

**LAST EDITION BEAUTY ON WHEELS**  
Pleasing Transformation Scene at the Madison Square Garden.  
Brightly Attired Girl Bicyclists in Place of the Weary Peds.

Four of the Contestants Neck to Neck at the End of the First Spell.

Eight beautiful maidens, fair to see. This is the vision which presented itself to the eye of the beholder at Madison Square Garden this week, each mounted on a two-wheeled horse.

Promptly at midnight the word "Go!" was given by Dan Herty, the Boston boy who won the go-as-you-please race of endurance last week. Herty was attired in a Spring suit of modest brown, surmounted by a fawn-colored Spring overcoat and a brown derby hat. He said "Go!" in such a feeble, modest voice that Man-

ager Billy O'Brien supplemented it by the same monosyllabic exclamation in a loud tone, and the eight beautiful maidens set their wheels in motion with a vehement energy which boded ill for the future.

No sooner had the six-day pedestrians wound up their long walk Saturday night in Madison Square Garden than a corps of fifty carpenters swooped down upon the pavilion, and at 4.30 yesterday morning they had transformed it into quite another scene.

The sawdust track was covered up by a smooth board track, the fences were torn down, the wheels were made suitable to the accommodation of members of the gentler sex and a general house-cleaning was had.

Miss Louisa, a substantial young woman, is a "cock" fancian, born at St. Ann's, Quebec. She is twenty-five years of age, and though she has the thighs of an athlete, weighs only 147 pounds. She wore a waist and necktie in the same color as the rest of her outfit, and she rode a 48-inch Champion machine, and with the strength of a man, and did the first mile in exactly four minutes.

after six days with the plodding go-as-you-please. The competitors are all bright, fresh, womanly girls, and their dress is only such as to give place to the muscles of the lower limbs without unduly displaying their charms.

The girls are all in earnest, and the constant spurts of the riders give the spectators the best of a series of races for momentary supremacy. The speed is quite terrific, the riders keeping up, hour after hour, the speed of racehorses.

The race continued only two hours from midnight, and will go on again from 3 to 5 o'clock this afternoon; from 8 to 10 o'clock to-night and continuing afterwards and evening of the close of the week. The work of the two hours this morning is indicated in the following score:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Time. Rows include Baldwin, Woods, Lewis, Baker, Ryan, Armand, Stanley, and Mosher.

The Sixty-ninth Regimental Band played with more spirit than for the past week, and the tireless effects of the go-as-you-please had given place to the exhilarating influence of the first-mile-an-hour race of the fair disputants of the two-wheeled race.

There is constant excitement in the bicycle contest. The young women, sporting for a few miles, present to the casual observer a series of spirited races, and there is an element of danger in the rapid scuttling of the slender wheels with their dainty riders which makes the race thrilling and exciting.

**DIVIDING THE GATE MONEY.**  
The Seven Pedestrians Receive Their Allocated Share of the Receipts.

The seven pedestrians who reached the 500-mile limit in last week's weary tarantula tramp met in the office of the Madison Square Garden at 12.30 o'clock to-day to receive the fruit of their toil.

Editor Charles M. Colvin, of the *Copper*, and W. A. Hoagland appeared in behalf of the walkers.

Manager O'Brien reported that 9,334 paid for tickets, and that in the foot race the cash received for same amounted to \$4,667.

The "peds" get half of this, less \$100, which is a "cock" fancian's share, and the remainder is divided among the walkers, as follows:

The men were handed checks for these amounts on the Second National Bank, signed by Mr. Colvin.

**SAID TO BE MARY E. TOBIN.**  
But Little Doubt as to the Drowned Woman's Identity.

There seems to be little doubt that the body of the woman who was picked up on the rocks of the Staten Island shore at a point just above the Quarantine station is that of Mary E. Tobin, for whom inquiries have been made by relatives in McKeesport, Pa.

**WILSON DENIES IT. AN EDITOR SHOT DEAD.**  
The New Health President on a Story as to His Baltimore Record.

Thinks Himself a Victim Rather than the Wrecker of the Defunct Companies.

