

ALMSHOUSE IS "NO PLACE FOR A LADY."

Mary Holly Scornfully Refuses to Be Supported Longer by the City.

Superintendent Terry Compliments the Journal for Exposing the Abuses.

ELEVEN LEAVE IN CONSEQUENCE.

Queer Case of Margaret Sinclair, Whose Prosperous Brother, It is Admitted, Has an Insurance on Her Life.

"The Journal is doing a great work in investigating and exposing these almshouse abuses," said Superintendent Terry, of that institution, yesterday. "To-day eleven inmates voluntarily asked for their discharge, and left. Five of these declared they did so because of the Journal's exposure, and the others, I believe, had the same reason."

The first to ask for his discharge was John R. Hanb, who, as told yesterday, draws a pension. He was very angry, and said he would not stay there to be insulted. John Lynch was the next.

Later in the forenoon Mary Holly appeared. Her face was flushed with anger, and she snipped out her words viciously. "This is no place for a lady to stay, where we can be talked about as we were in the Journal. I'm going to get away."

Thomas Flynn and Patrick Jordan were the two others who avowedly left because of the exposures.

"How are you going to live?" Jordan was asked as he went away.

"Oh, you needn't think I haven't plenty of friends and a good way of getting along without staying here in the poorhouse!" And he sniped defiantly.

Jeremiah Manix and his wife, Mary, were admitted to the Almshouse three years ago. It is known they have received remittances amounting to \$50 a year. Manix admitted yesterday having a daughter who is the wife of Frank List, the Sheriff of a Dakota county, living in the town of Dickerson. Efforts will be made to have the couple shipped to Dakota.

"Every other day looks carefully into the claims of applicants," said the superintendent, "but in this city it is impossible to properly investigate cases, for the Department of Charities has only two inspectors."

Margaret Sinclair was admitted to the institution on March 14, 1889. The Workhouse records and her own statements gave her age then as sixty-six years. She is dying, and yesterday a man, who said he was her brother, and who gave his name as Thomas Kierman, of No. 125 East Eighty-sixth street, called at the Almshouse office. He asked that her age, on the records, be changed to read as sixty-six at the present time.

"That she was sixty-six years old seven years ago," said Chief Clerk Duryea. Kierman said it was entirely a mistake, and when asked why he wished the change made for the sake of an insurance policy he said that he had insured her for \$10,000. He said that he had insured her for \$10,000. He said that he had insured her for \$10,000.

"When was the insurance policy drawn on whose account your father wants yesterday to the man," he was asked. "The record is wrong. My aunt did not know her own age."

"The policy was taken out after she went to Blackwell's Island, was it not?" "Yes."

"One of the two inspectors employed by the Department of Charities is a man and the other a woman. A list of the 1,400 inmates of the Almshouse, with instructions to closely investigate every one's history. The list of the 1,400 female inmates will be taken later."

Until allowed to do so by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, the department cannot engage any new inspectors.

PRAYED, THEN SHOT HIMSELF. Despondent Hebrew, Supposed to Be Mosher Epstein, Attempted Suicide.

A young man, about twenty-five years of age, attempted suicide yesterday afternoon by shooting himself in the abdomen. He was found by a policeman in the Bennett street. One Hundred and Eighty-seventh street and Kingsbridge road. He has not recovered sufficiently to give his name, and is a prisoner in Manhattan Hospital.

Mounted Policeman McLaughlin, of the Washington Heights, was attracted by the report of a pistol and rode into the woods. He found the young man lying on the ground unconscious, by his side a Hebrew prayer book, with one page turned down. It marked the beginning of the "Prayer Before Death."

Ambulance Surgeon Decker, from Manhattan Hospital, and three policemen carried the wounded man out of the woods on a stretcher. He was taken to the hospital. A letter addressed to Mosher Leid Epstein, from Dr. A. Epstein, Elmira, N. Y. The letter showed that Epstein was one of all would be well some day. Inside the cover of the prayer book is written the name, "Jacob Shintsky."

