THROWN INTO THE RIVER.

An Unknown Man Killed by One of the Harlem "Mill Gang."

THE VICTIM'S POCKETS WERE RIFLED FOR THE "PRICE OF A BEER."

Harry C. Turner, the Prisoner, Made a Confession to the Police After Accusing Two Other Members of the Gang—Said His Victim "Gurgled Once or Twice in the Water"—Arrest Followed Quickly the Tragedy.

Second avenue ends abruptly at the western abutment of the drawbridge that there spans the Harlem. One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street forms a right angle with the avenue. There is a pier with a grain elevator on the left and the bridge and a coal yard are on the right. A low string-piece is all that prevents the unwary, the intoxicated or the victims of the treacherous "Mill Gang," which infests the place, from taking a sheer tumble into the water.

It is a dark and lonesome spot. The "L" tracks, as they curve into One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street, and the steps leading to the bridge keep this jumping-off place in perpetual shadow.

The clocks had struck 2 yesterday morning when a party of young men and women, who had been attending a reception, started to ascend the stairs of the west promenade of the bridge. Among them were John A. Campbell and his brother George, who live in Morrisania, Samuel Fisher, of Washington avenue above One Hundred and Sixty-seventh street, and W. D. Reed, of No. 596 East One hundred and Thirty-fifth street.

As John Campbell reached the first landing on the stairway he caught sight of two men on the sidewalk at the foot of the steps. One was lying on his back. He appeared to be insensible. Over his prostrate form was bending a young man who were clothing of a striped pattern and a derby hat. He appeared to be fumbling through the helpless man's pockets.

With a startled movement the fellow turned up a red, hard-looking and frightened face at Campbell. Then he jumped under the stairway. When the Campbells and their companions reached the bridge promenade the same young man whom they had seen hovering over the prostrate form came running up the stairs and said: "There's a man fell in the river, boss. Will you help me get him out?"

John Campbell started to go back, but the young woman whom he was escorting grasped him by the arm and held him. Instead of returning to the rescue of the one supposed to be drowning, the man giving the alarm kept right on as if to cross the bridge. But the draw was open and he turned back.

"If your friend is drowning, you ought to go to his rescue," said Campbell.

"That's so," was the reply, and the young man ran down the steps and down the avenue. At the corner of One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street, in front of Lehmkam & Fahrenholtz's saloon stood Policeman Casper Platt of the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station. The runner bounced right into Platt's arms. There was fresh blood on his face, hands and shirt. The policeman recognized him as Harry C. Turner, a tough who lives at No. 555 East One Hundred and Thirty-sixth street.

"There's a man overboard," gasped Turner.

Platt ran to the bridge and Turner entered the saloon. Assisted by the bartender and Policeman Bowden, Platt began a search for the body in the water, but presently he went back and arrested Turner in the saloon.

On the east side of the bridge the body of a dead man was found floating, face downward, between a tugboat and a scow. It was fished out with a boat hook. The body was that of a man about thirty-five years old, five feet six inches high, thick set and full faced, with dark hair and mustache. His face was one mass of bruises and wounds. The upper lip was gashed and there was a long cut on the forehead.

Both eyes were black and blue, and there was a long, red line on his neck under the chin. The body was dressed in a flannel shirt and a suit of dark clothing. The man had on two waistcoats and three pair of trousers. All the pockets were turned inside out. He had been a longshoreman or a tramp. There was nothing found by means of which he could be identified.

Turner told a remarkable story at the station-house to Capt. Westervelt and Detectives Price and Mott, who were called from their beds to take his sworn statement.

The prisoner said that while returning from a party he saw John, alias "Pop," Riley and Edward, alias "Rick," Dooley, members of the "Mill Gang," step up to the man whose body had been fished out of the water.

The man was very drunk, Turner said, and leaned against a pier of the "L" road at the southwest corner of One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street and Second avenue. Dooley said "Hello, Jack!" and then knocked the stranger down. Riley struck the man a number of blows, but the victim struggled to his feet and staggered to the corner of the bridge stairs. Dooley and Riley followed, and the first said: "Go through him." Riley went through the man's pockets, Turner said, and then together they grabbed and dragged him to the string-piece. They lifted him on the log, and then there was a splash. After this Turner said he ran for home.

Turner told such a straight story that Capt. Westervelt and the detectives believed him at first. Turner was locked up.

Detectives Price and Mott arrested Riley at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Third avenue at 4.30 o'clock yesterday morning. Dooley they found soon after at One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street and Second avenue. With him were Thomas McHahon and William McAllister, two more members of the "mill gang," and the detectives locked them up, too.

They were all too drunk to give any account of themselves, but Dooley and Riley denied any knowledge or participation in the crime of which Turner accused them. The detectives worked all yesterday upon the case and finally found the Campbell brothers, their friends. After listening to John Campbell's story the officers had their suspicion turned towards Turner as the guilty man.

Capt. Westervelt and Price and Mott subjected Turner to a rigorous cross-examination last night. A WORLD reporter was present.

