KENNEDY TO BE IN COURT TO-DAY.

Will Waive Examination in the Reynolds Murder Case.

MENDHAM'S TURN NEXT.

The Stock Broker Who Posed as "Mr. Reynolds" Will Appear at the Coroner's Inquest.

BLUDGEON STILL A PUZZLE.

Police Discover Nothing of Its History, but They Have Failed to Examine It Closely.

Dr. Samuel J. Kennedy will be taken into the West Side Police Court to-day for the last time in all probability. His lawyers, Friend & House, will waive further examination and Acting District-Attorney McIntyre will ask that he be held for the action of the Grand Jury and committed to the Tombs without bail. This course will undoubtedly be followed.

Coroner Bausch will resume his inquest in the case of murdered Dollie Reynolds next Tuesday. The Coroner will make his inquiry as thorough as possible, and will be aided by the District-Attorney's office. The proceedings before the Coroner may last for several days. Great interest attaches to the inquest, because it is believed that the connection of Maurice B. Mendham, the stock broker, with the case will be brought out in the Coroner's Court.

Abraham Hummel, Mr. Mendham's counsel, has said that his client will make a statement before the Coroner.

"I shall insist upon his doing so," said Mr. Hummel, "and until that time I have advised Mr. Mendham to say nothing to anybody about the case and to remain out of town."

Since the discovery of Dollie Reynolds's dead body in the Grand Hotel on last week Tuesday, Mr. Mendham has never appeared publicly in connection with the case without the advice and in some cases the presence of his counsel. It was known almost as soon as the police took charge of the case that Mr. Mendham was paying the rent of the flat at No. 370 West Fifty-eighth street. Mendham's photograph was in the locket which Dollie Reynolds wore about her neck, even in death. Mendham was the first one notified when Margaret Adams, the colored servant at the flat, discovered the dead woman's diamonds on a pantry shelf behind a tin canister of sugar.

Mendham Quickly Got Counsel.

When the afternoon papers of August 16 told of the murder in the Grand Hotel Mr. Mendham went at once to Howe & Hummell's office. Accompanied by Joseph Moss, of that firm, he went to the West Thirtieth street police station and there gave to Captain McClusky, of the Detective Bureau, and Captain James K. Price, all the information which they asked. It was in Captain Price's office that he met Kennedy, who had just been brought in a prisoner, and Kennedy half-whispered to him:

"This is a nice box you've got me into."

Captain Price, in telling of the murder and of the prisoner and in elaborating the police end of the story to the newspaper reporters on that Tuesday night, said never a word about Mendham. Finally, he was asked directly what Mendham had said to him, and he replied:

"I don't know anything about any other man, only those I have told you about. I have given you the story."

Captain McClusky, the District-Attorney's office, and the Coroner have all handled the many questioners about Mr. Mendham's connection with the case in much the same protecting way. The fact that both he and the woman were patients of Dr. Kennedy and that all three were admittedly on terms of more or less friendly acquaintance, has made many persons curious to know what Mr. Mendham's ideas are in connection with the murder. So there will undoubtedly be a crowded court room to see and hear Mr. Mendham when the Coroner resumes his inquiry next Tuesday.

The broker is a bachelor, about forty years old and well known in the Tenderloin, where he has been a familiar figure after dark for several years. He and his brother, who compose the brokerage firm at No. 20 Broad street, inherited some property from their father, who died several years ago in Macon, Ga. Their widowed mother, Mrs. Ada Mendham, lives at the Hotel St. Lorenz, No. 127 East Seventy-second street, which is the directory address of both the brothers, Louis and Maurice. This Summer the family is at Long Branch.

Lead Pipe Bludgeon a Puzzle.

