CITY FATHERS ARE NOW EAGER TO "APOLOGIZE."

Will Seek to Purge Themselves of Contempt in the Bond Issue.

THEY ASK A SHORT TRUCE.

Want Judge Fitzgerald to Put Off Their "Trial" Till Next Wednesday.

THEY'LL OBEY HIS ORDER.

Ready Now to Approve the Issuing of the $34,000 Bonds on Pierce's Contract.

A truce has been declared in the contempt proceedings against the members of the Municipal Council, who defied the order of the Supreme Court in refusing to approve the "held up" bond issues. The Council has receded from its defiant position and will take advantage of its first chance to purge itself of contempt.

To-day all of the members declared to be in contempt were to have appeared before Justice Fitzgerald in a hearing, but there will be no hearing unless there is a sudden change in the plans.

Both sides, represented by Lawyer William J. Kelly for the Councilmen and Lawyers Kellogg and Rose for John Pierce, the contractor, have arranged for an adjournment of to-day's proceedings before Justice Fitzgerald, until Wednesday.

Yesterday Mr. Kelly, after interviewing several of the Councilmen, had a conference with Mr. Kellogg, at which the adjournment was agreed upon and a plan arranged whereby the heretofore defiant members of the Council would be accorded an opportunity to humbly acquiesce to the order of the Supreme Court. This opportunity can only be had on Wednesday at the regular meeting of the Council unless it is deemed prudent to call a special meeting for to-morrow, when the bond issue can be approved with a rush.

This is an easy way out of the difficulty if Justice Futzgerald can be induced to grant the proposed adjournment. If he stands firm and declines to allow the matter to go over there will be consternation in the camp of the defendants. However, as adjournments are easily obtained as a rule, and being forewarned of the desire of the recalcitrants to bow in humble submission to His Honor's order, it is thought by the Councilmen that the adjournment will be granted.

It may be decided that a special session of the Council will not be necessary, but that the regular Wednesday meeting shall be held at a sufficiently early hour on that day to pass the bond issue and permit the lawyers to get into court with the statement to Justice Fitzgerald that his order has been carried out to the letter.

Lawyer Kelly, it is said, will explain to the Court that his clients, the Councilmen, had no desire to ignore the Court's order, and that when assured that they had made a mistake in refusing to obey the judicial mandate they had hastened to right the wrong.

Several members of the municipal Council who were interviewed yesterday agreed that a mistake had been made. Their views are reflected in the interview with Councilman Thomas Foley, who said: "The members of the Municipal Council had no desire whatsoever to defy or ignore Justice Fitzgerald's order, but there was doubt as to whether the order applied directly to the entire bond issue of $2,100,000 or to the $34,000 part of Pierce's contract."

AN OLD KENTUCKY FEUD FINDS A BOY VICTIM.

Bud Tolliver's Son, Aged Twelve, Murdered Before He Grew Up to Become "Dangerous."

Moorehead, Ky., July 30.—While Tolliver, the twelve-year-old son of Bud Tolliver, was found dead this morning near his home in Elliott County.

He had a bullet hole through his head and there were several bruises on his face and body. Everything indicated the lad had been murdered, and the impression prevails he was assassinated by the same persons who killed his father several years ago.

Eight years ago Bud Tolliver was one of the most desperate men in this section of Kentucky. He killed several enemies and was finally slain himself. It is believed his son was killed to get him out of the way before he grew old enough to avenge his father.

There is a great deal of alarm and excitement over the death of young Tolliver, and the old Rowan County feud may be resumed.

HE FELT HIS AGE A DISGRACE; SO HE DIED.

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John Breslin felt it was a disgrace to be old. He passed the scriptural age limit five years ago.

The old man lived with his son Joseph at No. 481 Third avenue, Brooklyn, and the prattle of the children made him moody.

Four times he had hired a room by himself, but each time his son induced him to go back.

The last time he left he took a room at No. 187 Butler street, but when well he called at his son's house every day. He failed to appear Saturday, and early yesterday his son went to his father's room. It was locked. Young Breslin forced the door. The old man lay in bed. There was a bullet hole in his head, and the revolver lay at his side. The ambulance surgeon said he had been dead more than twenty-four hours.

Yawned Her Jaw Out of Joint.

Augusta J. Chechter, twenty-one years old, of No. 228 Madison street, yawned so vigorously yesterday that she dislocated her jaw. Dr. Bergen, of Gouverneur Hospital, was called set the dislocated bone and permitted the patient to remain at home.

