DID REYNOLDS GET THE BOODY GEMS?

Police Think He Is the Man for Whom They Have Looked Two Years.

Prisoner Denies Any Knowledge of the $20,000 Robbery, but He Is Held.

Detective Bureau Searching for the Servants Who Were in Mrs. Boody's Employ.

THEY MAY IDENTIFY REYNOLDS.

The Bold Robbery Which Was Accomplished by Two Men in September, 1893, Has Ever Since Baffled the Police Department.

The Central Office detectives believe that after two years' of searching they have at last found the man who, in September, 1893, stole from the residence of Mrs. Ambia Boody, of No. 8 West Fifty-eighth street, nearly $20,000 worth of diamonds and jewelry.

Detective Joseph O'Donohue captured a man who calls himself George Reynolds, on Saturday night at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Third avenue. Reynolds protested he was innocent, and described himself as a bookmaker at the Brighton Beach race track, living at Long Island City. He says he is forty-nine years old.

O'Donohue, who was a wardman in the East Fifty-first Street Station when the robbery was commited, took his man to Police Headquarters. Yesterday morning he arraigned him before Magistrate Kudlich in Yorkville Police Court. The prisoner said to the Magistrate:

"I'm sure I don't know why I'm arrested. May I not be admitted to bail?"

Considering the value of the stolen gems, the magistrate fixed the bail at $10,000. Reynolds could not find a bondsman in that amount and was remanded to Police Headquarters at his own request until 3 o'clock to-day, when he will again be examined.

With the detective was Dr. John B. Munn, of No. 18 West Fifty-eighth street. He is the physician of the Boody family. He said last night that Mrs. Boody was in Saratoga, and that she was the widow of Ozariah Boody, a very wealthy man. He knew nothing of the robbery except that it occurred some two years ago.

Mrs. Boody is spending the Summer months at the Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga. She received a telegram last night from Dr. Munn telling her of the capture of the suspected thief. Captain O'Brien telegraphed to send him the addresses of her servants at the time of the crime. She could not do so.

The robbery occurred on September 20, 1893. On September 13 of that year, Mrs. Boody returned from her usual Summer stay at Saratoga. She had in the Fifty-eighth street house two maids, a cook and a coachman. She went for a drive in Central Park that day, taking with her a maid and the family coachman. She left at home the cook and one maid, named Nora Purcell.

While Mrs. Boody was out a dapper little man rang the bell and told the maid that he had come to repair the thermostat in the boudoir of Mrs. Boody. How he knew that there was a thermostat there Mrs. Boody has never been able to guess. The maid took the caller upstairs to the second floor and remained near him while he tinkered with the thermostat.

During the tinkering and the small talk of the attractive young "plumber" another man rang the front door bell. He gruffly told the cook the same story his more elegant colleague had related. He was not admitted. He waited outside, however, and the two men went away together.

The servants neglected to tell their mistress of the plumber's visit. Just one week later, while Mrs. Boody was again out riding in the Park, the two "plumbers" called again, this time together. They were admitted by the same maid and shown up to Mrs. Boody's room. They at once commenced work on the thermostat. They were alone there for twenty minutes. Again the maid failed to inform her mistress of the call of the "thermostatmen."

Two days later Mrs. Boody opened a closet near the thermostat and found that two trunks she kept there had been broken open and a jewel case in the bottom of each had been rifled. One of these had contained $12,000 worth of diamonds, and the other about $7,000 in assorted jewelry. All of the precious freight was gone. Most of it was doubly dear because it had descended from generation to generation in the rich old Boody family for hundreds of years.

Mrs. Boody sent across the street to the home of Thomas Byrnes, who was at that time at the head of the police force of this city. Several crooks were afterward arrested, but the servants could identify none of them. Rewards were offered, but finally Mrs. Broody gave up the hope of finding either her lost gems or the men who had stolen them. She discharged her servants and put her home under the surveillance of a protective watchmen's association.

Two doors from Mrs. Boody is the palatial residence of Cornelius Vanderbilt. On other side of her are the Alexanders and the Sternses.

CUT HER ARM IN A GLASS DOOR.

Family Quarrel Ends by the Wife Going to a Hospital.

