

KERNOCHAN'S SILVER FOUND BY THE POLICE.

Much Plunder Fell into the Hands of Three Central Office Men.

Portion of the Spoils Was Taken from the Oakes Mansion at Mamaroneck.

Detectives Rode Across Country on Hunters in Search of Buried Treasure at Hempstead.

BURGLARS' ALLY NOW IN CUSTODY.

His Name is Andrew J. Anderson, but He Denies That He Did More Than Handle the Stolen Goods for the Thieves.

Acting Captain O'Brien was the happiest man on the force yesterday, for his office at Headquarters was filled with plunder recovered from the burglars who robbed the houses of James L. Kernochan, of Hempstead, L. I., and Receiver Thomas F. Oakes, of the Northern Pacific, at Mamaroneck.

The property recovered represents thousands of dollars and includes the proceeds of a dozen other robberies as well. Burglars entered the Kernochan mansion on January 10 and carried off \$5,000 worth of silverware, among which were two solid silver mugs won by Mr. Kernochan in polo contests at the Meadowbrook grounds.

Mr. Kernochan visited Headquarters yesterday afternoon and identified these mugs and a number of pieces of the silverware. The stolen property bore the family crest and the monogram "J. L. K." Silverware which belonged to his wife bearing the initials "E. S."—she was a Miss Stevens—was also among the property recovered, but the bulk of Mr. Kernochan's stolen silver plate was reduced to a solid lump of metal, presumably by the burglars.

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But the plunder is not all that Acting Captain O'Brien has. He has also a man who gives his name as Andrew J. Anderson, and who says that he has told the police all he knows about the Kernochan robbery. In a later statement Captain O'Brien places little confidence in him, and expects to connect this man, who poses only as the receiver of the stolen goods, directly with that robbery, if not with both.

Yesterday was not the first time that Mr. Kernochan had stood face to face with the burglar. Almost immediately after the robbery Mr. Kernochan offered a reward for the return of his property. One day Anderson appeared and offered to negotiate. He took several pieces of the silverware with him to convince Mr. Kernochan that he was acting in good faith, but the latter became suspicious and called a constable. Anderson, with great self-possession, succeeded in inducing both Mr. Kernochan and the constable to stand aside while he walked out of the house and boarded a train for this city.

When Anderson was arrested several days ago he told Acting Captain O'Brien that the burglars informed him that they had secured considerable of the stolen silverware in the woods near the Kernochan homestead. Anderson drew diagrams and maps indicating where the booty was hidden. The burglars had dug a hole, he said, and, after depositing the silverware in it, covered it over with leaves and grass. Detectives Reap and McCauley, armed with these diagrams, went to Hempstead and showed them to Mr. and Mrs. Kernochan.

The latter became greatly interested in the hunt for the silverware. They mounted their lamps, and Reap and McCauley were furnished with mounts. Mrs. Kernochan led her the highest fences, and when McCauley tried to follow he got a cropper that made him see stars. The spot was found, but the property had been removed.

When the Kernochan and Oakes robberies were reported to Acting Captain O'Brien he detailed Detective Sergeants Reap, McCauley and Wieser to look for the burglars. About a week ago the store of the stolen silverware in the store of Michael Rosenthal, No. 254 Broadway, Rosenthal remembered that he had bought the silverware from a man named Anderson.

WAITING FOR ANDERSEN. He could not tell where Anderson lived, but he finally remembered that he had often seen him at pawnbrokers' auction sales. He furnished the detectives with a good description of Anderson, and was then asked to retrace his steps. He was then asked to retrace his steps. He was then asked to retrace his steps.

REAP, WITH THE OTHER DETECTIVES, SEARCHED THE HOUSES IN THAT NEIGHBORHOOD, and finally, on the third floor of No. 99 Seventh street, they located Anderson's room. There they found a few articles of silver, and letters addressed to Anderson by Abraham Sattzman, a jeweler, No. 92 Essex street. At Sattzman's the detectives found part of the proceeds of the Kernochan burglary.

Anderson's landlady remembered that the day before the detectives appeared two men, who are supposed to be accomplices, and who lived most of the time with Anderson, called at the house, with an expressman, who carried away two canvas-covered trunks bearing Anderson's initials and four satchels. She also remembered the expressman's name. He was soon found, and guided the detectives to a basement under the synagogue, on Orchard street, near Broome. The place was deserted, but the trunks and satchel were found in the rear intact. The expressman took the satchel and trunks to Police Headquarters.

