YE NEWSPAPER BILLIARD GAME.
Largest Circulation. WORLD. Press. "Shooting Stick." One Ball. Bulk of Advertising.
288,970 Daily. 61,396 'Wants' Last Month.
Winning WORLD Carroms on Both.

The EVENING EDITION World.

THE POLITICAL ENIGMA.
Whom Will the Republicans Nominate?
For the Earliest and Best Account of the Solution
READ THE EVENING WORLD

PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, TUESDAY, JUNE 19, 1888. PRICE ONE CENT.

EXTRA

LAST EDITION.

THE RIDDLE

The Convention Getting Ready to Solve It.

Republicans Now in Session at Chicago.

Johnny O'Brien Has Declared for Blaine.

Boss Platt's Crowd May Knife Depew.

The Grangers, Too, Are Against Him.

TOLD IN GRAPHIC BULLETINS.

How the Big Convention Started In To Solve Its Political Puzzle.

11.29.—Very few delegates yet in the hall, which is a bower of beauty and comparatively cool.

11.40.—Ohio delegates coming in.

11.48.—Michigan, Rhode Island, North Carolina, West Virginia and Iowa delegates have arrived.

11.52.—Rev. Frank J. Gunsaulus, of Plymouth Church, Chicago, will make the invocation, after which Miss Emma Romeiss, of the Third Presbyterian Church, will sing.

11.53 A. M.—Miss Romeiss will sing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" to the tune of "John Brown's Body Lies Mouldering in in the Grave."

12.03 P. M.—Delegates still arriving. Chairman Jones has arrived.

12.04 P. M.—Rev. Mr. Gunsaulus was formerly of Newton, Mass.

12.12 P. M.—Seven-eighths of the delegates are seated. Among them is Chauncey M. Depew.

12.21 P. M.—Delegates not all seated.

12.23 P. M.—First cheering of the convention when Gen. Fremont was escorted to the platform.

12.27 P. M.—Band playing.

12.30 P. M.—Hundreds of delegates are using the little fans furnished by THE WORLD and marked "Keep cool."

12.32 P. M.—Chairman Jones calls the convention to order.

12.36 P. M.—Rev. Mr. Gunsaulus delivering prayer.

12.37.—Prayer finished.

12.37 P. M.—Secretary Fessenden, of the National Committee, reports.

12.38 P. M.—Mention of a protective tariff by Fessenden creates applause.

12.42 P. M.—Fessenden's able reading of the committee convention call is frequently applauded.

12.43 P. M.—Chairman Jones delivering address.

12.45 P. M.—Cries of "louder."

12.46 P. M.—The Chairman's voice cannot be heard forty feet from the platform. Delegates paying little attention.

12.50 P. M.—Not the slightest attention being paid to Chairman Jones's speech.

12.50 P. M.—Chairman Jones's speech emphatically favors protection. He says the platform and candidate of the convention should represent this idea.

12.52 P. M.—Cries of "Louder!" and raps for order.

12.54 P. M., Chairman Jones's speech finished.

12.55 P. M.—John M. Thurston announced as Temporary Chairman. A Kansas man objects to him on the ground that he bears a bad name.

12.56 P. M.—The convention overrides Kansas objection and Mr. Thurston begins his speech.

12.58 P. M.—Thurston's reference to the "growing West" and "the Army of the Republic" loudly applauded.

12.59 P. M.—The Kansas man said his delegation was not responsible for the election of Thurston and proposes Warner, of Missouri. (Hisses.)

1.09 P. M.—Thurston's eulogy of Logan cheered.

1.12 P. M.—An allusion to Blaine and Logan throws Convention into a tumult.

IN THE VAST AUDITORIUM.

How the Delegates Looked Amid Women, Flags and Bunting.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

CHICAGO, June 19—11.30 A. M.—The hall is filling up slowly. It is much cooler inside than was anticipated from descriptions of the Convention Hall.

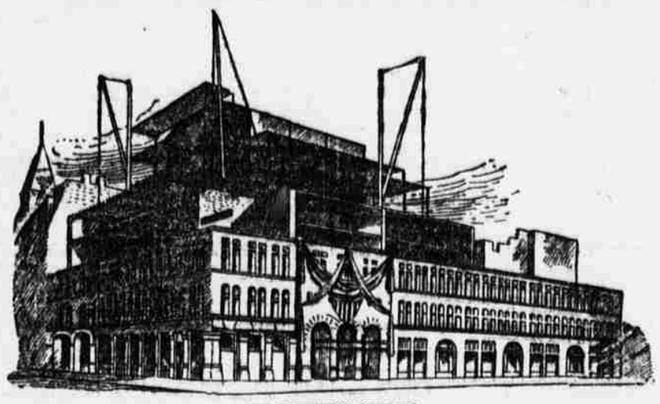
The New York delegates, as usual, have the best seats in front and close to the platform. The Michigan delegation are just across the aisle from New York, and next to them are the delegates from the old Bay State.