Gustave Steffin and his wife are caretakers at the home of Miss Theresa Donohue, No. 248 West Seventy-second street. They live in the basement with their two children. Husband and wife have fought frequently, and the former still bore a discolored eye, received, so he said, in a domestic argument a week ago. Yesterday afternoon Mounted Policeman McIntyre, of the park police, stationed at the corner of Riverside Drive and Seventy-second street, saw a man run into the middle of the street and beckon to him. Steffin told him that his wife had been hurt.

The policeman found Mrs. Steffin lying bleeding and unconscious on the floor of the hall. He sent in a call for the Park ambulance.

Steffin and his wife had been quarrelling. He said he had pushed her into a hallway and locked the door on her. In the door was a large glass panel. Mrs. Steffin dashed against the door and pushed one of her arms through the glass. The sharp edges cut several large veins and lacerated her arm from wrist to elbow.

Steffin was arrested, but at his wife's request he was released.

Runaway Horse Dragged Him.

A horse attached to one of R. H. Macy's wagons became frightened at a New York Central train yesterday while in front of a house at One Hundred and Thirty-fourth street and Brown place and ran away. Thomas McFadden, the driver, jumped from his seat to the roadway and caught the runaway by the bridle. He was dragged some distance before he released his hold on the bridle and fell exhausted in the roadway. Two of the wagon wheels passed over his body and when picked up he was unconscious. He sustained a fracture of the collar bone, one of his arms was broken and he received numerous contusions.

DRAGGED BY HER HORSE.

Miss Campbell's Saddle Slipped and She Was Saved by Artist Oliver Kemp.

Long Branch, Aug. 4.—Miss Lydia Campbell, daughter of Richard Campbell, of New York City, and a Summer resident living on the Rumsom road, was thrown from a saddle horse and dragged thirty feet while out riding accompanied by a groom on Ocean avenue, near Seabright Sunday afternoon.

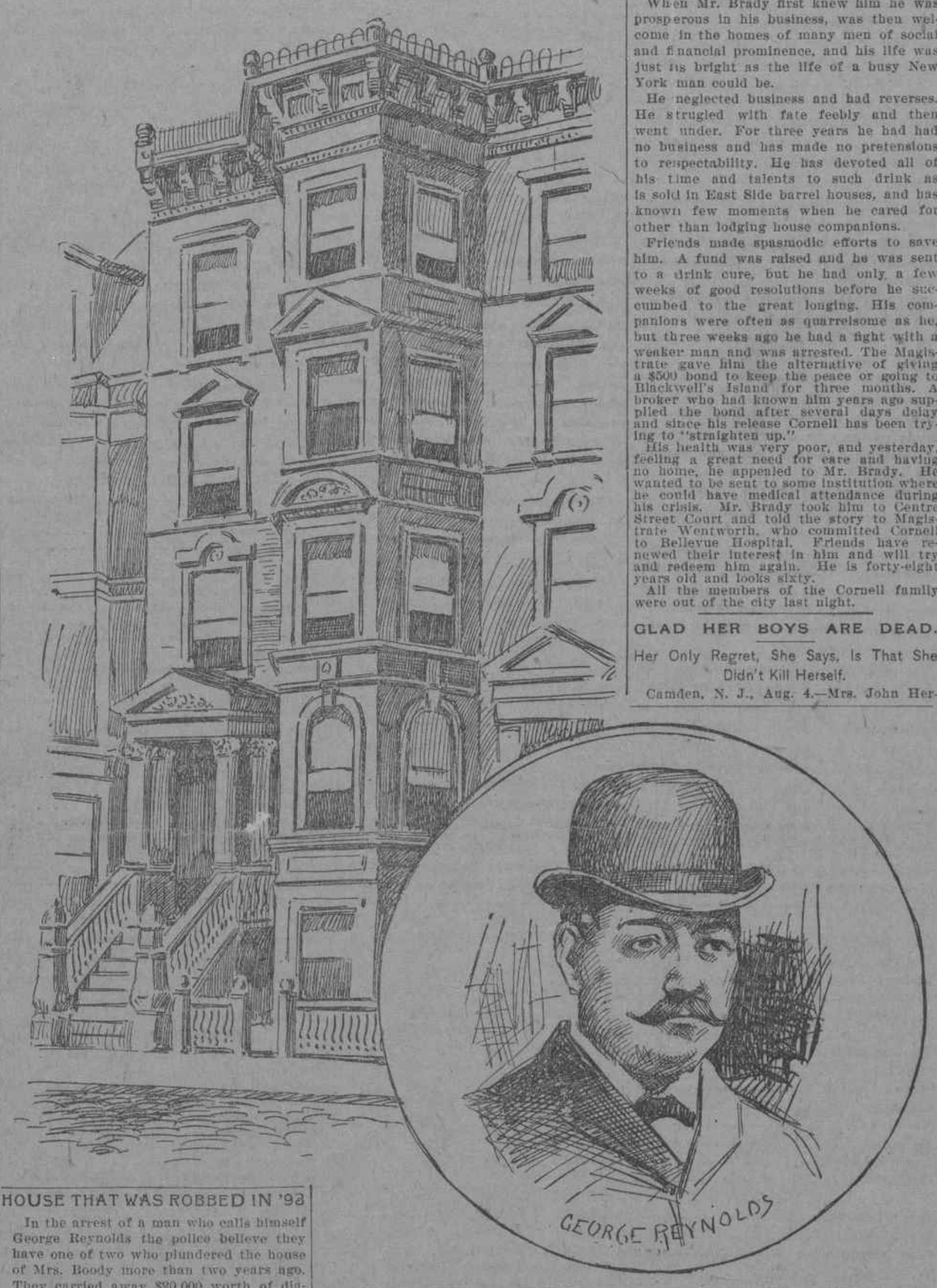
Oliver Kemp, a Ne wYork artist summering here, went to the young lady's assistance on a bicycle, and making a flying leap caught hold of the bridle and stopped the horse. Miss Campbell was unconscious and badly bruised. The horse was frightened by a passing bicycle and plunged. Miss Campbell is an accomplished horsewoman, but the saddle slipped and before she could release her foot from the stirrup she was thrown. The groom could not overtake the horse.

