George Parker, a gambler, of Brooklyn, New York, London, Paris, Rio Janeiro and Buenos Ayres, committed suicide yesterday morning in his lodgings in Great Russell street by shoting himself through the heart. The weapon he used was a 42-caliber Smith & Wesson revolver, and the bullet went clear through his heart and body and was found on his bed. Parker came to London three years ago. He told his friends that he had been divorced from his wife, who was living with their four children in Brooklyn. From London he went to South America, plying his trade on the steamers and in Brazil and the Argentine. With him to South America he took a Mrs. Hamilton, who is now stopping at the Victoria Hotel, and is heartbroken over his death.

Parker came back from the Argentine about a year ago. He seemed to have plenty of money and lived and dressed well. He made the acquaintance of the swell crooks who frequent the Criterion bar and was hail fellow with them all. He said that his business here was to purchase the celebrated stallion King Monmouth, the property of Hon. John Lowther, to start a stud farm in Argentine, and he visited Lowther with this purpose ostensibly in view several times.

Given a Year for Swindling.

The next that was known of him he was arrested for swindling. He had been introduced to a jeweler in Golden square by Ullman, a well-known oyster dealer in London, and had purchased a diamond necklace for his inamorate on credit. This necklace, valued at £1,000, was soon afterward pawned, and, the jeweler learning of this, made a charge of false pretenses against Parker. He was arrested, tried and sentenced to hard labor for one year. Good behavior reduced the term to nine months, and he was released two weeks ago.

Mrs. Hamilton remained faithful to him, but his male acquaintances deserted him. Parker evidently had some money, for he dined nightly at the Cafe Royal and drank champagne. He was proud and never made any effort to renew the acquaintance of men who had known him in better days and now looked askance at him. Nobody ever dreamed that he contemplated suicide until his dead body was found yesterday morning upon his bed.

Parker was a handsome man, between 45 and 50 years of age. He stood more than six feet in height. His hair and mustache were white. He dressed well and looked like a prosperous business man. The inquest will be held on his body to-morrow.

A Theory of Murder.

An American who roomed next to Parker does not incline to believe the theory of suicide. This man, who says he is a very sound sleeper, was awakened about 5 o'clock in the morning by a noise that he cannot describe. The doctors say that it was about this hour, according to appearances, that the bullet went through Parker's heart. Parker had a friend, also an American, named Whitman, and this man was with him in his room almost every night for the last week. On the night of Parker's death, Whitman was in the former's room at 11:30 o'clock drinking whisky. It was Whitman who gave the alarm at 8 o'clock yesterday morning that Parker was dead.

Parker was found in his night shirt, his face calm and composed, his right hand over the wound in his heart and the pistol lying three feet away on the bed. In his room was found an affectionate letter from Mrs. Hamilton. It was dated Paris, July 13, and stated that she would arrive in London on the 15th. It was Whitman who met her at Charing Cross station last night.

The American in the next room, who saw Parker immediately after the body was found, says that his false teeth were in a tumbler on the wash stand, and argues that a man who was going to committ suicide would prefer to look his best in death. This same man was so much impressed by Whitman's villainous appearance that he gave orders to his landlady to keep his door locked night and day.

FOR UNIVERSAL PEACE.

English and American Clergymen Favor a World-Wide Federation.

LONDON, July 17.—Rev. Mr. Beyan, of Melbourne, presided at a meeting of the ministers held this evening in the City Temple in support of the formation of a federation of English-speaking people for international arbitration and universal peace. Rev. Newman Hall, in dwelling upon the practicability of arbitration, instanced the Alabama question, the solution of which, he said, had more closely allied the people of England and America. He prayed that the Queen would not suffer harm, but he would not pray that the Queen would vanquish all her enemies, when he believed the enemies were in the right. He was willing to risk the charge of disloyalty, knowing that they were under higher loyalty.

Rev. Mr. Patterson, of Hanover, N. H., said that as American Christians they had come to England, the land of their fathers, to take counsel how to promote the cause of permanent universal peace. He regarded with special pleasure the fact that the highest legislative powers in England and America had placed it on record that they were in favor of a permanent treaty providing for a peaceful arbitration of future contentions arising between them.

