

THE MOST PRESSING PROBLEMS OF POVERTY--HEAT AND COAL.

POOR HOMES SAVED FOR 102 FAMILIES.

By Judge Goldfogle's Mercy and Private Aid Evictions Were Delayed.

Some Cheer and Hope Brought to Wretched and Despairing Strugglers on the East Side.

ROOF KEPT OVER A DYING MAN.

Landlord Prevented from Dispossessing Daley--Misery of Mrs. Becker, Who Purposed to End the Fight to Live by Dying in the River.

It was "Return Day" in the Fifth Judicial District Court yesterday, the day upon which once a week dispossession warrants are made returnable into court. It is the day of judgment and dread to all the lower East Side. The landlords of the tenements or their agents flock to the court to demand their rents...

The old brown Court House that used to be a church was crowded before 9 o'clock yesterday morning, the hour at which the judicial proceedings began. Many of those who had been summoned there came without breakfast. A few mothers had babies in their arms, and clucked to the shabby landlord's agent or to the judge...

Perhaps not one of those threatened with eviction realized that where they stood facing Judge Henry M. Goldfogle was once the front of an altar consecrated to the honor and glory of the Judge before whom they must finally appear to render an account of their obligations to Him. Judge Goldfogle may have remembered the once sacred character of the place, for all of his decisions were on the side of mercy.

HER HUSBAND WAS DYING.

A few minutes before court opened a dark-haired, pale-faced young woman, with hollow cheeks, begged audience of the Judge. She said that she was Mrs. Dally, wife of John Dally, upon whom a warrant of dispossession had been served last week. "My husband is dying, Judge," she said. "We haven't the money to pay the rent. Mrs. Mary Johnson, who owns the tenements at Nos. 40 and 44 Rutgers street, is rich, and I have been living there since I was a girl--it is fifteen years now. I was married in one of her houses, and my husband was a good provider until he fell down the hold of a steamer, he was helping to load five months ago, and became disabled. He was in the hospital three months, and then he begged me to take him home to die."

"He may die to-day, Judge; he may be dead when I get back home. Please do not turn me out in this weather. I told Mr. Condon, the agent, that I would pay him out of the insurance money when John died, but he would not listen. Here is the doctor's letter he gave me to deliver to you."

She handed the Judge the following certificate from Dr. C. J. Musgrave, of Monroe street:

No. 65 Monroe street, February 13, 1896. This is to certify that John Dally has a fractured spine, as a result of which he is paralyzed from his arms down. Now, he cannot lie more than one or two weeks and his condition is something to be pitied. There are immense shoebones on the back and thighs. The limbs are swollen three times their natural size and at the present time it would be impossible to remove him.

C. J. MUSGRAVE, M. D. "Go home to your dying husband, you will not be dispossessed," said Judge Goldfogle, much affected.

THE JUDGE AND THE AGENT. A little later the case of Peter Condon, Jr., vs. John Dally, was called in court. Condon is the agent of the owner of the premises No. 40 Rutgers street, where the Dallys live. A lawyer represented him.

"I refuse to issue a warrant in this case," said Judge Goldfogle, the attorney. "It seems to me it is a case of extreme charity, and it would be inhuman to proceed in it, especially in this bitter weather. Nothing can induce me to act in this matter except a mandamus from a higher court."

The lawyer urged that the Dallys owed four and a half months' rent, at \$10 a month, for their three rooms on the top floor of No. 40 Rutgers street. "We have been lenient," he continued, "but we do not think these people should be saddled upon us. This man is being paid \$15 a week by the Clyde Steamship Company, and we think they should pay for their rooms."

The court continued the case until next Friday, remarking: "If this physician's certificate is to be relied upon, it seems to me that Divine Providence will settle this case before then." Mrs. Dally explained at her home, in the presence of her dying husband, that every penny of the \$15 she received from the steamship company was eaten up by the expenses of providing food, warmth and medicines for the family.

"We haven't a dollar in the house now," she said, "and if John dies, all I will get from the Industrial Insurance Company will be enough to bury him. I pay 15 cents a week on his life, and he is thirty-eight years old. He is insured for \$200, but the company won't pay that much, because he has not been in long enough."

