

NO CHANCE FOR MR. JAGGER.

How a Bashful Groom Fooled the Village of Orient, Long Island.

GOT MARRIED ON THE SLY.

While the Jokers Slumbered He Wedded Miss Tabor and Flew to Brooklyn.

MUSICIANS QUITE DISGUSTED.

They Had a Horse Fiddle Built for the Occasion, but the Strategic Benedict Cleverly Escaped the Demonstration.

For once the practical jokers of Orient, L. I., have missed that joyous thrill usually attending weddings in the village. Wallace E. Jagger got married on the sly, and slipped away without giving his enthusiastic fellow citizens an opportunity to charivari him.

None but a few intimates knew of the intended marriage of the diffident Mr. Jagger, who does not like public demonstrations in his honor. He dreaded the rasping, soul-torturing charivari worse than anything else on earth. So did Miss Emma Tabor, who might have shared the concert with Mr. Jagger had not diplomacy of the gift edged order been observed.

The Rev. David McMullen, sworn to secrecy, followed Mr. Jagger and Miss Tabor. A very few friends of each family, bound by oath, were present, and the knot was tied without the knowledge of a single village not in the secret.

Early in the morning, Mr. Jagger, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Jagger, escaped to Brooklyn on their honeymoon, and now Orient is wondering how the groom could possibly be so clever. A horse fiddle had been expressly built for the occasion. It consisted of a large dry goods box open at the top with the edges reduced. Two by four inch scantling, also reamed and drawn across the box in the stilly night, produces a rumble sufficient to shake houses down and awaken the dogs in town.

LITTLE WILLIE IS A HERO.

Saved a Boy Companion from Death Under a Trolley Car on a Brooklyn Street.

Willie MacArthur is only twelve years old, but he has proved himself a hero in a great emergency. Grammar School No. 3 had just been dismissed for the noon recess yesterday, and the scholars were going to their homes for luncheon when some of the boys discovered that Bedford avenue, between Jefferson and Putnam avenues, was slippery, and they made a slide. It was a long one, extending from street to street, and probably fifty boys enjoyed the sport of sliding at the expense of their shoes and at the risk of colliding with the Putnam avenue trolley cars at the far corner.

In long lines the children, without accident, until Johnny W. Monroe, of No. 435 Hancock street, tumbled level over head in front of a moving trolley car. Willie, whose home is at No. 441 Madison street, was just behind him, but he kept on his feet. He saw Johnny's peril and was quick to act.

NEW TRIAL FOR DOM PEDRO.

He Was Convicted of Aiding an Alleged Thief to Escape.

Justice Gaynor, of the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, granted a certificate of reasonable doubt yesterday in the case of Dom Pedro, who was convicted in the County Court couple of weeks ago of being accessory to a felony. The man was sentenced to three years and six months in the penitentiary.

SAYS TEACHERS BEAT HIM.

Board of Education to Investigate a Case of Alleged Brutality at Jamaica.

Charges of ill-treating a pupil have been made against two teachers in Public School No. 4, in Jamaica, L. I., and are now being investigated by the Board of Education of that village. The two teachers are Miss White and Mrs. Potter, the latter being the charge against the school.

Town Clerk Robinson Resigns.

It became known in Long Island City yesterday that Norman Robinson, town clerk of Newtown, had secured his connection with the office of Treasurer Phillips, of Queens County, where he has served as a \$1,200 clerk since January 1. Mr. Robinson says the office did not suit him.

PROMISES OF REFORM BROKEN.

Byrnes Unable to Resist the Charms of Pretty Miss Wheeler.

WIFE DECIDED ON DIVORCE.

Then He Pleaded with Her to Postpone the Suit for One Week.

SHE GAVE HIM ANOTHER CHANCE.

Three Days Later He Went Away with the Young Woman—Mrs. Byrnes Now Has Her Divorce—Rockaway Romance.

Rockaway Beach, L. I., Jan. 15.—It became known here to-night that Mrs. Mary Byrnes, the wife of Perry Byrnes, proprietor of the Albemarle Hotel, at this place, secured a divorce from her husband in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, before Justice Gagner, a few days ago.

The divorce is the sequel of an attack made in the Albemarle Hotel last Summer by Helen Wheeler, who gave up the friendship of a prominent Brooklyn politician to follow the fortunes of Byrnes. Miss Wheeler was the co-respondent in the divorce case. She is a brunette, of petite figure. She dresses in the height of fashion and was a prominent figure at race tracks and other gatherings of sporting men.

