THE LATEST CRAZE.
THOUSANDS ARE PUZZLING THEIR WITS IN THE
WORD-BUILDING CONTEST
OF
THE EVENING WORLD.
WHY DON'T YOU TRY FOR IT?

The EVENING EDITION World.

VERIFY THIS VOLUME'S VERACITY
THE WORLD'S Circulation BOOK. No. of Worlds Printed Daily, 290,336.
EACH PAGE OPEN FOR INSPECTION.

PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1888. PRICE ONE CENT.

5 O'CLOCK EXTRA

READY FOR FLIGHT.

Policy Men Frightened by "The Evening World" Expose.

Anxiously Waiting to See What the Police Will Do.

Supt. Murray Says He Will Take Advantage of "The Evening World's" Evidence, but Unless He Does It Very Quickly the Birds Will All Have Flown—Great Excitement in Policy Circles and Many "Poke Shops" Close—"Blizzard" Threatened by One of the Gamblers.

The several hundred policy gamblers who run shops in this city were mightily surprised yesterday when THE EVENING WORLD sprung its exposé of their nefarious system and bold defiance of the law. It was hurry and scurry with them yesterday afternoon and evening, and more preparations for moving were made in policy circles than that interesting society ever made before.

In an almost incredibly short time after the issue containing the story was put upon the street every policy-shop dealer was aware of it, and they promptly got ready to fold their tents and depart.

FINDING OUT THE EFFECT.

Two reporters for THE EVENING WORLD who started out to see the effect of the exposé, observed the following:

On Thompson street, where policy shops abound, men and women were huddled together in little groups and were talking earnestly in low tones. They would make emphatic gestures with their arms, and occasionally an EVENING WORLD would flutter in their midst.

When these people saw the reporters coming towards them they stopped talking, and scrutinized them closely.

The shops were probably never more deserted by patrons since their establishment. The proprietors themselves lay very low.

"Lame Jack" Butler sat on a stool in the doorway between his cigar store and his policy shop that was, and watched every one and everything. His store is on Canal street, north side, just east of Washington. All the outward appearance of gambling had disappeared.

At 149 Beecker the door leading to the policy desk was open and a reporter advanced towards it. He heard two men talking, but they stopped suddenly, and a man whom one of the reporters has seen about there before came out, looked quickly at the reporters and shut the door.

This is where the reporters saw women buying tickets, but no customers were there yesterday afternoon.

A strange young man glared at the newspaper men from John Kennedy's place at 233 South Fifth avenue. The proprietor could not be seen.

EXCITEMENT IN LEONARD STREET.

The effect of the exposé was also observed on Leonard street, where Fred Anderson's policy shop has flourished for some time past at No. 132. Within a few minutes after the newsboys passed through that street several friends of the proprietor dodged in and out of his place, which has the appearance in front of a tobacco store, and a reporter mingled with the number and endeavored to gain an entrance to the little room in the rear, but his face was not recognized, and the combination fastening on the inner door excluded him from that apartment.

A thick-set young man, with light hair and mustache, appeared from the rear through a door leading behind the show-case and inquired the reporter's business. A package of cigarettes was called for, and the attendant said he didn't keep them, and immediately disappeared behind the partition. Several voices were heard in the rear room, and the subject of the conversation was the exposé of the policy shops in THE EVENING WORLD. The inmates of the place appeared to be on the alert, and scrutinized the reporter very closely.

The place kept by the man known as "Smithy," at 186 Greene street, had the appearance of being closed. There were papers hung in the windows and behind the glass in the door, but the place was not closed. An attendant seemed to be perfectly ignorant of any policy-playing in that building. The inmates, apparently, were prepared for an inspection by the police or other parties.

Billy McCurdy's cosy little den, in the rear of the barroom of Michael Walsh's hotel, corner of Watts and Washington streets, was not closed. An EVENING WORLD reporter sauntered into the place and was followed by three or four men who had been standing on the sidewalk. The reporter called for a cigar and the other men entered the little apartment behind a wire screen. A man stood near the door of the back room to intercept any stranger who might attempt to enter there. The remarks overheard by the reporter led him to believe that a game of chance was progressing inside, but the men were not buying policy tickets.

In the rear of the saloon, corner of Canal street and West Broadway, as stated yesterday, a policy shop has been flourishing under the management of Charles Siebert. A casual observer would mistake the place for a small plumbing establishment, as several articles in the plumbers' line are displayed in the small show-window. There was a mysterious back room, as in the other places, to which the reporter could not gain admission, notwithstanding that a colored woman and two elderly men were admitted before the reporter left the place.

The appearance of Martin Sullivan's place, at 6 West street, was not changed from the description given in THE EVENING WORLD yesterday. Mr. Sullivan was behind his office desk in the front of the place, and so far as the reporter could see there was no person in the back room where he formerly sold policy tickets.

