

CRANKDOM INVADED

No Longer Monopolized By the Stern Sex.

FAIR WOMAN TAKES A HAND.

Instead of Dynamite She Wields an Umbrella With Deadly Precision.

Says She Owns the Building of the Manhattan Club, New York, and Demands Toll from Members—If She is Refused She Promptly Jabs the Offending Person With Her Umbrella—Her Wrath Said to Have Fallen on ex-President Cleveland and Others.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5.—The crank industry which has long been monopolized by unshaven men with suspicious looking black stachels, has at last been invaded by a woman.

Like the men, she wants money, and she has exhibited an astonishing amount of bravado in calling attention to her demands.

Her base of operations is upon the marble steps of the magnificent building occupied by the Manhattan Club, at Thirty-fourth street and Fifth avenue, famous as the home of the millionaire merchant, A. T. Stewart.

She stands in front of the Manhattan Club almost every night between 8 and 9 o'clock.

An experience which one of the Assistant District Attorneys had is typical of others.

He started to go up the marble steps when the woman, who was standing at the foot, said: "Hold on, sir; you cannot go in there without paying me."

The lawyer turned and looked at the speaker, who held out her hand for money. He continued up the steps and she chased him and jabbed him in the back with an umbrella.

"This is my house," declared the woman, brandishing her umbrella threateningly, "and I ought to be in there instead of on the steps. If I cannot have possession of my mansion, nobody else shall go in unless I am paid something for the privilege."

The woman declared that she was one of the heirs of the Stewart estate. She said that she had endeavored several times to gain possession of the house, but had been driven off by the attendants.

"A. T. Stewart left me the house and I am going to have it, or else charge for admission to it," declared the woman.

It is reported that such eminent Manhattan Club members as ex-Mayor W. R. Grace, William M. Ivis and ex-President Grover Cleveland were threatened with a woman's umbrella in case they did not pay an admission fee.

One of the club porters said yesterday: "We have driven the woman away a dozen times, but she comes back, rain or shine, and takes up a position near the steps. We have regarded her as harmless heretofore, and did not care to have her arrested. Now that she has become so bold as to strike members with her umbrella, some action will have to be taken.

In appearance the woman is ladylike and refined.

When she begins to talk about her supposed ownership of the Stewart mansion she becomes excited and voluble, and raises her voice to a high pitch.

JOHN L.'S LATEST.

White on a Space He Interrupts Stuart Robinson's Performance.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5.—John L. Sullivan, the pugilist-actor, is in this city with his company. He has been on a big spree over since arriving in the city.

The big champion, having ascended to the balcony left the Broadway Theatre, where he was acting, and visited the theatre where Stuart Robinson was holding forth.

Sullivan fought his way into the stage in the midst of a scene and, seeing Robinson's hand, exclaimed: "Shake with 'Honest John' and William Blandy."

As the audience "caught on" they applauded loudly, and Sullivan started to make his little speech, but was removed by stage hands.

Charged With Stealing \$700.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 5.—Philip Lessor, alias Frank Lachinsky, aged 39 years, was arrested in this city last night on the strength of a telegram from Police Inspector Byrne of New York. Lessor is charged with stealing \$700 from Simon Brooks. Inspector Byrne was notified of the capture and Lessor will be held to await a requisition.

For the Late Justice Bradley's Seat.

ALTOONA, Pa., Feb. 5.—The members of the Blair County Bar Association have unanimously indorsed a petition to President Harrison to appoint the Hon. Edward M. Paxton, chief justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, to the position on the United States Supreme Bench made vacant by the death of Justice Bradley.

Robbed of All He Possessed.

CAMDEN, N. J., Feb. 5.—It is now said that "Spider" Anderson, the colored jockey, who was acquitted yesterday of the charge of the murder of "Ruddy" Robinson, was robbed of all he possessed while imprisoned, and that his horses were sold at ridiculous figures by his partner, who has fled to Texas.

Baltimore Merchants and Manufacturers. BALTIMORE, Feb. 5.—The annual banquet of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association of Baltimore was held last evening. In addition to the many prominent Baltimoreans, a number of distinguished gentlemen from Washington were present.

Patterson Off for Cuba.

LEXINGTON, Feb. 5.—Police Henry of Patterson has left Osborne House on a trip to the Mediterranean. He goes to Algiers, where the yacht shells awaits him. The Princess Estelle accompanied her husband to Portoferraio and there bid him farewell.

