

THE DAILY PRESS.

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THE DAILY PRESS

AN EVENING EDITION OF THE WEEKLY CONSTITUTIONALIST AND IS ISSUED EVERY DAY—EXCEPTING SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS—AT FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON; SENT THROUGH THE POST OFFICE AT \$5.00 A YEAR, OR DELIVERED BY CARRIER AT 10 CENTS A WEEK. SINGLE COPIES 2 CENTS.

IT IS DEVOTED, LOCALLY, TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CITY OF PLAINFIELD, ITS SUBURBS AND ITS NEIGHBORING TOWNS; AND, POLITICALLY, TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE PRINCIPLES OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY—"THE GREATEST GOOD TO THE GREATEST NUMBER."

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED ON ALL MATTERS OF PUBLIC CONCERN, BUT PUBLISHED ONLY WHEN ACCOMPANIED BY THE NAME OF THE WRITER, IN CONFIDENCE, AS ENDORSING THE TRUTH AND HONEST INTENT OF THE COMMUNICATION.

ADVERTISING RATES MADE KNOWN ON APPLICATION AT THIS OFFICE. NOTES OF CHURCH ENTERTAINMENTS, FAIRS, SOCIABLES, LECTURES, CARDS OF THANKS, LODGE RESOLUTIONS, ETC., INSERTED FREE.

W. L. AND A. L. FORCE, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

J. A. DEMAREST, MANAGING EDITOR.

BY THE WAY.

The moon will be full during Tuesday night of next week.

The high license local option law goes into effect on May 1st.

"Moving Day" this year falls on April 21. The first of April falls on Sunday.

The heavy rain storm of yesterday, noticeably decreased the amount of snow which has laid on the ground for a week past.

Seventy-eight locomotives were disabled on the New Jersey divisions of the Pennsylvania railroad during the recent snow storm.

The striking moulders at the Scott Press Works are still out, and the state of affairs which existed yesterday, remains about the same today.

For the first time in many years, the so-called storm of the vernal equinox comes decently and in order on the time set for the sun to cross the line.

The choir boys of Holy Cross church meet at the church at seven o'clock this, Wednesday, evening. The men are requested to assemble a half-hour later.

During the past few days there has been a decided increase in the quantity of freight received at the freight house, and extra help was engaged to handle it.

When trade is dull use every legitimate means to improve it. Some merchants stop advertising when trade is slow. This is just the time it is most needed.

The 10th of April will be observed throughout the United States as the fiftieth anniversary of the day upon which Father Matthew, the great temperance apostle, signed the pledge.

Saturday evening, at Music Hall, Miss Kate Claxton will appear in her new play: "The World Against Her." The company includes Messrs. Chas. A. Stevenson and Arthur Forest.

An account of the election for school trustees at South Sterling, yesterday, at which women cast their ballots, is unavoidably crowded out of today's issue, but will appear to-morrow.

Governor Green has attached his signature to Senate Bill No. 113, making more rigorous the law to secure to workmen the payment of wages in lawful money, thereby making it a law.

None of the coal dealers in this city were short of coal during the blizzard, and the following cold days, but all of them experienced great difficulty in filling their orders, on account of the bad roads.

The ladies are invited to witness a new method of baking and roasting, in a range with a gauge oven-door, at Laire's, corner of Front street and Park avenue, next Monday afternoon from two to six o'clock.

About two columns of the *Evening* of last evening were filled with a despatch dated "Bound Brook, Feb. 19th," over a month ago. It told of a murder that had been many hours earlier and infinitely better written of in the New York papers.

During the years 1883, '85 and '86, more damage was done to property by lightning in New Jersey than in any other State in the Union. Statistics place the whole amount at \$1,636,900. The destruction made during 1887 will swell the foregoing figures enormously.

1848 one of the features of the State campaign in New Jersey was the license question. Out of 107 townships in the State 110 voted in favor of license and 60 against it, 41,276 votes having been polled in the State. Of these 21,660 were in favor of license and 19,616 against it.

Special Officer Giesse, a few days ago notified three ladies residing on West Front street, that unless the gutter in front of their residence was shoveled out, he would be obliged to report them to the authorities. Whereupon the three women went to work, and opened the gutter.

SUICIDE.

EX-SHERIFF GEORGE M. STILES SHOOTS HIMSELF THROUGH THE HEAD.

He Never Regains Consciousness and Expires at 5:18 O'clock This Morning—No Cause Assigned for the Act.

This city was thrown into a state of great excitement early this morning, by the sad announcement that ex-Sheriff George M. Stiles had committed suicide by shooting himself through the head, at his home on East Front street. The news of the tragic death of one of the most widely known and universally esteemed citizens in this city and county, spread like wild fire, and many persons were loath to believe that the report was true. As the fact became more generally known, groups of men gathered on the streets, and in stores and other public places, freely discussing the matter, as to the probable cause, etc., and all were unanimous in their opinion that Union county had lost one of her most valued and influential citizens—a friend to all and at all times.

