WOMAN AND BURGLAR WATCH EACH OTHER.

Mrs. Richards, of Pompton Lakes, Tells a Thrilling Story.

EYES MET IN SILENCE.

Her Husband, Who Had Been Chloroformed, Lay Helpless by Her Side.

AFRAID TO GIVE AN ALARM.

Burglar Seemed to Understand the Situation, and Calmly, but Without Turning His Back on the Woman, Went to Work.

Mrs. Edward R. Richards, of Pompton Lakes, N. J., which was looted by burglars early Saturday morning, as told in yesterday's Journal, tells a thrilling story of her experience with one of the robbers. She tried to avoid publicity, but the details of her awful night watch finally became known, and she is the heroine of the town.

Yesterday, when asked to tell the story, she said:

"It was nearly 4 o'clock when I awoke and saw a man standing at the foot of the bed. My husband is a very light sleeper, and I tried to awaken him, but he was sleeping heavily and the air was made heavy by an oppressive odor. The man at the foot of the bed watched me steadily from beneath his slouch hat, which was drawn down over his face, and he knew, for our eyes met, that I was watching him. To say that I was terrified poorly expresses it, for I realized my husband had been chloroformed and could not help me. I also knew that my husband's pistol, usually under his pillow, was in my son's room. I could have aroused my son by screaming, but feared that the shock of a sudden disturbance in the night might prove fatal to my eldest daughter, Maud, who sleeps in the next room, and has long been a sufferer from nervous troubles. I could hear some one moving about downstairs, and guessed that the burglar in my room had help enough at hand to overpower or kill us all.

"The man backed away from the bed and proceeded to search the drawers of the bureau, watching me almost incessantly. Then he approached the bed and searched my husband's clothing, which was upon a chair. Next he went about the room, looking for places where valuables might be concealed. My youngest daughter, Blanche, heard the man moving about, and called out, "Mamma." I made no answer, and the burglar stood perfectly still, but did not seem at all frightened. She called again, and he began backing away toward the door with his eyes still upon me. He left the room, and I could hear him going down the stairs, when Blanche called again from her room and awoke my son, George, who came in to see what was the matter.

"When he learned what had happened he got the revolver and reached a window in time to fire two shots at the burglars as they left the house, but neither took effect. Through it all Maud never awoke. When I went to her room to tell her about it all I found that she, too, had been chloroformed. We were unable to arouse either her or my husband, and a physician had great difficulty in restoring them to consciousness, but they are all right again now."

The house of Rev. George Wilson, pastor of the Methodist Church, was ransacked from top to bottom by the burglars, who secured a little money. Mrs. Margaret Nealson, the housekeeper, awoke when one of the burglars was about to leave her room. "Is that you, Mr. Wilson?" she asked. There was no response, and the burglar slipped quietly away.

Two hundred yards further on the burglars entered the house of Henry Van Ostrand. He and his wife have been very ill, and Mrs. Helen White has been acting as their nurse. She awoke to find a man in her room, and, like Mrs. Richards, she kept still. When she awoke Mr. Van Ostrand, the burglars had gone, taking with them some money and jewelry.

Peter Burns's house was also ransacked, but nothing was stolen. At Ira Mead's residence robbers secured a gold watch, worth $100, and jewelry of equal value. The other burglaries were reported in Sunday's Journal.

"BIG HEN" HERING OVERRULED.

Tried to Adjourn the Indignation Meeting of Westwood Citizens.

The mass meeting that was called to be held in Odd Fellows' Hall, in Westwood, N. J., on Saturday night to protest against the obnoxious interference of public officers as in the case of the burial of Mrs. Clara Jaccard, granddaughter of the late Laura Keene and daughter of Artist Albert G. Rawson, was attended by about forty people. Arthur K. Hiscox, a builder of naphtha launches, who has an office in the American Tract Society building, New York, was appointed chairman, and he appointed William H. Raynor, a New York lawyer, secretary.

Then "Big Hen" Hering arose in the rear of the room and asked for information as to who was responsible for the meeting being called. He also moved to adjourn, but was declared out of order, and finally, after several short speeches from the citizens present, the following were appointed a committee to wait on Justice Smith, of Park Ridge, to find out by what right or authority he had stopped the funeral of Mrs. Jaccard: Arthur K. Hiscox, Thomas G. Brickell, Mayor of the borough; Undertaker Andrew H. Smith, Lawyer Raynor and E. A. Brush. They will report next Saturday night.

Sumner F. Dudley Dead.

Sumner F. Dudley, formerly general secretary of the Orange Y. M. C. A., and well known all over New Jersey in Association circles, died Wednesday morning at the residence of his father, Francis D. Dudley, in East Orange. He had suffered from Bright's disease for the past four years, but was only laid up within the past three months. He was the original organizer of boys' departments in connection with Y. M. C. A. work, was a member of the Roseville Baptist Church and one of the trustees. He was forty-three years old and unmarried.

