The World

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MULDOON.

In all the jubilations of the SULLIVAN men over JOHN L.'s victory, nobody seems to have thought of Mr. WILLIAM MULDOON, the Graeco-Roman athlete and scientific trainer of the Boston Hercules.

He found SULLIVAN a broken and dissipated man. He made a new giant of him in a few short weeks.

Give a few of those laurels to MULDOON.

NOT THE CAMERONIAN WAY.

Senator DON CAMERON, of Pennsylvania, returned from Europe yesterday. His attention was called by a reporter to the published announcement of his proposed withdrawal from politics, and he declared it to be unauthorized by him. He further characteristically remarked that when he did conclude to retire from public life it would be known definitely by the public and not by rumor.

Such an utterance is decidedly Cameronian. The idea that DON has remained in politics simply to gratify his father, and that now, the aged statesman being dead, the son will seek long-desired obscurity from the public gaze, is quite ridiculous.

The love of political power is as strong in the present Senator as in his illustrious sire. He may quit the Senate at the end of his present term, but it will be for reasons not akin to a retiring disposition born of bashfulness.

The CAMERONS are not built that way. Senator DON will let go when he is obliged to and not before.

THE UNAVAILING MADSTONE.

To those who are inclined to pin their faith to the curative properties of the madstone in cases of bites to individuals by animals afflicted with the rabies, the case of JOEL T. MOORE of Platte City, Mo., will be a rude wakening.

Despite the application and adherence of the madstone thirteen different times to the wound inflicted upon Mr. MOORE by a mad dog, he now lies in the direst agonies of hydrophobia, with his death a matter of but a few hours. He was bitten on the 13th of May last, but the first symptoms of the malady appeared only on Thursday last.

It is a singular coincidence that it is in the same State, Missouri, that quite recently a foolhardy individual suffered himself to be bitten by a mad dog, relying upon the efficacy of the madstone for immunity from his act of bravado. The horrible developments in the case of Mr. MOORE will attract renewed attention to the Sedalia experiment. But whether or no the one shall escape the fate of the other entirely dissipates the idea of placing any faith in the madstone.

A VICTIM OF INGRATITUDE.

The tragic death of Dr. JOHN W. WATERS, who committed suicide on Sunday last, was indeed a desolate end of a life once full of promise. At the age of seventy-five, in abject poverty, without a penny wherewith to pay his rent, a man once in affluent circumstances sought death with a persistency most harrowing as an end to his earthly troubles.

In the days of his wealth he befriended relatives and sacrificed for them a fortune, and yet while those who were the beneficiaries of his generosity are now, so it is said, prosperous, their benefactor dies in want and pathetically asks for a grave in the Potter's Field. If this report be true, then there should be inscribed on the slab which shall mark his resting-place: "Here lies a victim of ingratitude."

WORLDLINGS.

B. P. Shillaber, Mrs. Partington, now lives in Chelsea, one of the suburbs of Boston. He is seventy-four years of age and suffers greatly from rheumatism.

The fastest regular express trains in the United States run between Philadelphia and Washington. They maintain an average speed of forty-five miles an hour during the entire distance.

The monument erected in Haymarket Square, Chicago, to the memory of the policeman who fell in the Anarchist riot, is a bronze statue of a policeman in uniform on a granite pedestal. The statue and pedestal together cost $7,000.

Dr. Gatling, inventor of the famous gun, is now seventy-one years old. He is a native of North Carolina, and showed a genius for inventions when quite young.

POLICE INSPECTORS' VACATIONS.

Chief Inspector Byrnes is absent on his vacation, which will continue during the month of July, when he will return and become Acting Superintendent during Supt. Murray's vacation. Inspector Byrnes is at Pleasant Bay, N. J., and takes a spin to the races at Monmouth track. The Superintendent will spend the month of August on the Upper Shrewsbury, sculling, driving and fishing.

Inspector Steers will go away also in August and will try cottage life at Ocean Grove.

Inspector Conlin has returned from Centre Moriches, L. I., and will attend to police duty until September, when he will return to the ocean side for the remainder of his vacation. The Inspector is as brown as a berry.