Carl Schurz Considerably Better.

Carl Schurz, who is ill in his home, No. 16 East Sixty-fourth street, was reported to be considerably improved last night. His physicians think there is no more immediate danger.

A MARQUIS'S IDEAL IS A YANKEE GIRL.

Miss May Garlick, Who Will Wed Marquis di Feo.

(Photo by Sarony.)

Chapter I.

MARQUIS DI FEO, tall, and a soldier, twenty-eight years old, and handsome, left Italy three years ago to find a woman who would love him.

He came to this country incognito, going as far West as the Pacific coast. Then he went to Mexico. His father is a member of the Italian Senate, and his mother is a lady-in-waiting to Italy's Queen.

Chapter II.

TEN years ago Miss May Garlick, a beautiful young woman, of Galveston, Texas, went abroad to have her voice cultivated.

In Paris her devotion to her studies, her fine voice and her beauty drew toward her a host of friends.

She appeared in society. One day she met a tall young Italian, the Marquis di Feo. He was just eighteen, and was charmed with her. He uttered a pretty compliment. It was just a chance meeting. They parted.

Chapter III.

Marquis di Feo, in Mexico, met many beautiful women, but the heart of the Italian nobleman, who still disguised his identity, remained untouched. In a letter to a confidant he wrote:

"I have yet to meet my destined wife—my ideal. I know many ravishingly beautiful beings, but I look upon them as butterflies. Ah! but this search for a woman's heart is long, and I fear destined to be a fruitless one. Am I too exacting? Am I too critical in my analysis of each woman I meet? I find myself asking these questions of my inner self daily.

"No, I am not exacting. I seek only the woman who can truly and really love me for myself, and not because I had the misfortune to be born handsome."

Chapter IV.

Four months ago Miss Garlick, now a well-known opera singer, passed through Mexico on a tour. At a fashionable social gathering in the City of Mexico she was the guests of the evening, and she sang.

Marquis di Feo was present. He recognized Miss Garlick instantly. Their acquaintance of ten years ago was renewed. This time it was not a mere casual meeting. They loved. The Marquis had found his ideal; the songstress had found hers.

Chapter V.

TO-DAY, at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, Marquis di Feo will lead his bride, Miss May Garlick, to the altar. There will be orange blossoms and congratulations.

On Wednesday the Marquis and his wife will sail for Europe on the steamship New York. Marquis di Feo has written to his parents, and they will meet him and his bride at Southampton.

Then they will go to the Feo chateau, at Ostend, near Florence, where the Marquis and the Marquise di Feo, if you please, will spend their honeymoon.

A CONVENT BELL STARTLED POLICE.

The Convent of Corpus Christi is at Hunt's Point, an isolated section of West Chester. It is an old gray stone building hidden in the heavy growth of the forest, and no stranger is permitted to pass within the gates. The order has about 150 members, and its rules and regulations are so strict that after any woman takes the full vows she is never allowed to leave the place.

Shortly before midnight on Saturday, when all the sisters were in their cells, some of those who were awake heard men's voices talking in low tones near the windows in the rear of the building.

What they were saying could not be heard by those within, but during the last week several rough looking men had been seen lounging about by the lay sisters, who attend the doors and hold communication with outsiders.

When the startled sisters, therefore, heard a sound like the shaking of a door, it was only natural to conclude that burglars were trying to force an entrance into the building. There is not very much to steal in the sacred building, but the idea that the feet of men should defile the sacred edifice was unendurable.

There are no neighbors near the convent, and many years ago the Police Commissioners put in a wire from the convent to the Morrisania police station and a call to enable the sisters to summon assistance if needed.

This bell had never been used. But it was used now. One of the sisters pressed the button long and powerfully in the convent office, and then all lights were put out and developments awaited.

Sergeant Wilson was sitting at his desk in the Morrisania station house when the bell sounded. He had never heard it before and did not know what it meant, but it kept on ringing. No one in the station house had ever heard the strange bell. Most of the men who were on duty in that precinct when it was put in were either dead or had been transferred. Fortunately a little later an old retired policeman came in, and when spoken to about the bell, said:

"Why, it is the convent bell calling for help. There must be serious trouble there."

