MARTIN THORN PASSES HIS LAST DAY AND NIGHT WITH MURDERER'S BRAVADO.

Martin Thorn in the Death Cell, Waiting for the Chair.

WITH the certainty that the next sunrise would bring the last rays of light and life to him, Martin Thorn, the condemned murderer, passed the all too short hours of his last night on earth quietly, though not reposefully. He lay down on his cot at 10 o'clock, but he was not asleep at midnight. One of the death watch moved his chair outside the cell and Thorn spoke up quickly:

"Is that you, Judge?"

"It's I, Martin," answered the watch. "Do you want anything?"

"Nothing at all," said Thorn. "Good night."

Thorn does not know the name of the guard who sits so close to his cell and takes his eyes off the condemned. He knows him only as "Judge," the quiet that the other guards have given. It has been thought wisest not to let know the real name of his new r.

Guard's Name Is Martin Croak.

a man of weaker nerves than the r and butcherer of poor Guldensuppe sessesses there would be an additional ter- these terrible closing hours of his owing that the watcher who stood over him was called Martin

dcance in the name that before," said Warden to-day. "It never horn's class use act of dying. prison would ving a man h watch. I unconscious y of the con- d on it.

added the e coincidence, the prison as very remarka- d to me before. r Croak has ever ath watch."

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Songs in His Cell.

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h Cell.

outlne escaped h his cell was o take up his w eight apart- leads to occupied

that cell who lived to describe his departure from it. It is the last stepping stone of the rocky road that ends in Eternity, the rocky road that Thorn has travelled ever since he met and became infatuated with the West Side midwife. Thorn knew all this. He knew the significance of the new suit of clothing, the new bedding on his cot, the newness of the four bare white walls that welcomed him into their cold embrace.

He made no comment when he was ordered to don his new clothes, and when he was released from his cell at the east end of the death house and taken to the other one between two keepers. But he did not have much appetite for his breakfast.

They carried to him from Warden Sage's table some broiled ham and potatoes, bread, butter, coffee and a glass of milk. He couldn't swallow much of the bread. But he drank all the milk and all the coffee, and he sent the rest back untasted.

Breakfast was at 8 o'clock. When he had finished his light meal they came and told him to pick up his prayer book and a book from the prison library and get ready to occupy his new cell. Thorn did as he was directed. His face was very pale and two slight flushes just over his cheek bones betrayed his inward excitement. He sat down on his new cot and placed his books alongside him. His little German prayer book and "Eugene Aram," the story of a crime.

Meyer and Braun, the other murderers, cracked some jest about Thorn's old cell not being good enough for him.

A Chorus of Laughter.

"It's all right, but I want to get away from you fellows," said Thorn, with a laugh. Then all the murderers laughed, the hearty guffaw of the negro, Pullerson, rising above the others, until it was audible in the prison yard.

It floated up to the rear windows of the apartment over the hospital which Mrs. Martha Place occupies. From this rear window the condemned Brooklyn woman could look out to-morrow and see the warden and the witnesses cross the yard and enter the death house. She will be kept away from that window, however. The matron will attend to that.

The Rev. Father William T. St. John, an assistant chaplain at the prison, was Thorn's first visitor in the new cell. He said:

"Good morning, Martin," and Thorn returned the greeting. Then the priest passed along. Ten minutes later Dr. Irvine, the prison physician, came.

"How are you this morning, Martin?" he said.

"All right," replied Thorn.

"Is there anything you want?" asked the Doctor, in his usual professional style.

"Not anything, Doctor," said the murderer, and the Doctor, too, passed along. He will not see Thorn again until it will be his duty to make a final examination of the murderer's physical condition just before his death. The law does not require this, but it is of great interest to the physicians who cut up the body. They compare notes, and discuss physiological conditions, and make comparisons, while Dr. Irvine, with uplifted knife poised over the cadaver, joins in the discussion and acts as a sort of demonstrator in anatomy to the class.

No Stimulants Will Be Given Thorn.

There is a popular superstition that every condemned man in Sing Sing, just before he goes to the chair, is doped or drugged or given something, either in the way of narcotics or stimulants, that will make him easy to handle and less likely to make what the prison officials dread most, a scene. Warden Sage talked about this to-day.

