JOHNSTOWN GIVES THANKS.

THANKSGIVING DAY CELEBRATED IN THE CONEMAUGH VALLEY.

Services in Churches Rebuilt Since the Flood—Little Reference Made to the Great Calamity—The Last Bodies of the Unknown Dead Borne to Grand View and the Last Checks of the Fund Signed.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., Nov. 28.—In a swirling snow storm the sun of Thanksgiving sets on the Conemaugh. Two lights illume the valley, the steady flare up the river at Bridge No. 6 of both torch and carbon, where the night railroad gang takes up anew the work of repairing the last ravages of the flood, and here in Johnstown the fitful and sky-leaping glare of the furnaces of the Cambria Iron Company. Six months ago to-morrow night different lights illumed the valley—a blazing church at the upper end of Johnstown, a blazing mass of a thousand homes at the lower end. From Decoration Day to Thanksgiving the circle of Johnstown's tribulations runs. The valley has cast up its accounts with misery and closed the books. The last four bodies of the unknown dead were brought from Sandy Vale to bleak but lovely Grand View, the last 200 checks were signed by the Relief Commission's Secretary. There is grief in a thousand homes with the thought of this day—a year ago, but Johnstown in verity gives thanks.

In the Episcopal Church of St. Mark's, one of the hymns was 305 of the Hymnal, a verse of which runs:

> Praise Him that He gave the rain
> To mature the swelling grain,
> For His mercies still endure,
> Ever fruitful, ever sure.

The little choir sang it through without a quiver or a tremor, or a vocal suggestion of any kind that rain had not been entirely a blessing to Johnstown. Their voices wavered, though, when they chanted in the benedicite:

> O ye spirits and souls of the righteous, bless ye the Lord, praise Him, and magnify Him forever.

Such spirits and souls have gone from the parish of St. Mark's on the afternoon of May 31 to magnify him forever, among them that of the beloved rector, Alonzo Potter Dillar. The new rector, the Rev. John E. Bold, carefully avoided in his sermon any reference to the great calamity. He read a carefully prepared homily on the lesson of the Queen of Sheba's visit to King Solomon, and told his congregation that the service of the Lord was as much the higher and better part to-day as it was then. Then followed the communion service, and the Episcopalian Thanksgiving was over.

The church of the parish of St. Mark's is on stilts. It is perhaps 40 feet long by 15 wide, and it stands, not on the ruins, for there were no ruins, but on the space occupied by the former brick church and parish house. Across the street is another blank space, where stood the house of the former rector at the moment when he, his wife, and adopted daughter met death. There were about forty attendants upon the service, four of whom were men, and the rest women and children, half of whom were in mourning. Yet this is the way the plucky new rector talked:

"The attendance is so small because this is not a holiday in Johnstown as elsewhere. Every one is hard at work. On Sunday the number of people here reaches 120. The number of communicants of the parish is 200. I am here for three years, and I shall regard my work a failure if the number is not doubled by that time. We shall have a church and parish house on the plan of the Church of the Redeemer at Bryn Mawr. We shall have a chapel at Moxham, which will be only the nave of the church which will grow up around. I shall have an assistant, and the mission among the miners at Ehrenfeit, started a year ago by Mr. Dillar, will not be neglected."

Mr. Bold's enthusiasm is largely born of the good impression of the practical methods of the Episcopal Church implanted by Bishop Whitehead of Pittsburg.

"He got fifty sewing machines at $18 apiece," said Mr. Bold proudly, "and gave them to fifty sewing women, who have since earned their living on them. With $150 he set a dyer up in business, and the wish to have the soiled and muddy clothes renovated has enabled that man to buy a $300 house since. That is to say, the house cost him $75, and the foundation the rest. He couldn't have built it for $800."

The Rev. Dr. H. L. Chapman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in his sermon at the union service of the First Baptist Church, sought to show that the agency of man, the citizens of Johnstown themselves, was responsible for the disaster in not forcing the removal of the dam, and added:

"Could we expect God to put His hand in that crumbling bank and stay the flood, when through the folly of men He permitted this to occur? It is a subject of wonder that He did not allow ten thousand instead of five thousand to perish. We should be thankful for that. We should be thankful, too, for aid sent us from everywhere."

Dr. Chapman is a tall, gaunt, and rather severe looking divine, who had been through the flood, and he spoke with inexpressible earnestness of his belief in the human agency in the ruin of Johnstown, and to the divine paternity its blessings.

The anthem sung was: "The Lord will Comfort Zion," and the hymn "America."