Miss Campbell was taken home and is in the care of a physician.

FOUGHT THE HOTEL MAN.

Oddie Wandered into the Fifth Avenue and Attacked a Detective Who Aroused Him.

John Oddie, sixty-two years old, of a wealthy family residing at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, came to this city two days ago.



HOUSE THAT WAS ROBBED IN '93

In the arrest of a man who calls himself George Reynolds the police believe they have one of two who plundered the house of Mrs. Boody more than two years ago. They carried away $20,000 worth of diamonds and jewelry.

last evening his long gray whiskers had been nicely trimmed and he sauntered down Broadway dropping into several saloons. He finally reached the Fifth Avenue Hotel and wandered into the cafe, looked about and fifteen minutes later Detective Foley found Mr. Oddie slumbering on one of the settees in the cafe.

He aroused him, and quick as he did so Mr. Oddie struck him across the head with his gingham umbrella. The detective seized him by the shoulders and in trying to force him out of the door into the lobby Oddie grabbed his watch chain and broke it into three parts.

Policeman Schlotman, of the West Thirtieth Street Station, was called in, and Oddie seized him by the throat and tore four buttons off his uniform coat.

Oddie gave the policeman a tussle before the latter threw him to the floor. Another policeman was summoned and they held him down until the patrol wagon arrived, when they carried him out and took him to the West Thirtieth Street Station.

At the station house Mr. Oddie was loud in his denunciation of gold, and as he was led off to the cell shouted:

"I see no compromise here, by gosh!"

BULLET ENDS TROUBLES.

Aged Mr. Vix, Fearful of Losing His Position, Killed Himself in Central Park.

B41

While Park Policeman Steers was on duty in Central Park yesterday he noticed a man sitting on a bench in a secluded part of the park, near the West Drive, opposite One Hundred and Seventh street. He walked toward him and after looking at him passed on. He had gone but a few yards when he heard the report of a revolver and, turning quickly, saw the man's head sink on his breast and a pistol fall from his hand.

He ran to his side, found that he was unconscious and summoned an ambulance. When it arrived the man was pronounced dead. The body was removed to the Morgue.

In the man's pockets were found the business card of a firm at No. 15 Mercer street, and a card with the name of M. Vix, No. 400 East Ninety-first street, on it.

Inquiry at this address showed that it was the suicides home. He lived there with a wife and two daughters.

He had been very despondent of late, for his two daughters have been out of employment for weeks, and he has been told that the Mercer street firm, for which he has worked for thirty-one years, is expecting to retire from business, and he feared that at his age, fifty-five, he would be unable to find new employment. He had told his wife that at some day he would commit suicide.

"MADE A FACE" WHEN HE OFFERED A KISS.