Blizzard, the newsboy who purchased tickets for the reporters who were investigating the policy-shop business, was selling EVENING WORLDS rapidly at the corner of Grand street and South Fifth avenue.

Blizzard was threatened by one of the proprietors of a shop where he bought tickets, so his friends say. One newsboy said that the man told Blizzard he would have him arrested.

WHAT CHIEF MURRAY SAYS.

Supt. Murray, after reading THE EVENING WORLD expose very closely, said:

"I shall be only too glad to furnish all the police aid I can to help in getting rid of these places, and shall send an inspector to the editor of THE EVENING WORLD and avail myself of the evidence it has respecting these policy shops. It may surprise the editor, however, to know the precise nature of evidence demanded by police justices before holding a prisoner charged with such an offense.

"Only a few days ago I sent Doorman Barnes, of the Central Office, to a shop on Fourth street where policy tickets were sold. He was disguised as a cartman, and wore a blue check jumper. He purchased a three-numbered gig for ten cents, and asked for a written receipt for his money. The proprietor admitted that he was dealing in policy slips, but reminded Doorman Barnes that owing to the vigilance of the police, who were on the alert to secure evidence to arrest them, policy dealers had to work on the quiet, and to give a receipt would soon end their trade.

"The gig bought by Barnes was duly entered on the book of the establishment, and later Officer McCort led a squad of policemen and raided the place. The proprietor was arrested and we seized policy slips, books, the record of Barnes's purchase, a blackboard, &c., being the complete paraphernalia of a policy-shop. When the proprietor was arraigned in the Police Court on the following morning the Justice dismissed the case, holding that a conviction could not be had unless the policy-dealer gave a written receipt showing that the money was paid for this particular illegal traffic.

"This practically ties our hands. It is only fair to state that this grade of petty gambling has been abated largely, and compared with a few years ago there is very little of it—and the business is conducted under cover and, as THE WORLD states, by preconcerted signals."

GONE MAD WITH MOURNING.

A Bereaved Mother Is Driven to Drink and Suicide.

Mrs. Kate Crawford, the wife of a truck-driver who works for Callahan, in Vesey street, made a terrific leap from a third-story window, at 85 Macdougal street, at 4 o'clock this morning, and was picked up on the sidewalk, bruised and battered and suffering from internal injuries.

Kate married John Crawford when she was seventeen. She is now twenty-nine, and very attractive in personal appearance. Five months ago she buried two children from diphtheria, the little ones following each other to the grave within a few days.

The poor woman was nearly heartbroken and yielded to drink to drown her sorrows. Her husband, who is industrious and temperate, pleaded with his wife not to abandon hope. He reminded her that Mary, their eleven-year-old daughter, and an infant were left to them and would be a comfort, but his suggestions were unheeded.

For several weeks Mrs. Crawford has been drinking heavily, and on Friday night delirium tremens set in. Last night when her husband returned from his work he found Kate in a terrible condition, beset with a fear that some enemy was chasing her, and that her life was in imminent peril.

Mr. Crawford was weary after a day of hard work, but he set about to pacify his wife. He labored with her for hours, and finally, wearied and worn, he threw himself on a lounge and soon fell asleep.

At 4 o'clock he was roused from his sound sleep by hearing his daughter Mary screaming: "Mamma is going out of the window!"

The faithful little girl tugged away at her mother's night dress, but the woman, superhumanly strong and driven crazy with fear of her imaginary foe, pulled away, lowered herself by the iron column which supported a long balcony, and then with a wild shriek loosened her hold and fell upon the sun-burned grass plot in the front yard.

Writhing in agony she rolled out on the sidewalk, and in a few seconds all was still. The poor husband, powerless to rescue his wife from her perilous position, saw her white figure flying downward to a probable death, and then hastened to the street. His neighbors, alarmed by the screams of the woman, sprang from their beds and hastened to the windows. They saw the figure in white lying stiff on the sidewalk and hastily joined the husband.

Mrs. Crawford made no outcry after she fell, but she moaned piteously and placed her hands to her side and breast to show where her greatest pain was.

A policeman summoned an ambulance from St. Vincent's Hospital, and the dying woman was taken thither.

