ARE YOU GOING TO THE BIG SHOW TO-NIGHT?

Twenty Stars to Appear at the Junior Republic's Benefit.

AT ST. NICHOLAS HALL.

Bessie Bonehill and Rogers Brothers Are Among the Volunteers.

CONGRESS OF SERIO-COMICS.

Popular Prices Will Prevail—Greatest Opportunity Ever Offered New Yorkers.

A two-dollar show for fifty cents.

That's what you will see if you go to the St. Nicholas Music Hall, Sixty-sixth street and Columbus avenue, to-night. Twenty of the most prominent stars in the theatrical firmament will positively appear at this extraordinary entertainment, the proceeds of which will go to the fund for the support of the Journal Junior Republic, that miniature colony up the State where little fellows found amid degraded surroundings in Greater New York are shown how to become good, honest, worthy citizens of the greater republic, and are taught to govern and support themselves—something which they never knew before.

The St. Nicholas Music Hall is an ideal place for a Summer entertainment. It is kept cool by ice machines which pump several thousand cubic feet of cold air into the auditorium every minute or so. It is a large place too, being able to accommodate fully 3,500 persons. Messrs Hurtig & Seamon, the managers of the house, whose generosity makes it possible to give the show at the St. Nicholas, expect to see the hall tested to its utmost capacity to-night, and certainly they have good reason to, for surely the bill to be presented is the greatest ever offered. A well-known theatrical manager in speaking of the programme yesterday said:

A Phenomenal Bill.

"It is beyond a doubt the apotheosis of vaudeville. I doubt very much if such a brilliant array of artists will ever be brought together again for a single performance unless, of course, the Journal accomplishes the feat. Nearly every one of these artists has worked for me at different times, and therefore I know that it would cost a manager just $6,200 to employ all these performers for one week. Why, Bessie Bonehill alone demands—well, suffice it to say that she demands a big salary, and gets it because she deserves it. The bill is really a phenomenal one, and I cannot see how it can fail to reap a rich harvest of coin for the poor little chaps for whose benefit it is given."

Here's the great bill, and, in the vernacular of the street urchin, "it's a peach:"

First is Bessie Bonehill—popular, charming, diverting and vivacious Bessie Bonehill—the queen of character singers. She says she's going to do her best to-night to please the audience, and that means much, for even if she were to do her worst—an impossibility, of course—it would be better than the best of any other similar performer, for Bessie Bonehill stands without a peer in her particular line.

Next is that most amusing pair of German dialect comedians, the Rogers brothers. These gentlemen are now playing at Koster & Bial's Music Hall, but they have obtained special permission from the managers of that resort to lend their services for to-night's benefit.

Colored Fun Makers.

Then come Williams and Walker ("Oh, I don't know, you're not so warm"), the colored fun makers. They are pre-eminent in the exposition of negro comedy and melody.

Then follows the great congress of the most favorably known serio comics on the stage. It includes Mlle. Troja, May Howard, Annie Hart, Gertrude Mansfield, Lizzie B. Raymond, Sadie Fox, Carrie Exler, the Beaumont sisters, the Walker sisters and the three sisters Lane.

Belle Hathaway's wonderful dogs and monkeys will give a remarkable exhibition of animal sagacity, and Charles "Bowery Boy" Ward will sing some of his favorite original songs.

McBride & Goodrich, and Cunningham & Grant, sketch artists, are bound to please, and the Golden Gate Quartet will surely come in for a good share of admiration.

The wee comedians, Tiddlewinks and Pugan, are going to do something entirely new, which is calculated to considerably enhance their already excellent reputation as provoking laughter.

In addition to that list, five other prominent artists will appear.

Now, if you want to be considered really up to date you should see this great performance to-night. Reserved seats can be secured by telephoning to No. 691 Columbus, the St. Nicholas Music Hall.

FIVE FIREMEN KILLED.

Several Other Victims of the Chicago Elevator Explosion Not Expected to Live.

Chicago, Aug. 6.—Charles M. Conway died this morning from injuries received while at work at the Northwestern elevator fire last night. Conway was at work in the narrow areaway at the rear of the elevator when the explosion occurred, and he was thrown with great force against a shed. He was rendered unconscious, and before he was rescued, his body and limbs had been terribly burned.

The body of Fireman Jacob Struckman has been found under the ruins. This makes five deaths as the result of the fire.

