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Table with circulation data for February, March, April, May, June, July 1896.

NEW YORK JOURNAL

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PRICE ONE CENT.

NO MAN HAS BRYAN'S PLEDGE.

The Candidate Vigorously Denies That He Has Promised Any Office.

Had Been Stated That Altgeld Would Be Attorney General if Silver Won.

National Chairman Jones Declares That There Is No Chance of Sewall Being Dropped.

WATSON CALLS THE POPULISTS.

Georgia Men Will Decide Whether to Fuse with Democrats or Not—General Gordon Declares in Favor of Bryan and Sewall.

Lincoln, Neb., August 2. To W. R. Hearst, New York Journal: I desire to say that I have not directly or indirectly promised any office of any kind to any person whomsoever, and shall not during the campaign promise any office of any kind to any person whomsoever. WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

The above statement was drawn out by the story published in a Chicago newspaper yesterday morning that the Democratic candidate had promised, in case of his election, to make Governor John P. Altgeld, of Illinois, his Attorney-General.

According to the story, Judge Van Wageningen, who represented ex-Governor Boies, sought to secure from Altgeld the forty-eight votes of Illinois for the Iowa candidate. It was asserted that Clarence S. Darrow, for Altgeld, asked Van Wageningen if, in case Boies was nominated and elected, he would appoint Altgeld Attorney-General, adding that the Governor considered that in this position he could best serve the working classes.

Boies, it was further asserted, replied that he would do nothing of the sort. The story then claimed that there were conferences between the Nebraska and Illinois delegations that everything was satisfactorily arranged with Altgeld's representatives. When Candidate Bryan was asked concerning the truth of the story, he replied to it in the above characteristic and decisive message.

SEWALL NOT ABANDONED.

Chairman Jones Denies that There Was Any Agreement to Withdraw Him in Watson's Favor.

Washington, Aug. 2.—Chairman Jones, of the Democratic National Committee, arrived in this city today from Arkansas. He says that the location of headquarters and the selection of the Executive Committee will be determined and announced at the coming meeting of the National Committee in New York on the 11th instant.

With regard to the published statement of Populist Peck, of Georgia, that an agreement was made in St. Louis to withdraw Sewall in favor of Bryan, Chairman Jones gives it an unqualified denial. He says that after the convention had adjourned and when he was preparing to leave St. Louis, a messenger boy delivered a letter signed W. L. Peck, urging that Watson be substituted for Sewall. In this letter Peck stated that the Democratic platform committee would support Peck's nomination, but that the Populist platform committee would support Peck's nomination, and that the Populist platform committee would support Peck's nomination.

Chairman Jones scouted the idea of substituting Watson for Sewall. He says the latter is the regular nominee of the Democratic party, and will remain on the ticket. He says the project of swapping Vice-Presidential candidates originated with Southern Populists, but was never entertained for an instant by any Democrat.

Chairman Jones is convinced from his observation that the bulk of the Populists will vote for Bryan and Sewall. Concerning the Hill amendments to the Chicago platform, Chairman Jones asserts positively that all of them were rejected. He says Hill offered four amendments and that he (Jones) gave them special attention for the express purpose of making sure of their rejection. As to the amendment relating to "existing contracts," Senator Jones says it was rejected by a vote of 100 to 0. The Senator also said that he would not ask for a vote and may vote.

WATSON IN FUSION'S WAY.