"Thorn will not be doped or filled up with whiskey," he said. "There have been fourteen executions in this institution since I have been warden here, and to my knowledge only one prisoner has had anything more than a strong cup of coffee before leaving his cell for the electric chair. They have not asked for whiskey. One man only, Herrman, asked for a bottle of beer. I do not think that Thorn will ask for or require any stimulants. He will probably go to the chair calmly. Most of them do. There was one man, Mayhew, who told me that there were not enough men in the prison to take him out of his cell. We would have had trouble with him, I think, only we caught him off his guard, and once outside of his cell he was hustled into the chair in short order."

Warden Sage and Mr. Hickey, his private secretary, stopped in front of Thorn's cell about 10 o'clock, and the warden handed in through the bars the usual half dozen peaches.

"Here is some fruit a friend sent you, Martin," said Colonel Sage. He always makes that little speech. It prevents jealousy among the other four murderers, who are not so close to death as Thorn is, and who, therefore, have no special claim on the warden's sympathies for peaches or other delicacies.

Callous Concerning His Burial.

Thorn talked for a few minutes cheerfully. The warden told him that some of his former employers in New York wanted to give his body decent burial, and that his brother-in-law, Paul Minker, and his sister, Mrs. Minker, were very grateful to them for it. The Minkers, who live at No. 541 West Forty-second street, are not able to bear the expenses of a funeral. Mrs. Minker is now in a hospital in New York.

"All right," said Thorn. "Perhaps it is just as well. I don't care much myself, but if they want to bury my body, let them have it." Then he laughed and added: "I don't suppose there'll be much left of it, anyhow, after the doctors get through."

This rather shocked Warden Sage. He told Thorn that only the operations required by the law would be made at the autopsy, and Thorn laughed again and said he didn't care. Then he began to eat a peach.

Thorn made a remark about noon that showed that he fully realizes the complete isolation of his position, and his absolute poverty. There were just two things on earth at that moment that he could call his own, his German prayer book and a letter from a Brooklyn Sunday-school boy, who didn't sign his name. The letter was in a flag envelope of red, white and blue, and contained four small Sunday-school cards. It was given to Thorn on Saturday.

His Last Gift.

"Here, George," he said to Night Guard George W. Fox, who came into the condemned cell room to bring a message to one of the day watchers, "take this flag and the cards and give them to your little boy. I wont need them any longer. This prayer book is all I have left, and I wont have it much longer."

"Thanks, Martin," said Fox. "I'll give them to the little fellow from you. Is there anything you want?"

"Nothing at all."

Thorn read in his prayer book for a little while. He didn't pick up "Eugene Aram," the story of a murderer, so it will remain unfinished.

At 2 o'clock his dinner was taken to him. Again Thorn's appetite failed him. He sent away untouched corn, turnips and pudding. He ate a little roast beef and potatoes, swallowed a piece of buttered bread and drank some coffee. He put aside the rest of the bread, however, for his luncheon at night. Only two meals are served in Sing Sing prison.

Last Visit of the Sisters of Mercy.

After dinner Thorn made another effort to be cheerful, and he joined in the general conversation which had been kept up all day between the four other murderers and the two watchers, Morris and Van Wort. At 3 o'clock his spiritual adviser, the Rev. Father Thomas J. N. Hanselman, of Brooklyn, came to his cell, accompanied by two Sisters of Mercy from the Convent of Mercy, on Madison Avenue, New York. These two sisters have been very attentive to Thorn ever since he was first arrested. Now they had come to say a last good-by. Both the good women were crying silently. Martin Thorn sat on his cot, his head buried in his hands. He had no warning of their approach.

"What are you thinking about, Martin?" said one of the sad-voiced women in low tones.

Thorn started to his feet. "Of my sins, sister," he replied, soberly. His face was drawn, and there were two pink spots on his cheeks.

"He looked just like a girl," said one of the sisters several hours after the interview was over. "His skin is soft and white, and he seemed to be blushing. That smile of his is involuntary. He has lost control over certain muscles in his face."

"You know that God knows all about your sins, don't you?" it was the same sister who had spoken first.

"Yes," said Martin Thorn, even more soberly. Then they prayed with him, Thorn joining in the responses.

"Good-by, Martin. You have made your peace with God?"

"I have, sister. Good-by," whispered Thorn in a husky voice. "I am ready to die."

Thorn in Sober Mood.

The Sisters went away, but the priest remained with the condemned man for an hour. Thorn was in a very serious mood.

"I must go now, Martin," said the priest at last.

"But you will come back, father," said Thorn, eager and excited. Father Hanselman said he would return after his supper. Then he left the murderer, and ten minutes later Thorn had shaken off his sober mood and was laughing and joking and chatting with his guards.

