HANGED HIMSELF IN A CELL,

AFTER SCATTERING THOUSANDS OF HIS DOLLARS BROADCAST.

The Tragical Escapade of a Retired and Wealthy Tinsmith—A Shower of Greenbacks in a Police Station—A Velvet Waistcoat Transformed into a Noose.

An elderly woman, plainly but richly dressed, told several policemen of the Forty-seventh street station, at Seventh avenue, on Friday evening, that she was vainly searching for her husband, William Zollinger, of 241 West Fifty-third street. She described her husband as a short, stout, fresh-complexioned man, about 50 years of age, slightly bald, with a light moustache and imperial. Her husband, Mrs. Zollinger said, wore a suit of dark clothing, and a black hat. It had also been a peculiarity of his for years to wear a cardigan jacket under his coat, and this feature of his dress, she be ieved, might aid in his recognition. Mr. Zollinger, Mrs. Zollinger added, had a large amount of money in his possession.

Some of the policemen knew Mr. Zollinger either personally or by repute. He had lived in the roomy, old-fashioned house at 241 West Fifty-third street since he retired, years ago, from the tinsmithing business with a competence. It was generally known that he owned the house there and other property, and that, notwithstanding the modest way in which he maintained his family, he was possessed of an ample income. As the policemen patrolled their posts they looked into the barrooms, because Mrs. Zollinger had told them that her husband had been drinking freely for several days, and had been little at home in that time.

As Policeman Michael Gilligan neared Seventh avenue, in Fifty-eighth street, at 9:45, he saw a throng on the opposite side of the way. He crossed and approached the throng. When he was a few feet away, Mrs. Zollinger and her son, John, told Gilligan that Mr. Zollinger was the centre of the throng; that he was unwilling to go home, and that he was inclined to be violent. They feared, they said, that he might be injured, or robbed of the money that he had in his pockets. Policeman Gilligan, pressing through the throng, saw Mr. Zollinger standing in a defiant attitude with a drawing revolver in his right hand. He was under the influence of liquor, and impressed with the belief that it was necessary to be on his guard against those about him. When Mr. Zollinger saw the policeman he levelled the revolver at his breast, but, apparently reassured by the uniform, replaced the weapon immediately. Policeman Gilligan promptly took advantage of this change of purpose. He stepped up to Mr. Zollinger's side and took the revolver from his hand. It was of heavy calibre, fully loaded and cocked.

Policeman Gilligan took Mr. Zollinger to the Forty-seventh street station. Mrs. Zollinger and her son following. As he reached the bar before the desk, Mr. Zollinger put his hands into the outer pockets of his sack coat and drew forth handfuls of greenbacks. He scattered them broadcast over the floor, shouting gleefully:

"There! there! look at that!"

Again and again he dove his hands into his pockets, outside and inside, drawing out great wisps of bank notes, and scattering them as though they were worthless slips of paper. Sergeant Cortwright rose from his seat behind the desk unmoved, and Policeman Gilligan and Doorman Webster were motionless with surprise.

"Sergeant," Mrs. Zollinger said, "can't my poor husband be prevented from throwing his money away? He has fully $12,000 in his pocketbook."

But Mr. Zollinger went on casting his money in a fluttering shower about him. Then came the ring of silver coin, which fell upon the bare floor and rolled into corners. Sergeant Cortwright arrived too late to prevent it, and said to Policeman Gilligan and Doorman Webster:

"Search him, and search him."

"It's useless to search me," Mr. Zollinger cried. "I've shown every cent that I had about me."

The policeman searched Mr. Zollinger's pockets. They were empty. Then the policeman began to collect the widespread bank notes and coin, heaping them upon the desk. When he saw that no more paper money or coin had been found, Sergeant Cortwright returned to his place behind the desk, and carefully counted the money before him. In $500, $100, $50, and $20 bills and silver coin he counted $12,852.35. When he announced the amount Young Zollinger said:

"Father had much more money in his pocketbook than we supposed he had. He sold some property recently, receiving $12,000 in payment. He had not had much confidence in savings banks of late, and he locked the money in a small iron safe in our house. He took the money from the safe this morning. I believe it was then in $1,000 packages."

Mr. Zollinger smiled, and added:

"Yes, and I had more money. I bought that revolver to-day to protect myself. I am well able to protect myself, too, against any number of thieves."

It was plain to Sergeant Cortwright that Mr. Zollinger was not in a mood to remain quietly in his home during the rest of the night, and he asked Mrs. Zollinger whether she would prefer a complaint against him that would justify his detention. Mrs. Zollinger, after some hesitation, preferred a complaint of intoxication, and of the violation of a Corporation ordinance in carrying a loaded pistol without a permit. This complaint, Sergeant Cortwright told her, could be disposed of in a police court in the morning, by the payment of a fine of $10. Sergeant Cortwright then entered the charge upon the blotter of the station, and wrote a receipt for Mr. Zollinger's money. He offered the receipt to Mr. Zollinger, but the latter refused to take it, and resisted every attempt to put it in his pocket. Policeman Gilligan and Doorman Webster took away Mr. Zollinger's handkerchief and suspenders, fearing that he might attempt suicide, and led him toward the cell department of the station. A few paces away from the desk, Mr. Zollinger turned and said: "Sergeant, I see that I was wrong about that receipt. I'll take it now." It was put in his pocket, and he was locked in a cell near the door opening into the policemen's sitting room.