Under the avalanche of evidence the detectives brought to bear against him the prisoner at length broke down. He made a complete confession. This is what he said:

"I done the job, and I was all alone. Dooley and Riley had nothing to do with it. I was walking up the west side of Second avenue about 2 o'clock, and I seen this man reeling along at the corner of One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street.

"I wanted to get by him but he put out his foot and I stumbled over it. Then, before I knew it, we got into a scrap and we struggled across the street. The man hit me in the cheek and I pasted him on the face. He fell at the foot of the stairs and I went through his pockets to get a nickel for a beer.

"I didn't find a cent in his pockets. The man come to again and we had another scrap. We kept edging towards the string piece. When we got to the log the man lost his grip on me and tumbled into the river.

"He gurgled once or twice in the water, and then I ran for help.

"I told my first story to square myself, if I could. I didn't mean to kill the man, and I didn't mean to roll him when we first got into the scrap."

Turner, who lives with his sister and a colored man whom she calls her husband, has been in prison more than once. He has served a nine months' term for larceny. While making his confession he gave no signs of penitence or remorse. He is nineteen years old, and claims to be a paper-hanger, but is seldom known to work.

The prisoners, who were arrested after Turner's capture, will not be released till there is conclusive evidence to show that they were not accomplices in the crime. The victim's identity has not yet been established.

Damage by Blazing Christmas Trees.

A Christmas tree caught fire last evening in the rooms of William Arnold, on the fourth floor of No. 230 West Twenty-first street. Damage to the furniture was $300.

A blazing tree did $100 damage in the flat of Michael Brennan, on the second floor of No. 347 East Thirty-sixth street. Another in the apartments of Henry Wilson, No. 132 West Seventy-first street, caused $1,000 damage.

OFF FOR GARDINER'S BAY.

The Miantonomoh Leaves to Test the Guns of Her Battery.

The Miantonomoh, having received all her coal, stores and ammunition, began the new year and her cruise to Gardiner's Bay yesterday afternoon after having been several years alongside the various docks at the Navy Yard. The tide not serving for a trip through Hell Gate at the hour originally set for her departure, she had to delay until after 8 o'clock, but she had ample time to get up to the Sound, find a good anchorage for the night, and be ready for testing her compasses this morning before leaving for the firing-ground.

The trip is mainly to test her ten-inch guns, their fittings and the ability of the vessel to stand their discharge. These guns weigh about twenty-seven tons each and are the heaviest rifles that have thus far been mounted upon one of our men-of-war. They are about thirty feet in length, fire a projectile weighing 500 pounds with a charge varying from 225 to 240 pounds of powder. These charges take up so much space that they are divided in four sections, two being contained in a box. The projectile is too heavy for handling by hand, and when raised to its loading position at the rear of the gun a hydraulic rammer is used to push it into the shot chamber. It is fired with sufficient force to penetrate 19.8 inches of steel.

The minor guns are rapid-fire weapons of the Hotchkiss and Driggs-Schroeder pattern, both the invention of Americans, the latter deriving its name from two of our naval officers who patented it, and have superintended the manufacture. These aboard the Miantonomoh fire shells weighing six pounds, while the Hotchkiss are three-pounders. In addition to mounting these guns about the deck, they also find positions in the top on the single mast carried for this purpose and for signalling.

The steaming trial of the monitor will probably develop but few if any new features, as there have not been many changes in her machinery since she cruised between here and Newport several Summers ago. At that time she carried neither turrets nor guns, masses of pig iron being used to represent their weights. She is by no means a fast vessel, but it is thought that by introducing a system of forced draught her speed can be materially improved. The desirability of such a change will probably form a portion of the report of the present trip.

This is the first of the monitor type of vessel that has been fitted with electric lighting, and, where artificial light has to be the sole dependence, its use has been already declared a very great improvement on the old-time oil lamp, which heated up the compartment and vitiated the air. In addition she now has an improved system of ventilation and drainage, and is far freer from dampness than the old monitor of war times.

She carries no marines, but has a crew of 132 men, including deck, engine and stewards' departments. The following are her officers: Capt. Montgomery Sicard, commanding; Lieut.-Commander Asa Walker, Executive; Lieut. Newton E. Mason, Navigator; Lieuts. Alexander McCracken, William Kilburn, Fidelio S. Carter, William B. Caperton and Ensign William N. Foust, Watch officers; Paymaster J. Q. Barton, Chief Engineer George W. Magee and Passed Assistant Engineer F. C. Bieg.

THE LOTOS GROWS AMBITIOUS.

Its Present Club Quarters Are Too Small and a New Site Is Sought.

The Lotos Club some time ago decided that its house at Fifth avenue and Twenty-first street was too small and appointed a committee to choose a new home for it. These gentlemen have secured an option on two most desirable pieces of property, Nos. 556 and 558 Fifth avenue, and it is most probable that their clubmates will, at the meeting Jan. 16, instruct them to close the bargain. The price to be paid is something less than $250,000.

No. 556 Fifth avenue is next to the southwest corner of Forty-sixth street, and is owned by James W. Tappin and his sisters. No. 558 was formerly the residence of Ingersoll, of Tweed fame, and is owned now by Mrs. Powers. The entire property is 50 by 100 feet. Should the Club purchase it will spend its $250,000 building fund to enlarge the dwellings, which are now 25 feet deep. In this annex, which will be but two stories high, will be the kitchen, billiard-room and a large dining-room.

