HUYLER'S GONE

Untold Quantities of Delicious Candy Fed the Flames.

The Old Six-Story Factory on Irving Place Wrecked by Fire.

It Started Just Before the Girls Got There This Morning.

Confusion in Giving the Alarm and a Hot Fight for the Firemen.

Old Henry Hughes, the night watchman at Huyler's big bonbon and chocolate factory, at Eighteenth street and Irving place, was sitting in the office on the ground floor this morning about 5.15 o'clock when his attention was attracted by cries of "fire" from some people outside.

He picked up his cane and hobbled out as fast as he could.

The first thing he saw when he got on the street was a thick mass of black smoke pouring from one of the third story windows of the factory just above the main entrance on Eighteenth street.

He was so frightened that he lost his head, and started to run upstairs to see where the fire was instead of sending out an alarm.

He reached the second floor, when the smoke and flames drove him back. Then he remembered about the alarm and ran to the office to get the key.

As he was coming out with it he met Emil, the night engineer, who had begun to light up his fires in the engine-room just about half an hour before.

He has gave Emil the key and told him to run quick to Third avenue and send out an alarm, but Emil got so mixed up that he could not find the box, and came back several minutes afterwards and said he did not know where to go.

Meanwhile Policeman John J. Brady, who had seen the smoke from his post two blocks off, ran into the Westminster Hotel and summoned the Fire Department.

Engine No. 14 was the first company on the ground, and then it was 5.30 o'clock, about fifteen minutes after the fire had been first discovered.

The fire had gained an overpowering headway among the combustible material with which the building was filled, and all the windows on the Eighteenth street side of the factory were spouting out clouds of thick black smoke and long, jagged tongues of flame.

Foreman Shay quickly saw that he could not handle it with the force which had been summoned, and a second and third alarm were rent out in rapid succession.

Everybody in the neighborhood was aroused, and people began to pour out of the dwelling and apartment houses which surround the factory on all sides.

The police reserves were called out by Sergt. Quinn, and the frightened householders were told that there was no danger.

The firemen worked magnificently. Although the entire upper part of the six-story building was ablaze, and there was no prospect o saving it, they prevented the flames from spreading to the new factory building which adjoins it in Irving place and from getting below the second story of the burning building.

Several lines of hose were run up to the roof through the adjoining dwelling houses in Irving place and Eighteenth street, and the water tower played into the fourth-story windows in Irving place, where the fire burned fiercest.

After an hour's hard work the fire was gradually brought under control, principally for the reason that there was nothing more to burn.

The building was completely gutted from the second floor to the roof, and is a total wreck. It will probably have to be torn down. Although the walls are standing they are badly warped.

The new factory, which is fireproof, was saved, though there is considerable damage to stock by smoke and water.

The old factory, which occupied two lots on Irving Place, Nos. 62 and 64, and 128 feet deep, was a compact brick structure, six stories high. It was built in 1884, and the new factory was built in 1887.

In the old factory, now gone, the first floor contained the office of the firm, and storage rooms for chocolate. The second floor was devoted to the shipping department and for storage purposes.

On the third floor was the machine shop and the cup and cut candy department.

The girls' wrapping and packing department and the dressing-rooms were on the fourth floor, the bonbon and crystal department on the fifth and the starch and sugar department on the sixth floor.

When first discovered the fire appeared to be among a lot of boxes on the third floor in the space between the machine shop and the cup department.

The chimney from the engine-room runs up through this part of the building, and it is supposed that the fire originated from some defect in the flue.

In the new part of the factory, which is separated from the old by a double fire-proof partition, was the most valuable machinery used in the making and preparing of chocolate. This is saved.

The insurance men say that the loss on the building cannot be less than $30,000. While the value of stock and machinery destroyed is not known exactly, it is believed that it will exceed $40,000. Both building and stock were fully insured.

About five hundred persons were employed in the factory, and of this number two-thirds were girls who were employed in the packing and bonbon department.

When they came to their work this morning and found the building in ruins there was great excitement among the feminine portion, which collected about the Elevated station at Third avenue and Eighteenth street.

The business of the Huyler establishment is now conducted by a company, the members of which are John S. Huyler, Frank Klyn and Charles Coulter.

TOADS CAME WITH THE RAIN.

Another Peculiar Animal Manifestation in Brooklyn's Streets.

Brooklyn has another zoological invasion. Not long ago it was potato bugs which overran a section of the city; now it is small green toads.

After a late rain Halsey street was alive with these curious little creatures. For several blocks in the Twenty-fifth Ward thousands of these funny toads hopped about. The sidewalks were alive with them, and it required attention on the part of the passer-by not to step on them and squash the life out of the unfortunate victims.