Neither in these nor in any of the services to-day was there any sign of emotion. It seems that in the Conemaugh Valley the time predicted by such observers as Clara Barton, James McMillan, and Adjutant-General Stewart—"the time when this valley will be full of waiting," as one of them phrased it—has never come. The people, buoyed up at first by excitement, by the arrival of strangers, the assumption of power by the State, and the like, passed from that condition into their present one of extraordinary activity without any marked period of prostration intervening. A man who was thinking of a public character was rebuilt bears this inscription, carved on a great stone above its main entrance: "Flood May 31, 1889. Rebuilt 1889." It is the convent of the Catholic Sisters, in the chapel windows of which the holy women told their beads as the flood rose, and their little fragment of a building was preserved swept by. The reconstructed convent will be used as a parochial residence by Father Tehaney, while the Sisters will have another and larger convent and school built for them. This early resurrection from the ruins of the English Catholic establishment was a matter of especial remembrance by all good Catholics at the services to-day.

There was some touch of reverence, perhaps more pantheistic than either Protestant or Catholic, in the selection of the resting place of the friendless dead of the flood. Assuredly no flood will ever touch the dead of Grand View. Well is it named. A thousand feet above the valley of the Conemaugh, lie at the crest of this great hill the bodies of 700 of those whom none but death has claimed. There are fourteen trenches, and fifty-one bodies in each trench, and the earth was smoothed over the last fifteen of the friendless people to-day. Eleven of them had been brought from Blairsville, down the Conemaugh, and the last four from the cemetery of Sandy Vale, lying in the valley of Stony Creek, at the foot of Grand View.

To-day the brown grass of the hillsides was dotted with snow, and the road fetlock deep with red clay as the wagons, with the last load of Johnstown's dead, crept slowly up the road. The outdoor life of Johnstown at this Thanksgiving-tide is that of a new frontier town. You see signs that the "Kindergarten" has been here to packed houses, and that the "Fakir" is coming. The local papers are running over with advertisements. The saloons are thronged. Consolidation is accomplished, and an electric road through all the boroughs is looked forward to. The reason is not far to seek.

"Johnstown," says Secretary Kremer, "has had more ready money in the last six months than any town in the State, perhaps in the country, of its size. I am just signing the last 200 of the 4,900 checks in the $1,600,000 distribution. They would have been signed before, only this bank cannot handle more. Besides, there have been thousands of dollars, how many we could not ascertain if we tried, from other sources."

"Forty-two thousand dollars by the Masons" said Postmaster Kelsey. "$500,000 in one single distribution by the Odd Fellows, and thousands more by the Red Men, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Honor, and other societies."

Moreover, the Cambria, Gautier, and Johnson works are running full-handed three turns every twenty-four hours, and payline cash every two weeks. The work of the nation for Johnstown, the greatest work in the history of beneficence, is seen on this snowy night. With the flame of ceaseless industry lightening her sky, Johnstown looks forward and gives thanks.

Sixty-ninth Veterans at Mass.

The veteran corps of the Sixty-ninth Regiment observed Thanksgiving Day by attending a requiem mass for the repose of the souls of their deceased comrades in the mission of the Immaculate Virgin at Lafayette place and Great Jones street. They marched from the armory up Fourth avenue to Union Square, and around the statues of Washington and Lincoln, saluting each in passing. Company I, of the active regiment, under Capt. Luke C. Quinn, escorted the corps in single file. The brass band and drum corps of the mission school headed the parade.

The chaplain, the Rev. James Dougherty, celebrated the mass.

WOOD PULP MILLS IN MAINE.

A Great and Growing Industry that Will Consume 1,000 Cords of Wood a Day.

BANGOR, Nov. 28.—The manufacture of wood pulp in Maine, a comparatively new industry for the State, has within a few years assumed such magnitude that capital from far and wide has been attracted to the business, and investors of all classes have caught what is popularly known as the "pulp craze." Long-neglected water powers in all parts of the State are being snapped up eagerly by corporations anxious to engage in the business, and enormous mills, to be driven by water or steam power, are springing up in localities where no one ever expected to see so much as a shingle mill. Three processes are employed in the manufacture of wood pulp—the soda, the sulphite, and the grinding. The soda mills produce bleach and unbleached pulp from spruce and poplar wood. There are six of these establishments now in operation in the State, turning out an aggregate product of ninety-two tons a day. Sulphite mills manufacture a strong and fine fibre, using various kinds of woods found in near-by forests. Only one mill of this kind is in operation as yet—an establishment producing ten tons of fibre per day—but many others are in process of construction or projected. Maine capitalists, associated with outsiders, have three sulphite mills, each of ten tons per day capacity, well under way, while two or three others of like capacity are projected, while a syndicate, including several heavy New York capitalists, is arranging for the erection of three 25-ton mills in different parts of the State.