A SHIP OWNER'S GRIEVANCE.

Union Sailors Who Draw Advance Pay and Then Desert Their Vessels.

LONDON, July 17.—The Secretary of the Shipping Federation, Mr. Laws, was examined to-day before Committee "A" of the Royal Labor Commission. Mr. Laws urged that there should be alterations in the merchant shipping act and in the Board of Trade regulations in order to secure more effectual protection for freemen.

The Shipping Federation Secretary added that it was almost impossible for a free sailor to obtain access to a shipping office unless he was armed with the ticket of the Seamen's and Firemen's Union. Non-union men were attacked by the emissaries of the union, and were shockingly ill treated. Desertions also were very frequent, the men in these cases drawing their advance money. There was no means punishing them. Gangs of men were traveling around the country drawing advance money, and then disappearing with the funds. Mr. Laws thought that an amendment to the shipping act should be passed, making a man who deserted after receiving his advance money liable to summary imprisonment.

A Crew of Seven Men Lost.

LONDON, July 17.—A dispatch from the Orkney Islands reports the loss of a fishing boat with seven persons on board.

The Pope Seriously Ill.

ROME, July 17.—The Pope was seized with a sudden illness Thursday. Dr. Ceccarelli was hastily summoned, and the Pope afterward recovered. The only disquieting symptom is that he is apt to fall into a profound sleep, even when taking an airing in the Vatican gardens.

ROMANCE IN ROUMANIA.

THE CROWN PRINCE IS DETERMINED TO MARRY THE POETESS HELENE.

Ministers Say He Must Not and the Girl Departs—The Queen Ill in Bed Over the Excitement—She Was in Favor of the Match.

LONDON, July 17.—The London papers are made interesting with the stories of that royal romance in Roumania wherein the Crown Prince of that kingdom, the cousin of King Charles, has ventured to engage himself to Mlle. Helene Vacarescu, and thereby has brought upon himself the determined opposition of the King and the Ministry. Mlle. Vacarescu is the companion of the Queen—"Carmen Sylva"—a beautiful girl, a poetess, and daughter of one of the oldest royal families of Roumania. She is the daughter of M. Joan Vacarescu, who since March last has filled the post of Roumanian Minister at Rome. The latest information from Bucharest is to the effect that Queen Elizabeth (Carmen Sylva) is distinctly in favor of the match.

Queen Elizabeth, says one correspondent, being a poetess, naturally felt much sympathy with the Crown Prince in this romantic attachment, and was far from discouraging the lovers. The Crown Prince having at length declared it his firm resolve to marry the young lady, even the objections which the King entertained to the match were overcome. But the course of true love never does run smooth, and now it was the turn of the Cabinet to interfere.

A Ministeral council was held on the matter, and the result was that the Ministers finally declared that the heir to the throne must marry according to his future rank, and under no circumstances could he be permitted to marry the daughter of any of the Roumanian boyar families, however ancient or respected, because the influence that family would thereby acquire was certain to entail the jealousy of other boyar families of equal rank. The King was also reminded that his election to the throne 25 years ago was mainly due to the circumstance that the great native families of Roumania would not allow any one of themselves to rise above the rest, as the experience the country had had with native Princes had proved most unfortunate. The same effect, it was urged, would follow if the Crown Prince married Mlle. Vacarescu. That union, therefore, could not be permitted. In order to give effect to their arguments the Ministers caused the whole matter to be published.

The marriage is to be abandoned, say the Ministers, and M. Joan Vacarescu has arrived in Bucharest, with the intention of taking his daughter to Rome, out of the way of the Crown Prince. The Queen, however, who had set her heart on the match, believing that thereby the people of Roumania would become more attached to the Hohenzollern rulers, is said to be more than angry. It is said that after she became acquainted with the state of Mlle. Vacarescu's feelings she has done her best to bring the two lovers together. She began to drive about with the pair, she let herself be photographed with them both sitting at her feet, and finally, when the secret came out and ministerial opposition was raised, she spared neither entreaties nor menaces to gain her point. The threatened M. Catargi with dismissal from office, she entered the council room during a Cabinet council and made a personal appeal to the Ministers, and she actually threw herself on her knees before Mme. Lahovary, wife of the Minister of War, imploring her to persuade her husband. All this excitement brought on a reaction, and the Queen is now ill in bed.