Ida Whittaker Is Satisfied Because Her Parents Are Again United.

Pathos and Comedy Mingled in the Reconciliation of Very Strange People.

KRIEGER WANTED A CLEAN SHAVE.

Little Girl the Only One in the Party Really Happy, and She Asked "Mamma" to Kiss "Papa."

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 4.—Frank Whittaker and wife and Herman Krieger and his wife have been reunited and the party left for New York on the Pennsylvania road this evening.

Mrs. Whittaker and Krieger were arrested Sunday on the charge of kidnapping Frank Whittaker's ten-year-old daughter, Ida. Mr. Whittaker arrived this morning with Mrs. Krieger. They went to the Central Police Station, where a pathetic and ludicrous reconciliation took place.

Whittaker first kissed his child and then kissed the mother. The latter did not like it at first and "made a face." He said he would forgive her, but she did not care if he didn't.

The child kissed and hugged her father and wanted him to take her home with her mamma. The latter did not want to go back to New York and said she had enough of Whittaker. Then the child went from one to another with her caresses and told her "mamma" to kiss "papa." Before they knew it both parents had tears in their eyes. Then Whittaker again pleaded with his wife and she threw her arms around his neck. As she passed out the door of the police station she was wiping the tears from her eyes and asked: "Is my hat on straight, Ida?"

The amicable adjustment of the differences between Whittaker and wife left no charges against Krieger. His better half, however, announced that she was tired of being ill-treated by her husband and declared that she would return to New York as soon as she could prepare evidence for a divorce.

Krieger was very penitent. At first his wife turned a deaf ear to his pleadings. She asserted that she had once loved him dearly, but that his disregard for her love and womanly sensibilities had cooled her affection.

Krieger thought his personal appearance had something to do with his wife's condition of mind. He said: "I may not look nice now, but when I get shaved and put on a clean shirt I will look different."

The woman said she did not care if he even put on a clean shirt. The police officers at length persuaded her to leave with her erring husband. She declared that she would never live with him again.

After Herman had taken her through the parks and showered attentions on her, her heart softened. By dinner time Whittaker, Krieger and the two women and the little girl were as merry as any crowd of sightseers in Pittsburg.

When Krieger and Mrs. Whittaker were arrested Sunday they had $680 between them. This was divided. The reward offered by Whittaker is now said to have been only $500, and while much mystery surrounded this feature of the case, it was learned that Whittaker had paid $300 over to the police, which is to be divided among the officers who worked on the case.

A. Ryan and J. Cotter, two amateur detectives, claim a part of the reward.

NEPHEW OF A GOVERNOR BECOMES A WRECK.

Friends Make a Final Effort to Reclaim William H. Cornell.

For Three Years He Has Slept in Slums and Drunk Vile Dregs.

HIS UNCLE WAS ALONZO B. CORNELL.

He Voluntarily Placed Himself in the Hands of a Friendly Custodian Yesterday, and Magistrate Wentworth in Pity Committed Him to Bellevue.

Edward T. Brady, custodian of the Consolidated Exchange, yesterday had in his custody the wreck of a man he had known in better days as William H. Cornell. Ten years ago the man had a bright future. He is a nephew of ex-Governor Cornell.

When Mr. Brady first knew him he was prosperous in his business, was then welcome in the homes of many men of social and financial prominence, and his life was just as bright as the life of a busy New York man could be.

He neglected business and had reverses. He strugled with fate feebly and then went under. For three years he had had no business and has made no pretensions to respectability. He has devoted all of his time and talents to such drink as is sold in East Side barrel houses, and has known few moments when he cared for other than lodging house companions.

Friends made spasmodic efforts to save him. A fund was raised and he was sent to a drink cure, but he had only a few weeks of good resolutions before he succumbed to the great longing. His companions were often as quarrelsome as he, but three weeks ago he had a fight with a weaker man and was arrested. The Magistrate gave him the alternative of giving a $500 bond to keep the peace or going to Blackwell's Island for three months. A broker who had known him years ago supplied the bond after several days delay and since his release Cornell has been trying to "straighten up."

His health was very poor, and yesterday, feeling a great need for care and having no home, he appealed to Mr. Brady. He wanted to be sent to some institution where he could have medical attendance during his crisis. Mr. Brady took him to Centre Street Court and told the story to Magistrate Wentworth, who committed Cornell to Bellevue Hospital. Friends have renewed their interest in him and will try and redeem him again. He is forty-eight years old and looks sixty.