Here a complete list of the recovered property was made. Besides the silverware it included many pieces of gold jewelry, opera glasses, knives and forks, a flask marked "T. L. O.," an oak cigar box, a photograph of a woman, a sword made of Chinese coils, a pearl-handled fan, books, two leather pocketbooks, one of which was marked "O. D.," a gun and a quantity of clothing.

KERNOCHAN PLATE MELTED DOWN. Anderson, who is very intelligent, is of slender build, light complexion and smooth hair.

The inner circle of fashionable society in the Oranges, in New Jersey, is delightfully agitated over a romance in which two of their number are the chief characters. The story begins with a love match, contains a chapter from a California divorce court, and ends with a second courtship and re-marriage in Paris.



What the Police Found

Andrew J. Anderson was arrested by three Central Office detectives, who had traced to him some of the property stolen from James L. Kernochan at Hempstead and from Thomas F. Oakes at Mamaroneck. The detectives next discovered a large amount of plunder, which was taken to Headquarters. A portion of it was identified yesterday and the rest is awaiting its owners.

As soon as he saw that the stolen property had been found he became more communicative. Although he speaks with a slight Swedish accent he said he is not of foreign birth. When a child he was taken to Sweden, where he remained a number of years.

He declared that while he does not figure in the Kernochan burglary, he handled most of the plunder and knows that the plate that had not already been sold was melted gradually and sold as crude silver. This, he added, was the manner in which the burglars obtained the ninety-ounce lump of silver found with the crucibles.

The police believe that the two men who took the trunks from Anderson's room have succeeded in removing the booty buried at Hempstead. Anderson will be arraigned on the charge of receiving stolen property this morning. Meanwhile the police are searching for the two men.

BLOCKADE ON THE BRIDGE. A Derailed Engine Stopped Trains for Some Time and Obligated Many Persons to Walk.

An engine got off the track on the New York end of the Brooklyn Bridge at 10 o'clock last night, and for half an hour the trains were stalled. At the end of that time one track had been cleared, so for the rest of the night there was a train every fifteen minutes. It was the first time in the week for such an accident.

Engine No. 5 blocked the track, and Switchman Davis, it is said, made the blunder, though he denies this. Trains from Brooklyn leave the cars at the station, and the engine carries them to the designated place at the platform. They are then on the north track. An engine on that same track, however, crossed over to the south track, and then the cars bank across the bridge itself does not cross the switch. All day long the switchman watches the cars, and just managed to catch the wheels of the locomotive in such a way as to throw the engine completely off the track.

The people who were below thought the engine was certainly coming through. It fell upon the ties with such immense force as to shake the whole masonry structure. Luckily nothing was hurt, and the engine derailed just where it could block the whole system.

After thirty minutes work all the cars on the north track at the Brooklyn end, and the south track made free for moving passengers.

The derailed engine was lifted on jacks and finally replaced on the tracks, but it took many hours to do it.

STEARN'S ROBBERS CAUGHT. William Johnson Confesses and Implicates the Two Men Already Locked Up. Robert Stevens, twenty years old, of No. 20 West Thirty-seventh street, and Isaac Sairfield, thirty years old, of No. 42 West Forty-ninth street, who were arrested five days ago on suspicion of having been implicated in the robbery of Joseph Stearn's apartments, No. 167 West Sixty-fourth street, on January 14, were yesterday proven guilty by the confession made by William B. Johnson, eighteen years old, of No. 253 West Forty-seventh street, who was arrested yesterday.

LOVED, THOUGH DIVORCED.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, of East Orange, Celebrate Their Second Marriage.

Their First Wedding Took Place in This City, Their Last in Paris.

BOTH WERE PROMINENT IN SOCIETY.

The Husband Neglected His Wife and She Left Him and Secured a Divorce—Reconciliation Followed.

The inner circle of fashionable society in the Oranges, in New Jersey, is delightfully agitated over a romance in which two of their number are the chief characters. The story begins with a love match, contains a chapter from a California divorce court, and ends with a second courtship and re-marriage in Paris.



Some of the recovered articles

Grace Green, the pretty and refined daughter of Mr. A. W. Green, a retired merchant, living in East Orange, was a few years ago one of the belles of the place. She met Henry Alexander, a rich New York business man, and the pair fell in love almost at first sight. After a courtship lasting but a few months the couple were married at the house of Mrs. Butler, an aunt of the bride, who lived at No. 434 Fifth avenue in this city. The wedding was quite a society event, and took place seven years ago.