NEW JERSEY NEWS NOTES.

Right Rev. Bishop Wigger, of the diocese of Newark, last night blessed the new bell of St. Lucy's Church, Grove and Fifteenth streets, Jersey City. Rev. Henry Brann, of St. Agnes's Church, New York, delivered the sermon. The bell, which weighs 2,000 pounds, is of very sweet tone. It will be placed in position in the belfry to-day.

The Heights Game and Protective Association of Passaic and Essex Counties has organized for the year with these officers: President, S. G. Francisco; vice-president, William Small; secretary, Kenneth Littlejohn; treasurer, Thomas Speer; governors, Henry Sigler, John Sigler, Nathaniel Brooks, K. Littlejohn, William Small, S. G. Francisco and Thomas Speer.

J. Edward Cronhardt, a well-known citizen of Franklin, died on Sunday at the home of his father in Jersey City, after an illness of three days. He was one of the charter members of the Yantican Hose and Truck Company, of Franklin.

Montclair police are looking for a man who on Friday night chased Mrs. Rebecca Chambers along Gates avenue, that town, causing her to fall, cutting her face and bruising her body.

Charles Akens, sixty-seven years old, for many years on the Bloomfield Township Committee, and well known throughout Essex County, died in Bloomfield on Friday night.

HIS CONVICTION UPSET.

Ex-Alderman Parks to Be Tried Again on the Charge of Maintaining a Gambling House.

The good people of Asbury Park, N. J., are much concerned over a recent decision of the Court of Errors and Appeals, which upsets the conviction in the Monmouth County Court of ex-Alderman Charles Parks, of the New York Tenderloin district, and grants him a new trial upon the charge of keeping a gambling house in that place during the Summer of 1894. In the Spring of 1894 Parks went to Asbury Park, where he became interested in property on Fifth avenue, one of the most exclusive and fashionable quarters, opposite Sunset Lake.

Just at the height of the season, on August 21 of that year, the pretentious establishment was raided by the Asbury Park police, and one William Myers, together with a dozen or more players, were arrested. The second story of the swell villa, as well as an annex in the rear, was found to be fitted up with all the paraphernalia of a well-appointed gamblers' club.

Parks, when the raid and arrests came, repudiated Myers and disclaimed all connection with him. This so exasperated Myers that he turned against Parks, with the result that the developments brought about the indictment by the October Grand Jury of that year of Parks and a number of others.

The trial took place November 16, and the prosecution insisted on the admission of evidence bearing on Parks's reputation and operations in New York. He was convicted and sentenced by Judge J. Clarence Conover to an imprisonment of five months in the County Jail and to pay a fine of $500 and costs. He appealed the case on a writ of error to the Supreme Court and was released on bail.

The Supreme Court sustained the ruling of Judge Conover, and Parks carried the case up to the Court of Errors. Once the State had his appeal dismissed, but it was reinstated, and the court decided against the State. Parks will have to be tried again in the Monmouth County Court, and a formidable effort will be made by the prosecution to push the trial to a speedy beginning.

WALTZ AND PINOCHLE.

Dancing and Cards at a Methodist Sociable in Spotswood Disturb the Church.

The tranquillity of the Methodist Church of Spotswood, a village near New Brunswick, N. J., has been brought to an abrupt end by a church sociable which was held on Saturday evening.

It was a "hat" sociable, and the young men were to try their ability in trimming ladies' hats. It was held at the residence of L. E. Soden, who only recently came to Spotswood, and whose ideas of Methodism are much more liberal than those of other Spotswood people. When the time came for him to furnish some amusement he picked up his violin and played a lively waltz. The other members of the church did not know what the tune was, but the younger ones did, and entirely forgetting that it was a church sociable, and that the elders and deacons were present, they paired off and began to dance.

Some of the brethren and sisters rushed for the door. Rev. Mr. Messler, the preacher, who has had experience with Methodists who are not so strict as those of Spotswood, looked quietly on, enjoying the scene, while some of the young men who were not dancing produced a pack of cards and were soon enjoying a game of pinochle. This was too much for the older members of the church, and they left immediately.

"'Twas amusin'," said one of the brethren later. "Of course I hed ter leave with the rest of the elders. 'Twas a Methodist affair, but everybody's feet wuz a movin'. I'd jest liked ter have jined that dance myself."

Some of the elders who attended the sociable were so angry that they did not attend church yesterday, and it will probably be some time before Spotswood sees another such sociable.

WARNING FROM SCUDDER.

Tells the Republicans They Will Be Hurled from Power if Equal Taxation Is Denied.

"Injustice of Unequal Taxation," was the subject chosen last night by Rev. John L. Scudder, pastor of the Jersey City Tabernacle, as a prelude to his regular sermon.

"Unjust taxation," he said, "is a subtle form of theft. It enables those who are especially favored to saddle a portion of their financial responsibility upon the taxpayers, who are supposed, like Balaam's ass, to submit to any amount of harsh treatment and never talk back. But the people are tired of carrying oppressive burdens which railroad corporations have strapped upon their backs. They will endure the imposition no longer, and propose to make equal taxation the chief issue in every campaign until justice is established.