Soon afterward some friends and relatives of Mrs. Zollinger entered the station, and one of them suggested that an effort should be made to induce Mr. Zollinger to give a receipt for the money in Sergeant Cortwright's keeping to Mrs. Zollinger. Capt. Ward was appealed to, and he directed that Mr. Zollinger be brought back to the desk. But Mr. Zollinger was unwilling to give the receipt. In the course of the conversation Sergeant Cortwright pulled out, probably because he said that his own had been taken from him, a relative gave Mr. Zollinger a red silk handkerchief. When the policemen were about to lead him from the desk, Mr. Zollinger burst into tears.

"You are not going to send me back to that cell, my son, my wife," he cried. "Oh, do not have me locked in that terrible place. Take me home. I'll be quiet."

But Mrs. Zollinger had retired to the Captain's private office, and young Zollinger said:

"It's best, father, that you should stay here to-night."

"Well, then," Mr. Zollinger said, "kiss me, my boy. Where is my wife? She is not here? Give my money to her. Give it all to her."

He embraced his son and walked away with the policeman. After he was locked up again in his cell he was quiet for a time, and then, however, he rose from the hard pallet in the cell, and, grasping the barred door, spoke loudly and incoherently. Doorman Webster made frequent visits, he says, to the cell department. At 2½ he saw Mr. Zollinger lying, apparently asleep, upon his pallet. At about 3:05 he found Mr. Zollinger hanging by what seemed to be a roll of cloth from a bar over the door of his cell. He opened the door quickly, and, exerting all his strength, pulled the hanging man down and laid him upon the pallet.

He was dead. The body was warm and supple, and Doorman Webster summoned Sergeant Cortwright, hoping that animation was only temporarily suspended. They bore the body to the sitting room. They applied to the restorative that was at hand, and Sergeant Cortwright telegraphed for a police surgeon. When the surgeon reached the station he said that any further attempt at resuscitation was useless. Mrs. Zollinger died, and her son was notified. A messenger was sent to Coroner Herrman. He gave a permit to remove the body to Mr. Zollinger's home, and, an undertaker having been summoned, it was coffined and taken there.

Mr. Zollinger evidently took off his cardigan jacket and waistcoat after Doorman Webster made his last tour of the cell department. He knotted the arms of the jacket about the corridor in the grating over the door of his cell. In the loop thus formed he inserted the red silk handkerchief that was given to him. Passing the ends of the handkerchief through the armholes of his waistcoat, which was of black silk velvet, new and strong, he knotted them firmly together. Then he squeezed his head through the armholes of the waistcoat, and leaned forward. The length of the looped clothing was so great that he had to draw up his feet to clear the stone pavement of the cell.

The Building Department Muddle.

The Board of Fire Commissioners at their meeting yesterday morning were prevented from taking further action in the matter of the Department of Buildings by a writ of prohibition served upon them at the instance of Superintendent Dudley. In the affidavit upon which the writ was issued by Judge Fancher, Mr. Dudley avers that the Legislature never intended that the Fire Department commissioners should have the right to affirm or reverse the decisions of the Commissioner of Buildings, and asks that the Fire Commissioners shall be stopped from further action until the constitutionality of the act establishing said Judge Butler (hereafter to preside in the Commissioner's Court) further action until the decision of the court can be had, and fixes next Monday for the hearing as to why the Commissioners shall not be permanently restrained from taking possession of Mr. Dudley's books, papers, and office. All that the Commissioners could do yesterday was to refer the matter to the Corporation Counsel and await the result of the application of Mr. Dudley to the Supreme Court.

ATHLETICS AT THEIR ...

Two Members of the Brooklyn Club Beating the Best Amateur Records.

The Brooklyn Athletic Club held their second annual spring game yesterday afternoon at their grounds, at Ninth avenue and Ninth street. The day was cool, with a fine breeze. The best amateur record was beaten in two instances. W. B. Curtis was referee. The three trial heats in the 100-yard handicap were won by A. Darling, 11¾ seconds; B. H. Tobey, 11¾; L. Backer, 11. In the final heat Tobey won in 10¾. In the tug of war, 600-pound teams of four pulled on cleats. The Clinton Athletic Club and Brooklyn Athletic Club contested. At the end of fifteen minutes the Brooklyn Club had 2 feet 6 inches on their side of the centre crease, and the Clintons wisely waived their privilege for another pull.