The bride's father, as a wedding present, gave the young couple a handsome house in Harrison street, East Orange, and here Mr. and Mrs. Alexander began their married life, which for a time was a happy one. They became prominent in the most exclusive society of the Oranges, and had a wide circle of friends.

Two years had passed there were whisperings of trouble in the Alexander household, and at times war on the true facts became known. Mr. Alexander was a member of several clubs, both in the Oranges and in this city, and his devotion to these kept him much away from home. His wife, who was high-spirited, resented being condemned to a life of loneliness without, as she thought, any cause.

A reconciliation where both were willing was easily effected, and in Paris a new courtship was begun. Mr. Alexander soon convinced his wife that he had changed his views on the duty which a husband owes to his home, and he was readily forgiven.

The wedding was short, and a few weeks ago the couple were remarried, and are now spending their second honeymoon in Paris. Letters received by friends in East Orange a few days ago brought the first news of their reunion.

MRS. FREEMAN'S FUNERAL. The Stage Manager Arrived and Saw the Body of His Late Wife.

Mrs. Vera Freeman, the wife of Max Freeman, the stage manager, who died at the Hotel Pomerooy, at Eighth avenue and Fifty-ninth street, Saturday morning, from an overdose of morphine, will be buried today from the undertaking rooms of James J. Steinhilber, No. 25 Spring street. It was not decided last night where the interment would take place, as it was thought desirable to consult some of her friends before burying her.

Mr. Freeman arrived late Saturday night, and yesterday saw the body at Steinhilber's. He has given the necessary instructions for the funeral, but would not select the burial place until relatives were consulted.

SAYS HE WAS GIVEN BOGUS MONEY. John Stone, of No. 109 Cherry street, went into Nicholas Kehoe's restaurant, at No. 113 Cherry street, Saturday, and had some lunch. He gave a \$10 bill in payment and claims that the change given him was what he took for a \$5 bill, but was afterwards found to be an imitation of Confederate money. Kehoe was arrested, but denied the charge.

UTAH'S SENATORS ARRIVE.

Their Votes Will Be Cast for the Teller Amendment to the Bond Bill, Settling Its Fate.

Washington, Jan. 26.—Senators Brown and Cannon, of Utah, arrived in Washington today. Their advent is an event of the first importance, because the fate of the Bond bill in the Senate will rest with them.

Senator Brown, speaking for himself and his colleague, said that their votes would be cast for the Teller amendment to the Bond bill. This insures the passage of the act with all the free silver riders. This is only the beginning of a raft of free silver legislation in the Senate.

It is said that "Car" Reed is highly indignant because the silver men have tinkered with the Bond bill, and that when the bill returns to the House he will use all his influence to prevent it being reported from the committee. He doesn't want it debated. It will be referred to the Ways and Means Committee, where it will die. The bill ought to go to the Committee on Weights and Measures, but as it originated in the other committee that excuse will be availed of to recommit it to its care. The action of the two new Utah Senators settles the fate of the Bond bill.

Senators Brown and Cannon will draw lots to-morrow for the short and long term. It happens that the short term is the more certain of chance will decide who secures the term.

Last Summer there was another outbreak of hostilities, and this time it was John Dietz, assistant superintendent of the Sunday-school, who appeared as leader of the anti-Sommers forces. The pastor struck back, it is said, with charges against the moral character of Mr. Dietz. The latter managed to get the officers of the church society and three women of the congregation interested in the movement to oust the pastor. The officers were: President, John Brockett; treasurer, Albert Hustedt, and secretary, Henry Ossmann. The women started a petition for signatures to oust Pastor Sommers, but failed to get a majority. Pastor Sommers called a meeting on Tuesday last and the majority of the congregation were present.

When President Brockett attempted to take his seat to preside he was prevented and a lively scene followed. But for the presence of several policemen, it is said, blows would in all probability have been exchanged. Pastor Sommers had anticipated the trouble and had the police present. President Brockett, with the other two officers and three women were requested to leave the meeting. The chair was then occupied by one-term and who gets the four-year term. It happens that there is no vacancy in the six-year class.

JOHN CRAWFORD RETALIATES.