He Claims to Have Lost \$80,000 by Indorsing Their Notes.

A story was printed in a morning paper to-day purporting to give an account of the early business and professional career in Baltimore of Charles George Wilson, the newly appointed President of the Board of Health.

In it it was stated that in 1871 Mr. Wilson and his partner, Thomas R. Clendenin, then young lawyers in Baltimore, started three loan and building associations, known as the

Franklin Land and Loan Company, the Chesapeake Mutual Land and Building Association and the Lexington Savings Bank, Fire Insurance and Loan Company.

It was charged that Mr. Wilson, who was said to be the President of one of those companies, a director in another and Treasurer in the third, had so mismanaged these companies that in 1874 they went into bankruptcy. The stockholders lost all their money, while Wilson and his partner had about him, although he showed some signs of annoyance.

There is only just enough truth in the general story of my transactions in Baltimore at that time in connection with those land companies to give currency to the many rumors and insinuations which it contains against my business integrity.

It is true that I was connected with these companies, but neither as President, Treasurer or director in any one of them. I was simply counsel, and although I had a good deal to do with the management of them, it was simply in that capacity.

The companies were organized upon a good financial basis and for the first two or three years they made a very large amount of money for real estate was then very active, and values, though high, were advancing.

The first year the stockholders got 25 per cent. in dividends, and in the three years average dividend was about 34 per cent. in dividends. Nobody complained then.

When the panic came in 1873, as everybody knows, it was followed by a great depression in real estate, especially in Baltimore, and our companies which had all their assets in real property suffered.

It was simply the result of an unfortunate business transaction in which I suffered as much as any other. I was a large creditor of the companies, having lost about \$80,000, which I had to pay out as indorser on the companies' paper.

I have stated that I reserved property for myself under certain leases which cost me little or nothing. That is absolutely false. I bought considerable property, paying the market price for it, and lost as much as any one else who had invested in real estate at that time.

The Lexington Company has paid 100 cents on the dollar, the Chesapeake Company more than 60 cents and the Franklin Company a smaller proportion. The affairs of these latter companies are still in liquidation, and it is certain that they will be able to reach the 100-cent mark.

**FATAL CRASH**  
A Gang of Laborers Buried Under Fallen Walls.

Bodies Terribly Mangled When Taken from the Ruins.

Two Men Instantly Killed and Several Injured.

The Survivors Say the Disaster Was Due to Gross Negligence.

Panic and death accompanied the total collapse of an old two-story brick building, 151 Spring street, this morning.

The dead man was a Harvard Graduate and of the "Republican" Staff.

Smith was instantly killed by a shot from a gun held by his brother-in-law, Royal B. Sturtevant, who supposed he was shooting a burglar.

The sad affair occurred at the home of W. F. Sturtevant, father-in-law of the dead man, in Elliott street.

The elder Sturtevant is off on a fishing trip to the Haverley lakes and his son Royal was in charge of the house.

Mr. Smith, his wife and little daughter were also staying at the house for a few days. The duties of Mr. Smith, at the *Republican* office, keep him busy nights, but last night, unknown to Mr. Sturtevant, he was of duty.

Burglars attempted to enter the house early this morning, and young Sturtevant got up to receive them. He went into the hallway with his gun, having first seen a man in the yard below his window.

In the hall another man confronted him. He raised his weapon and fired. The man who had been shot was his brother-in-law, Smith, and the latter fell dead by the side of his wife.

They, too, had been aroused by the burglars, and had come out into the hall.

Smith was a young man, a Harvard graduate of '83, and had been employed on the *Republican* since his graduation.

The brother-in-law, Sturtevant, is only twenty-two years of age, and is nearly crazy over the event.

**GIANTS HOME AGAIN.**  
Their Formal Opening at St. George's to Occur To-Day.

The Grounds Decorated and Distinguished People Invited Thither.

An Explanation of the Play That Lost Last Saturday's Game.

The great event of the baseball season in this city will take place to-day.