Mr. Stiles was about town yesterday and last evening, seemingly in the best of spirits. For some time past, Dr. M. B. Long, the family physician, has been treating him for biliousness, and yesterday he complained of distress in his stomach. His ever faithful wife applied such remedies as are usual in similar cases, and he appeared to be easier as night approached. He retired at his accustomed time occupying a room on the second floor, but during the night was uneasy, and arose several times. Once he got up and opened the transom over the door, as though feeling overwarm. At four o'clock this morning he again left his bed, and going direct to his office on the ground floor, took a revolver of 38-calibre from its case on top of the desk, and entered the dark passage-way leading from the office to a room in the rear of the building. Directly in front of a door leading into the store-room, about ten feet from the office, the fatal shot was fired. The second ball entered behind the right ear, and embedded itself in the skull. The first and fatal shot pierced the right temple about an inch above the ear, passing directly through the head, emerging through the left temple, shattering the skull.

Mrs. Stiles heard the report of the pistol and rushing to the spot, discovered her husband on the floor. He was alive and breathing heavily, though unconscious. The terrified lady immediately telephoned for Dr. Hedges, and then gently raising her husband from the pool of blood, left him sitting on the floor, while she aroused Mr. C. H. Silvers, whose family occupy the third floor in the building. That gentleman at once responded to the summons, and sent his son to the office of Dr. J. B. Prubasco, who likewise immediately answered the call. A messenger was sent in a carriage for County Physician Westcott at Scotch Plains. The latter arrived about five o'clock, and at precisely 5:18 o'clock the ex-Sheriff breathed his last. Those who were present up to the last, describe the scene as one heart-rending in the extreme.

There seems to be no doubt that the act resulted from temporary insanity, brought on by recent illness, and was unpremeditated. Neither the members of the family, or the most intimate friends of the deceased can assign any cause for the deed. Mr. Ford, his partner, was summoned to Plainfield by telephone this morning, but like others he is at a loss to know what should prompt Mr. Stiles to end his life in such a tragic manner.

Mrs. Stiles, the unfortunate man's wife, although a delicate little lady and seemingly too frail to stand any extraordinary excitement, is keeping up bravely against the greatest shock any woman was ever called upon to bear. As she says herself, however, she does not realize the terror of it all. Mrs. Stiles was thus able to tell clearly her knowledge of the deed. She said that although very restless during the night, Mr. Stiles seemed to sleep more than since he had been complaining. When he last arose and left the room she supposed he was going to the bathroom, and listened. In what seemed to her less than a minute, two reports in quick succession rang through the house. Mrs. Stiles hastened down stairs and in the direction of the sound.

The unfortunate man lay as described above. His wife raised his head and leaned him in a sitting posture against the door, and as she did so the bullet that had passed through the skull fell on the floor. In his right hand was the revolver. As the wife tenderly moved him, he lifted this hand from his side but it fell back instantly and the pistol dropped from the stiffening fingers. He moved once again and rubbed his hand up and down his thigh.

The act was undoubtedly committed while the unfortunate man was temporarily insane. He was a devoted husband, and being also worried of late because of

his wife's delicate health, he would never have left her side with the intention of committing suicide, if he had been in his right mind, without at least stooping and kissing her farewell while he supposed she slept. The revolver was a self-cocker, and immediately after the first shot was fired that entered above the ear and passed clear through the head, the victim dropped his hand two or three inches and another ball was imbedded in the very thick portion of the skull that is directly behind the ear opening. This second shot, however, would not have caused death.

Many of the deceased's friends remember now of occasional expressions of discouragement about business matters. Councilman Dunham noticed the ex-Sheriff as an interested attendant at the Warren Mission meeting of last Sunday evening. The deceased left with his wife at the close of the first meeting, and returned afterwards alone and remained all through the after session. Mr. Dunham, who sat where his eyes rested on him, remarked to some friends—"How careworn Sheriff Stiles' face seems to-night."

The deceased was in Freeholder Vanderbeek's store, last evening, and full of his usual good spirits and activity. He talked for some time with the Freeholder in relation to the coming appointment of a physician for the County Jail, and expressed much personal interest in the matter. He mentioned the names of one or two who might be selected for the office. Stiles said he was going to Elizabeth this morning and that, after seeing Sheriff Glasby and Surrogate Parrott, he would stop in when he came back and have another talk with the Freeholder.

On the evening of Sunday, the 11th inst., the deceased asked Capt. W. B. Ostrom to read from the platform of Reform Hall a touching poem of six verses called "The End of the Way." He at the same time requested that his name be not mentioned in connection with it. Captain Ostrom read the poem and the ex-Sheriff sat in his seat an attentive listener. The first verse as follows, will give an idea of the sentiment of all:

My life is a wearisome journey,
I'm sick of the dust and the heat;
The rays of the sun beat upon me,
The briars are wounding my feet.
But the city to which I am journeying,
Will more than my trials repay;
All the toils of the road will be nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

Had he lived until Thursday the 22d inst., the deceased would have been 43 years of age, and Mrs. Stiles had arranged to tender her husband a surprise party in honor of the event. The birthday celebration will now be observed as a day of mourning.

It is not probable that the County Physician will deem an inquest necessary, and his death certificate will probably be issued in accordance with the facts. The funeral arrangements have not yet been completed, but the service will in all probability take place at the Crescent Avenue church on Saturday.