Everybody Concerned in His Arrest and Charges Is Sued. Chicago, Jan. 26.—Suit for \$100,000 for false arrest was commenced in the Circuit Court yesterday, by John E. Crawford, against the First National Bank, the Security Title and Trust Company, Seth Dudley, trust agent of the company; Orville Packman and J. D. Woolley, attorneys for the bank. The plaintiff is secretary of the Cushman United Telephone Company and was attorney for the late Mrs. Elizabeth Pope.

Connected with the telephone company, as an electrician, was A. C. Wheat, who had access to the latter's desk. December 3, Wheat was arrested at the First National Bank, and committed to the jail. Mrs. Pope's name, which, it is said, was forged, was examined by officials of the bank, and Crawford declared he had forged the check, and was promised leniency if he would expose the guilty person. Wheat then said Crawford had committed the alleged forgery, and Crawford was arrested.

Before the hearing of the case was concluded Crawford says he was prepared to show his innocence. On the 14th of January he was held in bond of \$1,200. In the Criminal Court on Friday Judge Paul stated that the evidence on the part of the State did not make out a case, and instructed the jury to return a verdict of acquittal, which was done. Crawford is a son of ex-Senator W. E. Crawford, of Rock Island County, and has always stood well in the community.

FOLGER DIED A PAUPER. Nephew of Arthur's Secretary of the Treasury Ruined by Speculation.

Memphis, Tenn., Jan. 26.—Benjamin Folger, a nephew of the late Charles J. Folger, who was Secretary of the Treasury under Arthur's Administration, died in the poorhouse here yesterday, aged sixty years.

Benjamin Folger was at one time one of the most prominent bankers and financiers in the country, but he went down in a few years ago, and his fortune speedily disappeared. He went from bad to worse, until he finally ended in the poorhouse. Ten years or more ago he was recognized as the "Beau Brummel" of Memphis society, and was the king in all social affairs.

"AFRICAN DODGER" HARD HIT. A Negro Who Let People Throw a Baseball at Him Knocked Out.

Paterson, N. J., Jan. 26.—The "African Dodger," otherwise Harry Jackson, who was one of the attractions of the World's Fair, was the victim of a baseball pitcher of the Veterans' Fair, at Apollo place, last night. He was behind a screen, through which there was a hole for his head. Chances to throw a baseball at him were sold at three for five cents. The "Dodger" between the eyes. The Negro dropped insensible, but was found to be badly injured. There were no arrests.

BROOKLYN BREVITIES. The Common Council will meet to-day. Major-General O. Howard, U. S. A., retired, will tell the story of the March to the Sea, at Plymouth Church.

BLUECOATS IN THE PEWS.

Surprise Last Evening for the Congregation of a Williamsburg Church.

Portion of the Lutherans Were Opposed to Pastor Sommers, and He Expected Trouble.

POLICEMEN WERE NOT NEEDED.

The Sheep Who Wouldn't Flock with Their Old Shepherd Went Elsewhere and Flocked by Themselves, and the Peace Was Not Broken.

When the congregation of St. Matthew's German Evangelical Lutheran Church reached the edifice portals last evening they were surprised to see a platoon of police on the scene. Some of the policemen occupied pews. The cause of it was that in the afternoon a number of the church members opposed the pastor, the Rev. Gustav Sommers, had organized a new church society, and it was expected that the dissenters would attend the evening service. Anticipating trouble, Mr. Sommers asked Captain Short, of the Bedford Avenue Station, to send him some bluecoats, and the response was a decidedly generous one.

There has been more or less trouble between the pastor and a faction of his flock for the past five years. The prime mover in the opposition appears to have been Christian Rau, who was president of the church society. The opposition has charged that Mr. Sommers drank too much and that he has treated his wife with cruelty. There have been denunciations of his detractors from the pulpit by Mr. Sommers and reprimandations from the pews. That phase of the trouble passed away, but other storm clouds arose occasionally, and always the object appeared to be to oust Mr. Sommers from the pastorate.

Last Summer there was another outbreak of hostilities, and this time it was John Dietz, assistant superintendent of the Sunday-school, who appeared as leader of the anti-Sommers forces. The pastor struck back, it is said, with charges against the moral character of Mr. Dietz. The latter managed to get the officers of the church society and three women of the congregation interested in the movement to oust the pastor. The officers were: President, John Brockett; treasurer, Albert Hustedt, and secretary, Henry Ossmann. The women started a petition for signatures to oust Pastor Sommers, but failed to get a majority. Pastor Sommers called a meeting on Tuesday last and the majority of the congregation were present.

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A HEN WITH A MONKEY FACE.

