

WOMEN IN HURRICANES THAT SWEEP THE SEA.

Reach Port on the Ship Solitaire, Owned by Arthur Sewall, of Maine.

Dismantled and Almost Wrecked by the Tempest, Towed to New York.

Another Craft, the Rosse, Had a Similar Experience and Narrowly Escaped Foundering.

MASTS BROKEN LIKE PIPE STEMS.

Sorry Appearance of the Cripples as They Came to Anchor After Sieges of Days and Nights on the Angry Ocean.

Battered and half wrecked by storms and hurricanes, the American sailing ship Solitaire, owned by Arthur Sewall, the Democratic candidate for Vice-President, came into port yesterday. She is commanded by Captain E. H. Thompson. The Solitaire, dismantled and helpless, was towed into the upper bay and dropped off Tompkinsville. The paint had been scraped clean from her starboard side, the masts had been snapped off at the deck and only the stumps of the fore and mizzenmasts remained. They had broken just below the caps, and a lonesome looking "kroak" yard (the lower yard of the mizzenmast) was all that remained of her handsome rig.

Mrs. Thompson and her daughter, Miss Emily, who had been through the frightful hurricane, stood on the poop as the anchor splashed overboard and gazed with glad eyes on the green shores of Staten Island. A voyage around Cape Horn has no longer any fascination for them.

Captain Thompson told the story of the tempestuous voyage. It was not until last Wednesday morning that there were any indications of a tempest. Then the wind, which had whipped around to the northeast, began to steadily freshen. The sky grew black with clouds, and rain descended in torrents. Sail had been reduced to the fore and main lower topsails, and on Wednesday afternoon the Solitaire was plunging on the port tack into a heavy southeast sea, which sent tons of water over her starboard rail.

SKAGGERING IN THE STORM. More and more did the big ship heel over under the strain, as she staggered along, but everything went well until 7 p. m. Then, as a sudden blast struck her, the three topmasts broke off; as well did the caps of the fore and mizzenmasts, and, with a rush, the spars, with a mass of tangled rigging, went over the starboard side, where they hung, pounding the vessel's hull like a sledge hammer at every roll she made.

The jib boom followed, and, weighted by the great mass of wreckage hanging to her, the Solitaire fell off in the trough of the sea, which made a clear beach over her. The deck at times was like a pond, the water flooding it to the tops of the bulwarks and spouting in gigantic streams from the scuppers.

The storm began to moderate at midnight of Wednesday, but the sea still raged high, and at 7 o'clock Thursday morning the foremast broke squarely in twain, and came tumbling to the deck. Two hours later the straining mizzenmast was torn off close to the deck, and followed the other wreckage. When the masts fell the crew of twenty-three men scurried, terror-stricken, to the forecabin. They believed the vessel was about to founder and wanted to get their small stores of trinkets and be ready for the worst. Captain Thompson's stentorian voice recalled them to their duties.

WRECKAGE CUT AWAY. Immediately after the mizzenmast fell a big wave from the starboard side had washed on board the broken topmasts with their attached rigging, and there was at least an opportunity to chop away the wreckage which had been hammering the hull all night.

When this was at last accomplished the weary tars were set at work putting the ship under jury rig, but it was impossible to place enough to ever keep her steady. The men were still engaged in this work when the steamship West Indian, bound from New Orleans to Liverpool, was sighted at 4 o'clock last Friday morning, some distance to the southward.

Blue lights and torches were burned on the Solitaire's deck and at 2 o'clock the signals were answered by the West Indian, which lay to an hour later, near the disabled ship.

Captain Campbell, of the West Indian, agreed to tow the Solitaire to New York, and the latter's skipper was only too glad to accept the offer, because the ship was 450 miles east-southeast of the Highlands and was practically helpless.

The news was received with joy by Captain Thompson's wife and daughter, who had remained, terror-stricken, in the cabin, throughout the tempest.

It required two hours to send a six-inch steel hawser aboard the Solitaire from the steamship, but at 7 a. m. Friday it tautened, and the trip to this port was made without accident.

Captain Thompson said he was in the northern edge of the hurricane, and did not experience its full force. The Solitaire would, probably, have foundered. The wind, as it was, reached a velocity of sixty miles an hour.