All the members of the Cornell family were out of the city last night.

GLAD HER BOYS ARE DEAD.

Her Only Regret, She Says, Is That She Didn't Kill Herself.

Camden, N. J., Aug. 4.—Mrs. John Herman, the woman who, on July 27, drowned her two boys by throwing them into the river, and then tried to drown herself, was removed from the hospital, where she was taken after having been dragged from the river for treatment for poison she had previously taken, to the County Jail to-day and locked up on a charge of double murder.

The woman seems to be perfectly sane. She admits her guilt and says her only regret is she did not succeed in killing herself. She declares her acts were caused by family troubles. The inquest into the deaths of the children will be held to-morrow.

POLICEMAN HIT WITH A BRICK.

Knocked Insensible by a Man He Intended to Arrest.

John and Martin Grompson and Flora, Martin's common law wife, live on the second floor of No. 127 West Third street.

Last night one of the other tenants called Policeman Kennedy, of the Mercer Street Station, to arrest them for fighting.

Policeman Kennedy had had experience with the party, and he decided to call for assistance. On the way down the stairs a brick struck him in the head and knocked him insensible.

A passing bicyclist saw him fall and shouted to Policeman Klan. Policeman Toumey meanwhile had received similar word from another citizen.

The policemen found a crowd about Kennedy. His assailants had made their escape. Toumey arrested Flora Grompson and Klan found Martin in the yard next door. Kennedy was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital. Grompson later resisted arrest, and was injured and taken to Bellevue Hospital.

Magistrate Deuel ordered Martin and Flora Grompson to give bond in $300 for their good behavior for three months.

John Grompson will have to answer the charge of assaulting Kennedy when he leaves the hospital.

Blocks on Third Avenue Cable.

There were two blocks on the Third avenue cable road yesterday. The first occurred at 4:15 o'clock in the afternoon and lasted about twenty minutes. A brake chain got tangled in the slot and wedged there. Travel had been resumed for an hour or so, when the grip of car No. 713, south bound around the curve at the Post Office, caught in a frog, and was so badly smashed that the car was shifted and hauled back to the power house. This time travel was delayed twenty-nine minutes.

Bicycle Instructor's Trouble.

Henry Reid, of No. 311 West Twenty-fifth street, who has been an instructor in a bicycle academy on Eighteenth street, on July 29 hired a bicycle from a dealer at Broadway and Fifty-seventh street. He is alleged to have sold it for $30. He was arraigned at Yorkville Court yesterday, and held in $500 bail.

SMITH IS SOMEBODY ELSE.

Not to Appear Against the Man Who Stabbed Him if the Other Keeps His Identity Secret.

Walter O. Poor, who was arrested last Sunday night for stabbing a man who says his name is John Smith, while, it is alleged, the men were engaged in a game of poker, was arraigned yesterday morning in the Jefferson Market Police Court before Magistrate Deuel. No complainant appeared against him, and he was paroled until next Friday to await the result of his victim's injuries.

Poor said Smith had agreed not to prosecute him in return for Poor's absolute silence as to "Smith's" real name. It had been supposed that Smith was a fictitious name.

Poor has refused all other information except that Smith is a graduate of Princeton and was a well-known member of the Princeton football team.

At Mrs. Foley's house, No. 136 West Twenty-second street, where both men live, it is insisted that John Smith is the man's real name. Mrs. Foley is not at home, but the house girl says he has always been known as John Smith since he has been living in the house, and that his letters come to him thus addressed.

"Smith" refused to allow the hospital authorities to give out any information regarding him. He also refused to "show the hand" that caused the trouble.

SAYS HIS WIFE HAS ELOPED.

Left a Note Saying She Was Tired of Him and Preferred Their Boarder.

William Broer, of No. 53 First street, Hoboken, complained to the police yesterday that his wife had eloped with their boarder, Hans Saltmann. Several times, Broer said, he had spoken to his wife for being too friendly with the boarder, but she only laughed and chided him for being jealous.

On several occasions Broer learned that his wife and Saltmann had visited Coney Island and other places. Upon returning home a week ago, Broer told the police, he found a note from his wife, saying she had tired of her husband's company and that she found Saltmann more to her liking.

Broer claims his wife and Saltmann are living together at No. 367 West Chicago avenue, Chicago. He was advised to go there and cause their arrest.