HAMMERSTEIN'S SISTER SUES. Claims Her Brother Has Not Returned the \$5,100 He Borrowed Three Years Ago.

Mrs. Hannah Rosenberg brought an action in the Supreme Court yesterday, against her brother, Oscar Hammerstein, the theatrical manager, for a bill of particulars in his answer to a suit which she has instituted for the recovery of \$5,100 which she says he borrowed from her three years ago. Mrs. Rosenberg took a lease on the Columbus Theatre in Harlem a security for \$5,100. Her brother paid the interest on the loan up to last winter, when her husband, Henry Rosenberg, who was Hammerstein's confidential manager, left his employ. She then asked for her money, and Hammerstein replied that he had paid her and her husband from time to time sums that aggregated more than the amount claimed.

In his affidavit Hammerstein claims that Rosenberg loaned her \$5,100, and that she deposited some of it in his own name and some in his wife's. When Rosenberg left, Hammerstein refused to let her have the money, and she has since been unable to get it. She claims that she has since been unable to get it. She claims that she has since been unable to get it.

No Pay for Political Vacations. Public Works Commissioner Collis is after the foremen in the department who have been allowing employees vacations.

He learned that a number of employees attended the Saratoga Convention, and yesterday discharged Foreman Charles C. S. Schmitz for having allowed the time of one of the foremen to Saratoga, who was absent a week. The delegate claimed he had notified Schmitz, and when he received his pay without any deduction had supposed it was all right. He will be allowed to keep his place, but will not receive wages for this week.



KID MCCOY PLANS TO CHECK BURGLARY.

Burgled Himself Once and Was Successful, but Wants to Be Honest.

Invents a Device Which Prevents the Picking of Locked House Doors.

PICKS ONE TO SHOW ITS VALUE.

Marvelous Feats with Bits of Wire, an Umbrella Rib, String and a Pair of Nippers—Police Believe in Him.

"Kid" McCoy, trying to be honest, living in dull, close rooms on the fifth floor of a rear tenement in Frankfort street, yesterday exhibited his invention for the outwitting of house sneak thieves. As a burglar McCoy became noted, and gained still more notoriety as a star crackman in the now unattractive melodrama, "The Stow-away."

The reign of realism on the stage, being over and reformed burglars in small demand, he has had a struggle to find something to

Daughter's Body Still Unburied and, Unless Some One Aids the Family, It Will Be Sent Today to the Paupers' Field.

The arrest of Henry Nichols, a laborer, thirty-five years old, in front of his home, No. 141 Meserole street, Williamsburg, yesterday afternoon, charged with drunkenness, brought to light a sad case of destitution.

When Nichols was arrested he was beating his wife Mary on the cheek, because the woman had been unsuccessful in trying to get money to bury their two-year-old child, Catherine, who had died of pneumonia.

The family occupy two rooms on the ground floor of the rear house. They took possession of these quarters two weeks ago, after being dispossessed from other apartments in the neighborhood. The family consisted of Nichols, his wife and two children, Little Catherine, although but a few weeks past the age of two years, was the eldest. The baby, Annie, is one year old.

Shortly after moving into their new quarters little Catherine was taken with pneumonia. Mrs. Nichols did everything in her power to save the child's life, but each day her condition seemed to become worse. The woman was unable to secure medical aid or furnish the little sufferer with proper nourishment, because of Nichols' failure to obtain employment. A week ago the baby was taken ill. Mrs. Nichols nursed them both, and at 2 o'clock Wednesday morning little Catherine passed away.

When the mother saw her child was dead she picked up the lifeless body in her arms and kissed it many times. In the bed in which little Catherine had passed away was lying the baby, fast wasting away and she, too, it is feared, will not live long.

The thought of her child being buried in Potter's Field almost drove the mother insane.

The family was penniless. About 9 o'clock yesterday morning, Mrs. Nichols, accompanied by a kind-hearted neighbor, left the house.