The police, while professing to be confident that they have brought the proof of Dollie Reynolds's murder up to Dr. Kennedy, are still working to trace the history of the lead pipe bludgeon. So far they have not been able to find out where the lead pipe came from or anybody who saw it manufactured. All their inquiries and searches in the neighborhood of the Kennedys' home at New Dorp, S. I., and near the young dentist's office, No. 60 West Twenty-second street, have come to naught. They know now that the pipe is such as can be found in any plumbing shop or in fact in almost every house. The iron bar inside may be a piece of a poker or almost anything else that is iron. It is not wire and the weapon was never any part of underground or overhead electrical machinery. If the police were not afraid of destroying the appearance of what they think will prove to be a valuable and convincing exhibit on the trial they would take the bludgeon to pieces, learn just how the tape was wound around one end and secure the exact dimensions of the lead pipe and of the iron bar inside. The bludgeon might tell its own story and its antecedents, if analyzed by metal workers. In its present condition, tightly wrapped in brown paper, it is of no use to anybody.

ROBBERS AT WORK AT THE SEASIDE.

Sojourners at Shelter Island Say They Were Despoiled of Valuable Jewelry.

The facts of a burglary at Shelter Island were made known yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Henne, of Manhattan, who are stopping at the Prospect House with their family, report that they were robbed of two gold watches, two gold rings, one with a pearl, the other with a diamond setting, and a gold bracelet, also containing a setting of diamonds. The lot is valued at $200.

The Hennes, it is said, do not suspect any one connected with the hotel as being implicated in the robbery. Notwithstanding this the detective who was called on the case by the hotel proprietors searched the trunks of the employes, but found none of the missing articles. It is also stated that the detective asserts that he has located the guilty ones, but has not sufficient evidence to make an arrest.

It was reported yesterday that a box filled with jewels resembling the ones lost was found in an outhouse at the hotel and given to the hotel authorities.

Through vestibuled day coaches and sleeping cars New York to Cleveland, Ft. Wayne and Chicago, via D., L. & W. and Nickel Plate roads. Low rates.

MRS. JACK WILMERDING'S LETTERS TELL OF STRANGE, FITFUL TEMPESTS IN A BRAIN.

Accusations, Odd Delusions About Herself, Even Imagined Herself Princess of Wales.

Mrs. Jack Bloodgood on the Stand Will Not Say She Had Declared Her Friend Sane.

IN the little court room at White Plains, where she has told the pitiful details of the joys that were hers in the days when she was envied, Mrs. Jack C. Wilmerding reappeared yesterday between a nurse of the Bloomingdale asylum and an intimate friend.

To this intimate friend—Mrs. Jack Bloodgood, who danced as Elodie in "The Conquerors" in the two or three hours when she was not a sister of charity at her husband's bedside every day—Mrs. Wilmerding addressed her comments on the opinions expressed by four physicians, experts in insanity, strangely united in relegating her to her prison.

Flint and Fitch, who are opposed to each other usually, were at one here; Dold and Atwood, who have reasons not to praise each other's judgment, agreed with them. All were there, because the commissioners appointed to decide if Mrs. Wilmerding be sane or insane had not been able to make a report. They had asked for more testimony.

The dissenter among them was, apparently, Dr. H. Ernest Schmid, of White Plains. Dr. Carlos F. MacDonald talked affably at length with the alienists after adjournment. Eugene B. Travis, of Peekskill, the lawyer of the commission, had a judicial attitude. He asked questions startlingly impartial.

Sanity in Her Smile.

Mrs. Wilmerding was beautiful. Her smile was as fresh and impulsive as a girl's, her laughter had only one or two false notes in its gamut, her seriousness made an artist exclaim, "Oh, what a beautiful pose for a Salome, the Salome who danced for Herod and got the head of St. John the Baptist!" It is true that her face was, in seriousness, superbly Oriental.

In gayety it was an exquisitely modern face, ingenuous and not innocent, pious and not reverent. A black hat, the brim of which was lined with white, crowned it. She wore a wide black Ascot tie, a silk shirtwaist of heliotrope color, and her gloves were brown. To the things that she said Mrs. Bloodgood listened with an absent-minded air.