Missouri, Kansas, Indiana, Connecticut, Delaware, Georgia, Iowa, and New Mexico are located in the order named to the left of the stage.

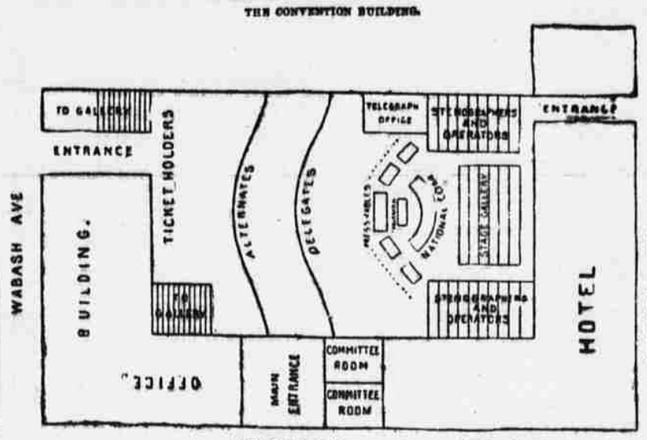
Rhode Island, Texas, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Vermont, Virginia, Wisconsin, West Virginia, South Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Utah and the District of Columbia delegations are to the right of the stage.

The convention will be called to order in twenty minutes, but the galleries are not more than one-quarter filled. A number of ladies are coming in and the bright color of their dresses and bonnets relieves the effect of the dark clothing of the men.

The Michigan men were the first to arrive,



THE CONVENTION BUILDING.



THE PLAN OF THE AUDITORIUM. (GROUND FLOOR PLAN.)

They all wore the red scarfs of the Alger boomers, and kept moving around the hall until the Chairman rapped for order and the chaplain began to pray.

The New York delegates came in pairs. George West and Burns, of Westchester, are seated together.

The Ohio delegates came in together. Gov. Foraker looked around as though expecting some special recognition and then sank into his seat unnoticed.

Congressman Ben Butterworth sat on his left. Mr. Butterworth is regarded as the strongest Sherman man in the Ohio delegation and probably he selected this seat in order to keep watch on Foraker.

MR. THURSTON'S SPEECH.

He Scores the Democrats and Waves the Bloody Shirt.

After thanking the convention in his own behalf for the honor conferred upon him, Mr. Thurston continued:

I thank you, gentlemen, not for myself alone, but for that great and growing West which never disappoints the expectations of the Republican party. I come from a State whose vast domain has been largely appropriated by the surviving veterans of the army of the Republic under the beneficent provisions of the Homestead and Pre-emption Laws, enacted by a Republican Congress.

And, true to the heroic recollection of the past, the homesteaders of the West still march on under the banner of Republicanism, and hold that devotion to principle, though it brings defeat, is better than success achieved by broken vows and political dishonor.

We are met in National Convention for deliberation and conference. The Republican party of the United States relies upon the wisdom of its assembled delegates for such action as will insure success. If we are prepared to honestly and fairly meet the supreme issues of the hour with a clear, fearless and ringing declaration of principles, and to nominate a ticket which will commend itself to the loyalty and intelligence of the country we can win grandly. We enter upon the proceedings of this convention prepared to sacrifice individual judgment to the wisdom of the majority and to lay down personal preferences on the altar of party success.

When the Democratic party at the close of the last Presidential election robbed us of a victory honestly and fairly won, we patiently waited for the certain coming of the justice of the years. We hoped and believed that 1888 would right the great national wrong of 1884—right it not only for the Republican party, but for the grand and glorious candidates whose names were the inspiration of that wonderful campaign. The infinite wisdom of an all-wise Providence has otherwise decreed.

He eulogized John A. Logan, and then continued:

The other, that gallant leader, the chevalier of American politics, the glory of Republicanism and the nightmare of Democracy, our Henry of Navarre, is seeking in foreign travel the long needed relaxation and rest from the wearisome burdens of public life and service. With the sublime magnanimity of his incomparable greatness, he has denied us the infinite pleasure of supporting him in this convention.

Desiring above all things party harmony and success, he has stepped from the certain ladder of his own laudable ambition that some other man may climb to power. As his friends, we cannot, dare not, commit, the political crime of disobedience to his expressed will. We cannot place him at the head of the ticket, but we will make him commander-in-chief at the head of the forces in the field.