Has a Nose and Two Rows of Teeth, but She Isn't Happy. In the language of her owner, Brooklyn has a feathered hen that has made a monkey of herself. This remarkable freak is a native of Alabama, from which State she recently arrived, but at present she is roosting with H. Holle, who keeps a bird and animal store at No. 246 Grand street, Brooklyn. The distinguished fowl has the face of a monkey and she glories in two rows of teeth, physical qualities of which no other hen has ever boasted.

But the hen is far from happy. That fact is fully apparent in the woebegone expression of her face and the mournful look in her dark brown eyes. Her master thinks that she yearns for the mammoth blossoms and the cotton fields of her native South. Sarah, as the freak is called, has the body of the common barnyard cackler and the regulation suit of feathers. She has a bad cold in the head and her monkey nose has for a few days been decidedly swollen.

Mr. Holle knows nothing about the ancestry of the hen. The features are formed of soft white cartilage, which enables Sarah to indulge in facial play when so disposed.

The Hen of the Monkey Face. She hails from Alabama and is roosting temporarily in Brooklyn. Though possessed of a well-developed nose and a good set of teeth she is not happy and courts solitude rather than the society of conventional hens or monkeys. She is obliged to take her meals from a spoon, her nose being in the way when in obedience to her unquarrelable native impulses, she tries to peck at food.

Now and then she yawns sleepily between sneezes. Her eyes are set where they should be if she were a complete hen. There is a small wart on the lower lid of the left eye, but the sight is not affected. In place of a comb Sarah wears her front feathers ruffled back a la Pompadour, which tends to highlight the monkey-like aspect of the face.

A LABOR AMALGAMATION. American Federation, State Congress and State Assembly Will Be Joined. The movement has been started to consolidate the State Board of the American Federation of Labor, the State Congress of the Knights of Labor and the Workmen's State Assembly into one body.

HURT BY STONE—THROWERS. Brooklyn Boys Pelt Each Other, and Two Non-Combatants Are Hit. A crowd of boys and youths had a dispute on Liberty avenue, Brooklyn, yesterday afternoon and they ended by pelting each other with stones.

NEW JERSEY CITY BEATER ARRESTED. John Sullivan, of Hackensack, N. J., beat his wife so badly two weeks ago that she was removed to the Englewood Hospital. She died yesterday afternoon. Sullivan was arrested and held pending an autopsy to determine the cause of death.

HABEAS WRIT FOR A BABY

Elsie Metzger Is Now with Her Mother, and the Little Girl's Father Wants to Get Her.

Theodore Metzger is the father of one of the chubbier and prettiest babies in the whole of New York, and to-day, through his lawyer, Robert Greenhall, he will institute habeas corpus proceedings in the Supreme Court to gain possession of the little one.

Elsie is the child's name, the same that the mother bears, and she is at present in her mother's love. Metzger is a drug clerk and he married his wife five years ago, when she was scarcely fifteen. She is an unusually pretty woman, with fair hair and soft brown eyes. She was one of the most attractive features of the Broadway "quick lunch" room until a few months ago, when she filed a similar petition in an establishment near the Grand Central station.

The Metzgers separated about two months ago and the wife retained possession of Elsie. Several stories are told concerning the separation. Mrs. Metzger tells hers with tears in her eyes. It is a matter of her struggle to support the home during her husband's frequent periods of idleness, culminating with an indignity against which her womanhood rebelled. When she refused to do his bidding, she declares, he attempted to choke her. Then she fled to her mother's home, and that Theodore Public was her friend in need.

It is to be public that Metzger lays all the blame on his wife. He was a lodger in the house of the Metzgers when they lived at No. 333 East Third street. When the Metzgers moved to their present home, he was surprised to find his wife making an easy chair of the lodger, there was a scene. But it appears the harm was done. So it is that in an action for divorce soon to be begun Public will be named as co-respondent.

Public, however, is willing to shoulder all of the responsibility. He said so last night, at No. 333 East Third street, and Mrs. Metzger, who was there also, told her sympathizer he had been to bed during all of her trials. He is only waiting for her to be divorced to make her his wife.

Little Elsie was ill in bed with the measles. Should the writ of habeas corpus be granted to-day, it will be some time before she can be produced in court. "If Elsie is taken from me," said the mother, "I shall surely die. No one can love her more than I, and it would be inhuman to separate us."