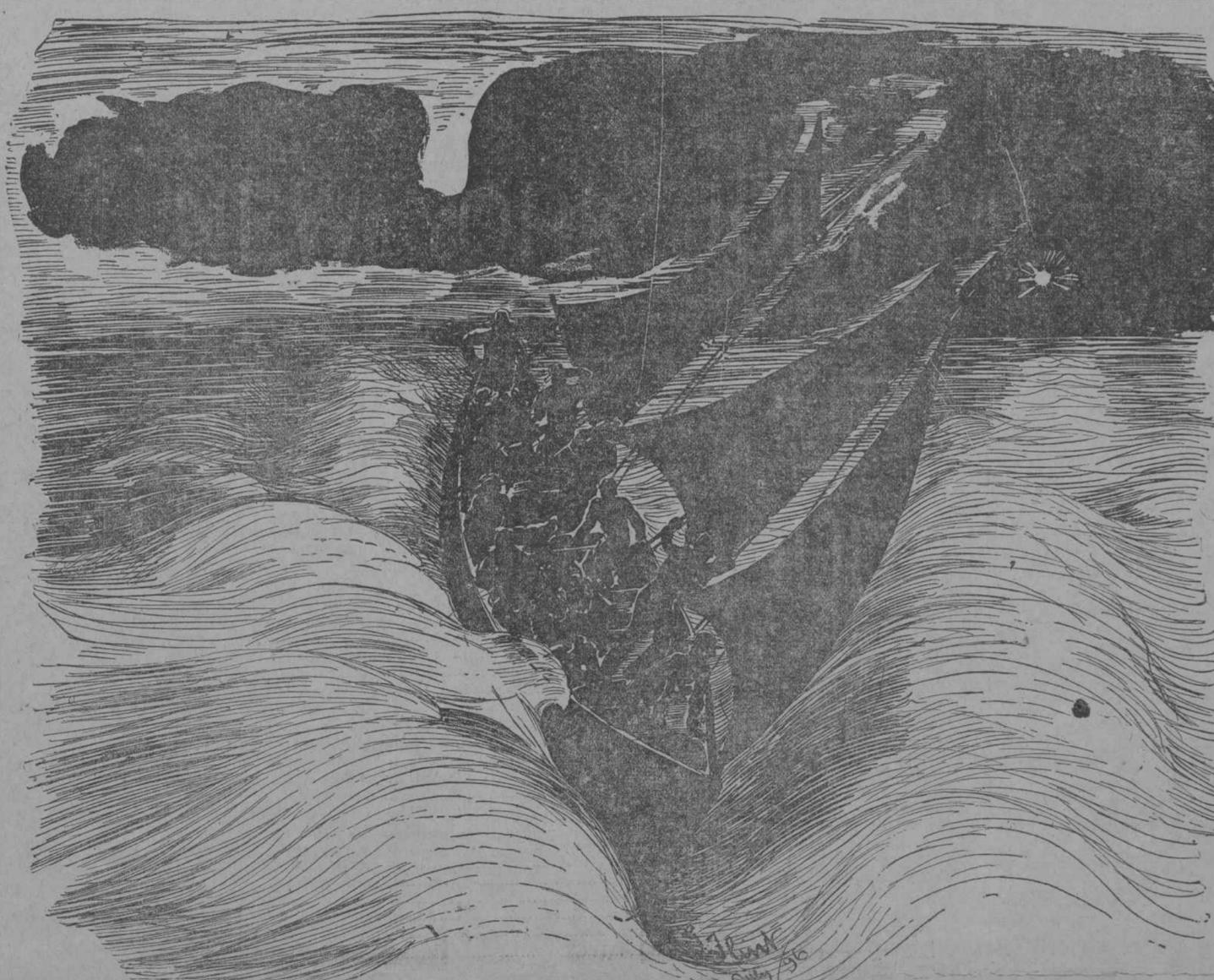
He Has Issued the Official Call to the Georgia Populists to Decide that Question.

Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 2.—The official call for the Populist State Convention of Georgia has been issued by Thomas E. Watson, chairman of the State Executive Committee. The question of fusion with Democrats or Prohibitionists will be then decided. Nothing that Watson can do, however, will throw Georgia otherwise than Democratic. One week ago it looked as if the Democratic party and the People's party would manage to make a definite agreement by which fusion might be harmoniously accomplished. Gradually Watson has announced his position. "Tom" Watson stands today unshaken to himself. He is looking at himself through the spectacles of one party, and he refuses the aid of the Democratic politician. As the situation stands to-night there will be no fusion.

GEN. GORDON FOR BRYAN.

The Distinguished Georgian Adds He Would Not Accept a Nomination from the Gold Forces.

Baltimore, Aug. 2.—"While I have been chased among others, I am surely going to be chased by the Gold Forces." Continued on Second Page.



THE NIGHT ESCAPE FROM CUBA.

Rough sketch by Grover Flint, the Journal correspondent, one of the party.

GALLANT RESCUE BY LA BOURGOGNE TARS.

They Saved Captain Ahrens and Eleven Sailors from the German Bark Ernst.

She Had Been Through a Succession of Gales and Was in a Sinking Condition.

HEROIC WORK OF LIEUTENANT MOTAY.

Although He Had Been Washed Overboard Once, He Still Insisted Upon Taking Command of the Lifeboat.