And, though James G. Blaine may not be our President, yet he remains our uncrowned king, wielding the baton of acknowledged leadership, supreme in the allegiance of his devoted followers, honored and respected by all honest and loyal men, the greatest living American and the worthy object of our undying love.

But the Republican party is not left without great men to place upon its ticket. We have that honest, able and experienced financier, statesman and Senator from Ohio and his no less distinguished colleague from Iowa. Indiana, Michigan and Wisconsin present to us gallant soldiers, while New York, New Jersey, Kansas, Connecticut and other States offer worthy and favorite sons.

The Republican party is pre-eminently the party of protection. It was born of the irrepressible desire to protect the slave from the lash of the master. It protected the Republic from secession and disunion, and it protected the credit and currency of the nation from repudiation and inflation.

It stands for the protection of home invention, home skill and home labor against the free-trade heresies which would pauperize and degrade them all. It stands for the protection of the people from the unjust and oppressive exaction and combination of aggregated capital and corporate power. It stands also for the protection of both capital and corporation from confiscation and mob violence.

It holds that Congress has the power to save American civilization and morality from the leprosy of Assiatic paganism, degradation and contagion. It demands that the law of the land shall be a shield to those only who obey it, and that for the Anarchist, the Communist and the criminal, American justice has nothing to offer but the sword.

HE SCORES THE DEMOCRATS.

The Democracy has now been in power nearly four years. Its Administration has been most satisfactory to those who hold office under it. Its loyalty has received the approval of every enemy of the Government. The courage of its foreign policy has amused the great powers and pleased every coward.

The civil service has been so thoroughly reformed as to delight Mr. Wiggins. Its justice to the disabled soldiers has won golden opinions from those who gave them their wounds. Its financial management has been safe because of its inability to destroy the resulting prosperity of Republican legislation. Its unprincipled straddle of the tariff question has been a source of wonderment to "gods and men." It is strong in the imbecility of "innocuous desuetude," and deserves to live as a reminiscence of promises forgotten and pledges unredeemed.

WAVING THE BLOODY SHIRT.

There are those in this land who seem to believe that the mission of the Republican party is at an end; that the emancipation proclamation, Appomattox and the Constitutional amendments are at once the monuments of its glory and the gravestones of its demise.

The work of the Republican party will never be done until every American enters into his unquestioned inheritance of liberty, equal rights and justice until representation in Congress is based upon votes freely cast, and fairly counted, until adequate provision has been made for the helplessness and old age of the disabled veterans and the widows and orphans of their dead comrades, until those policies of Government which insure national and individual prosperity are firmly established, and until patriotism and loyalty are the only qualifications, except fitness, for official position in the service of the Republic.

There are those in the land who insist that the Republican party keeps alive the old time sectional feeling, and that it refuses to let "the dead past bury its dead."

The Republican party longs and prays for the coming of the millennium of its hope when in spirit and in truth Mason and Dixon's line will be blotted out forever—when fraternal ties and common interests will unite us all. But when that glad time comes black and white must march side by side in the broad sunshine of safety and lie down to peaceful slumber in the unfrobbed shadows of protected homes.

The Republican party turns to the new South with wide-open arms. It offers loyal assistance in the development of its agriculture, the opening of its mines and the building of its manufactories. It proposes to break down the barriers of unpleasant memories with the hope of a new prosperity.

The great issue of the present campaign is that of the tariff. To the support of a protective tariff there will rise up an overwhelming army of intelligent, thoughtful and practical men, and the East, the West, the North and South will join hands together to forever exterminate in this Republic the pernicious doctrine of free trade.

A reference to the convention of 1860 in Chicago and an eulogy of Lincoln here followed, and the speaker continued:

In 1884 we were driven back into the wilderness again. God give us the wisdom to find another Moses who can limit our wandering to four years instead of forty.

The peroration was historical and fervid.

THE FLASHING OF THE KNIFE.

Depew Fears the Grangers, and the Stalwarts May Desert Him.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

CHICAGO, June 19.—The situation in the tented field of the Grand Pacific and Palmer House can be summed up in two words: "Nothing definite." The friends and the managers of all the candidates are boastful. Chauncey M. Depew, New York's ostensible choice, arose at 7 A. M., and, after a hearty breakfast, was in conference with ex-Senator Warner Miller, ex-Judge Robertson and Gen. Husted.

THOMAS C. PLATT, of New York. STEPHEN B. ELKINS, of New Mexico.

Mr. Depew fears the dreaded Northwest States, and he has good reason for his fears. The granger delegates cannot be converted into the belief that Mr. Depew's candidacy would not be fatal to the party in Nebraska, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan. If the grangers continue to stick to this position Mr. Depew will have to capture the Eastern and Southern States to have even a fair chance. Still Mr. Depew's friends are working zealously and say that his boom has gone up several points since last night.