The limit of the Club's membership, now nearly full, is 500, and it is proposed to double the membership to meet the increased expenses. The initiation fee and annual dues will probably remain at their present figure, $100 and $80. The income of the Club from these two sources and the rent of the six rooms in the club-house is nearly $30,000 a year. In a new home with a number of living apartments, and with a largely increased membership, this sum could be raised to $50,000 a year.

BLOWN INTO AN EMPTY BARREL.

Gas Was Aleak When Johnny Cullen and Finn Went Into the Cellar.

Mrs. Margaret Cullen, a widow, keeps a little grocery store at No. 593 Greenwich street and lives in the rear. Of her two boarders, one is Martin Finn, a plumber.

Mrs. Cullen has been confined to her bed with pneumonia since Christmas, and her thirteen-year-old son Johnny has been in charge of the grocery. He throw a lighted cigarette behind the door last evening. In a few minutes the place was afire.

Finn ran in and put out the blaze. It was caused by a leak in the gas-pipe. He took a lighted lamp and went down into the cellar to investigate.

The escaping gas exploded. Finn was hurled across the cellar upon a pile of boxes. Johnny, who accompanied him, was thrown into an empty barrel. The boy's left leg was fractured and Finn's hair and eyebrows were singed.

A hole was blown through the grocery floor, and the interior was soon ablaze. Mrs. Cullen ran out in the street in her night clothes. She loses about $200 and has no insurance.

The Church and the Coal Bill.

The Rev. Dr. Potter, pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church, corner of Second avenue and Tenth street, alleges that a settlement has been arrived at with Rheinfleck & Gunzenmuller, the coal firm who have a big bill against the pastor.

John Fennel, attorney for the coal men, said yesterday that he had heard nothing of a settlement. He understood, however, that an amicable understanding would be reached to-day.

The Sheriff's officers will continue to hold the church until they get orders from Deputy Sheriff Mulvany to leave.

When Mr. Mulvany left his office Thursday evening no developments had arisen, he said, to warrant him in calling off his men.

Unfit to Care for Her Children.

A neighbor of Bridget Little, who lives with her husband and five children at No. 2033 Second avenue, complained to the Gerry Society that she was an unfit person to care for her children. Two of the agents called at the house and found Mrs. Little drunk. When arrested she seized a bread-knife and attempted to assault the officers. She tore off her clothing and had to be carried to the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street police station wrapped in a blanket. Yesterday she was held for examination in Harlem Police Court. Her husband is said to be a hard-working and industrious man.

Heirs to Three Millions.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)

VALPARAISO, Ind., Jan. 1.—Mrs. Frederick Mitchell and David Dickson, residing in Hammond, Lake County, are two of eight heirs in the United States to an estate of $3,000,000 in Scotland. They received a cablegram yesterday telling them of their good fortune. The property was owned by an aunt.

The Republican Split in Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 1.—The regular Republican State Central Committee, of which P. H. Herwig is Chairman, called a convention to meet in this city Jan. 10 for the purpose of nominating a full State ticket. The bolters from the Committee had named Jan. 13 as the day. A number of district committees have indorsed the action of the regular Committee and condemned the bolters. To-day the bolters postponed their Convention until the third Wednesday in February.

ANNIE'S GOLDEN GREETING.

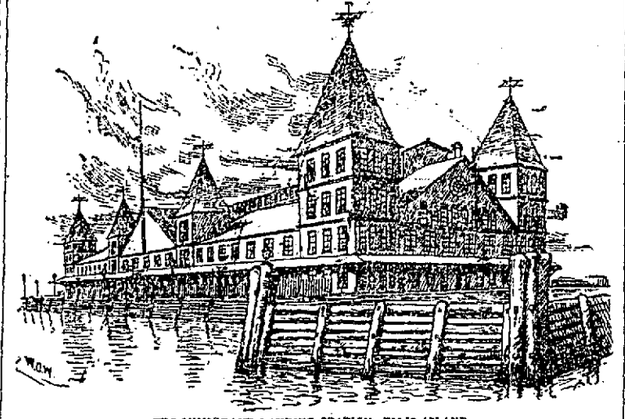
The First Immigrant to Land on Ellis Island Got $10.

SHE WAS A LITTLE IRISH GIRL COME TO JOIN HER PARENTS.

The New Landing Station Was Formally Opened Yesterday by Col. Weber—Everything Worked Smoothly, and the Provisions for the Care and Comfort of the Immigrants Are Generally Praised—Little Annie's Welcome.

Annie Moore is the name of a little girl who was born in the city of Cork, Ireland, fifteen years ago yesterday.

Her father, Matt Moore, lives at No. 32 Monroe street, in this city.