Signed By Gov. Flower.

ALBANY, N. Y., Feb. 5.—Governor Flower has signed the law amending the election act which provides for the presence of reporters at executions.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

It is Fast Closing Around Murderer Melvaine.

SIXTY SIX, N. Y., Feb. 5.—The shadow of death is fast closing around Murderer Melvaine. He has but two days more which he can with certainty count upon living.

Melvaine's bravado has not yet deserted him, and when asked this morning, "How do you feel?" he replied, "Oh, same as usual."

Warden Brown is being deluged with applications for invitations to witness the electrocution, which will probably take place next Monday. Physicians are the most persistent applicants for these invitations.

As the number of witnesses permitted by law is very limited, Warden Brown's position is not an enviable one.

The machinery of death is all ready. It has been kept in order since the quadruple electrocutions last July. The enclosed walk for the witnesses, from the warden's apartments to the death chamber, has not yet been erected, but will be to-day.

Father Creden has begun his daily visits to the doomed man. While he accepts Father Creden's ministrations, his penitence does not impress his keepers. One remark made by Melvaine just before Martin D. Lippy walked to death is characteristic of his demeanor.

"Well, Lippy," he shouted, "you'll get in hell before I do, anyhow."

Melvaine is confined in the new part of the condemned cell building.

Since the week of death was fixed by the court, Melvaine has not been quite as talkative as before.

Thawed the Dynamite.

YORK, Pa., Feb. 6.—An explosion occurred at the Baker quarries and lime kilns at Campbell's Station, this county, yesterday. Three large dynamite cartridges which had been frozen were placed near the boiler in the engine house to thaw.

They exploded, blowing the building to fragments and completely wrecking the machinery. W. H. Throne of Stoney Brook had his leg broken in two places, and Adam Ream was injured, but not seriously. The explosion started everybody for miles around.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Yesterday 1,152 immigrants landed at New York.

Secretary of War Elkins has gone to New York for a few days.

The new cable from Jupiter, Fla., to the Bahamas, is open for business.

Mrs. Minnie Spingale gave birth to a girl in a New York street car yesterday.

Twenty-two cases of smallpox have been discovered in New York in three weeks.

U. S. Senator Power, who has been ill for some time past, is reported to be improving.

John Stewart, aged 81, the oldest living pioneer of South California, is dead at San Diego.

The Senate has confirmed the nomination of James H. Beatty to be District Judge for Idaho.

A bust of the late John Boyle O'Reilly has been presented to the National Catholic University, Washington.

James Spurgeon says the heads of all denunciations except the Unitarian, will be invited to attend the funeral of his brother.

The steamship Bufton, which reached New York yesterday from Brazilian ports, reports that seven of her crew had died of yellow fever on the voyage.

Capt. Enrique Hernandez, brother of the Mexican officer recently sentenced to be shot for alleged sympathy with Garza, has been murdered at Oahuja, Mex.

The anti lottery people of New Orleans do not accept as bona fide the letter of the President of the Louisiana Lottery, in which he withdraws the proposition to a new charter.

Weather Indications.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 4.—For New England Northwesterly winds becoming variable, light to moderate, but weather becoming cloudy and probably rain to-morrow.

For Eastern New York (Eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland) variable winds becoming slightly warmer; weather cloudy, generally fair during the day, but with increasing cloudy weather and rain to-morrow, mostly steady with rain or snow to-morrow.

For Western New York and Western Pennsylvania (Western New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana) variable winds, increasing and rain or snow, gradually heavy in the mountain districts, soon and fair weather to-morrow.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

New York, Feb. 4. Money on call easy at 10 1/2 and 10 3/4 per cent.

BONDS.

Closing, 70-day.

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ORTHODOX DENTISTRY.

Howard Fielding Relates the Story of a Conversation.

Showing the Controversial Value of the Rubber Dam, and the Fact That a Truly Good Man is Good Wherever He Is.

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I was crossing Broadway, and by rare good luck had attained the middle of the street without sustaining bodily injury. There my progress was arrested by a stream of vehicles and a deluge of personal abuse from their drivers. A horse car was bearing down upon me from one side, and a wagon load of scrap iron from the other, and I was beginning to wonder whether in this life I had not done something which demanded more repentance than I was likely to have time for, when a large, squarely built man who was crossing the street in the other direction dodged on between two carts and ran violently into my arms. I instantly recognized him.

