ROMANCE IN THE NEWS.

POLICE AID WERKESSY.

Lizzie Farkos Nurses Her Wounded Betrayer.

FARKOS FELLS WERKESSY.

Joseph Farkos, eighteen years old, living in the Hungarian colony near Sayersville, Middlesex County, N. J., is again a prisoner in the New Brunswick jail, charged with a murderous assault upon Louis Herwessy, another Hungarian. Young Farkos, early in October, nearly killed Herwessy with a car coupling pin, because Herwessy had betrayed and deserted Lizzie Farkos, Joseph's sister. Lizzie nursed Herwessy through his illness, and died the day he left his sick chamber. Joseph was locked up immediately after the assault, but escaped from his keeper when he was permitted to attend his sister's funeral. He was recaptured last Wednesday night. Agnes Kapchus, for whom Herwessy deserted Lizzie Farkos, is now an imbecile.

Joseph Farkos is the youthful hero of this romance of real life. Lizzie, the sister whom he avenged, is dead, a willing sacrifice to the man who wronged her. Louis Herwessy, the Lothario whom she nursed back to life, is as strong and handsome as ever, and as free to beguile the young girls of his acquaintance. Agnes Kapchus, for whom he deserted Lizzie Farkos, and who attempted to destroy herself when she received the false news that her lover was dead, is bereft of her reason.

All the characters are Hungarians, not quite [illegible] lowest class, for they were employed in the handkerchief factory of Herman Aukam & Co., at South River, N. J., at tasks requiring more intelligence and bespeaking more refinement than is to be found among the mass of Hungarian laborers.

This factory is across the little river from Sayersville, a village connected by half a dozen miles of trolley road with New Brunswick. The bank of the river at the outskirts of the town is densely wooded. In the edge of this wood are located the cottages of many of the factory employes. The humble home of the Farkos family is there.

At the beginning of the Summer the Farkos family numbered six—mother and father, two small children, Joseph, aged eighteen, and Lizzie, a pretty girl, frailer and fairer than most maidens of her race, who was approaching her sixteenth year. Joseph was the physical antithesis of his sister, thick set, powerful and determined. He was her champion always.

Lizzie had only recently made her debut in the society of her compatriots in Sayersville. It was at a dance, and before the dance was over she was a recognized belle. The attentions of Herwessy, the Lothario, elevated her to that position as surely as the notice of the Prince of Wales determines the social status of a young woman at the British capital. Joseph, the watchful brother, was at the dance. He noticed the attentions of Herwessy and frowned, but held his peace for the time being.

Almost immediately Herwessy became a caler at the home of the Farkoses in the edge of the woods at Sayersville. He paid ardant court to Lizzie. He was tall and handsome and dashing. Lizzie was enraptured. Joseph warned her in the vague terms which a brother uses in speaking of such matters to his young sister. Lizzie only laughed, and was more amiable than ever to her dashing young lover. Then Joseph urged their parents to exert their authority.

"Louis Herwessy is a bad man," he said. "Will you let him break your daughter's heart?"

"That is true," said the father. "It runs in his family."

"It is the gossip of all the neighbors," said the mother. "Louis's father deserted his wife and young children, who may now be starving in Hungary. It is in the blood. We must speak to Lizzie about it."

And so they did. But Lizzie only laughed.

At length it was noticed that Lizzie was laughing no longer. Instead of laughing she wept.

"What is the trouble, my sister?" asked Joseph tenderly one day.

Then Lizzie confessed that the Lothario had turned his back upon her.

"Ah, so soon?" said Joseph.

And then he remembered that only the day before he had heard a companion remark that Louis Herwessy had been seen walking in the woods with Agnes Kapchus.

Joseph wasted no time in arguing the matter with his parents. He went out in the evening and sought for Herwessy. This was on the night of August 8. He had not far to go. He came upon the betrayer in front of the railway station at Sayersville. It was quite dark, but he knew Herwessy instantly by his height, and by his gallant attitude toward the girl who stood beside the railway tracks with him. Joseph drew nearer and saw that the girl was Agnes Kapchus. Then he came quite close to the couple, and in a few determined words demanded that Herwessy do what was right and manly by his sister.

