PRISON RECORD TO BREAK A TITLE.

Quarrier's Career Will Figure in the Suit for Pettit Receiver.

HE CLAIMS $1,000,000.

Lawyer George Robinson Will Tell His History in Court To-day.

Judge Beekman is expected to render his decision to-day in the suit of William Calhoun against John Pettit, Dr. Henry R. Waite and Alexander Quarrier. If the Court decides to grant Calhoun's application for a receiver of the several properties worth $1,000,000, and bringing in annual rentals of more than $100,000, Waite, who has a power of attorney from Pettit, will be unable to dispose of them. The titles stand in Quarrier's name, but Quarrier is admitted to be one of the dummies that Pettit employed in his real estate operations.

George Robinson, Calhoun's attorney, will hand to Judge Beekman to-day a certified copy of the record of conviction and imprisonment of Quarrier in 1871, when he wrecked the Wheeling Savings Institution. Mr. Robinson went to Wheeling last Friday and also visited the Penitentiary at Moundsville. He sent this telegram to the Journal last night:

"Quarrier was treasurer of the bank which went to smash in February, 1871. The depositors, who were all people of small means, lost $372,000. Many families were ruined by the loss of their savings, and two or three suicides followed the failure. The bank was simply gutted. Nothing was left but the office furniture.

"Quarrier was at once arrested and ten indictments were found against him. His trial lasted only two days, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty without leaving their seats. He had been a high flier in Wheeling. His cigars cost a dollar apiece, and once, when he was asked how he could afford such expenditures, he replied with a laugh that he had a bank behind him. He boasted that he never wore a suit of clothes longer than a week. He then gave them to his poor relatives.

"Public sentiment applauded the jury's verdict, and Quarrier was considered fortunate to escape with the comparatively light sentence of eight years. I have visited the penitentiary at Moundsville and was shown Quarrier's cell. He entered the prison on October 15, 1871, and was discharged on April 8, 1877. While in prison he kept some of the books.

"I tried to see his photograph, but the Warden, while looking for it, found it had mysteriously disappeared."

Quarrier has been the medium of communication between Waite and the lawyers and John Pettit in his hiding place in Jersey City. Quarrier went across the river and met Pettit, who called himself "Henry Parks" at the Washington Hotel, near the ferry, and at a private house in the suburbs, to which he rode in a trolley car. Quarrier received a telegram from "Parks" last Friday, saying he "had signed the papers and had left."

It is said that the principal reason for keeping John Pettit outside the State is the fear that papers will be served on him in several suits arising out of his peculiar methods in real estate operations. Much of Pettit's financial embarrassment arose from his extravagant expenditures on women.

THREE UPSET, ONE IS YET MISSING.

Two of Frederick Dean's Companions on Fishing Expedition Believe Brooklyn Boy Was Drowned.

Three young Brooklyn boys—Robert McGregor, of No. 93 Noble street; Herman Schnur, of No. 639 Manhattan avenue, and Frederick Dean, of Franklin avenue and Oak street—started on a fishing excursion in a rowboat from Norton's Point shortly after midnight yesterday, and two hours later two of them returned and reported that Dean had been drowned.

They were wringing wet when they entered the police station. They said they had been fishing about an hour when a swell from a tug upset their boat.

Young Dean managed to catch hold of the tow rope, but was shaken off. Schnur and McGregor reached shore after a hard struggle.

The police tried yesterday to ascertain the name of the tug, but failed. It is believed that Dean was drowned.

"FATHER BILL" DALY INJURED.

His Team Ran Away and He Received Severe Internal Hurts.

Father Bill Daly, the old-time sportsman, had a narrow escape from being killed yesterday afternoon at Coney Island. He went driving in a surrey behind a team which he bought recently for $2,500. His wife, sister-in-law and two children accompanied him. The horses were very skittish.

The pole broke and the team ran away on the Boulevard. They went on a wild run for about a half mile, then got off the road and smashed the surrey into a tree. The vehicle was upset and Father Bill landed on his head and shoulders. The others fell on top of him and escaped with slight bruises.

Father Bill was unconscious for a time, and Dr. Pettit, of Sheepshead Bay, attended him. He was badly cut about the head and face, his right shoulder was dislocated and, it is believed, that he received severe internal injuries. He was taken to his home, at Neck Lane, Sheepshead Bay. Dr. Pettit said that he would recover. The horses were captured after running several miles.

LOCKED UP FOR HAVING A HORSE.

Detectives Reasoned That Schmidt Could Not Own It.

Detective Sergeants Fogerty, Graves and Kerr, while walking in West street on Saturday afternoon, saw a man endeavoring to sell a horse to a farmer. They recognized him as Henry Schmidt, who lives in a Bowery lodging house.