"After all the confusing talk of corporation lawyers, clear headed people see no reason why railroads should not pay as heavy a tax as individuals, and they do not propose to have one of the fairest cities in the Union eaten up by rapacious railroads. The recent failure of the Legislature to pass Equal Tax bill No. 1 has greatly angered the people of Hudson County, and unless some substantial relief comes to the taxpayers during the present session, I warn the party now in power that in future elections they will meet with obstinate and widespread opposition in this portion of New Jersey.

"It is not yet too late to read the handwriting on the wall. I hope the present Legislature will not stultify itself and the party it represents. Those in control have led the people to believe that relief would come during the present session. If they fail to keep their promise, they alone will be responsible for the inevitable consequences of their folly. This is a contest between justice and injustice, and if one party is too weak-kneed to fight the people's battles, another one more courageous will surely take its place.

"I trust our lawmakers will redeem themselves upon the question o equal taxation and demonstrate that such men as Queen and Kilnk and Wanser and Edwards have not worked in vain."

VOLUNTEERS MUST GET OUT.

Perth Amboy Post Served with Papers in Dispossess Proceedings.

The Perth Amboy (N. J.) Post of the American Volunteers is in trouble again. It was served with a notice yesterday to vacate the armory on Hight street by the owner of the building. The Volunteers have been in arrears for rent for the past two months, and have been notified that if the rent now due is not settled by to-day at noon its belongings will be turned out into the street.

The Perth Amboy Post and the one at New Brunswick are under the supervision of Lieutenant H. E. Mentz. He and Cadet Schroeder have left the city, and their whereabouts are not known. Lieutenant Mentz is under bond to appear before the Grand Jury in September, and constables are looking for him.

SALT CAR JUMPED THE TRACK.

Fortunately It Had a Clear Path and No One Was Injured.

A salt car belonging to the Brooklyn Heights Railroad, while turning the curve at the foot of Broadway into Kent avenue, Brooklyn, at 9 a. m. yesterday, jumped the track and dashed down the slight incline and into the gates of the Grand street ferry house.

Fortunately the course the car took was clear of people and vehicles, the boat having left her slip a few minutes before.

Had the accident occurred ten minutes earlier, in all probability several lives would have been sacrificed, as a number of coaches had passed up the incline from the boat. Nothing could have prevented a collision.

81 CHINAMEN IN POLICE DRAG NET.

Fan Tan Players and Opium Smokers Raided in Newark.

GAME WAS IN FULL BLAST.

Chattering Mongolians Driven to Police Headquarters, Only a Block Away.

NINE HELD BY JUDGE MOTT.

Willie Hong, Who Was Running the Game, Detained for the Grand Jury—The Others Held for Further Examination.

Eighty-one Chinamen gathered in the police drag net was the record made by Acting Captain Astley, of Newark Police Headquarters, when he yesterday afternoon raided an alleged gambling house run by Willie Hong, at No. 12 Fair street, Newark, one block from Police Headquarters. The acting captain was assisted by Detective Sergeant Stainsly, Detectives Tyler, Lewis and Long and a posse of twenty patrolmen. The complaint on which the raid was made had been sworn out by Chief of Police Hopper at the instance, it is said, of the county authorities.

The building is three stories high and only a few doors from Broad street. When the police rushed into the place, according to the statement of the acting captain, they found in a room on the first floor Willie Hong, the proprietor, behind a high counter, running a game of fan tan. At his right sat his banker, or cashier, while surrounding the table were about forty Chinamen, risking their money at their favorite game.

On the second floor front a number of Chinamen were eating, while in adjoining rooms many more lay about on bunks smoking opium. On the third floor other Chinamen were "hitting the pipe."

When the police made their descent there was a wild scramble among the Chinamen on the ground floor for the doors and windows, but at each stood a policeman with drawn club, or revolver. Those on the upper floor who were not stupefied by the narcotic came tumbling down stairs over each other to ascertain the cause of the commotion. When they saw what the trouble was they rushed back and hid under bunks, in closets and wherever they could find a nook. They were secure in their hiding places only until the lower floor was cleared and two wagon loads of chattering Mongolians, Willie Hong included, had been carted to Headquarters, together with the fan-tan layout, the cash box and several pipes, lamps and other evidence of opium smoking.

Then the police went upstairs and the scared Chinamen, who had sought refuge on the two upper floors, were rooted out one by one. Those who had been unable to find hiding places were seated about tables eating shark fins, and other Chinese dishes and drinking bird's nest soup. They acted as coolly as though nothing unusual was happening. All were ordered in line and when the place had been cleared out, with the exception of the cook in the kitchen and the cat in the store, there were just eighty-one Chinamen under arrest.