At 5 o'clock Martin Croak, the new death watch, appeared, and sat down in a chair opposite Thorn's cell. There was a lull in the chatter and the laughter, and Thorn sought refuge in his prayer book from the stare of "Judge's" eyes, that never turned from his cell. Croak is a judicial looking person, about fifty-five years old, with a face smooth shaven, except at the chin, where a bunch of white whiskers grows. He was once a Justice of the Peace in Dutchess County.

At 7 o'clock Father Hanselman entered the cell. They were together until 8 o'clock, when Warden Sage paid Thorn his last visit for the night. To-day the Warden will have charge of the arrangements for the legal killing of the murderer. Last night he was only a humane, kind-hearted warden.

Murderer Still Cheerful.

"I'm sorry I didn't have any peaches to bring you, Martin," he said apologetically.

"That's all right," replied Thorn. "I've got an orange here that will last me till morning."

Then he smiled that evil smile of his that the good Sisters of Mercy think is an involuntary contraction of facial muscles and which passes for cheerfulness and good spirits among the prison officials. He was fanning himself with a napkin.

"This new cell is not as cool and comfortable as the other one," he said.

The Warden offered to have a fan sent in to him.

"Oh, that's not necessary," returned Thorn. "I guess I can keep cool enough with this."

He talked with the Warden for ten minutes as unconcernedly as though the former were a visitor to the prison office.

"I am prepared to meet my fate," he said. "I am entirely reconciled and perfectly easy in my mind."

Prayed with the Priest.

Father Hanselman left with the Warden, but returned to Thorn at 9 o'clock. The priest and the murderer prayed and talked, and the good father left Thorn at 10 o'clock calm and composed.

"His spiritual condition is perfectly satisfactory," repeated Father Hanselman after this last visit. "He has made his peace with God. I shall administer the Holy Sacrament to him in the morning."

Father Hanselman will spend an hour with Thorn at 7 o'clock this morning. Then he will go to his breakfast and when he returns about 9 o'clock he will hear Thorn's last confession and administer communion. Thorn will not have his breakfast at the usual hour, because of the rules of the Church on this point. If he cares to eat after receiving communion, any food he asks for will be furnished him.

There will be no reading of the death warrant when the warden and his assistants come for Thorn soon after 11 a. m. The present law does away with many of the old formalities. Father Hanselman will lead the procession into the presence of the death chair. Thorn will have no last word to say to the witnesses, it is expected. In ninety seconds from the time he sits down in the chair that has received twenty-five living men and has turned out the same number of corpses, Thorn will be dead.

To Use 1,800 Volts.

The final test of the electrical apparatus was made yesterday morning by State Electrician Davis and Captain Hilbert, of the prison staff. The test showed that the current has a force of twenty amperes. This is very strong. From 1,700 to 1,800 volts will be used on Thorn.

Three boss barbers for whom Thorn has worked have arranged to bury the body. Samuel Ipp, in whose shop at Seventy-fifth street and Lexington avenue Thorn remained for six years, is one of them. Another is the Greenpoint barber by whom Thorn was employed for six years and who testified at his trial. These men got an order for the body signed by Thorn's sister, Mrs. Minker, who is now ill in a hospital, and by Paul Minker, her husband. Minker telephoned to Warden Sage yesterday that the order is on its way to Sing Sing. The body is to be delivered to Herlich Brothers, undertakers, of No. 3305 Third avenue, between One Hundred and Sixty-fourth and One Hundred and Sixty-fifth streets.

Last night Warden Sage said he had not decided positively about turning over the body. If he thought it would be used in any way for the purpose of advertising any one, he said, he would bury Thorn's body with quicklime in Gallery No. 25, the prison graveyard on the hill.

Thorn Awake at Midnight.

No word came from the prison after midnight. At this hour Martin Thorn and Martin Croak are alone together. Thorn is awake. Croak is more than awake. He is alert and watchful. At 6:30 o'clock in the morning he will speak to Thorn again. He will tell him it is time to get up. When 11 o'clock comes the heavy curtains will be lowered in the condemned cell room, shutting off the view from the other four murderers, Braun, Meyer, McDonald and Pullerson. And the heavy pall of death will roll down and blot out Martin Thorn's life, and murdered William Guldensuppe will be avenged at last.

The body of Thorn will be given to Undertakers Herrlich & Brothers, of No. 438 East Thirty-third street, where it will remain until Wednesday. The interment will be at Calvary Cemetery.

GOLD BEATERS WANT A SHARE OF PROFIT.

Tariff Fattens Employers, but Their Wages Are Cut.