Captain Paul Ahrens and his crew of eleven hardy tars, who were rescued in Monday night when another gale tossed the vessel and strained her planking. Water poured in faster than the pumps could clear it. On Tuesday morning the sand ballast choked the pump valves, and the crew were about to give up in despair when the French liner was sighted.

The Ernst had ten feet of water in her hold when she was abandoned, and she is supposed to have gone down soon afterward. She was owned by G. Kender of Rostock, Germany, registered 659 tons, and had a tow of \$10,000.

Captain Ahrens and his men were transferred to Ellis Island yesterday afternoon, and to-day they will be placed in charge of the German coast.

WARSHIPS IN A STORM.

Cruiser Columbia, with the Monitor Passaic in Tow, Had an Exciting and Perilous Time.

The cruiser Columbia arrived at her anchorage off Tompkinsville, S. I., Saturday afternoon. Her officers said the trip from Boston to Brunswick, Ga., with the monitor Passaic was a successful one, but that it leaked out that at one time it was feared that the "cheese box" would go to the bottom.

The story told by one of the men of the Columbia is that they left Boston July 22 in addition to the New York, Indiana, Amphitrite, Cincinnati and Peru, the Raleigh, Maline, Massachusetts, Columbia, Katahdin and Ericsson will be at the rendezvous.

When the storm struck the vessels every bit of cable was payed out, and speed was cut down to half, and when the storm was at its height the Columbia was compelled to stop. The Passaic was submerged most of the time. The life boats on both vessels were made ready, and every one of them was manned with its full complement.

The marines at one time were near the bows of the Columbia with axes ready to cut them at the command of the captain in order to save the Columbia in case the monitor sank.

The men were nearly worn out when the storm subsided. Admiral Buxton's intentions were not made public before the fleet sailed. It is understood, however, that the fleet is to gather at Hampton Roads, August 8, and proceed to the New York, Indiana, Amphitrite, Cincinnati and Peru, the Raleigh, Maline, Massachusetts, Columbia, Katakhdin and Ericsson will be at the rendezvous.

MISS PURROY FELT HER END WAS NEAR.

Fortune-Telling Machine Had Foretold the Death to Her Brother.

County Clerk's Sister Died While Under the Knife of a Surgeon.

SOME VERY STRANGE COINCIDENCES.

Daughter Died Thirty-seven Years to a Day After Her Father—Will Be Buried from the Same Church on the Same Day of the Week.

Miss Salome Purroy, sister of County Clerk Henry D. Purroy, and Deputy Clerk of the Fire Department Charles D. Purroy, died Saturday while undergoing a surgical operation at her residence, No. 447 West One Hundred and Sixty-second street.

Miss Purroy was principal of Public School No. 58, of this city, and was nearly fifty-four years of age. Some ten days ago her physicians announced that it was necessary for her to undergo an operation, and the chances were not favorable for her recovery. Her physical condition was such that death would have resulted had the operation not been performed, and she argued that it was a matter of duty to submit to it.

Miss Purroy was thoroughly convinced, though, that death would result, and made preparations accordingly. The interviews she had had with her physicians gave her to understand that even if she did not survive the operation, death would not result for at least two days. She had her will made, attended to many business matters, and left a number of minor details to be settled in the two days she believed would intervene between the operation and her death.

So thoroughly fixed in her mind was the belief that she would not recover that she bade her friends good by and had a number of her relatives in her house when the operation was begun. It was performed by Dr. Hotchkiss, assisted by five other surgeons.

Her pulse began to fall shortly after ether had been administered, and simultaneously she began to sink again, and died before the operation was completed.

There are some strange facts connected with the sad affair, which were commented on by her friends yesterday. Her death occurred on the thirty-seventh anniversary of her father's death, and the funeral, which takes place to-morrow morning from St. Francis Xavier's Church, West Sixteenth street, at 10:30 o'clock, will be on the same day and from the same church from which he was buried.

Only three days ago her brother, County Clerk Henry D. Purroy, visited Coney Island with some friends, and tested his weight on a machine which played an air

and told a fortune at the same time. When the ticket containing his weight shot out of the slot he thrust it into his pocket. Yesterday he looked at it, and was amazed to note that the fortune it told read: "You will soon hear of the death of a near relative."

Miss Parroy was the eldest child of the late John B. Purroy, who was one time counsel of Venezuela. She was born on Staten Island, and was graduated from the State Normal College.

IDA WHITTAKER FOUND.

Curious Story of Tangled Domestic Affairs Told by Mrs. Whittaker, Who Admits She Eloped.