Sergeant Wilson was active enough then, and in a few minutes he had Mounted Policemen Fink, Cahill and Cooper on the road to the convent with instructions to go at full speed. The policemen covered the seven miles to the convent gates faster than they were ever travelled before, and were met by several pale-faced lay sisters, who told them what had happened. Light came from every window of the convent, and the policemen, after securing their horses, made a thorough search of the grounds. As they approached the wall at the back of the convent two men jumped from behind a clump of bushes and ran. The policemen chased them, but they knew the way out better than the bluecoats, got over the wall and disappeared in the darkness.

The policemen continued the search and found in the stable a man who said that he was John Moloney, a tramp. He was arrested and locked up. Policemen will watch the place more carefully now.

ACKRON, OF THE TIVOLI, ARRESTED.

Charles T. Ackron, proprietor of the Tivoli concert hall in West Thirty-fifth street, and William Hall, alias Wharton, alias Sommers, alias Shed, were arrested Saturday night at Atlantic City and held in $2,500 bail on a charge of swindling. The complainant is the Brooklyn Chair Company, of Canal street, in this city, and the amount involved in this particular case is $900, but there are numerous other charges against the men, and there are others well known to the picture gallery in Police Headquarters interested.

Hall started the Tivoli about a year ago. He went to the Brooklyn Chair Company and bought $900 worth of chairs, giving his note for ten days. The note was indorsed by one Rockwell, who, it turns out, was none other than the notorious "General" Yarrington, who is now serving a term on the Island for swindling and is to be rearrested when his term expires.

On the day the chairs were delivered Hall transferred the Tivoli to Ackron, who immediately mortgaged it to the Lambeck & Betz Brewing Company, of Jersey City. The Brooklyn Chair Company has been after its money ever since.

Ackron got into trouble with the Tenderloin police because of the free and easy brutality that reigned in his place a short time ago, and disappeared. The chair people reported their trouble to Police Headquarters, and Detectives McConville and Pepperted were put on the case. They found that Ackron had served two terms in Sing Sing for swindling, and that he, Hall and Yarrington had been identified with the Mosler-Cohen-Doc. Selig gang of swindlers. Doc. Selig is serving a term in Sing Sing. They found also that Ackron, Hall and Yarrington had swindled many chair and fixture houses after starting cafes in the lower part of the city.

Ackron was traced to Atlantic City, and the authorities there were ordered to arrest him. Hall was keeping a bathing pavilion at the same resort. More than $5,000 in money and a profusion of jewelry were found in the possession of the men when they were caught. They will be brought to this city as soon as requisition papers can be secured.

TWO FOR THE CHAIR AT SING SING TO-DAY.

Michael McDonald and Louis Pullerson, a Negro, to Suffer the Death Penalty for Murder.

Louis Pullerson and Michael McDonald will go to the electric chair in Sing Sing Prison this morning. Both men rested quietly yesterday and were visited by the Rev. Father Creedon, of Sing Sing, and by two Sisters of Mercy. They have made up their minds to face death with fortitude.

Pullerson, who is a negro, murdered a white woman with whom he was living at No. 327 West Thirty-ninth street, Manhattan, by choking her to death. McDonald shot and killed Stephen Titus, timekeeper for a packing house on Eleventh avenue, Manhattan, on May 4, 1898.

PLOT TO OUST THE MAYOR POSTPONED BY PLATT.

The Journal's Exposure of It and Alarm of Up-State Republicans Cause a Halt to Be Called.

Declared by Roosevelt and Other Leaders That a Second Extra Session Would Be Suicidal.

But the Mazet Political Fishing Will Go Right On in the Hope of Something Worth While Turning Up.

The Journal exposed the plot;
The Governor balks;
Up-State Republicans view it with alarm;
The quartet of recalcitrant State Senators are still off the Republican reservation;
Senator Platt has doubts as to the political wisdom of the scheme;
Therefore
The plan for a special session of the Legislature is declared off FOR THE PRESENT.

This was developed after a conference consuming pretty much all of yesterday, at the Oriental Hotel, Manhattan Beach. Senator Platt said to a Journal reporter:

"I do not expect an extra session of the Legislature. I do not think that the Governor is inclined to call one."

Chairman Quigg of the Republican County Committee had this to say:

"I know nothing about an extra session. I do not look for one."

Desperate Efforts Fail.

The temporary abandonment of the plot to get the Legislature together again in September to force Mayor Van Wyck out of office was not determined upon until the most desperate efforts had been made to create popular clamor for the project.

