$1 DINNER MEN IN A MAD RIOT

Howling Mob Engages in a Battle of Fists at Clarendon Hall.

TWO FACTIONS CLASH.

Fight Starts When an Effort Was Made to Call It a Chicago Platform Dinner.

ATTACK ON CHAIRMAN BOULTON

The Meeting Finally Breaks Up in Wild Disorder and One Faction Meets and Decides to Have Another Conference.

Says the Meeting Was "Packed."

I believe that the course I pursued both in the sub-committee and in the meeting to-night was the only one I could possibly have taken to carry through the arrangements with any reasonable hope ofsucc ess.

The meeting was packed by men either from Tammany or some other organization who were hostile both to workingmen and the Chicago platform.

Everything will now go on as before toward making the necessary arrangements for the dinner.

One labor organization has just given me an order for two hundred tickets. I am chairman and I will announce when and where the next meeting will be held.—Statement of A. J. Boulton, chairman of the Committee of One Hundred.

With fifty men at once hoarsely shouting at each other, with a score of men at once frantically trying to strike each other, the meeting last night of the Committee of One Hundred having in charge the $1 Jefferson dinner came to a climax.

The chairman of the meeting was A. J. Boulton. The meeting was called to order at 8 o'clock, at the conclusion of the meeting of a sub-committee of seven. Matthew Barr and Richard Cooney were appointed sergeants-at-arms, and they had their hands full.

Boulton opened the meeting by stating that the sub-committee, which announced on Friday that the dinner was to be one of Workingmen and not of Chicago Platform Democrats, was responsible to the Committee of One Hundred and not to the public.

"It may be to the interests of some to turn our dinner into another channel than originally planned," he said, and at this there was a chorus of yells that were premonitory of the coming storm.

On the call for the reading of the names of the full committee, the real uproar began. There were many present who were not members, and the actual committee, although entitled "One Hundred," consisted only of about sixty. Each side was afraid that the other had "packed" the hall, and objection after objection was raised, as the names were called.

Picking Over the Flock.

"We are separating the sheep from the goats," said Secretary Van Vleck, with a grin.

The two factions were those who wanted the term "Chicago Platform Dinner" used and those who wanted the affair called the "Workingmen's Dinner." At the calling of some of the names, fierce yells arose, and several men struck at each other in anger, but were separated.

"I rise to a point of order!" cried W. J. Brown.

"Never mind your point of order," shouted the chairman.

"I appeal from the decision of the Chair!" yelled Brown.

"Never mind your appeal!" shouted the chairman.

T. M. Daly, a labor leader, steped to the chairman's side and shouted:

"This is my hall. I paid for it. I've got you people just where I want you, and we're going to run this meeting."

He didn't get any further just then, for in a jiffy, with a general roar of anger, men rushed at each other and tugged and struck. J. J. Isser made a dive at Daly and the men clinched. Peacemakers ran in between the groups of fighters, and the hall was filled with pushing, struggling men. The chairman yelled and pounded fiercely with his gavel, but in vain.

"You've sold us out!"

"You're sent here by Croker to break us up!"

"You're hired by Platt to make Democrats quarrel!" were some of the cries heard amid the din.

Peace at Last Restored.

When order had been restored, it was pointed out that Daly, in hiring the hall, had only acted for the committee, and that he was to be reimbushed, as he was under the same circumstances a week ago. Daly, with a grin, admitted this was the case.

John Hosey made a long report of what the Committee of Arrangements had decided upon, and the men became calm as he slowly read. When he read:

"We decided to appoint a Committee on Order and Decorum, but that has not yet been done," there was a roar of laughter.

"But that ain't a joke," said Hosey.

Boulton then called Daly to the chair and made a personal statement. He recited the fact that at the meeting of a week ago the full committee decided to have the words "Chicago platform" put in the title of the dinner. He then said that the committee of seven had changed this, and decided to call it a dinner of workingmen on account of the advice of one of Bryan's strongest personal friends.

"He means John Brisben Walker!" yelled several of the men, while James Brown sprang up and shouted:

"I object to any man, whether a friend of Bryan or not, presuming to advise our committee."

At this there were yells of approval, and Eugene V. Brewster said:

"I am out of that committee of seven. On Friday I was told that the other six had accepted the advice of Mr. Bryan's friend, and I acceded to the plan. But I want to say now that I think it was a mistake to take out the words 'Chicago platform.'