"I am going, Henry," she said to her husband, "I can't stay here any longer. I can't beg money enough to defray the funeral expenses for our little darling. While the woman was absent Nichols sat in the humble little home awaiting his wife's return. Neighbors came in to sympathize and help him drown his sorrow. It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon when the mother returned, heart-sick and tired. She had not met with any encouragement, for those she called upon had turned her away.

Nichols was now under the influence of liquor.

"I'm afraid, Henry, our little one will have a pauper's grave," was the woman's reply to her husband's question as to what success she had had.

"I'll do it," she said, and she seized her wife by the hair of her head and dragging her to the street beat her brutally. Her husband, a policeman from the Stagg Street Station, and Nichols was arrested.

Mrs. Nichols begged for her husband's release, despite his brutality, and refused to make a charge of assault against him. He was arrested on the charge of intoxication, and she was released.

The body of the child was still lying on the bed in the little home last evening, and unless charity comes to their aid it will be buried over the country under a pile of stones.

Little Catherine was a bright, blue-eyed, golden-haired child, and dearly beloved by all who knew her. It is feared her death has caused the mind of the mother to become unbalanced.

TRILBY IN A SONG AND DANCE. All the Artists in Town Will Be There to See Julia Baird's Debut.

Gloom has fallen upon Art. Dust-covered palettes lie upon disordered studio floors; half-finished canvases gaze down upon dingy brushes, stiff with disuse; Trilbys gaze at their toes in dreary solitude, for

Julia Baird is going on the stage! Julia Baird, whose neck and shoulders grace a dozen painted Venuses, a score of Dianas and a host of Springs, Summers, Autumns and Winters—Julia Baird, the Trilby of Trilbys, the model of models, has abandoned her profession and is re-appearing as a song and dance artist.

A Journal reporter spoke to her yesterday from the orchestra pit of the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Miss Baird stood on the stage.

"Wait a minute," she said cheerily. "I'll give you a little of my new act. It's a jumpy five feet. Here eyes twinkled. 'Can't tell yet. If I'm a success this time, I guess I'll stick to it. I like it much better than posing. I haven't had any training, you know, but, no, not the least! But I'm getting on splendidly."

"I'll have tried to find some one to handle my invention," said McCoy. "But every body seems afraid of me, and I have been forced to make a few and peddle them. Down at Bennett's a hotel proprietor was afraid of me at first, but he ordered 120 of my safety devices, and that has rather encouraged me."

"The police know I have reformed, and don't bother with me, but my reputation prevents me from getting work to do, and I must make this invention go."

ATTORNEY-GENERAL REPLIES. Justifies Himself in Regard to the Attacks Made on Him.

Albany, N. Y., Sept. 10.—Attorney-General Hancock, when asked today concerning certain attacks upon him relating to trusts, said:

"Last Winter a bill was prepared by me, and is now a part of the statute law of the State, providing, in substance, that every corporation or officer thereof that enters into any combination, or conspiracy for the purpose of restraining or preventing competition in the supply or price of any article of commodity in common use in this State shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor. This law authorizes actions to be commenced to restrain combinations."

"It is known by most persons of ordinary intelligence that the Attorney-General appears in criminal proceedings only upon the requisition of the Governor of the State, and that the courts, juries and public officers must act upon facts and not rumors. There was also drafted in my office a bill which was passed by the Legislature, but which did not become a law."

What drove Dr. Gillingham crazy? A world-famous Irishman writes of the horrors of the English prisons. The pictures are half the story. See the Sunday Journal.

MOTHER BEGGED FOR A GRAVE FOR HER CHILD.

Beaten by Her Drunken Husband Because She Came Back Without the Money.

Touching Tale of Poverty and Death in a Rear Tenement of Williamsburg.

NICHOLS PLACED UNDER ARREST.

Daughter's Body Still Unburied and, Unless Some One Aids the Family, It Will Be Sent Today to the Paupers' Field.