They did not remain very long on the street. Soon after the rain ceased they had all hopped away into the vacant lots which are in that neighborhood and were out of sight in the lush grass.

Where they came from or what they came for is a conundrum for the good Brooklynites. Still they are better in the way of nuisance than their predecessors, the potato bugs.

There are not so many of them, they don't stay as long nor take up so much room, and, then, it is easier not to step on them.

If they had been frogs they would have been credited to the rain. People would have thought they washed down from the sky. But toads! They have no affinity with water, and so it is harder to see why they should have appeared with the rain.

Brooklyn will rapidly establish a reputation for herself as a centre for peculiar animal manifestations, a sort of wayside menagerie, as it were, where alien creatures of the air above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth can drop in for an afternoon call.

BROOKLYN'S SILENT HOUSE.

A COURT STREET MANSION ABOUT WHICH STRANGE STORIES ARE TOLD.

The Doors and Windows Are Locked and Nobody Has Lived in It for Years—A Lady Said to Visit It Occasionally—Is Sentiment or Legal Difficulties Responsible for Its Disuse?

In one thing is America much behind England, and that is in haunted houses, tenanted by respectable ghosts two or three hundred years old; no ghost has time to get settled and begin to haunt a New York house, for he has to move out every 1st of May.

Besides, the rea estate agent would not allow his houses to be haunted. He would get a writ of ejectment and turn the ghost out. Or, perhaps, he would put up a sign, "Book-agents, peddlers and ghosts not allowed on these premises."

There is one house in Brooklyn, however, which a by-passer might easily believe was haunted, though it is not.

It stands on one of the main thoroughfares, Court street, near Warren.

The front door is locked, the shutters are closed; no one ever answers the bell; the house, once one of the finest in Brooklyn, is empty. It has been closed and untenanted for thirteen or fourteen years.

As it would rent for at least $1,000 a year, every one in the neighborhood wonders why it has not been occupied by its owner or else rented. To make the mystery more interesting, when the question is asked no one can answer it.

In 1838, Anson Blake was the stirring and enterprising builder and contractor of Brooklyn, and he built scores of houses which are still standing.

Just fifty-one years ago he built a block of houses on Court street, between Warren and Wyckoff streets.

This part of Court street was then so far out of Brooklyn that it was thought no one would care to live there, and the block was known as "Blake's Folly."

The houses were three and a half stories high, with high basements. The doors were of rosewood, the halls were spacious and the ceilings high.

Rich people of New York and Brooklyn came to live in them. This part of Court street was then quiet, pleasant and fashionable.

Among those who came to live in the row, which had been named "Blake's Folly," was Mr. G. Merle, a polished and courteous gentleman who had acquired a large fortune in trade.

It is not remembered in the neighborhood whether he was from Belgium or from France, whether he was a merchant or a sea captain, but he was very popular and was much regretted when he died some twenty years ago.

His wife continued to live in the house, spending her Summers in the country.

About thirteen years ago she died. Since then the house has been closed.

Year after year, in sunshine and in storm, by night and by day, it has stood there silent, mysterious, tenantless.

The old door-plate is still on the front door with the name G. Merle on it.

It is said that once in awhile a lady visits the house, goes through it and then departs again.

This has given rise to two legends.

One is, that the house still has all its fine furniture and pictures in it just as it had in the olden time, and that the lady who visits it is a daughter, to whom it was willed, and who does not occupy it and will not rent it, but has kept the old home thus as a matter of sentiment.

The other legend is that the house contains no furniture, and that it is not occupied because the people who own it are very rich and do not care to live in it, and that it is not sold or rented because it was left by a marvellously complicated will.

The lady who visits it is a daughter, and she calls to give the old house an occasional airing. Not long ago a new tin roof was put on.

The neighborhood is not now a fashionable one. If you open the rosewood door of the house next door to the silent one you will enter a shoemaker's shop.

HEAVIEST CORPSE ON EARTH.

Death Has Taken John L. Lawes, Who Weighed 640 Pounds.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

ELMIRA, N. Y., June 18.—Elmira has one of the heaviest corpses ever heard of in that of John L. Lawes, who yesterday carried 640 pounds of human flesh over to the majority. Mr. Lawes was a very fat man. But for his death he would be an attraction at the county fair.

Lawes was forty years of age. It is only within the past three years that he has acquired this mountain of flesh. He used to be a blacksmith, and was a slight, delicate thing of two or three hundred pounds. Then he began to gain from five to ten pounds every week, until he had progressed to a dime museum magnitude. His appetite increased with his avoirdupois. Two or three pounds of beefsteak was the merest "snack" to him. Towards the end of his life he spent most of his time eating.

He got so fat that of late he could neither lie down nor walk, and he required constant attendance.