OBITUARY.

George M. Stiles was a farmer, and born in Union Township, this county. He would have been 43 years old to-morrow. He was educated in the Elizabeth schools and for a short time was a clerk in a grocery store at Montclair, but owing to the failure of his father's health he relinquished that position and returned to the farm. He was a Trustee and Clerk of the Board of Education of Union township for nine years, and was a member of the New Jersey Legislature for three successive terms—1878, 1879 and 1880. He was elected Sheriff of Union county in 1884 by a plurality of 307. He was formerly a Deacon of the Second Presbyterian church of Elizabeth, and since his residence here has been a constant attendant at the Crescent Avenue church.

Ex-Sheriff Stiles came to this city from Elizabeth about four years ago. He was at that time and has since been up to the time of his death, a member of the well-known undertaking firm of Ford & Stiles, with principal offices and warehouses at Elizabeth. Mr. Stiles removed to Plainfield and purchased the business of the late David Leeson, for many years conducted in the building now occupied by the American Steam Laundry. Mr. Stiles moved his family, consisting of his wife and eleven-year-old daughter, Miss Mattie, to this city, and Mrs. Stiles was so delighted with the place that it was decided to permanently locate here. Accordingly the ex-Sheriff purchased the plot of ground on East Front street, and in 1885 erected the handsome brick structure in which his death occurred this morning, and removed thereto the undertaking business purchased from the David Leeson estate. The business has since prospered, and a few months ago Mr. Stiles purchased a lot adjoining his building on East Front street. Plans are out for the erection of another double-flat brick building on the plot of ground.

The deceased was a public spirited citizen, and few if any men were possessed of more friends than he. He was prominently identified with many of the secret societies, and at the time of his moving to Plainfield was a member of Washington Lodge, F. and A. M. of Elizabeth. Upon taking up his residence here, he trans-

ferred his membership to Anchor Lodge No. 149 F. and A. M., and held the office of Senior Warden, at the time of his death. In Jerusalem Chapter No. 24 R. A. M., he held the office of K. Among the other organizations with which he was identified were the following: St. John's Commandery, K. T., of Elizabeth; Plainfield Lodge, No. 44, I. O. O. F.; Unity Lodge, No. 102, K. of P.; American Legion of Honor. He was also vice-president of the City Republican Association, and a member of the City Republican Executive Committee. Last year he was a member of the County Republican Executive Committee.

The Closing Philharmonic.

The fourth and closing concert by the New York Philharmonic Club, was rendered before a thoroughly pleased and approving audience as usual, last evening, in Music Hall.

It was the best concert of the Y. M. C. A. series, because it was so universally enjoyed. The selections were all so beautiful and of such variety, no one ever tired and each number seemed to excel in charm the preceding. The first, a descriptive selection, was very melodious, and so inspiring that the buzz of the mill and the drone of the insects could be literally felt. Doppler's nocturne, and D'Ernesti's "Introduction et Andante Religioso," were especially beautiful, as was also Schubert's "Variations in D minor," repeated by request from the programme of a former concert.

Never has a vocalist been favored with more enthusiastic appreciation, than was Mr. Francis Fischer Powers. He has a fine, thoroughly cultivated, flexible voice. "The Muletter of Tarragone" was followed by a quiet selection in contrast. After his second appearance he was called out four times before he responded with Marguerite. In one or two points, however, the interpretation of "Dreams" as given by Mr. J. H. McKinley at the Anchor Lodge concert, was the better. Mr. Emil Schenk was as usual "clapped in and clapped out," and the applause began before he finished the solo. His encore had been played at a previous concert and was as enthusiastically received as then.

Hurt by the Cars.

Patrick Burns aged about 22 years and a machinist by trade, was struck in the flank by the engine attached to the West-bound passenger train which arrives in this city at 9:29 p. m., at the Netherwood station last evening, and hurled about twenty feet, striking on his head. Burns and a companion known only by the name of "Jimmy" came to this city from Ferndale, Pa., yesterday in search of work. "Jimmy," it appears, was acquainted with some females at Netherwood, and last evening the two men went to Netherwood, ostensibly to call on the girls. Burns, it is alleged, was intoxicated, and remained at the depot, while his companion called at the house where the girls are employed. Becoming tired of waiting, Burns wandered along the track, when he was struck by the incoming train, as above stated, and rendered unconscious. The injured man was brought to this city and placed on a stretcher in the baggage room. Dr. Fritts, the railroad physician, was summoned, but upon examination found that no bones were broken and the only injuries inflicted were a deep gash on the forehead and a blackened eye. The man talked incoherently, and continually called for "Jimmy." He was taken to Muhlenberg Hospital, and this morning his condition was so much improved that he decided to start for home. Burns, it is said, formerly worked at the Scott Press Works.

PARTICULAR MENTION.

The six-month's old son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Dunham, of Plainfield avenue, died during yesterday morning.

Miss Lincoln, the Park avenue florist, has entirely recovered from her recent illness, and is serving her many patrons again with her good taste and courtesy.

Miss Carrie A. Dunn, late of Plainfield, and Mr. Herman Millard of Shiloh, N. J., were married at New Market, last evening, by the Rev. A. H. Lewis, D. D., of this city.