The arrest of Henry Nichols, a laborer, thirty-five years old, in front of his home, No. 141 Meserole street, Williamsburg, yesterday afternoon, charged with drunkenness, brought to light a sad case of destitution.

When Nichols was arrested he was beating his wife Mary on the cheek, because the woman had been unsuccessful in trying to get money to bury their two-year-old child, Catherine, who had died of pneumonia.

The family occupy two rooms on the ground floor of the rear house. They took possession of these quarters two weeks ago, after being dispossessed from other apartments in the neighborhood. The family consisted of Nichols, his wife and two children, Little Catherine, although but a few weeks past the age of two years, was the eldest. The baby, Annie, is one year old.

Shortly after moving into their new quarters little Catherine was taken with pneumonia. Mrs. Nichols did everything in her power to save the child's life, but each day her condition seemed to become worse. The woman was unable to secure medical aid or furnish the little sufferer with proper nourishment, because of Nichols' failure to obtain employment. A week ago the baby was taken ill. Mrs. Nichols nursed them both, and at 2 o'clock Wednesday morning little Catherine passed away.

When the mother saw her child was dead she picked up the lifeless body in her arms and kissed it many times. In the bed in which little Catherine had passed away was lying the baby, fast wasting away and she, too, it is feared, will not live long.

The thought of her child being buried in Potter's Field almost drove the mother insane.

The family was penniless. About 9 o'clock yesterday morning, Mrs. Nichols, accompanied by a kind-hearted neighbor, left the house.

"I am going, Henry," she said to her husband, "I can't stay here any longer. I can't beg money enough to defray the funeral expenses for our little darling. While the woman was absent Nichols sat in the humble little home awaiting his wife's return. Neighbors came in to sympathize and help him drown his sorrow. It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon when the mother returned, heart-sick and tired. She had not met with any encouragement, for those she called upon had turned her away.

Nichols was now under the influence of liquor.

"I'm afraid, Henry, our little one will have a pauper's grave," was the woman's reply to her husband's question as to what success she had had.

"I'll do it," she said, and she seized her wife by the hair of her head and dragging her to the street beat her brutally. Her husband, a policeman from the Stagg Street Station, and Nichols was arrested.

Mrs. Nichols begged for her husband's release, despite his brutality, and refused to make a charge of assault against him. He was arrested on the charge of intoxication, and she was released.

The body of the child was still lying on the bed in the little home last evening, and unless charity comes to their aid it will be buried over the country under a pile of stones.

Little Catherine was a bright, blue-eyed, golden-haired child, and dearly beloved by all who knew her. It is feared her death has caused the mind of the mother to become unbalanced.

TRILBY IN A SONG AND DANCE. All the Artists in Town Will Be There to See Julia Baird's Debut.

Gloom has fallen upon Art. Dust-covered palettes lie upon disordered studio floors; half-finished canvases gaze down upon dingy brushes, stiff with disuse; Trilbys gaze at their toes in dreary solitude, for

Julia Baird is going on the stage! Julia Baird, whose neck and shoulders grace a dozen painted Venuses, a score of Dianas and a host of Springs, Summers, Autumns and Winters—Julia Baird, the Trilby of Trilbys, the model of models, has abandoned her profession and is re-appearing as a song and dance artist.

A Journal reporter spoke to her yesterday from the orchestra pit of the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Miss Baird stood on the stage.

"Wait a minute," she said cheerily. "I'll give you a little of my new act. It's a jumpy five feet. Here eyes twinkled. "Can't tell yet. If I'm a success this time, I guess I'll stick to it. I like it much better than posing. I haven't had any training, you know, but, no, not the least! But I'm getting on splendidly."

"I'll have tried to find some one to handle my invention," said McCoy. "But every body seems afraid of me, and I have been forced to make a few and peddle them. Down at Bennett's a hotel proprietor was afraid of me at first, but he ordered 120 of my safety devices, and that has rather encouraged me."