As the Journal announced exclusively away back in the Spring, the main reason for the appointment of the Mazet Committee was to try to dig up enough alleged wrong doing on the part of the present city administration to warrant its complete reorganization, if not a wholesale removal of the municipal officers.

Though the committee has held sessions consuming the better part of six weeks, the material gained for submitting a damaging report to the Legislature has been ridiculously small. Despite this, Senator Platt and his deputies have been constantly sounding party sentiment, especially in the rural districts, as to whether the evidence collected up to date warranted calling the Legislature back to Albany. In comparatively few instances have favorable comments been received.

Another Session Suicidal.

County leaders have told the Senator that it would be suicidal to hold a second extra session this year; that the enactment of the proposed revolutionary legislation upon the eve of a Presidential election would insure the loss of the next Legislature and perhaps of the electoral vote of the State in 1900.

The Platt men then approached Senators Coggeshall, Wilcox, Malby and Willis, the "Big Four" who stood out against the Platt-Roosevelt police legislation of last Winter and Spring. Not one of them could be induced to say that he would support a measure cutting short the term of the Mayor of New York.

The Governor Emphatic.

The Journal's articles exposing the plot proved such popular protests that when Governor Roosevelt, Senator Platt and Elihu Root met last week both Roosevelt and Root declared unequivocally against any more legislation this year. The Governor was very emphatic, it is reported, in his disapproval of any plan for an extra session, unless far more damaging disclosures than had yet been made by the Mazet Committee were made, and he is said to have expressed doubt whether that committee could, in the coming sessions, drag out the requisite evidence.

Then Frank Moss, counsel for the Mazet Committee, came out in his statement, bidding for the nomination for Mayor. Chairman Mazet followed on the same lines.

Yesterday Platt had with him at Manhattan a number of up-State jurists who are well versed in politics. Among them were Judge Albert H. Sewell, of Delaware; Judge Gladding, of Chenango; ex-Senator E. U. Stewart, and Mynderse Van Cleef, of Tompkins. They unanimously, it was reported after the conference, joined in the opinion expressed by Mr. Stewart that "There is legislation that hurts."

More Mazet Work.

It was after their talk with these up-State people that Messrs. Platt and Quigg made the statements which appear earlier in this article. Platt and Quigg sometimes make statements to which stings are tied. Those uttered by them yesterday do not mean that every resource at the command of the Mazet Committee and the "machine" will not be utilized the coming month to procure such evidence against the Mayor and his Administration as to warrant them in renewing their demands for legislation this year. On what happens and is brought out at the August sessions may depend the question whether the Governor will finally grant what the machine is after.

Despite his opinion against turning Mayor Van Wyck out of office, Judge Sewall was assured by Senator Platt that he would have his backing for the Supreme Court Judgeship in the Eleventh District made vacant by the death of Judge Follett. Sewall is an active Platt machine Republican in Delaware.

Chairman Quigg considers Platt fusion with the Citizens' Union on local candidates this Fall a certainty.

Platt's New Title.

Somebody congratulated Senator Platt on his having gotten on good terms with Seth Low, Elihu Root and others who have in former years bitterly fought him.

"Yes," remarked the Senator, with a cold smile, "I am no longer simply a boss. I am the Boss Harmonizer."

A general laugh followed.

John C. Sheehan has called a meeting of his followers at the Pequod Club for to-morrow night, to form plans for carrying the fight right up to the primaries on September 19.

"JERSEY DRAGON" PUTS UP A SAVAGE FIGHT.

Living, It Was as Big as an Ostrich; Dead, It Was a Bat a Foot Wide.

"There's a dragon in my room and he's as big as an ostrich," screamed Josie Koskie, a servant in the house of Frank H. Baker, of Bloomfield, N. J., as she tumbled downstairs on Saturday night.

Mr. Baker had never fought with a dragon, but he armed himself with sticks and clubs and went to the girl's room, where he found a monster bat glaring at him with baleful eyes.

A fierce battle took place that lasted half an hour, and at the end of that time the bat lay dead on the floor. Measured it was found to be twelve inches from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other.

MOODY FINDS A REVELATION OF GOD IN INGERSOLL'S DEATH.

Evangelists Moody and Sankey Heard in Dr. Storrs's Church, Brooklyn.