Judge Mott, whose afternoon nap had been disturbed by a messenger from Headquarters, was soon on hand to open court. He read the complaint to Willie Hong, which charged him with keeping a disorderly house and a house where gambling was permitted in violation of the law. At the advice of his counsel, ex-Judge Thomas S. Henry, he pleaded not guilty and was placed under $1,000 bail to await the action of the Grand Jury. Eight of the other Chinamen who were known to have been playing in the game when the raid was made were held in $300 bail each to await examination to-day. The others were discharged. Many of those gathered in the raid were from New York, Brooklyn and other adjacent cities.

When Hong was before the Judge his counsel said that the raid was instigated by vile blackmail and was an outrage. He declared the police, if they wanted evidence of gambling, could go to the Essex Club—the swell organization of the city—where they could undoubtedly get it. His statement caused a sensation.

STOLE WHITE HOUSE WINE

Five Pennsylvania Railroad Employes Who Got Drunk n Cleveland Champagne Discharged.

Trenton, N. J., March 14.—Five employes of the Pennsylvania Railroad have been discharged for breaking open a case of wine that came from the White House in Washington, to be delivered at ex-President Cleveland's new home in Princeton.

The car containing the goods for the Princeton house had been boarded by a drilling crew from this city for work at Monmouth Junction. The men, whose names are withheld by the officers of the railroad company, all belong in this city and have been in the employ of the railroad for many years.

They found the box containing the wine broken open and could not withstand the temptation of sampling a bottle. Its contents proved so much to their taste that they took enough to get so drunk that an inspector found them in that condition, and a report led to their discharge.

Delayed East Side Playgrounds.

Albany, March 14.—Senator McNulty's resolution providing for the appointment of a legislative committee to investigate the reasons why the New York City Dock Department has not constructed roof gardens, or pier sheds, on the East River for the use of poor people, in accordance with the law, will be given a further hearing before the Senate Cities Committee Tuesday afternoon.

MYSTERY OF THIS HERMIT'S LIFE.

No One Willing to Admit That They Knew or Cared for John Gilchrist.

HIS BODY TAKEN TO ORANGE.

He Has Two Sisters There, but They Will Not Talk About Him or His Past Life.

DIED IN HIS SQUALID ROOMS.

"My Time for Waiting Is Nearly Up," He Exclaimed, as He Felt That the End Was Near—None But Strangers with Him.

John V. Gilchrist, eighty-three years old, who for four years lived a hermit's life in a miserable hovel at the rear of No. 282 Pacific street, Brooklyn, died surrounded by ashes and tin cans and broken furniture at 3 o'clock on Saturday morning. At midnight his body was removed to Orange, N. J.

The dead man, it is said, was a brother of a former Attorney-General of the State of New Jersey.

Gilchrist, who had the face and manners of a man of refinement, first appeared in Brooklyn four years ago. He was installed in the miserable two-story frame building in the rear of No. 282 Pacific street. He received an allowance of $10 a week from his relatives. It is said they are two sisters who live in Orange, N. J. The payment of the allowance, it is asserted, was made through Grocer Schnorr, of Atlantic avenue and Smith street, Brooklyn.

The old man seldom left the house and rarely spoke to any one. No one seemed to care whether he lived or died. He never drank, never smoked, never read, and the tenants of neighboring houses wondered often how he passed his time.

He had one peculiarity that was very strange. He never used a tin can the second time, and as he got nearly all his food in tin cans, his expenditure for new ones was considerable. He would allow no one else to take them and when he died there was a heap of them four feet high in his room.

Six months ago Gilchrist became almost helpless and Mrs. Reagan, who lives in the front tenement, offered to help him as much as she could. He was very grateful, but would not allow her to clean his rooms.

Gilchrist became very weak on Friday night, and Mrs. Regan and Mrs. Duffy, another tenant of the front house, sat up with him. Toward 3 o'clock he opened his eyes and said, wearily:

"My time for waiting is nearly up." Then he closed his eyes again, and the breath left his body. The two women were alone with the corpse in the miserable room that looked so strange with the heaps of cans in the middle.

Schnorr notified the dead man's relatives, according to Mrs. Reagan and the police. He denies that he did anything of the kind, and says he knows nothing about Gilchrist's family. The undertaker who removed the corpse said nothing as to who had employed him.

Gilchrist had two sisters, Misses S. M. and E. Gilchrist, who live in handsome style at No. 175 Prospect street, East Orange. A reporter for the Journal saw one of the sisters at her home last night. She refused to give any information except that her brother John was born in New York in 1815 and was the son of the late Robert Gilchrist, a once prominent and wealthy resident of Jersey City. She referred the reporter to R. C. Bocot, at No. 179 Prospect street, of John V. Bocot, in Llewellyn Park. The latter gentlemen, who are seemingly relatives of the family, refused to give any history whatever of the hermit's past life.

MURDERERS' UNLUCKY 13.

Genz and Mackin, Sentenced on Saturday, Will Die on the Fatefully Numbered Day in April.