"The police know I have reformed, and don't bother with me, but my reputation prevents me from getting work to do, and I must make this invention go."

ATTORNEY-GENERAL REPLIES. Justifies Himself in Regard to the Attacks Made on Him.

Albany, N. Y., Sept. 10.—Attorney-General Hancock, when asked today concerning certain attacks upon him relating to trusts, said:

"Last Winter a bill was prepared by me, and is now a part of the statute law of the State, providing, in substance, that every corporation or officer thereof that enters into any combination, or conspiracy for the purpose of restraining or preventing competition in the supply or price of any article of commodity in common use in this State shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor. This law authorizes actions to be commenced to restrain combinations."

"It is known by most persons of ordinary intelligence that the Attorney-General appears in criminal proceedings only upon the requisition of the Governor of the State, and that the courts, juries and public officers must act upon facts and not rumors. There was also drafted in my office a bill which was passed by the Legislature, but which did not become a law."

What drove Dr. Gillingham crazy? A world-famous Irishman writes of the horrors of the English prisons. The pictures are half the story. See the Sunday Journal.

MAD DOG IN THE COURT.

Created Consternation—Women Climbed Upon Chairs and Men Turned Pale.

Officer Cameron Saved the Day.

NICHOLS PLACED UNDER ARREST.

Daughter's Body Still Unburied and, Unless Some One Aids the Family, It Will Be Sent Today to the Paupers' Field.

The arrest of Henry Nichols, a laborer, thirty-five years old, in front of his home, No. 141 Meserole street, Williamsburg, yesterday afternoon, charged with drunkenness, brought to light a sad case of destitution.

When Nichols was arrested he was beating his wife Mary on the cheek, because the woman had been unsuccessful in trying to get money to bury their two-year-old child, Catherine, who had died of pneumonia.

The family occupy two rooms on the ground floor of the rear house. They took possession of these quarters two weeks ago, after being dispossessed from other apartments in the neighborhood. The family consisted of Nichols, his wife and two children, Little Catherine, although but a few weeks past the age of two years, was the eldest. The baby, Annie, is one year old.

Shortly after moving into their new quarters little Catherine was taken with pneumonia. Mrs. Nichols did everything in her power to save the child's life, but each day her condition seemed to become worse. The woman was unable to secure medical aid or furnish the little sufferer with proper nourishment, because of Nichols' failure to obtain employment. A week ago the baby was taken ill. Mrs. Nichols nursed them both, and at 2 o'clock Wednesday morning little Catherine passed away.

When the mother saw her child was dead she picked up the lifeless body in her arms and kissed it many times. In the bed in which little Catherine had passed away was lying the baby, fast wasting away and she, too, it is feared, will not live long.

The thought of her child being buried in Potter's Field almost drove the mother insane.

The family was penniless. About 9 o'clock yesterday morning, Mrs. Nichols, accompanied by a kind-hearted neighbor, left the house.

"I am going, Henry," she said to her husband, "I can't stay here any longer. I can't beg money enough to defray the funeral expenses for our little darling. While the woman was absent Nichols sat in the humble little home awaiting his wife's return. Neighbors came in to sympathize and help him drown his sorrow. It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon when the mother returned, heart-sick and tired. She had not met with any encouragement, for those she called upon had turned her away.

Nichols was now under the influence of liquor.

"I'm afraid, Henry, our little one will have a pauper's grave," was the woman's reply to her husband's question as to what success she had had.

"I'll do it," she said, and she seized her wife by the hair of her head and dragging her to the street beat her brutally. Her husband, a policeman from the Stagg Street Station, and Nichols was arrested.

Mrs. Nichols begged for her husband's release, despite his brutality, and refused to make a charge of assault against him. He was arrested on the charge of intoxication, and she was released.

The body of the child was still lying on the bed in the little home last evening, and unless charity comes to their aid it will be buried over the country under a pile of stones.