"Can Depew hold New York?" is a leading question. If seventy-two votes are delivered to him for several ballots he will have a fighting chance of securing the prize. There is a lurking suspicion that the Platt gang will run away from Depew. He is one of the old Half Breed chiefs, and the Stalwart crowd would rather have a Western President and New York's patronage than Depew for President and the patronage going to Miller, Robertson and Husted.

"Yes, look out for Depew's assassination right in the New York delegation," ex-Marshal Louis F. Payn, Platt's chief lieutenant, said to an EVENING WORLD correspondent five minutes ago. "Depew won't be nominated. He won't have seventy-two votes from New York after the second ballot. Do you wish to know my opinion? Well, it will be either Alger or Harrison, or a Western dark horse."

Mr. Depew's friends say that if Platt and his crowd break away from Depew it will be the deathblow to Flattism in New York.

"Let them dare to stab Depew," is the cry of the Depew men.

The forces of John Sherman remain intact. There is no doubt that Sherman will lead all other competitors on the first ballot and the Ohio people are gleefully saying that he is a sure winner. They think Depew's candidacy will help Sherman.

HARRISON'S GROWING BOOM.

Some people underrate Harrison's boom. It is a good-sized one, and has gained strength from the Northwest. New England and New Jersey are leaning towards Harrison. If Harrison should win William Walter Phelps would have a good show for second place. The Indianians are shouting for him for Vice-President.

CHAS. B. FARWELL, Senator from Illinois. J. B. FORAKER, Governor of Ohio.

Gresham's supporters are working like beavers. He has Illinois solid. His own State, Indiana, has a solid Harrison delegation. The Indiana politicians are all opposed to Gresham, and so are all the railroad companies on account of his decisions. Gresham, however, will roll up a big vote. He will get scattering votes from one-half the States.

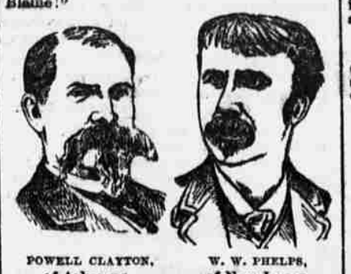
The Alger boomers are as noisy as ever.

The Iowans are using good tactics. They are not abusing the other candidates and are quietly telling of the ability and virtures of Senator Allison. The Iowans believe that Allison will be nominated whenever a break takes place.

A BURST OF BLAINE ENTHUSIASM.

"Blaine! Blaine! James G. Blaine!"

A thousand men in single file are parading through the hotels beating time to the shouting refrain: "Blaine! Blaine! James G. Blaine!"



POWELL CLAYTON, of Arkansas. W. W. PHELPS, of New Jersey.

The Maine people cheered them as they passed by the State headquarters at the Pacific. The undercurrent and the ground swell are for Blaine. The Blaine sentiment is deep-rooted and will break forth with the power of a cyclone if there are too many ballots and no choice.

GRANITE ARCHWAY.

The Maine people are waiting for that time. They are all ready, and have kept their enthusiasm and love for and loyalty to their Plumed Knight purposely bottled up. The "Blaine or Bustern" have planned to scatter their votes among the various candidates in order to make the deadlock tighter. The great Joe Manley, Blaine's Handy Andy, is winking his left eye to-day.

THOSE UNSQUELCHABLE CALIFORNIANS.

The Californians won't listen to any advice or suggestion. They are for Blaine first, last and all the time. Here they come now, 500 strong, with a brass band in front of them. They are on their way to the Convention Hall and wish to give vent to their Blaine feelings before they get there.

The Californians will scoop in the first opportunity to throw the Blaine boom into the convention. Joe Manley has begged them to lay low, but they will not need his advice. They will break loose if the minister in his opening prayer should give them a chance.

JOHNNY O'BRIEN IS FOR BLAINE.

He Told Mr. Depew So, and the Latter Said Nothing.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

CHICAGO, June 19.—There is unexpected trouble in the New York delegation. John J. O'Brien walked into the Grand Pacific this morning with a huge Blaine badge plastered over the blue and gold colors of New York. THE EVENING WORLD correspondent pointed to the Blaine badge and asked the Eighth District boss what it meant.

"It means," replied O'Brien, "that I am for James G. Blaine and that I intend to vote for him. I met Mr. Depew half an hour ago and told him so."

"What did Mr. Depew say?"

"He looked at me as if he were surprised, but he didn't say anything."

O'Brien and his Blaine badge and his announcement that he would vote for Blaine has created much talk among the New York delegates, especially among those who are faithful to Depew.