April 13, upon which Paul Genz and John Mackin, the murderers sentenced Saturday by Justice Lippincott in the Hudson County (N. J.) Court of Oyer and Terminer, will die, will be election day in Jersey City if the bill extending Mayor Wanser's term does not pass. This fact has caused considerable comment among the officials at the Court House; also that the men were sentenced on the 13th of the month and are to die on the same date. The paper Genz handed to the court officers when he was sentenced Saturday contained a tirade against the newspapers.

Both men are in pretty cheerful spirits. Genz has refused all spiritual advice. Mackin asks constantly for a priest when one is not with him. Other murderers in the jail are Edward Clifford, the ex-detective, who shot Division Superintendent William G. Wattson, of the West Shore Railroad, a year ago. He was sentenced to die, but is now awaiting an appeal on his case. James Fleming, who stabbed his brother-in-law, John Reed, to death on New Years' night in Jersey City, is still to be tried. He is visited constantly by a Salvation Army lassie, a friend of his family, who carries messages to him from his mother. The latter is ill at her home in Hackensack.

Miss Pounding Before the Grand Jury.

The Spring term of the Supreme Court in Richmond County, Justice Wilmot M. Smith presiding, will convene at Richmond, S. I., this morning. There are ninety-three civil cases on the calendar, being the largest known in the history of Staten Island. The Grand Jury will have many important cases presented before it. The first will be that of Miss Emma Pounding the pretty teacher of the Pleasant Plains School, charged with having cruelly beaten George W. Newbury, one of her scholars, because he failed to solve a difficult problem given to him by the teacher. Much interest is being felt in the outcome.

DEATH CLAIMED LUTHY'S BRIDE.

Her Life Was Ebbing Away as the Minister Performed the Ceremony.

END CAME IN A FEW HOURS.

Miss Davis Had Been Suddenly Stricken with Appendicitis While in Washington.

HER LOVER WAS AT HER SIDE.

Consented, at Her Request, That the Marriage Should Take Place at Once—Body Brought Home to Brooklyn.

Margaret Davis, an attractive young woman, was married on her deathbed, Wednesday last, at Washington, D. C., to John Luthy, a clerk in the Post Office at the National Capital, and her body now rests in a grave in Lutheran Cemetery, where it was interred on Saturday. The end came a few hours after the ceremony, and as life left the body there was a smile upon her lips.

Mrs. Luthy was twenty-four years old, and lived with her widowed mother at No. 264 South First street, Brooklyn. She was to have been married in September next. With her mother she started for Washington on March 1, to witness the inauguration. At Washington she was joined by her sweetheart.

Several happy days were passed, and on Monday last the young woman was taken ill with appendicitis. The attending physician soon found that her case was a hopeless one, and two days later informed the young woman that she could not live many hours. It was then that she asked for her sweetheart, and at her request the Rev. I. W. Canter, pastor of Mount Vernon M. E. Church, was called to the bedside and performed the ceremony.

A few hours later the young bride was dead. By her bedside sat a weeping mother and nearly heartbroken husband. The body was brought to Brooklyn, and the funeral services took place Saturday afternoon from her mother's home. The Rev. John Hempstone, of the Emanuel Baptist Church, officiated.

There were many floral pieces and the services were attended by a large gathering of the dead bride's young friends, many of whom accompanied the remains to the last resting place.

FIRE IN A BIG HOTEL.

Chafing Dish and Alcohol Lamp Cause Trouble in the St. George, Brooklyn Heights.

A chafing dish and an alcohol lamp caused a great deal of trouble and no little excitement in the Hotel St. George on the Heights, Brooklyn, at 11 o'clock yesterday morning. The lamp overturned and it set fire to a pillow. The flames from the pillow caught a silken curtain. For a few minutes the room was full of smoke and screams. Then pillow and curtain and lamp went out an open window and landed in Clark street a blazing heap.

The fire occurred in room A on the eighth floor. The apartment has a window opening above Clark street. It is occupied by a man and his wife, who have been guests in the hotel for several months.

The lady was experimenting with a chafing dish at 11 o'clock yesterday morning when the accident happened. She was heating the dish with an alcohol lamp, and in turning knocked the lamp over with her skirts. It fell on the silken sofa pillow.

The frightened woman tried to beat the flames out with her hands, but they got beyond her control and attacked the silken window hangings. The window was partly open and the fire, fanned by the draught blazed up brightly. Soon flames and smoke were issuing from the window.

The woman ran screaming to the corridor. Her cries brought to her aid a corps of chambermaids and bell boys. One of the chambermaids obtained a blanket and threw it over ra rsrofa. A male employe tore down the curtain. Then blanket, sofa, pillow and curtain were flung from the window.

There were a number of persons on their way to church at the time, and they were surprised to see the burning mass descend to the street. A rumor got abroad that there was quite a fire in the hotel. As a matter of fact, however, there was very little damage done, the sofa pillow and curtain being the only things injured.