A SHEEP WITH TWO ROWS OF TEETH, but She Isn't Happy. In the language of her owner, Brooklyn has a feathered hen that has made a monkey of herself. This remarkable freak is a native of Alabama, from which State she recently arrived, but at present she is roosting with H. Holle, who keeps a bird and animal store at No. 246 Grand street, Brooklyn. The distinguished fowl has the face of a monkey and she glories in two rows of teeth, physical qualities of which no other hen has ever boasted.

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SHOT HIS MOTHER, THEN RAN AWAY.

The Bullet from a Pistol in Young Lyons's Hand Lingered Near a Vital Spot.

Mother and Son Were at Home, and the Reason for the Shooting Is a Mystery.

MRS. LYONS CONTRADICTS HERSELF. A Theory That She Tried to Get the Pistol Away—The Boy at Large and the Mother in a Critical Condition.

Mrs. Lyons, a widow, fifty-two years old, is dying in the Jersey City Hospital with a bullet in her brain. Her fourteen-year-old son Harry, who fired the shot that may end his mother's life, is a fugitive from justice.

Mrs. Lyons, with her three sons, occupied the top floor of No. 71 Hudson boulevard, Jersey City Heights. The two eldest, William and John, supported their mother. Harry attended Public School No. 9. At 3:15 o'clock yesterday afternoon the sound of a shot, followed by a heavy fall, aroused the tenants of the lower floors. As they rushed upstairs Harry, hatless and coatless, rushed past them.

"Who shot my mother?" he shouted, and before he could be stopped had dashed from the house. When the excited tenants reached the apartments occupied by the Lyons family a horrible sight met their eyes. "HARRY DID IT!"

Lying on the floor of the dining room, her head resting in a pool of blood, was Mrs. Lyons. A cheap revolver, the "Red Jacket" pattern, lay at her feet. She was in a semi-conscious condition, and moaned feebly. Simon Sterling, her brother, who slept in the hall bedroom adjoining the dining room, saw her fall. "Who shot you?" asked one of the neighbors.

"Harry," gasped Mrs. Lyons. "Harry," she added, and a policeman was sent for. Patrolman Farrell, of the 11th district, responded. Mrs. Lyons told him that she had been standing near a window, and, turning suddenly, saw Harry with the revolver in his hand. She saw the flash and saw him strike the jaw bone, and then plunged his way to the base of the brain. Patrolman Farrell hurried to the hospital and called on Mrs. Lyons taken to the City Hospital.

There the house surgeon said that her case was critical. Dr. Quinby probed for the bullet, but failed to extract it, and finally, owing to Mrs. Lyons's weak condition, was forced to desist.

SHE CONTRADICTS HERSELF. Mrs. Lyons told several contradictory stories about the shooting upon her arrival at the hospital. First she maintained that it was an accident; then she intimated that her son had purposely shot her. No antemortem examination was obtained, however, owing to her condition.

Detective McNally, of Police Headquarters, who was detailed on the case, learned that Mrs. Lyons's contradictory statements tend an air of mystery to the affair.

The detective states that from what he learned the family was harmonious until the boy dashed from the house, several neighbors state, he ran in the direction of the railroad tracks. A general alarm has been sent out from Police Headquarters by his capture. He wore black knee pants, lace shoes and vest of dark material. His coat had been left behind in his flight.

From what could be learned Harry was a boy of about fifteen years of age. His father was killed on the railroad about eight years ago, one of his brothers meeting a similar fate about four years ago.

NEW MOVE BY THE A. P. A. Steps Taken to Enforce the Taxation of Catholic Property Not Used for Purposes of Worship.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Jan. 26.—A legal fight, which will attract the attention of Roman Catholics the world over, will be instituted this week. Attorneys Stephens, Lincoln and Smith, who represent this city, have been permitted to appear before the County Auditor to hear an application, made upon behalf of some persons whose identity is not at present disclosed, for the placing on the tax list of all the property in this county owned by the Roman Catholic Church, and not used for purposes of worship.

YALE OARSMEN IN DOUBT. Captain Treadway Is Unable to Decide on the Style of Stroke for His Men. New Haven, Conn., Jan. 26.—The rowing situation at Yale is in a decided middle. Pending De Silbourn's conference with Bob Cook over Yale's final decision of the rowing engine, Captain Treadway is at a decided loss to know what method of training will be most desirable for the crew, as he does not know whether Yale will go to England for the Henley regatta, whether they will row a three-mile race with Columbia or whether the contest will be a four-mile race on the Connecticut course on the Hudson.