"Johnny," said Johnny Simpson to the other Johnny, "you are making a mistake. Even if you do not like Chauncey, and even if you do not think he can be nominated or can be elected if nominated, you ought to stand by New York. Depew is the choice of our delegation, and we ought to plank down 72 votes for him."

"Johnny," replied Johnny, of the Eighth District, to Johnny, of the Sixth District, "I would like to make those kind of mistakes all my life."

"Just like you, O'Brien," exclaimed Gen. James W. Husted, when his eagle eye caught sight of the Blaine badge on O'Brien's breast. Then Husted turned towards "Sitting Bull" Lawson and ejaculated:

"Now you have O'Brien and now you haven't him. Queer politics he plays."

"Ugh," responded Lawson, as a scowl went over his face, and he began to raise a fan as if it was worked by a steam engine.

IT IS COOL IN CHICAGO.

The City Is in Holiday Attire and Crowds Are on the Streets.

[EARLY MORNING SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

CHICAGO, June 19.—The sun has risen, and within a few hours the Republican National Convention will be called to order. It is a beautiful, bright, sunny day, and a light wind is cooling the city. If the breeze from Lake Michigan does not die away there will be many grateful people in Chicago.

All night long crowds poured into the city. They came by every railroad, and at midnight thousands of political pilgrims with carpet-bags in hand were wandering through the streets in search of lodgings. The hotel corridors were thronged until the wee hours of the morning, and the headquarters of the prominent candidates were kept open until the last boomer had retired for rest.

It is now 9 o'clock, Chicago time, and 10 o'clock, New York time. Flags are flying in every direction and the city is in holiday attire. The streets and sidewalks adjacent and leading to the principal hotels are beginning to overflow with people, while the corridors of the immense hostelries are filled with buzzing multitudes.

Political bosses, with grave and important looks, elbow their way through the throngs, occasionally asking or answering questions. The parlors and rooms of the dozen candidates are jammed, and there is no use trying to force an entrance.

What a rush there is for tickets of admission! The hall will only hold 8,000 people, and there are ten times as many supplicants for the lithograph pasteboards. Thousands and thousands who journeyed here from every corner of the Union will have to be satisfied with an outside view of the convention.

The music is now beginning, organized clubs are parading the streets and the crowds are wending their way southward. Wabash and Michigan avenues and Congress street, in the vicinity of the Auditorium building are becoming packed.

CHEERS FOR BLAINE DROWN ALL OTHERS.

It is now 11.30 o'clock in New York and the crowds are streaming towards the hall. It is a few blocks from the hotel. The prominent chiefs are in their rooms or headquarters.

DELEGATES' ENTRANCE.

The Gresham men are making the Pacific Hotel ring with their cheers. Now you hear the shrill shout of the Harrison boomers. The Algerites respond with yells for their favorite. Ohio is making a racket for Sherman. But all the yelling is drowned whenever any proposes three cheers for James G. Blaine.

The uniformed clubs, State organizations and candidate-boomers are forming in line in every street near the hotels. In a few moments all steps will be turned towards Convention Hall.

Gresham's followers were making a great demonstration all the morning in the streets. At an early hour the streets were lined with laboring men from factories and shops. They wore Gresham badges upon their straw hats, such as are usually worn by mechanics in shops. The object of this demonstration is to offset their Harrison rivals, who claim that the labor vote is not with Gresham, on account of the position he took during the great strike of 1877.

THE NEW NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

Some of Its Members Who Have Already Been Selected.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

CHICAGO, June 19.—The new National Committee has been made up so far as follows:

Alabama—William Youngblood.
California—M. H. De Young.
Colorado—W. A. Hamill.
Connecticut—Samuel Fessenden.
Georgia—T. F. Putney.
Illinois—George R. Davis.
Indiana—John C. New.
Iowa—J. S. Clarkson.
Kansas—Cyrus Leland, jr.
Kentucky—W. C. Goodloe.
Louisiana—P. B. S. Pinchback.
Maine—J. Manchester Haynes.
Maryland—James A. Garty.
Massachusetts—Henry L. Hyde.
Michigan—John P. Sanborn.
Minnesota—R. G. Evans.
Mississippi—James Hill.
Missouri—C. I. Filley.
Nebraska—W. Robertson.
Nevada—E. Williams.
New Jersey—Garret J. Hobart.
North Carolina—M. P. Connody.
Ohio—A. L. Conger.
Oregon—Jonathan Bourne, jr.
Rhode Island—T. W. Chase.
South Carolina—E. W. Brayton.
Texas—N. W. Cuney.
Vermont—G. W. Hooker.
Virginia—Senator Riddleberger.
West Virginia—N. D. Scott.
Wisconsin—Henry C. Payne.
Dakota—A. C. Mellette.
Idaho—Geo. Shoup.
Montana—Cass. S. Warren.
Washington—Thos. H. Kavanaugh.
Wyoming—J. M. Carey.