"Many who have applied for tickets have done so under the full belief that it is to be a Chicago platform dinner. I fear it will be a failure unless we recur to the original plan."

Shouts of approval were mingled with yells of rage, and Boulton resigned the chair to Daly.

Matthew Barr moved that the illegality of the sub-committee's action be recognized, but the wisdom of it approved, and at that Daniel O'Cavanagh shouted:

"Do you think for a moment that Bryan will attend the dinner if gold bugs and all sorts of people that have already been invited, are to be there?"

"No! No! No!" yelled scores of men.

Must Have Bryan.

"And if we don't have Bryan we shan't have a corporal's guard at the dinner," concluded O'Cavanagh, and at this there was another wild tumult.

Senator Van Vleck said, when comparative quiet had been restored:

"This will be a Chicago platform dinner. Don't we all know that Boulton and Brewster, who are mostly managing it, are both of them strong Bryan men, so what difference does it make what we call it? Who doubts it will be a Chicago platform dinner? But it is not good policy to call it so! Do you men want to wreck the plan?"

Again there was a frantic uproar, and John J. Foote, while the shrieking was going on, put in the important motion of the evening.

"I move that the action of the sub-committee, in taking out the words 'Chicago Platform,' be approved, but that we reaffirm our entire devotion to the principles of the Chicago platform, and our confidence in William J. Bryan."

Uproar again began, and the secretary shouted that Bryan fully understood the change of plan. Boulton supported him in this statement, and then Brewster was appealed to by them, to state that they were telling the truth when they said that Bryan approved the change. There was silence as Brewster replied, and he did so with an evasion.

"I vouch for the honesty of the two men," he said.

Howling and yelling again began and was participated in by spectators and committee alike, and in the midst of it Chairman Daly declared the motion carried.

Dr. Kremen sprang up and shouted: "I see the hand of the gold bug in this. I have a mission here to-night, and you cannot keep me quiet! That motion was not legally carried, and Daly was put in the chair just to bulldoze us and put it through!"

Uproar Begins Again.

Forte began to speak again. Brown yelled an objection. There was general hubbub. It was difficult to catch a single word.

"The sub-committee has perverted what this body passed unanimously!" screamed Dr. Kremin, white with passion, while three men tried to pull him down and twenty roared at him to keep still. There was a fierce wrangle. Again did men strike at each other and push and struggle. Again did cooler men separate them. Chairman Boulton, who had resumed the chair after the passing of the vital motion, suddenly announced the meeting adjourned, subject to his own call, and the janitor began to turn out the lights.

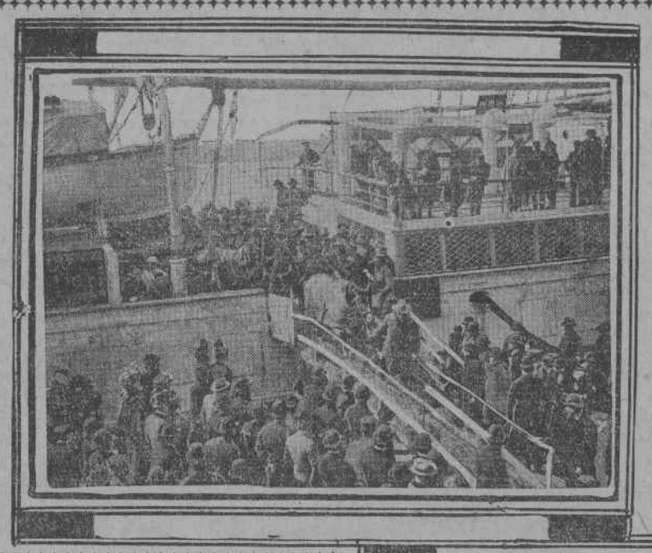
A score of men got together in a corner and nominated James R. Brown chairman, voted their firm adherence to the Chicago platform and decided to meet at Clarendon Hall to-night. It was announced that the sub-committee would meet this afternoon at No. 91 Centre street to talk over further plans.