THE HYENAS LAUGHED,

But Keeper Collins Didn't When They Very Nearly Ate Him Up.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

DENVER, July 17.—William Collins, the trainer and keeper of Sells Brothers' herd of elephants, came near being torn to pieces last evening by the laughing hyenas, and but for the assistance of the circus employes he would have been not only killed but eaten. Collins had been looking after the hyenas, in addition to caring for the elephants, as the regular hyena trainer is off on a vacation, and had entered the cage of these fierce beasts preparatory to taking part in the morning parade. He had just fastened the doorway or gateway when the largest animal leaped upon him with such a spring as only a hyena can give and fastened her teeth in the thigh of the unfortunate man. Collins was, however, collected and cool, and, keeping his gaze fixed on the other two animals, pulled his club which he carried in his belt, but the pain of his wounds became so intense that he lost his gaze on the other hyenas and in a trice they were on him.

Collins fought with the energy of despair, and yelled lustily for help, but the rest of the menagerie had by this time become so excited that the employes with difficulty located the trouble. Collins had become so exhausted that he was fast going under and the fringe of iron bars did not appear around the cage a moment too soon. The hyenas were beaten almost to death before they released their hold, and after Collins was rescued, more dead than alive, the animals went to fighting with one another. They were subdued by a stream from the fire hydrant, and the place looked like a slaughter house. Collins will recover, but he was terribly beaten and torn about the legs.

NINE LABORERS KILLED.

Meager News of a Disastrous Wreck on the Chicago and Erie.

LIMA, July 17.—There was a bad wreck on the Chicago and Erie Railroad at Hepburn, a station five miles west of Kenton. Swift's refrigerator meat train east, running special, ran into the work train pulling into a siding, killing nine laborers and injuring many others. Both locomotives were in ruins with 10 or 12 cars.

The telegraph wires along the Erie are down east of Kenton and west of Marion. Further details cannot be learned to-night.

A MAFIA AFTERMATH.

The Wife of One of the New Orleans Lynching Victims Attempts Suicide.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW ORLEANS, July 17.—Mrs. James Carruso, widow of one of the Italians accused of the murder of Chief of Police Hennessy and lynched by the mob when it broke into the parish prison March 14, attempted suicide to-day by taking laudanum, and has probably succeeded, the cause being grief over the death of her husband.

Mrs. Carruso was one of the most violently agitated and most excited of the women who called at the house of Corte, the Italian Consul, on the night of the lynching, and called for revenge. According to Corte, she wanted the Italians to rise and have revenge for the action of the mob, and threatened the lives of the Mayor and Parkerson, the leader of the mob. It was with the greatest difficulty, and by threatening to call in the police, that Corte succeeded in quieting her and preventing trouble. Since the lynching of her husband she has been completely prostrated by grief.

DO I KNOW MY WIFE?

The Bride of a Milwaukee Man Creates a Chicago Sensation.

SUSPICION OF A JEALOUS HUSBAND

He Saw Her at the Races With Another Man's Arm Around Her.

OTHELLO RETIRES UTTERLY DEFEATED

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

CHICAGO, July 17.—A remarkable case of mistaken identity, which, for a time, seemed certain to result in the killing of at least one guiltless person, the ruin of the happiness of two families and the tarnishment of the spotless reputation of two innocent women, developed at the Tremont House on last Saturday night. Had it not been for its serious phase the case would have appeared impossibly ridiculous.

On the previous Wednesday John J. De Garis, one of the best known of Milwaukee's young business men, registered with his bride of but a few days at the Tremont. On Saturday they attended the Washington Park races, returning somewhat late to the hotel and retiring at once to their room. Without the slightest suspicion on their part a detective had followed them from the race track on a mission capable of blighting the future of many lives. Of the elevator man he inquired to what room the couple had gone, but beyond the fact that they had gotten off at the third floor he knew nothing. This meager information the detective at once communicated to his employer.

He Saw Her at the Races.