They argued that if Schmidt had a horse some one must have lost one within ten hours, and Schmidt was arrested. The records at Police Headquarters showed that the horse had been stolen the night before from Joseph H. Henderson, a florist of No. 684 Bergen avenue, Jersey City. Schmidt said that he had got the animal from Frank Rhean, also of the Bowery. The latter was arrested, but denied ever having seen either the horse or Schmidt before. In the Centre Street Police Court yesterday both were held for further examination.

FELL FROM CROWDED BROOKLYN TROLLEY.

Side Rail on Which Gray Sat Broke, Throwing Him to Street.

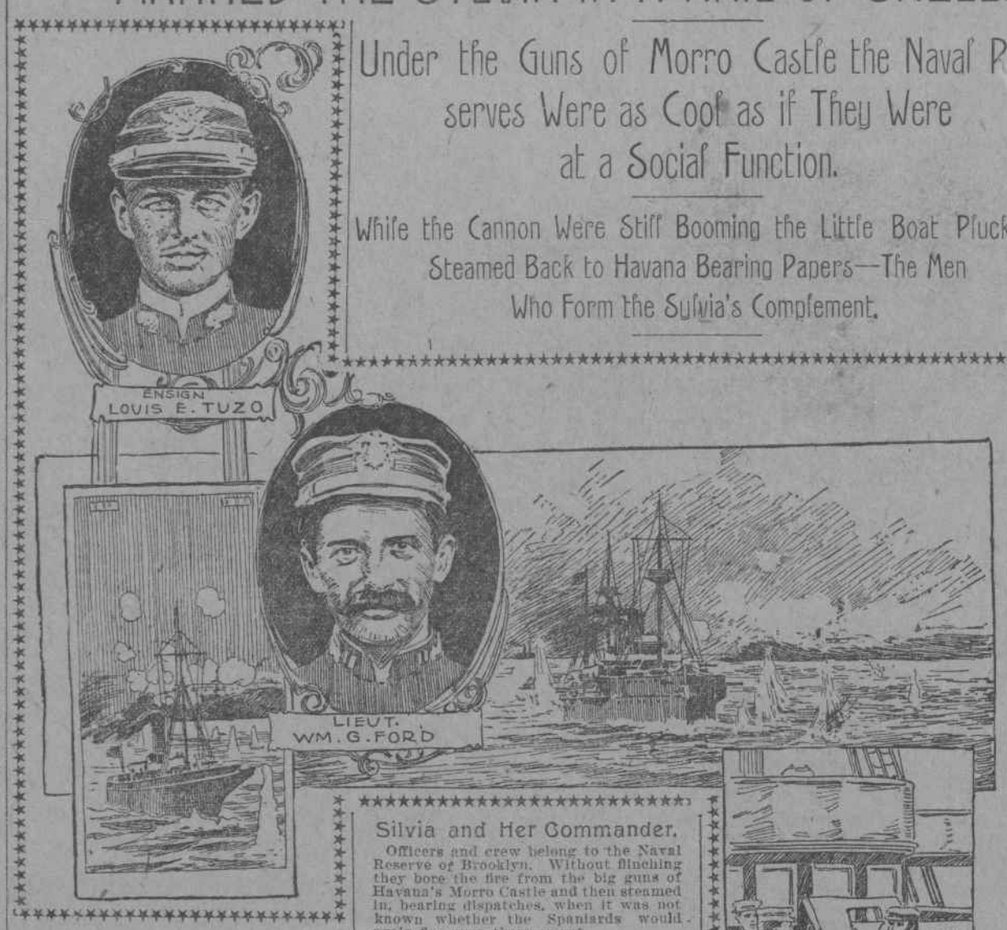
Edward Gray, nineteen years old, of No. 239 Twentieth street, Brooklyn, is lying in the Norwegian Hospital with a fractured skull and will probably die.

Gray was returning from Coney Island on a Third avenue trolley car early yesterday morning. The car was crowded and Gray was sitting on the guard rail. At Thirtieth street and Third avenue the rail broke and Gray was thrown to the street. He has been unconscious ever since.

GAY SOCIETY YOUTHS OF BROOKLYN MANNED THE SYLVIA IN A HAIL OF SHELLS.

Under the Guns of Morro Castle the Naval Reserves Were as Cool as if They Were at a Social Function.

While the Cannon Were Still Booming the Little Boat Pluckily Steamed Back to Havana Bearing Papers—The Men Who Form the Sylvia's Complement.



THE converted yacht Silvia, which lay near the flagship San Francisco when she drew the fire of Morro Castle's 12-inch guns on Friday morning, off Havana, is manned exclusively by Brooklyn Naval Reserves.

They are the only members of that organization who managed to get south as a crew, and all are of the Second Battalion of the First Division.

The men are almost all very young, and belong to the social sets that dance and dine at the fashionable houses on Prospect Heights.