Delegate James McCabe, of the Gold Beaters' Union told the Central Labor Union yesterday that under the new Tariff law the business improved and wages were raised at once all over the country. Lately a split in the Gold Beaters' Union had been taken advantage of by the employers, who have cut down the wages.

"As it is now," said McCabe, "gold beating is the worst paid of all the mechanical trades. The trade is on the eve of great prosperity and the Central Labor Union can assist us in getting a share of it."

He asked the central body to investigate the standing of the Gold Beaters' Union, so as to be able to testify that it was a bona fide organization. The [illegible] was granted.

Midsu[illegible]

Make dull [illegible] will [illegible]

FROM A MADHOUSE IN FRANCE TO SA[illegible] AMID FRIENDS COMES MRS. YARDE-BULLER

After Many Stormy Years She Hopes for Rest and Peace.

GOING TO CALIFORNIA.

Will Be Placed in the Hands of Sympathetic Physicians for Help.

LADY YARDE-BULLER.

MRS. LEILAH YARDE-BULLER, whose testimony in her husband's divorce suit in London two years ago formed the gossip of two continents, is at present stopping in this city with her friend, Mrs. Mary V. Townsend, pending departure to her old home in California, where she will place herself under the treatment of skilled physicians.

Mrs. Yarde-Buller was put in a madhouse in Paris only a short time ago, and it was then said it would be impossible to secure her release for at least two years. Previous to this she was taken into custody in Oakland, Cal., where she was found wandering around in a peculiar manner and drinking in all sorts of queer saloons. She was discharged on that occasion after an examination as to her mental condition. She was then taken to Paris, where she was placed under restraint by friends, but she escaped from them and was finally arrested by the police and lodged in a public asylum.

Her friends obtained her release from this last named institution by promising to take her across the water to her old home and give her proper attention.

In her present journey Mrs. Yarde-Buller is accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest H. Wakeman, of California. Mr. Wakeman is her legal adviser, the trustee of her property and, practically, her guardian. The Wakemans have stood by Mrs. Yarde-Buller in all her troubles, and it was to their house she went after being discharged from the Oakland Receiving Hospital last May.

Her Husband a Baron's Brother.

Walter Yarde-Buller, a brother of Baron Churston, sued his wife, Leilah Yarde-Buller, for divorce, alleging cruelty and unfaithfulness, and naming in his suit Valentine Gadesden, said to have been a San Francisco real estate dealer and afterward business agent of Mrs. Yarde-Buller. Mrs. Yarde-Buller filed a cross petition and won the case, obtaining a decree on the ground of cruelty.

Leilah Yarde-Buller is the daughter of the late General R. W. Kirkham, once a wealthy resident of San Francisco, where his daughter was a reigning belle. Yarde-Buller met her in London in 1885 and married her the following year. Mrs. Yarde-Buller had been divorced from a Mr. Boyle Blair, another Englishman, who died an English consul in South Africa. That marriage, it is said, was no more happy than her union with Yarde-Buller. The suit for divorce brought by Yarde-Buller ended, as has been said, in a decree for the defendant, his case being hurt by a letter to his wife introduced in evidence, in which he spoke of his treatment of her as "weak, blackguardly and cowardly," and urged her "to give him one more chance."

When General Kirkham, Mrs. Yarde-Buller's father, died, it was supposed he had left an estate worth three-quarters of a million dollars. When it was settled up, however, it was found to amount to little more than $15,000. Yarde-Buller stated in his petition for divorce that he had settled upon his wife, £6,500, subject to the life interest of his mother.

The Famous Divorce Suit.

It was in the Summer of 1896 that the trial of the divorce suit was begun. Mrs. Yarde-Buller, after testifying to her marriage, said that after the ceremony, while riding in the carriage to the hotel, Yarde-Buller asked her how much money she had. She said seven pounds, whereupon he said he had none, and struck her in the face.

Such was the beginning of a ten-days' "honeymoon." He was declared bankrupt soon afterward, and she left him and went to California. He followed, and they camped in the woods for two months, her father, General Kirkham, supplying the money.

In 1891 Yarde-Buller left his wife for ten months. It was thought that all was over between them, but eventually he rejoined her. They returned to England, but after they had been there a short time he left her, remaining away for ten weeks. He said she was so vile he could not live with her. As the witness herself expressed it, "He left me alone with a dog, while my father was dying miles away because of his abuse of me."