Under the circumstances it would seem as if death must have been a relief. Still, the huge man was of the happiest, best natured disposition in the world. He positively enjoyed showing his immense proportions to admiring beholders. Naturally, his death leaves a large gap.

DEAD-LOCKED POLICE COMMISSIONERS.

The Ballot for Permanent President Once More Comes to Naught.

When the Police Board went into session this morning Commissioner MacLean was, elected Chairman pro tem.

The ballot on permanent President resulted in a dead-lock. Mr. McLean received 2 votes, Mr. Voorhis 1 and Mr. McClave 1.

It was decided that the frequent collisions of the steamboat Patrol are to be investigated by Mr. Voorhis, Chairman of the Committee of Supplies.

AFTER COURT CLERKS' CASH.

Commissioner of Accounts Overhauling All the Books.

Since the discovery that Clerk George M. Wood, of the Court of Special Sessions, was short $7,000 in his accounts, Commissioners of Accounts Holahan and Barker have determined to thoroughly investigate the accounts of each of the Police and Civil District courts of the city.

They are now at work in the Tombs Police Court and Judge Mitchell's First District Civil Court.

Three Horses Burned to Death.

A stable owned by Lembreck & Betz at 130 Coles street, Jersey City, took fire early this morning and three horses valued at about $200 each were burned to death. They were owned by C. W. Valler, John Rundee and H. E. Kromer. Kromer's horse was gotten out alive, but was so badly burned that it had to be shot soon afterwards. The cause of the fire is not known.

A Shoplifter Caught.

Mrs. Emma Muller, of 528 West Fifty-second street, was held for trial in the Tombs Police Court this morning, on a charge of shoplifting. A clerk in Garry Brothers' store, on Grand street, saw her secrete a roll of linen under her shawl yesterday, and followed her to the street, where he caused her arrest.

A Girl Bitten by a Bulldog.

This morning, a bulldog owned by Frederick Scholer, of 217 Fifth street, Jersey City, attacked Mamie Wibert, a nine-year-old girl, and tore her leg badly in three places. The child's wounds were dressed and the dog was shot by a policeman.

Any Ache or Pain Relieved by Carter's
SMART WEED & BELLADONNA BACKACHE PLASTERS.

ONE DEADLY BLOW.

An Italian Crushes in His Wife's Skull with a Flatiron.

He Had Just Served a Term in Prison for Stabbing Her.

Arrested as He Was Washing the Guilty Stains from His Hands.

Antonio Recomo murdered his wife Angelina a few minutes after 11 o'clock this morning.

The couple lived in three small rooms on the third floor of the tenement No. 39 Bayard street.

Recomo struck the woman on the left side of the head with a flatiron. It crashed through skull and brain and she dropped dead at his feet.

Blood spurted from the awful hole in her head, covering her murderer with crimson stains and also their two children, who kneeled, screaming with terror, beside the prostrate corpse.

The children's cries alarmed the neighbors, who summoned Policemen Smith and White, of the Elizabeth street station.

They arrested Antonio while he was washing his hands of the blood upon them.

"That's what I did it with," he said, pointing to the iron. He refused to say what he quarrelled with his wife about.

Recomo has only been off the Island a week, having been sent there seven months ago for stabbing his wife, when they lived in Twentieth street, between Fourth and Fifth avenues, Brooklyn.

He said he stabbed her then because a babe had died at birth, and he blamed his wife for it.

He acted as if mentally unbalanced to-day, but the police say they do not think he is insane.

Their theory is that he killed his wife because she prosecuted him for stabbing her.

Recomo is thirty-five years old. His wife was thirty-three.

GRIST FROM THE CITY'S MILL.

SOME THINGS THAT REPORTERS GATHER ON THEIR ROUNDS.

A Georgia Planter Tells How Cotton Is Picked in the South.

A prominent Georgia cotton planter, who struck the town on one of the humid days last week, was seen the other evening airing himself in the corridor of one of the uptown hotels.

"This beats Georgia weather all hollow," he said, as he mopped his perspiring forehead, "but it's just the sort of weather we cotton growers like down there. It's sure to bring us a good yield and a fine staple.

"When does the picking begin?"

"Not till the latter part of July, but it is just the time that the crop is maturing that we need the best weather. After the cotton begins to ripen the picking goes forward without intermission till the Christmas holidays, and sometimes later."

"How is the picking done?"

"Each hand is supplied with a big basket and a bag. The basket is left at the end of the cotton row, and the bag is suspended from the neck of the picker by a strap, and is used to hold the cotton as it is taken from the boll. When the bag is full it is emptied into the basket, and the operation is repeated all day long."

"How much cotton can a single hand pick in a day?"

