

TWO HOURS' WALK IN LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Mr. Griswold Falls Asleep and Then Falls Off the Connecticut's Deck.

His Three Hundred Pounds of Flesh Keep Him Afloat Till He Is Sighted.

He Has to Jettison His Cargo of Trousers, Watch, Etc., to Keep from Sinking.

TREADS WATER TILL DAYBREAK.

Several Vessels Pass Him Without Heeding His Cries, but He Is Finally Discovered by the City of Lawrence.

It is not often that a very stout man in sweltering weather like this has occasion to congratulate himself upon his avoirdupois, and to admit honestly that for once he had no wish that his too-tot, solid flesh would melt.

Mr. Griswold lives with his married sister, Mrs. F. Rosenberg, at No. 420 Clermont avenue, Brooklyn. He weighs 342 pounds, but his flesh is firm and solid, and, except for occasional attacks of vertigo, he enjoys the best of health.

On Saturday night he left Providence on the steambark Connecticut, for this city. He secured a stateroom on the larboard side, but when the time for retiring arrived he found the weather so sultry and stifling within doors that he decided to remain outside on the main deck.

He went to the railing, and, leaning over this, he tried to keep awake, but the cool breeze soon had a drowsy effect upon him and he felt himself nodding. Every once in a while the slight lurching of his body would restore him momentarily to semi-wakefulness, but, shortly afterward, he would be nodding again.

No one heard his cry; no one was disturbed by the great splash he made in striking the water, and when he arose to the surface the Connecticut was far away in the distance, and he realized that, unless by great good fortune he was missed by some one aboard, all hope of rescue by her must be abandoned.

His hat was gone, but he had on all the rest of his clothing, inclusive of stockings and shoes, coat, vest and trousers. Far away, a mile and a half at least, he could see a light. It was in the Stafford lighthouse. Mr. Griswold has a wonderfully strong pair of lungs. He made the best use of them in trying to attract the attention of the lighthouse keeper, but his efforts were in vain.

MEANWHILE he started in to tread water. As daylight advanced he saw that he was far from either shore. He had fallen into the Sound about midway between Providence and New York. The Long Island coast was at least four miles distant; the opposite shore was further still.

Mr. Griswold's clothes soon became a great weight, and he determined to rid himself of his coat, vest, collar, shirt and necktie. He took out his studs and put them in his trousers' pocket. He also put there his gold watch and chain and a few other valuables. He had besides \$100 in bills in his trousers' pockets.

It was long before the trousers also became too great a burden, and he removed them. He was now attired in his shoes, stockings, undershirt and drawers. He wanted very much to discard his shoes, but the effort to unlace them proved too difficult. He held the trousers in his arms as long as he could, but at length had to let them go too, and they drifted out of sight, while he sighed over the loss of the \$100 in bills, the gold watch and chain and the other jewelry.

HELP AT HAND. And all the time he kept on treading water. He was drifting right in the track of boats plying along the Sound, but not a vessel passed him until 5:30 a. m. Then a tug towing three barges steamed by. Mr. Griswold set up a mighty shout, but it was unanswered. He followed this shout with other loud cries for help, but got no reply.

Another anxious half hour elapsed, and then the City of Lawrence, of the Norwich line, bore in sight. It was soon within a quarter of a mile of him. Aboard were between 400 and 500 persons on an excursion from Providence to Coney Island. Again Mr. Griswold sent forth his cry for help. Captain Keeney, in the pilot house of the City of Lawrence, heard the voice and wondered whence it came. As he wondered several passengers on the deck below shouted to him:

"Captain, there's a man overboard!" "Where?" cried the Captain. "Right over there," they replied, pointing in the direction of the Long Island shore. Captain Keeney looked sharply, and, sure enough, saw Mr. Griswold in the water. He was moving his arms and shouting for a life preserver. Captain Keeney turned the boat in the direction of the man in the water, and calculated so nicely that when the boat stopped Mr. Griswold was only a few yards away.

By this time every one aboard the City of Lawrence was interested in the rescue, and all crowded to the side of the steambark to witness it. Mr. Griswold continued to cry for a life preserver, a passenger threw him one. He was motionless, however, on catching the heaving line, which, by order of Captain Keeney, was now being thrown to him by a deck hand.