Some of the injured firemen are progressing favorably, but several of them are not expected to recover.

There is little doubt now that the man who was carried into the river by the stream of grain from the elevator, at the time of the explosion, was Thomas Monohan, the fireman who drove Chief Swenie's horse. The Chief says he is certain Monohan was standing in the neighborhood at the time of the explosion. He has not appeared since.

SHE GOT HER BABE BACK.

But Judge Pryor Failed to Reconcile Mrs. Robert Abent to Her Husband.

The learned and chivalrous Justice Pryor yesterday attempted to reconcile another quarrelling couple, Robert and Louise Abent, father and mother of a fine sixteen-months-old baby, Robert, Jr. The Justice was unsuccessful, but the mother got possession of the baby.

Mrs. Abent obtained a writ of habeas corpus for the boy, whose father had possession of him. She married Abent six years ago, and after frequent quarrels, they separated last January. Once Mrs. Abent testified yesterday, she had to climb down the fire escape of their home, on West Twenty-third street, to get away from her wrathful husband.

"He is not so bad," she admitted. And then added, with a tinge of jealousy, "Women can do anything with him. Look at his weak face."

It was developed that Abent had his wife's mental condition examined.

"I was declared sane," Mrs. Abent emphatically said, "and I'm sane now. I am ready for another such examination."

Abent on the other hand declared his wife has an ungovernable temper, and had deserted him. Justice Pryor spoke soothingly to them.

"It seems to me," said His Honor, "You two people could reconcile your differences."

"No, sir, we can not," Abent answered. His wife shook her head rather sadly.

While the Justice deliberated as to whom he should give the baby, young Robert began to yell at the top of his lungs. His father, who was his nurse for the time, was about to soothe the baby with a bottle of milk, when the Justice made his decision.

"Let his mother have Robert Abent, Jr."

Abent, with bad grace, handed over the baby to his mother. But he held to the bottle of milk, and with it strode from the court room. Mrs. Abent, kissing and hugging the squalling baby in her arms, hurried out to look for a dairy.

THE JOURNAL JUNIOR REPUBLIC.

IT IS a community of poor boys who have gone out into the country to get an honest living. It is situated on a farm about thirty-five miles north of New York City, near the Hudson River. All the citizens are between twelve and eighteen years of age. They govern themselves, elect their President, Legislature and Senate, make their own laws and enforce them. The citizens are policemen, judges, merchants, bakers, tailors, carpenters and farmers. They are paid for their work in Junior Republic coin, and with the money they pay for their board and lodging at the hotels, run by other citizens. It is a miniature Republic, conducted by boys who hope some day to take an active part in our own big Republic. As fast as the fund justifies it more boys are sent up there from the slums to be turned into good citizens. There is room for a thousand boys. All communications regarding the Republic should be addressed to Journal Junior Republic, The Journal, New York.

SHOT HIS WIFE AND TOOK POISON.

Dailey Was Jealous of the Widow He Married in Chicago.

WROTE TO MAYOR SWIFT.

Made a Choice from 500 Answers to His Letters, and Quarrelled with Her at Once.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Aug. 6.—H. A. Dailey, a well-to-do Jenison man, shot his wife last midnight. This morning he took poison and died while in charge of the officers. The woman may possibly recover.

Dailey sent a letter to Mayor Swift, of Chicago, last April, saying he wanted a woman of mature years as a wife. The Mayor gave the missive to the newspapers as a literary curiosity. The result was Dailey received nearly 500 answers from women who wanted a home.

Out of the lot Dailey selected Mrs. Hattie Newton, a Chicago widow. Three months ago they were married. Dailey was seventy years old, and his bride forty-five. Their life was unhappy. Dailey became very jealous when his wife returned to Chicago for a long visit. They quarrelled bitterly, and finally separated. Dailey gave his wife three days to return to her allegiance as his wife.

The time was up last midnight, but she refused to resume her wifely relations. He forced his way into her bed chamber, and pressing his army musket against her heart fired. The woman seized the muzzle and pushed it aside, but the charge penetrated her right side.

She staggered from the house in her nightgown and fell bleeding on the doorstep of Luman Jenison's house, where she was found. Dailey was arrested, and as there is no jail in Jenison, he remained in custody of the officers until morning, when he was to be taken to Grand Haven.