When they started it was pleasantly predicted by their intimates that if they ever met the Spaniards it would probably be at a ball at the Governor-General's palace.

But the Silvia's men were called upon to show pluck when, as they steamed away from the hail of shells that came from the castle's big guns, the flagship ordered them to turn back and run into range again with papers for the blockaded city. It was an even chance that despite the flag of truce they hoisted the Spanish gunners would suspect a trick and continue to blaze away. It was very early in the morning, and there was a question even whether the flag could be made out by the enemy.

But Executive Officer Ford was glad of the chance, and hurried back under the mouths of the smoking cannon.

Silvia and Her Commander.

Officers and crew belong to the Naval Reserve of Brooklyn. Without flinching they bore the fire from the big guns of Havana's Morro Castle and then steamed in, bearing dispatches, when it was not known whether the Spaniards would again fire upon them or not.

The complement of the Sylvia is as follows:

Executive officer, Lieutenant W. G. Ford, Annapolis graduate and a prime mover of the Brooklyn naval organization, of which he is commander. He has served in the United States Coast Survey and on the boats of the Fisheries Commission. In private life Mr. Ford is a civil engineer, and lives at No. 189 Montague street, Brooklyn.

Ensign A. L. E. Tuzo, signal officer of the Second Battalion.

Ensign H. E. Kuntz, of Hartford, Conn.; Ensign Goodrich.

J. D. Andrews, of No. 33 Montgomery place, Brooklyn, son of Professor Andrews of the Polytechnic, of which the young man is a graduate.

Seamon Allaire, graduate of the New York Naval School—the schoolship St. Mary's.

Apothecary T. J. C. Brennan, chief petty officer, student at the New York University's Medical School.

Chief Quartermaster De Forest Candee, of No. 323 Garfield place, signal quartermaster of the Second Battalion.

B. F. Cogswell, of No. 305 Garfield place, one of the original members of the battalion.

P. H. Collins, of No. 77 Van Buren street.

Fred Nickel, No. 96a Cooper street, engineer.

Louis Pomores, No. 602 Carton avenue.

E. B. Rice, No. 1144 Dean street.

Limond C. Stone, No. 90 Pierrepont street, student at the Polytechnic.

G. W. Schoneck, No. 19 Avenue A, Flatbush, a brother of the State Assemblyman.

Leonard S. Webb, No. 28 Madison street, Brooklyn.

H. C. Zimmerman, No. 117 Park place, Brooklyn, an original member of the organization.

P. H. Crecker, Rockville Centre, L. I.

J. J. Cunningham, recently enlisted.

H. H. Gordon, No. 1158 Dean street.

William Ladd, No. 130 State street.

Rufus E. Leavitt, No. 325 West Fifty-seventh street, New York.

A. R. Mulkins, No. 422 Ocean avenue, Brooklyn, member of the Gravesend Bay Yacht Club, in civilian life a bank teller.

K. L. Martin, son of Bridge Engineer C. C. Martin. Young Martin is an engineer of the new East River Bridge.

MONKEY BATTLE RAGES IN THE PARK

Old Residents Tear the Hair Out of the New Comers.

"Gee!" said the chimpanzee, as he parted his hair with his hind foot, "this moving business is not what it's cracked up to be. And look at all the strangers, too—eleven new monkeys in the monkey house, thrown in here without the formality of an introduction, and we don't know where they came from or what they brought with them. Gee!"

A man who understands animal talk stood outside the new monkey house in Central Park yesterday and heard the comment above set forth. It was just after Keeper Shannon and Assistant Keeper Snyder had transferred all the old monkeys from the old monkey house to the new one, which is situated to the west of the Arsenal.

Batch of New Simians.

With the old monkeys he had placed eleven new ones—eight of them Java monkeys, two baboons and ringtail, which has been christened Cigarette Habit, because he is so deadly.

"Well," said one of the baboons, as he reflectively counted the hairs on his left arm, "I don't see as you have any license to chew the rag. It is true that we are strangers, and it also true that we are in here against our will. I'd rather ride down Broadway on a yellow cable car any time than be confined in a monkey house. Firmly as I am convinced of the fact that I am a monkey, I loath the idea of getting up here every day and making a monkey of myself for the amusement of a lot of Mipeds who wear clothes."

"Your statements," remarked the chimpanzee, "are highly inflammable, and would not be tolerated in the old days when we had our home in the basement of the Arsenal. Those were lovely times. I remember the day"——

"Ah, cheer up!" interrupted one of the ringtails, which had served a term with a circus. "You don't know what a good thing is, see? I remember you of old when you was the star attraction in Rand Park, in Keokuk, Iowa, and the boys of the town used to go out every Sunday and throw rocks at you. You're getting pretty lofty since you got to New York."

Then a Deadly Battle.