The most numerous class of mills are those which grind the wood into pulp by means of enormously powerful machinery. There are thirteen of these mills now running in various parts of Maine, turning out over 150 tons of pulp daily, and requiring 15,000 horse power for the operation of their machinery. An immense amount of wood is consumed by these pulp mills. A cord of wood will make about 1,650 pounds of ground pulp, 1,000 pounds of sulphite fibre, or 800 pounds of soda pulp, so that the present daily consumption of wood is about 500 cords. When all the mills now building, or soon to be erected, are running, the pulp business in Maine will eat up 1,000 cords of wood per day. Soda mills use all kinds of mill refuse, thus effecting a great saving of expense and utilizing a vast amount of material that would otherwise go to waste, but sulphite and grinding mills require wood in the log, and in this latter fact is found the only serious objection to the pulp business. Wood in the log is obtained from young spruce, six to ten inches in diameter, which of late years has been cut in large quantities and driven down to the mills, where it is sawn into four, five, and six feet lengths for conversion into pulp. The young spruce has been depended upon in recent years to renew the forests of primeval growth laid low by lumbermen, and if pulp manufacturers cut away the young trees while loggers are chopping down the old, we may soon be confronted with a question of timber supply, even in this land of abounding forests.

Ground pulp is worth from $22 to $28 per ton, domestic sulphite fibre sells at $67.50 to $70 per ton, and the best imported at $67.50 to $100. The Germans have a superior sulphite process of their own, and produce the best fibre in the world. The duty on sulphite fibre is only 10 per cent. ad valorem, and consequently large quantities of it are imported. This fibre is rather stiff and wiry, and all the ingenuity of men of science and manufacturers is being applied to the problem of softening it. Solution of bisulphite of lime or magnesia removes all organic matter from wood, leaving only the fibre, which is used in conjunction with rags, or even alone, with ground pulp for paper. Ground wood pulp has been the salvation of the newspapers, bringing the price of white paper down to three or four cents a pound and providing an article that readily takes ink and is especially adapted to fast presses. Ground pulp constitutes over 80 per cent. of the common white newspaper in use, rags and sulphite fibre making up the balance. Sulphite and soda fibres are largely used in the manufacture of fine grades of paper.

A few days ago ex-Secretary of the Navy Whitney, Capt. Hayes, and Commodores Evans and Goodrich of the navy and other gentlemen made a tour through Maine in quest of available sites for pulp mills, and water powers of sufficient magnitude to run such establishments. They found several excellent localities for large pulp mills, investigated the sources of wood supply, and conferred at length with various property owners and capitalists. The party returned to New York on Wednesday, and, although nothing definite can be learned regarding their negotiations, it is believed that the trip will result in heavy investments in pulp mill property somewhere down East.

AXE-SWINGERS OF THE PENOBSCOT.

Picturesque Logging Crews Now Going Into the Forests for the Winter's Work.

BANGOR, Nov. 28.—A more picturesque and interesting set of men than the logging crews now going into the Penobscot woods cannot be found in a month's travel, and that is why a trip from Bangor to Moosehead Lake, over the Piscataquis Railroad, nowadays is worth double fare. The woods crews begin to go in early in October, but a good many don't care to go logging that early, and the procession of axe-swingers forestward straggles along through November, and often into December. Frequently the morning train from Bangor to Greenville, at the foot of Moosehead Lake, carries up from fifty to one hundred woodmen, and their antics en route constitute a first-class entertainment for the other passengers, especially for those who are strangers in the spruce country.

Years ago the logging crews were mainly composed of Bangor men and other residents along the Penobscot, but now, like the crew of an American man-of-war, they include all sorts. The bosses and the best hands are Americans, but there is a very liberal sprinkling of New Brunswickers, French Canadians, and the much despised P. E. I.'s—Prince Edward Islanders. The provincials can't get much of anything to do at home, so they come into Maine and eagerly hire out at wages which the native loggers grumble at and often refuse to accept. The woodsmen are nearly all big men, and their costumes, queerly fashioned and fairly blazing with color, give them much the appearance of a chorus in comic opera. When they leave Bangor the woodsmen carry a variety of things along with them, each according to his means. They are entirely happy if they possess clothing of brilliant hues, good moccasins and heavy woollen stockings, plenty of tobacco, a pack of cards, some cheap novels, a dime songster, a very sharp axe, and, most important of all, a generous supply of whiskey. Some few have all of these things, others only a part. Tobacco, clothing, and other things can be obtained in camp from the keeper of the "wangan," who corresponds to the sutler of an army; but this functionary charges outrageous prices for his goods, and the thrifty woodsmen (if there be any such) steer clear of him.

Nearly all of the loggers are drinking men, and, knowing when they start for the woods that they are in for three or four months of compulsory teetotalism, they indulge in one last grand spree upon leaving Bangor. When I say that they drink their fill, that means a good deal, for a woodsman's sunder deck capacity for stimulants is something remarkable. When they reach the end of the route there are enough empty bottles in the car to stock a glass factory. Between drinks they tell stories and sing songs. A woodsman's song is like the whaler's dancing—not handsome, but strong. What it lacks in quality it makes up in quantity. The verses are short, but there are lots of them, and nearly all the songs are sung in the same tune—what is popularly known as a "comallye" (come, all you). The length of some of these forest ballads is astonishing. Thirty and forty verses are nothing at all, and there is a legend on the West Branch to the effect that a "P. E. I." who once worked for Rod Sutherland had a song so long that it had to be sung in sections nights and Sundays, and that although he began singing it at Christmas time, he had not finished when the camp broke up in March, and the crew never found out whether the hero of the ballad was killed in the jam on Misery stream or escaped to wed an Indian princess up the Allegash. Sometimes the songs are sung in French, accompanied by a squeaky fiddle or a consumptive harmonica, and then the din is terrible.