Dally was only semi-conscious yesterday, and his face betokened that death was not far off.

WOMEN USUALLY DEFENDANTS.

One hundred and two cases were on the docket yesterday, all dispossession proceedings, and the Judge called them up in batches of ten. In most of the cases women appeared as the defendants. They were all of the poorest class and few of them had cloaks or shawls. Most of them had old and worn nubbies wrapped about their heads and shoulders. Some of the cases were dismissed, as the tenants produced receipts, and some were continued for various reasons. In every instance where the occasion seemed to warrant it Judge Goldfogle would give the tenant a few days' time.

"I will not see any one put into the street in such weather as this," he frequently remarked. In extreme cases the Journal gave the necessary assistance.

Daniel Cunningham against Mary Corbett was called. A woman in a shabby and thin dress, her wrinkled face covered with a piece of shawl, stood out from the crowd. "I am Mary Corbett," she piped, in a thin, wheezy voice.

"Your Honor," she explained, "I have the two rooms in the rear house on the second floor of No. 38 Hamilton street. My daughter and I sleep in the one bed, and the other room is the kitchen. My daughter, sir, earns a little money, but we haven't had enough to pay the February rent of \$7. It's all we can do to get soul and body together."

"Do you think you will be able to pay if you are given a little time?" "Oh, yes, sir; I asked the landlord for two days, and sir, I think we will scrape up enough to pay something then. My daughter got work yesterday."

Mrs. Corbett, who is sixty-five years old, was given three days' grace, and she walked away, with tears running down the wrinkled hollows of her cheeks. She said that she had had no fire in her rooms since Sunday and her breakfast had been a potato. She had offered her pension

Two beautiful little girls, black-haired, black-eyed and olive skinned, looked in wide-eyed wonder at a reporter who brought them good cheer, such as they had not remembered.

Mrs. Rebecca Becker, a widow, lives there with her aged mother, Mrs. Blemann, and her children, Morris, thirteen; Benjamin, twelve; Rebecca, eight, and Fanny, three, and a half years old. Tiny Fanny was cuddled up in the feathers of a torn pillow, and Rebecca was sweeping up those her sister tossed out to see them fly. Old Mrs. Blemann hobbled in from the cellar. Mrs. Becker was out in the city wandering about in search of enough money to assuage the landlord, who had told her that morning that unless some part of the \$7 for February's rent was paid before nightfall she would have to move.

WORK OF THE TWO BOYS.

The two boys were out at work, Morris in a pickle factory and Benjamin furiously peddling shoestrings, ever watchful to escape arrest and capture by the agents of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, who do not permit boys of his age to do that sort of labor.

Mother and sons left the house yesterday morning hungry. There was not a penny anywhere in sight to buy even half a loaf

NO CITY GIFTS OF COAL TO THE POOR.

The Appropriation of \$15,000 Has Been Used Up in Meagre Distributions.

Previous Allowances of from \$30,000 to \$60,000 Were Cut Down by the Board of Estimate.

NO HELP FOR 7,000 APPLICANTS.

Private Charity Organizations Are, However, Doing More Than Ever They Did, and Fires Are Kindled in Hundreds of Homes.

During this cold weather the Department of Charities has not been able

thinks his own case the hardest, and we have many pitiful scenes. Women come in and describe sickness and poverty in their homes, and children come and tell us of parents too ill to work and of the need of food and fire. It is hard to make them understand why the city is unable to help.

"It is peculiarly hard that we had to stop our donations just as this bitter spell approached. It really seems as if the poor might have been better off if our department had had no appropriation at all this year rather than such a small one, for then the poor people would sooner have known what to expect and could earlier have made arrangements with private charities."

"I think that some of the wealthy men who give great sums to colleges would be doing a splendid work by establishing a fund for the furnishing of coal to the indigent and deserving poor."

AN UNDECIDED LEGAL SPAT.

A. C. Bernheim's Estate Causes Another Wrangle Between Lawyers.

Ex-Judge A. J. Dittenhoefer and Lawyer Courtland A. Anable fired legal knowledge at each other for over an hour yesterday in the office of William Henry Willis, at No.