The Closing Quotations.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Clos.
Canada Southern	49½	49½	49½	49½
Chic., Burl. & Quincy	111	112⅛	111⅛	112⅛
Chicago & Northwest	105¾	106¼	105¾	106⅛
Chicago & Northwest pfd	138¾	138¾	138¾	138¾
Chic., Mil. & St. Paul	63¾	64⅛	63¾	63⅞
Chic., Mil. & St. Paul pfd	102	102⅛	102	102⅛
*Chic., Rock Island & Pac	102⅝	102⅝	102⅝	102⅝
Col. & Hocking Coal	18⅞	18⅞	18⅞	18⅞
Del., Lack. & Western	129¾	130	129¾	129¾
Delaware & Hudson	109	109⅛	109	109⅛
Denver & Rio Grande pfd	44⅝	44⅝	44⅝	44⅝
Illinois Central	116	116	116	116
Louisville & Nashville	53¾	53⅞	53¾	53⅞
Lake Shore	91	90⅞	89⅞	90⅞
Manhattan Consol	82⅝	82⅝	82⅝	82⅝
Mil., L. S. & Western	49⅝	49⅝	49⅝	49⅝
Minneapolis & St. Louis pfd	10⅝	10⅝	10⅝	10⅝
Missouri Pacific	72⅝	73⅛	72	72⅝
Missouri, Kansas & Texas	13	13⅛	12⅞	12⅞
New Jersey Central	81⅞	81⅞	81⅞	81⅞
New York Central	104⅝	104⅝	104⅝	104⅝
N. Y. & New England	38⅝	39¼	38⅝	38⅝
N. Y., Chic. & St. Louis	14⅝	14⅝	14⅝	14⅝
N. Y., Lake Erie & Western	24⅝	24⅝	24⅝	24⅝
N. Y., L. Erie & West. pfd	56	56	56	56
N. Y., Susq. & West	8⅝	8⅝	8⅝	8⅝
Norfolk & Western	16⅝	16⅝	16⅝	16⅝
Norfolk & Western pfd	46⅝	46⅝	46⅝	46⅝
Northern Pacific pfd	51⅝	51⅝	51	51
Ohio & Mississippi	19⅝	19⅝	19⅝	19⅝
Ore. Transcontinental	23⅝	23⅝	23⅝	23⅝
Pacific Mail	33⅝	33⅝	33⅝	33⅝
Philadelphia & Reading	68⅝	68⅝	68⅝	68⅝
Rich. & West Point Ter	22⅝	22⅝	22⅝	22⅝
Rich. & W. P. Ter. pfd	63	63	63	63
St. Paul & Omaha	34⅝	34⅝	34⅝	34⅝
St. Louis & San Francisco	28⅝	28⅝	28⅝	28⅝
Texas Pacific	20⅝	20⅞	20⅝	20⅝
Tenn. Coal & Iron	26⅝	26⅝	26⅝	26⅝
Union Pacific	53⅝	54	53⅝	53⅝
United States Express	71⅝	71⅝	71⅝	71⅝
Western Union Telegraph	75⅝	75⅝	75⅝	75⅝

*Ex-dividend.

New York Markets.

WHEAT.—December wheat opened at 99⅛c.—1 point above last night's closing quotation. Subsequently the market weakened, and up to noon wheat had declined to 91⅝c. Market active.

COTTON.—Market opened at about last night's closing prices: June, 10.16; July, 10.14; Aug., 10.22; Sept., 9.79; Oct., 9.6½; Nov. an Dec., 9.49; Jan., 9.57; Feb., 9.64; March, April and May, none. Market quiet and firm. Liverpool quiet, but steady.

COFFEE.—June opened 20 points off, at 12.60. Other months advanced from 10 to 25 points. July, 11.10; Aug., 10.10; Sept., 10c.; Oct., 9.70; Nov., 9.80; Dec., 9.90; Jan., 9.80; Feb. and March, 9.85; April, 9.90; May, 9.95. Market steady. Havre steady.

PETROLEUM.—Pipe Line certificates opened at 72⅝c., i p nt above last night's closing quotation. Market strong, and by noon the quotation had advanced to 73⅝c.

The Revised Edition.

[*From Judge.*]

Visitor—I suppose you attended Sunday-school to-day, Bertie?

Bertie—Yep.

Visitor—What was the lesson about?

Bertie—Oh, 'bout a fellow named Jonah who swallowed a whale.

Visitor—When I went to Sunday-school it was the whale that swallowed Jonah.

Bertie—Well, 'tain't that way now. We've got the revised edition.

The Giants

in real merit, in largest sale and universal popularity are the TURKISH CROSS-CUT CIGARETTES. *.*

SUMMER HATS, STRAWS, DERBYS AND HIGH HATS FROM 20 CENTS TO $3. MCCANN'S, 215 BOWERY, NEAR PRINCE ST. *.*

A BOY EXILE.

The Extraordinary Case of Josie Shephard.

Relatives and Friends Anxious to Support Him.

But the Juvenile Asylum Committee Banishes Him to Illinois.

And It Is Claimed that It Can Do No Wrong.

A BROKEN-HEARTED WOMAN'S APPEAL.

Oh! Red-Tape Charity, Where Is Thy Blush?