The funeral of the late John L. Everitt, who died at St. Augustine, Fla., Wednesday last week, in the 78th year of his age, took place at the Washington Avenue Baptist church, Brooklyn, this afternoon at two o'clock.

Mrs. M. J. Hamilton wishes to inform her friends that she would be glad to see them at her sale of aprons and other useful articles, on Friday and Saturday of this week, March 23 and 24, at the "Ys" parlors, 55 East Front street.

The youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Marx of Front street is a healthy and fine looking boy of fourteen pounds who, although not yet a day old, already gives promise of being as happy and as handsome a man as his father.

One of our snow bound commuters reports the following from a New York drift:

"This bliz Knocks biz."

Receipts and Expenditures of the Borough of Dunellen.

The second annual report of the Treasurer of the Borough of Dunellen for the year ending the present month, presents some statistics of general interest.

The private subscriptions for fine stonington North avenue, were as follows:

Mr. J. W. Handren.....\$100.00
Mr. C. Schepflin.....50.00
Mr. S. R. Pope.....22.00
\$172.00

The private subscriptions for macadamizing Prospect avenue, were:

Mr. I. D. Tisworth.....\$ 25.00
Mr. Samuel Luckey.....25.00
Mr. Henry Dunham.....10.00
Mr. L. T. Tisworth.....10.00
Mr. Henry Gaskill.....5.00
Mr. John F. Dryden.....25.00
Mr. J. B. Parsons.....25.00
Mr. Alvah Gray.....12.00
Mr. O. B. Stelle.....5.00
Mr. Eugene Runyon.....10.00
Mrs. Doolittle.....25.00
Mr. J. M. Jettles.....25.00
Mr. J. W. Handren.....100.00
Mr. C. Schepflin.....150.00
\$477.00

Besides the subscriptions enumerated above, Messrs. C. Schepflin and J. W. Handren each donated towards the general expenses of the Borough, \$65.

The expenditures for macadamizing Prospect avenue were \$1,451.04; grading and repaving New Market road, \$143.05; fine stonington and repaving North avenue \$245.56.

The recapitulation for the year is as follows:

RECEIPTS.	
From Road Tax.....	\$ 716.30
From Borough Tax.....	490.33
From subscriptions etc.....	2,074.55
Uncollected Taxes 1886.....	18.36
Uncollected Taxes 1887.....	51.00
Total Receipts.....	\$3,350.54
Total Expenditures.....	3,353.66
Balance in Treasury collected.....	\$22.50

Westfield School Matters.

At the annual school meeting of School District No. 10, held at Westfield last evening, Charles E. Conant was chosen chairman, and Edward L. Embree, clerk. The report of the District Clerk, and that of the Trustees, which showed the school to be in a flourishing condition, were read and ordered placed on file.

Dr. Joseph B. Harrison was unanimously elected Trustee to succeed himself for three years, and Mr. F. R. Pennington and Henry F. Alpers were nominated for Trustee to fill the unexpired term of James L. Miller, resigned. Upon a ballot being taken, Mr. Pennington received 64 votes and Mr. Alpers 42. Mr. Pennington was declared elected.

The sum of \$4,787 was unanimously voted as extra money for schools during the coming year.

The Trustees by resolution were unanimously requested to call a special school meeting to decide upon what sums of money the district will vote to be raised for the purpose of building an addition to the present school building, as it is wholly inadequate to accommodate the number of school children in the district.

An Explicit Denial.

EDITOR OF DAILY PRESS:—Your issue of Saturday last contained a paragraph relative to a temperance organization seeking to evade paying Mrs. Jackson for services rendered by her husband.

As the matter referred to our organization we ask you to make the statement that the matter is a gross misrepresentation of facts. The evidence, as appearing upon the records of our organization and personal testimony, if called for will be produced to show that the author of the paragraph is lacking in judgment and perhaps something else.

By order of
HOWELL DIV., No. 97, S. of T.

The Same Old Story.

James, the thirteen-year-old son of Mr. Cnas. McGinley of Third and Church streets, attempted to catch on a passing coal train near the Church street crossing, a little after eight o'clock this morning, when he slipped, and, falling, had his right leg horribly crushed below the hip. The unfortunate boy was carried into his father's residence nearby, and Dr. Lowrie was summoned. The doctor found the leg badly crushed and discolored, but, strange to say, no bones were broken. It is not thought that amputation will be necessary. Thus another warning is brought to the notice of boys, who persist in this dangerous practice.

A Dive Over the Dash-Board.

The king-bolt upon which the axle and front wheel of Mr. S. R. Struther's phaeton turn broke short off, this morning, as that gentleman was driving from his residence on Plainfield avenue, Piscataway, to the railroad station in this city. The accident occurred at the corner of Park avenue and Fifth street. The horse pulled the axle and wheels from under the front of the carriage, and its owner was thrown out in the mud. The little damage that resulted can be easily repaired.

The loss to the Central Railroad Company, caused by the snow blockade last week, will aggregate thousands of dollars.

EXTRA. SECOND EDITION.

THE STILES SUICIDE.

THE CAUSE.

A Written Confession by the Name Hand that Committed the Act.