"The average picker can make from 250 to 300 pounds of seed cotton a day, but there are some negroes who have become so expert that they can go away beyond this amount. As they are only paid for what they pick there is some incentive to work as quickly as possible.

"But it's not in the nature of a negro to exert himself, even with a prospect of making higher wages, and the majority of them are fond of 'sojering.' It is no use trying to drive them, so the overseers let them do about as they please. So long as we get the crop gathered in time it doesn't make much difference."

A Magnetized Watch Loses Its Owner Champagne for a Party.

"It's just 3 o'clock."

"It's twenty minutes after 4."

"Bet you wine for the party I'm right," said the first speaker, emphasizing his remark by snapping down the heavy gold lid of his watch.

"Done" said the other.

Then the two gentlemen started for the City Hall clock, where it was found that the one who had laid the wager was nearly an hour and a half behind time. Indeed his watch had stopped.

An EVENING WORLD reporter, who chanced to be present, never saw such an expression of surprise as that which was on the loser's face. It appeared that he had been visiting an electric light plant and the steel in his watch had become magnetized.

As the subject of electric motors for cars is interesting just now, inquiries were made of some electricians as to the effects of the current on the passengers.

"It is a question that is very interesting," Electrician Hyals said. "There will be a great deal of electricity generated, and all the iron used in the car's structure will undoubtedly become magnetic, also the rails over which the cars roll are liable to become magnetized through induction. Now, what will be the effect remains to be proven. Of course, the magnets will grow stronger and stronger."

"Would a man's watch be spoiled by his riding in an electric car?" asked the reporter.

"It might. Indeed it is quite likely. 'Twould be something of a joke, however, if a fellow should ruin a hundred-dollar watch for a five-cent ride."

"I don't think there's any doubt about the current affecting watches," said Jeweller Edwin A. Turall. "I've just had a pretty stiff controversy on that subject myself. It's a well-known fact that electricity magnetizes iron, and there's no getting around it."

Some People Who Help a Race-Track Winner Spend His Money.

Many curious characters are seen at the race-tracks and on the trains which bear the race-going public on their homeward journey.

They are never seen before the races, but after the sport is over for the day they spring up like mushrooms.

This is probably due to the fact that there will be many winners aboard, and it it has been a favorite day they reap a harvest.

The train will barely have started when the door opens and in pops a small boy who immediately starts to sing in a high shrill voice "I believe it, for my mother told me so."

The passengers are relieved when he gets through and gladly throw pennies in his cap to get rid of him.

Then comes the blind man, who has frequented race tracks for years. A boy leads him and distributes touching little poems at five cents each. This old man is said to average $20 a day clear.

Then comes a pretty flower girl, the crab and chicken-sandwich men, the man with the California peanuts, the man who has a sure thing for the morrow's races, and a score of others.

By the time the train has reached its destination most of the passengers haven't change enough to buy a paper.

WILLING TO COMPROMISE.

RIVAL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATIONS PLAINLY TIRED OF DISSENSIONS.

Conneff Says He Is Satisfied with the N. Four A.'s Policy—Emphatic Denial of Sullivan's Reported Spree—Steve Brodie Will Make Two Great Jumps—Feather-Weights McCarthy and Murphy Preparing for Their Fight.

There is no doubt but that both the N. four A's and A. A. U. are tired of the athletic war and would be glad to call a halt if either thought it could do so without compromising its dignity. But, unfortunately for this outlook, the A. A. U. thinks it sees a prospect of ultimate victory by continuing the struggle a little longer, much as it would like to be a party to signing a declaration of peace. But that members of the two organizations, as individuals, are weary of their protracted differences is proved by the fact that the athletes of both parties seem willing to meet each other in competition on the athletic field, but they are restrained from doing so by their officers. If the two athletic organizations are unable to come to an amicable understanding, why not form an entirely new association, comprising both the N. four A's and A. A. U., arbitrating before hand all the questions at issue between the two?

* * *

T. P. Conneff writes to THE EVENING WORLD denying the statement recently published in a morning paper to the effect that "he hoped soon to be able to contest in any games which may take place, without the constant fear of the blacklist at the hands of his association, the N. four A's." Mr. Conneff is secretary of the Adelphi Athletic Club, recently established by the Manhattan Athletic Club to strengthen the N four A's. He says further that he is perfectly satisfied with the policy of the N. four A's. He thinks it has "right and justice" on its side. Perhaps it has, but this is hardly the way to effect a reconciliation. Statements like this serve to fan anew the flame of jealousy between the two associations. Tommy is a very prominent member of the N. four A's, and a host in himself on the athletic field. If he headed pacific measures his lead would be apt to be followed.