ASSAULTED THE NON-STRIKER.

Refused to Join His Fellows, and Six Men Beat and Kicked Him.

A strike was ordered a short time ago at the book bindery of Edwin Ives, Howard and Crosby streets, New York. George Koch, of No. 57 Sixteenth street, Newark, refused to join the strike, and the men who went out threatened vengeance. An effort was made last night to carry out the threat.

Koch goes to his home by trolley car from Exchange Place, Jersey City. As he was walking from the Pennsylvania ferry last night to the car he was attacked by six men, who knocked him down and kicked him, but were prevented from doing him serious harm by several bystanders, who rescued him. A policeman, who arrived in season to catch the last of the strikers as he fled, took his prisoner to the Gregory Street Police Station, where he gave his name as Hugo Prokratz, and said he lived at No. 34 St. Mark's place, New York. He was locked up for atrocious assault. Koch was sent home. He was not badly hurt.

FISH MADE THEM HUSTLE.

Record-Breaking Catch by Three Expert Anglers Off Long Branch.

Long Branch, Aug. 4.—All Long Branch was talking this evening of the remarkably big catch of fish made during the afternoon by Miss Florence Sewell, Arthur Phillips and Bert Cubbay.

They were aboard the fishing smack Daisy B., and for three hours made things so interesting for the finny tribe that when they concluded to quit they had pulled in 211 beauties.

The fish weighed from two to nine pounds each. There were bluefish, blackfish, sea bass and fluke in abundance. The catch is considered a recorder breaking one.

Miss Sewell is an artist of some reputation and a most enthusiastic angler.

GRAND OPERA SEASON.

To Begin November 16 with Old Favorites and Many New Singers.

The season of grand opera at the Metropolitan Opera House under the direction of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau, Limited, will begin November 16 and continue for thirteen weeks. Nearly all the old favorites have been re-engaged and new artists secured.

The orchestra and chorus, it is announced, will be of the highest standard obtainable, and more attention will be paid to the mise-en-scene than heretofore. Subscribers of last season will have the privilege of renewing subscriptions for their seats up to September 15. After that time new subscribers will have a chance to bid.

Cahn's Theatrical Guide Book.

Julius Cahn, manager of Charles Frohman's booking department, has just issued his official theatrical guide for 1896. It contains a full description of every theatre in the United States and Canada, with names of the owners and managers. Dimensions of the stages are given showing just what scenery is required by travelling companies. In many cases Mr. Cahn has added the names and rates of hotels in cities, the best method of reaching them and other valuable information. In addition the guide contains a directory of travelling companies, booking sheets, seating capacity of playhouses and everything of value to the theatrical profession.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

An enjoyable entertainment was provided on the floating roof garden Grand Republic, last night. The performers were Al Wilson, Pearl Andrews, Zelma Rawlston, Ward and Lynch and Gerome Edwardy, a pretty balladist with a sweet voice.

Huber, the museum manager, has a novel attraction in Smith, the walking man from Ohio. Owing to a peculiar ailment he is unable to stop walking for any length of time, and eats his meals while in motion.

At the request of many patrons "The Merry War" will be sung at Terrace Garden the last three nights of this week.

Canary & Lederer have made arrangements to produce their annual burlesques simultaneously in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. The third edition of "In Gay New York" will be seen in a fortnight. The last performance will be given August 29.

Messrs. Hayman and Frohman have added another theatre to their chain. One is to be erected on the site of the Central Congregational Church in Providence, L. I. It will be called the Telma.

"Go Back to the Little One, Jim," a new song by R. M. Tewksbury, founded upon a story printed in the Easter Journal, was sung for the first time at the Madison Square roof garden Monday night by Caroline Hull. It made a great hit.

Edward J. Abram, manager for Lewis Morrison, says the actor was in no way concerned in the performance of "As You Like It" which came to such a disastrous end at Asbury Park Saturday.

Oscar Hammerstein has completed his comic opera "Santa Maria," and rehearsals are now in progress.

Nell Warner, the former tragedian, has been engaged by W. A. Brady for "Under the Polar Star."

J. Charles Davis says neither Mr. Miner nor Mr. Brooks are in any way connected with the newly organized Theatrical Managers' Association. Al Hayman and Charles Frohman also declare the use of their names is unwarranted.