Since the issue of the first edition of THE PRESS, the following found in the suicide's desk, tells its own story:

All is vanity, and amid the hurry and bustle of life for twenty-five years, and the extra strain of the last three years, I feel too tired and weak to continue the struggle.

Oh how I have prayed for help for the last year, but the flesh is weak and the struggle is too much.

Oh my poor, faithful and devoted wife's and affectionate child's, and poor old mother's and brother's lives saddened. But this awful feeling I cannot resist. I ask John Ulrich, Frederick Glasby, George Parrott, William H. Meeker and my kind partner, George C. Ford, all of whom are true and tried friends to arrange my property the best they conscientiously can for my family.

And make all the efforts possible to make their lives and all my relatives and friends (I believe I have no enemy in the world—) if I have I ask forgiveness as I hope to be forgiven) as pleasant as possible.

Oh, if I had strength! God forgive.

GEORGE M. STILES.

Thank God I have tried to be honest and never been permitted toembezzle or forge or prostitute office for personal gain.

Park Avenue Baptist Sunday School.

The following interesting report of the condition of the Park Avenue Baptist Sunday School, was read in the chapel on Thursday evening last:

The Sunday school of the Park Avenue Baptist church is in excellent condition.

Our members have increased steadily during the past few months, and there are at present between one hundred and ninety and two hundred members enrolled, of whom five are officers, fifteen teachers, forty-three members of the two adult classes, and the remainder divided among the intermediate and primary classes. The average attendance of the entire school during the last fifteen months has been one hundred and fifteen, which is an excellent percentage when we consider the size of the primary class, which even the least unpleasantness in the weather must of necessity reduce in numbers, as well as the size of the adult department, which is attended by but a very few regular scholars, although the reason in the cases of the remainder enrolled is not always the inclemency of the weather.

From these figures it will be seen that we are slowly, surely progressing in this direction. There are other signs of advancement equally gratifying.

The pastor has recently organized a Bible class for young men, in which a decided interest has been shown. New faces drop in occasionally and the regular attendance of its members is a proof of its success. All young men, whether connected with the Park avenue people or otherwise, will be very welcome at any time.

The primary class continues large and well attended, and too much cannot be said in praise of its faithful teachers.

Our new Librarian has given our new library its first overhauling. The books have been substantially covered and sundry improvements made.

The most interesting as well as the most satisfactory event in our recent work has been the awakening of an interest among many of the scholars of the school in a matter which has long been a subject of labor and prayer among many of our teachers, and they have very recently learned to know that, in this as in everything, "the effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

Four of the members of our school have united with the church during the past month, and there is still room for others whom we hope to see follow.

In conclusion, we, the officers and teachers who are so peculiarly interested in the growth and prosperity of the school, beg the hearty and active co-operation of the many outside who are nevertheless in the church; co-operation, if not as actual members of the school, in helping us to swell our numbers to still larger proportions; if not as teachers, as scholars, or if, as neither, as occasional visitors, for our primary need is an increase in numbers. With numbers comes strength and in strength is success.

E. T. PERINE,
Secretary.

March 13, 1888.

The State Board of Agriculture has made the request that the enumerators of the next census take an account of the number of fruit trees and vines in the State.

Popular prices—35, 50 and 75 cents—are fixed for the production of "A Scrap of Paper," by the Lyceum School of Acting, at Music Hall to-morrow evening. The comedy is a charming one, and there is every reason the caste should excel the average road company that reaches Plainfield.

THE BLIZZARD AT SEA

TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS OF THE CREW OF TWO VESSELS.

Rescued and Brought Into Port Frost Bitten and Exhausted—They Tell a Story of Extreme Suffering.

New York, March 21.—Eight shipwrecked victims of the blizzard were brought here yesterday by the big British ship *Record*. They are Capt. J. T. Whitmore and crew of the new and staunch three-masted schooner *W. L. White*, which sailed from Doboy, Ga., on Feb. 29 with a cargo of lumber. The schooner was in perfect condition when, on the morning of Monday, March 12, about eighty miles southeast of Absecon, the terrible storm struck her. In less than twenty-four hours she was waterlogged and a partial wreck. She was struggling against the gale under double-reefed fore and mainsails when the shock that preceded the leak came. The captain thinks that the schooner struck part of a submerged wreck. It was found necessary to abandon the ship and a boat was lowered.

Before leaving the schooner the captain wrote on the door of the cabin her name, the date of her abandonment, and the number of her crew. The only hope of the crew was in keeping the boat's head to the wind and sea. To do this two men were kept constantly at an oar to steer, and a drag made of a piece of mast was put over the bow.

Terrible suffering was experienced, when on Saturday morning, all hopes of recovery having been abandoned by the suffering crew, the *Record* hove in sight and they were taken aboard.

The men were all nearly dead from exhaustion. Mate Kemp and Second Mate Philip are laid up in the *Record's* cabin with frozen feet. The captain and crew were frostbitten, but are able to about. The members of the crew of the schooner *James Ford*, who were rescued from their vessel by the bark *Talisman* while on her passage from Trinidad to this port and landed here yesterday, tell a story of great suffering during the recent hurricane at sea. The *James Ford* sailed from Baltimore for New Bedford on the afternoon of March 8, with a cargo of 963 tons of coal. She passed out at Cape Henry the next day and had fine weather up till Sunday, the 11th. The vessel was then off the cape of the Delaware and had the wind from the east, but when thirty-two miles east by south of Berneget the wind suddenly hauled to the north and from north to northwest, blowing a perfect hurricane and raising a terrific sea.