Who Mr. Thurston Is.

John M Thurston, the Temporary Chairman, was born in Vermont in 1847, and came to Chicago in 1868, and worked as expressman; then studied law, and settled in Omaha in 1870. He is now General Solicitor of the Union Pacific road and one of the leading lawyers of the West. He was Presidential elector in 1880, and headed Nebraska's delegation to the National Convention of 1884, and seconded the nomination of John A. Logan.

Our Governors.

The beautifully-colored cards, embracing accurate portraits of our Governors, coat of arms, yacht colors, maps, &c., are now inclosed in packages of the TURKISH CROSS-CUT CIGARETTES, together with a certificate. Seventy-five of these certificates entitle you to an album containing the complete collection. *

COMMITTEES OF THE CONVENTION.

New York Named Senator Hiscock, T. B. Sloan and J. R. Weber as Its Representatives.

The following are the committees of the various States and Territories:

State.	Credentials.	Organization.	Resolutions.
Ala	John Jones	I. S. Carter,	J. D. Hardy,
Ark	C. M. Barnes,	D. W. Hook,	C. W. Hines,
Cal	Henry T. Gage,	J. S. Silom,	M. M. Estee,
Col	C. M. Donbden	I. G. Howbert,	W. A. Hammell
Conn	E. S. Day,	S. L. Warner,	N. D. Sperry,
Del	H. C. McCalser,	A. H. Conner,	E. H. Treat,
Ga	S. A. Darnall,	J. McHenry,	
Ill	C. J. Lindley,	W. H. Dustin,	C. B. Farwell,
Ind	A. K. Ness,	W. Dunlap,	R. H. Halford,
Iowa	W. P. Hepb'n,	F. M. Drake,	G. K. Perkins,
Kan	R. D. Baker,	J. C. Strang,	Deferred.
Ky	Geo. W. Jolly,	W. W. Jones,	Logan McKee,
La	O. V. Leonard,	C. B. Darrow,	N. C. Warmoth
Maine	Fred Powers,	J. A. Wilson,	G. H. Prescott,
Md	W. S. Warbur-ton,	E. J. W. Gary,	B. H. Miller,
Mass	Jesse M. Gove	Wm. A. Giles,	A. W. Beard,
Mich	T. B. Dunston,	John R. Boles,	Geo. Spaulding
Minn	H. J. Miller,	G. G. Hartley,	G. G. Edwards,
Miss	J. J. Spelman,	W. G. Crayton,	J. R. Lynch,
Mo	John Alex, jr.,	W. A. Jacobs,	Wm. Warner,
N. Y	J. R. Weber,	T. B. Sloan,	F. Hiscock.

MADELINE GOELZ'S MURDERER.

His Trial Brought On in the Court of Oyer and Terminer To-Day.

Charles Giblin is on trial before Justice Barrett, in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, for the murder of Madeline Goelz, at an East Houston street bakery last February.

Col. Fellows is conducting the prosecution in person, and Giblin is defended by Abram Suydam and Milo J. White.

Frank Pulver, a tobacconist at 178 Pearl street and living at East Eighty-fourth street and Avenue A, was selected as foreman of the jury to try Giblin.

The Emperor's Proclamation Indorsed.

[BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.]

BERLIN, June 19.—The articles in the morning journals fully indorse and express entire sympathy with the Emperor's proclamation to the people.

A manifesto defining the political policy of the Emperor at home and abroad is expected when the Reichstag and the Landtag open on the 25th inst.

Dr. Lenthold has been appointed Physician-in-Ordinary to the Emperor.

News of Stanley's Death.

[SPECIAL CABLE TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

LONDON, June 19.—The *Gaulois*, of Paris, claims to have news from Brussels that the King has received positive intelligence of Explorer Stanley's death. The news is said to have been suppressed for commercial reasons.

Another Fatal Running Over.

Johanna Murphy, eighty-three years old, who was struck by the shaft of William Faust's butcher-cart while crossing Third avenue at Twenty-eighth street, died in Bellevue Hospital. Faust was arraigned before Justice White, at the Yorkville Police Court, this morning, and committed to await the action of the Coroner.

Julia Cargile's Funeral.

Funeral services over the body of Julia F. Cargile, who threw herself from the roof of 69 Washington place on Saturday, were held this afternoon in the North Baptist Church on West Eleventh street.

The interment will be in Greenwood Cemetery at the expense of the church.

Camp Life at Peekskill.

STATE CAMP, PEEKSKILL, June 19.—The glorious Fourteenth have become acclimated to camp life and is doing good work. The rain of yesterday has laid the dust and made the weather delightfully cool. Some very effective drilling is being done.