Mrs. Bloodgood was in black, with a white muslin collar, white muslin wristbands, a chatelaine of white beads, and her pallor was exaggerated perhaps by the warmth of Mrs. Wilmerding's olive, oval face beside hers in the full light of the window.

Mrs. Bloodgood was displeased. She had come expressly to testify that she had not asked any one to take Mrs. Wilmerding out of the asylum. She was not the first witness.

The first witness was John R. Gleason, attorney for the trustees of Mrs. Wilmerding, opposed to her release from the asylum. He testified that he had never been her father's lawyer, nor her stepmother's, as she had said. "Mrs. Wilmerding is absolutely mistaken," Mr. Gleason declared, as if the salvation of a State depended upon it. Then Mrs. Bloodgood was called to the witness chair.

Mrs. Bloodgood Denies.

"What had you to do with these proceedings?" she was asked. "Nothing," she replied.

Q. Did you say to Mr. Levy, Mrs. Wilmerding's lawyer, that Mrs. Wilmerding was sane? A. No.

A cloud fell on Mrs. Wilmerding's face. Mrs. Bloodgood returned to her side.

She replied to a question about her testimony at recess: "I went to see Mrs. Wilmerding in the asylum, at Mr. Levy's request, just before my departure for Europe. I did not return to his office. Mrs. Wilmerding spoke of him in terms that were not complimentary. He is not her friend. I would go to her relatives if I wished to take her out of the asylum. What my opinion about her sanity is, I will not tell."

Mr. Gleason said, when Mrs. Bloodgood was out of hearing: "She believes that Mrs. Wilmerding is insane. I could not ask her to say that in Mrs. Wilmerding's presence, since they are intimate friends. Mr. Levy should have asked the question, but he did not dare."

Very Like a Quarrel.

Mrs. Bloodgood said to Mr. Levy: "You took advantage of my departure for Europe to circulate the report that I was the moving spirit in the proceedings to release Mrs. Wilmerding. You might have known that I could come back."

"You are Mrs. Wilmerding's best friend," replied Mr. Levy. "It was not improbable that you wished to rescue her. I got the information from one of the men in my office."

"I never went to your office," said Mrs. Bloodgood. "Such a man ought to be killed!" She was very indignant, and her eyes were of an intense, mineral blue. There was a Damascus blade in them. Mr. Levy said: "Imagine a friend swearing a woman into a lunatic asylum!" He looked as if he were sure of having done nothing wrong.

William E. Dold, first assistant physician at Bloomingdale from January to June, saw Mrs. Wilmerding when she was brought there on January 27. He testified: "She thought that she was coming to a gold cure. She said: 'I am glad it is Bloomingdale.'

"She was nervous, emotional. She imagined she had various diseases. She was excitable, noisy, violent at times. She improved under diet. She had the delusion of being the daughter of Lord Rosebery, the Princess of Wales."

Mrs. Wilmerding laughed aloud.

Dr. Dold continued. "She wrote to Tiffany for a set of jewels worthy of a princess. She said that other patients annoyed her, rubbed her face with a nail brush to erace poison that made a birthmark black, opened the windows of her room to the cold air when she was inadequately clad, destroyed pictures of her mother and grandmother, with the remark that they were not related to her, shouted at night, said at times that she realized having been insane for years. These are the evidences of her insanity."

Mrs. Wilmerding's letters to him were read, although Mr. Levy objected, saying, "We do not contend that she was not insane then; we insist that she is not insane now." They were, in part, as follows:

"February 12.—At last I realize that I have been an object of charity here. I want to go at once. Realizing that I am an illegitimate child, I will simply sign myself, Marie."

Mrs. Wilmerding lowered her eyes modestly, assumed an offended expression, hid her face behind her fan. The reading continued:

"February 27.—I know who will aid me. My twin brother. I believe his name is Jack Wilmerding. Trilby would make him a good wife. I am glad we won the race."