Soon after this a newspaper printed a paragraph stating that she had been left a fortune, so Yarde-Buller once more returned to her. She said he was constantly wondering when remittances would come. She said she got sums occasionally from her mother, and would come into a share of the estate when her mother died. But this did not suit Yarde-Buller, who urged her to go out into the streets and stay there. It was at this time her husband had taken her by the hair of the head and sworn at her. Once when he kicked her in the side she left the house. She admitted having [illegible] it him with a rake on one occasion, but [illegible] this, she said, was because of his unbear[illegible]ble conduct.

That V[illegible] to the Alhambra.

In regard t[illegible] the statement made by Mr. Yarde-Buller [illegible] on the witness stand that one night h[illegible] wife insisted upon going to the Alhambr[illegible] Music Hall and afterward to the Cafe C[illegible]our, a resort frequented by gay people, [illegible] where, he declared, his wife made a di[illegible]urbance and afterward drove home with [illegible] strange woman and locked him out of the [illegible] house. Mrs. Yarde-Buller said her husba[illegible] took her to the Alhambra and later left [illegible]er to pay for their supper at the Cafe [illegible]avour. As she did not have enough m[illegible]ney to foot the bill a woman who had [illegible] been supping at another table came to [illegible] assistance and paid the bill.

Two yr[illegible]s after their marriage (all this came out [illegible]) he drab the Yarde-Bullers went to Am[illegible]ca, and there Yarde-Buller said he first [illegible]ticed that his wife was addicted to the [illegible]e of stimulants. One night in California, [illegible]e said, she tried to leave her bedroom [illegible]d only in her night dress. He attempted [illegible] to restrain her, and in the struggle her f[illegible]ger caught in the door.

In the foll[illegible]ing year Yarde-Buller left his wife with [illegible] children, but afterward rejoined her, [illegible]nd they went to England. There, her h[illegible]band said, her health suffered from [illegible]cessive drinking. Once she became viol[illegible] and threatened him with a dagger. F[illegible]alty, he said, she took the pledge, but [illegible] 1894 resumed her intemperate habits.

In Septem[illegible]r, 1896, Valentine Gadesden, who was na[illegible]ed in the suit, died suddenly near Baden [illegible] and it was rumored he had lost his life [illegible] a duel with Walter Yarde-Buller. It [illegible]as subsequently ascertained that he had [illegible]ed of heart disease.

GREAT HEAT IS STILL THE DOSE.

New Yorkers Obliged to Take It, and Not Homeopathically.

DEATHS FROM HEAT.

PATRICK KELLY, sixty-five years old, died in St. Francis Hospital, ersey City, from the effects of the heat; prostrated at Provost and Thirteenth street.

UNKNOWN MAN, apparently thirty-two years old, light build, small, light mustache, died in St. Barnabas Hospital, Newark, from the effects of the heat.

Whatever slight abatement there was in the heat yesterday was traceable to the effects of the violent eletrcical storms of Saturday night, when the lightning played the extraordinary prank of striking a tall building in upper Broadway. The day, therefore, was, to a certain extent, tolerable, although the temperature down in the streets in the afternoon was well up in the nineties. There was a cool brooze from the south most of the day, and this also helped to render the improvement noticeable.

The fact is, however, that the further this Summer proceeds the hotter it becomes and the more impossible grows the task of cooling the metropolitan end of it. The big buildings collect the heat in their massive fronts and radiate it down into the almost bottomless asphalt pits, where poor human toilers stagger about.

The highest temperature recorded in the weather man's tower yesterday was 87 degrees and the lowest 72 degrees. Eighty-seven in the tower is about equal to 95 degrees on the street.

In the afternoon there were thunder storms, which pursued an erratic course over portions of this State and New Jersey. An edge of one of these storms discharged over the upper part of the city vivid lightning. The chimney on the house of George Beermuffer, of No. 2303 Belmont avenue, was struck and demolished. At 6 o'clock a bolt struck the steeple of the German Lutheran Church at Fulton street and Kossuth avenue, wrecking it and setting it on fire.

At Egg Harbor City, N. J., the lightning was very severe, and considerable damage was done in the farming districts about the city by rain and hail. The steeple of the Aurora Saenger Hall was struck, the bolt travelling downward and entering the hall where a number of persons were assembled. No one was hurt, but there was great excitement. The New York and American hotels and other buildings were struck.

A washout wrecked the lower floors of the Rossmore Hotel at Sea Cliff, N. Y., doing $3,000 worth of damage. The street which had been newly graded failed to resist the pressure of the water which poured down the hill from the higher ground above the hotel, and the floods poured into the lower rooms of the Rossmore, filling them with water and slime. The one hundred and twenty-five guests were panic-stricken and all got ready to leave immediately.