This is the story of a seven-year-old exile. His name is Josie Shephard, and he is an orphan. He has recently been despatched to some unnamed place in Illinois, despite the appeals of his relatives and friends. A grandmother and two uncles stood ready and able to support him. A friend of the family in comparatively easy circumstances was anxious to adopt him, and rear him as a son.

But the blind wheels of organized charity turned ruthlessly on. The boy was sent away and the officials of the Juvenile Asylum refused to return him or to reveal his whereabouts.

In defense of this apparent atrocity several of the managers claim that the law is on their side and assume that they can do no wrong. Supt. Carpenter says the directors do not care to be "bothered about such small things." President Kingsley says: "We don't propose to be investigated by outside parties," and takes it for granted that everything is O. K. Will the majority of the directors of the Juvenile Asylum support the committee in their decision in this matter, or will the committee itself insist upon keeping the boy in Illinois upon a fuller review of the facts? It seems incredible that the intelligent, charitable and justly disposed gentlemen on the Board will permit such an action to go on the record as final.

Here are the plain facts as related by both sides. They will rouse the sympathy of every man and woman who has a spark of human nature in their constitutions. To the supporters of the Juvenile Asylum, to the majority of the directors and to the people of New York the evidence in this extraordinary case is submitted, and THE EVENING WORLD is ready to voice their verdict.

THE CASE OF JOSIE SHEPHARD.

The Facts Presented on Appeal from the Decision of the Asylum Committee.

This letter, which was received by the editor of THE EVENING WORLD, speaks for itself:

DEAR SIR: I have a case which I hope will interest your benevolence.

I am an aged woman, but able yet to keep my home.

My grandson, Joseph Shephard, who is an orphan, was in the Juvenile Asylum in One Hundred and Seventy-sixth street one year; I was in Rochester with my son when he was sent to the Staten Island Institute. As soon as I returned to New York City I applied to Mr. Carpenter, of 61 West Thirteenth street, for the boy. I was told he was transferred to the Juvenile Asylum in One Hundred and Seventy-sixth street, and that I could not get him, but could see him once a month. I went every month to visit him.

Visiting day in April I went and found him in the hospital. The doctor said he was out of danger, but if he got worse I would be notified. (No notice.)

Next month I went to see him. He was sent to Illinois. I applied to the Board, who said I was notified. I received no notice.

I am able to keep the boy. I have a friend who is willing to adopt him. The Board says he has a good home, but I want him.

Andrew Grant, of 530 West Thirty-ninth street, will take the boy into his family and treat him as his own, and adopt him if necessary. He would like to do so. My son, who resides with me, can keep him. I can keep him. My son in Rochester can keep him, and WHY SHOULD HE BE IN ILLINOIS?

Please interest yourself in this matter, and have the blessing of a broken-hearted woman. Yours respectfully, ELIZABETH SHEPHARD.

P. S.—The boy is only seven years of age.

608 West Thirty-eighth street.

THE GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

Mrs. Elizabeth Shephard, who lives with her unmarried son Frank, a young man of twenty-eight years, at 608 West Thirty-eighth street, is sixty-six years old. Despite her years, she goes out to work every day, and is employed as a washer and cleaner in the Queen Knitting Mills in West Forty-third street. Her son Frank is a butcher by trade and makes good wages.

"Since they sent little Josie away," said

(*Continued on second page.*)

THE VOLUNTEER WINNING.

Likely to Beat the Puritan by Fifteen Minutes.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

MARBLEHEAD, June 28.—The strong northwest wind of yesterday has changed to a steady northeast wind this morning, giving prospects of a beautiful day for the annual regatta of the Eastern Yacht Club.

Among the first to begin preparations for the fray were the famous Volunteer and her sister, Puritan, which lay side by side at Bay View Boat Club house.

The headlands and high cliffs are rapidly filling up with people, all anxious to secure a most available place to see the start and course, and vehicles of all descriptions are taking up positions on the broad avenues of the beautiful peninsular.

The course will probably be first to the mark-boat, off Harding's bell buoy; thence around the easterly stake-boat, and back to the starting line off Half-Way Rock. There will be a big sea on.

The entries are as follows:

First-class schooners, thirty-six miles: Gitana, Miranda, Adrienne.

Third Class (24 miles)—Diana, Bohemian.

First Class Sloops (36 miles)—Volunteer, Puritan, Stranger.

Third Class—Hesper, Dream.

Sixth Class (24 miles)—Baboon, Xara.

Seventh Class—Hilda, Clytie.

10.45.—The wind is now drawing down a little to the eastward. The Volunteer is weighing anchor. The race cannot start before 11.30.