Tempest in a Brain.

This was written on the reverse of a novel cover. The book was George Ohnet's.

"February 27.—You are the vilest person I know. I stayed at home with God. Women have ruined my life. I cannot forgive them. You must kill that woman. You must do it at once."

Mrs. Wilmerding sighed.

Dr. Dold testified that Mrs. Wilmerding was convicted of insanity by a jury that did not see her. Why? "Because," he said, "I thought it would be detrimental to her to appear before a jury."

The reading of the letters continued:

"(Not dated.) I paid to Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton $500 for medical advice. He did nothing but drink whiskey with me. Send for him to take me away."

"March 9.—I now realize I have been insane since I was five years old. Send for my uncle, Franklin Allen. In future I shall sign myself Marie Vanderbilt Allen."

Signs Herself H. R. H.

Mrs. Wilmerding blushed, lowered and raised her eyelids with their immeasurable lashes.

"April 14.—H. R. H. the Princess of Wales insists upon the Rev. Dr. Lyon's attending to her wishes at once."

Mrs. Wilmerding assumed a supercilious air.

"April 23.—I am a very ill woman or I am being drugged."

"April 25—Honored Sir: I have a complaint to make to you. I have been shut up surreptitiously, insulted, outraged. I sign the name by which I have been known for six years, Mrs. Jack Wilmerding."

"May 1. I met a man at Cedarhurst. His name is Mr. Porter. Send him this letter."

Mrs. Wilmerding whispered imploringly: "Oh, don't read this letter!" But it was read and she closed her eyes. Other letters were read:

"May 27. I telegraphed my mother-in-law that my father is dying. She answered: 'I cannot come.' Tell her that soon I am to have a baby and want to leave here at once."

"July 27. Please see that Mr. Levy does not come here. He has been in prison and is very tricky."

"July 31. I think you should permit me to leave this institution. My stepmother is my enemy."

"What is the matter with Mrs. Wilmerding?" Dr. Dold was asked. He answered: "Chronic disease of the brain." He said that she was not competent to take charge of her affairs, that the disease was congenitive and not the result of alcoholism.

Alfred Bach, in cross-examining Dr. Dold, tried to make him say that the cause of his resignation from Bloomingdale was not creditable to him, and failed. Dr. Dold resigned because he was not pleased with the superintendent. An attendant had made a charge of slapping at her against him.

No Sane Confined.

"Would not a sane person incarcerated in an insane asylum act precisely as Mrs. Wilmerding has acted?" asked Mr. Bach.

"I don't know. I never saw a sane person in an insane asylum," Dr. Dold replied. "Such a thing in the State of New York is impossible."

He had a calm, lackadaisical manner. It was impossible to irritate him, to make him impatient. But, after all, he said that the symptoms of insanity in Mrs. Wilmerding were symptoms of insanity only because they were taken in connection with the entire history of her case. That history Dr. Dold knew not of his own observation.

"If she were discharged, what would Mrs. Wilmerding do?" Dr. Dold was asked.

"Return to drink and dissipation," he replied.

One of the Commissioners, Mr. Travis, asked: "If you had never seen Mrs. Wilmerding before your conversation with her to-day, would you say that she was insane?"

Dr. Dold replied: "I would not."

Her Wheel Mesmerized.

Charles E. Atwood, who replaced Dr. Dold as first assistant physician at Bloomingdale, said, reading from notes made day by day since June 26: "She said her wheel must have been mesmerized; it went along so well. She complained of headache; she was suspicious, excitable; she made scenes to attract attention; she is fond of dress; she played one tune on the piano for an hour; she has the delusion that she will have a child. All these are signs of insanity."

"What is the matter with Mrs. Wilmerding?" he was asked. He replied: "An inherent defective brain." He said that to be cured she must be kept in the insane asylum; that it would be dangerous to release her, because the improvement in her condition would be lost at once in freedom. He said that there was a symmetry in her features. And she made the gesture of measuring her face with her hands—a triumphant gesture.