The half-mile handicap run was won by G. S. Wheatly in 2m. 10¼s., R. A. Knight second, G. H. Whittaker third. In the one-mile run handicap, A. Anderson finished in 5m. 8¾s., G. H. Whittaker a good second. Then came the 220-yard handicap trial heats. L. Backer captured the first in 25s., and the second was a walkover for W. E. Lanchantine. In the final heat there was a tough struggle, Lanchantine keeping the lead to within a few yards of the finish, when J. M. Esquirol dashed to the front and won in 24¾s. In the 100-yard dash, scratch, Jack Voorhees won in 10¾s., L. A. Stewart and J. M. Esquirol a close two and three.

The ten-minute tug-of-war between the Olympic and Brooklyn 500-pound teams was close and exciting. Brooklyn won the first tug by six inches after a hard pull for fractions. In the second, Brooklyn got the drop and won by five inches. The trial heats for the 220-yard hurdle races were won by L. Hamm, 30¾ seconds; J. J. Reilly, 31¾ seconds. The final heat was won by Hamm, time 30¾ seconds. In the three-mile walk handicap the starters were G. E. Rogers, 2 minutes 30 seconds; F. G. Trunkett, 1 minute 15 seconds, F. P. Murray and D. Lehane, 45 seconds. F. L. Lachenmacher, scratch, not appearing. Rogers led for the first two miles, but Murray, on the third, took a decided lead, and won in 24:47½. Lehane second.

In the running long jump Jack Voorhees made 17 feet 5 inches, F. J. Kilpatrick, 19 feet 11¾ inches. Voorhees beat the best record, but with a stiff breeze behind him.

In the one-hour run W. H. Robertson also beat the best record, making 10 miles 3¼ laps, the track measuring eight laps to the mile. J. H. Gifford covered 10 miles 1¾ laps, and Frank Lantry 8 miles 7 laps.

The Williamsburgh Athletic Club inaugurated their first annual spring games on their new grounds at Wythe avenue, Penn and Rutledge streets, yesterday afternoon. The grand stand was packed yesterday long before the games began, and the outside circle of the track was fringed with spectators. The first event was a 100-yard handicap dash in eight first trial heats and four second trial heats, with a final. The running in the trial heats was not remarkable as to time, the contestants running simply for places in the final heat. The final heat was won by P. St. G. Bissel of the Manhattan A. C. Time, 10¼ seconds. In the 220-yard hurdle race (handicap) the first trial heat was won by W. H. Hegeman, North Side A. C., 26¾ seconds; second heat, F. Adams, American A. C., 25 3-5 seconds; third heat, W. H. Capes, American A. C., 25¼ seconds, and final heat by C. S. Gaubert, W. A. C., in 33 seconds. In the one-mile walk there were 18 entries. It was won by H. Wagner, Williamsburgh A. C., in 8:19, with an allowance of 10 seconds. G. Devoe of the same club, allowance 30 seconds, was a good second. The half-mile run was won by J. Anderson, A. A. C., in 2:12¾, with O. J. Frost, Empire City A. C., a good second.

A great deal of interest was manifested in the three-mile walk. There were seven starters. It was won by R. Brodman, North Side A. C., in 37:37, with J. H. Wilson, Williamsburgh A. C., three seconds behind. The first pull in the tugs of war was between teams of four of the Clinton A. C. and John Hastings, Captain, against the Williamsburgh A. C. team, D. Y. Foster, Captain. It resulted in a victory for Hastings's team; distance, 12 inches. The second pull was between teams of the Harlem A. C., H. L. Smith, Captain, and the Scottish A. A. C., and was won by the latter team by a distance. The third pull was between the Acme A. C. team and the Clintons. The former team won by three inches. The final pull was between the Scottish A. A. C. and the Acme A. C., and was won by the latter team by 5 feet.

The last event was a one-mile run (handicap), won by James Saunders, North Side A. C., in 4:57, with an allowance of 20 yards. Walter Smith of the W. A. C. coming in a good second.

The Inwood Athletic Club held their second annual spring games yesterday afternoon. The athletic and friends of the contestants were out in full force, and spurred on the young athletes with generous applause. Several of the New York athletic clubs sent representatives.

The opening event was the 100-yard dash (handicap), in two trial heats and a final. The first heat was won by W. L. McCreery of the Inwood Club in 11¾ seconds. W. Baker of New York won the second heat in the same time. In the final heat Baker was also winner in 11¾ seconds.

The half-mile run was won by E. D. Jesurum, American Athletic Club, in 2 minutes 15¾ seconds, E. F. Coward, Manhattan Club, coming in a close second.

In the 440-yard run (handicap) W. J. McCreery again came to the front, touching the tape in 56¾ seconds.

The one-mile walk (handicap) was won by H. S. Byrne of the Inwood Club in 8 minutes 25¾ seconds; J. B. Clarke, Empire City Club, was second.

The games closed with the one-mile run. In this eight men started, but only three came in at the close. R. Owens of New York took the lead, winning the race in 4 minutes 45¾ seconds.

Handsome gold medals were given to the winner in each contest.

THE HERALD ON THE BRITISH ROYAL FAMILY.

An Extraordinary Sketch of the Son and Daughter of Queen Victoria in Chicago.