"I do as I please," said the Lothario, and Joseph could see that Agnes Kapchus smiled.

In passing the end of the station platform Joseph had instinctively picked up an iron coupling pin which he felt under his foot. He now held it in his hand, and as Herwessy uttered his insolent reply Joseph's grip tightened on the weapon. He drew still nearer to the betrayer and repeated his demand.

"You annoy me," said Herwessy, arrogantly, in his native tongue. "Go away, you are not wanted here."

Then Joseph raised the iron pin swiftly and brought it down with all his strength upon the head of his enemy, whose body fell limply across the iron rails.

Joseph turned and fled. But the shrieks of Agnes Kapchus brought help which happened to be near. Among those who were first on the scene was a police officer of the town, who caught Joseph as he was escaping, and held him while Agnes told of the assault, and the other lifted Herwessy's apparently lifeless form from the tracks.

Agnes Kapchus was led to the jail, lamenting, beside him whom she believed to be the murderer of her lover. They explained to her that she was wanted as a witness, but she could not understand why they should lock her up. She became hysterical. When the news came, some hours later, however, that Herwessy was not dead, her joy gave her command of her nerves once more and she was resigned to any amount of suffering that would enable her to assist in bringing her lover's attempted slayer to his just punishment.

Still, a few hours later, the blight of Herwessy's attentions fell full upon Agnes Kapchus. A messenger brought the false news that Joseph's victim was dead. Agnes swooned. When she regained consciousness she acted so strangely that her companions in the jail could not forbear watching her. This was well, for in the middle of the night they gave the alarm which brought an attendant in time to cut the cord with which Agnes had hanged herself, before she had ceased to breathe. But still the Lothario's blight was upon her.

Agnes Kapchus had lost her reason.

The limp form of Louis Kerwessy was carried to the cottage in the edge of the woods where he boarded. Here he came slowly back to consciousness, but with the chances against his recovery. His skull was fractured and he soon lapsed into delirium.

The cottage where he boarded stands at quite a distance from that occupied by the Farkoses, which is also half hidden in the edge of the wood.

When they told Lizzie Farkos that her brother, Joseph, had avenged her wrongs, that her betrayer lay on his poor bed in a comfortless room among strangers at the point of death, she ceased weeping and sat deathly pale for an hour by the window that looked toward the cottage where her recreant lover lay. Then she rose, placed a bright-colored shawl, such as Hungarian women wear, about her shoulders, and made as though to leave the cottage.

"Where are you going?" said her mother.

"I am going out for a walk."

"It is not yet sunrise. The air is damp. You are not strong. You must not go out at this hour."

But Lizzie opened the cottage door without replying.

"My daughter," called her mother after her, "you are deceiving me. You are going to that bad man. Have you no pride? Leave him to your brother's vengeance and to God."

Lizzie Farkos did not hear the last words. Closing the cottage door she sought the path that skirts the wood, and followed it swiftly for nearly a mile. The morning dew fell upon her frail shoulders as she brushed aside the branches that almost overarched the path. She shivered and drew the light shawl closer about her shoulders, for the moisture chilled her to the bone.

When the sun rose she was kneeling beside the bed of her betrayer. His head was swathed in white bandages. He tossed in delirium, recognizing no one. The sight of his helplessness seemed to give the weak girl strength. She brushed aside the strangers who were attending him and took upon herself the duties of nurse. Never was a nurse more thoughtful and tender. All her sense of wrongs received was swallowed up in a wave of love and pity. Others in the cottage, knowing the girl's sad story, stood apart and whispered together.

Lizzie went home in the afternoon and slept for an hour. She rose at dusk, with a bright red spot on either cheek, and again wrapped the light shawl about her shoulders. She barely tasted a mouthful of supper, and was leaving the cottage when her mother called to her roughly:

"Fool! If you will kill yourself for the wretch who wronged you, so be it."

Then her father rose from the table and tried to detain her, warning her against the fatigue of the task she had taken upon herself and of the damp air of the evening.

But the girl made no answer. Alone in the gathering darkness she ran along the path at the edge of the wood and came, breathless and chill, again to the bedside of her betrayer.

Louis had come out of his delirium and recognized her. He shrugged his shoulders. But Lizzie was happy. She felt that she could claim the joy of having saved his life.