The chimpanzee puffed out his jaws and breathed hard. So did all the old monkeys. There was an immediate division of forces—the old monkeys on one side, the new monkeys on the other. At the conclusion of the debate a couple of assistant keepers swept enough monkey hair out of the new house to stuff a mattress, and the chimpanzee's coiffure resembled in its plain simplicity almost anything the other monkeys chose to call.

"I knew it, dear," said Mr. Murphy, the hippopotamus, to his spouse. "I knew it. I knew that when they brought them monkeys right over up against the back of our house that we would be compelled to put up with undesirable neighbors. Look at them now, disgracing the Sabbath Day by fighting like so many ball players."

"Ah," said Mrs. Murphy, as she pushed her young offspring under the water and sat on him to teach him to hold his breath, "sh, pay no attention to them. They don't know any better."

IS T. LYNCH, JR., BACK FROM CUBA?

Here's His Old Father, Who Walked Far Hungry, to Seek Him.

"They told me that the soldiers were coming back," whispered the old man, when he came to his senses in the hospital. "I knew I should get something to eat if I could only find my son, Timothy Lynch, Jr., so I walked here from Newburg.

"Can any of you kind gentlemen tell me whether Timothy Lynch, Jr., has got back from Cuba yet? He wouldn't see his old father starve. A fine lump of a boy he is, and no end of a fighter. If you'll just send for him or tell me where he is"——

The old man raised himself on his elbow, but a nurse pushed him back gently. He was very weak, and woefully emaciated. Yesterday afternoon he collapsed in a heap at Bushwick avenue and Grand street, Williamsburg, and was taken to St. Catherine's Hospital. The surgeons found a large ulcer on his right leg.

"Yes, it hurt pretty bad when I was walking," he said. "I'd have made better time from Newburgh, only for that, and it made me mad, because I was afraid I'd miss Tim. You see, they wouldn't give me work because they said I was too old, so I was mortal hungry most of the time after Tim came to New York to enlist. And it was a glad day for me when I heard everybody saying that the soldiers were coming back. Thinks I, maybe I can't get a job, but if I can find Tim I'll have something to eat, anyway."

"So I started out to foot it, and mighty hard travelling it was. I wasn't sorry to leave Newburg, for I had nobody there to care for me or help me, and my old trade of mason was no use to me.

"I thought I'd find Tim in New York, but nobody there seemed to know him, and I heard that the soldiers were going to Montauk Point. That's why I came over to Long Island. Is it a long walk to Montauk? Thank you kindly, yes, I'll have a little more of that soup. It's mighty comforting."

So comforting was it that immediately after swallowing it Timothy Lynch the elder dropped off to sleep, which the doctors said was the best thing that could happen to him. He is likely to be confined to his cot for many weeks, and in the meantime Timothy Lynch, Jr., would be doing a humane thing by going to St. Catherine's Hospital to see his old father, who evidently thinks a great deal of him.

Japan Disturbed About Hawaii.

Seattle, Wash., Aug. 14.—Japanese papers received here contain a story to the effect that the Japanese ministry will protest against the United States holding the Hawaiian Islands, in order to remove the opposition of the upper house to it, by raising an issue of foreign complications.

25 Per Cent Ahead of All Others in Giving Results—The Journal Leads.

WESTERN UNION SEWING MACHINE CO.,
173 THIRD AVENUE.
NEW YORK, U. S. A.
NEW YORK, AUG. 12, 1898.
PUBLISHER NEW YORK JOURNAL.
DEAR SIR—WE HAVE BEEN EXPERIMENTING WITH MORNING PAPERS FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS AS TO ADVERTISING, KEEPING ACCOUNT OF ACTUAL SALES RESULTING FROM OUR ADS. WE FIND THAT THE MORNING JOURNAL HAS INCREASED STEADILY, UNTIL NOW YOU ARE 25 PER CENT AHEAD OF ANY OTHER MORNING PAPER. YOURS TRULY,
WESTERN UNION SEWING MACHINE CO.
GEO. HASBROUCK, TREAS.

YOUNG GIRL LEFT IN A TRAIN'S PATH.

Annie Morrison Awoke with the Glare of the Headlight in Her Eyes.

Choked into insensibility and stretched upon the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks in front of an approaching freight train, it was by the sheerest good fortune that Annie Morrison escaped death and dismemberment. Probably the glare of the headlight upon her face and the vibration of the rails restored her senses.

It was in the nick of time, for the girl rolled clear of the cowcatcher not an instant too soon. The train rushed by within a foot or two of her, not one of its crew seeing her or hearing her faint cries for help.

This happened on the Belvidere division of the railroad on Saturday night. Annie Morrison found her strength returning slowly after the passing of the freight train, and managed to drag herself to her home, in the village of Wilburtha, which is about three miles north of Trenton, N. J. There she told her adventures.