* * *

Sullivan has not been drinking, according to the abundant testimony that has poured into the city since the reports of his alleged spree. The following telegram, received by Charley Johnston from William Muldoon yesterday, would seem to settle the question pretty effectually:

Sullivan is working just as you left him. Any reports to the contrary are untrue.

* * *

Other advices received in this city seem to show there was some fire where there was so much smoke. Sullivan objected to a little extra work which Muldoon wanted him to do and went off to the village hotel in a huff. Muldoon sent word requesting the hotels to kindly not give Sullivan any fire-water. But this precaution seemed unnecessary, for the reports do not say Sullivan asked for liquor. He promptly recognized that he was acting foolishly and returned to his quarters and apologized to Muldoon.

* * *

The Scottish-American Athletic Club is making great preparations for their midsummer picnic and games at Caledonian Park July 4. From all accounts it will, indeed, be a gala occasion.

* * *

And now Steve Brodie is under engagement to parties in Cleveland, O., to jump from the viaduct in that city for a $500 purse. The jump is to be made July 4. Steve leaves for Cleveland June 29. It is 130 feet to the water from the top of the viaduct.

* * *

A more dangerous leap even than this will be attempted, so Brodie says, on Aug. 8, namely, a leap from the top of Niagara Falls. He has an offer of $2,000 to do this leap.

* * *

It is thought now that a meeting between the two famous feather-weights, "Cal" McCarthy and Johnny Murphy, is inevitable in the Fall. Both men are keeping in prime condition and are in training nearly all the time.

* * *

There seems to be an impression prevailing in certain quarters that Billy Myer never fought a hard battle in his life, with the exception of the one with McAuliffe. He fought Charley Daly, of St. Louis, thirty-two rounds in Illinois, and it was any man's fight up to the last moment, when Myer chipped Daly on the jaw and knocked him out. This is on record.

* * *

John S. Fox, of the Troy Cribb Club, is anxious to get on a good mill. He wants to have men of reputation spar at the Club. He was disappointed that Dacey and Hopper did not accept the Club's offer. Besides Dacey and Hopper Mr. Fox mentions Louis Jester, Mike Cushing and Paddy Smith as desirable men to secure. He is waiting for the pugilists to communicate with him.

Forty-fourth Street Church Soiree.

The Young People's Association of the Forty-fourth Street Methodist Episcopal Church held a farewell meeting previous to adjournment for the Summer last evening.

The programme was well selected, and a pleasing feature was the singing by the Metropole Quartet. Mr. E. W. Travis, the President, made a speech, at the close of which was presented $115 to the Ladies' Aid Society. Other presentations were also made. The attendance was large.

Strike in a Barrel Factory.

About forty men at Brown's barrel factory, on Tonnelle avenue, Jersey City, struck to-day for an increase in the scale of prices for piece work. The strikers tried to induce the others to quit work, and the police are on the lookout for trouble.