Thousands of these free-and-easy axe swingers are carried northward by the railroads from Bangor every fall. Along in the latter part of March and the early days of April they come back. Then they are flush, Axes and moccasins are cast aside, new and gaudy raiment purchased, and then in Bangor barrooms the loggers drink revenge for a wineless winter.

A Jerseyman Dies Suddenly in New York.

A well-dressed man, about 35 years old, died suddenly yesterday afternoon in Daniel Curtin's saloon, 97 Elizabeth street. He wore a seal gold ring and in his pockets were three letters addressed to H. Harrison, 135 Speedwell avenue, Morristown, N. J.; a pocketbook containing three $1 bills, two memorandum books, and two baggage checks marked New York and Morristown, D., L. & W. R. R. His body was taken to the Mulberry street police station.

Fire Always On Tap.

An electric light wire that had been partly loosened by the force of the wind blew from time to time early yesterday morning against a telegraph pole on the corner of Mott and Bleecker streets. Sparks flew, and a crowd stood by for several hours watching the spectacle. Finally a lineman of the United States Electric Light Company came and put an end to the antics of the wire.

BARNUM DESCRIBES LONDON.

It's a Great Town, and There's a Thing or Two that he Feels Like Mentioning.

A SUN reporter strayed into Barnum & Bailey's office yesterday, and found out that, although Mr. Barnum is abroad with his show, he has no notion of allowing himself to be forgotten here. Twice weekly he writes (without the aid of a secretary) long letters to Mr. R. F. Hamilton, in which the smallest details are carefully mentioned and the most minute instructions given. Most of these epistles are instructive as well as entertaining. Here is one just received, which, if not entirely original in its conception, is, to say the least, characteristic:

"I have just been airing my opinions on protection, free trade, and kindred political subjects to hosts of journalists representing the London and suburban press, and will repeat them to you in substance. We could not make our great parade in the streets of London, because, it was said, the police were insufficient in number to guard it. It was too big an affair for them to handle. What will Americans think of that statement? What will they say in New York when they learn that the parade of my 'Greatest Show on Earth,' which is annually attended by a handful of 'the finest,' proved too much for the combined constabulary of London? I am just as well known over here, it appears, as I am at home in the United States. Everybody seems to remember me and my tours with Gen. Tom Thumb and Jenny Lind and my temperance lectures. Several remarks I made here have been going the rounds of the English papers. I said once to Thackeray, the great novelist, 'You are a celebrity, I a notoriety; we ought to know each other,' and every paper in Europe has published it or will publish it. In fact, all the papers have contained pages about me and my 'Greatest Show on Earth.' Mr. Bailey also has shared with me this attention, as he richly deserves.

"Our American methods have carried everything, and my 'Greatest Show on Earth' is not only the craze of London, but the whole of Europe. They never saw such a tremendous show. As soon as the chart allocating the seats was published, the box office was besieged by representatives of the nobility, aristocracy, gentry, art, science, and the professions. There never was anything like the furore created, and why should it not be so?

"Of the English people as a nation I can truthfully say they are slower to enthuse than Americans, but they have really gone into ecstacies over our great show. I am sorry we could not make the parade, as it would have delighted so many of the poor children of this city, as it does annually those of New York. Our golden chariots, illustrating nursery rhymes and fairy tales, would have enchanted them. We have received nothing but kindness in all quarters, and our show is thoroughly appreciated. I have a letter from a Mr. H. Hewitt Griffin saying that the stock of both the Metropolitan and the Metropolitan District Railway Companies has appreciably risen in value owing to the advent of our show. It has exerted a tremendous influence on all classes, and they say it is truly the 'Greatest Show on Earth.' As a fact, too, the price of boardings has increased since we contracted to place our bills and posters upon them.

"When the masses of people in this country fully find out how much better we do all things in America, how much greater all our affairs are, how far greater our show is than anything they ever saw before, how much we give for so small a price, it will have a most wonderful effect upon them, in impressing them with the advantage our country offers them over their own. Still more will this be apparent when they realize to its fullest extent the magnitude of the great exhibition I am now giving them. Just see what we exhibit! 'Nero,' with its twelve hundred gladiators, dancers, charioteers, senators, musicians, martyrs, nobles, vestals, slaves, guards, soldiers, priests, mob players, imperial pageants, diaramic glories, blazing armor, realistic scenery, elegant costumes, singers, thoroughbred horses, trotters, pacers, male and female riders, bareback experts, turf celebrities, double menageries, hippodrome, free-roaring circus, elevated stages, supernatural illusions, horse show, wild beast caravans, classic specialties, Roman tableaux, Arabian Nights, original dramatic spectacles, all kinds of races, brilliant struggles, 300 artists, 150 arenic and mid-air acts, Jesbatic circus, equestrian quadrupeds, military drills, Jumbo and his skeleton, fun makers, delights for the little folks, trained animals, living human curiosities, and a thousand novelties of a character to bewilder, startle, and electrify the whole nation. What surprises them equally as much as anything is that all this is highly moral, pure, clean, instructive, amusing, and entertaining, a fact hitherto deemed impossible by the people of this country in an enterprise so vast and grand.