CHARITY PREVENTS EVICTIONS OF FAMILIES TOO POOR TO PAY RENT OR BUY COAL.



John Dally is dying in No. 40 Rutgers street of a spinal affliction, and the landlord's agent has brought dispossession proceedings. Judge Goldfogle would not issue eviction papers, and the family were granted three days' time.

papers to the agent as security, but he refused to accept them, and since Saturday last, when she had four pennies, there had not been a cent in her miserable quarters. She was given some money and left the building happier than she has been for many a month.

PLEA OF A GIRL IN COURT.

In the same house, No. 38 Hamilton street, and also living in two rooms, is the family of John Fernanter, consisting of himself, his wife, her mother and Mary Gordon, his stepdaughter, fifteen years old. Fernanter, after being out of work for months, sailed on a steamship on Monday for Jacksonville, Fla., as a fireman. He did not leave a cent at home, and had no money to take with him. On Monday afternoon the wife got some work to do, and she left her daughter, Mary, to take charge of the rooms yesterday morning, and to represent the family in court. If she attended court she would lose that day's work, and the whereabout to bring something to eat back home.

Even in her old and soiled dress little Mary Gordon, small for her age, was unusually pretty. She is a really beautiful girl, with wavy, dark brown hair, large brown eyes, set well apart, and her other features almost ideally formed. As the Judge looked at this tattered victim of lovelessness from the tenements he asked: "What brings you here, child?"

"My mother had to go to work to-day," the girl replied. "Papa went on a ship Monday, and I had to stay home from school to-day."

"How much rent does your mother owe?" "Half of seven dollars, and if you'll let us stay home mother will pay it this week. She went to work in a paper house on Ann street this morning."

"How have you been living the last week?" "My aunt gave us some change last Monday, and we bought something to eat with that."

The Judge gave the girl until Friday, and the landlord interposed no objection.

And so it went on, Judge Goldfogle in every deserving case extending the time for payment. In some instances the landlord or his agent said there was no desire to be harsh in this weather, and the fact was established that out of the seventy odd cases acted upon three-fourths of them were deserving of aid.

NO FIRE IN WINDY ROOMS.

As miserable a place as one could find in all the city, are the two back rooms on the first floor of No. 219 1/2 Cherry street. The larger room is used for all purposes. The other, a dark, trunk-like place, contains the only bedstead, and that is falling to pieces. The hallways of the house are uncarpeted and the walls unpapered. Dampness exudes from the crumbling plaster on the walls. In some of the windows the dirty little panes are broken, and the winter's wind whistles through the openings.

of bread. A thief had robbed the mother of all she had last Saturday night. The mother and the grandmother of the children eke out the wages of Morris and what little Benjamin earns by peddling cheap knit goods in a basket. One goes out during the day and the other at night, so that the baby girls will not be left alone.

Mrs. Becker had \$5.50 last Saturday night, and went out on Canal street to buy the week's supply of food. With what was left she intended to pay part of the rent for the month that is not yet over. A thief cut out her pocket and escaped unnoticed with every penny she had. She returned home to kiss her children good-by and then end the struggle for existence in the river. But little Fanny was ill on her pallet on the floor near the stove, and the mother's heart melted. She could not drown herself before she tried to bring her darling back to health. There was not a morsel to eat in the house, but on Sunday afternoon Morris brought in a loaf of bread he had bought with two cents he had borrowed from another boy. Then a neighbor sent in a little cold meat. Had not money been brought to them with which to pay the rent they might not have had a place to sleep last night.

"TRILBY" MARRIES HER CHOICE.

No Svengali came to Cross the Course of Miss Scanlan's True Love.

"Trilby" Scanlan, who lived at No. 55 East Houston street, and worked in the "Puck" Building, was on Monday married to Thomas L. Casey. The ceremony was performed at St. Patrick's, in Mulberry street. "Trilby" Scanlan's Christian name is Mamie. Last year her friends dropped the "Mamie" and called her after Du Maurier's heroine. The circumstances are peculiar and historical. When all New York was affected by the "Trilby" craze, Senator "Tim" Sullivan invited his constituents and their friends to the great Sullivan annual ball. By way of adding interest to the affair it was suggested by the Senator himself that a prize be given to the lady Sullivanite who owned a pair of Trilby feet. The suggestion was unanimously endorsed by the management of the festivities and a diamond necklace was offered as the "Trilby" prize. Mamie Scanlan won the prize and so they called her "Trilby."