The Closing Quotations.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Clos.
American Cotton Oil	59¼	59¾	58¾	59
Atch., Top. & Santa Fe	40⅝	47¾	40⅝	46¾
Canada Southern	54¾	55¾	54¾	55¾
Central Pacific	33¾	33¾	33¾	33¾
Ches., Ohio, Cin. & Ind.	7½	7½	7½	7½
Chesapeake & Ohio	20¾	20⅝	20¾	20⅝
Chicago Gas Trust	59¾	59¾	59⅝	59⅝
Chicago, Burl. & Quincy	103	103¾	102¾	103¾
Chicago & Alton	136	136	134	136
Chicago & Northwest	109¾	110⅛	109¾	110⅛
Chic., Mil. & St. Paul	77¾	77¾	77	77¾
Chic., Mil & St. Paul pfd	117	117	113¾	114
Chic., Rock I. & Pac	97¾	97⅞	97¾	97⅞
Chicago & Eastern Ill	42¾	42¾	42¾	42¾
Chic. & Eastern Ill. pfd	103¾	101	100½	101
Cin., Ind., St. L. & Chi.	11¾	11¾	11¾	11¾
Col. & Hocking Valley	15¾	15⅞	15¾	15⅞
Col. Coal & Iron	28½	28½	28½	28½
Consolidated Gas	87	87	87	87
Del., Lack & Western	145¾	148	145¾	147¾
Delaware & Hudson	147	149¾	147¾	149¾
Denv. & Rio Grande pfd	40¾	40¾	40¾	40¾
E. Tenn., Va. & Georgia	19¾	19⅞	19¾	19¾
E. Tenn., Va. & Ga. 1st pfd	75¾	75¾	75	75
E. Tenn., Va. & Ga. 2d pfd	55	55	55	55
Lake Shore	109	109¾	109	109¾
Lake Erie & Western	18¾	19	18¾	19
Lehigh & Wilkesbarre	30¾	30¾	30¾	30½
Long Island	55¾	55¾	55¾	55¾
Louisville & Nashville	71¾	71¾	70¾	71¾
Manhattan Consol	98½	98½	98½	98½
Michigan Central	91	91¾	91	91¾
Missouri Pacific	77¾	77¾	77¾	77
Mobile & Ohio	13¾	13¾	13¾	13¾
Nat. Lead Trust	30⅞	30⅞	30⅞	30
Nash., Chat. & St. L.	98	98¾	98	98½
New Jersey Central	112¾	114¾	112¾	113¾
New York Central	108¾	108¾	108¾	108¾
N. Y. & New England	52	52½	51¾	52
N. Y., Chic. & St. Louis	17¾	18	17¾	18
N. Y., Chic. & St. L. 2d pfd	38¾	38¾	38¾	38¾
N. Y., Lake Erie & West.	28	28¾	27¾	28¾
N. Y., Susq. & Western	8¾	9	8¾	9
N. Y., Susq. & West. pfd.	33¾	34¾	33¾	34¾
Northern Pacific	28¾	29¾	28¾	29¾
Northern Pacific pfd	66¾	67	66¾	67¾
Ohio & Mississippi	25¾	25¾	25¾	25¾
Ont. & Western	17¾	17¾	17¾	17¾
Or. Railway & Navigg.	98¾	100	98¾	100
Or. Transcontinental	33¾	36¾	33¾	35¾
Oregon Improvement	56	56	56	56
Oregon Short Line	31½	32	31½	32
Pacific Mail	38¾	38¾	38¾	38¾
Philadelphia & Reading	48¾	48¾	47¾	48¾
Pullman Palace Car Co.	188	188	187¾	188
Rich. & West Point Ter.	25¾	25¾	25¾	25¾
Rome, W. & Ogdensb.	83¾	84	83¾	83¾
St. Louis & San Fran.	20	20	20	20
St. L. & San F. 1st pfd.	115¾	115¾	115¾	115¾
Sugar Trust	110	111¾	110	111¾
Texas Pacific	21¾	21¾	21¾	21¾
Tenn. Coal & Iron	39¾	39¾	39¾	39¾
Tol., Ann Arbor & N. M.	30¾	31	30¾	31
Union Pacific	63¾	63¾	62¾	63
United States Express	91	91	91	91
Wabash, St. L. & Pac. pfd.	29	29½	29	29½
Western Union Telegraph	87¾	88¾	87¾	87¾

LIKE DEAD ELAINE.

Weird Voyage of the Corpse of a Fair Woman in White.

Floating Upright Down North River in Sight of Thousands.

Fine Linen and Rich Lace the Only Clues to the Supposed Suicide's Identity.

Once more the river has given up its unknown dead.

Lying in a plain pine box at the Morgue this morning was the body of a woman, young and fair, with bonny brown hair, awaiting identification.

A burly longshoreman, leaning idly against a bulkhead on a North River pier yesterday, discovered the body floating down with the ebb tide.

He called Park Policeman Manning, and both men watched the corpse for a few seconds as it glided swiftly along through the sun-kissed, rippling waters near the Battery.

The body was bolt upright in the water, and only submerged from the waist down.

The face was surpassingly beautiful.

The blue eyes were wide open, and seemed staring straight ahead at some object far down in the bay.

A thick crop of nut-brown hair fell in reckless profusion down her back, and gleamed like gold wherever the sunlight fell upon it.

She wore a thin white dress and through it could be seen the white flesh and bust gleaming like marble.

Rising and falling with the motion of the water the body was carried down past Pier A, and there the swell from a large ferry-boat dashed against the body and threw it back in a horizontal position with the white face upturned to the sky.

The park policeman ran to the police patrol boat and notified Capt. Smith of the wondering corpse.

The Captain immediately sent two men in a rowboat to pick it up.

Once out on the waters of the bay they could see it dancing merrily away before them around Castle Garden.

A large crowd had gathered and watched the course of the beautiful unknown.

There was something fascinating in the spectacle of that lovely body tossed here and there at the will of the waves.

On and on it floated until finally is was caught in an eddy at the Barge Office, where it swirled round and round, and then shot forward again, finally being corned in the Hamilton Ferry slip.

There were two boats full of people bound for Coney Island and the race track who saw the body as it floated by, and for some it spoiled the day's enjoyment.

The policemen in the rowboat made fast to the body in the slip and then towed the relict around to pier A, from whence it was sent to the Morgue.

The woman was about twenty years old, and the body had evidently been in the water four or five days.

The cruel waters had dashed the body against numerous hard substances apparently, for it was badly bruised all over.