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 2.—Ida Whittaker, the ten-year-old daughter of Frank Whittaker, saloon keeper, at No. 295½ Christie street, New York City, has been found here by Chief of Detectives Roger O'Mara. The father offered, through the Journal, a reward of \$1,000 for the recovery of the child.

She was found with her mother and Herman Krieger, the man with whom the woman is said to have eloped. All are now in the Central Station awaiting the arrival of Whittaker.

The woman's story is that she met Whittaker eleven years ago in New York upon her arrival from Germany. She was twenty and he was thirty-five. She made her home with him for three years, and the child was born. Then they disagreed, and she was away from him for years, and then went back for a year again. Whittaker then married Lizzie Bennecker.

During the World's Fair, she says, Whittaker kept a saloon on Clark street, Chicago. There a negro killed two men and a woman and escaped. Whittaker got into trouble with the police on account of this and returned to New York and opened his present saloon. His bartender was Herman Krieger married Esther Einstein in New York a year ago, and they lived at No. 91 Ellen street. When Whittaker took his new wife home and the old one moved away, Krieger provided for the latter and her child.

This made Whittaker angry, and he discharged Krieger. The woman says Whittaker made it so unpleasant for her by calling at her home despite her protests that she determined to leave New York. Krieger was tired of his wife, so they got together all the money they could raise and started for Pittsburg, where Krieger intended to go into business.

When he arrived the revolver firing had stopped from lack of ammunition and the man was browsing among some bushes. He looked up at him and lowered his head as if about to make a rush. Before it could do the animal in the shoulder, disabling it. A second shot put an end to its excursions.

It was carried to the Zoo, its hide was at once stripped off and its flesh will afford food to the lions and tigers for several days. It was not mad.

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BULL IN THE PARK CREATES A PANIC.

Visitors Put to Flight and Two Inquisitive Boys Knocked Down.

Sergeant Dillon and a Dozen Policemen Summoned to the Scene.

KILLED BY SHARPSHOOTER SHANNON.

It Was of the Muley Variety and Had Escaped from the Stock Yards in West Fifty-ninth Street.

A big bull created a panic in Central Park yesterday afternoon. Being of the muley variety, it did not have any horns, but people were more frightened by it on that very account, as the word was passed through the crowd that muleys are more dangerous, through their butting powers, than the kind with horns.

The bull arrived in the city from Texas yesterday morning, and was turned, with other stock, into an enclosure at the stock yards at the foot of West Fifty-ninth street. In the course of the day the bull grew very restive, and about 3 o'clock it leaped the fence, which is fully six feet high, and started northward on Eleventh avenue.

It went very swiftly, and was out of sight long before the stockmen started in pursuit. At Sixty-fourth street it ran eastward to Eighth avenue, then turned north again, and at Seventy-second street raced into Central Park.

The Park was crowded and people ran toward the bull in curiosity. A gentle butt knocked over a too inquisitive boy, and the people became frightened. Their cries and their scurrying disturbed the bull, and it headed for the West Drive, and went northward at a trot. Drivers of vehicles tried frantically to get out of its way, and bicyclists "scattered" from it in dismay.

"It's mad!" shouted some weak-minded person, and then some took to the trees, while others headed for the Park wall. The bull, meanwhile, went straight up the road, tossing its head and bellowing.

It halted when near the reservoir, and began to graze. Ex-Policeman McKenna cautiously approached, climbed a tree and blazed away with his revolver. One or two shots hit the bull and it snorted angrily.

Meanwhile Policeman Fitzgerald had telephoned to the Arsenal for assistance, and his description of the horrid bull was so vivid that Sergeant Dillon with a squad of a dozen men at once marched toward the scene. Officer Shannon, the crack shot of the Park, seized a rifle and was hurriedly driven to the spot in a wagon.

When he arrived the revolver firing had stopped from lack of ammunition and the man was browsing among some bushes. He looked up at him and lowered his head as if about to make a rush. Before it could do the animal in the shoulder, disabling it. A second shot put an end to its excursions.

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DROWNED IN A SWIMMING POOL.

A Bicyclist Meets His Death Below Passaic Falls.

In the swimming pool, in the basin below the Passaic Falls, N. J., yesterday afternoon, Michael Scanlan, twenty-nine years old, of No. 569 West Fifth street, this city, was seized with cramps and was drowned before help reached him.