Before taking the train he was allowed to enter a saloon and drink several large glasses of beer. At the bar he fell backward in spasms. He had managed to slip strychnine into the beer unperceived, and was dead in a few minutes.

Dailey had a fine farm and considerable money, and drew $30 a month pension for the loss of a hand in the war. He was a widower prior to his marriage, and had a daughter, a Mrs. Taylor, of Grandville.

Nothing is known of Mrs. Dailey's past except that she has a son in Montreal. She lived a secluded life in Jenison, had a few friends and no confidants.

Daily left a note indicating that he had contemplated suicide by drowning. A postscript, which is added, says: "Too many railroad men on my place for my good health."

TO PROTECT OUR MINERS.

Rumors That Canada Is Charging a Duty of 15 Cents a Pound On All American Prospectors' Outfits.

Washington, Aug. 6.—Representative J. Hamilton Lewis, of the State of Washington, to-day had a conference with the Treasury officials in regard to customs matters on the Alaska-Canadian frontier. Mr. Lewis said that he had received information, which he deemed trustworthy, to the effect that the Canadian Commissioners of Customs, in council, had issued a special order, fixing an exorbitant rate of duty on goods of every description brought by miners entering the Klondyke country by way of Alaska.

According to Mr. Lewis's information this duty was 15 cents a pound on goods of every character. The Treasury officials are inclined to doubt the accuracy of this report, but have taken means to ascertain the facts.

If, however, it should be found to be true, the action of the department in establishing a branch Custom House at Dyea may be reconsidered and steps taken to protect the rights of American miners in the premises.

LABORATORY FOR PURE MILK.

Nathan Straus Says He Has Offered to Build One for the City.

Mr. Nathan Straus said yesterday that he had some time ago offered to erect a laboratory for providing sterilized and modified milk for the poor, and that he would be glad to do so, provided a guarantee was given by the city authorities of its proper use. He said further that if a city ordinance is passed guaranteeing that the plant will be used for the purpose intended he will at his own expense pay a scientific man for one year to superintend its operation.

Mayor Strong said he had not heard of Mr. Straus's offer officially, and could not therefore discuss it.

ANYTHING TO SELL—

No matter what it is—a "want" in to-morrow's "Want" Supplement will bring a buyer Monday. 16 words—50 cents.

DEATH FOLLOWED WHITE CAPS' NOTE

Old Man Had Been Warned to Get Out, but He Stayed to Be Shot.

QUICK WORK IN ALABAMA.

Negro Attacked His Employer's Daughter and Was Lynched Within a Few Hours.

Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 6.—An old man, supposed to be an Italian, and whose name has not been ascertained, was shot and killed by unknown persons near Aspen Hill, in Miles County, at 2 o'clock this morning. He had been associating with negroes for several weeks and teaching them music.

He received an anonymous letter Tuesday night signed "Whitecaps," warning him to leave within forty-eight hours or he would be tarred and feathered. He threatened to prosecute the writers of the communication when they were discovered.

He refused to leave and his death followed. His body was found in his cabin riddled with bullets.

Birmingham, Ala., Aug. 6.—Near Spring Hill, Barbour County, about midnight last night, George Turner, a negro farm laborer, entered the bedroom of Miss Mary Robinson, daughter of his employer. She was aroused by the noise and screamed.

Turner attempted to choke her, but her father ran in from an adjoining room and Turner sprang out of the window through which he had entered and fled. Before daylight a posse was organized and the negro was run down a few miles away, brought back to the scene of the crime, identified and promptly hanged to a tree in a neighboring swamp.

Barbourville, Ky., Aug. 6.—Jack Williams was caught in the mountains near Brush Creek and lynched last night by a mob of enraged men. He and his brother Tom were accused of assaulting a deaf mute girl named Viney Bays. Tom Williams was forced to marry the victim. He is now in jail here and there are threats of lynching him before to-morrow.

Boy Falls 100 Feet to Death.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Aug. 6.—James Dimont, an Italian lad, eleven years old, fell from the top of the river bank, lighting on the tracks of the Gorge road, a distance of 100 feet, this morning, rupturing his stomach. He died half an hour later.

PROMOTER FROZEN OUT?

Law Suit Involving Millions Against the Gold Creek Nevada Mining Company.