"The affair was a trifling one," said Captain Tumbridge, the proprietor, yesterday morning, "and there was not the slightest danger at any time." He refused to divulge the names of the occupants of the room.

FLATS FORMING IN RIVER.

Inlet Through Sandy Hook a Menace to Navigation.

There is considerable uneasiness felt in shipping circles, occasioned by the new inlet at Highland Beach, N. J., which seriously interferes with navigation in that section of the Shrewsbury River. In some places the inlet is twelve to fourteen feet deep, and flats have been formed in many parts of the river. A bed of sand is forming within the channel, and at low tide it is good walking across the west channel to Island Beach and thence across the east channel to Sandy Hook.

The Government has made an appropriation of $75,000 to build a sea wall closing the inlet, and dredging will be started in the river below the Highlands bridge this week. The money for dredging will come from an appropriation of $15,000, made last year, and will not begin to cover the cost if both channels are made navigable.

"The river boats are not running, and even if the channels were clear, they would be unable to pass the inlet, owing to the tremendous force of the current.

FOUR BARNS AND A FACTORY BECOME FOOD FOR FLAMES.

Horses, Boats and Old Tappho's Flags Burned at Douglaston.

Two barns and eight outbuildings on W. P. Douglass's place, at Douglaston, L. I., were consumed by fire on Saturday night, entailing a loss of $20,000.

Eight horses were burned to death, and four handsome turnouts and ten sets of harness were destroyed. Twenty registered Jersey cattle were saved. In barns were three canoes, a rivr Thames boat, two row boats and a set of signal flags that were used on Mr. Douglas's yacht Sappho, which successfuly defended the America cup against James Ashbury's schooner years ago.

The flames were discovered by James Gleason, coachman for Douglas, and Harry Suiphin, while driving from the station. The cause of the fire is unknown, but incendiarism is suspected. There is no fire department at Douglaston. The entire loss is said to be covered by insurance in various companies.

Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church, Hackensack, in Peril.

There was intense excitement in Hackensack early yesterday morning when fire threatened to wipe out an entire block. The blaze started in the large barn owned by Mrs. John H. T. Banta, in the rear of the Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church, on State street, and spread to the one adjoining, belonging to John H. VanBuskirk, a butcher. Both were destroyed.

Sparks from the fire ignited the State street fire house, and the residence of W. C. Denneker, but these blazes were promptly subdued. The paint on the Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church was melted and one end of the building was badly scorched. The firemen found considerable trouble in saving adjoining property.

A horse belonging to J. U. Voorhis was burned in Mrs. Banta's barn. The total loss will reach about $6,000. The fire was of incendiary origin.

C. C. Croske Company's Electrotyping Wax Factory Destroyed.

Fire that broke out on Saturday night in the boiling rooms, destroyed the C. C. Croske Company's electrotyping and lithographing wax factory at Edgars, N. J., a mile north of Woodbridge. The factory had just been built and new machinery was put in operation two weeks ago. Orders were so plentiful that the factory was running night and day.

Mr. Croske was in his office when the fire broke out, and in his hurry to the scene of the flames he left locked up in the office his coat and vest, containing a large sum of money and a gold watch valued at $125. All was lost in the fire. He also failed to liberate the watch dog, which perished.

The fire was caused by the boiling over of a vat of oil. Edgars has no means of fighting a fire, and the heat was so intense that volunteers were able to do nothing. The loss is about $6,000.

LOVE'S FINAL TRIUMPH.

Eddie McGrath Made Katie McGlynn His Bride, Despite Parental Opposition.

Katie McGlynn and Eddie McGrath have at last been made happy. The young people live n the Fourteenth Ward of Brooklyn, and their happiness has been brought about by Father Brady, one of the assistant pastors of St. Vincent de Paul's Church in North Sixth street, who made them man and wife.

The ceremony is said to have taken place on Washington's Birthday, after many obstacles had blocked ther love-makng for months.

Katie McGlynn is a pretty eighteen-year-old brunette and lives with her mother at No. 103 North Ninth street, while McGrath, her husband, is employed as a bartender. He is nineteen years old and lives on Wythe avenue, near North Tenth street. The two have known each other since childhood, and were always looked upon by their associates as sweethearts.

In September last the arrangements for their marriage had been completed and the dispensation papers secured from Bishop McDonald.

Young McGrath's parents, t s sad, dd not look with favor upon the union, and the night that Eddie walked with his prospective bride into the rectory of St. Mary's Church, on Leonard street, to have the knot tied by Father Crowley, there was a sudden interruption. It was caused by the appearance of an indignant mother, who seized the young man. She marched her boy back to his home, leaving a weeping young woman standing upon the steps of the parochial residence.

It was several days before the young couple again met. Eddie had been kept a prisoner, it is alleged, in a room in his mother's apartments and carefully guarded.