PRINCE LEOPOLD.

Not far from him (in the Chicago Convention) sat Prince Leopold. This youth is said to be the brightest of Victoria's children. Let us hope so. He certainly is the homeliest. His head is small and shelving, and is well covered with hair of a brownish tint, that stretches from a little pimple near his ear far down his slender neck. He has the Victorian eye and the lip of a Guelph. His nose indicates cursility, his sallow and pendulous jaw, with a tendency to point heavenward that is not entirely pleasant. Leopold's as yet undeveloped moustache does not conceal the fact that his mother never taught him to keep his mouth shut. On the contrary, there it was with the lips thrown over the other long one, his upper teeth showing like a squirrel's, and his long hands being knuckly and red as a boiled lobster. In spite of his rather uncomely appearance, the young Prince indicated considerable intelligence for a royal personage, and nearly smiled several times. After hearing Mr. Garfield and Mr. Conkling he retired, attended by Messrs. P. Collins, C. B. A. Yorke, and Col. McNeil of the Queen's household.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

During the conversation, which lasted but a few moments, the Princess Louise put in an appearance. She was also putting on her gloves. Not to put too fine a point on it, the lady is not as pretty as the average Chicago girl, but she has more style. She smiles when speaking almost as much as the late Schuyler Colfax (by the way, where is Schuyler?), but the wreath is more becoming and seems more natural. Her dress (a mere masculine worm may turn to describe it) was apparently a short black silk with velvet jiggers on it, and about her well developed throat was a profusion of lace, holding in the curve of the neck a *boutonniere*, the perfume of which was lemon verbena. One of the waiters picked up a leaf and offered to sell it for a trade dollar, but Imperialism is at a discount to-day, and he found no takers. The straw hat she wore is called canary color, but as there are different colored canaries in New York I will say that this special canary was a yellowish brunette, one side tenderly turned up and the other down, not unlike the style in which Gen. John Cochrane wears his when he promenades broadway on a fine afternoon in June. Black silk, gay feathers, and a kind of cherry ornamented the head gear, and gave the little lady a jaunty look that was quite becoming. She exchanged a few confidential words with her brother, and retired in good order. After a lunch the party took the 5 o'clock train, and not a torpedo was exploded in their honor.

An Obnoxious Horse Car Terminus.

Application is to be made early next week for an injunction restraining the Fourth Avenue Railroad Company from using Madison avenue from Eighty-first street to Eighty-fourth street for stabling purposes. The complainants are residents along the line, and are headed by Mr. John Weber, the builder of the Normal College and other large buildings. Their counsel is Mr. John S. Ray of 115 Nassau street. Six weeks ago last January the property owners and residents of the neighborhood sent a protest to the company against the practice of allowing horse cars to stand in the middle of the Eighty-first street terminus of the line, which practically makes a depot of the public street. "For many reasons," the petitioners say, "this practice has been continued serious annoyance to us and to the whole neighborhood, the stench from the horses in hot or close weather being especially obnoxious. We hope that it will only be necessary to call your attention to the nuisance in order to have it stopped at once. In the event of this not being done we shall be forced to assert our rights and prosecute all your employees who may be guilty of obstructing the street in following this practice."

Wife Murder in Tennessee.

BROWNSVILLE, Tenn., June 5.—On Thursday night Frank King killed his wife, in a fit of jealousy, by knocking her down with an axe and then dragging her outside the door into the yard and beating her over the head with a heavy club. King and his wife had not been on good terms for several weeks. On the night of the murder he told a negro neighbor that he was going to kill his wife, and in about fifteen minutes he came back to the same house and said he had killed her, and wanted somebody to go up to her house. He then set off to the woods, where he hid out until about 10 o'clock, when he was arrested.

POISONED BY SEWER GAS.

CAUSES OF THE MALARIA EPIDEMIC AT PRINCETON COLLEGE.

A Sewerage System that Carried the Exhalations of a Monster Cesspool into the Dormitories—Applying the Remedy.

It has not been difficult to arrive at a knowledge of the causes of the malaria fevers which a few weeks ago threatened to become epidemic in Princeton College, and which caused the abrupt ending of the collegiate term. The only wonder was that those causes did not produce like, or even greater, effects long before they did. What they were, Dr. J. S. Schanck, Professor of Chemistry in Princeton College, stated frankly yesterday in a conversation with a reporter for THE SUN:

"Princeton we believe to be one of the healthiest places in the country naturally. It has sustained that reputation for a century and a half. Situated on sandy ground on the highest point of land on the old stage road between New York and Philadelphia, on the ridge that divides the waters that flow into the Raritan on one side and the Delaware on the other, it might naturally be expected to be as free from malarious diseases as any place can be. And it has been. Our college is ordinarily in a remarkably healthful condition. Out of our 450 or 500 people, students, professors, and others connected with the college, there has not been a single death by disease within five years up to the present ones, and there have been no epidemics among us.