"I violate no confidences when I say that I have been entertained in the most royal manner, both publicly and privately, but I have returned all favors in a most truly generous way. I have afforded the people of Europe the most wholesome amusement they ever dreamed of, and presented them with a view of the glories of my 'Greatest Show on Earth.'"

THE SILVER CONVENTION.

It Demands Free Coinage, and Will Educate the People.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 28.—The National Silver Convention to-day addressed Congress and the country in forcible language. The silver men have made some startling demands, and what they couldn't see they had no hesitancy in asking for. The important action of the morning session was the adoption of a resolution appointing a National Silver Committee whose duty it will be to organize silver leagues and agitate the silver question until Congress remonetizes silver. The committee is empowered to employ speakers, print and distribute documents, and create a sentiment in favor of silver by all honorable means.

There was a two hours' debate on the manner of appointing the committee, and the final result was that each State represented in the Convention appointed one representative on the committee, and the President and St. Louis Executive Committee selected ten members at large. The roll call showed twenty-three States and Territories, and the committee will consist of thirty-four members.

After the appointment of the National Committee, Chairman Bland of the Committee on Resolutions read the report of the committee. The only amendment was the insertion of the word "unlimited" before the words "free coinage." Mr. Bland's platform was then adopted with a whoop.

A proposition for an International Conference in 1892 was defeated on the ground that the United States should educate herself before trying to educate Europe. There were a number of papers on various phases of the silver question still unread, and as time would not permit of their delivery, a motion prevailed to refer all such documents to the National Committee for revision and publication in the proceedings.

The Hon. Thomas Fitch of Nevada was called to the chair and made a highly humorous speech. Mr. Fitch is an opponent of the protective tariff policy, and his arraignment of Wall street and the 8,000 millionaires of the country was well received by the delegates. England in its financial dealings with other nations he described to be "the bunco steerer of the world, and Uncle Sam is the gentleman from the rural districts."

The Convention adjourned sine die at 5 o'clock. Many of the delegates did not remain over for the banquet this evening. Among the toasts were: "Nevada, May She Live Long and Prosper," the Hon. Thomas Fitch; "The Union of Western Interests," the Hon. C. C. Goodwin of Utah; "Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining," the Hon. Frank M. Pixley of California; "Colorado, Silver, and the Centennial," the Hon. J. M. Louthlit of Colorado; "Missouri and the National Silver Convention," Gen. Odin Guitar; "Woman," the Hon. Thomas H. Nelson of Indiana.

Dedication of the Church of St. Louis.

The new Catholic church of St. Louis in Ellery street, near Nostrand avenue, Brooklyn, was dedicated yesterday morning by Bishop Loughlin, assisted by eight priests from Brooklyn and this city.

The church is a unique wooden structure of Tudor Gothic architecture, with seating capacity for about 1,000 persons. The interior is divided into nave and aisles, with two side chapels, one of which is to be used for a chancel chair. The cost of the structure, including the rectory, was nearly $40,000. The rector is Father Jules Jollon, Canon and honorary Vicar-General of the Diocese of Bailay, who came to this country to engage in missionary work among the poor. His parishioners are mostly French, English, and Germans.

At the dedicatory ceremonies Father Jollon spoke to the congregation in French, and Bishop Loughlin made a brief address in English. The services were concluded by the celebration of high mass with Father Jollon as celebrant, Father Yves Rivollier of the Church of St. Vincent de Paul in West Twenty-third street as deacon, and Father Theophilus Wecher as subdeacon. Father Daniel J. Sheehy of St. Ambrose's Church, Brooklyn was master of the ceremonies.

Robbed of a $1,000 Watch on Broadway.

Henry Steinberger, one of the members of the firm of Wertheimer & Co., glove importers at 513 Broadway, reported to the police yesterday that he was robbed on Wednesday afternoon of a unique gold watch worth $1,000 on Broadway between Prince and Grand streets. Mr. Steinberger left his office about 3 o'clock in the afternoon to go to the Custom House. He boarded a Grand street car at Broadway, and when he got on the car found that his watch was gone, while the chain was dangling from the button hole. The watch was presented to Mr. Steinberger three months ago by the other members of his firm.

One of His Sons Helped Lynch Him.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 28.—A young man named Bersing, who was in the mob that lynched old man Olsen at Preston on Sunday, surrendered to-day and has furnished the names of all present. A prominent farmer is said to have been captain of the mob, which numbered about seventy-five men. One of Olsen's sons is said to have been one of the party.