"My dear brother, your anthem—anthem!" I suppose he was trying to say assumption, but Brother Brown had put three or four fingers and a few dental instruments into his patient's mouth, and they naturally interfere with his articulation.

"Granting then," continued Brother Brown, "that I entirely and satisfactorily refuted all your claims on that occasion—"

Here Brother Perkins made wild but intelligible protest.

"I have seen nothing since then which mitigated the pitiable weakness of your position or invalidated any of my well considered arguments. Now to show where you are weak and I am strong," he continued, leaning heavily on Brother Perkins' chest and pressing his elbow into the region of the patient's diaphragm so as to make breathing a matter of great painful inconvenience for him, "I will run over the main points of our old-time controversy."

He ran over them, and over Brother Perkins' nerves at the same time. I could not follow the complicated progress of the thought, but I could catch the import of such expressions as "there, my dear brother, you must admit that you were wholly in the wrong," which occurred with a frequency that must have been harrowing to Brother Perkins, when he reflected that I was listening and might easily fail to comprehend the import of his denials which were smothered in the rubber dam.

"Now as to the ultimate punishment of the heathen," he said, adjusting that little instrument which works by

Naturally we fell to talking of old friends, and presently he asked if I remembered Pastor Brown, who preached in the old brick church which was so inferior architecturally and every other way to the one in which Pastor Perkins had labored. I remembered him well, principally because he and Pastor Perkins had disagreed violently on every subject known to theology, politics and literature, and had often entertained me by spirited arguments in which each considered himself to have much the better of it.

Pastor Perkins held advanced, liberal ideas very comforting to sinners, and I was naturally prejudiced in his favor, but I could not deny that the Rev. Mr. Brown had often left in my mind a discouraging suspicion that he might be right.

"Well, you'll be surprised to hear that Brown has abandoned the ministry," said Mr. Perkins. "He never confessed it, but yet I can't help feeling sure my arguments in the old days—you'll recall a thousand of them, for we were always at it—must have had great influence upon him. At any rate he gave up preaching about eight years ago and studied dentistry. He's located in this city and is very successful, I am told. I'm going up to his office now to have a little work done. Come along with me."

I accompanied Rev. Mr. Perkins. We found Mr. Brown well established in comfortable offices, if that adjective can be applied to any room which is devoted to the miseries of dentistry. I noticed that he retained on his sign the D. D. which stood just as well for doctor of dentistry and that the table in his reception-room, instead of being littered with the comic papers usually furnished for the purpose of working a customer's mind up gradually to the idea of having

a few molars extracted, bore only works of a doctrinal nature. By these observations I was led to doubt the probability of the retraction which Pastor Perkins had predicted.

But Pastor Perkins started right in to get it, as soon as I had received my welcome and had been comfortably seated in a corner of the operating room. He climbed into the chair and began work at once.

"It's a long time since we've had one of our good old arguments," said he. "Perhaps it's too late now to have another, for I don't doubt that your views have been modified till they coincide much more nearly with mine. Eh? Yes; it's that front tooth on the right side. There's a big hole in it, I'm afraid. As I was saying, time brings its changes, and arguments such as I

used to employ who sink gradually into the mind. There was always too much of real good human sympathy in you to permit you to hold those damnatory doctrines of yours forever. Your kindness of heart—Aouch! Don't poke around with that chisel as if my head was a block of wood."

"I am only examining the cavity," replied Brother Brown. "It is lucky you didn't let it go any longer."

"You have, of course, followed the course of argument on the subject of revising your confession of faith," continued Pastor Perkins, "and I can't doubt that you have yourself seen the need of some thick medication of the forehead of brain—"

While Brother Perkins was struggling to extricate his tongue from this entangling alliance, Brother Brown procured a fine, sharp chisel and began to use it with that apparent recklessness of consequences which most of us have learned to know and dread.

"As to this question of revision," said he, whittling away, meanwhile, on a branch of Brother Perkins' trifacial nerve, "you will remember the night when you and Mr. Fielding were at my house—the night of the great storm in this month ten years ago, you can't have forgotten it. I then outlined my position on this matter, and I know you must have admitted to yourself that my arguments were unanswerable."

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