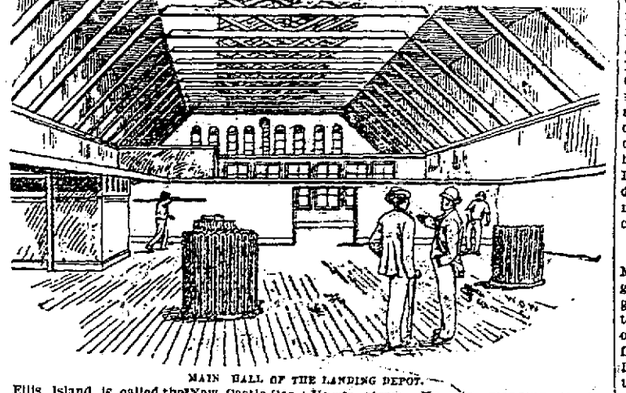


THE IMMIGRANT LANDING STATION, ELLIS ISLAND.

When Matt came to America he left his little daughter Annie and her two brothers, Tom and Joe, behind. He brought his wife Mary with him, and the scheme they planned was this: When Matt would have made for himself a little home which he could call his own, he would write to his sister in Cork, with whom he had left his three children, and direct her to send them to New York. Matt wrote to his sister about a month ago. This is what he said: "Send Annie and Joe and Tom to me. Inclosed you will find three tickets which secure them a passage on the Nevada."

Just ten days ago the Nevada left Queenstown. She had Annie and Joe and Tom Moore on board. Matt hoped that his youngsters would arrive on New Year's Day. Annie was born on New Year's Day, 1877, and he thought it would be all for good luck if she began life on American soil on New Year's too.

And she did. She was lucky, too. For she was the first immigrant to land on Ellis Island, and it had been arranged that the first immigrant to step on the Island was to be presented with a ten-dollar gold piece. Annie Moore got it.



MAIN HALL OF THE LANDING DEPOT.

Ellis Island is called the New Castle Garden. The old Garden looked sullen and sulky yesterday. It had been deserted and discarded, and it looked as desolate as a graveyard. The Barge Office, too, looked as upset as a military barracks just evacuated by soldiery. Everything was topsy turvy.

The United States Government having taken absolute and complete charge of all matters appertaining to the landing of immigrants came to the conclusion more than a year ago that the Barge Office was utterly unfit in every respect as a landing station. Then they fixed on Ellis Island as a suitable substitute.

The magnificent depot which now adorns the island was begun a year ago last August. To-day it is finished and complete in all details.

Everything was ready for the change from the Barge Office to the Island yesterday morning. The Nevada had arrived the night before. The City of Paris was expected any moment.

All last week the employees at the Barge Office had been moving their effects from the old to the new station, and when Col. Weber, the Superintendent of Immigration, entered his office at the old quarters yesterday morning he could not find a chair to sit on.

It was 8 o'clock yesterday morning when Supt. Weber stepped on board the ferryboat J. H. Blakerhoff at the Barge Office slip. Charles M. Hendley was with him. Mr. Hendley was private secretary to the late Secretary Windom. Like Mr. Windom, Mr. Hendley has always taken a keen interest in the immigration question. So he came all the way from Virginia yesterday to attend the opening of the new station.

He asked Col. Weber to be allowed to register the first passenger to arrive.

Three hours afterwards he registered Annie Moore, the little girl from Cork.

The Rev. Thomas Drum, Chaplain of the New York Port Episcopal Immigration Agency, was on the Blakerhoff too. So was Secretary McCool, of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary.

On reaching Ellis Island Col. Weber and his companions took possession of the new building. All the officials were happy. More than a hundred of them were there and they sent up a cheer of welcome when Col. Weber took off his big sombrero in salutation to the starry banner which snapped and fluttered on the towering flagstaff. Then the Colonel declared the new station open. There was no formality, no ceremony. The new Castle Garden was ready for business.

Then all eyes were turned towards the Nevada. She was lying at anchor a short distance off in the bay. The flag on the big flagstaff was dipped three times.

This signal had been arranged beforehand and the John E. Moore puffed away blithely from the side of the Nevada.

Nearer and nearer the saucy looking little tender ploughed a feathery track towards the slip where the first immigrant stepping ashore was to be given a three times three and a ten-dollar gold piece.

Hundreds of the friends of the immigrants were there. They had all heard about the ten-dollar gold piece. But the immigrants were utterly ignorant of what was in store for the first to land.

"There's little Annie!" shouted Matt Moore as the tug came nearer. "There's little Annie, and little Tom and little Joe!"

The tug was alongside! The gang plank was adjusted. Col. Weber and Charles M. Hendley stood one at each side of the plank rail.

A big German with a shawl rolled thirty or forty times around his neck had one foot on the gang plank. He was about to earn fame as the first foreigner to set foot on Ellis Island.

But a spark of Celtic gallantry changed the scene and spoiled Herman Zipki's chance of being talked about for many a day to come.

"Ladies furst!"

This shout came from the lusty lungs of Mike Tierney, who stood near Annie Moore. He accompanied the words with a vigorous pull at Mr. Zipki's coat collar.

"Step out, little girl," said Mr. Tierney to Miss Moore.

And then Miss Moore stepped onto the gangplank. Col. Weber took off his hat to her. Charles M. Hendley took off his hat too. They caught the little lady, one by each hand, and welcomed her to America.