Down the stairs, and out on the sidewalk of Thirteenth street the crowd slowly filtered, and still the men were angrily arguing and shouting at each other. Yesterday afternoon the Central Federated Union met, and it was urged that they indorse the $1 Jefferson dinner. After a long argument they declined to do so, as they suspected that it might be a political gathering and not merely in the interests of workingmen.

F. Girard Mitchell a Suicide.

Los Angeles, Cal., Mach 26.—F. Girard Mitchell, the Texan for whom, Mrs. Martyn Black, of London, forsook husband and friends, and who killed herself recently at Long Beach, followed the example of Mrs. Black yesterday and took his own life by cutting his throat with a razor.

CHEERS BREAK SUNDAY CALM IN HONOR OF THE 12TH.



Returning Troops Pass Through Streets Crowded with Welcoming Throngs.

REVIEWED BY THE MAYOR.

"Eagan's Embalmed Beef Never Touched Us," the Motto on Many Hats.

Amid great enthusiasm the Twelfth Regiment arrived yesterday in New York from Cuba. The regiment left its armory on May 2, 1898. It left Peekskill Camp two weeks later, for the South. It has been absent from New York City for almost a year, and the warmth of its welcome, with music and cheers and banners and the thronging of many thousands, told how well it has been remembered.

The long, white army transport Meade, that left Matanzas on the morning of March 22 arrived off Quarantine at 10 a. m. yesterday. General Butterfield, of the Reception oCmmittee, there went aboard.

General Carey, who recently went to Cuba with the $3,000,000 for the Cuban soldiers; Major Rogers, Congressman Roche, of Pennsylvania, and the detail of soldiers who went to guard the $3,000,000 also came from Matanzas on the Meade, as did the Cuban General Rosas, who was resplendent in a uniform of many brilliant colors.

The Meade, decked with long lines of streamers, arrived at the White Star line pier at 1:30 p. m. A great crowd had gathered there, and cheer after cheer went up as the big transport poked its nose into the view of those who were waiting on West street.

The regimental band played "Auld Lang Syne," and women wept and waved handkerchiefs and flags as the boat was made fast to the dock and the soldiers swarmed to the rail.

Down the gangplank walked Colonel R. W. Leonard, and hands were outstretched in welcome on every side. Next came the dozen horses of the officers, and then the men filed down to the dock and formed in companies in the great enclosed steamer shed.

The March Begun.

Out into the street moved the regiment, and the line of march was quickly taken up. The regiment was preceded by a platoon of mounted police, under Sergeant Egan, and escorted by seventy-five men of the Twelfth Regiment Old Guard, under Lieutenant-Colonel Ryder, and a battalion of the One Hundred and Twelfth Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Seiter. The hundreds of police on duty along the line were in charge of Inspector Thompson.

Through the crooked streets of old "Greenwich Village" the regiment marched to the south side of Washington square, and then turned northward, making a brilliant spectacle as it passed through Washington Arch. Thence it marched up Fifth avenue and past the reviewing stand at Madison square.

The men marched rapidly, with the long, swinging stride that makes American troops the best marchers in the world. The men made a fine appearance, and applause greeted them along the entire line. Numerous homes were decorated, and steps and piazzas and sidewalks were crowded.

On the reviewing stand were Mayor Van Wyck, General Butterfield and many city and army officials and friends of the regiment. Here, too, the crowd was very large.

The regiment continued up Fifth avenue to Forty-fourth street, marched a few blocks on Sixth avenue to avoid the Windsor ruins, returned to Fifth avenue, marched to Fifty-seventh street, thence to Ninth avenue, and thence to its armory. The two score or more of dogs that the soldiers brought home as mascots were an amusing feature of the parade. Many of the men had mottos written on their hats, such as "Eagan's Embalmed Beef Never Touched Us" and "Captain Bob's Rough Walkers."

An immense crowd was waiting on the street beside the armory. Inside, on the parade floor, long tables were set out, and banners and mottos of welcome were everywhere. The galleries were filled with the wives and sweethearts of the men.

Through the wide entrance way marched the soldiers, and their band struck up "Home, Sweet Home." A tremendous ovation followed. Men and women shouted and cheered, and laughed and wept, and there was a great fluttering of flags and banners. Around the armory marched the men, and for several minutes the enthusiastic din continued.

Welcome Home.