Harrigan has succeeded in getting eleven members of his old company for "Marty Malone." Among them are Harry Fisher, Dan Collyer, Billy West and Annie Drew.

Rehearsals of the choruses of "An American Beauty," Lillian Russell's new opera, were begun Monday at the Casino under the direction of Paul Steindorff.

The special Thursday night fireworks displays will begin in Pain's open air theatre at Manhattan Beach to-morrow evening, after the battles of "Cuba." A varied programme will be offered.

CORONERS TO ASK FOR BETTER FACILITIES.

Want Their Office to Keep Pace with Other City Departments.

Present Force Unable to Do Its Work and Many Cases Neglected.

WAS CARLYLE HARRIS INNOCENT?

Professor Witthaus Says Such Is Possible, as He Was Convicted on the Evidence of an Incompetent Druggist.

The inability of the Coroner's office with its present hampered facilities to meet the growing requirements of that department was forcibly presented last night by Coroner Tuthill to a meeting of physicians and city officials. At this meeting a movement was started for framing a bill to be presented to the next Legislature, with a view to increasing the efficiency of the Coroner's office. It was shown that because of the lack of proper facilities hundreds of homicide cases were allowed to pass almost unnoticed.

Coroner Tuthill had called the meeting, he said, "to bring about more friendly relations between various city officials, the medical profession and the Coroners' office." He was at one time, before he took the office, a most vigorous opponent of the department, and worked to have it abolished. That he has experienced a very decided change of views was shown last night.

The Coroners' court room in the Criminal Court building was well filled when Dr. Tuthill arose to explain the object of the meeting. He said the importance of the Coroners' office was not understood.

"While other department have had their working forces increased and have kept pace with the growing population," he said, "the Coroner's office has the same force and same facilities it had in 1872. When the office was formed at that time there were four Coroners and four Coroner's physicians. The only addition which has been made to its force in twenty-four years has been a night clerk. This city should be ashamed to say that it has no pathological and chemical laboratory in connection with the Coroner's office. For this reason this office has been instrumental in securing only two convictions in poisoning cases since 1858, while it is certain that people are murdered by poison almost every week.

"The reason of this is that as we are given no laboratories, and no respect for pathologists and chemists, it is impossible for us to definitely fix a case of murder by poison. With the small force of four coroners and four physicians, over 5,000 inquests and 2,016 autopsies were held last year. Now we propose to frame a bill and present it to the next Legislature to remedy this. The indifference, too, manifested for the Coroner's office by public officials is marvelous, but we propose a campaign for the education of citizens and officials. The bringing of the office up to modern needs is absolutely necessary.

Professor Witthaus, the expert chemist, said: "In 1858 James Stevens was convicted of murder in the first degree for poisoning his wife. The Coroner's jury was instrumental in this. The next case where the Coroner's office secured a conviction of murded in the first degree in a poisoning case was when Carlyle Harris was tried. Now in this case a terrible blunder may have been made. Two capsules taken from among those with which Harris was supposed to have poisoned his wife were submitted to an alleged Whitehall street druggist for analysis. He found morphine in them. Harris was convicted.

"After Harris's conviction this same Whitehall street druggist came before me for examination. It then developed he was only a medical student. I asked him to give me two tests for morphine. He could not give them, and not only that, he failed in his examination. Now this is only to show why a chemical and pathological laboratory are needed for the Coroners' office."

Dr. Frank Ferguson, of the College of New York; Dr. Van Gelsen and Dr. George Biggs, of the Department of Pathology of the New York Hospital, followed and talked in the same strain.

It was agreed that at an early date another meeting would be held, when a committee would be appointed to frame the proposed bill.

Single Taxers Want to Give Bail.

Dover, Del., Aug. 4.—Arthur H. Stephenson and others, single taxers, confined in jail here, made application to-night through their counsel, Jackson H. Ralston, of Washington, and James L. Walcott, of Dover, under the habeas corpus proceedings, for admission to bail pending final disposition of the case. Chancellor Nicholson continued the hearing until Saturday next at 1 o'clock p. m., but denied the application for admission to bail.

Horse Shoe Did Not Bring Luck.

There was a slight fire in the loft occupied by Alois Kohn & Co., gold chain manufacturers at No. 9 Maiden lane, last night. It was discovered by Policeman Osborn, of the Old Slip Station, and was extinguished after doing about $200 damage. While on the way to the fire one of the horses of Hook and Ladder No. 10 cast a shoe that flew through a $50 plate glass window at No. 195 Broadway.