The vessel was hove to under close reefed sails, heading in the westward at 4 a. m. of the 12th, and made comparatively good weather of it for two or three hours. But at 7 a. m. a tremendous sea swept on board, completely deluging the vessel. The sails were split and torn from the masts as the schooner gave a mad plunge and was caught by the wind again when she emerged from the huge green seas.

For a moment all hands thought that her next plunge would be to the bottom. It was a miracle that all was able to hold on. The cook had just completed his preparation for breakfast when the wave struck the vessel. The vast volume of water tore one side right of the galley, washing the cooking utensils and everything into a chaotic mass, and the first thing the cook knew he was out on the deck holding on to a rope for his life as the vessel sprang forward again on the crest of another wave, like a frightened race horse, and then lurched over on her beam ends into the trough of the sea like a dead thing.

The watch below had been sleeping since 6 o'clock, with their bags stowed in their berths beside them to prevent the vessel's lurching from throwing them upon the deck. Their forecabin was in the same house as the galley and just forward of it. The waves washed one of them clear through the side of the house and rudely awakened all the rest with a shower bath of salt water. It was found that the forecabin, the foremast and boom, the mainmast and mainstay were all floating over the side with only a few ropes attaching them to the hull. The wheel was smashed, the steering gear broken, and the man at the wheel had a narrow escape from going overboard. He held on with his hands to the stern rail while his feet and body dragged into the sea until the wave passed off, and the boats and davits were carried completely away, the skylights were all stove in, and the cabin flooded with water. The forward house, and the small boat lashed on top of it, were completely wrecked. The vessel was a complete wreck herself, entirely at the mercy of the wind and sea, and without sail enough to give her headway.

As soon as the wreckage was cut clear the pumps were sounded and eight feet of water found in the hold. All hands pumped continually, and kept at it for three days. It was their only chance for life. It was cold weather. The crew were frostbitten and becoming exhausted, the vessel was settling down by the head, and the position of those on board had become desperate indeed.

Signals of distress were set, and almost at the eleventh hour the bark *Talisman* hove in sight, and bore down upon them. That was latitude 36 degrees 50 min. and longitude 78 degrees 30 min. Captain Deane promptly took in the position of the unfortunate mariners sent a boat and rescued them. The boat had hardly got back when the last of the *James Ford* was seen.

"She gave a weak sort of a kick and struggle," said one of the crew, "and took a dive to Davy Jones's locker head first."

ANOTHER MUSICAL PRODIGY.

A Little German Who, It is Said, Outrivals Little Josef.

LONDON, March 21.—One of the new youthful pianoforte prodigies made his appearance before a critical private audience last night. The name of the child is Otto Begner, a little fellow in black velvet Knickerbocker suit. He is of German extraction and although only 10 years of age, has the confidence and bearing of a man of 30. He has been trained from infancy for the musical profession, and his tuition has been based upon the lines of thorough practical work rather than on the desire for early maturity.

Yesterday's experience revealed the little wonder, if anything, superior to young Hoffmann. He is fully equal to that child. In mechanical dexterity he may be considered his superior, and in thorough musical knowledge he is a long way beyond Hoffmann. He has been trained, first, by his father until six years of age, and after that by Franz Fricker for four years. Since that time he has been under the direction of Hans Huber, the distinguished composer of *Tasle*, while Alfred Glaus gave the child practical and theoretical training at the same time. Experts now say that the child is a finished pianist.

His rendering yesterday of Chopin's study in A flat was considered perfect, while in Beethoven's sonata in B flat he showed a marvellous degree of musical feeling.

Rhode Island's Prison All Right.

PROVIDENCE, March 21.—The Senate's Committee to investigate charges preferred against the warden and officers of the State prison and the Board of State Charities and Correction presented its report yesterday. The committee does not censure either the warden or the Board because of any of the charges made against them. The testimony submitted indicated that long-term prisoners became mentally affected by the monotony of prison life and required stricter discipline. The committee advised the Prison Board to draw up a new code of rules regulating punishments, and suggests that hereafter the warden shall personally supervise the infliction of punishments.

White Will Play After All.

DETROIT, Mich., March 21.—"Deacon" White, the veteran third baseman, who had refused to sign a Detroit contract on account of newspaper comments attributed to Manager Watkins, after consultation with the board of directors, consented yesterday to play with the champions during the coming season. The champions left for Mobile yesterday morning. White will join them in a few days.

Shot His Wife and Killed Himself.

CHICAGO, March 21.—Henry Henning, living at Kensington, shot and killed his wife this morning and then cut his own throat. Henning was a hard drinker, and he and his wife had frequent quarrels. He may recover.

Central Railroad of New Jersey

Station in New York—Foot of Liberty Street.

Time Table in Effect December 8, 1887.