EYEBROW AND LIP SHAVED BY BULLETS.

Ostreich Had a Narrow Escape from Death at Garrity's Hands.

Charged with shooting Edward Muldorf, of No. 92 James street, and Martin Ostreich, of No. 230 West Sixth street, Brooklyn, Richard Garrity, a bartender, employed in John Gleason's saloon at No. 11 James slip, was arraigned in the Centre street police court yesterday morning.

Muldorf received one ball in the left breast and two more in his left wrist. Ostreich's escape from serious injury was remarkable. His left eyebrow was carried away by one shot, while another ball skimmed across his upper lip.

Garrity claimed he fired upon the men while they were attempting to force their way into the saloon at 3:30 o'clock Sunday morning. The two injured men, on the other hand, refuse to make any statement until they are in court, but intimate that Garrity's statement is wrong.

Garrity was arraigned before Magistrate Kudlich, but as Muldorf was unable to leave the hospital the examination was adjourned until to-day.

GERRYMANDER AS A BOOMERANG.

All-Too-Clever Newark Republicans in a Muddle.

Trenton, N. J., July 31.—The gerrymander has come home to plague the Republicans of this city. The elections last Spring gave unmistakable evidence of a change in public sentiment in favor of the Democrats. So Republicans decided to change the ward lines and divide up the Democratic voters in such a way that they would have a hard job of it to carry a single ward in the city. A resolution was introduced in the Council and put through without consulting the Mayor.

The gerrymander completed, the Republicans sat down happy in the thought that they had outwitted the Democrats and had made it impossible for them to win in the elections next Spring.

The president of the Council is a Democrat and a lawyer. He began to search the statutes, and has discovered a law which requires that changes in ward lines shall be made by ordinance, and not by resolution. The Republicans are in a quandary.

New Pullman Sleeping Cars Between New York and Cleveland via Pe[illegible]sylvania Railroad.

Beginni[illegible] day, August 1, the Pennsylvania Railroad [illegible] place three new Pullman sleeping [illegible] between New York and Clevela[illegible] York at 5:50 p. m. daily an[illegible] leaving Cleveland at 1:40 p. [illegible] named "New York." They are handsor[illegible] and were constr[illegible]

HALT [illegible]ALLED ON C. P. MORTGAGE.

Walter Morshead Sends a Letter of Warning from London.

(Copyright, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.)

London, July 31.—Walter Morshead, vice-chairman of the Central Pacific Shareholders' Combined Protection Committees, has sent the following letter to Speyer Brothers, bankers, representing the English stockholders:

"Being advised from San Francisco that you propose to plaster or charge the Central Pacific Railroad with a blanket mortgage, and an issue of bonds in London, on the authority of the present Board, and that you have undertaken to persuade English holders of the Central Pacific stock to believe that such mortgage and bond issue would be for their benefit, I beg as vice-chairman of the Shareholders' Combined Protection Committees of 1894 and 1898, and as owner of an investment in the Central Pacific stock, for which upward of £30,000 was paid through you to Mr. Huntington and his associates a few years ago, to give you notice that, if any attempt is made to carry this project into effect, an application to the courts will be made for an injunction on the ground that the Board is an illegally constituted body, elected by the Banbury Committee, formed by yourselves and Mr. Bretherton, whose right to pledge the property of the Central Pacific shareholders or reelect Huntington's nominees is absolutely denied."

A similar notice was mailed yesterday to Isaac L. Rennu, at San Francisco, and others will be sent to his co-directors, Bretherton, Banbury and Huntington.

Once again the Journal takes pleasure in announcing that on Sunday next there will appear in the Musical Supplement another great [illegible]oon song by Dan Packard. Such news [illegible]ans a great deal to the readers of this p[illegible]er who are fond of good music and popul[illegible] songs. It will be recalled that Mr. Packa[illegible]s "I Love Dat Man" made a phenom[illegible]al hit here in New York when it appea[illegible] a few weeks ago as a supplement to th[illegible]per. But if you want to see the versa[illegible] Daniel make a ten stroke just wate[illegible] the coming edition, which contains [illegible]n the Parson Makes Miss Mandy Johns[illegible]ne." It is what the gallery gods call a [illegible]kerjack" and will send Packard stock [illegible]gh on the scale. He knows a good [illegible] when he sees it, and is satisfied that [illegible]st song will do him considerable [illegible]d prove his right to claim at-tent[illegible]