Notwithstanding this, Miss McGlynn did not lose heart. "She knew," she told her friends, "that Eddie would yet come to her when the time would permit it." Young McGrath finally secured his freedom and the two at once renewed their love-making.

After the tying of the knot the happy young bride returned to her mother's home, while McGrath still continued to reside with his parents. It is said that Mrs. McGrath, the mother of Eddie, has been reconciled to the union, which has added greatly to the young couple's happiness.

YOUTHFUL ROBBER CHIEF.

Thirteen-Year-Old Stanley Scarda Headed the Gang Which Broke Into Freight Cars.

For several months the Long Island Railroad Company has been receiving complaints from farmers, oystermen and dairymen that goods shipped on that road did not reach their destination intact. The company put several detectives at work.

It took the detectives some time to determine at what point on the road the freight cars were pillaged. They finally decided that the thefts were committed within the limits of Long Island City. A watch was set upon freight cars left standing in the freight yard.

Detective Sarvis and Conductor J. J. Junius were on guard Saturday night. They noticed a small boy walking around the cars. The officers did not suppose that the boy was one of the thieves until they saw him disappear behind a loaded car. The sound of hammering reached their ears. They approached the cars cautiously and saw the boy filling a bag with oysters.

The youthful thief was taken to the police station. He was cool and showed no fear. He said his name was Stanley Scarda, and that he lived at No. 12 Queens street, Long Island City. The boy is thirteen years old. He admitted to the police that he was the leader of a gang of five boys, all older than himself. He gave their names and the police are looking for them.

Two boxes of eggs and three bushels of oysters were missing from the car.

BURGLAR ALARM RANG.

Automatic Guardian Saved the People's Bank of Passaic from Robbery.

It is supposed that an attempt was made to rob the People's Bank and Trust Company, of Passaic, N. J., early yesterday morning. At about 5:30 o'clock the bank's burglar alarm sounded at the police station.

"Come on, boys, it's the People's Bank!" exclaimed Sergeant Kelly, as he jumped to his feet, and with Officers Green and Meade ran to the bank in haste.

The door was found locked as usual, but it looked as though some one had been tampering with it. James Saunders, the night watchman, had gone off duty about twenty minutes before. He was sent for and led the way into the bank. Nothing was found out of order.

It is thought that burglars tried the door, and when the alarm rang, ran away. Thousands of dollars are kept in the bank, and the burglars might have made a good haul had they succeeded in entering the building.

THIEF DROPPED THE PURSE.

Cassidy Saw That He Had Been Detected and Tried, in Vain, to Get Away.

Charles Cassidy, thirty-two years old, who told the police that he lived at No. 55 Market street, Newark, N. J., was remanded in the Lee Avenue Police Court, Brooklyn, yesterday to answer a charge of stealing the pocketbook of Mrs. Louisa Kress, of No. 273 South First street, Saturday night. The purse contained only 45 cents.

At the time of the theft the woman was leaving a Grand street ferry boat on which Cassidy had also been a passenger. As he brushed against her in the crowd John Bahr, of No. 55 South Fourth street, saw him remove the purse from the woman's dress pocket. Cassidy at the same time noticed that he had been detected by Bahr, and dropped the pocketbook and hurried up the gang plank.

Bahr picked up the purse, and after returning it to Mrs. Kress, started after the thief. He was joined in the pursuit by Policeman Jones and a number of men. After a short chase Cassidy was taken in custody.

HE MAY HAVE GONE TO CUBA.

Only Possible Explanation of Mandell's Mysterious Disappearance.

George Mandell, twenty-seven years old, who is employed as the head salesman for the firm of Bradley, Hubbard & Co., manufacturers and dealers in bronze ware, at Nos. 26 and 28 Park place, New York, and who has been missing from his home, No. 155 Vernon avenue, Brooklyn, for a week, is now believed to have gone to Cuba.

Mandell is known to have had many Cuban friends and was a great sympathizer with the Cuban cause. He lived with his mother and sister, and his prolonged absence has caused them both much anxiety.

Animals and Birds Burned.

Allentown, Pa., March 14.—The roadhouse of the Rittersville Hotel Company, three miles from here, was destroyed by fire at 2 o'clock this morning. The fire started from a stove used to warm the rooms in which the pet animals and birds of Central Park are kept during the Winter months. All the birds and animals in the place were burned. The loss is $25,000; insurance, $15,000.

NASSAU TO HAVE DUDE CONDUCTORS.

Trolley Men Must Wear "Boiled Shirts" in Brooklyn.

SHOCKED BY A NEW ORDER

Superintendent Drake Enforces Some of His Dress Reform Rules.

IT IS HARD ON THE OLD-TIMERS.

They Must Throw Aside Flannel Shirts and Sweaters, and Don in the Future Linen That Is Starched.

Sing heigh! for the dude conductor
At the back of the trolley car,
With his cuffs unsoiled
And his shirt boiled,
And his diamond stud—a star!