The Quotations.

	Open.	High.	Low.
Canada Southern	49⅝	49⅝	49
Chic., Burl. & Quincy	112	112	112
Chicago & Northwest	105⅝	106	105
Chic., Mil. & St. Paul	63⅝	63⅝	63⅝
Chic., Mil. & St. Paul pfd	118	118	117½
Chic., Rock Island & Pac	108	108	107⅝
Del., Lack. & Western	127½	129	128½
Delaware & Hudson	106⅝	106⅝	106⅝
Denver & Rio Grande pfd	45	45	45
East Tenn., Va. & Ga. 1st pfd	63½	63½	63⅜
Louisville & Nashville	83⅝	83⅝	83½
Lake Shore	90	90	89⅞
Lake Erie & Western	14½	14½	14⅜
Manhattan Consol	83½	83½	82
Mich. Central	79½	79½	79⅜
Missouri Pacific	73⅝	73⅝	71⅞
Missouri, Kansas & Tex	11⅞	12⅛	11⅞
New York Central	104⅝	104⅝	104⅝
N. Y. & New England	33⅝	33⅝	33⅝
N. Y., Chic. & St. Louis 2d pfd	79	79	79
N. Y., Lake Erie & Western	24	24½	23⅞
Norfolk & Western, pfd	47½	47½	46½
Northern Pacific pfd	50⅝	50⅝	50
Ontario & Western	15	15	15
Ore. Railway & Navigation	93	93	93
Oregon Transcontinental	28	28⅝	28
Oregon Improvement	55	55	54⅝
Oregon Short Line	29	29	29
Philadelphia & Reading	50⅝	50⅝	58⅛
Pullman Palace Car Co	152½	152½	152½
Richmond & West Point Ter	23½	23½	22⅞
Rich. & W. P. Ter. pfd	56	56	56
St. Paul & Omaha	35½	35½	35½
St. Paul & Omaha pfd	103	103	103
St. Paul, Minn. & Manitoba	100½	100½	100½
Texas Pacific	21⅞	21⅞	20⅞
Union Pacific	84½	84½	84½
United States Express	71	71	71
Wab., St. L. & Pacific pfd	22⅞	22⅞	22⅞
Western Union Telegraph	77	77	76⅞
Wheeling & Lake Erie	52	52½	52

Standing of the Clubs Yesterday.

League.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.	Association.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Chicago	20	13	.606	Brooklyn	29	11	.725
Detroit	20	17	.607	St. Louis	29	13	.691
Boston	27	19	.587	Athletic	26	18	.591
New York	24	19	.558	Cincinnati	26	20	.565
Philadelphia	21	20	.512	Baltimore	24	23	.500
Pittsburg	16	26	.380	Cleveland	16	27	.365
Indianapolis	15	29	.349	Kansas City	13	31	.295
Washington	14	29	.326	Louisville	13	34	.277

Games Scheduled for To-Day.

LEAGUE.

New York at Boston.
Philadelphia at Washington.

ASSOCIATION.

Baltimore at Brooklyn.
Cincinnati at St. Louis.
Louisville at Kansas City.
Cleveland at Philadelphia.

CENTRAL LEAGUE.

Jersey City at Scranton.
Wilkesbarre at Newark.
Binghamton at Allentown.
Elmira at Easton.

Cooler, Fair Weather.

WASHINGTON, June 19.—*Weather Indications:* *For Connecticut and Eastern New York—Light to fresh easterly winds, brisk on the coast; cooler, fair weather.*

The Weather To-Day.

Indicated by Blakely's tele-thermometer:

	1888.	1887.		1888.	1887.
3 A. M.	76	66	9 A. M.	78	67
6 A. M.	75	65	12 M.	82	73

Average for past twenty-four hours, 79 3-8 degrees.
Average for corresponding time last year, 69½ degrees.

What It Means.

To the man or woman who has never been ill the word "health" is meaningless. But to the one who has suffered and despaired health appears as a priceless boon. To the thousands of unfortunate women who are suffering from some of the many forms of weakness or irregularities peculiar to their sex Dr. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION holds forth the promise of a speedy restoration of this "priceless boon." *

EXTRA

LAST EDITION.

FRED MAY HELD.

Arraigned in the Tombs for Felonious Assault.

Knocked Down for Trying to Shoot a Police Officer.

"I Was Drunk," Was the Excuse He Offered to Justice Welde This Morning—The Most Serious Trouble That He Has Been In So Far—If Convicted He May Have to Go to Prison for a Long Term; Perhaps Ten Years—His Bail $1,000.