Ker & Thomas, lawyers, yesterday drew up papers in a suit involving millions of dollars invested in Nevada gold mines. Dennis B. Harris, of No. 120 Broadway, a promoter, is the plaintiff, and the Gold Creek Nevada Mining Company, Henry J. Mayham, of Denver, Col.; William B. Duval, of Denver; Walter Church, of Boston, and Joseph L. Robertson, of New York, are the defendants.

The plaintiff recites that the Gold Creek Nevada Mining Company, of which Mr. Robertson is president, was formed in 1896 with a capital stock of $3,000,000. It purchased the property of the Island Mountain Company, and at once issued $1,000,000 worth of stock for working purposes. Of this amount he says 800,000 shares were sold for $500,000 and most of this money was spent in developing the property.

The company then organized the Gold Creek Nevada Consolidated Lodes Company, with a capital of $10,000,000, and the Gold Creek Nevada Town Site Company, with a stock of $2,000,000. The plaintiff asserts that he is the original promoter of the companies, and it was agreed, he says, that he should have for his trouble 359,375 shares of stock worth, according to his figures, $1,796,875. He says the capitalists interested in the scheme took his advice and labor up to a certain point, and then quietly froze him out.

The plaintiff alleges that a deal is now being negotiated with an English syndicate, represented by Mr. J. M. Cummings, an engineer, at No. 29 Broadway, for the sale of all the companies for $15,000,000. He says the engineer has just returned from an examination of the property, and will recommend to his principals that they take it.

HOEBER-FRIEND SET-TO.

Feather Weight Tongue-Sparring Contest Between the Tiny Coroner and the Diminutive Lawyer.

Coroner Hoeber and Lawyer Friend have had another quarrel. Any time the pair fail to have a row it is because they have not met. When the Coroner took office more than two years ago, Mr. Friend and himself agreed to disagree.

Yesterday the Coroner received a letter signed Emma. It was written in German, and said that the writer knew that Guldensuppe lived, and the writer could no longer keep silent while Guldensuppe was walking around Harlem.

The Coroner was full of business at once. He telephoned Howe & Hummel and House & Friend. He asked for Mr. House. He was not in, and the Coroner said: "I want have anything to do with his partner. I don't want to see him."

Mr. Friend, however, started for the Coroner's office. When he reached it a reporter was making a copy of the letter. Mr. Friend asked to see it. When the Coroner saw him Mr. Friend was reading the letter. Mr. Friend and Coroner Hoeber are of a size.

"Give me that letter," demanded Hoeber. "It belongs to me."

Mr. Friend refused and turned it over to the reporter, from whom he had received it. The Coroner took it, and for five minutes the air was full of such expressions as "Your partner, Mr. House, is a gentleman," "Loafer that you are," etc. Mr. Friend retaliated with "disgrace to the office," and "wrote the letter himself to get his name in the papers." The pair were prevented from putting up a feather-weight fight only through the interference of bystanders.

HORNUNG'S SON MISSING.

Veteran Ball Player Thinks Harry Would Come Back if He Knew of His Brother's Death.

Harry Hornung, son of "Joe" Hornung, who was for nine years the left-fielder of Boston's baseball club, left his home at No. 2155 Eighth avenue, on Thursday, July 29, ostensibly to go to his work.

He did not go to his work, and he has not yet returned to his home. He had collected on the day before his disappearance the week's wages of $9 which he had been receiving for two years in the office of the East River Gas Light Company, on West Forty-second street.

He was a devoted son, and gave all his money to his mother. With it she supported herself and three children, besides Harry. Her husband had been for a long time in ill-luck.

"Harry will return, I am sure," the old bailiffosser said last night, "if he hears that his dear little brother has left us. He died of measles yesterday."

Harry Hornung is sixteen, lithe, red-haired, with blue eyes, and freckled. He wore, on the day that he left home, a dark brown plaid coat and trousers, and a derby hat. The police have been notified of his disappearance. If he returns home this week he may have his place in the East River Gas Light Company's office again. An old friend of his father holds it for him.

CANOE FOUND, MEN MISSING.

No Trace of H. J. Gilbert and a Companion Who Sailed from Sag Harbor.

No trace has been found of H. J. Gilbert, of New York, and a young man named Partell, who had been stopping at the Seaview House, Sag Harbor. They started out Wednesday morning for Riverhead by way of Peconic Bay in a small sailing canoe.