A few moments afterward, pale and in a state of excitement evidently with great difficulty suppressed, John J. Coughlin, the well-known owner of a string of horses now at Washington Park, and the proprietor of the Turkish bath establishment under the Brevoort House, appeared at the hotel. With visible embarrassment, but with a straightforward honesty that commanded sympathy, he told his story. At the races he had seen his wife in the company of a stranger with whom she appeared decidedly intimate and affectionate. A detective had located them at the Tremont. Would the hotel help him? The hotel would and did. The third floor was carefully searched for the guilty couple. Every room with a light in it was entered. The people wanted were not found.

As Mr. Coughlin excitedly paced the hotel rotunda, gnashing his teeth at the thought of his inability to reach a wife presumably at that moment in the very house where he stood, Mr. De Garis calmly descended the stairway to the office.

"There's the man! What's the scoundrel's name?" exclaimed Coughlin in a whisper to the clerk. He was told.

"You are Mr. De Garis, I believe."

"I am."

"Well, sir, you have my wife in your room, and I insist upon seeing her at once."

Mr. De Garis appeared to be absolutely paralyzed with astonishment. He attempted a denial, but was not allowed to finish it.

He Had His Arm Around Her.

"I know what I'm talking about," exclaimed Mr. Coughlin. "I saw you with your arm around her waist at the races, and a detective followed you to this house. Great God! man, don't you suppose I know my own wife? I stood within ten feet of you this afternoon, and there is no hope of a mistake. I tell you I will not leave this house without her."

Mr. De Garis maintained most remarkable composure. He insisted that Mr. Coughlin was mistaken, and asked if the latter's wife had been at home the night before. She had. He then called the entire office force to prove that he and his companion had been at the hotel for the three previous nights. Still Mr. Coughlin was far from satisfied.

"I'd take you up and by introducing you to my wife prove that she isn't yours," said Mr. De Garis pathetically, "but the trouble is I've only been married four days and I don't want to spring this sort of a thing on her just at the start. Now, isn't there someone you could call in who knows your wife and could tell whether or not this is she or not?"

There were many such persons and Mr. Coughlin agreed to leave the question to such a settlement. A boy at Coughlin's place of business was sent for. On his arrival it was decided that he should impersonate a bell boy and carry up a pitcher of ice water to Mr. De Garis' room, where he would take a careful look at its occupant.

The Bell Boy Took a Look.

The plan was carried out and the boy returned with the positive statement that the woman was Mrs. Coughlin. He saw her every day and could not be mistaken. At this stage Mr. Eden and his employes expected from Mr. Coughlin's movements and desperate passion to see him draw a revolver and kill the supposed ruiner of his home, while the bystanders wondered at a suppressed, though evidently dramatic scene, which had now continued for nearly an hour. It was, however, decided to send the boy again to the room, and allow him to enter into conversation with the occupant, unconscious all this time of the excitement she was causing below.

On his return the boy said that he had been mistaken. The face was the same in every feature and the dress was identical, but the voice was not that of Mrs. Coughlin. This but increased Coughlin's indignation. He insisted that the boy had been bribed. It was suggested that perhaps his wife was all this time resting quietly at home and that he had better go there and discover if this was not the case. Coughlin, however, looked upon this as a trap, believing that the woman upstairs would be smuggled into a cab and arrive home before he could reach there.

She Was Not His Wife.

He agreed, however, to an arrangement by which he should guard the door to see that his wife did not leave, while the detective should visit the residence. The astounded detective returned from No. 32 Sherman street with the intelligence that the counterpart of the woman upstairs was really at that address: Mr. Coughlin at once called a carriage and was driven hastily to his residence, vowing that if he had been deceived some one should suffer for it.

On Sunday morning Mr. Eden and the unfortunate Mr. De Garis received letters of the most sincere apology, and the latter continued his wedding tour without further delay in Chicago, the little bride ignorant of the narrow escape she had had from having that tour end in a scene of murder.

GOING FOR HANNIBAL.