"This present trouble has grown out of the necessity that has been forced upon us in the matter of our sewerage and cesspool system, adopted about twelve years ago. Elevated as we are—260 feet—we have admirable advantages for drainage, could we but get the consent of the owner of the useless low meadow land to our sewer emptying there; but that we could not get, nor would he sell us his property. We therefore adopted the plan of using a huge cesspool, 60 feet long, 18 feet wide, and 12 feet deep, located fully a third of a mile from our college buildings. Unfortunately that cesspool has been allowed to become so surcharged that the foul gases generated therefrom have been carried through the pipes into the dormitories and other buildings, to the detriment of the health of our young men. It was a sad oversight, and I do not care to say who was responsible for it, that the cesspool was left so long uncleaned.

"Now we have a force of men at work cleaning it out, drenching and thoroughly disinfecting it, and the sewers leading to it, and in forty-eight hours all that will have been accomplished; we will be restored to the healthful condition formerly existant; and when that is done we will have very little to dread. What has occurred of the past will never be repeated. We will also have in contemplation some other measures for the replacing of the present system by a better one; but for that legislative action may be necessary, and I prefer to say nothing further about it at present.

"We had in all twenty-one cases of serious sickness clearly referable, as we suppose, to the cause I have mentioned, and three of them resulted fatally. Besides those, there have been as many more cases of slight illness; but all have recovered by this time, of those who have remained here or from whom we have heard, excepting four who still are in Princeton sick, but doing well and rapidly approaching convalescence. That was the report this morning."

The main sewer leading to the cesspool spoken of, fifteen inches in diameter, connects by eight and ten-inch branch pipes with four large dormitories, the gymnasium, and some other buildings. Reunion and Weatherspoon Halls, in which the most serious cases of illness occurred, are also connected with it. The rigid examination instituted since the present trouble began developed the fact that while the pipes were well trapped and finished with lead-caulked joints, copper-ferruled also in the case of Weatherspoon Hall, which is the newest building, the long lines of sink piping leading into the sewers from various points on the lower floors of several buildings have been constructed in defiance of the simplest laws of sanitary science. Their best joints were caulked with cement or putty. Many joints were absolutely without any caulking, the waste pipes from the sinks being simply pushed into socketholders on the main drains; traps were lacking, in Reunion Hall at least, and in all cases the tops of the drain pipes were tightly closed, an arrangement which effectually insures the siphoning out of any traps that may exist, and the consequent passing of them for the rush of sewer gas. It is by no means easy to get at the facts about these pipes. They have been boxed in so solidly, and even built into the walls, that it is a hard matter to reach them. Two skilled plumbers, Keating and Buchanan, with a number of assistants, are, however, energetically at work tracing every pipe, putting it in the best possible condition of joints and traps, and leading it up above the roofs, open for ventilation of the sewers. Hitherto the only ventilating of the sewers has been through two six-inch pipes extended above the roof of East College at the extreme end of the sewer system, which was practically worthless so long as the waste pipes were in the condition already described. Those improvements are being made without regard to cost, and are under the direction of Dr. Janeway of the New York Board of Health, who was taken into consultation on the matter as soon as the trouble broke out. They will be completed within three or four days, and then, we think, Princeton will be restored to be as healthful as the most thorough compliance with every law of sanitary science now known can make them.

The recent alarming prevalence of malaria illness was, by some, attributed to imputed impurity of the water supply of the college. On this point Dr. Cornwall, Professor of Analytical Chemistry, said to the reporter: "The water used in the college all comes from a strong spring on the college grounds, and is lifted by a pumping engine at the north end of one of the college buildings. Outside the college grounds the students who live in boarding houses of course use water drawn from the common country wells with which the town is supplied. I have analyzed the water of more than 200 wells in this vicinity, and have also made many analyses of years past, and during the recent excitement made analyses of the water of our spring and of about forty wells from which students habitually drank. In only one instance did I find the water really bad, and that was in the well of a private boarding house, where these illnesses first occurred in a serious form, and it is not yet decided whether the organic matter in that water was the result of an accident, of temporary nature, or was caused by the well receiving surface drainage. That will be thoroughly examined, and until it is decided no student will be allowed to use the water from that well. Two other wells were declared doubtful, not bad, but not absolutely pure. As for our spring water, I have known it to be always as pure, organically pure. There can be no better or purer water than flows from it, and every care is taken to insure its maintenance of that character."

The Rev. Dr. McCosh, President of the college, said: "The low towers, of malaria origin, which have prevailed, have not been confined to the college or to Princeton. There are twenty other New Jersey towns in which they have occurred to even a greater extent and in a more dangerous form than here. There were natural causes that predisposed toward them. We had a very open winter, and there was not frost enough to kill the seeds of disease; then we had a warm, wet spring, followed immediately by unusually hot weather. It is not to be denied that special causes existed here that aggravated the generally existant predisposition to disease, but there was nothing in those special causes that cannot be removed, nothing of it will not have been removed in three or four days from the present time. I have lived in many countries, but this town of Princeton is the healthiest place I was ever in. We have never had now for years before this year, and that they exist now is due to the predisposing causes I have mentioned, and, in so far as the college is concerned, the additional aggravation of bad sewerage and drainage, evils which are now being thoroughly rectified."