ANOTHER LINES INTO PORT. The clipper was not the only vessel to limp into New York yesterday. The Lamport & Holt steamship Rosse, which arrived here from Brazilian ports, struggled through two hurricanes, which wrecked the vessel's bridge and played havoc about her decks. The first tempest struck the Rosse September 15, when she was in latitude 15 degrees, 4 minutes, and longitude 82 degrees, 40 minutes. It began with a gale from the north-northwest. Then it shifted to the north-northeast, and finally veered to east-northeast, blowing for seven hours the vessel was tossed like a leaf on the great seas. An enormous wave washed over her at 9:30 o'clock that night and smashed in the engine room skylights and flooded the engine room. Two of the lifeboats were smashed into kindling wood and washed into the sea.

The deeply laden steamer slowly recovered from the great pressure of water and painfully worked ahead. The fires had not been doused and the vessel kept her nose pointed up to meet the storm.

hardly picked themselves up when a succession of great billows rolled over the steamer. The starboard rail was twisted off from the bows to a point amidships. Three more lifeboats were torn to pieces and the starboard sidelight was shivered to atoms. The wheelhouse was smashed in and the signal light on the bridge was destroyed, thus cutting off communication with the engine room.

The captain, stationed four men between the bridge and engine room, and the orders from the bridge passed from one man to another till they reached the engineer. The hurricane lasted ten hours, Captain Allen said, and after it abated the crew had their first warm meal.

The Rosse carried over one passenger, Mr. Smith (colored), United States Consul at Santos, who returns on leave of absence. He suffered severely during the storm, as he was obliged to remain cooped in the cabin, and then hang on for dear life to avoid being pounded to death by the roll of the vessel.

STREETS OR A COFFIN. The Rev. Madison C. Peters's Emphatic Declaration on the Exclusion of Children from Schools.

"The public schools of New York are a disgrace to a civilized community," said the Rev. Dr. Madison C. Peters, in a sermon on "The Deplorable Condition of Our School Affairs," in the Bloomingdale Reformed Church, last night.

"It is a terrible thing," he added, "that the rulers of this proud and peerless American metropolis have not the genius and the patriotism to give all the boys and girls of this city a chance to get an education. There is no city in the land where there is such a pressing need of enforcing the education and discipline of the common schools as in this cosmopolitan city.

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"First of all," said he, "permit me to say that I regard the decision of Mr. Thacher in declining the nomination for Governor as a wise act; but, then, it was the only thing left for him to do. The convention at Buffalo was banded into believing that Mr. Thacher would, in case of prevention, stand squarely on the national platform.

HOW D. B. HILL WAS FORGED FROM GOVER.

Purroy Tells the Secret and Speaks of the Situation in the State.

Thinks It Can Be Carried Yet, Though Hill's Influence Will Have to Be Fought.

"Thacher Did Right in Withdrawing," He Says, "It Was the Only Thing Left to Do."

PORTER HIS PROBABLE SUCCESSOR.

Mr. Purroy Says Every Assurance Was Given at Buffalo That Thacher Was "All Right" on the Platform.

County Clerk Henry D. Purroy, chairman of the Tammany Hall Committee on Organization, has returned from a visit to Canada and Saratoga Springs, and will be

fair to assume that they knew what they were talking about when they spoke in behalf of Mr. Thacher. Under the circumstances I thought that Thacher would be a good man to nominate.

"The morning that Thacher's letter was made public I was in Saratoga, and as soon as I had read it I sent a telegram to John B. Shea telling him to represent me at the meeting of the State Committee and to present a resolution calling on Thacher to either stand squarely on the Chicago and Buffalo platforms or withdraw from the ticket. Mr. Shea showed the resolution to the committee and secured his approval, although Mr. Sheehan has been quoted as saying Mr. Shea did not represent Tammany Hall when he introduced that resolution. For two hours the Tammany members of the committee fought to pass the resolution, despite reports that they were opposed to it. That resolution, although defeated, forced Hill to practically declare he was opposed to Bryan. There is no more doubt about where he stands in this campaign.

"When the majority of the delegates in the Chicago Convention, one of the most representative gatherings that I have ever sat in, voted for free silver and then placed on the platform as their candidate for President a man with the firm character, honesty and sincerity that characterize William J. Bryan, then I felt that as a Democrat I should bow to the will of the majority and accept its decision.