The Noted Evangelist Preaches to a Congregation Which Fills Dr. Storrs's Church in Brooklyn to Overflowing, and Sankey Sings---In the Gospel Tent a Scotchman Preaches---Other Sermons.

MOODY and Sankey conducted the regular Sunday morning services at Dr. Richard S. Storrs's Pilgrim Church in Brooklyn yesterday.

There was present a congregation that crowded the large auditorium to the doors. Mr. Moody preached with moving effect, and Mr. Sankey was in excellent voice.

Mr. Moody took the life of Mary of Bethany as the theme of his sermon. In the course of his remarks he referred to the death of Ingersoll—not by name, for he says he has never mentioned the name of the great agnostic in the pulpit, but unmistakably. He said:

"I think God Almighty has been speaking to this nation the past week in a way that he has seldom done before. Conceive to yourselves a home into which death has come and where there is no hope of any life beyond. Is there anything darker or sadder on earth?

"Yet such is the sadness that unbelievers must endure. If death ends all, what a miserable thing life is. If death closed the door of my life forever I would cultivate hate instead of love.

"I would not let my children twine the arms of their love and hope around me, as the ivy climbs round the oak, if my short life was all I had to offer them. What a pitiful, terrible thing it is to be compelled to look forward to nothing but darkness. I look forward to unending light. Thank God for the gift of light!"

The remainder of Mr. Moody's sermon was a simple appeal to church members and back-sliders to give up their petty sins—many of which they might not even consider sins—and surrender themselves absolutely to Christ. He said among other things:

"I don't think anybody will overcome anything in his life, no matter how petty it may be, unless he regards it as a sin.

"One cross and irritable person can keep a whole family in trouble all the time. Many a boy has been sent into the streets in the night and ruined because his mother and sister fretted and made things disagreeable at home.

"You must not get overworked in your Christian work. Many a good person becomes peevish because he overworks. It is not that we get tired of work, but in it.

"Trouble is sure to come to every man. If we don't learn to lean on Jesus Christ in prosperity we are going to be sorely perplexed when troubles come. God stands by us in trouble. I thank God for a Christ that can stand by me at the open grave and weep with me.

"We must get close to the heart of our Master and do what He tells us to. The judgment of Christian people is not always safe. The best things I have ever done for my Master on earth have had more fault found with than any other things I have tried to do.

"I would adjure you above all things to do the best you can for your God. I can't imagine a higher tribute that can be paid to a mortal being than to have it said when he dies: 'He did the best he could.'"

At the conclusion of the sermon Mr. Moody asked the congregation to bow their heads in silent prayer. As they did so, with the room almost absolutely still, Mr. Sankey sang, expressively and touchingly, "Scatter Seeds of Kindness." In the early part of the service he sang, "Some Time, Some Time, We'll Understand."

CLERGYMAN CALLS LYNCHING "DISEASE."

REV. P. BUTLER TOMPKINS, of St. James Presbyterian Church, No. 211 West Thirty-second street, said in his sermon yesterday:

"Of the many evils now menacing America, lynch law is by far the most dangerous. It is a disease so foul that the Federal Government is afraid to touch it, and State governments refuse to cure it. It must heal itself.

"Nothing will be done about the lynching of the Italians in Louisiana. Nothing can be done. Our Government is defective. It is powerless to protect foreigners or citizens. America will pay four or five thousand dollars apiece for these souls, and will say to the Italian Government: 'You had better be glad to get that.'

"In the name of God and in behalf of humanity I protest against lynching for any cause. It perverts justice, dishonors God, plants the seed of lawlessness in our youth, undermines the Republic and defeats the end for which our Government was ordained."

DR. MACARTHUR TELLS OF CUBA'S BLESSINGS.

THE Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur addressed a large congregation last night at the Calvary Baptist Church on his recent tour of Cuba. He said, in part:

"It is certain that all forms of industry in Cuba are rapidly reviving. It is difficult to realize that a devastating war has only just been ended. The plantations so long devastated are now being stocked with cattle and subjected to hopeful culture. The sanitary conditions are rapidly improving, and too much praise cannot be given to General Ludlow and his able assistants for the discretion of their methods.

"The filth of centuries has been removed from Havana, and Spaniards and Cubans alike look on with amazement at the marvels of cleanliness which have been wrought. Kindly relations are growing alike between Spaniards and Cubans on the one side, and between both and the Americans on the other. All the leading Spaniards earnestly desire an American protectorate until the time comes for Cuban annexation.