The New York Baseball Club is to hold its formal opening of the season on its new grounds on Staten Island.

The Cleveland Club, the *enfant terrible* of the League, will be opposed to the Giants in the game, which will begin at 3.45 o'clock.

The game, as played at St. George's, will be reproduced on THE EVENING WORLD'S bulletin board, where all good cranks are invited to see it, without money and without price.

Handsome engraved cards of invitation have been sent to people of prominence, and a notable gathering is looked for.

Both George Hill and Mayor Grant are expected to be present.

The Giants will make their bows to their Gotham lovers as champions of the world and of Brooklyn, and if they do not hold first place still at present, they are very near it.

During their recent trip to Philadelphia the Giants did good work, and but for a wonderful decision of a recently appointed umpire the last game in the Quaker City would have been a victory for the visitors.

In Boston, with a sadly crippled team, the boys broke even.

The last game at the Hub was a hard one to win.

A single display, if it can be called such, cost the Giants the game.

This has not yet been properly explained. It should be remembered, however, that the error was charged, would not be so much blamed.

**LAST EDITION BISHOP DEAD.**  
The Mind Reader's Eventful Life Suddenly Ended.

Divorce, Marriage, Insanity and Death in a Few Months.

He Fell in a Fit This Morning at the Lambs' Club in This City.

Washington Irving Bishop, the noted mind reader, died at the Lambs Club, 34 West Twenty-sixth street, at 12.10 this afternoon.

Washington Irving Bishop, the noted mind reader, died at the Lambs Club, 34 West Twenty-sixth street, at 12.10 this afternoon.

He had been lying there several days suffering from nervous prostration.

The Lambs' Club gave a dinner last night and Bishop was one of the guests.

At 1 a. m. President Green asked him to perform a few tricks.

He did so, but a minute later he fell in a cataleptic fit.

Dr. Berwyn, one of the guests, examined him and Bishop was taken to an upper room.

At 4 a. m. he was taken with another cataleptic fit.

Dr. Lee was then called in to attend him. Bishop, however, never regained consciousness.

Mrs. Bishop, the newly wedded wife of the mind-reader, is in Philadelphia.

She has been notified.

This tragic event closes a career of restless adventure and constant notoriety.

**WHY HE DECIDED TO DIE.**

He Had Married Helen G. Loud, a Young Widow, in Boston in 1886, and Now she Came out with a Story of Constant Wrong and Cruelty at his Hands.

She said he became a perfect maniac when under the influence of the drug and often beat her.

She also alleged that he had married another woman in 1885, and alleged that he was otherwise unfaithful to his marriage vow.

In January of this year a fearful scene occurred between Mr. and Mrs. Bishop at the Maxwell House at Nashville, Tenn.

When the door was broken open the wife was found covering the floor in tears, and Bishop stood over her in his shirt-sleeves, whip in hand.

Mrs. Bishop No. 2 at once began suit for absolute divorce in the New York Supreme Court, and Bishop started for the Sandwich Islands.

At San Francisco, on his way to the islands, the mind-reader became unmanageable and was put in an insane asylum, where he remained several weeks.

On March 27 Judge Adams granted an absolute divorce to Mrs. Helen G. Bishop. If the same day on receipt of the news, Bishop, who was doing some of his wonders before a large audience at Minneapolis, fell down in a fit of catalepsy and was unconscious a whole day.

Only four days after this, March 31, Bishop was married again to wife No. 1.

He explained that he considered himself previously legally married to her, but through the ceremony in order to protect his little daughter's good name.

**FOUND DEAD IN THE RUINS.**

WATCHMAN MEYER PROBABLY BURNED TO DEATH BY AN EXPLODING LAMP.

The charred body of Watchman George E. Meyer was found this morning among the debris of the Long Island Railroad station building in Hunter's Point, which was destroyed by fire last night.

The remains were removed to Harran's morgue, in Hunter's Point, and Coroner Robinson notified.

The general belief is that while making one of his last tours of the building the lamp which he carried in his hand exploded and enveloped him in flames.