In the silence that at length ensued, General Butterfield stepped forward and said:

"Colonel Leonard, we welcome you and your regiment home again. For fifty years the regiment has known and done its full duty, and the people appreciate the fact and honor the men."

Colonel Leonard replied:

"I thank you, on behalf of the regiment and myself. If we had each returned a famed hero our welcome could not have been warmer."

Cheers for Colonel Leonard followed, and then the men lined up at the tables, that were covered with a fine dinner, served by the friends of the regiment.

Colonel Leonard, when asked about the experiences of the regiment, said:

"The spirit of the men has been beyond praise. Instead of making trouble or getting homesick, they have always been orderly, and wanted to remain in the service a few months longer, so as to be the last volunteer regiment to be mustered out.

"Our camp was beautifully located at Matanzas, and more attractive and healthful than any pleasure resort I ever visited. We were on a hillside overlooking the bay.

"We did a great deal of provost guard duty, but never had a clash with the citizens, who, indeed, were always peaceful.

"All of our beef was killed in the presence of the regimental commissary, and we had nothing embalmed, refrigerated or canned.

"We lost some men by sickness at Chickamauga, but none in Cuba."

Al Willing to Stay.

The Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment is James Parker; the Majors, Charles S. Burns and G. R. Dyer; the Surgeon-Major, Thomas C. Chalmers and the Adjutant, Frederick M. Vermilye.

The full regimental strength was 1,320 officers and men, but a few deaths and some discharges reduced the number to forty officers and 934 men, who landed from the Meade yesterday. Five officers and sixty-one men remained in Cuba on special duty.

Three men, Privates Meserole, Devine and Russell, arrived sick from malaria. Their cases are not serious.

The regiment was on duty in various southern camps until last December, when it was sent to Matanzas.

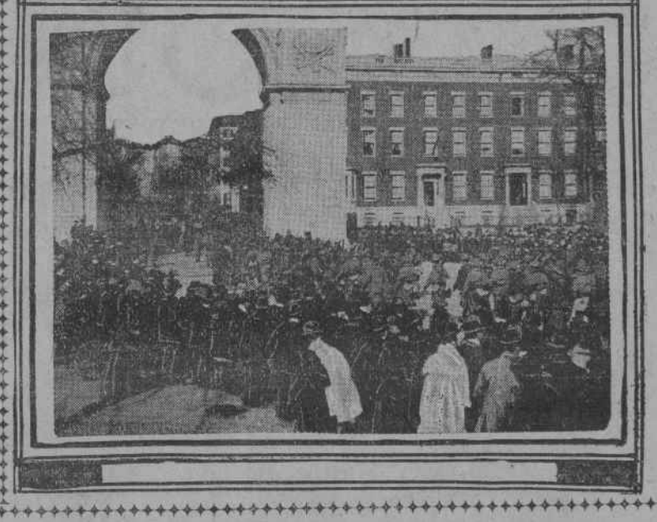
A noticeable fact was that not a man had any complaints to make regarding the service, the officers, the food nor anything else. Their spirit was admirable.

The regiment will be mustered out of the United States service within a few days.

One Man Knocked Out.

Frank L. Rice, a member of Company K, was found at ten minutes past 9 o'clock last night in a state of partial collapse. He was weighted with a Krag-Jorgensen rifle, ammunition belt and his regular kit, including a heavy army blanket, while over his arm was a lieutenant's coat.

Policeman Bacon started to take the soldier to the West Thirtieth street station, but on the way there the man fainted and had to be carried the rest of the journey. Ambulance Surgeon Turnure, of the New York Hospital, who was summoned, said Rice had been given knockout drops. He was removed to the hospital and the surgeons there said he would be all right after a night's rest. None of his belongings had been molested.



Incidents in the Return of the 12th Regiment to New York.

The disembarking of the soldiers from the transport Meade at the White Star Line pier, was witnessed by many of the friends and thousands saw them pass through the Washington Arch.

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GILSEY GUEST GAVE BAD CHECKS.

Entertained Friends There and Got $265 at Different Times from the Clerk.

MYSTERY IN HIS LETTERS.

"We Have Nothing to Eat." "You Have Sent Us No Money." "We Used Church Funds."

We have nothing here to eat, and what are we to do? You have sent us no money. We have been obliged to use the church funds.