Day after day, while Louis still lay helpless on his bed, the girl gave her health and strength to the duties of nurse to the man she loved. Each day the red spots on her cheeks grew deeper. This was partly because of her exposure to the damp night air and the fatigue resulting from her vigils, but more because of the knowledge that all Louis's thoughts were not of her, but for Agnes Kapchus.

How could he look kindly upon his unselfish and loving nurse, the sister of the man who had laid him low, while Agnes languished behind prison bars? He did not try to do so. Once he taunted Lizzie brutally on the disgrace of her position as the slave of the man who had discarded her.

Louis was almost well then. Lizzie, who had hardly been able to crawl to his bedside that day, rose and left the cottage silently. She was hours returning home, where she fell upon her bed in a faint.

"Ah, I told you how it would be," said her mother. "Have you no pride?"

Lizzie Farkos did not rise from her bed again. On the following day Louis was able to dress and go out. On the day a[illegible] that they told him that Lizzie Farkos w[illegible] dead.

Louis shrugged his shoulders.

As soon as it was known that Louis Herwessy had recovered, Agnes Kapchus was released. Being demented, she was no longer of use as a witness anyway. She went home and seemed to have forgotten that such a person as her lover existed.

But at this Louis only shrugged his shoulders again. Were there not other young girls?

When Joseph heard that his sister was dead he was plunged in grief. He begged to be allowed to go to the funeral. The factory owners sent to the jail asking that the young man be given one day's liberty for a last look at his sister's face. So, with the town constable, Joseph went to the cottage in the edge of the wood, where all the factory people were gathered, for now, that Lizzie Farkos was dead, they saw that she was a martyr to that which is dearest to woman—the love of man.

Louis Herwessy was not at the funeral. Joseph remarked upon this, and grew sullen. He told one of his companions that it was strange that a man for whom a girl had sacrificed her life should not pay her memory the respect of his presence at her funeral.

Suddenly Joseph was seized with a fit of coughing. He rushed into the kitchen as though for a drink of water. The constable followed as a matter of form, having no idea that the youth thought of escape. The kitchen was on the side of the cottage next the wood, which came quite to the door. Joseph suddenly seized coughing, opened the outer door of the kitchen, slipped out and slammed and locked it in the face of the constable. Before the officer could leave the cottage by the other door Joseph had disappeared in the wood.

The escape was ill news for Louis Herwessy. He turned pale when he heard it, and for several days ventured only a few steps from the door of the cottage where he boarded. But as nothing was heard of his enemy, Louis's fears were presently quieted, and he went about his customary duties and pleasures.

Soon the factory girls, forgetting the fate of poor Lizzie Farkos, began to prize as highly as ever the attentions of this village Adonis.

Joseph had been misjudged. Fully realizing that his sister's troubles were ended forever he thought no more of vengeance. Young, strong and full-blooded, all he wanted was his liberty. But he could not remain many months away from his companions. A few days ago he appeared mong them, and was rearrested and returned to the New Brunswick Jail.

Last night he stood clutching the iron bars of his cell and cerrified the material details of this history.

"My dear sister is dead now," he said. "Louis Herwessy may go his way. I shall not harm him."

ROBBERS IN WILLIAMSBRIDGE.

Police Unable to Trace the Thieves and Residents Are Arming Themselves.

Burglars are again terrorizing the residents of Williamsbridge. Between last Wednesday night and Thursday morning Mrs. Praeger's house, at Fourth street and Fourth avenue; Paul C. Peterson's, No. 86 Fourth street, and Charles Butler's, on Pleasan avenue, were entered and robbed.

Mr. Butler shot at his burglar, but the fellow got away unhurt. Mrs. Praeger's jewel box, containing several hundred dollars worth of jewelry, was stolen. Mr. Peterson lost some money and valuables.

The police have been unable to trace the robbers, and the residents are arming themselves.

Boy Not Wild, Only Dumb.

The "wild boy," who was found Thursday afternoon by Officer Sweet, of the Highbridge Station, at Jerome avenue and One Hundred and Sixty-ninth street, was yesterday morning identified at the Bellevue Hospital by his father, August Willstein, a brewer, living at No. 1547 Washington avenue. The boy's parents refused to allow him to be sent to any institution, and were permitted to take him home with them. The boy is unable to say anything but "Papa" and "Mamma," and has run away from home several times.