The clothing was of excellent quality, such as the most refined lady might wear, but in some parts they seemed much worn.

The white waist was of fine cambric with stripes half an inch wide, and three or four inches apart.

In addition to this there was a heavy black cloth skirt with a faint blue stripe running through it.

The underclothing was of soft, fine linen, trimmed with delicate lace, and her corsets were of the finest quality, and a faint scent of perfume lingered about them.

The small, white hands were covered with black kid gloves.

The feet were well formed, high-arched and covered with long black silk stockings. She also wore low slippers of French glove kid, with high heels.

Not a handkerchief, piece of jewelry, nor any money was found in her pocket and there was no name, initial or mark of any kind on her clothing.

Several persons tried to identify the body this morning, but failed.

The body must have travelled much before being discovered.

The police think it is one more unfortunate weary of her life, who went down in the cool, dark waters to escape the bitter trials of her existence.

MIRTH FOR THE MILLION.

ODDS AND ENDS OF HUMOR GLEANED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

A Real Treasure.

[From Judge.]

He—Oh, what a treasure it would be to possess you, Miss de Boodle! I should rest content the remainder of my life.

She—No doubt, as you know very well that pa retired on a cool million.

Shouldn't Complain.

[From the New York Weekly.]

Stranger (in Chicago)—I don't see how you can sleep nights when you know that bloody Jake is roaming around loose.

Chicago Man—Jake won't do anybody any harm now. He's been given a nice position on the police force.

Resigned for Cause.

[From the Epoch.]

Boston Lady—Did you ever belong to a Browning club, Mrs. Pritzel?

Cincinnati Lady—Well, yes, for a short while only; the beer supplied to the members was of such poor quality that I was forced to resign.

A Large Party.

[From the Yonkers Statesman.]

Crimsonbeak—I expect a large party here to-day.

Yeast—Indeed! Who's coming?

"My uncle."

"Who else?"

"No one else."

"But you said a large party."

"Well, my uncle weighs 350 pounds."

Going Into the Profession.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

"I hear you are going into the law, Mr. Barkins. What branch do you take up, patent or railroad?"

"Breach of promise. I'm the defendant."

ACTORS ANGRY AT J. J. SPIES.

OBNOXIOUS REGULATIONS BY THE AGENT OF THE ACTORS' FUND.

Nat Goodwin Back in Town—Successful Theatricals on Board the City of New York—Dixey Likely to Open at the Standard in September—Dan Collyer's Plans for Next Season.

Quite a little stir has been caused among actors by Mr. J. J. Spies, the regular dramatic agent of the Actors' Fund, who has just issued a set of rules which he has pasted up conspicuously for the benefit of his customers. The regulations have amused many, but have incensed more. Several actors have declared that they were an insult, and a member of Mr. Charles Ellis's company, Mr. Theodore M. Brown, expressed his opinion about them to Mr. Spies in a very lively manner. These are the offending articles:

Ladies and gentlemen will please observe the following:

1. Please do not visit me on Monday.
2. Please do not ask me about next season until July.
3. Do not ask me to get you engagements in the city. It is out of my power.
4. Please do not ask for an address. You will not get it.
5. I know that, with some few exceptions, husband and wife want to go together.
6. I know that everybody in the profession want to secure their engagements as soon as possible, so as to get out of town for the Summer.
7. I know that you want employment anywhere from one night to one year.
8. If you wish to talk, call at 9 A. M.
9. Don't ask me to oblige you with stamps unless you have the exact change.
10. Do not molest any of the letters or photographs on the desk.
11. Credit me with common sense.

"Mr. Spies," said a well-known actor yesterday, "has no right to be autocratic. He depends upon us for his bread and butter. We should at least be treated respectfully. Mr. Spies's rules are nothing less than insolence."

"No. 9," declared another actor, "is an insult. No. 11 is an impossibility."

To the casual observer it will look as though poor Mr. Spies had been a careful but reckless student of dramatic human nature.

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Miss Vernona Jarbeau wants a "rattling Dutchman" for her company.

* * *

Dan Collyer, of Harrigan & Hart renown, will go out next season in the play called "Two Lives" written by J. K. Tillotson and produced at Niblo's a short time ago, with Miss Maude Granger in the cast. The play will be renamed and known as "The Country Boy." Mr. Collyer is to be very elaborately billed. Manager Hart, of Harlem, is to direct his tour.

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Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Miss Emily Soldene and J. P. Smith are to decide to-day upon the future of the play, "Jeanne Fortier, the Bread-Carrier," produced last week at Niblo's.