There was great rejoicing Monday night at Webster Hall, where Casey and his bride gave a reception in honor of the nuptials. Casey, who is a fine, stalwart, rosy-cheeked young fellow, has the heart like "Little Billie" of the book-bubbled all over with good humor.

New Yorkers in a Minting Deal.

Deadwood, S. D., Feb. 18.--For several months past a New York syndicate has had a bond on a large block of producing mines in the Black Hills, and after paying Experts Hague and Daggert \$30,000 to examine it, were satisfied with the property, but could not raise the amount of the bond, which was \$5,000,000. A compromise was made yesterday whereby the New York parties paid over \$1,000,000 for one-third of the capital stock of the company. No change in the management of the mines will be made.

WORDS ALL THEY CAN GIVE.

"Persons come in every day and ask for coal, and all we can do is to explain that we no longer have any. Each person

to give to poor persons a single pound of coal. The appropriation for this season of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment was inadequate. For the winter of 1894 it was \$60,000; for 1895 it was \$30,000. But for this winter it has been only \$15,000.

Applicants began to call at the office of the Outdoor Relief Department during November, and the requests were received, investigated and filed. The distribution of coal began on January 1, and at that time in a few cases given out more than a small proportion of what was really needed. A few days ago the very last of the coal was given away, and then followed the bitter weather that New York has known for more than a quarter of a century.

ORGANIZED CHARITY.

Various charitable organizations of the city are trying to so expand their work to make up, as far as they can, for this default on the part of the city. The problem that has confronted us this winter has been similar to that of making a pint of oatmeal go as far as two quarts.

Mr. William Blake, Superintendent of the Outdoor Relief Department, said yesterday: "The problem that has confronted us this winter has been similar to that of making a pint of oatmeal go as far as two quarts."

A deed transferring the property recently occupied by the Chase National Bank, at the northwest corner of Pine and Nassau streets, to James G. Wallace, by Frederick D. Tappan, et al, for a consideration of \$725,000, was filed at the Register's Office yesterday. A mortgage on the property for \$200,000, given by Mr. Wallace to the Title Guaranty and Trust Company, was also filed.

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Request for Money for the Poor.

The New York Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor has issued the following statement to the public: "It is the purpose of the Association that no worthy applicant shall be refused, but the burden of the hard times, through which we have passed, has greatly strained our resources. Many of the poor, through no fault of their own, suffer from want of food and clothing. Our visitors are sympathetic and experienced, and their purpose is not simply to relieve immediate want, but also to instruct in the simple principles of domestic economy and hygiene, and ultimately to restore the applicant to self-dependence. Everybody--churches, societies, city departments, hospitals and individuals, are depending upon us to relieve the winter's suffering. We are bearing a very heavy burden. Will you not aid us by sending a contribution? Respectfully yours, R. Fulton Cutting, president; W. R. Huntington, Henry E. Crumpton, James A. Strymer and W. G. Hamilton, vice-presidents; Constant A. Andrews, secretary."

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TRAIN WRECKS DUE TO COAL.

Three Disasters in Vermont Caused by Damaged Rails.

Bellows Falls, Vt., Feb. 18.--A bad wreck was caused on the Central Vermont road a mile north of Ludlow, Vt., this morning, by a broken rail. A passenger train leaving Rutland at 6:20 and due at Boston at 12:40, went down a forty-foot embankment at 7:30. A number of trainmen and passengers were seriously injured.

This was the third train which had been on the track within twenty-four hours within a mile of the place, the rails being damaged by the excessive cold. The baggage car, mail car and one coach all went off the track and went down the embankment, being smashed in pieces. The engine was left on the ties.

There were only six or eight passengers besides the trainmen, and all were hurt more or less. All are being cared for at a farmhouse near the scene of the accident. T. J. Baker, of Rutland, is the most seriously injured. Surgeons say it is doubtful if he can survive. Conductor D. R. Sexton suffered serious internal injury.