A GREAT CORNER STONE DAY.

CEREMONIES YESTERDAY ON THE SITES OF FOUR NEW BUILDINGS.

An Orthodox Synagogue and Lutheran and Presbyterian Churches Up Town, and the German Odd Fellows' Hall in St. Mark's Place—A Princeton-bred Minister Gets Away for the Football Game.

The corner stone of a new orthodox Jewish synagogue in Sixty-seventh street, between Lexington and Third avenues, was laid at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The synagogue will be known as the Zichron Ephraim, "the memorial to Ephraim," in commemoration of the late Ephraim Weil, who contributed liberally to the building fund. The building when finished will cost $120,000. It will be of redstone and yellow brick, and will be ninety feet deep, sixty feet high, and have a front of sixty feet. Besides a tabernacle, it is to contain a religious school and a prayer room for daily worship.

This congregation is an offshoot from the congregation Bikur Cholim at Seventy-second street and Lexington avenue. The split occurred about a year ago when it was voted to introduce some reforms into the latter synagogue, and those who adhered to the orthodox beliefs preferred to withdraw rather than worship in a Reformed synagogue.

Nearly 600 people attended the exercises, which were held in the open foundations of the building. The speakers sat on a raised platform decorated with the American flag. The chief rabbi delivered an invocation in Hebrew. Other speakers were the Rev. H. P. Mendes, Coroner Levy, and the rabbi elect of the synagogue, the Rev. B. Drachman. Mr. Jonas Weil handled the trowel in the laying of the stone. A tin box containing a Hebrew prayer book, some coins, and the newspapers of the day was placed in it. Among those present were Mr. Jacob Judelsohn, Mr. A. S. Kalischer, Dr. Lieberman, Mr. A. Baum, Mr. E. Heller, Assemblyman Arnstein, Mr. Hyman Israel, and Mr. William Frager.

The corner stone of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of St. James at Seventy-third street and Madison avenue was laid yesterday afternoon by the Rev. Dr. J. B. Remensnyder, the pastor of the church.

The Rev. Dr. J. K. Funk led in the recital of the Lord's prayer, and then the corner stone was lowered into position. Then a square copper box was produced and Dr. Remensnyder read a list of its contents.

The Rev. Dr. G. U. Wenner led in the recital of the Creed, and then the audience crossed over to the Philadelphia Presbyterian Church on the northeast corner of Madison avenue, where the remainder of the exercises took place. The Rev. Dr. F. W. Conrad of Philadelphia, editor of the *Lutheran Observer*, delivered the address. He said that there are in New York only 22 Lutheran Churches, of which 15 are German, 1 Swedish, 1 Finnish, 2 German-English, and 3 English. He thought the English element among the Lutherans ought to arouse themselves and build at least one church a year for the next twenty years. It said that 300 Lutherans arrive in this country from abroad every day, and that the Church stands third in numerical strength among the Churches of the country. The concluding prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. G. F. Krotel, President of the General Council of the Lutheran Church.

The edifice will have a frontage of 100 feet on Madison avenue and 60 feet on East Seventy-third street. It is to be of pinkish gray granite, with brown stone trimmings. The architecture is Gothic, and the arrangement of the interior will be cruciform. The cost, including the lots, will be about $175,000. It will seat about 600, and will be ready for use next September.

The New York Presbyterian Church has had a chapel at Seventh avenue and 128th street for about four years, and yesterday ground was broken for the erection of a church edifice on the vacant lot adjoining the Seventh avenue side of the chapel. The ground breaking was done by the Rev. Dr. W. W. Page, pastor of the church, who used for the purpose a spade draped with blue ribbon.

As he thrust it into the soil he recited sentences from Scripture, beginning with "how amiable are thy tabernacles," &c. He ended with the Gloria. A melodeon on the outdoor platform played the music, to which the choir sang "Onward, Christian Soldier," and other hymns. Addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. Bitting of the Mount Morris Baptist Church, the Rev. Samuel H. Virgin of the Harlem Congregational Church, and the Rev. Dr. Ramsay of the 125th Street Presbyterian Church. Dr. Bitting spoke first, because he is a Princeton man and wanted to go to the football game.

Thanksgiving Day was made memorable to the German Odd Fellows by the laying of the corner stone of their new building in St. Mark's place. About five hundred met at their present headquarters, in Eckstein's Hotel, and marched in a body to the scene of the ceremony. The half-completed building was decorated with flags and floral designs.

The President, Mr. F. Hildebrand, made the opening address. Deputy Grand Master I. O. O. F. of the State of New York, George W. Chapman also spoke. The Mozart Society sang the hymn, "Great God," while the corner stone was laid. After the ceremonies the Odd Fellows returned to their headquarters, where luncheon was served.

A MODEL LODGING HOUSE.

The Sanitary Aid Society Opens a New One in the Tenth Ward.