Then big Matt Moore gave such a shout as he never gave before in all his life. Everyone shouted, and the little girl wondered if she was not dreaming about the fairy stories which she often heard among the groups around the fireside when the evening shadows fell in the old home near Shandon steeple.

"Silence all!" said Col. Weber.

Then he handed Annie Moore the glistening $10 gold piece and he patted little Tommie and little Joe on the back and wished them luck and a happy new year.

Father Callahan, of the Holy Rosary, came on the scene at this juncture and he gave his blessing to the little girl and the two little boys from Cork.

After that Matt Moore and the three little Moores started for No. 32 Monroe street.

The second immigrant to land was a little Irish girl, too. Her name is Elly King. She came from Lismore, County Waterford, Ireland. She went last night to friends in Dorchester, Minn.

The third to land was a protégé of Dr. Drunt, the Episcopalian chaplain. His name is John Hayley and he hails from Belfast, Ireland.

The new-comers trooped into the big depot. Everything worked like a charm, and the prediction was general that under the new conditions the comfort and safety of the immigrants will be all that can be desired.

Col. Toffey and Major Anderson, who have charge of the subsistence department, spread a New Year's feast for the employees at the station. Col. Weber was a guest.

CAUGHT A SECOND-STORY THIEF.

The Police Believe He Is the Man Who Has "Worked" Williamsburg.

For two months a second-story thief has vexed the souls of the police of Williamsburg. Monday last the thief entered three houses on Keap street and two on Ross street within two hours. On the following evening he robbed three houses on Dean street, between 6 and 7 o'clock. In each instance the burglar selected a house with a portico and by climbing up the pillars reached the second-story window. His total plunder amounted to some thousands of dollars.

Last evening Policeman John Freer was on duty at the junction of Wythe avenue and Hewes street. He was, standing in the shadow of a tree when he saw a man who was coming down Hewes street dart into the front garden of No. 100. After a survey of the house he climbed up the portico pillars and disappeared in a second-story window.

Freer hid under the portico until the man slid down again. Then the officer grabbed him. The owner and tenant of the house is G. H. Louden. The prisoner gave his name as James Walker, a colored man, fifty-two years old, of No. 15 Cornelia street, this city. In his pockets were found a table knife, a cigar-maker's knife, a clasp knife and a chisel. In a small bag were a gentleman's gold watch, a lady's gold watch, a gold chain, a gold charm and locket, four gold rings, one with the letters D. T. engraved on a stone, a diamond ring, a long gold necklace, a gold bracelet, a gold toothpick and other valuables, the total value of which was about $1,000. The police believe Walker is the man who is responsible for the long series of robberies.

Garroted on East Twenty-seventh Street.

Robert Trainor, of No. 209 East Ninetieth street, was garroted last night by two toughs on East Twenty-seventh street, near the private entrance to the Garden Theatre. At the Fifth-street station it was found that he had sustained serious injuries about the head. He was taken to New York Hospital.

COURT DRESS AND GOWNS.

Diplomats, Soldiers, Judges, Officials and Handsome Women.

THEY THRONGED THE WHITE HOUSE AT THE NEW YEAR RECEPTION.

They Lingered Among Flowers and Listened to Classical Music, but the "Dear People" Were Rushed Through to the Tune of a Plantation Song—There Was a Mighty Crush and the President Endured It Like a Hero.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1.—Eight thousand people walked to-day up the concrete driveway to the White House, shook hands with the President and Mrs. Harrison and then walked down again.

At one time a line of waiting callers stretched from the White House portico down the curving walk to Pennsylvania avenue, along the front of the State, War and Navy building to Seventeenth street, and around the corner for a distance of two squares. Hundreds arrived on the scene before noon, and many defied pneumonia and the grip for two hours in order to shake the President's hand.

The weather was by no means such as the crowd had a right to expect for New Year's Day. It was the penetrating damp of early Spring rather than the chill of Winter, and Uncle Jerry Rusk, who now makes the weather, came in for a good many uncomplimentary references during the day.

The White House was in gala dress. The great east parlor, in which so many notable functions have taken place, was brilliant with the electric lights that have just taken the place of the dim yellow gas lights. A new velvet carpet of a soft old gold tone covered the floor and the massive ebony furniture shone resplendent in a new covering of gold brocade. The floral decorations were not profuse this morning. Here and there were massed a few foliage plants, and clumps of palms were in the window recesses. A dash of color was visible in the big blossoms of the Christmas flower, the poinsetta, which shone like stars against a green background.

In the Blue Room an additionally festive touch was given by garlands of smilax which draped the chandeliers and wound about the tall mirrors. The doorways were festooned with green, and the main portal of the Blue Room was curtained off with a portiere of smilax draped over the new gate that Mrs. Harrison recently designed to keep the dear public out of the reception-room while the Presidential party receives official callers.

The White House florist gave all the visitors to-day a pointer in dating their letters for on one of the mantels in the blue room he arranged the figures "1892" in bright red carnations on a cushion of white camelias.