Fred May, the handsome stalwart, standing 6 feet 2 in his shoes, club man and athlete, one of the heroes of an alleged duel and well known to all the promenaders of Broadway, was contrite and humble as he took his place before the prisoners' rail in the Tombs Police Court this morning elbow to elbow with a swollen-faced, dishevelled female on his right and a mangy old bum on his left.

He had been in Police Court before. Two years ago he and a lawyer named Swayne amused their drunken fancies by kicking over some ash barrels near the Albemarle, and Patrolmen Clinton rattled him up and put him in the West Thirtieth street police station till morning. Next morning he and Swayne paid $5 fine each to Justice Duffy at Jefferson Market.

Six months ago Fred May broke up a few hundred dollars' worth of furniture at Narragansett. But he settled that all right.

But to-day he was charged with something more serious.

It was "assault with a deadly weapon with intent to kill Officer Daniel McGowan," of the Leonard street station.

Joe Moss, from the office of Howe & Hummel, stood in his defense. May's right eye was under a heavy bandage, from under the lower edge of which showed a black and swollen bag under the eye.

Officer McGowan told his story. A gentleman at the corner of Warren street and College place, at 8 o'clock last night, called his attention to a big fellow over the way who was paying too much attention to passing ladies. He seized their skirts and passed insulting remarks. The officer went to him and advised him "go home, you are drunk."

The fellow is as big again as the policeman, moved away pleasantly. The corner where he had been was just over in the Second Precinct, and Officer Pat Brady, of that precinct, came up just then. The two officers stood talking about the big fellow, and just then he stopped behind a telegraph pole half way down to Murray street. After five minutes, during which the officers watched the half-concealed man, he returned.

Officer McGowan dropped his club from under his arm and awaited the approach of the stalwart, grasping his baton meantime.

The man came up with his right hand in the pocket of his summer sack coat, and when he had got within a little more than arm's length of Officer McGowan he drew his hand from his pocket.

There came with it a glistening revolver, and the man said: "D——n you! You can't drive me away from here!"

He didn't get much further, for Officer McGowan's locust went up and down again like a flash of lightning. It struck on the head of the man with the pistol, just over the right eye.

This stunned him and Officer Brady rushed in and wrenched the revolver from his hand.

He was taken to the Leonard street station, where he was recognized as Fred May, although he gave his name as Frank Mayne.

An ambulance surgeon from Chambers Street Hospital sewed five stitches in the cut made by the club on May's right eye and bandaged the wound.

The pistol was found to be a 41-calibre English bulldog, self-cocking, and its six chambers fully loaded with balls that would make windows in a body through which they passed.

May said in response to Justice Welde:

"I was drunk. I haven't been drunk before in six months. I did not intend to get drunk. I should never get drunk. I will never get drunk again. I had been down to the pier to see my family off on a Fall River boat."

Mr. Moss pleaded that May didn't know what he was doing, and said: "This isn't a case where a man intended to kill. I think the bail should be light. We want an examination later."

Justice Welde replied: May shouldn't get drunk. He is thirty-six years old; old enough to know better. I fix bail at $1,000, to appear Thursday at 2 o'clock."

To a reporter May said: "It was a mighty lucky thing for that policeman and me, too, that it turned out just as it did. He's a good fellow and served me just right."

"Had May pulled that revolver when five feet further away," said Officer McGowan, "one of us would probably be a dead man now and the other a murderer. Had I been a new policeman instead of a nine-year veteran, I fear I would not be able to appear in court to-day."

May wore a Special Deputy Sheriff's badge on his suspenders. Men procure these badges, thinking they entitle them to the privilege of carrying revolvers. May said he lived at the New York Hotel and was a broker in wines and cigars.

He was remanded to the Tombs prison and messengers were despatched to the offices of Joseph J. O'Donohue and Ed Kearney. Both these gentlemen responded that they would be up and bail May as soon as possible.

The penalty for assault with intent to kill is from five to ten years in State prison. For assault in the second degree two and one-half to five years.

No bondsman for Fred May had put in an appearance at noon, and at that hour the clubman was quartered in Cell 45, second tier of the old prison, known as "Homicide Tier." Cell 45 was occupied last night by Garrett Welsh, a robber now on trial in General Sessions. If not bailed May and Welsh will be "doubled up," sleeping together in this cell. Cell 44 is the domicile of a "bum" prisoner who puts in his time for intoxication in cleaning the tier. He is a tier man. Cell 46 is occupied by Charles Mellvein, another robber. In fact Fred May is surrounded by good company.

SUMMER HATS, STRAWS, DERBYS AND HIGH HATS FROM 37 CENTS TO $3. MCCANN'S, 335 BOWERY, NEAR PRINCE ST. *