11 A. M.—All the fleet is now outside. The wind is blowing now about fifteen miles an hour.

11.27.—The signal to start has been given. The Puritan crossed the line first, at 11.35.2, and has carried away her jib topsail.

The Gitana has just crossed the line.

11.38.—The Adrienne has crossed the line, followed by the Volunteer.

The start was a good one and a good easterly breeze is blowing. The boats got off on the port tack. The Puritan is ahead, Gitana second, Adrienne third, followed by the Volunteer.

11.47.—The Stranger has just crossed the line.

11.53.—The Hesper crossed the line first in her class. The Xara, 11.52, and Baboon, 11.52.30. The Clytie has just crossed.

11.40—The Gitana is gaining on the Puritan.

12 M.—The Diana, Hilda and Dream appear to be out of the race.

12.01—The Gitana has passed the Puritan in good shape.

12.30—The Puritan again has a good lead.

12.45—All the boats are now on the port tack, close hauled and heading for the eastern stake boat. The Puritan is an eighth of a mile ahead, Volunteer second and Gitana third. The Volunteer is considerably in the lead of the Gitana.

The Puritan rounded the first stake boat at 12.40.

12.58.—The Volunteer is passing the Puritan to windward.

1.13.—The race is now practically settled. Half the course has been sailed and the Volunteer has a good lead. She will probably beat the Puritan by fifteen minutes.

1.25.—The Volunteer has rapidly increased her lead, and is now about a mile ahead of the Puritan.

2.06.—Gitana has come in stays and is now on the starboard tack, same as the leaders.

2.08.—The Volunteer has increased her lead to about a mile and and a half.

2.11.—The Baboon and Xara are having close work together in their class. The Xara has a jib topsail set and is slightly in the lead.

The Hesper is a out a mile behind the Xara.

2.25.—The Clytie is a mile behind the Xara and Baboon. The Xara has rounded the eastern stake and is now on the homestretch. The Baboon rounded at 2.26.

2.32.—The Hesper has rounded the outer stake-boat.

2.38.—The Volunteer rounded the outer stake-boat.

2.39—The Puritan is a mile astern the Volunteer.

2.42—The Xara and Baboon have set their spinnakers, and the Hesper is coming home with her big balloon jib. The Volunteer has set her balloon jib

2.54.—The Puritan has just rounded the outer stake.

The run home for all boats is lively work. The wind is east and the boats are running before it.

3.21.—The Puritan now has set her jibtopsail and is evidently trying to run as close to her rival as possible. The Gitana and Adrienne rounded the outer stake at 3.21 and are now on the homestretch.

3.44.30—The Volunteer finishes first.

GHOSTS AT A GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

The Grown-Up Neighbors Scared, but the Bright Pupils Very Incredulous.

The shade of Hamlet, sr., must blush for shame at the conduct of the disreputable ghost which haunts the minds of the people in the neighborhood of Grammar School No. 34, Broome and Sheriff streets.

Fifteen hundred people swarmed these thoroughfares Tuesday night, and twice that number last night, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the shade.

Policeman Lang, on that post, says those who believe in the appearance of a ghost in the school-house are grown people, while the children only laugh at it and tell enormous whoppers of what somebody else has seen.

The neighbors say that Principal Martin was on the roof Tuesday night, and, seeing the ghost, fainted away.

As to whose ghost it is, there is a conflict of opinion. A woman who went on her own roof adjoining was shouted at by the crowd, and retreated. She was a ghost.

A woman who arrived from Poland a year ago says that fifty years ago there was a burial plot where now stands the school, and that all the cemetery's one time inhabitants have returned.

Another equally trustworthy authority says the wife of Janitor Michael Moran, who died eight years ago, is troubled in spirit because there are 2,000 children and fifty teachers crowded into this school, and has returned to the scene to give warning.

Still another says that a murder was committed here and the spirits of both parties to the tragedy are infesting the neighborhood.

Fifty years ago Ezra White was ejected from a ballroom near this corner, and he stabbed and killed the evictor, James R. Whiting, District-Attorney, and David Graham, father and son, engaged in his famous trial. Perhaps all of these departed spirits are to blame for the scare.

One story says a ghost slapped the face of Teacher Anna I. McGuire in full view of her class of little girls on the third floor of a dwelling-house in Sheriff street, leased last spring for the accommodation of the overflow of the school.

Miss McGuire is a comely little womon, and she was indignant at the story. The reporter was invited into her class-room.

"Class in ghost lore, attention!" he said, and every little girl folded her arms.

"Have you seen any ghosts to-day?"

"No, sir," giggled the girls.

"Ever see any?"

Again "No, sir."

"Do you believe in ghosts?"

"No, sir. There are no such things," chorused the class.

The story goes that many children have been taken out of the school because of the ghosts, but this is denied.