Big and burly Lieut. Guy, of the Metropolitan police force, was on hand bright and early with a detachment of fifty-three officers, who were stationed about the gates, the driveways, the portico and even in the recesses of the drawing-room. They were ornamental on the inside and extremely useful on the outside, for they succeeded in clearing the driveways for the use of foot passengers by skilfully disposing the carriages in platoons that smacked of the precision of a camp of artillery.

The members of the Diplomatic Corps, who are always punctiliously prompt on social occasions, arrived a few minutes before 11 o'clock and were marshalled in the red parlor by Servilon A. Brown, Chief Clerk of the State Department. They chatted together in a dozen languages and exchanged the compliments of the season while waiting for the receiving party to descend from the floor above.

ARRIVAL OF THE PRESIDENT.

Prof. John Philip Sousa, leader of the Marine Band, gathered his musicians in the great vestibule just outside the big stained-glass screen, and as the little chime clock in the Blue Room parlor struck 11 the strains of "Hail to the Chief" burst forth. With the first notes of the melody Col. Ernest and Lieut. Parker, who are usually charged with the social arrangements of the White House, came slowly down the western stairway, ten yards behind them came the receiving party.

The President and Mrs. Harrison led the way. The first lady of the land looked tired and wan from her recent illness, and appeared to be making a heroic effort to keep up. The President supported her with evident solicitude, and led her quickly to her place at the head of the line. The President himself looked very well, though he did not appear to be enjoying the festivities with the zest with which he entered upon a similar affair three years ago. He wore his regulation frock coat and little black tie, and carried a pair of white gloves, stitched with black.

The Vice-President and Mrs. Morton came next, followed by Secretary Blaine, escorting Mrs. McKee, Mrs. Blaine being unable to be present owing to ill health. Mr. Blaine looked a little depressed, but his tread was firm and his carriage erect.

Secretary and Mrs. Foster, Secretary and Mrs. Elkins, the Attorney-General and Mrs. Miller, Secretary Tracy and Mrs. Wilmerding, the Postmaster-General and Mrs. Wanamaker, Secretary and Mrs. Noble and Secretary and Mrs. Rusk came in the order named. After the receiving party had formed in line, with their backs against a line of sofas disposed as a sort of barricade, the President's guests invited to assist in the reception made their way into the Blue Room and stood behind the Cabinet party. Those invited to receive were:

Senator and Mrs. Cockrell, Senator and Mrs. Carlisle, Senator and Mrs. Cameron, Senator Gallom, Mr. and Mrs. Hardie, Senator and Mrs. Kenna, Miss Kenna, Senator and Mrs. Gibson, Senator Hawley, Senator and Mrs. Dolph, Miss Margie Morrison, Miss Belle Davis, the Misses Martin, of New York, Representative and Mrs. Burroughs, Mr. Frank Tracy, Miss Blaine, Miss Foster, Miss Elkins, Miss Wanamaker, Miss Rusk, the Misses Halstead, Mrs. Schofield, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Chas. Sutherland, Mrs. G. N. Leiber, Mrs. Wm. Smith, Mrs. W. N. Fokker, Mrs. N. H. Farquhar, Mrs. Richard Washington, Mrs. F. M. Ramsay, Mrs. J. B. Allen, Mrs. Wm. A. Peffer, Mrs. C. F. Manderson, Mrs. James L. Pugh, Mrs. Thomas B. Reed, Mrs. A. C. Harmer, Mrs. J. B. Hemphill, Mrs. G. F. Huff, Mrs. Burlier, Mrs. J. E. Heald, Mrs. W. A. Hartlett, Mrs. Breckinridge, Miss Breckinridge, Mrs. Eric Bergland, Mrs. J. N. Dolph, Mrs. C. A. Dolph, Mrs. W. P. Kno, Mrs. J. W. Foster, Miss Gutenemer, Mrs. T. S. Hamlin, Mrs. Henry Herron, Mrs. W. H. Taft, Mrs. Frank Hatton, Mrs. Hazen, Mrs. J. A. Logan, Jr., Mrs. J. R. McLean, Mrs. J. B. Montgomery, the Misses Montgomery, Mrs. Platt, Mrs. H. Proctor, Miss Pinchot, Miss Pinchot, Mrs. William B. Tucker, Mrs. William F. Wharton, Mrs. Warfield, Miss Sherrill, Mrs. William T. Harris.

COSTUMES OF THE RECEIVING LADIES.

Mrs. Harrison's gown was of pomegranate-colored satin with brocaded border in different colored flowers. The front of the skirt was yellow satin draped in lace, which was beaded in amber. The bodice was open at the neck. She wore a diamond necklace and ear-drops and carried a point-lace fan and a bouquet of orchids.

Mrs. McKee wore white satin brocaded in pink rose petals; across the hem a deep flounce of white chiffon. The waist was low and finished with frills of chiffon, and had high puffed sleeves of the latter. A sash of pale blue moiré ribbon was worn. Her ornaments were diamonds and pearls.