PLATT CAUGHT A TARTAR IN BLACK.

The Two May Soon Be at War, for the Governor-Elect Is Balky.

Platt: "I'd Like General McAlpin Reappointed; Also George W. Aldridge."

Black (Coolly): "Um-m-m! Well, I'll Think It Over"—He Went Away, and Platt Nearly Fainted.

LOU PAYN HOLDS THE TRUMP CARDS.

He Is Strong with the Governor-Elect, and They Might Run the Machine—How the Political Chess Board Looks at the Opening.

"He said he'd think it over!"

As Mr. Platt spoke these words, surprise, pain and all sorts of emotions were depicted on his face. It was immediately after Governor-elect Black had left him, while on his recent visit to New York.

Mr. Platt had just outlined the machine's ideas of what the prospective Governor's course in office giving should be. He had explained that the organization expected Mr. Black to reappoint Adjutant-General McAlpin, to reappoint George W. Aldridge as Superintendent of Public Works, and to do many other things.

Mr. Platt took a copious draught from the seltzer siphon, mastered his feelings and remarked: "Whew!"

Never was anything so irregular, so ungrateful, so atrocious. Mr. Platt was tottering under the revelation. Mr. Hackett, Mr. Reed, Mr. Odell, Mr. Aldridge and Mr. Lauterbach mopped their brows.

Black a Tartar.

Mr. Platt has caught a tartar in Governor-elect Black. A slender, wiry, prejudiced and independent New Englander, Mr. Black feels that he owes Mr. Platt nothing, is responsible for his own acts, and the purposes to do what he pleases.

Unless peace is agreed to, Messrs. Platt and Black will be violent political enemies within three months.

Mr. Platt wants Adjutant-General McAlpin reappointed, because he has been an enthusiastic national guardsman; because he is wealthy and a good campaign contributor; because not very long ago he paid a debt of $15,000 incurred by the Republican State League. It is true that there is opposition to the General in the National Guard, particularly in the Naval Reserve and from the friends of General McLewee. It is also true that General McAlpin was a candidate for the Vice-Presidential nomination before Governor Morton was officially disposed of, but the General pleads that Platt never intended Morton's candidacy seriously, and that he was justified in trying to get the Vice-Presidential nomination when it was clear to all that McKinley would be nominated. So the General was forgiven and decided upon by Mr. Platt as the organization's candidate for Adjutant-General.

Has a Candidate of His Own.

But Mr. Black has a candidate of his own—C. Whitney Tillinghast, of Troy. The Trojan has only Mr. Black's backing, but that promises to be sufficient.

Mr. Aldridge is popular with the organization and was a conspicuous candidate for the Gubernatorial nomination. But he is a "practical politician," has laughed at civil service rules, and has conducted his department with utter disregard to the wishes of the reformers.

Mr. Platt opposed Aldridge's Gubernatorial nomination because he knew that Aldridge was the only man competent to wrest the leadership from him. He knows that Mr. Aldridge can do much to smash the machine if he is too seriously affronted.

If Mr. Aldridge is "turned down" there will be chaos, for a while at least.

Is Ambitious, Too.

Mr. Black has political ambitions. He thinks a record for independence will be better in the end, particularly if he can build up a machine of his own.

Mr. Platt completely misunderstood Mr. Black when he permitted him to be nominated. "Lou" Payn engineered it, and Mr. Platt, angered and disgusted at the objection to his own nomination, made by Senator Raines, Mr. Barnes and other distinguished reformers, consented to Black's nomination. He preferred Odell, and the morning of the nomination Odell was decided upon in conference. Mr. Odell unfortunately left the room and wired his wife that he would be nominated within a half hour.

Mr. Payn slipped out, and in a few minutes returned with the statement that Mr. Aldridge would not retire in favor of Odell, but would do so if Black were the leaders' choice. Mr. Black was then selected and Mr. Odell was sandbagged, with a look of surprise on his face.