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Teddy Marks sends to THE EVENING WORLD from Queenstown a programme of an entertainment given on board the steamship City of New York the other day. The big steamer took a great many theatrical people across the Atlantic, and they contributed considerably to the success of the concert. Eugene Tompkins, Smiley Walker, Edwin A. Stevens and George W. Lederer were the Honorary Committee. Mr. Marks was Chairman; Mrs. Helen Dauvray-Ward recited, as did also T. B. Mason, A. P. Buchanan, Mark Lynch and Miss Maida Craigen. The entertainment netted £30 2s. 10d.

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The Theatre Comique is closed for the season, but will reopen about the end of August. Mr. Hart has not as yet booked anything for next season. "Let those who don't know book now," he said yesterday, "I can select from a hundred attractions, and am in no hurry."

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Frederick de Belleville is at present in Antwerp with his father. He will sail from Europe early in August. He is to be Miss Clara Morris's leading man again next season.

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Stuart Robson, Steele Mackaye and Bronson Howard are at present at Mr. Robson's country place in Cohasset. Mr. Mackaye is engaged in arranging "An Arrant Knave," in which Mr. Robson is to appear next season.

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Henry E. Dixey will probably open his season at the Standard Theatre about the end of September, supported by E. E. Rice's company. Mr. Rice said yesterday that his new piece was not "Faust," and that it was not a burlesque at all. The name had not as yet been definitely decided upon. The piece would be a new departure. Dixey will probably try it out of town before presenting it to the metropolis.

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Miss Clara Morris has a new American play that she will present next season. She has a date at the Union Square Theatre, and theatrical people are wondering how Mr. Harriott, her husband, will settle the matter with J. M. Hill, who has now contracted with Neil Burgess to present "The County Fair" at the Union Square for the entire season.

* * *

Nat Goodwin is in town. He is charmed with his baby, and submits to cross-examination upon its merits with ultra-paternal amiability.

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Mr. G. E. Tucker, who was in advance of the Duff Opera Company last season, has been engaged by Manager A. H. Wood to pilot the coming starring tour of Master Tommy Russell.

"THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY."

Mr. James W. Morrissey's Grand and Comic English Opera Company (a nice, meaty name for a poster, isn't it?) has for the last two weeks been affording great satisfaction to the Grand Opera-House patrons. "Martha" and the "Bohemian Girl" were charmingly given, and the people secured by Mr. Morrissey appeared to be exactly suited to the interpretation of these legitimate operas.

Last night, however, Mr. Morrissey produced "The Chimes of Normandy." Planquette's dainty, effervescent work, that needs to be treated with the utmost delicacy, and hardly seems able to brook earnest endeavor, Mr. Morrissey's organization was unable to cope with it successfully. In fact, it is hardly possible that a company of singers who have successfully achieved "The Bohemian Girl" could equally felicitously sing "The Chimes of Normandy."

The men were wofully at variance with Planquette's ideas. Mr. Edward Connell as the Marquis bellowed forth his songs in a way that would have taken the roof off the little Folies Dramatiques in Paris, where "Les Cloches de Corneville" was first produced. Frank Baxter, as Jean Grenicheux, murdered the chansonette "Ve, Petit Mousse," which he sang as though his vocal cords needed tightening. Even too Gaspard of Harry Brown was hardly up to the mark.

The success of the evening was the Germaine of Miss Athalie Claire, who sang very sweetly and looked delightful. Miss Claire can be congratulated on her effort, which was very warmly received. Miss Lole Fuller was a vivacious Serpolette. ALAN DALE.

Changes at the Theatres.

Jennie Calef was an exceedingly popular "American Princess" at Jacobs' Third Avenue Theatre last evening, and an immense audience demonstrated its approval by applause almost continuous from the rising to the going down of the curtain. The "American Princess" is introduced in the first act as Princess O'Shannessy, of Castle O'Shannessy, located on the edge of a Western wilderness. Mr. Waldron as Dennis, her father, and W. H. Bonney as Mickey, a pet bear, and the Princess make up a comedy trio. A bloodthirsty fight with supe Indians and the rescue of a stage party "held up" by a band of reckless desperadoes, the firing of musketry, the smell of gunpowder and soul-destroying warwhoops make up the play. One of the ladies on the stage is Lady Dunmore, who proves to be the mother of the plump and popular Princess O'Shannessy, who is awarded to handsome Rerwun, the hunter, just as the audience goes home.

ROSTER AND BIAL'S.

The May Howard burlesque company began the second week of their engagement at Roster & Bial's Concert Hall last night. Keller, the pedo-mannal phenomenon, was also to be seen, with Keating and Flynn, Pete Mack, Harry Norris and Miss Howard.

GRAND MUSEUM.

The Ossified African has returned to the Grand Museum and begun his second engagement there yesterday