Such were some of the phrases in a letter found on a guest of the Gilsey House, who was arrested last night on a complaint that he had passed worthles schecks on the management of the hotel.

The signature attached to this doleful communication was "Cob," and it conveyed the impression of a contraction or corruption of some person's given name. It was assumed that the letter came from Herkimer, N. Y., for it was from Herkimer that the prisoner registered, and on a Herkimer bank he had drawn his worthless checks.

Thomas W. Grosvenor was the name under which he went to the hotel on May 13. About forty years old, with an air of prosperity and integrity, and an apparent ability to pay his way handsomely, he was treated with consideration.

One Friday for the first time he asked the clerk to cash a check for him. It was for $50, drawn by himself on the First National Bank of Herkimer. He received the money without question, and later in the day was further accommodated with cash for a similar check for $40.

He made out a third check on Saturday morning, this time for $75.

"I'm going away to-morrow," he said, "so you may as well take my bill out of it."

Only $15 was charged against his name on the books, so he received $60. Not long afterward a message came from the Garfield National Bank to the effect that the $40 and $50 presented on Friday had been dishonored by the Herkimer Bank on the ground that Thomas W. Grover had no account there.

Before Grosvenor reappeared at the desk there had been a shift of clerks and the new incumbent, although he had heard of the dishonored checks, was not quite clear about te facts. When Grosvenor offered him a check for $100 and asked for cash he mentioned the story, but so great was the guest's indignation, and so prompt was his challenge that a telegram of inquiry be sent to Herkimer, that the clerk took the check and handed out the moneey. He also sent a telegran, as suggested, but no answer came till yesterday. It read: "No account."

The police were communicated with then. Grosvenor had not left the hotel, and he was arrested without difficulty. He protested earnestly that it was all a mistake.

A supply of morphine and a hyperdermic syringe were found in his pockets, in addition to the letter quoted above. He appeared sorry to part with them, and when nightfall came he begged for the drug in pitiful tones.

Sergeant Conly, who was at the desk when Grovesnor was brought in, said that Clerk John P. Sifferlin, of the hotel, told him that Grovesnor entertained many friends at the totel and as he appeared to have considerable baggage was not asked to settle his bills.

Grovesnor sent the following message to Manager Parker, of the Hotel Bristol: "Come and see what you can do. Am at No. 137 West Thirtieth street." This is the number of the Tenderloin police station. Manager Parker sent a messenger who made a note of the charge against Grovesnor. At a late hour last night Manager Parker had not offered to assist the prisoner.

Grosvenor told Sergeant Conboy that he was unmarried and that his mother, who lives in Herkimer, was in fairly good circumstances. He said that he also had an aunt who is very wealthy. He refused to give her name. In the letter from Herkimer, which was in a woman's handwriting, Grosvenor's correspondent wrote: "For God's sake, why don't you come home?" In the prisoner's clothing the police found many bills for clothing and furniture and a doctor's bill. They ranged in value from $10 to $60. None of the bills was receipted.

SPEAKERS HISSED FROM THE LECTURE STAGE.

They Discussed the Mormon and Christian Religions in a Distasteful Manner.

There was to have been a lecture before the Brooklyn Philosophical Association, in South Eighth street, Williamsburg, yesterday afternoon, on "The Relationship of Mormonism to Christianity," by Elder A. K. Kesler, president of Eastern States Mission. He failed to appear, and John H. Calderwood, of Utah, talked on the subject until the audience laughed at him. Another man was hissed off the stage after he had shouted that the previous speaker had a great nerve to speak on what he said was "nothing." A third man, who said that the lecturer talked like a Sunday-school teacher, also was hissed down.

A Household Necessity.
Every home should have handy for use a little box of Cascarets Candy Cathartic, as a perfect guardian of the family health. All druggists, 10c., 25c., 50c.

HUSBAND KILLED FOR AIDING LOVERS.

Married Louis Wrote Letters for Single Louis, Who Was Disabled, and His Wife Got One of Them. She Sued for Divorce, He Fled.

It was not easy to understand Mme. Pitrot's attitude toward her niece's wooer, except on the hypothesis that she loved to make her authority felt. She herself, a descendant of Huguenots, had married a Catholic, and was perfectly happy, inasmuch as she had her own way in everything. Yet she would not hear of Rose Schibler accepting the addresses of Louis Lefevre, because he was a Catholic.