At length Mr. Griswold caught the line, and a strong pull and a pull all together by half a dozen able-bodied rescuers brought



STOUT MR. GRISWOLD AND HIS SUNDAY AFLOAT ON LONG ISLAND SOUND.

This genial travelling man awoke in the small hours of Saturday night to find himself diving head foremost from the steamer Connecticut's deck. His 342 pounds were launched with a mighty splash, but he did not sink. Seeing the steamer sail away, and finding himself afloat, Mr. Griswold began walking, after the fashion known as "treading water." He found the Sound a hard road to travel, but continued on his way for over two hours, when his pedestrian trip was ended by his being sighted and rescued by the City of Lawrence.

him close to the side of the steambark. Then two deck hands lowered themselves and tied a short rope under Mr. Griswold's arms. Next a ladder was let down and several men helped Mr. Griswold get his feet upon the rung. "Heave away!" cried the Captain, and a dozen men at the other end of the rope pulled for dear life. Mr. Griswold assisted as best he could, and, finally, after fifteen minutes of the hardest kind of work, he stood safely upon the deck of the City of Lawrence.

Captain Keeney at once took him to his room, gave him stimulants, made him take off the rest of his clothing, put him to bed and called in a doctor, who happened to be aboard. By the physician's advice Mr. Griswold was then vigorously slapped until his circulation was fully restored and the cramps that he felt in his legs had disappeared. He was wrapped in blankets and mustard applied to the calves of his legs.

"Are you the captain?" he said to Commander Keeney, according to whom he now looked as happy as a lord. "I am," was the reply. "Well, you're a brick."

The City of Lawrence reached this port about 10:15 a. m. Messengers were sent to Mrs. Rosenberg, in Brooklyn, for a suit of clothes. She and her husband came over with a satchel containing an entire outfit. This Mr. Griswold put on. Then he ate a hearty meal, and at 12:45 p. m. bade Captain Keeney goodbye. He seemed none the worse for his experiences. "He is one man in a thousand," said Captain Keeney admiringly. "I never knew of a man before passing successfully through such an ordeal. Two hours and a quarter treading water with his shoes and stockings on! Phew!" remarked the Captain. "And he was as cool as a cucumber. I never saw a cooler one."

About the time the City of Lawrence was hauling Mr. Griswold out of the Sound some one on the Connecticut discovered his hat on the main deck of that vessel. It had not fallen overboard, as Mr. Griswold supposed. At once a search was made for him, but of course he could not be found. It was then too late for the Connecticut's captain to do anything. He was overjoyed later in the day to learn that his stout passenger had been rescued by the City of Lawrence.

BUSY RAINES HOTELS.

Law Was in Full Force for the First Time Yesterday, But Beer Flowed Like Water.

The Raines Liquor law was in full force yesterday for the first time on Sunday. This fact probably led to a rumor that some of the new Raines hotels would receive visits from the police. It is said that the rumor and consequent apprehension, caused some liquor sellers who are well known Tammany politicians to remain away from the Chicago convention in order to be on hand to meet any hostile movement. If trouble was expected, it didn't come in any general proportion. A visit was made to several saloon hotels in Chatham square, Park row and other localities on the East Side, and the beer was flowing freely to the tune of a sandwich. One saloon proprietor was sitting in a chair on the sidewalk dozing, with his head leaned back against the door. It was too hot, he explained, to be inside looking after his friends. These latter, however, were looked after carefully by two bartenders, who had their hands full complying with the demands of thirsty souls. "Any trouble?" said the saloon keeper. "No. This is the best game we've ever been up against, see? Say, a man's mind is so easy now he can just sit outside in the cool and snore away, like me, while de boss inside piles up de cash, see?"

CUBA WILL SOON BE FREE.

Dr. Diaz Talks Encouragingly of the Cause at the Academy of Music.

The Rev. Dr. Alberto Diaz, a Baptist minister who recently came from Cuba, spoke at the Academy of Music last night on the subject of Cuba and her fight for independence. He said, among other things, that the breaking out of the rebellion against the Spanish Government was not a

JUST COAXED DEATH'S COMING A BIT.

Seventy-six Years Old, Harry Chapman Was Tired of Illness and Suffering.