Subsequently it was rumored that Payn had not correctly reported Mr. Aldridge, but the latter philosophically took his medicine, and expected to be reappointed Superintendent of Public Works as reparation. Black owes allegiance to just one man—Payn—but in view of Mr. Payn's position as a promoter of legislation it is impossible to say how long Mr. Black will stand by him. Payn, by virtue of his influence with Black, is to-day practically the leader of the State organization. He is friendly with Mr. Platt at present, but might cool if a war separated Platt and Black.

They Might Run the Machine.

It is entirely possible that before long Payn and Black may run the machine, for there was never such an opportunity.

Much of Platt's strength has come from the fact that Governor Morton recognized his claims to leadership, and, with few exceptions, appointed his selections for office.

With Black building up his own machine Platt would rapidly lose some influence. If the national administration should refuse to let him distribute the Federal patronage he would lose more influence. If a rupture between Platt and Black should occur Mr. Platt might even be prevented from going to the Senate. The Democrats and anti-Platt legislators could form a combination and Mr. Black could whip into line scores of legislators who desire Executive approval for their measures.

Mr. Platt will avoid a break, if possible. This leader's most famous proverb is: "Always indorse the inevitable." So, in the event of Tillinghast being appointed Adjutant-General, a score of Platt press agents will whisper loudly that Mr. Platt was always for Tillinghast and never did care for McAlpin.

Mr. Platt has a candidate for Governor's private secretary, and Mr. Black has for a candidate James Griffiths, of Troy. If Griffiths is appointed Mr. Platt will smile approvingly.

Different if Aldridge Loses.

If Mr. Aldridge should be rejected, Mr. Platt would like to pursue the same course, but the Czar Mr. Aldridge could and would raise would probably force Platt to break with Black. Much depends upon his appointment or rejection. Again it is the Black realizes that A[illegible] could, power, do much to oppose him as well as Platt. This will not help his chances.

Mr. Platt purposes to buttress himself with Payn. The Platt organ declared yesterday that Mr. Payn would be appointed Insurance Commissioner—a desirable place, not so much because it pays $7,000 a year as because it carries with it power.

Mr. Platt boosts Payn for this place because he wants Payn's friendly offices with the Governor, in the first place, and, second, because if Black appoints Payn the reformers will rave at the selection and become estranged from Black, who otherwise would have the moral support of Republicans generally.

Mr. Black, however, appreciates the result if he chose Payn for a place not designed for an admitted lobbyist. Mr. Payn earns at least $50,000 a year at promoting legislation, and it is unlikely he would abandon this lucrative business. Neither is it likely he would embarrass Black's administration at the outset by taking the place for which Platt urges him.

Question of Money, Too.

Aside from the retention of power which a control over the Governor gives Platt, there is the question of money. During the last session of the Legislature the firm of Tracy, Boardman & Platt did much legal work in Albany. So uniformly was the firm sucessful in its advocacy of pending measures that the impression soon prevailed that this firm was the only one to employ. Mr. Lauterbach, of Hoadly, Lauterbach & Johnson, had several measures in charge, but all of Mr. Lauterbach's projects went glimmering. The fees received by young Mr. Platt's firm last year are said to have aggregated $150,000.

While Tracy, Boardman & Platt transacted a business entirely legal, the belief of less successful lawyers was that the fact that young Mr. Platt is a member of the firm gave it a distinct advantage. Many Republican legislators thought this peculiar blending of political influence with professional business a reflection upon the organization.

Nevertheless, the prospects are that Tracy, Boardman & Platt will have even greater interests to conserve this year, and the rumor was afloat yesterday that a branch office of the firm would be established in Albany this Winter.

It is therefore readily seen how significant Mr. Black's attitude is and how desirous Mr. Platt is of preventing the threatened rupture. But Black is in a state of delightful independence, with every reason for refusing to be the tool of the "machine"—which means Platt. Mr. Black's movements will have the undivided attention of the politicians for some time.

THIEF SCARED BY HIS BOOTY.

Valise with $3,000 Worth of Jewelry in It Was More Than He Could Manage.

Columbus, Ohio, Nov. 20.—The valise containing $3,000 worth of jewelry, which was stolen from Mr. Klipper, a New York travelling man, at the Union Depot last night, was found to-day by the police on the stairway of a business block. Its contents were intact.