A gentlemanly person, whose neat blue coat opens in front to show linen unspotted, will remove his kid gloves to collect fares and "ring up" the register if Superintendent Drake, of the Nassau trolley road, in Brooklyn, carries his dress reform ideas to a logical conclusion. His conductors have just reached the boiled shirt stage in the evolutionary process. They were given a tremendous shock Friday when a notice was posted in the waiting room ordering all conductors to attire themselves hereafter in laundered linen.

There are some thousands of conductors in the employ of the Nassau company. The main offices are at Twenty-fourth street and Fifth avenue. In the building is an immense waiting room, in which the motormen and conductors congregate while waiting for cars.

On Friday afternoon one of the clerks walked out of the office with a big placard under his arm. This he nailed to the wall, and soon several hundred men were reading. What they saw was this:

NOTICE!

It Is an Undoubted Fact
That Some of Our Conductors Are Wofully Untidy in Their Dress.
Therefore It Is Ordered that Conductors Must Report for Duty Neatly Clothed.
They Must Wear Laundered Shirts.
Conductors Are Not Restricted to White Shirts, but Flannel Shirts and Sweaters Will Not Be Tolerated!

It was some time before the full significance of this order struck the employes. Then there were grumblings from all over the room. Some of the hotheaded railroaders talked strike right away.

"Are we required to wear standing collars and patent leathers?" asked one conductor sarcastically.

"Or evening suits?" inquired another.

"I have been railroadin' these twenty years," said a gray-haired veteran, "and a flannel shirt has always been good enough for me."

"Never mind, pop. The company'll pay your laundry bills and send you a coupe to come to work in, so you wont get your shoes dusty,' said a motorman consolingly.

"They'll be puttin' frock coats on you fellers, next," the old man retorted, as he strode out of the room.

It is improbable that there will be any serious opposition to the new order. The men will report for duty this morning with starched shirts and collars.

Superintendent Drake said in relation to the order:

"We found that some of our conductors were getting untidy, and as this must be unpleasing to the travelling public, we thought it wise to insist on laundered shirts. We do not insist upon white linen, and I think there will be no hardship for the men."

PETITION FOR A SPEEDWAY.

Owners of Fast Horses in Newark and Suburbs Want Central Avenue.

Owners of fast horses are deeply interested over a petition which will be read at the meeting of the East Orange Township Committee to-night, asking that speeding be allowed on Central avenue, East Orange, from the Newark to the Orange lines. Since the authorities vetoed fast driving on that thoroughfare, about a year ago, there has been no suitable speedway in that vicinity.

The petitioners ask that Central avenue be given to the use of the horsemen on Saturday afternoons during the Summer, the signers pledging themselves to see that the privilege is not abused. The petitioners are well-to-do horsemen of Newark, Montclair, Bloomfield and the Oranges.

It is believed that the wishes of the petitioners will be granted.

Colonel Drake Passes Away.

Philadelphia, March 14.—Colonel Alexander E. Drake, a retired army officer, died at his home here yesterday. He was born in Kentucky in 1818, and in June, 1834, was appointed midshipman in the United States Navy by General Jackson, and served with land forces during the Seminole war. He resigned from the navy in 1837, and was appointed a topographical engineer in the army. He served with distinction during the Mexican war, and in 1860 was assistant engineer on the Southern Pacific Railroad. Colonel Drake was with Roussean's brigade during the civil war and was promoted several times for gallant and meritorious service.

Brooklyn News in Brief.

The Rev. Thomas T. Shahan, D. D., professor of church history in the Catholic University of America at Washington, delivered his first lecture in Brooklyn at the Amphion Theatre, Williamsburg, last evening. He took for his subject, "The Annals of the Four Masters." This is the most ancient and authentic story of Ireland, Pagan and Christian, as well as the most accurate account of art, literature, politics and religion in the Emerald Isle before the English conquest. The lecture was preceded by a concert, in which 250 voices took part.

John Tubener, sixty-five years old, with no home, was taken suddenly ill yesterday at Manjer street and Morgan avenue and died in a few minutes. Heart disease is supposed to have caused death.

Two deaths from grip were reported at Brooklyn Police Headquarters yesterday. Mrs. Mary A. Campbell, forty-five years old, of No. 203 Conover street, was one of the victims. She had been suffering for a week and died in a convulsive chill yesterday. George Andrson, forty-two years old, another sufferer from grip, was found dead in his bed by his boarding mistress at No. 98 Fleet place.

Brooklyn Amusements.

EMPIRE. Matinee Every Day.
High Class Vaudeville. Robie's Bohemian Burlesquers, LA MOYNE BROTHERS and GEORGIA PICKANNINIES.
Popular Prices, 15c., 25c., 35c. and 50c.

DON'T LIMP.
Corns, bunions, ingrown nails, warts and moles cured without the use of a knife; guaranteed cure or money refunded.
DR. D. H. MAYER, Chiropodist and Manicure Parlors, 501 Fulton st., Brooklyn. Three expert lady attendants.