Dr. Austin Flint said that to release her would be "the culmination of all the calamities." He had examined her twice; not very carefully, but he knew how to decide without long examination. Emulating the example of Mr. Bowers in the Kortright case Mr. Bach asked:

"Do you regard as an evidence of sanity the drawing of a conclusion from no facts?"

"No," replied Dr. Flint.

"That is what you did," said Mr. Bach. "Your examinations were brief, imperfect. You took the reports of others without verifying them and based your opinion on them."

"Oh, no," said Dr. Flint, "I judged her answers, her conversation, myself. She said improbable things about her marriage. She said it was the result of her stepmother's enmity."

Drink Not Cause, but Effect.

Dr. Flint said that Mrs. Wilmerding's mental condition was not the result of drinking alcoholic liquors, that drinking alcoholic liquors was the result of her mental condition. But no one in the little court room, now crowded with gadabouters, seemed to appreciate the apology that could be made for Mrs. Wilmerding in the opinion of an expert alienist.

No one seemed to appreciate it except Mrs. Wilmerding. She listened intently, then nodded with the air of one confirming a judgment. If Mr. Bach had looked at her then he might have been able to point to her and say:

"You see she is not insane. She acknowledges that she drank excessively because she was insane. The insane, as I have been arguing here for four hours, never acknowledge insanity." But he did not look at her. Allen Fitch was called to the witness chair.

Mr. Bach had used the argument that he suggested to Mr. Bowers against Dr. Flint's testimony in the Kortright case. The letters of Mrs. Wilmerding read in court were not all the letters that she had written. Dr. Fitch said that in fifteen years as examiner for the old Department of Charities and Correction he had committed 50,000 persons to insane asylums.

He had no remorse. He was jovial, good-natured, eager to reply to questions. He said that if Mrs. Wilmerding were released she would drink alcoholic liquor and dissipate again. He said: "I hope Miss Wilmerding will get well. She is a most interesting person. But let her stay in Bloomingdale. It would cost $250 to $1,000 a week elsewhere to nurse and watch her as she is nursed and watched at Bloomingdale."

"How do you count $1,000 a week?' asked Mr. Bach.

"That will take too long," replied Dr. Fitch. "She says she could be a chorus girl. Think of it, Mr. Bach! A chorus girl! Beautiful, clever, inclined to drink that makes her insane, and earning $15 a week!"

Mrs. Wilmerding laughed joyfully at that sally, the first humorous trait in the entire, sad trial. Mr. Levy said he would make a motion for an allowance to employ expert alienists, and the case was adjourned until next Thursday.

The Two "Mrs. Jacks" in Court.

Mrs. Jack Bloodgood sat by her friend yesterday at the investigation into Mrs. Jack Wilmerding's mental condition. Doctor Dold testified that Mrs. Wilmerding's brain was chronically diseased.

ASKS FOR AID IN RELIEF WORK.

National Commission Appeals to the Patriotic for More Financial Assistance.

The National Relief Commission, which was formed at the beginning of the war, makes an appeal to the patriotic people of New York for financial aid. The Commission was organized by a number of prominent business men of Philadelphia, and its field of usefulness has been national.

The Commission now has four division hospitals and three relief stations at Dunloring, Chickamaugua, and at Montauk Point, with another supply depot at Middletown, Pa. It is represented by a special commission at Santiago, and Dr. Groff, president of the Pennsylvania State Board of Health, is its representative at Porto Rico, while Mrs. Maude Kissam Babcock represents the Commission at Camp Wikoff, Montauk Point.

The president of the Commission is John H. Converse, of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, and the New York member of the Commission is Robert C. Ogden, of No. 784 Broadway. Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., of No. 3 Wall street, New York, and Drexel & Co., of Philadelphia, represent the treasurer of the Commission, George C. Thomas, and will acknowledge any funds that are contributed for the Commission.