Mrs. Dimmick wore white moire antique with train, with a thick ruche of embroidered chiffon across the hem caught with bows of moire ribbon. The low waist had sleeves of chiffon and a Watteau bow and ends of moiré ribbon tied in the back; diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Morton wore a superb costume of old-rose satin, brocaded in waved lines. It had a plain skirt and a high-necked waist. It was richly trimmed with passementerie and a beaded fringe of the same color.

Mrs. Foster wore a wine-colored velvet gown, made in princesse style, combined with heliotrope brocade. It was trimmed with passementerie.

Mrs. Elkins had a light yellow satin, very richly trimmed with yellow passementerie and lace. It was slightly open at the neck and had elbow sleeves. Her jewels were pearls.

Mrs. Miller wore heliotrope velvet combined with mauve brocade. The long train was made of heliotrope silk. Real lace trimmed the bodice.

Mrs. Wilmerding, who is still wearing mourning, had on a plain white peau de soie. The bodice was slightly open at the neck and prettily finished with chiffon frills. Mrs. Wanamaker wore a French toilet of deep heliotrope satin brocaded in white wavy lines. It had panels formed of ecru lace down each side of the train. The bodice was open at the neck, trimmed with the ecru lace.

Mrs. Noble had on a trained gown of yellow brocade, high-necked and handsomely trimmed with real lace and jet pendants.

Mrs. Rusk had on a gray satin brocaded in tiny lines of pink. It had a jacket bodice with a vest of pink crêpe.

RECEPTION OF THE DIPLOMATS.

When the receiving party was in position Secretary Blaine took his station at the President's left hand, and at a signal from Chief Clerk Brown the Diplomatic Corps passed into the Blue Room and saluted the Secretary, who presented each in turn to the President and the other members of the party.

Senor Romero, the Dean of the Corps, was simply dressed in the Mexican Court costume, but the diplomats who followed him were resplendent in gold lace, brilliant silks and satins and glittering orders. The finery of the foreigners was splendid to behold in contrast with the severe simplicity of the attire of the President and his Cabinet.

Senor Romero was accompanied by Madame Romero and Senors Cayetano Romero and Miguel Covarrubias, the Secretaries of the Legation and quite a little corps of attaches.

There being no Italian Minister at this capital, the ancient Roman Empire was represented by the Marquis Imperiali, Secretary of the legation, who is also Charge d'Affaires ad interim. The Marquis shook the President warmly by the hand, but omitted to say anything about the probability of the return of Baron Fava, who left Washington so unceremoniously last Spring.

Russia was represented by Mr. Alexander Greger, the first Secretary of the Legation and Charge d'Affaires, who has taken so active a part in acknowledging the kindness of the people of the United States who propose to send flour to the starving Russians. Mr. Greger was in full Court costume.

The Minister from the Netherlands, Mr. G. De Weckherlin, came next, followed by Senor Quesada and suite, of the Argentine Republic.

The Turkish Minister, Mavroyeni Bey, and suite were next in line.

Austria-Hungary was represented by the Chevalier Von Tavera, Mr. De Mezey and Baron Stetten.

Senor Guzman, the Nicaraguan Minister, who is said to be the handsomest man in the Diplomatic Corps, was accompanied by Senora Guzman and the members of his suite.

Minister Burlando, of the United States of Colombia, followed with the Secretaries of Legation, Senors Restrepo and Serrano.

Quite a sensation was caused by Mr. Ye Cha Yun, Charge d'Affaires of Corea, who was accompanied by his wife, a quaint little Oriental woman, dressed in gay silks, who trotted after her spouse on the tiniest feet imaginable.

The Danish Minister, the Japanese Minister and the Brazilian Minister, a brilliant trio, were followed by three handsome South Americans, Dr. Trigoyen, Secretary of the Peruvian Legation; Senor Enters, Minister of Guatemala, and Dr. Morales, Minister of Salvador.

The Sandwich Islands were represented by Dr. James Mott Smith, Charge d'Affaires.

CHILI'S MINISTER WARMLY WELCOMED.

There was a break in the line at this point, and all eyes were turned toward the Red Room door when Senor Don Pedro Montt, the Chilian Minister, accompanied by Senora Sara Del Campo de Montt, entered the room and approached the receiving party. Secretary Blaine shook the Chilian Minister warmly by the hand and presented him to the President, who greeted him cordially. Mrs. Harrison stepped forward and seized the Minister's hand, but dropped it at once to give a hearty welcome to Senora Montt, a pretty brunette, with big black eyes and raven hair.

Senor Montt was dressed in a plain suit of black. His wife wore a gown of gray faille and black velvet, with a saucy little black velvet bonnet perched on her handsome head. All the Cabinet ladies greeted Senora Montt cordially and the Cabinet Ministers came forward to shake the Chilian representative by the hand. Altogether Senor Montt was the star of the diplomatic corps, and his reception was the event of the day.

After the Chilians came the new French Minister, M. Patenotre, followed by the attaches of his legation.

Senor Calvo, the Charge d'Affaires of Costa Rica, followed and behind him came Mr. Von Mumm, who has represented Germany since the death of Count Arco Valley. Mr. Von Mumm is one of the smallest men in the corps physically, but mentally he is quite a giant.