The canoe has been found near the Noyac Cottage Association grounds on the rocks. It is badly stove. In it were the luncheon they had taken with them and young Gilbert's coat, in which was found a pocketbook containing money and letters bearing his name.

Bennett, the fisherman who found the stranded craft, towed it to Mennutic Creek, Shelter Island, and notified the authorities. The boat was identified by a brother of Gilbert, who was stopping at Shelter Island Heights.

Marie Simonie Leaves Bellevue.

Miss Marie Simonie, the vocalist who was taken to Bellevue Hospital from her boarding house, No. 347 West Twenty-fourth street, by friends on July 24, suffering from insanity, left the hospital yesterday. W. H. Smith, of the Standard Oil Company's office, called at the pavilion and took her away in a cab. Miss Philo Simonie, a sister of the young woman, who is connected with the Standard Oil Company's Chicago office, is expected here to take her sister home. Miss Simonie is much better.

Virginia's Attorney-General Dead.

Warrenton, Va., Aug. 6.—Major R. Taylor Scott, Attorney-General of Virginia, died here shortly after midnight. The deceased had been ill with typhoid fever for some weeks.

VETERANS PROTEST TO THE MAYOR.

Say Public Works Officials Discriminate Against Them.

STRONG CAN'T BELIEVE IT.

Collis Had Informed Him That G. R. M. Men Couldn't Stand the Work.

Grand Army men seem determined to force the issue against General Collis and Deputy Howard P. Wilds, in the Department of Public Works, and also against the Civil Service Board. They charge that in the matter of appointments the form and spirit of the Civil Service law have both been violated. The matter was officially brought to Mayor Strong's attention yesterday by a special committee appointed by the Grand Council of the Union Veterans' Protective Association. Comrades Bell, Farrell, Pryer and Thain, as such committee, appealed to the Mayor as chief of the departments, and especially as chairman of the Municipal Civil Service Commission. The charges made were so direct that Deputy Wilds and Mr. Merriam, the appointing clerk of the public works, were sent for to hear them.

Comrade Bell said it was a fact that, while the law specifically stated that veterans, when properly qualified and certified, should have the preference, yet in making appointments General Collis had persistently violated this provision.

But the chief spokesman was Colonel Farrell, who insisted in plain terms that veterans had been systematically discriminated against. This sad fact, he said, could not be more eloquently explained than by the statement that there are to-day the names of 300 G. A. R. men on the civil service lists.

"Collis told me," the Mayor rejoined, "when I spoke to him about it some time ago, that not more than one in eight or nine 'vets' could stand the heavy work of the department. I don't believe there's any department where the veterans are 'systematically discriminated against.'"

Colonel Farrell: "They have never been given preference, as the law provides."

Then Deputy Wilds arrived. Colonel Farrell and Mr. Bell directly charged him with discriminating against old soldiers.

Mr. Wilds was at first inclined to get angry. But he contented himself with saying:

"You are greatly in error. The greater portion of the men certified to us by the Civil Service Board are veterans. General Collis ordered Mr. Merriam to secure a 'drawing for fifty able-bodied men, under fifty years of age,' and twenty-one of these were marked as veterans.

"What!" Mr. Bell almost shrieked. "'Under fifty years of age!' Why, the whole case is out! The war closed thirty-two years ago! A man of under fifty now could not have been eighteen years old when the war closed. I am one of the youngest veterans in New York, and I am fifty-five. Surely you, Mr. Wilds, do not believe the veterans of the war were about seventeen years old when the fighting was over! If that drawing is a sample you do not have veterans; they are frauds!"

"I cannot ask every man his age," retorted Mr. Wilds. "You must go to the Civil Service Board. Let them inquire into the ages of applicants."

Mr. Wilds made matters worse, and gave the Mayor a cold chill as he went on to say that during the present week several Grand Army men, employes of the department, were before him for trial, for inefficiency, neglect of duty, insubordination and intoxication. Some resigned, others were censured, and one, who had ex-Judge Howland with him as his counsel, refused to resign, and so he discharged him then and there.

When Mr. Merriam brought over the certification for the fifty drawing, the Mayor asked him if he ever inquired of applicants what their ages were, and he said:

"No. I supposed the civil service people did that."

The Mayor handed the papers to Mr. Bell and asked him to ascertain on what ground the Civil Service Commission "starred" men on the list as veterans who were under fifty years of age.