PLAINFIELD AND NEW YORK.
Leave Plainfield 3.27, 5.43, 6.29, 6.59, 7.29, 7.58, 8.08, 8.18, 8.28, 8.38, 8.48, 8.58, 9.08, 9.18, 9.28, 9.38, 9.48, 9.58, 10.08, 10.18, 10.28, 10.38, 10.48, 10.58, 11.08, 11.18, 11.28, 11.38, 11.48, 11.58, 12.08, 12.18, 12.28, 12.38, 12.48, 12.58, 1.08, 1.18, 1.28, 1.38, 1.48, 1.58, 2.08, 2.18, 2.28, 2.38, 2.48, 2.58, 3.08, 3.18, 3.28, 3.38, 3.48, 3.58, 4.08, 4.18, 4.28, 4.38, 4.48, 4.58, 5.08, 5.18, 5.28, 5.38, 5.48, 5.58, 6.08, 6.18, 6.28, 6.38, 6.48, 6.58, 7.08, 7.18, 7.28, 7.38, 7.48, 7.58, 8.08, 8.18, 8.28, 8.38, 8.48, 8.58, 9.08, 9.18, 9.28, 9.38, 9.48, 9.58, 10.08, 10.18, 10.28, 10.38, 10.48, 10.58, 11.08, 11.18, 11.28, 11.38, 11.48, 11.58, 12.08, 12.18, 12.28, 12.38, 12.48, 12.58, 1.08, 1.18, 1.28, 1.38, 1.48, 1.58, 2.08, 2.18, 2.28, 2.38, 2.48, 2.58, 3.08, 3.18, 3.28, 3.38, 3.48, 3.58, 4.08, 4.18, 4.28, 4.38, 4.48, 4.58, 5.08, 5.18, 5.28, 5.38, 5.48, 5.58, 6.08, 6.18, 6.28, 6.38, 6.48, 6.58, 7.08, 7.18, 7.28, 7.38, 7.48, 7.58, 8.08, 8.18, 8.28, 8.38, 8.48, 8.58, 9.08, 9.18, 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HEALTHFUL EXERCISES.



Fig. 1

A round hard wood bar, an inch and a half in diameter, and between four and five feet in length, with a bell on each end, is an excellent contrivance for strengthening the arms and back. The bars may be of hard wood or metal, but should not exceed two pounds each in weight.

Some of the movements with the hand-bar are similar to those with dumb-bells, but there are others peculiar to the bar, and therefore its use will afford an agreeable change of exercise.

Exercise 1.—From position Fig. 1, raise the bar until it is even with the chin (Fig. 2), from thence up to the full extent of the arms (Fig. 3), and lower, with a pause at the chin.

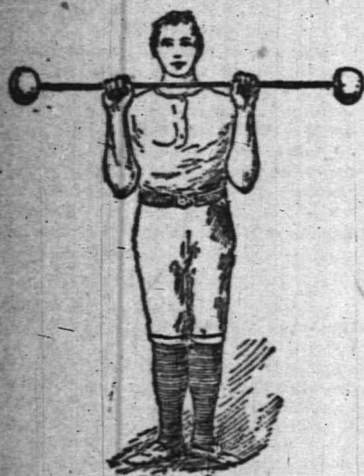


Fig. 2

Exercise 2.—Raise the bar to the breast, and from there bring it over the head, and lower to the back of the neck. Repeat several times.

Exercise 3.—Holding the arms rigid, as in Fig. 1, raise the bar to position Fig. 3 with one movement.

Exercise 4.—Swing the bar from one side to the other, as in Fig. 4.

Exercise 5.—Grasp the bar, palms out, swing it once as in Fig. 4 toward the left, release the left hand, and let the



Fig. 3

bar swing down and up as in Fig. 5, catching it with the left hand as it comes over; release the right hand, and let the bar swing down with the left. This movement can be continued indefinitely.

Exercise 6.—Swing the bar as in Exercise 5, but, instead of changing hands the first time it comes over, keep it revolving twice or three times around each hand. A little practice may be necessary to accomplish this movement.

Exercise 7.—Grasp the bar near the center with the right hand; swing it in a circle in front of you, turning your hand over as the motion makes it necessary.

Exercise 8.—Commence as in the previous example, but let the bar swing down back of you and perform a circle, crooking your arm at the elbow as the



Fig. 4

bar swings over, so as to bring it around in front again.

Exercise 9.—Grasp the bar behind your back; throw it upward at the same time bending forward quickly.

Exercise 10.—From position (Fig. 1), with a swinging motion bring the bar up over your head and down to the full length of your arms behind you. You cannot keep a firm hold on the bar while it is back of you.

Exercise 11.—Hold the bar in position (Fig. 1), with the hands about 15 inches apart; spring upward, bending the body

downward, and pass the feet over the bar.

Exercise 12.—Holding the bar behind the back, spring backward over it. (These two exercises are extremely difficult, but they can be mastered by any one having the necessary patience and perseverance.)



Fig. 5

Exercise 13.—Swing the bar up toward the left, as in Fig. 4; lower your left hand over your head so that the bar is down on the opposite side; bring it around, horizontally, to the left side, raise your right arm over your head, forward, and proceed again as at first. Change the movement by swinging the bar in the opposite direction.