CHAPTER I.

She maketh her lord with tyranny so gracious that he feeleth not the want of the breeches.—ABBOTT.

Louis Pitrot stood just as much in awe of his wife, the buxom Stephanie, as Rose Schibler did of her aunt. In all Paterson there was not a more submissive husband than the little silk dyer. His household was an autocracy, in which he and Rose played the part of dutiful subjects. It was a source of great gratification to Mme. Pitrot that she was her niece's guardian, and that the will under which Rose inherited a tidy little fortune denied her the right to marry before the age of eighteen unless with her aunt's approval.

It was under this provision that the silk dyer's wife felt emboldened, a few months ago, to close her doors to Louis Lefevre, and to forbid her niece to speak to that blameless young weaver. Her husband was no less dismayed than Rose herself, for the younger Louis was his firm friend, and at heart he was a matchmaker.

"But, my dear," he protested, "Louis Lefevre has very good habits, and has saved some money. He adores Rose, and she adores him. Ttough she is only seventeen, she is a very sensible girl, and is quite able to make her own choice."

"I am the only person in this house competent to make a choice in any important affair," replied Mme. Pitrot, coldly.

"As for you, you are as much of a child as Rose. Louis Lefevre is a Catholic, and he shall not marry her while I live to prevent it."

"But you forget," stammered Louis, "that I also am a Catholic. And yet you—that, is we-er-you and I, love, are very happy."

"That is because you are an obedient little man. But Rose has not my strength of mind. She would never be able to manage such a husband. So pray, let me hear no more about it."

Chapter II.

He knows little who will tell his wife all he knows.—Fuller.

Pitrot and Rose were as quiet as mice after that, and Madame was an absolutely contented despot. If she had not been so well satisfied with herself it might have occurred to her that her two subjects were suspiciously tranquil, but no suspicion that they would dare to hoodwink her occurred to her until one day a few weeks ago, when she entered the parlor unexpectedly and found Rose thrusting a letter into her bosom while Pitrot stood by looking unspeakably frightened and abashed.

Mme. Pitrot is a woman of action. She bore down on her hapless niece, possessed herself of the letter and read it through. It was in her husband's handwriting. It was signed, "Ever your devoted Louis." It contained little else than protestations of love, entreaties for a secret meeting and rapturous allusions to similar meetings in the past.

Before either Pitrot or Rose had summoned enough composure to utter a word the storm had broken on them, and after that speech on their part was out of the question. Pitrot was driven from the house, choked with the protests and excuses that struggled in vain for utterance. The last words he heard from the lips of his enraged Stephanie were an injunction never to return on pain of forfeiting his life.

Madame next raided her niece's room, and there she discovered a bundle of letters resembling the one she had already seized. She went at once to the office of Joseph A. Bergen, her attorney, and told him to begin a suit for divorce in her name.

As for the homeless Pitrot, he went to his friend, Louis Lefevre, whose right hand had been mangled in a loom, and told him how disastrous had been his engagement as secretary and messenger to a disabled friend. Not daring to return home, he ventured to write to his wife, telling her the whole innocent truth; but she drove the messenger away without so much as opening the letter. And then Louis Pitrot sadly bought a ticket for Havre and sailed away.

Chapter III.

If the end be well, all is well.
—Gesta Romanorum.

There was a reign of terror in the Pitrot household after that. Rose was absolutely cowed. She did not dare to speak. Mme. Pitrot in her wrath was too terrible to face.

It seemed to her that surely her uncle Louis would contrive some means of acquainting his Stephanie with the truth, and she waited on day after day, in that hope. When she herself had ventured to open her lips in explanation, her aunt had said, with an icy precision more alarming than any outburst of passion:

"Rose, do not say a word! Even as it is, I need all my strength to control myself. If you speak, I cannot answer for my actions. Give me time to recover my self-command, my power of thought, and I will try to think what is to become of you in this terrible situation. In the meantime, not one word, as you value your safety!"

And there was such a strange light in her eyes that Rose had shrunk within herself and crept about the house, hardly daring to breathe, wondering whether she would ever see Louis Lefevre again.

It was not easy for Louis to communicate with her, since the exile of the other Louis, but he found a means at last, and they were even able to meet. She told him all her perplexities, all her terrors.