Expressman E. C. Baker was found pinned down under the debris of the car and taken out through a small hole. He has many serious bruises, caused by falling baggage and express matter. Mail Agent George L. Fletcher, of Chester, was seriously injured.

BOY WRECKERS INDICTED.

Those Who Derailed the Central Mail Will Be Tried for Murder.

Utica, N. Y., Feb. 18.--John Watson, Theodore Hibbard, Fred Bristol, Herbert Plato and Edward Hibbard, who have been confined in the jail in this city for some months on the charge of wrecking the first mail on the New York Central Railroad, near Rome, on November 19 last, are now under indictment for murder in the first degree. The Grand Jury, now in session here, has been considering their cases more than a week, and to-day the indictments were found by the unanimous vote of the jury.

The wreck caused the death of Engineer Nathan Hager, of Albany, and Robert Lord, of Syracuse.

The young men will be tried in Rome in March. Bristol, who is ill with consumption, has been removed to a bedroom in the house part of the jail and his mother is with him.

THE HABIT OF SUBSTITUTION.

Dealers Who Are Not as Earnest as They Should Be.

In merchandise, as in all other things, a "good thing" always has close imitations. The things that are "nearly as good" are always salable at a higher price than the real article, hence the dealers who are unscrupulous urge on the buyer the article that will bring them greater profit. It is a crying evil and will be the subject of legislation one of these days. In the meantime, the only thing to do is not to be persuaded into buying substitutes. For instance, you start out to-day to buy Bardsley's Shred-Gold Coughs, but that, and don't permit yourself to be made to believe that you can get something just as good. There is only Bardsley's, and it is worth remembering.

KILLED AT A TRAIN CROSSING.

One of a Party in a Sleigh Met Instant Death and Two Were Badly Hurt.

Cleveland, Ohio, Feb. 18.--Bedford was the scene of a terrible accident this morning. Alfred Whitaker, a well-known Democratic politician and business man, was instantly killed; Dana Cannon, twelve years of age, is hovering between life and death; John Rich, a hired man, was mangled, but may live, and Tom Cannon, by extraordinary presence of mind, escaped injury.

Mr. Whitaker early this morning started for Bedford in a cutter, taking Rich along as driver. He intended to take the 8 a. m. Connoton Valley train for Cleveland, where he was in the oil business. With him were Tom and Dana Cannon on their way to school. At the race street crossing of the Connoton, a train was noticed approaching at full speed. Tom Cannon leaped from the cutter into a snow drift.

The engineer saw the party and whistled warning. Whitaker reached for the reins, but the hired man whipped up the horse and in an instant the engine was upon them. Whitaker was hurled thirty feet and his head came in contact with fence post. His body was frightfully bruised. Dana Cannon was cut about the head and body and will probably die. John Rich may recover, but his injuries are serious. The horse was killed.

TWO GALES ARE COMING THIS WAY.

One Moves Eastward from Lake Huron, Another Sweeps Upward from Virginia.

Weather Bureau Predicts That They Are Due Here To-morrow, and That They Will Unite.

COLDEST FEBRUARY 18 IN MANY YEARS.

The Mercury Stayed in the Neighborhood of the Zero Mark Most of the Time, Then Rose, and Mild Weather Is Expected To-day.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 18.--The Weather Bureau announces that a storm is central over Lake Huron, moving east. Another storm is central off the Virginia coast, and they will probably unite during the night, which will cause heavy northeast gales from Eastport, Me., to Hatteras, N. C., to-night or on Wednesday. Notify shipping.

It was the coldest February 18 in twenty-five years, but at no time during yesterday was the drop in the thermometer near so great as that of Monday. Monday's lowest point was 6.4 degrees below zero; yesterday's was 2 above. At midnight Monday the mercury got down that far, and there it remained for two hours. After 2 a. m. it began to go up slightly. At 3 and 4 a. m. it was 3 above; at 5 and 6 a. m., 4 above; at 7 and 8 a. m. it went down to 3 again, but at 9 a. m. it had risen to 5, and from that time on it went up higher, until it was 23 degrees above. Then it began to climb downward.