The police theory is that the grip was stolen by a petty thief, who bagged larger game than he could manage with safety, and decided to leave it on the stairway to get rid of it.

Klipper is employed by the wholesale importing house of Hipp, Didisheim & Bro., of No. 83 Nassau street, New York City.

ENGLISH CAPITAL SEEKS INVESTMENT.

King, the well-known clothier, corner of Broadway and Park place, has been approached within the past few days by the representatives of an English syndicate, who have the purchase of King's entire plant under consideration. This will include stock, factory, good will and fixtures. One million dollars is named as the consideration. H. & M. King are the largest retailers in New York and other cities. Kings say they prefer to sell at retail direct to the people, and for to-day offer 4,000 men's fine blue and black kersey overcoats, many silk and satin lined, at $6.80, worth $18. H. & M. King, corner Broadway and Park place, opposite the Post Office.—Advt.

ROSE COGHLAN DEAR TO ALL THE STAGE.

Tribute to the Noted Actress from the Managers and Players.

Distinguished Citizens Unite with the Profession to Honor Her.

Grand Benefit to Be Given at Some New York Theatre Early in December.

THE INVITATION AND HER REPLY.

Operatic Stars, Tragedians, Comedians, Vaudeville Artists and Every Variety of Theatrical Folk to Take Part.

Miss Rose Coghlan's friends have arranged to tender her a benefit performance next month, as an evidence of their regard for her, and their appreciation of the excellent work she has done on the American stage.

They hope to realize at least $5,000, for the entertainment will probably be the largest and most notable of the kind given in New York in years.

It will include everything from grand opera to farce comedy, and will be under the direction of Charles Frohman, who has already received the assurance of the hearty co-operation of all the well-known theatrical managers in the city. Requests have also been received from many of the most prominent actors to place their names on the progarmme, for Miss Coghlan is very popular, and the fact that her generosity and the expensive plays she has produced have told upon her finances, has brought them at once to her assistance. On Thursday the following letter was sent to her:

Miss Rose Coghlan—Keenly realizing, as we do, the valuable services that you have at all times rendered the cause of the highest and most dignified things in our drama, we beg to address you concerning a matter in which we ask your kind acquiescence. In a time when the banner of the most conscientiously artistic has not always led to material victory, your efforts have constantly been directed at giving to our stage impersonations that deserve to go into history with the most distinguished performances of our time. As some slight appreciation of these gifts, in the name of the art-loving public of New York and America, we desire permission from your good self to tender you some day early in December a testimonial, in which many artists, celebrated the world over, have signified their eagerness to participate.

The letter was signed by Chauncey M. Depew, Mayor Strong, A. McKinley, Charles Delmonico, William Purcell, Charles Frohman, Maurice Grau, Al Hayman, John B. Schoeffel, Frank W. Sanger, Daniel Frohman, Klaw & Erlanger, Rich & Harris, Evans & Mann, Hoyt & McKee, A. A. McCormick and Albert Blai.

Miss Coghlan's reply reads as follows:

Gentlemen—Answering your favor of the 19th, I may say that the receipt of it and my recognition of the noble intentions that inspired it have moved me more deeply than I can say. However much I might be opposed to such a procedure in the abstract, my belief in the genuineness of the feelings that have prompted your request makes it impossible for me to do other than accept. In the name of the Art of Acting, so dear to us all, I desire to express my thanks and to remain, sincerely yours,

ROSE COGHLAN.

The entertainment will take the form of a grand matinee, and will be given in one of the largest theatres in the city.

Mr. Charles Frohman, at the Empire Theatre, has consented to accept orders for seats at the benefit.

DISAGREEING JURY REBUKED.

Judge Cowing Declares He Doesn't See How They Could Fail to Convict Braun.

The jurors in the case of Charles Braun, charged in Part III., General Sessions, with violation of the liquor law, received a rebuke yesterday from Judge Cowing which caused their ears to tingle. After having been out more than two hours the foreman had announced that they could not reach an agreement. Judge Cowing gazed long at the twelve men with a look of mingled disgust and indignation, and then said:

"How any men of good common sense, after hearing the evidence in the case, could fail to convict, I don't understand. Of course, if jurors want to disregard their oaths, they can refuse to obey the dictates of their own consciences. What is the use of submitting evidence in a court of justice if it is to be disregarded?"