A new school-house must be built for this big school soon, and it is thought that the ghost stories have been started to depreciate the value of the property by some one who wants to buy it cheap.

Pickings.

[*From Puck.*]

Something uncanny—Over-ripe fruit.

The widow is the person who looks out for number two.

Nature is now singing the "Wearing of the Green."

If nicknames are to be tolerated in life, why not in geography? If it is proper to call your friends Pete and Bob, why not call the famous Georgia pinery Tomville and the capital of Maine, Gussie.

PLAYING WITH DEATH

A Suicide's Observations of the Effects of Opium.

Took a Hundred Morphine Pills and Then Cut His Throat.

A Paper Found by His Side on Which Were Jotted His Sensations—Forty Pills of One-Eighth Grain Hardly Affected Him—Two Letters Left, One to His Wife and the Other to "Whom It May Concern."

Francis T. Lantry, of Mallon, N. Y., was found dead in room 114 of the Astor House this morning by Mary A. Heran, a chambermaid. He came to the Astor House on June 18. He was a portly man, past the middle age. His wife and family live in Mallon. He made frequent visits to this city, and always stopped at the Astor House.

When discovered, Mr. Lantry was dead on a chair. Blood flowed from a wound in his throat. A razor lay on the floor near the chair, and on a stand was a box in which were morphine pills. Close to the box were two letters and a brief diary.

The chambermaid called the hall boy, Thaddeus O'Haren, who in turn summoned the house physician, Dr. W. H. Farrington.

A messenger was sent to the Coroner's office, but Coroner Edman was away.

The papers on the stand revealed a remarkable series of facts concerning the dead man's manner of death.

He wanted to die and he had made up his mind to take morphine and write down his sensations. At intervals he would write down what he had done and how he felt. He must have possessed a cast-iron constitution, for he took enough morphine to kill off a small army of ordinary men, and then he had to use a razor finally to end his life.

Here is what he wrote:

5 P. M.—At 4.30 P. M. I took between thirty and forty one-eighth-grain morphine pills, as one interested in scientific subjects. I observe the effects curiously. There is already some result, but it comes more gradually than I had anticipated.

5.30 P. M.—I observe almost no effect. I am not a physician, and my knowledge of the effects of the drug is not definite, but I had supposed that a three-grain dose would be fatal. If at 6 P. M. I do not feel affected I shall take two or three grains more.

6.15 P. M.—I feel a little drowsy, but nothing to indicate prostrating effects. Will take about same quantity as before and go to sleep.

6 A. M.—Have taken 100 pills and without result.

Then the dying man must have become tired of this sort of thing and used his razor, for his dying record ended here.

Written on a piece of paper and dated "4 P. M., June 27," was this:

Please post the stamped and sealed letters without opening them. They give no information only to persons addressed, and do not at all involve these persons.

One of the letters was addressed to his wife, and read as follows:

MY DARLING: Forgive me. I loved you always and had faith in your love for me. Do not reproach yourself that for a little time you once doubted the supreme power of my affection.

Some time in the limitless future God will permit us to unite again. As always, FRANK.

The other letter was addressed, "To Whom It May Concern," and the contents were as follows:

This is a sorry ending of a life that God designed for something, but the fault is chiefly my own. Perhaps, if others had exhibited a little more charity and forbearance, the result might have been different.

Of that I shall know very soon, and others will know in due time.

To be forced to give up life just now seems like the irony of fate, for I have fair prospects of successful entrance into political life almost immediately.

But any help being effective, must have come now, as the exposure of present difficulties would destroy the possibility of doing that work which I firmly believe would have led to political preferment.

I beg my creditors to treat my wife leniently; I beg all former friends to remember that I have tried to do some good with such powers as God gave me.

I do believe that there are some prosperous and successful people in the world who attribute to me, at least, a part of their prosperity and success.

I do believe there are struggling people in the world whose hard work is now easier because I helped them to understand it better.

I beg of them to remember me kindly, and I ask of others to think of me kindly for their sake. I want all to remember that I have always loved my dear wife devotedly, and never more so than now, and I do entreat that for her sake such publicity as is necessary shall be very brief, and that nobody will sustain or revive the memory of this affair by attempting to point a moral or adorn a tale by reference to my career.

I earnestly entreat that the announcement of my death may not be communicated to my poor wife directly, but to the Rev. Theodore Babcock, of Manlius, N. Y.

Provision will then perhaps be made to dispose of my remains. Of late I have suffered much both in mind and body, but as the end approaches I have a sense of physical ease that has not come to me in weeks past, and my mind approaches a state of serenity that is almost cheerfulness.

In my life I did not shirk conflict, either in field or forum, but the dead cannot defend, and I beg all to think charitably of the faults of one who repents and relies on God's mercy to forgive them.