Only One Thing to Do. "There is only one choice between McKinley and Bryan. Any man who claimed to be a Democrat and refused to support Bryan had no right to the title. There are many reasons why Bryan should receive the loyal support of every Democrat, and there is no reason why he should be denied the support of any Democrat.

There is a strong feeling for Bryan in this State, and were it not for the perfidy of some men who now as leaders, it would have carried New York for him, without a shadow of a doubt.

"As it stands to-day, the State is doubtful, but I think we can still win. This doubt has been brought about by the men who have in the past been regarded as the leaders of democracy in New York State. They have finally been forced to unmask themselves, and they will never regain the places they have lost. This is the people's fight, and the voters this year refuse to be controlled by the men who in the past have been political dictators.

"I do not know what will be done at tomorrow night's meeting of the State Committee. I expect to be there, and will vote for any man who stands out openly and above board in favor of the platforms of the National and State conventions.

"I am inclined to believe that Mr. Porter will be selected to fill the vacancy caused by Thacher's withdrawal. Mr. Danforth and Mr. Snizer have both been mentioned, and either gentleman would be acceptable to me. I am an organization man and will sustain Mr. Sheehan, as the leader of Tammany Hall, whenever I think his course is right and for the best interests of the organization. When, in my opinion, it is not right, then I will oppose him.

FALLS FROM LADDER; FIREMEN CATCH HER.

With Exit by the Stairway Cut Off Escape Was Only by the Window.

Mrs. Caden Bravely Waits Until Her Husband Has Saved Their Children.

While Descending to the Street She Faints, but Ready Hands Grasp Her in Mid-Air.

MRS. HAGEMAH IS LESS FORTUNATE.

Enveloped by Fatal Flames from Her Exploding Gasoline Can, She Rushes to the Street, Where Neighbors Go to Her Rescue.

An explosion of gasoline cost one life, placed four others in jeopardy and gutted a residence yesterday afternoon in Union Hill, N. J.

IN COLLISION HEAD ON.

Freight Steamships May and Nymphæa Badly Damaged in the Swash Channel.

Two steamships, the British freighters May and Nymphæa, made an ineffectual attempt to sink each other in the Swash Channel, off Sandy Hook, at 10 o'clock yesterday morning. The Nymphæa, which belongs to the Stag Line, was bound from Mediterranean ports, and the May was outward bound to ports in Colombia, S.

They struck each other head on, and a strip was torn out of the May's port bow just about the cutwater, extending to the bluff of the bow. The rent thus made was ten feet wide and twenty-five feet long. The May's plating was curved back like an immense shoving and below this rent her bows were dented and gashed in several places. As for the Nymphæa, a section was cut out of her bows midway between the top of the forecabin head and the water line. It was a three-cornered chunk, which removed ten feet of the cutwater and extended ten feet each side of it. The broken section of the cutwater was tossed into the forecabin of the May by the shock of the collision. The Nymphæa's port anchor was snapped off just below the stock, and the dikes, with the broken shank attached, were jabbed through one of the plates on the port side of the forecabin. An immense gash extended from the port hawse hole for ten feet all along that side. Fog and misadventure signs were apparently the chief causes of this collision. The officers of each vessel are inclined to shift the blame to those of the other. Captain Moura, of the Nymphæa, which dropped anchor in the upper bay yesterday afternoon not far from the May, volunteered the information that his vessel passed Sandy Hook on her way in at 6:30

PAUL TRIED TO FLY, BUT FEEL 65 FE.

"Albatross" Air-Craft Nearly Costs Its Risky Inventor His Life.

Adverse Currents Proved Disastrous to the Soaring, Bird-Like Machine.

The Would-Be Man-Bird Was On Stunned, Escaping Without an Injury.

HIS AIR-SHIP A TOTAL WRECK

Misfortune, However, Has Discouraged Neither Chanute Nor His Associate. Say They Will Rebuild on the Same Lines.

Chicago, Sept. 27.—After waiting for almost a month for a favorable wind, the inventor of the "Albatross" flying machine, William Paul, yesterday afternoon risked his life, his airship and his dream of fame and fortune in an effort to sail among the clouds. That he escaped without serious injury, is a miracle. The machine fell sixty-five feet and was badly wrecked. It was at first thought the inventor was hurt, but, fortunately, he was only stunned. To-day he says he feels no bad effects whatever from the fall. Not for the second time within a month the wind seemed favorable, Saturday for the long postponed trip of the ship. Owing to its great weight and inconvenient shape, however, it took more than two hours to carry it up the hill and place it on the chute.