Took Poison in Central Park and Left a Pathetic Letter for the Coroner.

A THEATRICAL MAN, NOT WELL KNOWN.

Ran "The Grotto" at the World's Fair, According to a Business Card Found in His Pocket—Chicago Authorities Asked for Information.

Seventy-six years of age, wifeless, childless, friendless, sick in body and in mind, Harry Chapman, a Chicago theatrical manager, ended his life on a bench in Central Park, a little after midnight yesterday morning.

He was sitting bolt upright, with a smile still on his features, when Policeman Joseph Higgins saw him beneath the Willowdale Arch, at East Sixty-fifth street and Fifth avenue. The policeman thought the man had simply fallen asleep.

By his side on the bench lay his hat. Gently placing a hand on the old man's shoulder, the policeman shook him and said: "Wake up, old man; it's growing late."

A moment later he realized the man had indeed gone to sleep, forever. On the ground was an empty bottle. It had contained prussic acid.

The body was removed to the Morgue. The man was well dressed. He wore a black suit, white shirt, turndown collar and a black and white cravat, but very little jewelry. On his wrist was found a silver watch, a small pair of scissors, a pocket knife, a bunch of keys and this letter:

July 11, 1896. To the Coroner—There will be no need of an autopsy in my case. A dose of acid, taken for the following reason, explains all: I have been suffering from an incurable nervous disease. I have had nervous prostration at times for the past ten years. With the hot weather came nervous rheumatism of the legs and feet, together with congestion of the nerves and legs, which at times stops me in the street. I see that I am fast losing the use of my limbs and my physical strength, and that soon I shall become helpless. The pain is more than I can stand. I am also troubled with catarrh and a complication of stomach diseases, that make life a greater burden than I can carry. I am incapacitated for work; am alone in the world, and not wishing to become a trouble to any one, I now take that long sleep that I have prayed for, but that has been denied me by Time and by Nature. As I cannot expect of any kind to relieve me of my pain on account of the after-effects, the above is the only remedy left me to be released from the awful, sickening pain produced by my disease, which are incurable. HARRY CHAPMAN. Born September 5, 1820.

In his pockets were found printed cards showing his calling. They read:

HARRY CHAPMAN, Box Office, "The Grotto," Chicago. Colonial Specialties (Columbian). 1892.

Chapman did not look his age. He had a strong and kindly cast of features, prominent nose, high forehead, large, well-set brown eyes, gray hair and closely cropped gray beard and mustache.

When the news spread about that Harry Chapman was dead, some well-known man-

FOUGHT A FIRE WITH "GOOSE NECK" ENGINES.

Ancient Implements Failed to Save the Peter Cooper Glue Works.

Big Blaze in West New York, N. J., Lit Up the Country for Miles Around.

LOSS IS FROM \$65,000 TO \$85,000.

Wheehawkenites and Other Jersey-men Helped in Bucket Brigades—Nearby Docks and Buildings Were Saved from Burning.

A fire that lit up the river front and country for miles around, burned last night in the Peter Cooper Glue Works, on the edge of the Hudson, West New York, N. J., and before it was under control destroyed the plant.

The loss is estimated at from \$65,000 to \$85,000. The works cover several acres. The main building, in the boiler room of which the fire started, was a four-story frame structure, 100x250 feet, equipped with valuable machinery. In the immediate vicinity are storehouses and docks, the principal being those of the Witcoex Lard Refining Company and the Cottonseed Oil Trust Company. The tracks of the West Shore & New Jersey Junction railways run along the shore, sidings connecting with the different manufacturing and docks.

No one but the watchman was in the building, when about 7 p. m. a sudden blaze shot from the engine room. The fires were up in the boiler room, the employees, which number about 150, having worked overtime Saturday night, their intent on being to start early this morning. An alarm sent in by the watchman brought the West New York Fire Department, all volunteers, with their "goose neck" engines. A few minutes afterward the Guttenberg firemen, also with old style apparatus, arrived. The firemen worked hard, assisted by a bucket brigade, but the blaze was too large for them, and at last they were forced to concentrate their efforts toward saving the adjoining docks and buildings.