The Sanitary Aid Society formally opened a new lodging house at 94 Division street yesterday. The building has recently been constructed on ground which is leased for ten years. The first floor is rented as a store, but all the space in the cellar and in the five stories above is devoted to lodging house purposes. On the main floor there is a sitting room, in front an office, and in the rear are rooms for the lodgers to lounge in and eat their breakfasts and suppers. The Sanitary Aid Society first rented a building at 9 Doyers street. The demand for places in the building became so great that the society decided to build a new lodging house, and this one on Division street is the result.

The Doyers street house paid expenses, and there is every reason to believe that the new building will be self-sustaining. There are cots for 140 men. The applicant who goes in there at any time of night before 12 o'clock and says he expects to remain only one or two nights will have a bed. Those who expect to stay for a week or longer will be charged only 10 cents a night. There are bathrooms in the cellar, and each man before going to bed must bathe himself. Every morning there is served a breakfast consisting of coffee, milk, and sugar, costing one cent, and as many rolls as the man may want to buy at a cent apiece. Prof. Felix Adler, President Dwight of the Columbia Law School, ex-Mayor Hewitt, Rossiter Johnson, Eugene Kelly, Theodore Roosevelt, Jesse Seligman, Frederick W. Vanderbilt, and Dr. William Seward Webb are some of those interested in the society.

Killian Van Rensselaer, President of the society, made a short speech descriptive of the work done, and was followed by Prof. Adler, who spoke in a general way upon the lodging-house problem. Dr. William H. Ross, the secretary, said that good homes for single men in the Tenth ward would help reduce the city's high death rate. The Doyers street house housed 31,680 persons in one year, and the Division street house will afford shelter to 50,400 if each night there is a fresh set of men. Some of the tenants, however, remain several weeks, and hence the total number accommodated will be less.

He Was a Butterfly Fancier.

Henry Gottschalk, who committed suicide on Wednesday night in his room at 334 West Thirty-sixth street, was a peddler by occupation and a collector of butterflies and moths by predilection. He had some handsomely mounted frames of butterflies, and he was permitted to put a frame in a riding academy up town. The frame was to be raffled off, but the glass in the frame in some way broken accidentally, and the raffle did not come off. Gottschalk asked the proprietor to pay for the glass, but the proprietor refused. Gottschalk had been despondent for some time, and he went to his room and swallowed cyanide of potassium, which he used in preserving butterflies. He has a wife and three children in Germany.

CAPTURED A TRAIN.

Impatient Passengers Make a Rush and Go To the Game Without Tickets.

Between 1 and 2 o'clock, P. M., there was a big jam of people and railway trains at Eighth avenue and 155th street. At that point passengers for Berkeley Oval had to get out, pass through the little station and take a train on the Northern road. Long trains were run on the Northern at intervals of 12 minutes, but more passengers arrived in the intervals than the long trains would hold. After a time the schedule was abandoned and trains were sent back and forth on the Northern just as fast as safety would permit. But that didn't help matters, for the station and platform were too small to accommodate the constantly increasing crowd, and there was a wild scramble for tickets.

Every possible window was pressed into service for the sale of tickets, but for every person that got a ticket and passed through the gates ten arrived, and at last the platform was so crowded that incoming elevated trains stopped below the station to allow the people already landed to get away.

At 1:30 seven densely packed trains stood waiting on the up-town track below the station. The crowd on the platform got desperate. A Northern train backed up to the outside platform beyond the gate. It was a hundred yards or so from the elevated station. Two or three men jumped down upon the rails and ran along the trestle toward the waiting train. The example was speedily followed by hundreds. Employees of the elevated road looked on in undisguised glee, and the brakemen and conductors of the Northern road seemed to be paralyzed. They attempted a half-hearted resistance, but it was no use. In three minutes the train was packed, and probably not more than a score of the passengers had tickets. They got there, though, and if the conductor collected money fares from half of them he did remarkably well.

The same plan was tried on the next train, but the employees fought the crowd back so desperately that few succeeded in climbing aboard. Many men gave up the game entirely and went home. The jam and blockade continued until after 2 o'clock.

BRET HARTE'S SON SUED.

J. J. Smith Wants Damages for Alienation of a Wife, and Wants his Children.

James J. Smith, a real estate agent of this city, has brought suit against his wife, Aline, to recover his two children, and against Francis K. Harte, son of Bret Harte, for damages for alienating Mrs. Smith's affections. A writ of habeas corpus for the production of the children in Supreme Court, Chambers, next Monday has been granted by Judge Patterson. Mr. Smith and his wife have been living apart by agreement since November, 1888, she keeping the children—boys, 8 and 6 years old.

Mr. Augustus C. Fransioli, attorney for Smith, said yesterday that a coolness arose between the couple after ten years' married life, and resulted in the agreement to live apart six months. Mrs. Smith made this suggestion. Smith has become a partial invalid. Mrs. Smith's passion for acting brought her in contact with young Harte and another man named Festticks. It is alleged that she went to Europe with Harte and Festticks, Harte travelling under the name of Artel, and the woman under her own family name, Bouton.