Put on a Rubber Life Buoy. By this time the wind had changed in direction until it was blowing more from the east than from the north. Mr. Paul climbed into the frame hull and adjusted a rubber life buoy around his neck, as if expecting to encounter water. At 3 o'clock the man in the airship shouted "All off!" The ropes were cut and the "bird" slid down the end of the chute and stopped. The quartering wind had proved sufficient to arrest descent by friction of the runners against the off-side.

Again the craft was placed at the top of the ways. Ropes were fastened to the bottom and four men took positions to accelerate the start with a hearty pull. The wind for a moment seemed not to come from the east, and all felt sure that the moment had arrived.

"Once again—let her go!" sang out the inventor. A chop at the anchor rope, a swift scotch down the ways and the Albatross was off. It was a plunge into empty space with sixty-nine feet between Mr. Paul and the level of the sandy beach ahead of him.

Struck by an Adverse Wind. For an instant it seemed that his craft was making for the beach. The instant a gust straight from the east hit her, and she tilted perceptibly as the starboard wing caught the wind. The head turned to the west.

Mr. Paul shifted his weight to hold the craft for the water. It was not quite enough. Already the machine was out of its course, and a plaything for the adverse current. The momentum acquired was increased by the wind striking the craft now squarely aft. It darted like a hawk after quarry, wheeling still more upon its course, until it ran almost for the hill again. Not more than a hundred feet had been traversed to the west when the Albatross dropped rapidly, beat into a chump tree, and fell. The craft rested upon its left side with the left wing shattered, a number of ribs smashed, and other damages.

Paul says the experiment was unsuccessful because of the quartering northeast wind, and but for this he would have made a flight to sustain the reputation of the inventors.

Inventors Not Discouraged. Octave Chanute and William Paul, the two inventors, are by no means discouraged. During the winter months Mr. Paul will construct three airships, which will differ but slightly from the one which was broken in the unsuccessful trial yesterday. The original platform, that of all soaring birds, will be strictly adhered to, and the inventors confidently expect that much more favorable results can be obtained than they have been able to secure in this flight.

They both agree that the machine which was wrecked Saturday is altogether too heavy, and it is probable that the other ships will be built of thoroughly tested and well-seasoned lumber. The Albatross machine is the result of more than nine years of experimenting and planning on the part of William Paul.

Death and disease are no respectors of persons. The young are taken as well as the old. Carelessness of health, transgression of nature's laws, and hereditary influences are continually digging pitfalls. Apparently the young people start downhill every day. They lose health and life just when the possibilities of life seem greatest. Some slight disorder, carelessly neglected, is reinforced by other kindred troubles. Indigestion, indicated by sourness of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, and distress after eating, are followed by disordered liver, constipation, headache, kidney disease, loss of appetite, nervousness, debility and loss of flesh. Loss of flesh prepares the way for the most serious consequences. Weakness from any cause is an invitation to consumption. The germs of consumption are in the air and in our food—in the water we drink. They are everywhere. But they are harmless to the perfectly healthy body. It is only when the body is weak that they do any harm. Prompt measures should be taken at the first indication of disease. When indigestion shows itself in any form it calls for the immediate use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This wonderful medicine is an invigorating tonic for the whole system. It purifies and enriches the blood and searches out the disease germs wherever they may be in the body. It builds up firm, solid, healthy, useful flesh. It strengthens the nerves, stimulates the appetite, makes digestion and nutrition perfect and brings sound, refreshing sleep. The marvelous success of this truly wonderful medicine has brought into existence scores of imitations. Send for one-cent stamps, to pay the cost of mailing, and receive free a copy, paper-covered, of "The Most Common Sense Medical Adviser," the most reliable and useful medical work ever published. For French cloth binding, send 25 cents additional. It is sold by the Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

VESSELS HALF WRECKED BY TEMPESTS AND IN A COLLISION.



BOW OF THE NYMPHÆA

schools as in this cosmopolitan city. It becomes more urgent with every alien source of immigration to this city. The more remote from our language and ways of thinking these newcomers are, the greater is the necessity that their children receive our public education.

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Chief Engineer Neville and a woman named Young were picked up by the waves and slammed into the sides of the lifeboats. Both were severely bruised. They