"There has been a great deal more alarm, however, than was justified by the facts. Out of the 470 students and professors in the college when this malady broke out not more than forty were ill at all, and only about half of those were serious cases. Those who suffered somewhat with headaches and nervous depression, as I did myself, but I never lost an hour from my work, nor did any more than the number I mentioned.

"Our commencement exercises will go on this year as usual, beginning with the baccalaureate sermon on Sunday, June 20, commencement day on the 23d, and all the other events connected with this important period in college life. Before they begin, there shall no longer exist the possibility of finding fault with the sanitary condition of our college."

The Fordham Court House.

The lease of the Court House at Fordham, which is used for the Sixth Police District and the Tenth Civil Justice Courts, has expired. A new lease is to be made by the Sinking Fund Commissioners, and a movement is on foot to have the location of those courts changed. Although at present in the middle of the district territorially, they are by no means in the middle of the population. It is claimed that about 80,000 persons living in Tremont, Melrose, Morrisania, Mott Haven, and North New York are inconvenienced for the benefit of the few living in Fordham, West Farms, and Kingsbridge. The persons favoring the removal of the courts say that a much more central location would be in the neighborhood of 156th street.

The Death of John S. Lawrence.

John S. Lawrence, brother of Justice A. R. Lawrence of the Supreme Court and of Charles W. Lawrence of the Comptroller's Office, died on Friday at 1 P. M. at his home, 34 West Ninety-ninth street, aged 63. He was born in Mastic, L. I., where he has a summer residence, and for forty years has been a practising lawyer in this city. Of late he has acted frequently as referee, and was busily engaged up to his late illness, which has lasted about four weeks. His wife died several years ago. Two sons and two daughters survive him.

Ice House Burned.

KINGSTON, N. Y., June 5.—The Knickerbocker ice house in Rhinebeck, containing 10,000 tons of ice, was burned this afternoon. Loss over $80,000.

EDWARD REINHARDT'S PLOT.

How the Condemned Wife Murderer Came Very Near Escaping from Jail.

Edward Reinhardt, the condemned wife murderer, came very near escaping from the Richmond County jail at Richmond, Staten Island, early yesterday morning. The plan of escape was well concocted, Reinhardt having two confederates in the persons of James McGuirk, alias "Mulligan's Ghost," and Owen Clark, both of whom are awaiting the action of the Grand Jury on the charge of burglary. On Friday, as usual after supper, all the prisoners were allowed to go out of their cells for exercise in the corridor. At about 8 o'clock, contrary to their custom, as they seldom retired before 9 o'clock, McGuirk and Clark went to their cells, saying that they were going to bed. An hour later the rest of the prisoners retired, and all the cells were made secure for the night. Clark, instead of going to his own cell, entered the cell with McGuirk, and when the locker made his rounds at 9 o'clock Clark remained there undiscovered. At about 2:30 o'clock yesterday morning, John Vaughn, detailed as special watchman over Reinhardt, heard a low whistle coming from the upper tier, which caused him to believe that something was wrong, and on investigation he soon learned that Reinhardt, McGuirk, and Clark were about to carry out a well-planned escape. McGuirk and Clark were on the upper tier, having got out of the cell which they had occupied together during the night by sawing the bars of the door. They had completed arrangements for the escape, and it was while giving Reinhardt the signal to leave his cell that they attracted Vaughn's attention. By threatening to shoot them, although he didn't happen to have his pistol near at hand, Vaughn induced Clark and McGuirk to surrender, and they quietly entered their cells.

When Vaughn returned to Reinhardt's cell on the lower tier he found Reinhardt with his arm through the bars in the act of unlocking his cell door with a false key made of tin. Finding that his plans had been foiled, he was very much incensed at McGuirk for the clumsy manner in which he had managed the attempt, and expressed much regret at having intrusted all with him. Sheriff Connor soon had an extra guard in the jail, and the prisoners gave no further trouble.

An investigation showed that it must have taken days to arrange the plans for the escape. In the ceiling over the upper tier an opening over which white paper had been carefully pasted was found leading to the loft. The hole was large enough to admit an ordinary sized man. The section of the roof was loose, and blankets tied together dangled through the scuttle hole to the floor. The prisoners would have experienced little difficulty in reaching the roof, from which they could have easily let themselves down into the jail yard by means of the blankets tied together. Upon Reinhardt's cell being searched, a small closet was discovered in an out-of-the-way place, which had been built by the condemned man from wood given him to make small boats, &c., to afford him amusement. In this closet were found three new suits of clothing, letters written by Reinhardt, McGuirk, and Clark, stating that they bade good by to all, and had left for parts unknown, and passes over the Pennsylvania Railroad to Philadelphia. McGuirk's letter was addressed to William Gallagher, of Clifton. In Reinhardt's possession were found two fine steel saws. He coolly said that they had cost $5 apiece, and had been presented to him by friends. About the time he discovered the plot, Vaughn says he heard the rumbling of a wagon near the jail, and he suspects that Reinhardt and his two confederates intended to jump into this wagon after getting out of the jail.