Whatever little property I have must go to my dearly beloved wife. If she finds a few faithful friends of mine, who will forgive as I know she will, let each of them have some little memento of one whose heart not cold to strangers was very warm to friends. FRANCIS P. LANTRY.

F. Mayer, metropolitan agent of the Equitable Insurance Company, says that he became acquainted with Lantry in Binghamton a few years ago. Lantry was then an instructor in an academy at Manlius.

On Tuesday Mr. Mayer found Lantry awaiting him at his office. His eyesight appeared affected and he said he was nearly blind. Lantry asked for the loan of a small sum of money, and he was accommodated.

Lantry was a brother-in-law of the late Aaron J. Vanderpoel, of New York. He left a third letter addressed to Peter Van Schaick, 138 and 140 Lake street, Chicago.

Guests of Their President.

An enjoyable entertainment was given to the members of the Washington League by President George Snyder, at 132 East One Hundred and Twenty-first street, Tuesday evening.

Among the many present were Misses A. and T. Rudolph, Miss Amemann, Misses A. and M. Snyder, Miss L. Freiger, Chas. Matthews, J. Carroll, Wm. Schoiler, C. Barton, M. Amemann, jr., H. Friedman and John Wiedman.

The officers of the League are: Geo. Snyder, President; M. Amemann, jr., Vice-President; Wm. Snyder, Secretary, and Thos. J. Alig, Treasurer.

Brooklyn News in Brief.

William Nappler's butcher shop at 510 Hicks street was damaged by fire last night to the extent of $700.

James Benson accidentally upset a kerosene oil lamp last evening at his home, 149 Huntington street, and was severely burned on the hands and feet.

Engineer Thomas Hennessy, of the Kings County Elevated Railroad, fell from the track at the corner of Troy and Fulton avenue and died to-day in St. Mary's Hospital.

Kate Hanson, a cook living at 667 Park avenue, was arrested last night charged with stealing $340 from Mrs. H. Schamp, of Rahway, on June 24, when she sat next to the latter in a Pennsylvania Railroad car from New Brunswick to Jersey City.

HE BEING (POLITICALLY) DEAD YET SPEAKETH.

Keenan's Apparition Causes Consternation Among the Contractors.

A JERSEY CITY SENSATION.

Mayor Cleveland and the Corporation Said to Be Indicted.

If Dame Rumor is to be believed the Grand Jury of Hudson County has eclipsed its notable indictment of the "Big Four," of the Board of Public Works, by indicting almost the entire corporation of Jersey City, including Mayor Cleveland.

This statement has been made by people who are supposed to know and is now the common talk of the streets.

The officials alleged to be included in the indictment have, it is said, made themselves liable by passing and signing fraudulent claims without investigation.

TOM PLATT ON THE TICKET.

It Was the Best that Could Be Made and Will Unite the Republicans.

One of the last to leave the field of conflict in Chicago was ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt.

He arrived over the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad in his own special car early this morning and immediately proceeded to the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Mrs. Platt and Miss Sherman accompanied the ex-Senator, and the National Committeeman, Senator J. Sloat Fassett, was one of the party as far as Elmira.

Congressman William Walter Phelps, who was Mr. Platt's guest in Chicago, remained in that city, the guest of Congressman Hitt.

Mr. Platt was early at his desk in the general offices of the United States Express Company, and there an EVENING WORLD reporter found him.

"I have been interviewed and interviewed until I'm nearly exhausted," he said. "I will say of the ticket, however, that it is the strongest that could have been nominated. It will receive the support of the party throughout the country, notwithstanding all reports to the contrary.

"Gen. Harrison was the only man to be nominated, after Mr. Blaine was known to be out of the race.

"The party in this State is united and harmonious, and everything points to a Republican victory."

TEN DESPERATE ROUNDS.

Fitzpatrick, of Newark, Puts Lane, of Boston, to Sleep at Myer's Grove, S. I.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

Elizabeth, N. J., June 28.—A savage prize fight with hard gloves took place at an early hour this morning in Meyer's Grove on Staten Island. The principals were Dominick Fitzpatrick, of Elizabeth, and Thomas Lane, of Boston. The fight was for a purse of $100 and the gate receipts. Tickets for the scrap sold for $3.50 apiece.

More than one hundred sports from Newark, Elizabeth, Jersey City and Bayonne witnessed the mill. Lane was seconded by James Liddy and Thomas Ryan. Dick Burk and Jack Lavin performed a like service for Fitzpatrick. The referee was Bob Farrell, of Bayonne.

Ten desperate and bloody rounds were fought, lasting thirty-seven minutes. Fitzpatrick forced the fighting from the start and got first blood and first knockdown.

Fitzpatrick knocked his opponent senseless in the tenth round. A large amount of money changed hands.