Dr. Ladd, of Bangor, Thinks Hamlin Was a Paltry Office Broker.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

BANGOR, July 17.—Dr. George W. Ladd furnishes this information regarding the McClure-Nicolay discussion: "The integrity and exalted character of the Senate has been chiefly assaulted through the corrupt use of federal patronage. In the beginning the Senators were the chosen selected men of the States, and so they were through all its earlier history. Such men were Oliver Elsworth and James Monroe, Robert Morris and William Pickney, Andrew Jackson and John Q. Adams, Dewitt Clinton and Henry Clay, Thomas H. Benton and Silas Wright, Calhoun and Webster, Jacob Gallamer and Hamilton Fish, Reverdy Johnson and Salmon P. Chase, Ben Wade and John P. Hale, William H. Seward and Charles Sumner. But in time mere pigmies in statesmanship, 'sappers and miners' in the army of professional politicians through the dextrous use of office dug their way to this high place. There was Mr. Hamlin, of Maine, a notable example of the success of this class of men.

"He was very long in the Senate, and chiefly known for his activity in procuring office for the people of the Penobscot. He raised this office brokerage almost to an art, and by his long service and great success almost made it respectable, and reaped his reward in repeated re-elections. It will be remembered that Mr. Hamlin was Vice President during Mr. Lincoln's first term, and so harassed the patience of that great man with his eternal clamor for petty appointments, while Mr. Lincoln was absorbed in the great issue of the war upon which trembled the life of the nation, that Mr. Lincoln could not consent to renomination when approached on that subject, until Mr. Defrees, late Public Printer, had been sent on a confidential mission to the leading Republicans of the heavy Western States, and it was arranged for a new name for the Vice Presidency."

HE SLEEPS BY THE WEEK.

THE DOCTORS ALL PUZZLED TO ACCOUNT FOR THE TRANCE.

Little Jesse Stritt Once More Falls Into a Slumber Which Has Already Lasted a Day, and May Continue for Several Months.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

COLUMBUS, IND., July 17.—Little Jessie Stritt, of Seymour, is asleep again. Eighteen months ago he startled the medical fraternity in this part of the State by his constant sleep of 21 days, all of which time he could not be [illegible] few months before he fell asleep [illegible] from a barn loft, lighting upon his feet. [illegible] was thought at the time that he had sustained an injury of the spine which caused his long sleep. From this sleep he rallied and imparted the information to his parents that he had been in heaven, from which place he looked down upon his father while engaged at work in Illinois. He related at that time the exact work in which his father was engaged, in an adjoining State, while he was asleep. This caused much comment at the time and attracted much attention to young Stritt.

For four months after this awakening he was natural in his sleep and gained much strength. Some six months ago he fell into a sleep from which he was not aroused for seven consecutive days, and during all this time he neither ate nor drank anything. Arousing from this nap, which is now called his short one, he again became natural in his habits and grew very rapidly. Yesterday he asked his mother to cook him a certain vegetable for dinner which she did not have in the house. This she consented to do, and asked him to go to a store nearby and purchase it. Entering the store he said to the clerk: "I want a quarter's worth," which he repeated several times and sank upon the floor, and as he did so murmured, "Mamma." Since that time he has been in a profound sleep. He is very pale, breathes regularly, with natural pulsations, and not the slightest indications of fever or pain, and does not move. His eyes are closed, though the lids are easily turned back, but close again. No physician can give a plausible reason for his strange conduct.

FOREIGN—The cables that bring the news of the world to THE DISPATCH office to-night stretch beneath every sea. Most complete foreign service of any newspaper West of New York.

THE WRONG MAN IN THE PEN.

A Romance of Crime Divulged by the Tale of a Colorado Cowboy.

DENVER, July 17.—A sensational story comes from Grand Junction, which, if true, will liberate Samuel Jones from the penitentiary where he is now serving a life sentence. In 1885 John L. Campell and Samuel Jones were partners in a big cattle ranch near Unawp canon, Mesa county, Col. On the afternoon of May 19 Jones left the ranch on horseback for Silverton, expecting to reach there some time the next day. Several hours later Campbell also left the cabin for a distant part of the ranch. Jones was never seen alive after leaving the house, and days afterward his body was found in a lonely spot riddled with bullets.

Campbell was arrested for the murder of his partner, and though stoutly maintaining his innocence he was convicted on circumstantial evidence and sentenced to the penitentiary at Canon City for 33 years. During the trial Bob and Ira Smith, two cowboys, were