Little Catherine was a bright, blue-eyed, golden-haired child, and dearly beloved by all who knew her. It is feared her death has caused the mind of the mother to become unbalanced.

TRILBY IN A SONG AND DANCE. All the Artists in Town Will Be There to See Julia Baird's Debut.

Gloom has fallen upon Art. Dust-covered palettes lie upon disordered studio floors; half-finished canvases gaze down upon dingy brushes, stiff with disuse; Trilbys gaze at their toes in dreary solitude, for

Julia Baird is going on the stage! Julia Baird, whose neck and shoulders grace a dozen painted Venuses, a score of Dianas and a host of Springs, Summers, Autumns and Winters—Julia Baird, the Trilby of Trilbys, the model of models, has abandoned her profession and is re-appearing as a song and dance artist.

A Journal reporter spoke to her yesterday from the orchestra pit of the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Miss Baird stood on the stage.

"Wait a minute," she said cheerily. "I'll give you a little of my new act. It's a jumpy five feet. Here eyes twinkled. "Can't tell yet. If I'm a success this time, I guess I'll stick to it. I like it much better than posing. I haven't had any training, you know, but, no, not the least! But I'm getting on splendidly."

"I'll have tried to find some one to handle my invention," said McCoy. "But every body seems afraid of me, and I have been forced to make a few and peddle them. Down at Bennett's a hotel proprietor was afraid of me at first, but he ordered 120 of my safety devices, and that has rather encouraged me."

"The police know I have reformed, and don't bother with me, but my reputation prevents me from getting work to do, and I must make this invention go."

ATTORNEY-GENERAL REPLIES. Justifies Himself in Regard to the Attacks Made on Him.

Albany, N. Y., Sept. 10.—Attorney-General Hancock, when asked today concerning certain attacks upon him relating to trusts, said:

"Last Winter a bill was prepared by me, and is now a part of the statute law of the State, providing, in substance, that every corporation or officer thereof that enters into any combination, or conspiracy for the purpose of restraining or preventing competition in the supply or price of any article of commodity in common use in this State shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor. This law authorizes actions to be commenced to restrain combinations."

"It is known by most persons of ordinary intelligence that the Attorney-General appears in criminal proceedings only upon the requisition of the Governor of the State, and that the courts, juries and public officers must act upon facts and not rumors. There was also drafted in my office a bill which was passed by the Legislature, but which did not become a law."

What drove Dr. Gillingham crazy? A world-famous Irishman writes of the horrors of the English prisons. The pictures are half the story. See the Sunday Journal.

GUNBOAT BANOCROT TO SAIL TO-MORROW.

Little Warship to Carry the Stars and Stripes to the Bosphorus.

Has Orders to Protect the Lives and Property of Americans at Constantinople.

EXPLOSION AND FIRE ON BOARD.

Considerable Excitement at the Navy Yard, but No Damage Was Done, and the Work of Fitting Her for Sea Goes On.

Orders have been received by Commander Charles Belnap, commanding the little gunboat Banocrot, undergoing alterations at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, to leave New York to-morrow and, after stopping at Fort Wadsworth long enough to take on a supply of ammunition, proceed at once to sea with his ship.

The Banocrot will go to Gibraltar, which is a distance of 3,202 miles. At an average speed of nine knots an hour she ought to reach that port in just fifteen days. If Commander Belnap decides to stop at Fayal for coal, his ship can be speeded to ten knots an hour and reach there in eight days. Upon arriving at Gibraltar Commander Belnap will report by telegraph to Admiral Selfridge, commanding the American squadron in the Mediterranean, and prepare to enter the Bosphorus and proceed to Constantinople by the middle of October. It is the intention to keep the Banocrot there as guard ship to protect the lives and property of Americans.

The cruiser Cincinnati, now at anchor at Staten Island, will leave for Gibraltar a few days later than the Banocrot, arriving there at about the same time.