"Several weeks ago," said Mr. Fransioli, "Smith communicated with Mr. W. H. Houghton, his wife's attorney, and brought back the children. She at first expressed a willingness to part with them, but afterward changed her mind, and was willing that one of them should get a divorce. Smith, being a Catholic, has no intention of getting a divorce. His conduct has been blameless, and he won't get a divorce if he can help it. After losing all track of his wife Smith got word through her attorney that the children were in the Bryant Institute at Roslyn, and he might see them there. He learned there that she lived at 25 West Eighty-fourth street, where Harte has a flat. It is said that in the letter which she wrote asking for the boys to be allowed to go home to spend Thanksgiving, she signed herself 'Harte.'"

Mr. Houghton, Mrs. Smith's attorney, said last night that he knew little of Mrs. Smith's relations with Harte and Festticks, but he admitted their travelling together. He was originally called in by the executor to settle her father's estate, by which she gets about $4,500 a year. Then she consulted him about the agreement of separation which he drew up. The reason she gave was that her husband was very jealous on account of her associations with Harte and others.

ICEMAN TURNER'S OPPONENT.

Truckman Collier, Ex-Soldier and Volunteer Fireman, Will Try for the Prize.

Iceman Turner is not going to have a walkover in his race for Congress to-morrow. At any rate he is not to have a clear track.

George W. Collier, a truckman, has been nominated by "the Independent Republicans of the Sixth Congress district," and his nomination is tacitly endorsed by the regular Republicans in default of a candidate of their own. Collier's friends say that the County Democrats are going to use him as a club to whack Tammany's iceman with.

Collier was born in the Ninth ward, and went to the Twelfth street public school. He was a member of the Seventy-first regiment when it went to the defence of Washington, and fought at the first battle of Bull Run. He went out with the Twelfth the following year, and was taken prisoner at Harper's Ferry. Having been paroled and subsequently exchanged, he served in the Eighty-fourth New York Regiment. In the days of the Volunteer Fire Department he ran with Engine 29, of which ex-Fire Chief Ed Feates was foreman. He was formerly in business on his own account, but now works for his brother, who is a boss truckman. He is a black-eyed man, with a black moustache, and is of stocky build. He is 45 years old and a grandfather, but does not look his age.

Since his nomination he has been making a still hunt for votes, which his friends think may make to-morrow a cold day for Iceman Turner. The Collier headquarters are at the northwest corner of Hudson and Bank streets. A transparency announcing the nomination formerly adorned the adjoining lamp post, but it was torn down by a city official. There is another one now on the corner building.

HIS PULPIT A BALE OF HAY.

Sacks of Grain and Potatoes to Illustrate Pastor Scudder's Thanksgiving Sermon.

The Thanksgiving service in the Jersey City Tabernacle yesterday was a novel one. Pastor John Scudder had a bale of hay for a pulpit, and just behind the pulpit was another bale for a seat. Bags of wheat, corn, barley, potatoes, and onions, which Mr. Scudder raised on his farm at Sloter Island, stood on the platform. Mr. Scudder's text was "The harvest is plenty." A brass band in the choir loft played Hail Columbia and other national airs. A collection was taken up for the poor. Enough money was raised to provide Thanksgiving dinners for about twenty-five families.

Handsome Harry Losing Hope.

"Handsome Harry" Carlton has begun to show some fear that he will be hanged next Thursday. He was moody all yesterday, and had little to say to the Deputy Sheriffs in charge of him. He said yesterday that no matter what kind of a policeman James Brennan was, he felt that all other policemen wished for his death, and he would be hanged, no matter as to the merits of his case. The preparations for his execution will begin to-day or Saturday, when Under Sheriff Sexton will call to take his measure for a new suit of clothes. Charles Giblin will probably be taken to Sing Sing to-day. His wife and children were with him yesterday.

Mrs. Southworth's Appetite Excellent.

Mrs. Southworth spent her first really quiet day yesterday since she shot Stephen Pettus. None of her friends called to ask after her, and she did not manifest a desire to see any one. Her lawyers, Howe & Hummel, rigidly observed Thanksgiving, and did not call. She kept to her cell all day, and ate a hearty dinner.

Where Did He Get Opium?

Alfred Smith, a 62-year-old pauper, was found dead in his bed at the almshouse on Blackwell's Island yesterday morning. Coroner Messemer made a post mortem and found that death was due to opium poisoning. Smith had been in the habit of eating opium for years and had recently been sent to the hospital to be cured.

Miss Aumann Says She Didn't Elope.

Emma Aumann, 16 years old, who ran away from her home, 576 Wythe avenue, Williamsburgh, last Sunday, is at home again under her mother's care. The young woman says she did not elope with an actor, but only wrote so to her mother for a joke. She says she was staying at a friend's house in this city and was not married.

Harry Ernest of the Pat Roo