Mr. Alfred Claparede, the Swiss Minister, was accompanied by two distinguished Swiss scientists, Drs. Tavelle and Georg.

The most numerous party was the British Embassy, headed by Sir Julian Pauncefote, G. C. M. G., K. C. B., gorgeous in gold lace and the brilliant sashes of his various orders. He was accompanied by Lady Pauncefote, the Misses Pauncefote, Hon. Michael H. Herbert and Mrs. Herbert, Hon. Alan Johnstone, Mr. Cecil A. Spring Rice, Mr. Edmund Fraser, Secretaries of the Legation, and the naval attaches, Capts. Way and Langley, of the Royal Navy.

The Chinese Embassy was made up of a dozen of the almond-eyed Orientals who enter into all social affairs with great zest.

Baron D'Almeirin, Portuguese representative, Mr. Hannibal Price, the Haytian Minister, and Senor Holet Perezo, the Venezuelan Minister, accompanied by the ladies of their legations, were presented in order. First Secretary Sagrario, of the Spanish Legation, walked at the end of the diplomatic corps.

JUSTICES, CONGRESSMEN AND SOLDIERS.

The hour of 11.15 was set for the reception of the Justices of the Supreme Court, but the order was not closely observed and a number of prominent Senators, including Messrs. Chilton, Carlisle, Gibson and Allen, with the members of their family, got in ahead of the Judges. All the members of the Court except Justice Bradley, who is in poor health, were present.

Then followed a string of Senators and Representatives, headed by Senators Dawes and Teller. Representatives Brecklinridge, of Arkansas; Catchings, of Mississippi, and Milliken, of Maine, came together. Senators Shoup and Dubois, of Idaho, followed arm-in-arm, and behind them came Representatives Townsend, of Colorado; Bacon, of New York, and Tucker, of Virginia. William M. Springer, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, was escorted by several of his colleagues, and was without doubt the lion of the Congressional delegation.

The army officers were led by Gen. Schofield and Lieuts. Bliss and Schofield, of his personal staff.

In the line were Gens. Baird, Benet, Kelton, Moore, Dubarry, Sutherland, Casey, Van Vliet, Smith, Rochester, Batchelder, Greely and Flagler; Cols. Liber, Vincent, Gilmore, Elliot, Lawton, Mayo, Dunwoody, Davis, Greenleaf, McArthur, Tucker and Buxford; Capts. Craig, Allen, Kilbourn, Taylor, Turtle and Knight.

The ranking commodores at the Department headed the procession of naval officers. There were in line Commodores Browne, Dewey, Farquhar, Melville, Wilson, Stewart and Folger; Capts. Dickens, Williamson, Barker, Glass and Davis; Lieuts. Lemly, Griffin, Heap, Taussig, Heath and Webster.

Following the officers of the regular service came the representatives of the District militia: Gen. Ordway, Col. [illegible], McIntyre and Thayer, Capts. [illegible] Norton.

The long line of Department officials came next. When the last of them had passed through Mrs. Harrison's strength gave way and she yielded to the persuasion of her friends, and, escorted by Dr. Gachet, she left the reception and retired to her private apartments. Her place was taken by Mrs. Dimmick, who stayed until the last hand had been shaken. The Cabinet Ministers and their wives left early to open their private receptions at home.

After the veterans of the Civil War had passed in review, both the main doors were thrown open and the great American public came up in a serried column and took possession of the House by storm. There were fully 8,000 people in line.

THE DEAR PUBLIC INVADES THE HOUSE.

At 12.35 Director Sousa, who had been playing classical music for the benefit of the loiterers, waved his baton and the band began the popular negro melody, "Get Your Foot Out of the Sand." The usher at the head of the line signalled to the first of the dear public forward as rapidly as possible while the President and Mrs. Harrison had little daps at the hands held out to them.

By 1 o'clock the President's arm was quite numb, but he held out bravely, without signs to permit the ushers to close the doors. At 1 o'clock, the hour set for the formal ending of the reception. At that time there were perhaps 500 people outside the White House. The President stood at his post until the last one had filed through. Then, with a sigh of relief, he escorted Mrs. McKee to the room above, where luncheon was served for the receiving party.

Did the Lightning Change Again?

ST. PAUL, Minn., Jan. 1.—At 11 o'clock last night the interior of the Casino presented the characteristics of a saloon and dance hall. At 12.05 it presented all the features of a well organized prayer-meeting. The transformation was as complete as it was sudden. Arrangements had been made by the saloon management by the Y. M. C. A. to hold a watch night service in the Casino. At the close of the service coffee and sandwiches were served.

THE FIRST SALE OF THE YEAR.

The first gun in the Clothing Battle will be fired to-day! We start the new year with a determination of eclipsing last year's great sales, and still have lots of Overcoats on our tables that must be sold, no matter how great the loss; these are some of the astonishing prices that will be the magnets for bringing the crowds: All wool Cassimere and Cheviot Overcoats, worth $18, sell for $9, at $12. Men's all-wool Kersey and Chinchilla Overcoats, never sold less than $22 and up to $30, go for $15; Overcoats are silk-lined, and made equal to custom work which cost $40