There was a slight fire on board the Banocrot at 10 o'clock yesterday morning. The gunboat was lying in the timber dry dock at the Navy Yard.

Some one heard a slight explosion, and smoke was seen to issue from a coal bunker on the port side amidships. The crew was at once called to quarters and a hose connected with the ship's engines. A dozen men rushed down to the coal bunkers, armed with buckets and patent extinguishers.

In the companionship they met a man with a white, frightened face and a hat. In the hat was a small turpentine can. There was no fire. There had been a little one.

The story was a short one. A member of the master shipfitter's crew had been working in the coal bunker next to the magazine. The port was open, and he was cleaning the rust from a screw on the coal track. To do this he used a small can of turpentine.

While the man was at work an open light which he held ignited the turpentine and caused an explosion. The can was upset and fell on a heap of coal. The workman quenched the flames with his hat and carried the can to the dock.

The heavy masts below the mainmast were replaced with lighter ones, three new coal bunkers have been put in, a new electric light fixture has been put in position, and the bottom of the vessel has been cleaned and painted. The alterations have cost \$4,000.

HIS REWARD WAS GREAT. Jamison Plunged into the Water to Save Three Imperiled Children and Found They Were His Own.

Atlantic City, Sept. 10.—Late yesterday afternoon William Jamison, of Philadelphia, was walking along the boardwalk here when he saw three children playing in a rowboat that was lying on the beach at the foot of Florida avenue. The children did not seem to notice the rapidly rising tide, and in a few moments a big wave dashed upon the beach and carried the boat, with the children in it, out to sea.

One of the children was seen by Jamison to jump out of the boat and try to hold it back, but his little hands were no match for the great waves.

Jamison jumped from the board walk in his street attire and plunged into the breaker. He was able to get the children ashore, but he was unable to find the three children were his own. They were Edward, Albert and Mark Jamison, aside from a thoroughly frightened mother, the mother of whom is more than ten years old, were uninjured.

WOMAN FOILED BURGLARS. She is One of Many in Mt. Kisco Who Are Armed for Such Visits.

Two thieves broke into the house of Henry J. Gourley, at Mount Kisco, Wednesday night and were ransacking it when Mrs. Gourley heard them. She got a revolver and fired it several times. The burglars hurriedly made their escape. Gourley, who is editor of the Trotter and Pacer, was not at home.

When he returned he discovered that his new Fall overcoat and several smaller articles had been taken. Fifty dollars will cover the loss.

The town is a short distance from Bedford Station, where the Adams shooting club has a house. The club members are very fastidious and are very careful.

Some of the residents have purchased as many as a dozen revolvers, and they are scattered about the houses, so that they will be in convenient reach.

VINDICATION OF MR. WIMAN. Justice Smyth Decides That He Did Not Dishonestly Transfer Property.

Edward E. Huber's action to set aside the assignment made by Ernesta Wiman May 18, 1895, was dismissed yesterday by Justice Smyth. Huber was a creditor to the extent of more than \$10,000. When Wiman assigned a large tract of land in Staten Island to David Bonnet King he claimed it was done to defraud creditors.

He claimed Wiman had omitted from the schedule the interest he declared he had in the R. G. Dun Company by inserting a claim in favor of Dun which was largely fictitious. He had also omitted five acres of land and outstanding accounts due, and had fraudulently delivered to the Electric Power Company \$63,700 in stock.

Justice Smyth decided there was no partnership between Wiman and Wiman and that the outstanding accounts were loans made to irresponsible people and were practically worthless.

Justice Smyth says Wiman had no claim against King, but owed him \$325,000. He said Mr. Wiman had turned over the bonds of the electric company in good faith and with an honest motive, as he hoped that the company would be reorganized and considerable money realized by the creditors.

Greater than the bicycle. A discovery that will overturn the whole system of American living. Read about it in the Sunday Journal.

Muscles like a Percheron's. And they're the only ones that can't be read. See the pictures of his brown, in the Sunday Journal.