The coldest spots reported to the Weather Bureau were Rockville, in Canada, and Northfield, Vt. At both places it was 29 degrees below zero. These were the same towns that held the record for lowest thermometer on Monday, but whereas in the Canadian town the cold had diminished four points from the previous day, it had increased eight points in the New England village. Other places where it was unusually cold were: Oswego, 14 below; Albany, 12 below; Portland, Me., 8 below, and Boston, where it stood at zero.

NOT SO COLD AS REPORTED.

Saranac Lake was silent. The day before it had claimed the distinction of being the coldest place of all, a local thermometer, as alleged, showing a record of 49 below. Chief Dunn's attention was called yesterday to Saranac Lake's Arctic record, and he was asked what faith he placed in its reliability.

"None whatever," he replied. "I am certain it was not so cold up there. And yet I do not think the person who made the statement willfully told an untruth. He was simply mistaken. He read the thermometer wrong."

Mr. Dunn thought that to-day would be still warmer. Reports yesterday showed that it was warmer all over the central part of the country. In Ohio and the Tennessee valley it was from 10 to 20 degrees warmer. It was colder, however, along the South Atlantic coast and in the Gulf States. The cold wave extended half way over Florida.

"It has been spitting a little snow to-day," said Mr. Dunn, "and there will be a slight snowfall to-morrow morning. Not enough, however, to bother the skaters in the least. It will be generally fair to-morrow afternoon. The cold wave is passing eastward over the New England States. It will be below the 40-degree point to-morrow morning, but after ten or eleven a. m. it may go above. Before this cold wave vanishes it may travel half way round the earth. It may be for the British Isles by Friday, but in a much modified form. The centre of the cold wave will go north of Great Britain."

PROBABLY LITTLE SKATING.

Mr. Dunn did not think that the cold wave would last long enough to allow skating in the parks. At the Arsenal in Central Park, however, it was said that in all likelihood there would be skating today on Van Cortlandt and Crotona ponds. Many persons visited Van Cortlandt Park yesterday with their skates, in the hope that the ice would be thick enough, but they were disappointed. The ice was only a point to-morrow morning, but after ten or eleven a. m. it may go above. Before this cold wave vanishes it may travel half way round the earth. It may be for the British Isles by Friday, but in a much modified form. The centre of the cold wave will go north of Great Britain."

Trains from the West, South and North were from the West, and the late yesterday in reaching New York. The morning train on the Pennsylvania line from Washington was one and a half hours late at the corner of Forty-third street and Third avenue on Monday night. Patrolman Shindler took him to the East Fifty-first street station, where he arrived within an hour. He said that he was out of work and was sorry that his life had been saved. Magistrate Kuddell, of the New York Police Court, yesterday, sent him to the Workhouse.

Jeremiah Sullivan, New Haven, on his way to join his other in Chicago, but temporarily delayed in New York, drank whiskey on Monday to keep out the cold. Daniel Cox found him straggling from Canal and Hudson streets. His pockets were turned inside out. He was rebuffed by Magistrate Cornell, in the Centre Street Court.

COAL BARONS' HARVEST.

Since the Cold Weather Began They Have Raised Prices from Forty-five to Sixty-five Cents Per Ton.

This is a snapper for the coal barons. The cold winter weather which now prevails in this section of the country is after their own own hearts. In this city alone it is estimated that the consumption of coal for household and manufacturing purposes has been increased one-third. As the cold snap is general along the North Atlantic seaboard, and extends well into the West, the increased demand for coal cuts no unimportant figure.

When the presidents of the various coal-carrying railroads, at the direction of J. Morgan, met to curtail the output, and, as a natural sequence, increase the price, the statement was made that the coal could not be materially changed. In fact 35 cents a ton was considered a mere bagatelle by the barons, and so, when pushed to the wall, they announced that that was the extent of the raise.

This was very far from the truth, however, as the actual prices, as secured by the Journal from an official source, show an increase of from 45 cents to 65 cents per ton. A comparison of the two rates is shown to have been as follows:

Former Price Increase price price per ton. Grate \$2.50 \$3.25 .75 35. R22 2.25 3.00 .75 33. Stone 3.10 3.75 .65 33. Steam 2.85 3.50 .65 33.

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