His brother-in-law, Gustave Roth, attempted to save him, but failed. The body has not yet been recovered. Scanlan rode to Passaic Falls on his bicycle.

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GROVER FLINT TELLS HOW HE ESCAPED.

Perilous Voyage of the Journal's Correspondent from Cuba.

In a Shaky Little Open Boat from That Disrupted Isle to Nassau.

Only Good Luck Prevented Capture by a Prowling Spanish Gunboat.

Eleven Men Made Up the Crew of the "No. 5" and They Braved Death in Trying to Get Away.

MANY RISKY DAYS OF PREPARATION

The Work of Fitting Up the Boat at a Time Carried on Within a Few Yards of Where a Gunboat Lay.

By Grover Flint.

Were you ever at sea in an open boat, in a tropical ocean, swept by squalls and tornadoes, and travelled only by filibusters and Spanish cruisers eager for their capture? This was the experience of the officers of Lieutenant-Colonel Enrique Céspedes's commission, a Journal correspondent and the crew of "No. 5."

"No. 5" is a stout whaleboat, twenty-seven feet of keel and five of beam. She was one of the boats of the Laurada, that landed the Lux expedition at Punto del Ganado, near Nuevitas, on the 11th of last May. She landed her cargo of men and ammunition successfully, and when the other small boats were burned "No. 5" was paddled along the shore and hidden among the palms and grape trees, at a point midway between the Punto del Ganado and Maternillos light.

We were eleven in one party—Colonel Céspedes, Captain Mario Carillo, Lieutenant Eduardo Laborde, Dr. James Smith, of the Sanitary Department; three Cuban coast pilots, the Journal correspondent, and negro sailors. Our "masoor," a green and red parrot, which winks intelligently when the word "filibuster" is mentioned, and which cries "Al machete! Al machete!" when excited, completed the make-up of the party.

Fitting Up the Little Boat.

The labor of refitting "No. 5" for a sea trip was slow. Sails, oars, masts, kegs for water, a rudder, putty, paint and carpenter's tools, all had to be smuggled by our agents from the towns of San Miguel and Nuevitas.

Days dragged on, and our materials came a little at a time. We lay beneath the palm and wild grape trees, tortured by mosquitoes and sandflies, half a mile from Maternillos light and the entrance to Nuevitas harbor. In that harbor lay a gunboat, and another was on duty patrolling the coast for a few miles to east and west of us. Stories came from the town that our expedition was the talk of the cafes; that a half-witted negro, called "Viva Dios," had made it the theme of improvised songs, or "doctinas," while drunk in the streets of Nuevitas, and the locale of frolic looked nearer to us than we cared at the time to admit. A Government commission, with State papers and dispatches, would be no mean capture, and we felt that our heads would fetch a good price.

Almost Discovered.

By July 20, after a delay of two long weeks, our tools and supplies had all come to us. At noon on that day the little gunboat Golondrina, with a Gatling gun and a crew of forty men, steamed from the boom-capped reefs and the shore and dropped anchor barely two hundred yards from where we lay concealed.

From between the grape branches we could see the officers and men on her deck, and that was a time for caution—masts were driven with muffled hammer, fires were small and the smoke was distributed by a piece of tarpaulin, and we only ventured on the beach by night, while the Golondrina lay silent and watchful, with all lights concealed.

On the 21st there was an event. The Golondrina put out a boat, but it only paddled for fifty yards about and was then hauled on board. We continued to watch and wait under the pitiless sun. We had sent back our horses, we had left our arms with the last insurgent force, and were in no condition to make a fight.

I take up a \$5 bet that we would be captured. Work continued, however, in silence, caulking, painting and salting being done by our crew, with the assistance of a small party of the coast guard. Colonel Céspedes lay in his hammock stung between two palms, with his shattered leg as easily placed as could be, and superintended the work.

Gunboat Perilously Near.

Thursday, July 25, brought us a second scare. At noon there was a cry from the watchers, "They're coming ashore! They're coming ashore!" The Golondrina was steaming silently eastward. We sprang out on the ground or crouched in the bushes. Far to eastward of us lay an opening in the grape trees, through which a look-out with a good glass might have seen us.

The Golondrina moved slowly along, very near the shore. Two seamen went aloft on her fore and main tops. With a boom, one of our negroes jumped and cut the rope that held a tarpaulin tent over No. 5; for from the vessel's masts it would have been discernible.

But the Golondrina moved on, skirting the indentations of the shore toward Punto

del Ganado.

del Ganado.