"All the official Americans in Cuba are acting with great discretion. General Lee is the idol of the Cubans, while Generals Brooke and Wood are greatly respected."

ENTHUSIASTIC CONGREGATION IN THE GLAD TIDINGS TENT HEARS A SERMON BY JOHN POLLOCK, D. D., OF GLASGOW.

THAT the "Glad Tidings" tent series of gospel services is one of the most remarkable religious movements ever carried on in New York received striking proof in the meeting yesterday afternoon.

The preacher was a foreign divine, a man whose name was probably unknown beforehand to most who attended, yet a crowd that filled every seat under and around the tent and that stood many deep on its sides gathered in the big enclosure and remained through the full two hours of worship.

The Rev. Dr. John Pollock, one of the great preachers of Glasgow, Scotland, was the speaker of the day. He had uttered but a few sentences before he had won the closest attention, and he was heard with great delight throughout the forty-five minutes that he spoke.

Dr. Pollock is a Scotchman of the old school. He is about fifty years old, tall, with a dark beard and mustache, dark, penetrating eyes, and an earnest manner. He speaks with a perceptible Scottish accent.

Before Dr. Pollock began his sermon Evangelist Pratt, who conducted the meeting, asked all the Scotchmen in the congregation to raise their hands. Several hundred did so. After this welcome the preacher spoke in part as follows:

"This is the best clothed crowd in an evangelistic tent I ever saw. I came here to-day intending to preach one sermon, but since I have seen this wonderful gathering I am going to preach an altogether different one. I am going to try to tell you the A, B, C's of our most holy faith, as if you had never heard them before.

"There are two terms that Christians use with very different meanings. These terms are 'Christian' and 'soldier.' There never was but one perfect Christian.

"A Christian, in one sense, is a person who is all that he ought to be. There was never but one such, our own Saviour. In another sense a Christian is one whose hope is built on nothing less than Jesus' blood and righteousness. I am that kind of a Christian, and I hope many of you are, too.

"A Christian is a scholar, a learner. In the old land we do not speak of Gladstone so much as the statesman, but as the scholar. We feel that he was as nearly as possible a universal specialist. What he didn't know was scarcely worth learning.

"Every man in this congregation can become a Christian this afternoon. If I didn't believe such was in your power I would give up the ministry at once and go back to the grocery counter.

"The word 'soldier' is another term subject to two meanings. The veteran is one thing and the member of the awkward squad is another, but they are both soldiers.

"To become a member of the Christian army you don't have to stand in line and enlist, but you can do it in the secrecy and supremacy of your own heart. But He will not take you unless you give yourself in every inch of your being to Him."

Evangelist Pratt read, before the meeting closed, requests for prayer received by letter from Burlington, Conn., and Toronto, Canada. The Toronto letter asked prayers for two girls who were being led astray, and for a pastor's wife who was still unconverted.

The Rev. Dr. Pollock will preach at the tent again to-night.

ALLEGED DYNAMITER SAYS HE'S A VICTIM

Francis J. Curran, the ex-convict, by whose arrest on Friday night the police believe they frustrated a plot to blow up the new power house of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, at Ninety-sixth street and First avenue, will be arraigned in the Yorkville Police Court at 2 p. m. today, to answer to the chage of having dynamite unlawfully in his possession and of being connected with a nefarious conspiracy.

The police say that they have made no other arrest in the case and they appear to have acquired no new evidence.

Mrs. Curran, the young wife of the accused man, spent yesterday in hunting up evidence in his favor.

"My husband," she said yesterday, "is entirely innocent. He is not a dynamiter and has never had dynamite in his possession.

An Unoccupied Flat.

"When we arranged, several weeks ago, to move into the flat at No. 1843 First avenue, we found that the family whose place we were to take was not ready to move out. So we put all our furniture into a vacant flat just across the hall. There was a lot of rubbish in that place. There might have been dynamite there, for all I know. The flat remained unlocked while empty.

"As for the battery and wires and clockwork found there—that was simply an alarm clock apparatus that we had used for nearly a year. My husband first constructed it while he was janitor of the house at No. 118 East Ninety-eighth street last Winter. The battery was given to him by the agent of the building, Mr. A. W. Appleton."

Mr. Appleton, who lives at No. 100 East Ninety-eighth street, corroborated this statement.