The Albemarle Hotel is the headquarters of sporting men during the Summer, and it was not long before Miss Wheeler ingratiated herself into the good graces of the regular patrons of the place. Through the intercession of a mutual friend, Byrnes made one effort to break away from the young woman. The effort lasted four days.

Wheeler throwing several buckets through the plate glass windows of the hotel barroom. This was several months ago. She followed up the first attack by entering the hotel dining room and turning everything topsy turvy. Byrnes was absent at the time and nobody dared interfere with her. Mrs. Byrnes's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bremen, who conduct a hotel at Rockaway Park, heard of the affair, and as a result there was the biggest kind of a row in the Byrnes household.

Mrs. Byrnes asked for no alimony. She is now living with her parents at Rockaway Park.

SOUTH BAY HERMIT DEAD.

Chichester Lived Alone in a Hole in the Sand on Oak Island for Forty-five Years.

Amityville, L. I., Jan. 15.—Ebenezer Chichester, who for forty-five years had lived a hermit's life on the Great South Beach opposite here, died yesterday at the home of his son, Philip Chichester. A half a century ago Chichester was one of the foremost citizens in this portion of Suffolk County and was well to do. Little by little he lost his fortune, and finally his pretty young wife sickened and died. After her death Chichester became morose and despondent, and finally decided to remove to Oak Island Beach, and there he lived until the end came.

Chichester was then a man in the prime of life. He built himself a hut by scooping out a mammoth sand hill, and in this underground retreat he lived. Cats and dogs were his only companions. His gun and fishing tackle furnished him means by which he obtained his food. He never visited the mainland, despite the fact that he could have done so at any time, and he was compelled to have were brought to him by passing fishermen. He was frequently visited by Sunday school children with this class he positively refused to hold any conversation. He dressed in rags, and his tall figure, powerful frame and snow white hair and beard made him a grotesque figure.

He was taken ill about a year ago and removed to the home of his son, Philip Chichester, at the corner of Oak street and Beach. At the time of his death he was eighty-three years of age.

A TROLLEY SMASH-UP.

Two Crowded Cars Come Together at a Junction in Brooklyn and Electric Sparks Fly.

Two crowded Brooklyn trolley cars met at a junction yesterday. They came to a halt with a tremendous crash, which was followed by a blinding flash of electricity that terrified the passengers. It was about 7:45 o'clock a. m. when car No. 734, of the Greene and Gates avenue line, was dashing down Greene avenue, bound for the Bridge. It was one of the long, heavy cars, and passengers lined it from end to end. Putnam street car No. 1,228, of the same system, was tearing down Fulton street. There is a junction at Fulton and Greene avenue, where the cars have to use the same down track. Both cars were approaching this point at the same time. The motorman saw each other, but not in time to stop the cars. They came together with force. The shock hurled the passengers against each other.

The cars struck each other, causing a huge electric flash to play around the cars. The forward hood of each car was smashed and the glass work in the windows and doors was broken. The frightened passengers hurried out of the cars, almost trampling each other in the effort to escape. Several sustained bruises and cuts, but they did not need medical aid. The damaged cars were taken back to their depots.

BOY BROKE THROUGH ICE.

His Little Companions Went to His Rescue and Puled Him Out.

While skating at Benzer's Cypress Hills Park Thursday night, William Russell, of No. 399 Palmetto street, Brooklyn, broke through the ice. Several other boys saw him and ran to his rescue. The boys stood on the bridge and passed oarlocks to Russell, but managed to reach one of them and was pulled out of the water.

IN PRISON, YET MAY BE INNOCENT.

Evidence Tends to Show That Farmer Chaney Is Guiltless.

SENTENCED TO 24 YEARS.

With "Kid" Wilson and Others He Was Convicted of Train Robbery.

IMPRISONMENT DROVE HIM MAD.

Wilson and Others Declare the Man Had Nothing to Do with the Crime—Mourns for Wife and Children.

It is believed that Albert Chaney, a twenty-four-year term man in the Kings County Penitentiary, is innocent. He has served three years. Imprisonment has affected his mind and he is subject to temporary attacks of insanity. He constantly broods over his confinement, and enforced idleness makes his condition worse.

"Kid" Wilson, who was the ringleader of the gang which committed the crime-train robbery—declares that the man is



JERSEY CITY FIRE ENGINE LOSES A WHEEL AND COMES DOWN.

Driver and engineer were carried down with the machine, but escaped with only slight injuries. The accident was caused by a furniture wagon, the driver of which lost his self-control and got in the engine's way.

absolutely guiltless. A train was held up at Pryor Creek, Indian Territory, four years ago. Chaney's farm is twenty miles away from the scene of the crime, and his family and five neighbors have declared under oath that he was at his plough when "Kid" Wilson and his confederates held up the train.