Braun, who had been a barkeeper for Albert Michteldt, at No. 443 East Twelfth street, was arrested on August 9, charged with selling Policeman Foster, of the Fourteenth Precinct, four glasses of beer on a Sunday morning. He paid twenty cents for the beer, and, according to his testimony, sandwiches were given away with the drinks. Judge Cowing said that Braun and Michteldt had admitted, while on the stand, that they had violated the law.

Assistant-District Attorney O'Hare moved that Policeman Foster be directed to go before the Grand Jury at once and submit what evidence he had against Michteldt that the proprietor might be indicted. Judge Cowing directed Foster to do this.

CRAIGHILL MAY SOON RETIRE.

Cleveland Is Said to Be Desirous of Promoting Colonel John M. Wilson.

Washington, Nov. 20.—It is strongly intimated around the War Department that General William P. Craighill, Chief of Engineers, will ask to be retired early in January. In the ordinary course of events General Craighill would not be eligible for retirement until next June. It is understood that the haste in his retirement is due to a scheme for the promotion to Chief of Engineers of Colonel John M. Wilson, at present in charge of public buildings and grounds.

Colonel Wilson is one of the ablest and most popular officers in the army. He is on particularly friendly terms with President Cleveland, who is credited with a desire to see him made Brigadier-General before March 4. Colonel Henry M. Robert is the only Colonel in the engineer corps who outranks Colonel Wilson, but despite the former's distinguished services, it is understood to be the President's purpose, if given the opportunity, to pass Colonel Wilson over his head.

Mrs. Becker Gives Herself Up.

Caroline Becker, the midwife charged with having caused the death of Harriet Wiegand and for whom the police have been looking since September 26, surrendered herself yesterday to Coroner Fitzpatrick. She came to the Coroners' office accompanied by her counsel, Joe Moss, and Andrew Lorentzen, of No. 468 East One Hundred and Fifty-second street. Coroner Fitzpatrick held her under $5,000 bail to await the action of the Grand Jury. Lorentzen signed her bond, and she was released.

Miss Wiegand, the girl for whose death the Becker woman is charged with being responsible, died in the house of Mrs. Becker at No. 622 East One Hundred and Forty-second street. Henry Bode, the young man charged with being an accessory to the crime, is still at large.

The chief dependence of those liable to sudden colds is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.—Advt.

THEIR FATE IN DOUBT.

Jury in the Case of the Alleged Filibusters Had Not Agreed at a Late Hour.

The case of the United States against the alleged filibusters, Colonel Emilio Nunez and Captain Charles B. Dickman, was given to the jury yesterday afternoon at 3:25 o'clock. At 10 o'clock last night the jury had failed to come to an agreement. It was then announced that the result of their deliberations would be left sealed for Judge Brown and would not be made known until to-day.

The court was crowded to the doors when General Tracy began to sum up for the defence yesterday morning. Prominent members of the Cuban Junta and well-known sympathizers with the patriots in Cuba occupied seats in front and kept them until the case was given to the jury.

General Tracy followed the same line of argument as when he formally asked for the discharge of the prisoners on Thursday afternoon. He contended that there was not a bit of proof that any filibustering expedition had been started on the Laurada, or, if even there had been such proof, that there was no proof that the prisoners were connected with it.

District-Attorney Macfarlane summed up for the prosecution, and after recess Judge Brown charged the jury. It was an unusually long charge for Judge Brown to make, and was considered favorable to the prisoners.

HOME, BY WAY OF THE RIVER.

Wickland Bid Defiance to Policeman Devery and Started to Swim to Hoboken.

Alexander Wickland tried to swim the North River on Thursday night. Wickland is a sturdy fellow, thirty years old, a deckhand on a steamer of the Atlas Line. He was very tipsy and got into a fight with longshoremen at the foot of West Houston street. Policeman Devery, of the Macdougal Street Station, chased him to the end of the pier, and, without a moment's hesitation, Wickland plunged into the river. The water was cold and the deckhand directed the policeman to a place much hotter.