Exercise 14.—Raise the bar high over your head, and alternately lower the left and right ends, letting the arm descend back of your head.—Prof. C. F. Fudge in *Golden Days*.

WICKED MILLIONAIRES.

THEIR INIQUITIES FULLY EXPOSED.

A Cruel Work That Will Shatter Boston's Eyeglasses and Paralyze the Money-Makers.

A ribald and partly successful attempt has been made by a native author to hoot at the down-trodden millionaires of this city, and under pretext of writing a novel she has upheld them to ridicule and shame.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Millionaires should immediately suppress this wanton publication, which is as cruel as it is unnecessary.

Even a millionaire has some rights, and a defamation of his character under the guise of fiction should be subjected to close scrutiny by the police. All the rest of our malefactors are carefully guarded from assault, and there is no reason why a millionaire, however enormous his capital, should not be entitled to the common rights of man.

It is true that millionaires, by withholding vast accumulations from general circulation, deserve the ill-will of all noble-minded persons who desire to live without being afflicted with the curse of work.

Most millionaires are men of wealth. Most authors, particularly of the female species, carry the bulk of their bank ac-



A MILLIONAIRE.

count in their mind's eye. Hence it is perfectly easy to understand how this particular lady author, in the midst of a whirlwind of domestic cares and inspirations, soothing syrup and sublime thoughts, colic mixtures and ambition, should naturally let the gravitation of her spleen tend towards the millionaire.



THE INSPIRED AUTHOR.

In this portrayal which she has written with so much ease and glee, the millionaires of New York are set down as a money-grubbing, luxury-loving, cold, corpulent, vainglorious, bacchanalian and uproarious crew of financial upstarts, who spend fourteen hours a day in the delightful process of skinning their friends, and the rest in a hideous carnival of gluttony and champagne. Their wives are gem-bedazzled dowagers, with hoarse voices and loud attire, loose morals and an equal love of slander and display, and their daughters moving and finicky, invariably in love with an actor, a coachman, or the winsome son of a gambler.

This heartless expose of the true inwardness of millionaire life in New York not only will make the slinking money magnates of this city shudder with woe, but will carry terror and desolation to opulent hearts in Philadelphia, Oshkosh, Kankakee, Peoria, Boston, and other outlying fastnesses of this great republic.

It is fortunate that Mr. Jay Gould is at present a Mediterranean sojourner instead of being here writhing over this exposure of his dark and gruesome methods of life. Persons intimately acquainted with Mr. Gould have for years been in gross ignorance of the personal viciousness and brutality hinted at in this book, and as they read the truth as unveiled by this lady author and know at last the depths of turpitude in which

he has wallowed for years they will be painfully shocked at their own blindness.

Those who have known and trusted Mr. Russell Sage and have believed in his sobriety will be amazed at the hint that, after locking up his office and walking home to save car fare, he puts on a swallow-tailed coat and an 18 karat diamond, lolls back in a barouche, is driven from orgy to orgy and utterly refuses to go home until daylight doth appear.

Those who have considered themselves intimate with the once exuberant but now somewhat saddened Mr. Cyrus Field may well start upon reading this book at the covert innuendo that not only does he spend the bulk of his vast income in tipples but that he is an active patron and a delighted witness of all the brutal prize fights which occur in Westchester county.

The lady author has no personal acquaintance with a single millionaire in this city or elsewhere, and her ideas of metropolitan life are wholly instinctive, and not at all based upon knowledge or observation.

It is only genius which can thus overleap the vulgar trammels of fact, and, while admitting our fiendish joy that the curtain has at last been lifted from the sensuous lives of our millionaires, we must pay tribute to the heaven-born inspiration through which it is done.

There are those who have imagined that the rich of New York are not wholly abandoned profligates, given over to self-indulgence and riotous glitter. It has been for some time a popular belief that our museums, art galleries, hospitals and public dispensaries were mostly derived from the generosity of millionaires. It has been improperly supposed that when any great calamity has occurred in a sister city the millionaires of New York paused in their mad revels long enough to extend a generously helping hand.

It is to be regretted that the book is not as personal as it is abusive. It would have been delightful to read how Mr. C. P. Huntington was once a nice little boy in a clean dicky, who stood first in Sunday-school and never went to stone frogs, never told a lie, and always was good and respectful to his grandmother.

These facts are of value as showing from what heights a man may fall in his gradual progress to opulence.

Then, by way of showing the exception to this rule, the lady author might have drawn an alkaline portrait of Mr. Leland Stanford's youth, when he made his first combine with an old can and a young dog, and gave early promise of that genius in concocting schemes for rapid transit for which he has since become renowned.

The immoral side of our millionaire's lives, as shown by this brilliant lady author, will be a rapid transit, grateful surprise to those who have hitherto been led to believe that most of them are conspicuously foremost in all works of benevolence and piety.

It is the duty of every author to whoop things up and make a burning sensation, and literary circles in Sioux City, Kalamazoo, Herkimer, Syracuse, Skaneateles and Chicago will no doubt receive this thrilling tale of metropolitan life with deep appreciation and capers of joy.—*Henry Gay Carleton in New York World*.

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