"You must come away," he said. "What does it matter about your fortune? I have a pair of strong arms, and even with one hand disabled I can make enough for us both. When that hand is well again I can save money."

And so it was arranged. Rose slipped away from her aunt's house on Friday, leaving behind her a note in which she told Mme. Pitrot not only that she and Louis Lefevre were going to be married, but also that her uncle had been her sweetheart's amanuensis and ambassador.

She and Louis were married by Justice Keys, and when Madame learned how she had wronged her subjects before losing them, she hastened to embrace the young couple and to stop the divorce suit. And now a letter is on its way across the Atlantic, entreating the exiled Louis to return to his remorseful Stephanie, who vows she will be a despot no more.

WATCH THE NEW

If at first you don't succeed,
Try, Try Again.
—*Old Rhyme.*

GAS GRAB BILL.

A brand new Astoria gas grab bill will probably be introduced at Albany to-night. Assemblyman Mazet has been selected again as sponsor for it in the lower house. To whom it will be intrusted in the Senate has not yet been definitely determined. Senator Raines, it is said, is likely to handle it there.

Under no circumstances, it is declared, will the new bill be placed in the custody of Senator Coggeshall.

Tracy, Boardman & Platt and Elihu Root, the lawyers who represent the Astoria people, charge that Coggeshall buncoed them and their bill in the Committee on Miscellaneous Corporations, of which he is chairman. Coggeshall, on the other hand, asserts that he was buncoed by them. Efforts will be made to have the bill referred to some other committee than that of which Coggeshall is chief, and it is expected that Senator Platt, during his visit to Albany, will seek to have it reported favorably without delay.

The new bill, according to advices which came from the gathering at the Fifth Avenue Hotel yesterday, will be made to apply to the entire State instead of to the city of New York, as did the original measure. Any gas company, whether in New York or Buffalo, can tunnel a river or tear up streets provided it complies with the provisions of the act.

Governor Roosevelt's demand that the new bill shall provide for cheaper gas and the payment of 3 per cent of the company's gross receipts to a municipality, are not included in the measure that was under consideration at the Platt conference yesterday, nor will they be until it is made clear that the bill cannot pass without these provisos.

The Governor has threatened to veto any bill of the kind that does not call for cheaper gas, so it may be that all Tracy, Boardman & Platt and Elihu Root hope for is to make a showing that will warrant collecting fees from their clients. Both Senators Grady and Donnelly declared last night that no new bill can pass the Senate.

The State constabulary scheme, as a substitute for the Roosevelt Single-Headed Police Commission bill, was also considered at yesterday's Sunday-school. The moment it becomes apparent on a test vote that the Roosevelt measure cannot pass, Senator Raines may be expected to move as a substitute the bill already introduced by Senator Davis, of Brooklyn.

Edward Lauterbach pleaded with both the Governor and Senator Platt yesterday that they push the State constabulary plan. The Governor would not listen to the proposition, he assured Mr. Lauterbach, until all hope of the Single-Headed Police Commission bill had to be abandoned. Senator Platt talked it over with Senator Raines and the latter had orders to substitute the Davis bill when the Roosevelt bill is finally ditched.

Governor Roosevelt returned to Albany yesterday afternoon. Before leaving town he saw Seth Low again. Edward Lauterbach called, also, not only on police legislation, but to beseech the Governor to veto any Amsterdam avenue legislation that forces the Third Avenue Railroad off that thoroughfare. All the satisfaction Mr. Lauterbach got from the Governor was that when the bill came to him he would give it "due consideration."

BOLTING SENATORS' ANGER GROWS DURING THE RECESS.

Albany, March 26.—There seems to be no prospect of a readjustment of party lines in the Senate this week, as the three Republican Senators who bolted the caucus action on the Biennial Sessions bill have become more earnest in their protestations of independence because of having been publicly branded as traitors and sneaks on the floor of the Senate by the putative Republican leader, Mr. Ellsworth.

It is plainly hinted by those Senators who oppose the policy of making such measures the subjects of caucus action that if the battle is pressed against Willis, Brackett and Malby their force will be increased during the coming week by the addition of no less a person than Senator Coggeshall, who is already on record this session as having refused to abide by the caucus decision on the Civil Service bill.