NEW JERSEY NEWS.

Destructive Fire in Paterson—Thirty-two Horses Burnt to Death.

Fire broke out at 2 o'clock this morning in McCrann's fat-rendering establishment on River street, Paterson. Notwithstanding the vigorous efforts of the firemen it spread and completely destroyed the sale and boarding stables of Hopper & Ackerman with their contents.

Thirty-two horses were burned to death, including several valuable trotters. A number of other horses broke from their stalls and jumped into the river, but were rescued after much difficulty. The flames also communicated to Demorest's dining saloon, which was destroyed. The total loss is estimated at $25,000.

To-Night's Democratic Ratifications.

D. Willis James will preside over the Democratic ratification at the Academy of Music to-night, and Assistant District-Attorney James Fitzgerald will preside in Nilsson Hall.

Speaker Carlisle will be the principal speaker in the Academy. Others will be Congressman Benton J. McMillan, Gov. Hill, ex-Gov. Leon Abbett and District-Attorney Fellows.

Frederic R. Coudert's oratory will electrify the audience in Nilsson Hall, and Edwin L. Abbett and James D. McClelland will assist him.

Senator Michael C. Murphy has been the busiest man in this city to-day, preparing for the events.

A Burglar in the Ice-Box.

Policeman Meade, of the Broadway squad, saw a man disappear through the fanlight of Albert Barr's butcher shop, 922 Broadway, at 1 o'clock this morning.

The man was found secreted in the ice-box, and said he entered the place because he was hungry and sleepy. He was George Miller, thirty-one years old, living at 783 Sixth avenue.

Was America Ever Discovered?

At the time when Columbus started in search of the New World nearly every man, woman and child in Europe insisted that there was no New World to discover. When he came back, crowned with success, a large proportion of these good people adhered to their theory; and if they were alive to-day many of them would doubtless insist that America had never been discovered at all. A man will give up anything in the world more readily than a pet theory. For example, look at the individuals who still maintain that consumption is incurable. DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY has cured thousands upon thousands of cases, and will cure thousands more, but these people can't give up their point. Nevertheless the "Discovery" will cure any case of consumption, if taken in time. *.*

5 O'CLOCK EXTRA

BAD FOR FELLOWS.

Sharp Criticism from the Special Grand Jury.

His Conduct of the Boodle and Excise Cases Criticized.

Why the Investigation Has Been a Fiasco.

The Special Grand Jury came in to-day, and Foreman Henry E. Hawley read a presentation to Justice Barrett.

District-Attorney Fellows was in court in attendance on the trial of Golden Robinson for murder. He was lounging in the witness chair, and this is the substance of what he heard:

"Owing to the the incompleteness of the evidence in the cases of alleged frauds in the last election until Monday last we have thought it best to leave them for a later consideration and to devote our attention to the other business before us.

"We found 5,000 excise complaints which had been accumulating from 1882 to 1888. Why they had accumulated we know not, but their accumulation would seem to indicate inefficiency or a lack of inclination to perform their duty by the public prosecutors.

"Of 1,155 complaints made since Jan. 1, 960 have been acted upon, 462 indictments found, and the cases have been disposed of by the courts, showing that the machinery of the law is adequate when kept in motion.

In the charges of corruption in the Board of Aldermen the Grand Jury said:

"Premature publicity given to the charges and the insufficiency of the preparation of the evidence by the prosecutor has worked to the failure of those cases, and we therefore dismiss them and ask to be discharged."

Justice Barrett said he should instruct the District-Attorney to be careful and not let the excise cases accumulate in his office.

He was glad the Grand Jury had found no reason for indicting any public officer, and sorry that premature publicity given to the charges, and dilatory action of the prosecution in presenting the evidence had interfered with the work of the Grand Jury.

The Grand Jury were not discharged, but were given authority to adjourn till Sept. 24.

Col. Fellows' complexion was cardinal red as this arrangement, by sections, of his conduct of the District-Attorney's office was read, but he said never a word.

SOBER WEATHER TALK.

Sergt. Dunn Is Sure It's Cooler and Will Keep On Raining.

Sergt. Dunn, of the Weather Bureau, was not prepared to say this morning, when an EVENING WORLD reporter called, what kind of weather was in store for New York people to-morrow, but he said the rain would not stop to-day.

The storm centre was in the Mississippi Valley, moving northeast, and Sergt. Dunn thought it would pass north of this vicinity.

The Southern States are being deluged with heavy rains and the lake region and New England States are enjoying cool weather.

The lowest temperature here in several days was 62 degrees, at 5 o'clock this morning. At 7 o'clock the temperature had gone up 2 degrees and the humidity registered 78 per cent., which shows a good deal of moisture in the air.

Yesterday the lowest tem