"This will result in one of two things, probably," said Colonel Farrell. "Either that the applicants will be indicted for perjury, or in proving that the Public Works officials have been playing a high game of politics." Comrade Thain is to investigate and report.

"SCALPERS" ARE DEFIANT.

Secretary of Their Association Declares That They Will Not Recognize the New Law.

The cut-rate railroad and steamboat ticket brokers, or "scalpers," are prepared to make a hard fight against the anti-scalpers law, that becomes operative on September 1. Its enforcement means the practical destruction of their business.

Mr. Landing and Mr. I. Frank, of No. 317 Broadway, secretary of the Ticket Brokers' Association, joined in saying yesterday:

"A similar law has been for twenty years on the statute books of Illinois, Indiana and Pennsylvania, and there has never been a conviction under it, except one, that of a poor, friendless hotel clerk in Harrisburg, Pa., who was sent to prison for a year, and died there. No regular ticket broker has ever been punished. And about a year ago Judge Brashear, of Texas, in the case of the South Pacific Railroad Company vs. Mercer, declared that such a law was unconstitutional.

"We have taken care to have the opinion of excellent constitutional lawyers as to our rights in the premises, and will contest vigorously any attempt to interfere with us in the exercise of our legitimate business. A passage ticket is property, just as much as the money that buys it. It belongs to its purchaser, who has a right to demand of the public carrier issuing it the service for which it is a contract, or, for a consideration, to transfer to another the right to demand that service.

"As Judge Brashear held, railroad tickets are assets, and therefore personal property, just the same as stocks and bonds. The just the same as stocks and bonds. The Assistant District-Attorney of Buffalo has recently said that he believed this law to be unconstitutional, as interfering with the vested rights of citizens. And we have able authoritative corroboration for that view. Consequently, we will not make any slightest change in our business, or in any way recognize the existence of such a law, until an endeavor is made to enforce its provisions to the detriment of one of our number. Then we will fight it with all the force that a strong association, possessed of ample means to employ the best counsel, is able to bring to bear.

"There is no formal coalition between our association and that of the commercial travellers, which has some 70,000 members, but they are heartily in sympathy with us, and have already taken measures to protect themselves against the operation of this law. It would punish with imprisonment for two years a commercial traveller who sold to a friend a ticket he did not wish to use, or exchanged tickets he did not want for such as were of use to him. Naturally they object to such restrictions, as they do a good deal of selling and exchanging among themselves.

"It is hardly possible that the legislators who made this law supposed it constitutional—or cared whether it was or not. Is the New York Central Railroad demanded it, and what could they do, in view of the relations between them and that corporation, but concede it?"

Celebrated Her Centennial.

Saratoga, N. Y., Aug. 6.—Mrs. Zilpha Buell Hodgman, the oldest person in Saratoga County, to-day celebrated her centennial. She was born at Sudbury, Vt., on Aug. 6, 1797, and still enjoys comparatively good health.

DR. HALE SEES HIS WOULD-BE SLAYER

He Calls at the Prison and Finds the Student Calmer.

PREACHER'S EXPERIENCE

First Met the Young Man, Whom Religion Made a Maniac, at the World's Fair.

Boston, Aug. 6.—Dr. Edward Everett Hale, whose Summer house is near Matunuc Beach, on the south Rhode Island shore, expressed his gratification to-day at his escape from young Collier, who has gone insane over religion.

"Collier is a young man from Memphis," said the distinguished preacher, "and he wanted me to be his chief apostle. He said he was Jesus Christ, and that he came upon the earth to kill the Devil. I told him that he was engaged in a laudable undertaking, and he appeared to be pleased."

Dr. Hale said he first met Collier at the World's Fair, where he said he was a divinity student. He met him next in Boston this Summer, and at that time had the slightest possible feeling that he was a little lacking mentally.

Followed the Doctor.

"Collier was finally induced to leave Boston," continued the doctor, "and then he found out where I was stopping and went to Narragansett Pier. He wrote prolific letters about his being the new Messiah, and he said that I must fall into line, or that he would kill me. On one occasion, not many days ago, I was astonished when a bicycle rider came up the driveway and proved to be a messenger from Collier, who was evidently suffering badly from his mania. The bicycle rider thrust a message into my hand, saying it was important, a matter of life and death. It read:

"'Dr. E. E. Hale, Matunuc—Come, as you value your life, at once.

"'W. A. COLLIER,

"'The New Christ.'