Five men were arrested by United States marshals, Chaney and Wilson were of the quartet. They were sentenced to twenty-four years' imprisonment. Wilson and Chaney are in the Kings County Penitentiary. After Chaney had been in Brooklyn a year he became insane and was transferred to the Washington Asylum. Four months' treatment improved him so much that he was returned to the penitentiary. He was sent to Washington again, but was discharged as cured a month ago. Day and night Chaney has declared his innocence. Frequently he speaks of his wife and children, and is followed by long spells of crying.

W. H. Lawson, a guard at the Fort Smith (Ark.) jail, and John E. Dunn, a Post Smith newspaper reporter, have sent affidavits to Chaney's counsel, declaring that George Wilson, who was hanged for his share in the crime, declared before his death that Chaney was innocent. The affidavits of Chaney's wife and mother and six neighbors have been sent to the Attorney-General at Washington. They declare that Chaney was at home on May 2, 1883, the day the train robbery occurred.

The Rev. Job Bass, penitentiary chaplain, who believes in Chaney's innocence, has appealed in his behalf to President Cleveland. Death of Three Old Women. Three women, whose combined ages amounted to 276 years, died in Brooklyn within the last thirty-six hours. The oldest of them was Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tompkins. She was ninety-five. The venerable woman was the mother of Mrs. Brower, wife of former Park Commissioner George Y. Brower, and it was at her home on Kingston avenue, that she died. Next in years was Mrs. Sophronia Cutler, mother of Captain Benjamin E. Cutler, who died at No. 284 Quincy street. Mrs. Cutler was ninety-four years old. Mrs. Margaret K. Cox, the third of these aged women, was eighty-seven years old. She died at her home, Henry and Amity streets, where she had lived sixty-three years.

SHARP TURN UPSET THE FIRE ENGINE.

Driver Dillon and Engineer Dingler Carried Down with It.

WERE RUNNING TO A FIRE.

Furniture Wagon That Got in the Engine's Way Caused the Accident.

COMPANY AN UNLUCKY ONE.

Six Years Ago Its Machine Was Run Down by a Pennsylvania Train, and Driver Daniel Dynan Was Decapitated.

Engine No. 3, of the Jersey City Fire Department, while responding to a false alarm shortly before 9 o'clock yesterday morning was partially wrecked, and the driver and engineer were injured through the former making a sharp turn to avoid a collision with a furniture truck.

When the engine, which is housed on Mercer street, above Grove, left to respond to an alarm from the foot of Pavonia avenue, Driver Thomas Dillon lashed his three

powerful black horses to a gallop as he drove down Mercer street. His intention was to go to Henderson street, a block away, then through that thoroughfare reach Pavonia avenue and the ferry. Along Mercer street, which is asphalted, the engine, at the rear of which stood Engineer George Dingler, made rapid headway.

As the engine approached Henderson street Dillon noticed a large van of the New Jersey Furniture Company approaching. The driver of the van, becoming rattled, pulled his team directly in the way of the engine, and, to avoid a collision, Driver Dillon swung his horses around, intending to make a sharp curve at the corner.

The turn was too abrupt. The wheel nearest the curb struck the car track on Henderson street and collapsed, and the engine went over sideways. The shock threw Engineer Dingler from his post across the fire box. Driver Dillon, had a narrow escape from being crushed to death under the engine. The steam escaping from the boiler threatened to scald him to death. Through it all he held fast to the reins and succeeded in quieting his frightened horses. He escaped with slight injuries to the head and arms.

Engineer Dingler was slightly burned by the red-hot coils that flew in all directions, but quickly regained his feet and released Dillon from his perilous position. Traffic was delayed about an hour. The engine was damaged about \$1,000 and will have to be completely overhauled. Dingler and Dillon, after having their injuries attended to, returned to duty.

Engine Company No. 3 has been unfortunate. On January 20, 1891, while responding to a fire the engine then in use was run down by an express train while crossing the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks at Grove street and Railroad avenue. Daniel Dynan, the stoker, who was driving, while strapped to his seat was carried along the tracks with the wrecked engine and decapitated. The engine was wrecked and the horses killed.

It was at the same fire that Chief Engineer Farrer was killed by an explosion of chemicals. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, after the double tragedy, presented the engine that met with the mishap yesterday to the city.

TOOK SASH AND CURTAIN ALONG.

Eloping Ames Grover Did Not Dare to Meet His Sweetheart's "Ma."