"I hired Curran," he said, "to take care of No. 118. He was also employed on the Second avenue road. He seemed to be a very earnest young fellow. I gave him a dry battery, and he constructed an alarm clock so that he would not oversleep himself and miss his morning car."

Curran in Despair.

Curran seemed thoroughly disheartened when seen by a Journal reporter in his cell at the Yorkville Prison.

"What can I hope for?" he said. "The police say they found dynamite in my room and in my pocket. If they found it in my room all I can say is that I never was in that room in my life, for I had no occasion to go there. The police never took any dynamite from my pocket. They took only a pouch of tobacco from me."

Curran sank upon the couch and sobbed bitterly.

"I've tried to do right," he declared. "My little wife has tried to make a good man of me, and I had done my best. I worked hard to make a living for her and the child, and now—because I am an ex-convict—I am charged with this awful crime.

"I had nothing against the railway company. I had nothing to do with the explosion on the Second avenue tracks, where the police say I was experimenting with dynamite. I was not present during any of the attacks on the cars. I was sick during most of the strike, and could scarcely walk alone on account of an accident.

"They tell me that I can be sent to prison now for five years. My God! I wouldn't care for myself, but who would look out for my wife?

"I swear," continued Curran, still weeping, "that I know nothing about that dynamite.

"I have no money to defend myself with, and my friends are as poor as I am. Some one is looking for a victim, and I must suffer and my wife must suffer—because I fell into temptation when I was young.

"Isn't there any mercy for a man on earth? Once when I was in the employ of a gas company I was discharged because they found out I had been in prison—and I had to begin all over again. And now this trouble comes on me.

"I was not a striker. Why, the strikers actually distrusted me—thinking me a spy for the company, and on one occasion, just before the strike, some of the men jumped on me and licked me because they thought I was reporting their talk of a strike."

This last statement was verified by a Journal reporter.

HORSE BOLTS INTO A STORE AND STEALS SUGAR.

Because a newsboy waved a bunch of papers, a horse standing in Main street, Orange, took fright on Saturday evening and went through a weird performance.

He belonged to Mayor Alexander Maybaum, of Vailsburgh, who had driven over to see about selling a load of hay. Joseph Kuser, ten years old, held the reins, while the Mayor was in an office talking business.

The horse started up Main street at a terrific pace, frightening the crowds. A man darted in front of him and waved a hat, this diverted the animal and he bolted into John Branigan's grocery store.

The grocer, who was weighing out sugar, jumped out of the way. Then the horse calmed down, put his head into the barrel and began eating sugar. He was easily captured then.

EXPLORERS BACK FROM THE FAR NORTH

Seattle, Wash., July 30.—The Harriman Alaska expedition returned here to-day on the steamer George W. Elder.

The expedition made a voyage of more than 9,000 miles. It left Seattle on May 31, reaching Skagway on June 6. From here the explorers went over the White Pass to the headwaters of the Yukon. Returning to Skagway they sailed for Glacier Bay. Three days were passed in examining Sitka, climbing some of the neighboring mountains and making collections. From here the party went to the extreme head of Yakutat Bay. Several days were devoted to an exploration of the little known Prince William Sound.

The explorers then proceeded to Cook Inlet and later, on the way westward, a party of scientists was left at Kukat Bay, North Kodiak Island, to make collections on the Alaskan Peninsula, which up to that time had never been visited by naturalists.

A party of naturalists was also left on the Shumogen Islands until the return of the vessel. The explorers went through Unimak Pass into the Bering Sea to Unalaska, to the Pribiloff Islands by the way of Bogostof volcano, and then into Plover Bay in Siberia. From Plover Bay they crossed to Port Clarence, on American soil, and thence to St. Lawrence Island.

Many birds and mammals hitherto rare were found in considerable numbers, and it is probable that many new invertebrates are included among the collections. New waters were entered and explored, and many new glaciers discovered. An extensive fjord hitherto unknown, and a splendid glacier running into it at its head, were named after Harriman. The geologists found that most of the glaciers, which have hitherto been known and explored are retreating.

In Siberia and also at Port Clarence, the Eskimo were found in their primitive condition, living in huts made from the bones of whales and covered with skins, and travelling in boats of skin.

Hungary Remembers Its Poet.

Budapest, July 30.—Imposing ceremonies were held throughout the country to-day on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the death of the national poet, Sandor Petorfi.

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