Early in the afternoon she had crossed the river to visit friends in Yardley, Penn. It was dusk when she reached the New Jersey side of the bridge on her way home. Her way led her along a lonely road bordered with fields, and no houses within call.

"All of a sudden," she said, "a man rushed out at me from behind a clump of bushes. It was too dark for me to see who he was, and what grudge he had against me or my family I don't know. He seized me by the throat, and there was no one to hear my screams. Struggle as I would, it was no use, for he was very strong. I choked for breath, and felt my senses leaving me.

"He must have carried me half a mile to the railroad track, for it is that distance across the fields. Oh, what a lucky escape I had! When I woke up and saw the headlight of the locomotive, I did not remember anything; did not realize anything except that I would be killed if I did not roll on one side in an instant."

The village was aroused by Miss Morrison's story of the attempt to kill her, and most of the able-bodied men in the place armed themselves and started off to hunt for the assailant.

PUGILIST'S BLOW MAY BE FATAL.

Lahey Struck Down an Unoffending Man with an Iron Bar.

Coroner Bausch was summoned last night to take the ante-mortem statement of James J. Owen, of No. 1071 First avenue, but the man was unconscious when the Coroner reached the house.

While sitting on a truck at No. 1094 First avenue Saturday night, talking with some friends, David Lahey, of No. 334 East Sixtieth street, came along, intoxicated, and struck Owen on the head with an iron bar. Owen was taken to his home, and was not thought to have been severely hurt. Yesterday, however, it was found that his skull was fractured. He will probably die. The police are searching for Lahey, who is a former pugilist.

CAPTAIN PHILIP THANKS THE JOURNAL.

I AM delighted that the Journal is to replace the books of the officers and crew of the Texas. In the necessity of clearing the ship of the things that might be set on fire or easily broken into splinters before a battle, books and bookshelves are of slight significance. Those of our library were thrown into the sea.

The Texas had other books that were the property of the Government. They are safe. We placed them under lock and key at Hampton Roads or in the Navy Yard. They were purely scientific works in which officers and crew were interested only as works of study and refefence. They are not the books that officers and crew want.

They want novels, essays, histories, memoirs, biographies, lives of eminent men, works descriptive of customs and manners of strange countries. They want books that may, to amuse them, mingle the useful and the agreeable. I thank the Journal with all my heart for its thoughtfulness. I desire to be quoted at once, very distinctly, in approval of the Journal's work for the Texas men.

JOHN W. PHILIP,
Captain U. S. S. Texas.

The officers and crew of the battle ship Texas are delighted at the accounts of the Santiago Memorial Library that is soon to be theirs. Publishers, authors, book lovers are forming it of durable, graceful material. The printers are skilful, the binders conscientious and there are autographs on the fly leaves that will be precious as autographs simply.

A poet writes, for example, "One sees in books what one may not see in reality, because that is too far or because it is past. But what one sees in books one sees badly and sadly. And it is better to travel than to read books. There are so many pretty things to see—lakes, mountains, rivers, cities and fields, sea and boats, sky and stars! Perhaps only sailors should have a library. They have seen the things that are distant; they may revel with books in the things that are past!"

They were talking on the deck of the battle ship Texas yesterday of the effect that books have on men of action, and it was not at all the effect of romances of chivalry on Don Quixote's mind. Books are the sailor's diversion. They do not turn his head.

From the list of R. F. Fenno & Co.'s excellent books the following have been chosen:

Grant Allen, "The Desire of the Eyes."
Grant Allen, "A Bride from the Desert."
J. M. Barrie, "Auld Licht Idylls."
Paul Bourget, "A Living Lie."
Miss M. E. Braddon, "When the World Was Younger."
Hall Caine, "The Deemster."
Hall Caine, "A Son of Hagar."
Jules Claretie, "The Crime of the Boulevard."
B. M. Croker, "Beyond the Pale."
S. R. Crockett, "A Galloway Herd."
Parke Danforth, "Not in the Prospectus."
Mary A. Dickens, "Some Women's Ways."
A. Conan Doyle, "The Firm of Girdlestone."
A. Conan Doyle, "The Mystery of Cloomber."
A. Conan Doyle, "Strange Secrets."
Charlotte Dunning, "A Step Aside."
B. L. Farjeon, "The Betrayal of John Fordham."
George Gissing, "The Unclassed."
Gyp (Comtesse de Martel), "An Infatuation."
Gyp (Comtesse de Martel), "Ginette's Happiness."
Joseph Hatton, "The Dagger and the Cross."
W. Heimburg (Bertha Behrens), "Defiant Hearts."
G. A. Henty, "A Girl of the Commune."
Hilton Hill, "Eyes That Do Not See."
Joseph Hocking, "The Mist on the Moors."
Margaret Holmes, "Jasper Fairfax."
Anthony Hope, "Sport Royal."
Anthony Hope, "The Dolly Dialogues."
Mrs. Hungerford (The Duchess), "The Professor's Experiment."
Maurus Jokai, "Peter the Priest."
George Knight, "Dust in the Balance."
William me Queux, "Guilty Bonds."
William me Queux, "Strange Tales of a Nihilist."
S. Levett-Yeats, "The Widow Lamport."
Pierre Loti, "Ramuntcho."
"The Love of an Obsolete Woman."
Ella MacMahon, "A New Note."
Lucas Malet (Mrs. Harrison), "The Wages of Sin."
Mary E. Mann, "The Cedar Star."
Mrs. Herbert Martin, "Lindsay's Girl."
Mrs. L. T. Meade, "A Soldier of Fortune."
George Meredith, "A Tale of Chloe."
Leonard Merrick, "A Daughter of the Philistines."
Leonard Merrick, "The Man Who Was Good."
Bertram Mitford, "The King's Assegai."
F. Frankfort Moore, "Dairess."
Arthur Morrison, "Tales from Mean Streets."
Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant, "Two Strangers."
Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant, "The Story of a Governess."
Ouida (Louise de La Ramé), "The Nurnberg Stove."
Ouida (Louise de La Ramé), "The Massarenes."
Sir Robert Peel, "A Bit of a Fool."
Q. (Arthur T. Quiller-Couch), "The Splendid Spur."
Rita (Mrs. Desmond Humphries), "Kitty the Rag."
Edith Robinson, "Forced Acquaintances."
W. Clarke Russell, "The Lady Maud."
W. Clarke Russell, "What Cheer."
W. Clarke Russell, "A Romance of a Midshipman."
Gabriel Setoun, "Robert Urquhart."
T. W. Speight, "The Heart of a Mystery."
Henryk Sienkiewicz, "Let Us Follow Him."
Henryk Sienkiewicz, "After Bread."
Chauncey Thomas, "The Crystal Button."
Mary S. Tiernan, "Homoselle."
Mary S. Tiernan, "Jack Homer."
Jules Verne, "Captain Antifer."
Mrs. J. H. Walworth, "Uncle Scipio."
Mrs. J. H. Walworth, "On the Winning Side."
Stanley J. Weyman, "A Little Wizard."
I. Zangwill, "The Big Bow Mystery."

How agreeable these books are in their fidelity to text of authors, are of composition and emblematic styles of bindings, all book lovers know. They are charmingly expressive of this epoch. And, after all, is not that expression what one seeks for in books?

They must tell the minds of the individualities that shaped them. Christopher Columbus, who lived and died like a saint, and wore the gown of the order of good St. Francis, of Assisi, would not have sought the way to the Indies, perhaps, if he had foreseen that his discovery would cause the massacre of so many red tribes, vicious and cruel, but sensitive to suffering. How deluded he would have been! It is the work that we have no thought of doing that we achieve amazingly. The books of R. F. Fenno are splendidly autochthonous, as Walt Whitman would say.

Now the battle ship Texas is to furrow all the seas and to land at all the shores. In its wake merchants of America may go, assured that their civilization is appreciated everywhere. In view of profits tangible and certain, it may be possible to make all the nations of the Old World pass from their stage into a higher one—that is, ours. All the faith of America in itself is to be expressed in the Santiago Memorial Library.

From the list of the J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company the following books, all bound in cloth, the texture of which reproduces the colors of onyx, have been chosen:

Mrs. Alexander, "Well Won."
"A Typical American."
Aunt Deidre, "Up from the Cape."
A Wall Street Man, "The Man from the West."
Mrs. E. Lovett Cameron, "A Loyal Lover."
Mrs. E. Lovett Cameron, "A Hard Lesson."
Gerald Carlton, "Her Mad Love."
May Crommelin, "Mr. and Mrs. Herries."
Clara Augusta, "The Adventures of a Bashful Bachelor."
Sarah Doudney, "Through Pain to Peace."
Mrs. Alexander Fraser, "A Modern Bridegroom."
George Manville Fenn, "A Secret Quest."
John Habberton, "Out at Twinnett's."
John Habberton, "Well Out of It."
G. A. Henty, "In the Days of the Mutiny."
Mrs. Hungerford (The Duchess), "Lady Verner's Flight."
Elizabeth W. Johnson, "Two Loyal Lovers."
Mrs. Edward Kennard, "The Hunting Girl."
Mrs. Edward Kennard, "Pretty Kitty Herrick."
Margaret Lee, "One Touch of Nature."
A. W. Marchmont, "The Old Mill Mystery."
"Mayflower Tales," by Julian Hawthorne, Grant Allen, Richard Dowling and George R. Sims.
J. Fitzgerald Molloy, "Sweet Is Revenge."
David C. Murray, "Bob Martin's Little Girl."
Mrs. Oliphant, "The Sorceress."
E. Phillips Oppenheim, "The Peer and the Woman."
James Payn, "A Modern Dick Whittington."
F. C. Philips, "Constance."
Rita, "Ascnath of the Ford."
Dora Russell, "The Last Signal."
Dora Russell, "The Other Bond."
W. Clark Russell, "Alone on a Wide, Wide Sea."
Adeline Sergeant, "Sir Anthony's Secret."
George R. Sims, "Tinkletop's Crime."
Hawley Smart, "Beatrice and Benedick."
Hawley Smart, "Vanity's Daughter."
T. W. Speight, "Back to Life."
Esme Stuart, "Inscrutable."
Florence Warden, "Grave Lady Jane."
Ella Wheeler Wilcox, "A Double Life."