"My refusal to answer the note, and another missive I sent to Collier telling him he was conceited or lazy, caused him to get angry. He then seems to have set out to find me, and he came to Matunuc. He arrived at my house on Saturday, not long after I went to Boston, and he was arrested before I reached home yesterday. Thus the special object of his design appears to have been safely out of his reach, and I am heartily glad I escaped him.

Several Threats to Kill.

"Of course, I cannot tell what Collier would have done to me, but he wrote several times that he would surely kill me. When I called upon Collier in jail at Kingston last evening he was calmer, but his mania had full possession of him. He knelt in prayer and read his Bible. He said he was very glad to see me and was most pleasant and cordial in his greeting, but he broke out once in a while and showed how intense his craziness of the one subject is.

"He said to me: 'Oh, you're my apostle, Dr. Hale, and I am the new Christ.' I talked with him about his visit to Matunuc and from what he said I think he made the trip for the purpose of inducing me to become his apostle, but there is no knowing what he might have done. The officer says he was very violent.

"I am sorry for the poor fellow. He appeared to be all right at one time. I think some work would have done him good."

Police Are Puzzled.

Providence, R. I., Aug. 6.—Whether William A. Collier, Jr., of Memphis, Tenn., who wants to kill the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D. D., is a crank or a burglar, is puzzling the police of Wakefield and Narragansett Pier. They think he is a crook and is feigning insanity to escape punishment for burglaries in this section which they believe they have traced to him. Other indications point to his being a religious enthusiast whose mind has broken under the strain of deep study.

To-day's developments include the finding of the following letters, written by Collier, which convince the police they have made an important capture:

Mr. G. H. Ellis, Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir—Forward $5 to me, care general delivery, and another V to Providence.

W. A. COLLIER, JR.

Am seeing the country down this way.

G. W. Ochs, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Send me, to Narragansett, R. I., whatever money you have. I have need of it.

Thomas Madden, Keyport, N. J.

Come to me. I need you.

The cause of Collier's insane actions may be overstudy of the Scriptures. He fancies that he is Christ, and was sent into the world to create a new religion and save all sinners. In order to facilitate his task he wishes to enroll Dr. Hale as his first disciple. Most of his letters are expositions of his new system of redemption, and contain demands for Dr. Hale's assistance in his work. The following are a few specimens:

Edward Hale, 141 Franklin street, Boston, who did refuse me thus.

I have spoken to you in a letter through another. Come and get that you refused me, for I am your master—not your slave. Come not doubting, or you die.

E. E. Hale, Matunuc, R. I.

I have written to you this day through another. Leave all and follow. I would speak glorious truths through you. Come not until you believe or you shall die by my hand.

FOSTER MUM ON BERING.

Seal Fisheries Commissioner Home, and Summoned at Once to Washington—No Danger from Japan.

John W. Foster, who went abroad as a United States Commissioner to confer with representatives of England and Russia concerning the Bering Sea seal controversy, returned yesterday on the American liner St. Louis. Mr. Charles S. Hamlin, who was appointed to act with Mr. Foster, and who remained in the United States to study the question, boarded the St. Louis at Quarantine from a revenue cutter.

Mr. Foster said that all he could make public at present touching the Bering Sea question had been cabled to this country a week or so ago.

"This much I can tell you," he said. "I have been in London, Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg. The names of the representatives of the different countries you will have to get from the State Department. I do not know whether the same men will represent their respective countries at the conference next October, and even concerning this conference I can say nothing."

"Will Japan be represented at this conference?"

"That, even I do not know. As to the Hawaiian question, I can see no reason for the least apprehension so far as Japan is concerned. Japan has at least 24,000 subjects in Hawaii, and it is natural that she should wish to protect them. But there is not the slightest danger that this country will be drawn into any unpleasant controversy with Japan."

At this juncture a letter from the State Department was handed to Mr. Foster by a messenger from the mail steamer. The Commissioner, after reading it, announced that he would go to Washington on the midnight train.

Mr. Hamlin said: "As joint commissioners on the seal fisheries question, Mr. Foster and myself will have a conference this afternoon as soon as we land. We have received word that Secretary Sherman left Amagansett this afternoon for Washington, and for that reason we will start for the capital to-night. As to what Mr. Foster has accomplished abroad, I am still ignorant. We will visit the Secretary as soon as we reach the capital."