KILLED BY A LIGHTERMAN.

Death of the Brooklyn Boy Bartender who was Stabbed in his Father's Saloon.

Frederick Wright, the seventeen-year-old bartender, who on Tuesday night last was stabbed in his father's saloon at 269 Hamilton avenue, Brooklyn, by Herman Fernhoven, a lighterman about 40 years old, died in St. Peter's Hospital on Friday night from peritonitis. Fernhoven entered the saloon under the influence of liquor, and demanded drinks, which young Wright, who had been left in charge by his father, refused to give him, saying that Fernhoven had had enough. Hot words passed between them, and young Wright ordered Fernhoven out, threatening to call his father if he did not go. Fernhoven reluctantly went to the door, and Wright followed a few paces behind. When near the door Fernhoven turned, and grasping the boy, drew him out of the door, and while standing at the threshold thrust a knife into the boy's abdomen. The boy's cries alarmed Frederick Wright, the father, who, hastening into the street, saw Fernhoven staggering away. He pursued him with a club, and soon overtaking him, beat him unsparingly, inflicting a number of scalp wounds. Not suspecting that his son was stabbed, Mr. Wright allowed Fernhoven to go after this punishment. Fernhoven was arrested by a policeman of the Butler street station in a drug store, where he had gone to have his wounds dressed. He was locked up because he would give no explanation as to the cause of his injuries, and while he was in the cell word was received by Capt. Leavy that his prisoner was wanted for felonious assault.

Fernhoven, who is married and has a family at 132 Pearl street, this city, claims that he had assaulted him, but young Wright, who was conscious until he died, said that this was not true, and that the prisoner was the aggressor.

TWO CHILDREN KILLED.

A Little Girl Crushed by a Train as she was Running to Meet her Grandfather.

Esther Laidlaw, the four-year-old girl who was killed by a motor on the Broadway steam railroad in Brooklyn on Friday evening, was the granddaughter of Walter Laidlaw, a real estate agent of 9 Eldert street. The child attempted to run across the track to meet her grandfather, who, seeing her peril, ran to the track, hoping to be able to snatch her from in front of the train. But the motor, which was hardly twenty feet away when the child started, dashed over her almost the instant she reached the track. The motor and the front car passed over her body. Mr. Laidlaw picked up the child's mangled body and hurried to his home, but life was already extinct. The engineer, Samuel Otis, who was arrested with Archibald K. Matheson, the conductor, and Thomas Jackson, says that he saw both Mr. Laidlaw and the child running toward the track, and he at once put on the vacuum brake, and the brakeman applied the hand brake. The conductor, who says that he was almost barnyzed when the child ran in front of the train, fully described the accident. The conductor, brakeman, and engineer were released on bail pending the Coroner's inquest.

John Connors, the seven-year-old boy of Thirty-ninth street, near Second avenue, who was run over by the motor Bay Ridge on Wednesday afternoon, died yesterday in the Long Island College Hospital.

Threatening the Ocean Parkway.

A lively railroad war is expected at Coney Island when the Coney Island Elevated Railroad Company attempts to cross the Ocean Parkway. Horatio Seymour, Jr., the State Engineer, decided that the road if it crossed the boulevard at all, must cross below the surface, but the company maintain that the State Engineer's duty was to formulate a plan as to the mode of crossing, and that his decision does not bind them. There are a number of workmen at the island, driving piles for the foundation of the road. The contract has been given out for the iron work and a large quantity of lumber has been purchased and delivered. There is every indication that the company intend to take by force the ground failed to get legally. Yesterday Superintendent John Y. McKane of the town of Gravesend and Supervisor Moran decided to keep constables on the ground at the proposed crossing point of the boulevard, to prevent any attempt to erect a structure there without authority. A complaint against the Superintendent for a nuisance is to be made on Monday to the Grand Jury. Gen. Catlin, the District Attorney, is a member of the Park Commission, and has always advocated the crossing in favor of giving the road permission to cross the boulevard.

Against Corner Stone Laying on Sunday.

When the Rev. Dr. Wells of Flatbush, on behalf of John Lefferts, invited the members of the General Synod of the Reformed Church, now in session in Brooklyn, to visit Coney Island some day this week, Elder Wood of this city objected to the proposed excursion as being beneath the dignity of the old Reformed Dutch Church. It was all right, he said, for politicians to go to Coney Island and get in clam bakes, but the members of the Synod had graver and more important duties to perform. Elder Brown of Albany said that he had taken his residence at Coney Island, and intended to remain there until the session closed. Elder Conover of Ithaca, N. Y., said that he was descended from an old Long Island Dutchman, and had a love for a sniff of the ocean breeze, which he would be glad to gratify. A resolution to accept the invitation was at length adopted, and on next Wednesday afternoon the ministers will visit Manhattan. The Synod, however, declined to attend at the laying of the corner stone of the German Reformed Church at Nobolee street and Union avenue this afternoon. One influential brother declared that such work was unfit for the Sabbath.