Selected books of authors and book lovers are to be mentioned in these columns after the lists of publishers shall have been exhausted. The library of the crew of the Texas was jettisoned before Santiago in the preparations for battle. It is to be replaced. It is replaced in fact, already, by a much more beautiful collection.

STOLE GLASSES FROM MAN'S NOSE.

While Contractor Muhling Slept Devine Took His Spectacles and His Watch and Chain.

"Say, cull, can't yer help a poor guy dat's lost duh use o' his arm? I got me widdered mudder an' me five sisters an' brudders to support an' got me arm scalded in a glue fact'ry. Say—wull I hope I may never lose me t'first if de guy ain't asleep. Sa—a—ay!"

Thus spoke Edward Devine, the "champeen" panhandler of the Bowery on Saturday afternoon. He was in the office of Joseph E. Muhling, a contractor with an office at No. 477 East Broadway. His arm was done up in a sling to hide a sore he had inflicted himself with carbolic acid to help along his story about being burned in a glue factory. Muhling was sound asleep with his feet on the desk.

Devine deftly abstracted the contractor's watch and chain. He got as far as the door when he returned and stole the spectacles from the nose of his sleeping victim. Muhling stirred uneasily and Devine hurried from the room. In his flight he stumbled over a chair and Muhling awoke. Down the stairs the men raced.

Devine was captured. The watch and chain were found in his pocket, and the spectacles were found in the street. He was held for trial in $1,000 bail in Essex Market Police Court yesterday morning.

GAS OVERCOMES OLD MAN AND GIRL.

He Is Dead and His Granddaughter Is Almost Suffocated in Their Beds.

Peter Green, of No. 197 Thirty-sixth street, Brooklyn, planned a Sunday outing to the seashore for Alice Dunning, his fifteen-year-old granddaughter. He is dead and Alice is in the Norwegian Hospital in a critical condition.

The house is a small one, and Alice slept on a little cot in her grandfather's room. On Saturday they retired about midnight. Early yesterday morning Mrs. Kress, a married daughter of Green, was awakened by an overpowering smell of gas. She found her father dead and Alice nearly so.

It is thought that when the grandfather retired he turned out the gas and then accidentally turned it on again.

THIS "CLUB" HAD A FARO LAYOUT.

Raided by the Police and Two of the Officers Held for Trial.

Detectives Henderson and Curry, of the West Thirtieth street station, early yesterday morning raided an alleged gambling house at No. 443 Sixth avenue, and made six arrests, among the men being the reputed owner of the game, Ely Pierre, colored, and the dealer, John Rawlins, a white man. The detectives secured a faro table and a complete outfit of cards and chips, besides a roulette layout.

To Magistrate Simms, in the West Side Police Court, Pierre's lawyer asserted that his client was an officer of a chartered club, known as the Foxhall Club. It had a board of officers, and the caterer, he said, was Beefsteak John, over whose restaurant the rooms are situated. Pierre and Rawlins were held in $500 bail for further examination.

1,000 Volts Did Not Kill the Boy.

John Tobin, nine years old, while walking near the Central Railroad tracks in Westfield yesterday, touched an electric light wire carrying a charge of one thousand volts. His hands were badly burned and a hole was burned in his left leg. It is thought that he will recover, although he was badly shocked.

HEALTHFUL DRINKING.

Beneficial Influence of Hires Rootbeer Upon Health Due to the Roots, Herbs and Barks Contained in It—Skill Used in Selecting the Ingredients.

Happy is the man who has learned how to live in hot weather. He will live longer, enjoy life better, and accomplish more than the man who is careless or reckless.

In drinking, the liability to error and injury to health is especially great during hot weather. Many persons have recourse to impure, injurious decoctions of the soda fountain; or, worse than all, add oil to the flames by pouring alcoholic beverages into their systems. The only Summer beverage that is better than spring water or water moderately iced is Hires Rootbeer, which is better because it contains extracts from roots which, while entirely harmless in any quantity, constitute a natural tonic which cools the system not only by the low temperature of the beverage itself, but also by the action of its ingredients upon the blood.