The glaze that lit up the river front was seen in this city, and the docks at Zooker Mills and New York and several tugs hastened to the fire, rendering effective aid in saving the docks and adjoining buildings.

The engineer of the Cottonseed Oil Trust Company's plant, to the north of the building works, attached hose to the powerful fire pumps with which his building is equipped and threw heavy streams upon the blaze. At one time the docks and the Witcoex Lard Refining and several other buildings were threatened, but hard work by the volunteers, the crews of the fire boats and the tugs averted the danger.

Six engines, sent from Weehawken by the West Shore and New Jersey Junction railways, drew a number of freight cars the stood upon the docks and near the burning plant out of danger. The fire was still smoldering at a late hour.

The works were owned by Cooper, & Co.

ROAD BUILT ON SUNDAY.

Residents of Rockwell Place Claim That Their Street Was Stolen in Front of Their Very Eyes.

Residents of Brooklyn are always complaining, so it is said. The police, against whom most of the complaints have been made, do not, as a rule, consider these matters seriously, but when a number of residents of Rockwell place rushed into the Classon Avenue Stationhouse yesterday to complain that their street was being stolen "in front of their very eyes," the police were astonished.

The enraged residents declared that the Brooklyn Heights Railroad Company had brought hundreds of men to Rockwell place at midnight on Saturday night and that before Sunday was half an hour old had started in tearing up the pavement, putting down rails, erecting poles and stringing trolley wires.

The police investigated the matter and found that the railroad people had a permit from the City Works Department to lay tracks, granted on the allegation that the Common Council had granted a franchise for the street.

Rockwell place is a residential street, and the owners of property there declare that the necessary consents had not been obtained from them. Notwithstanding their protests, the work went on all day yesterday, and when night came the rails were in place from Fulton to Willoughby street.

The company will use the new line as a "switch" during the rush hours, running many of its cars through Willoughby street to the City Hall. It is said that the franchise for Rockwell place was obtained from the Common Council, while the "City Hall" Aldermen were in power in the Common Council, and many miles of streets were given away. That was four years ago.

COY BRIDEGROOM WEDS.

Comes Out of the Woods to Which He Had Fled and Goes Through the Ceremony Like a Man.

Miss Mamie Bauer, of No. 118 Liberty street, Union Hill, who on last Wednesday, when John Traubagen, of Hoboken, failed to appear at the time set forth for the marriage, went in search of him and when he fled at her approach chased him into the Weehawken woods, was married to the object of her affections on Saturday night.

After the chase on Wednesday, and when she had recovered from a fainting spell, Miss Bauer announced, "I'll marry that man within the week," and she kept her word.

Traubagen, who was shown the error of his ways, in fleeing from a loving woman who longed to be his bride, appeared promptly at the time Saturday night. The ceremony was performed at the Bauer house by Pastor Schoeppling. A reception followed at the Bauer home, and the features of the evening was the singing of "He Loved Me Better Than He Knew by the Bride."

WANT TO USE THE ARMORY.

Socialists Say They Have the Same Rights as Republicans.

Matthew Maguire, the Socialist candidate for Vice-President of the United States, is a delegate to the International Socialist Congress in London, which begins July 29. He will sail for Europe on Wednesday, and his admirers have arranged to give him a reception before his departure.

Matthew Maguire lives in Paterson, N. J., and his friends wish to hold a reception in the same armory in which Garrett A. Hobart was honored. If this is refused, they will insist that the Socialists have as good a right to the use of it as the Republicans. The armory is supposed to be used for military purposes only.

Woman Injured by a Cable Car. Miss Mary Witz, aged twenty-five, of No. 8 Rector street, was knocked down by Third Avenue cable car No. 591, in front of No. 147 Park row, at 10 o'clock last night. She sustained slight injuries to the thigh, and was taken to the Hudson Street Hospital.



He Seemed Asleep, but It Was the Slumber of Death.

A Central Park policeman found Harry Chapman sitting on a bench and sought to awaken him. Then he discovered the man was dead. A bottle of poison lay near him. He was a theatrical manager, and ran "The Grotto" at the World's Fair. He was seventy-six years old, but could not wait for death to relieve him of his physical ills.

Hood's Pills advertisement with text: Stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure biliousness, headache, dizziness, sour stomach, constipation, etc. Price 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.