RIPANS TABULES

Mr. H. Lissner, of 925 Broadway, Oakland, Cal., had specially recommended Ripans Tabules to Mrs. Mathilda Cohn, of No. 529 San Pablo avenue, and on the 29th of July, 1895, Mrs. Cohn related to him her experiences as follows: "I am using the second box of those Tabules you recommended. They done wonders for me, and I would not be without them now for any money. Two days ago I went to an evening party and ate a hearty supper at 11 p. m. I had felt so well after using the first box that I thought that I was cured of my dyspepsia, but I suffered the next day. Oh! how sick I was. But I took two Tabules and they brought me out of bed the same day. Now I take one after each meal and feel fine, but I will take better care of what I eat after this."

Ripans Tabules are sold by all druggists, or by mail if the price (50 cents) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce st., New York. Sample vial, 10 cents.

FIGHT IN AN AMBULANCE.

Man Says He Is Christ and Rebels Against the Doctor Who Was Called.

An unknown man, who was acting in an extraordinary way, at Second avenue and Eighth street, was arrested last night by a policeman of the East Fifth Street Station. The man was detained at the station house and an ambulance from Bellevue Hospital summoned.

Dr. Miller and Driver Gettes started with the man. He seemed quiet, and, as no trouble was expected, no policeman was taken along.

About four blocks from the station house Driver Gettes heard the doctor call to him, and, looking around, saw the patient and the doctor having a fierce fight. Gettes went to the assistance of Dr. Miller. After a hard struggle they finally overcame the man and held him until an officer could be summoned to go with him to the hospital.

While the man was being held down he told Driver Gettes that he was Jesus Christ, and asked Gettes if he was not one of the apostles.

When the man was placed in the insane pavilion he again became very violent.

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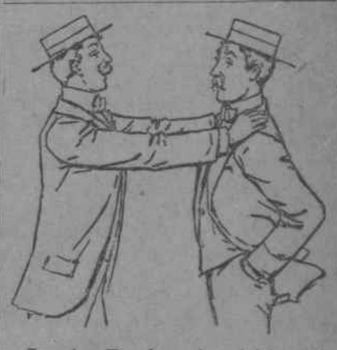
NEW YORK STORE. BROADWAY, COR. 31ST. ST. | BROOKLYN STORES. B'way & Bedford Ave. Fulton st. & Flatb'h ave

We don't make much noise about it—our policy is lots of wool and very little cry—but we're offering some clothing and furnishing goods values this week which are exceptional even for this time of year.

There's no hurry; our stores are not thronged with excited buyers. There's plenty of room, plenty of time, plenty of goods and plenty of polite salesmen to wait on you and see that you are properly fitted.

$9 Crash Suits, now $5.
$20, $22, $25, and $28 Business Suits, now $15.
White Flannel and Serge Suits, reduced one-third.
$1.50 and $1.75 Duck Trousers, now $1.
$3 Straw Hats, now $1.50.
$1.50 and $2 Negligee Shirts, now $1.
50c. and $1 Summer Neckwear, now 25c.
$3 Ladies' Shirt Waists, now 95c.
$20 and $22 Ladies' Cycle Suits (sizes 34 and 36), now $5.
$4 and $5 Tan Shoes, now $2.95.
Out of town orders promptly filled.

Broadway, Cor. 31st St.



Stop! Don't miss it!! The special sale of high grade English serges, cheviots and homespuns, formerly $25.00 to $40.00, now $16.00.

Workmanship the best—written guarantee for one year or money back!

ARNHEIM,
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FLINT'S FINE FURNITURE.
AN EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY.
Rare Beauty Below Factory Price

New Publications.

COIN'S FREE SILVER SERIES.
CAMPAIGN EDITION.
"Bimetallism and Monometallism," by Archbishop Walsh; price 25c. "Coin's Hand Book," by W. H. Harvey; price 10c. "Coin's Financial School," by W. H. Harvey; price 25c. "Coin's Financial School Up to Date," by W. H. Harvey; price 25c. "A Tale of Two Nations" (a novel) by W. H. Harvey; price 25c. "Chapters on Silver," by Henry G. Miller; price 25c.
"The SIX for ONE DOLLAR."
Postpaid to any address. Agents wanted. Frank Weir & Co., West 45th st., N. Y. City.