A Surety's Assurance.

William Rahte was arrested yesterday on appearing before Commissioner Shields to qualify as surety in the sum of $1,000 for George Stanley, who is detained in Ludlow street jail on a charge of dealing in counterfeit trade dollars. The Assistant District Attorney charged him with swearing falsely. On Friday Rahte offered himself as surety for Stanley, and made affidavit that he lived at 61 Chatham street and kept a restaurant and oyster saloon at that place; also that he was the owner of a lot on Collins avenue, in the suburbs of Williamsburgh, with a two-story frame building on it, which had been known as Goerke's Hotel, having bought the property three months ago from Sophia Graveshaw for $3,000 cash, and a mortgage for $4,000 on a farm belonging to him in New Jersey. The secret service officers reported that they had inquired into his averments and found them to be untrue. Rahte was taken to Ludlow street jail by Deputy Marshal Bernhard.

HOW UNCAS WON THE CUP.

BARBER SENDS IN THE LEXINGTON COLT BY TWO GOOD LENGTHS.

A General Slaughter of the Favorites in Jerome Park Yesterday—Mr. Belmont's Fillies First and Second in the Ladies' Stakes.

The American Jockey Club were favored with splendid weather in which to reel off the third programme of their spring meeting, yesterday. The grand stand was well filled, the quarterstretch overrun with turfmen, the betting quarters swarmed like a huge human hive, Deadhead Hill was black with spectators, a long line of drags drew up under the shade of the bluff, and the bright colors in which the ladies on the lawn and in the stand were attired put the finishing touches to the beautiful picture frequently seen in Jerome Park on a fine race day. The glorious uncertainties of horse racing were never more beautifully developed, for the favorites were slain right and left. Mr. August Belmont was rewarded for his patient waiting by seeing his fillies come in first and second for the coveted Ladies' Stakes, and Mr. Pierre Lorillard became filled with joy when Barber piloted Uncas, the brave son of Lexington, to the front, snatching the Westchester Cup from Ferida and Monitor in the last few yards of the long struggle. Mr. Lorillard is said to have nearly ruined the bookmakers on Uncas.

The bell first called out a small field of well-known flyers for a race of one mile and a furlong, for a purse of $500. The starters were Checkmate, carrying 121 lbs.; Luke Blackburn, 98; Werter, 108; Pawnee, 105; and Scotilla, 110.

Betting—Even money on Checkmate, 3 to 2 against Blackburn, 7 to 1 against Scotilla, and 10 to 1 against Pawnee and Werter.

The five were sent away promptly. Checkmate taking the lead for a few strides, when McLaughlan, on Luke Blackburn, shot out from the group, leading Scotilla, who had also passed Checkmate a length at the stand on the first furlong. Throughout the final mile Luke Blackburn ran a great race and was never headed. Scotilla keeping within a length of Luke until near the finish. Checkmate dropped to fourth place at one time, but came up to third at the close. It was the best he could do under the weight. Luke Blackburn won by four lengths in front of Scotilla, with Checkmate three lengths behind Scotilla, Pawnee fourth. Time, 1.58; very fast.

Next came one of the important events of the meeting, the Ladies' Stakes for three-year-old fillies; $100 entrance, half forfeit, with $300 added; the second to receive $500; one mile and a half. From thirty-eight nominations these started: D. J. Crouse's Dawn, J. J. Bevins's Emily F., E. V. Snedeker's Girofla, A. Belmont's Carita and Edelweis, and C. L. Lorillard's Queen's Own and Rosalie, all carrying 113 pounds.

Betting—3 to 1 against Emily F., 2 to 1 against Mr. Belmont's entries, 5 to 2 against G. L. Lorillard's entries, 5 to 2 against Girofla, and 15 to 1 against Dawn.

When the fillies came rushing up the lower turn well bunched, Mr. Belmont's colors, on Edelweis, were in the van, lapped by Mr. G. L. Lorillard's Queen's own. On flew the beauties in close order, the colors changing as in a kaleidoscope. Before they reached the club house bluff, Girofla and Queen's Own had each passed Edelweis. The young Queen's Own did the leading work, with Girofla, Edelweis, and Carita hanging to her skirts until the squad was well up to the homestretch. Here Carita, the fleet daughter of Hilliard, came to the front; Edelweis dashed to second place, with Queen's Own third. As they flashed past the post Carita was a winner by two lengths from Edelweis, Queen's Own third, followed by Emily F., Dawn, Rosalie, and Girofla, as named. Time, 2:44¾. Mr. Belmont has reason to be happy in the Lorillard style, and he received many congratulations thereupon. Mr. G. Lorillard's Idler won the stakes last year in 2:47.

The event of the day, the great race for the Westchester Cup, two and a half miles, came next on the programme—a sweepstakes of