Even such strict party measures as the New York police bills are considered to be in jeopardy if a peace is not patched up. It was said to-day that an effort will be made to have a conference early this week, during the time of Mr. Platt's visit to Albany to Governor Roosevelt.

The Senate has now reached the most critical stage of the session so far as political legislation is concerned, and the coming week is likely to witness events quite as sensational as those which characterized the sessions of last week. All the more important political and corporation measures are in a position for consideration.

The fourth and last one of the New York City police bills, Mr. Fallows's Amsterdam avenue bill, Mr. Collier's anti-toxin bill for New York City, the Pure Beer bill of the Health Committee, the Miles five per cent bill and Mr. Roger's bill giving to the State Railroad Commissioners the power to select fenders to be placed on all electric and cable cars throughout the State are the most important measures that the Assembly will be called upon to consider during the week.

Make it a point when renting a furnished room or looking for a boarding-house to consult the Journal's board and room directory—on last page this morning.

M'KINLEY'S TIME OF REST IS OVER.

President and His Wife Leave Thomasville This Afternoon.

IT'S 88 IN THE SHADE THERE

Postmaster-General Charles Emery Smith to Be the Guest of the Hannas.

Thomasville, Ga., March 26.—The President rested the greater part of to-day. He attended church this morning with Miss Mabel and Master Hobart Hanna. He spent the afternoon and early evening in a large wicker rocker on the Hanna porch, content to enjoy what little breeze was stirring. The day was oppressively warm, the thermometer pointing to 88 degrees in the shade at 3 p. m.

Postmaster-General Charles Emery Smith is coming here and he will be the guest of the Hannas. The President and Mrs. McKinley will leave here to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock on a special train.

Vice-President and Mrs. Hobart and Senator Hanna and family will remain here for the present. Senator Hanna says he hopes to have the Vice-President and his family as guests for some time.

It has been suggested by the local paper that as many of the citizens as can make it convenient to do so assemble at the station to-morrow afternoon and bid the President and his wife bon voyage, and that all schools be suspended during the afternoon session so as to give the children, many of whom have not seen the President, an opportunity to do so. The President expressed himself to-day as very well pleased with his stay and says he feels it has done him good.

Ambassador Harris in Vienna.

Vienna, March 26.—Mr. Addison C. Harris, the new United States Ambassador to Austria-Hungary, arrived here to-day.

THEY RIDICULE IT.

Many People Ridicule the Idea of an Absolute Cure for Dyspepsia and Stomach Troubles.

Ridicule, However, Is Not Argument, and Facts Are Stubborn Things.

Stomach troubles are so common, and in most cases so obstinate to cure, that people are apt to look with suspicion on any remedy claiming to be a radical, permanent cure for dyspepsia and indigestion. Many such pride themselves on their acuteness in never being humbugged, especially in medicines.

This fear of being humbugged can be carried too far, so far, in fact, that many people suffer for years with weak digestion rather than risk a little time and money in faithfully testing the claims made of a preparation so reliable and universally used as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Now, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are vastly different in one important respect from ordinary proprietary medicines, for the reason that they are not a secret patent medicine, no secret is made of their ingredients, but analysis shows them to contain the natural digestive ferments, pure aseptic pepsin, the digestive acids, golden seal, bismuth, hydrastis and nux. They are not cathartic, neither do they act powerfully on any organ, but they cure indigestion on the common sense plan of digesting the food eaten thoroughly before it has time to ferment, sour and cause the mischief. This is the only secret of their success.

Cathartic pills never have and never can cure indigestion and stomach troubles, because they act entirely on the bowels, whereas the whole trouble is really in the stomach.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets taken after meals digest the food. That is all there is to it. Food not digested or half digested is poison, as it creates gas, acidity, headaches, palpitation of the heart, loss of flesh and appetite and many other troubles which are often called by some other name.

They are sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents per package. Address F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich., for little book on stomach diseases, sent free.

Tiffany & Co.'s unequalled offering of

STERLING SILVER FORKS and SPOONS

at

$1.00 Per Ounce

has this season been further augmented by a complete revision of prices throughout their entire stock of silver table-ware.

Intending purchasers are invited to acquaint themselves with the extraordinary attractiveness of these products.

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