DIVED THROUGH WINDOW.

Mrs. Swarts Surprised Her Daughter Who Had Run Away with a Boy of Seventeen.

MAMIE WAS TAKEN HOME.

Unable to Find a Minister to Marry Them the Pair Took Refuge with the Girl's Sister Until Surprised.

Washington, N. J., Jan. 15.—Diving head first through a window to escape his prospective mother-in-law, and sprucing o'er the Jersey landscape with a lace curtain streaming from his shoulders, added a thrilling climax to the elopement of Ames Grover and Mamie Swarts, of Paulina. Ames escaped, but the maiden he hoped to make his wife was carried back home by her triumphant mamma.

The elopers are very young, but the first

Police Captain Nugent, of the Fifth Precinct Station House in Jersey City, was scouring the Bergen Point section of Bayonne last night in search of a man whom he and the railroad detectives strongly suspect of having a hand in an attempt to wreck a freight train on the Central Railroad of New Jersey at Greenville just after midnight of Wednesday last.

The scene of the attempt was at the switches near Holmes & Cogan's coal and ice houses, about three hundred feet north of the Greenville station. South-bound track No. 4, used only for freight, runs within thirty feet of the coal yards, two switch tracks only being between them. Just after midnight on Wednesday the heavily loaded fast freight from Jersey City came down the track at about twenty miles an hour.

The first switch is about 600 feet from the coal yards. The engineer did not see that the switch had been tampered with until he was almost upon it, and then it was too late. The engine gave a jerk that almost threw the engineer from the cab and dashed up the siding, followed by the cars, not one of which left the tracks. The momentum was so great that almost the whole train went over the switch and on to the siding before the engineer stopped it, and the engine was then half way over the tracks of a coal train trestle. At times coal cars are left there over night, but that night there was none, or else there would have been little left of them and the engine would have been wrecked.

The train was backed down, and word was sent to the railroad detectives in Communipaw. No report was made to the police until the next day. The engineer and train crew made an investigation, and found that the signal light had been smashed and the switch turned.

The road's employes reported two hours later that the lock of a switch at Point of Rocks, near Raymond Roth's Pioneer Home, north of the scene of the first attempt, had been broken, the switch turned and two of the switch lamps extinguished after the train had passed. This was discovered before another train had gone by. The police and railroad detectives agree that the two attempts were made by the same gang.

Police Captain Nugent received a tip yesterday that a discharged employe of the road who lived at Bayonne knew a great deal more about the wreck than was known to the police. Captain Nugent and Detective Griffin, of Bayonne, searched the Constable Hook and Bergen Point sections for the man last night.

A gang of tramps upon whom the railroad authorities have made frequent raids are suspected of the Point of Rocks job.

MAGOWAN PAYS BARNES.

Latter's Suit for \$100,000 for Loss of His Wife's Affections Settled for a Small Sum.

Trenton, N. J., Jan. 15.—J. Albert Barnes's \$100,000 suit against ex-Mayor Frank A. Magowan for alienating Mrs. Barnes's affections was yesterday settled out of court by the payment of a small sum of money. The exact amount was refused by counsel, but it is currently rumored that it was not more than \$2,500. Magowan is still in Philadelphia, and Barnes has returned to Indianapolis, where he is employed in the Waverly bicycle factory.

Magowan and Mrs. Barnes obtained decrees of divorce at Oklahoma last Summer, but Barnes has instructed his lawyer, ex-Judge Clarence H. Beasley, to continue his suit for absolute divorce from his wife in this State, ignoring the Oklahoma decrees.

The belief still obtains that there will be a reconciliation between Magowan and his divorced wife, based upon his well-known devotion to his son, now at Lawrenceville Preparatory School, and his daughter, who lives with her mother in the palatial residence Magowan built on Clinton avenue during the heyday of his prosperity.

TRIED TWICE TO WRECK TRAINS.

Gang of Tramps Seek Revenge on Jersey Central Railroad.

TURN A PAIR OF SWITCHES.

Fast Freight Thrown from the Southbound Track at Greenville.

MIDNIGHT DISASTER AVERTED.

Engine Runs Up a Trestle and Cars Stay on the Track—Second Attempt at Point of Rocks Discovered in Time—On Suspect's Trail.

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Mrs. Magowan is said to have never wavered in her affection for her erring husband, and it is believed that the reunion of the family will be the first step toward rehabilitating the ex-Mayor socially and commercially. For being socially and commercially successful, his business acumen is undoubted.

"SEELEY DINNER, ARCANUM HALL!"

Tip by Telephone Startles Jersey City Police Headquarters.