PERRY S. HEATH ARRIVES HOME.

Among His Fellow Passengers Were Two Japanese Princes.

First Assistant Postmaster-General Perry S. Heath was among the passengers on the North German Lloyd steamship Saale, which arrived here yesterday. He was accompanied by his wife. Prince Toso Araki and Prince Kujomatsu Ynonge, both of Japan, who have served several years in the German army, also were passengers on the Saale. They will leave for San Francisco to-day on their way to Japan.

PLANNING TO LET BRENTANO'S GO ON

Largest Creditors Desire That This Great Outlet for Their Goods Be Maintained.

Papers filed in the County Clerk's office yesterday in connection with the receivership for Brentano's, booksellers and stationers, of No. 31 Union square, disclose that the liabilities are about $175,000. Assets, consisting of stock, fixtures and book plates, exceed, at cost, $250,000, but are worth less than $125,000 if disposed of at auction or in bulk at private sale.

The capital has been greatly impaired by losses and is now entirely inadequate for the needs of the business. Many outstanding notes and other debts are due, and the firm is entirely unable to pay them.

These, together with the refusal of the trade to sell the firm any more goods on credit, are given as the causes for the receivership.

The largest creditors, it is said, desire to see the business continued, as it has been such a big outlet for their goods and expect to formulate some such plan of adjustment.

JAMAICA EAGER TO BE ANNEXED.

Movement to Come Into the American Union Spreads All Over the Island.

Kingston, Jamaica, Aug. 25.—The American annexation movement commenced on Monday in Manchester is rapidly spreading and finding general acceptance as the only alternative to ruin.

The promoters of the movement are pushing it vigorously, being desirous of strengthening the hands of Jamaica's representative at the Barbadoes conference, thus encouraging inter-colonial co-operation. The sole obstacle encountered is the color question.

RAILBIRD SHOOTING IS NOW IN ORDER.

The Season Opens and the Hackensack Meadows Are Crowded with Gunners.

The rail bird season opened in New Jersey yesterday, and shortly after daylight the Hackensack meadows were crowded with gunners.

The meadows are a favorite spot, and it is reported that the birds are very numerous this year.

Spanish Prisoners Discharged.

Captain Emilio Ortirbo, Chief of Supercargo Esteban Goitra, Chief Engineer Jose Martin and Cook Bartolome Cabre, of the Spanish war tug Humberto Rodriguez, which was captured at Santiago on July 21, were discharged by United States Commissioner Alexander from Ludlow Street Jail yesterday.

PRINCESS CHIMAY'S NEW LOCHINVAR.

Poor Prince Ghica Implores Her to Fly with Him to His Castle in Roumania.

PASSION TORN TO TATTERS.

A Very Blanco in Love, He Promises Wealth and Calls Her "Angel."

WILL CARRY HER OFF FROM RIGO

As for That Good for Nothing Gypsy, He Vows to Put Him Out of the Way with Nice Dispatch.

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

Special Cable Dispatch.

Paris, Aug. 25.—The Princess Chimay, formerly Clara Ward, is neither dead nor ill. In fact, the only important incident in her Bohemian life of late has been a formal offer of marriage. It was made in Paris a few days ago. The proposal comes from a prince, so that this strange woman can cease to be an ex-princess and may be re-princessed, so to speak.

Ghica, of Roumania, who offers her his heart and hand, thinks he is just as good a prince as Chimay, who married Miss Ward in 1890.

As the woman's fortune has become somewhat slender, her chivalrous suitor promises to enrich her, though, since he is a Roumanian prince, his power in this respect may well be doubted.

In pressing his suit he appeals to her sense of honor, her love for her children, and, above all, to her spirit of revenge for the way the world has treated her since her downfall.

To Rid Her of the Gypsy.

He promises to rid her of her present entourage, meaning thereby the redoubtable Rigo. He appeals even to her poetic and romantic instincts, declares he will carry her off to his great forests in Roumania, where she will forget her unhappy past, where an idyllic future will open up for both.