Some one threw a rope to Wickland, who shouted: "T'ell wid ye all. I'm goin' home," and struck out for the Jersey shore. He lives at No. 230 Adams street, Hoboken. The current caught him and carried him down the river. Devery and others jumped on a scow, moored by a long painter, and swung the craft so as to intercept Wickland, who made frantic efforts to swim out of the way.

Devery finally grabbed a boat hook and caught the man by his clothes, which were rent. Again and again Wickland broke away from the boat hook, each time at the sacrifice of a part of his clothing, but at last he was so chilled by the water and so exhausted by his struggles that he was carried alongside the scow. Devery seized him and pulled him out—or in.

Wickland was very penitent in the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday. He was fined $5. He will also have to buy a new suit of clothes and medicine for bronchitis.

CLEVELAND BLOCK IN ASHES.

Fire, Caused by an Explosion of Furnace Gas, Destroys a Big Store.

Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 20.—A big Superior street block, owned by ex-Congressman R. C. Parsons and occupied by W. H. Luckemeyer & Sons, wholesale hardware was destroyed by fire this morning. The building, valued at $75,000, and stock, valued at $100,000, were both total losses. Both were insured.

One of the members of the firm and two employes were burned about the faces and hands before they could escape from the burning building. The fire was caused by an explosion of furnace gas.

SOCIETY AN ALLY OF MEDICAL SKILL.

Wealthy and Fashionable Women Aid in the Cure of Consumption.

Will Manage the Loomis Sanitarium, Just Dedicated by Bishop Potter.

Institution Is Perched on the Health-Bringing Hills of Sullivan County.

ALREADY CROWDED WITH PATIENTS

J. Pierpont Morgan a Benefactor, but There Are So Many Applications for Admission That Aid Is Needed.

Bishop Potter yesterday dedicated the Loomis Sanitarium for Consumptives, near Liberty, Sullivan County, N. Y. The Bishop was assisted in the simple ceremonies by Rev. Dr. Bridgman, of Holy Trinity Church, and Rev. Dr. Mottet, of the Church of the Holy Communion, of this city. The clergymen and the guests of the occasion left New York at 10 a. m. on a special train provided by J. Pierpont Morgan and Chauncey M. Depew, and arrived in this city again at 6 p. m.

On the train were Mrs. Richard Irwin, president of the Board of Managers of the sanitarium; Mrs. Chapman, vice-president; Mrs. William Chanler Casey, secretary; Mrs. Alfred L. Loomis, treasurer; Mrs. J. H. Aldrich, Mrs. James Lent Barclay, Mrs. George H. Bend, Mrs. H. Mortimer Brooks, Mrs. John N. Beekman, Mrs. Coppenhagen, Mrs. William C. Whitney, Miss E. V. Cockroft, Mrs. Frederick Goodridge, Mrs. Huntington, Mrs. John A. Lowery, Mrs. George Lewis, Mrs. John D. Prince, Mrs. Robert Waller, Mrs. Ferdinand Wilmerding, Mrs. Robert Winthrop, Dr. H. P. Loomis, Dr. C. E. Quimby, and other well-known women and men who are interested in the admirable institution.

The purpose of the sanitarium is to benefit those in the first stages of consumption, for it is well known that a few months' residence in a suitable climate, under favorable hygienic circumstances, will arrest the disease.

The sanitarium is the outgrowth of the hospital established by the late Dr. A. L. Loomis at No. 230 West Thirty-eighth street. An organization was formed a year ago, and the Board of Managers bought 150 acres of land in the mountains of Sullivan County. The sanitarium was opened for patients in June last. It consists of an administration building of stone 200 feet long and three stories high, the gift of J. Pierpont Morgan; a casino for the recreation of the patients, built by Mrs. George Lewis, and four one-story cottages, one given by William D. Sloane, and another by Dr. Richard Irwin.

The location of these buildings is especially favorable. They are at an elevation of 2,200 feet above sea level, have a southern exposure, and command a beautiful view. They are accessible to persons of moderate means. The demand for accommodation has already been so great as to necessitate the use of wards intended for emergency cases. Bedrooms have been arranged even in the casino.

The managers say more cottages are urgently needed, as applications for admission are daily received. A cottage costs between $4,000 to $5,000. Five thousand dollars will endow a bed in perpetuity, and $250 will support a bed for one year.