DETECTIVE MAKES A VISIT.

No Sign of Little Egypt or Cora Routt, No Painted Dancer Greets His Eye.

IT WAS "ALTOGETHER" PROPER.

Practical Joker Landed the Officer at a Sherman Council, Royal Arcanum, Dinner, at Which Toasts Were Drunk in Water.

The telephone at Police Headquarters in Jersey City rang Thursday night, and when the sergeant in charge got his ear to the receiver a voice at the other end shouted: "Say, is this Police Headquarters? Well, there's going to be a regular Seeley dinner at Arcanum Hall to-night, and you want to raid it. It'll be awful. They're going to have Little Egypt there, and dances in the altogether. Oh, say, it's going to be awful."

"Who are you?" asked the cautious police officer. "Never mind, but I know what's what. It's going to be the worst that ever happened—dances in the altogether all night long. Ought to be stopped. Arcanum Hall, Jackson and Clinton avenues."

The mysterious man again refused to give his name and rang off.

Chief Murphy was consulted and he decided to investigate. He called up the Fourth Precinct Station on the telephone and instructed Captain McKaig to look into the case.

Detective Holtz was detailed to go to Arcanum Hall, which is in the aristocratic section of Jersey City. The swell Jersey City Club and the Bergen Baptist Church, which numbers among its congregation many of the elite of the city, are but a short distance away. And Arcanum Hall is severely respectable, one of its stringent regulations prohibiting the use of intoxicating liquor at any meetings held there. The Royal Arcanum lodges and the United Order of American Mechanics meet in the hall.

Detective Holtz knew all this and was puzzled. When he attempted to enter the side entrance to the hall on Clinton avenue his way was barred by Mr. Montgomery, who has charge of the building.

"What's going on here?" Holtz asked. "A private dinner party, and you can't get in," answered Mr. Montgomery. "It's a private dinner party," said Holtz. "That's what I'm going to look into. I want to see what it's like. I'm a police officer. Any Seeley business going on here?"

Mr. Montgomery laughed long and loudly. "Go up and see," he said. Holtz went to the second floor, where the dining room was being set out. He listened from behind the closed doors. There was plenty of laughter, but he couldn't make out what was going on. Finally he rapped. The door was opened by a man he knew. He looked over the man's shoulder and saw forty or fifty men standing about a number of tables and drinking a toast in large lumpers of cold water.

Holtz finally learned that Regent Jackson, of Sherman Council, Royal Arcanum, who had just been elected to office, was "dining" his friends in the Council in honor of his election. Holtz searched in vain for a Little Egypt, for a Cora Routt, for suggestive Christmas gifts, for wine. All he found was cold water and a good dinner.

When it became known what Holtz was looking for he was greeted with a roar of goodnatured merriment. He blushed and stammered as he accepted an invitation to sit down. For a few moments he listened to a discussion of such wicked things as statistics of Royal Arcanum insurance, and after partaking of a plate of ice cream and a glass of water departed.

None of the diners had any idea of who the perpetrator of the practical joke could be.

UPHOLD THE LIQUOR LAW.

Orange Saloonkeepers' Association Wage War Against Sellers Who Act Illegally.

A lively war is being waged in the Oranges by the Saloon Keepers' Protective and Benevolent Association against the unlawful selling of liquor by the glass by alleged wholesale dealers, the selling of liquor and beer to minors, and allowing "growler" traffic in beer on Sundays. Secretary August Koehler said to a Journal reporter yesterday that the association passed a resolution at its annual meeting held on Wednesday in Koehler's Hotel, Orangetown, which will be presented before the Excise Board on Thursday night, asking that body to take action to prevent the illegal acts complained of.

"The men who do these things are not members of the association," said Mr. Koehler, "and to men could be who tries to conduct business in that way. Representatives of the association will be present at the meeting of the Excise Board on Thursday night to present the case."

At its meeting the association elected the following officers: Presidents, Philip Veno, Daniel Aitken, Robert Bolan; secretaries, Michael McNeery, August Koehler; treasurer, John J. Bolan; sergeant-at-arms, Patrick Fiherty.

CLOTHING, FURNITURE, CARPETS.

NO MONEY DOWN.

MAKE YOUR OWN TERMS.

We have the largest Credit House in Clothing, Furniture, Carpets, Men's, Women's and Children's Clothing of any two houses in this city.

WHALEN BROS., TWO ESTABLISHMENTS, 166 to 170 Smith Street, Cor. Wyckoff Street, Brooklyn, 221 to 227 Grand Street, 2 Doors from Driggs Av., Brooklyn.