Let the Prince's letter speak for itself:

"Madame and Dear Princess:

"I called upon you yesterday evening about 6 o'clock, but, to my great regret, you had gone out.

"As you are much occupied, I have concluded to write you this letter, which will sum up all I had to say to you, and, very dear Princess, I look forward to a response from you such as shall fascinate me.

"It was wholly natural and it was our lot that we should meet, face to face. You will curse us both if you show any displeasure when I tell you I love you.

A Blanco in Love.

"I address myself to your very soul. You must realize that for one of your smiles I am ready to make the sacrifice of my life. The depth of sadness I now experience when I see you insulted on all sides is equalled only by the pride which will be mine when I shall have the power to defend you.

"Yes, angel of my life, do not refuse the favor I ask of you on bended knees. I wish to make you my wife; I wish you to carry a high head; that the fault of the moment be forgotten.

"For the sake of your own honor and for the love you bear your babies, by one act you must mount again the pinnacle from which you should never have descended.

"You will find a husband who will adore you; you will become rich; you may avenge yourself. These culmulative considerations should induce you to meditate. It is sweet to avenge one's self nobly in the manner I propose to you, which at the same time is not difficult for you.

"I have come from France to save you from yourself. My task shall be abandoned only with my last breath. Divest yourself of your surroundings.

A Princely Home.

"We will go to Roumania; there in our forests communing with nature you will quickly forget your troubles and the past.

"With your permission I will rid you of all others.

"Dear Princess, I beg you to let me know if you will receive me to-morrow about 4 o'clock. Permit yourself to be convinced and bear witness to my confidence which implies chivalrous advancement.

"Do not forget; love can do much, particularly when it finds itself in the presence of the inexplicable, unfortunate caprice of such a woman as you.

"In hearing me you risk no more than the vision of your beautiful eyes all wet with tears. That you will love me you may be certain. You will bless God for having put me in your path and for allowing you to be led to that fate fixed in advance for every human creature. Everything tells me I shall be your slave. Do not wreck the hopes of the man who would die for you.

"Receive, dear Princess, the assurance of my profound respect.

"PRINCE A GHICA."

Notwithstanding this princely outburst of affection, the object of it, who is at present in San Remo, says she still clings to her Rigo.

FIREBUG STARTED TENEMENT BLAZE.

Demijohns and Traces of Inflammable Fluid Found in Fifth Street Cellar.

The police have decided that the fire which imperilled the lives of eleven families in the six-story tenement No. 733 Fifth street early yesterday morning, as told by the Journal, was of incendiary origin. Seven demijohns which had contained an inflammable fluid were found in the cellar yesterday.

That no lives were lost was due to the heroism of the firemen and policemen, who carried a number of people from the roof down an extension ladder. Four alarms were turned in, bringing fifteen engines to the scene.

The fire was discovered by Andrew Degnan, of Hook and Ladder Company No. 11, who saw flames shooting from the airshaft over the roof. The house of No. 11 is directly across the street and the firemen were quickly at work. Max Stein, a deaf mute, fell from the third floor and sustained severe scalp wounds. The tenants lost everything and the damage to the building is estimated at $10,000.

A motorman on the Second avenue trolley line ran his car over a hose that was carrying water to the fire in Jacob Hoffman's brewery, in East Fifty-fifth street, yesterday morning and cut it in two. He was arrested, but was discharged by Magistrate Corneli, in Yorkville Police Court, who decided that the damage was done accidentally.

Cannot Trace the Poisoned Candy.

After a thorough investigation the police of the Liberty avenue station, Brooklyn, have been unable to discover the slightest clew to the person who, William Bennett claims, threw a box of poisoned candy into his back yard.

Cooler Weather

is coming, then brisk business. In dog days lay your plans. Get your "Wants" ready now. Send them in for Sunday's Journal and set the Fall boom a-going.