In everything, the very best is culled out from the markets of the world for making Hires Rootbeer, and the list of its ingredients gives a hint to those familiar with herbs as to why Hires is so well adapted to its purpose as a hot weather beverage. Of sarsaparilla it contains more than many of the sarsaparilla mixtures sold as blood purifiers, and it likewise contains spikenard and wintergreen or sippsewa, both famous tonics and diuretics; dog-grass, imported from Germany, where it is used as a diuretic drink and forms the chief ingredient of many kidney cures; juniper berries from Italy, used also for their health-giving action on the kidneys; and birch bark, a very valuable astringent. Hops and ginger are also used, and these ingredients with others are blended with a high degree of skill, producing the uniform, palatable beverage which, though used mostly as a mild tonic and refreshing beverage, has proved of great value in relieving dyspepsia, quieting the nerves, purifying the blood, benefiting the kidneys, and curing insomnia.

Hires Rootbeer is the only preparation of the kind taxed because of its medicinal properties. Artificial preparations flavored to imitate and sold as rootbeer are exempt.

One of the secrets of hot weather living, then, has been mastered by those who rely upon Hires Rootbeer. Those who know its value and appreciate its high reputation exercise care in purchasing it so as to avoid the worthless concoctions that are put up in imitation of Hires, and which are easily detected by any one who takes the trouble to examine the wrapper for the name—Hires.

OUR COAST TO BE ONE GIBRALTAR.

Capt. Goodrich, Former War College President, Reports on Its Defence.

REFUGES FOR WAR SHIPS.

Powerful Shore Works Needed Near Which They Could Lie if Overpowered.

Washington, Aug. 14.—Captain Casper F. Goodrich, of the St. Louis, has made a report to the Navy Department on the future defence of the American coast. Captain Goodrich is a naval expert, and was for a time president of the War College. The suggestions made by him are based on the results of the war with Spain.

In his report Captain Goodrich takes it for granted that the future policy of the Navy Department will be to build a large navy. He foresees the difficulties which must be obviated to make this coast safe from naval raid and to present what he considers the ideal defence. He says:

"The question evidently hinges upon the completeness of the enemy's investment. If he be present in such overwhelming force as to shut in our main fleet and, in addition, establish an adequate watch over our fortified harbors, we shall be powerless on the water, at least to oppose effectual resistance to the blows contemplated.

"Such points must then look to the army for shore works that will keep the enemy's lighter vessels off at harmless distances. As against landing parties, the regular or State troops will suffice. It is simply a question of the most profitable use of the means at hand. All points cannot be protected; some must be left exposed.

"The army must incur the obligation of selecting the sacrificial limb.

"In apportioning the means to the end, the first consideration is the size of the vessels that the enemy can employ on raiding duty. This will be determined by the depth of the water approaches. If the towns are exposed, like Galveston, or if the harbors are deep and roomy, the cruisers of the enemy can be of larger type. If the water be not deep, if the harbors be narrow and limited or the towns back from the coast, the cruisers will be of the smaller type.

"Our Admiral must select for his guard ships cruisers of not less power than those likely to be sent in by the enemy, assigning each to a certain district or division of the coast line. A sine qua non is a safe refuge behind stout shore works. Lacking this refuge, he may lose his ships by a descent in force."

Hot Weather Dyspepsia.

Thousands Suffer from It This Season of the Year.

Hot weather dyspepsia may be recognized by the following symptoms: Depression of spirits, heaviness and pain in the stomach after meals, loss of flesh and appetite, no desire for food, bad taste in the mouth, especially in the morning, wind in stomach and bowels, irritable disposition, nervous weakness, weariness, costiveness, headache, palpitation, heartburn. It is a mistake to treat such troubles with "tonics," "blood purifiers," "cathartics," "pills," because the whole trouble is in the stomach. It is indigestion or dyspepsia, and nothing else.

All these symptoms rapidly disappear when the stomach is relieved, strengthened, and cleansed by Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. They should be taken after meals, and a few carried in the pocket to be used whenever any pain or distress is felt in the stomach. They are prepared only for stomach troubles.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are endorsed by such physicians as Dr. Harlandson, Dr. Jennison and Dr. Mayer, because they contain the natural digestive acids and fruit essences which when taken into the stomach cause the prompt digestion of the food before it has time to ferment and sour, which is the cause of the mischief.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are pleasant to take and unequaled for invalids, children and every person afflicted with imperfect digestion. It is safe to say they will cure any form of stomach trouble except cancer of the stomach.

Nearly all druggists sell Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, full sized packages at 50 cents. A book on stomach troubles and thousands of testimonials sent free by addressing Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

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