Inspector Williams is in Nova Scotia, and writes that he will return home by steamer and will be back for duty on July 13. His friends at Police Headquarters will give him a razzle-dazzle on his return, claiming that the big Inspector was afraid to venture home on his yacht, the trip outward being all he wanted.

MONELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL lulls the infant into a healthful sleep. Price 25 cents a bottle.

WHAT A BABY!

But Four Months Old and Weighs Fifty-three Pounds.

Little Lydia Fettilan's Wonderful Proportions.

Just Arrived from Finland on Her Way to Michigan.

Miss Lydia Fettilan is a guest at Neillson's Scandinavian Hotel, Greenwich street.

She was sleeping in a special bed on the third floor when an EVENING WORLD reporter followed his card up to her apartment this morning.

She arrived with her mother, Mrs. Anna Fettilan, on the Servia yesterday, together with Olaf, Annie, Jan and Marie, her distinguished brothers and sisters. She has been holding a levee ever since her arrival in America, and among her callers have been the agents of two dime museums.

Miss Lydia comes from Finland, and goes to-day to join her father, who is a coal miner, at Calumet, Mich.

The young lady was lying in a shallow clothes basket, three feet long by two feet wide, and she completely filled it.

The reporter had been told by the Castle Garden people that Lydia was fifteen months old and was the biggest baby they had ever seen.

The mother could speak only the language of her native land, and the obliging clerk at the hotel hunted up a man who could converse with her. But he could speak no English, and another man, who could understand his peculiar mixture of Finnish and Swedish, and could in turn be understood in his mixture of Swedish and English by the clerk, was brought in.

Lydia, pink and white and sweet and clean, was clad in a neat apron of blue plaid gingham. Her soft yellow-brown hair was brushed back from her shapely forehead, and she slept during the discussion of her "points."

The reporter asked questions in English; the clerk repeated them in Swedish to the Swede, who could talk a little Finnish; he translated them to the Finn, who understood a little Swedish, and he in turn asked them of the mother.

She was a freckled woman of thirty-five years, with a high forehead and a motherly air. The reporter was a father, and despite the immensity of the baby, he thought its age had been overstated. Therefore, he said, interrogatively: "The baby is fifteen months old?"

"Nicht, nicht!" exclaimed the mother, fanning the baby's face more vigorously, and then followed an indignant expostulation which came to the reporter through the translation office like this:

"Baby was born on the last day of last February. She is a little more than four months old. She weighs fifty-three pounds and has always been healthy."

Baby's bosom rose and fell in sleep. It was a prodigious bosom, and a tape-measure revealed that it was nearly thirty-four inches about the bust, or larger than the average American woman.

Baby's head was not exceedingly large, but the cheeks were so fat that there was only a crease to show where the sleeping eyes were closed, with a little picket fence of yellow lashes sticking out of it. The chops hung away on either side in great, solid bunches of fat.

The reporter gently lifted the blue plaid gingham, and there were revealed pink and white chubby feet, each pink toe half hidden by the rolls of overhanging fat from the foot. A crease, an inch deep, denoted the ankle, and at the calf the tape measured eleven inches, while at the thigh the leg was fourteen inches in circumference.

The arms were proportionately chubby, the dimples at the elbows and the creases at the wrists being unfathomably deep.

And yet little Lydia was not only in perfect proportion in every part, but every limb was well formed and every joint was perfect.

By means of the circumlocutory translation office the reporter gleaned that Lydia was a fat baby when born, but not a giant. People had visited the little home in Finland and paid five or ten cents for a sight of the infantile giant, but mamma would not exhibit her in America, much to the disappointment of the museum agents.

Annie, who is eight years old to-morrow, weighs two pounds less than her baby sister, and the two younger children, aged two and a half and one and a half years respectively, have a joint weight of only fifty-five pounds.

They all eagerly kissed the hands and feet of the sleeping giant, and the mother replaced the clean white and blue polka-dot silk handkerchief over the fat baby face as the reporter withdrew.

WHAT SPORTS ARE DOING.

LOCAL GOSSIP OF TRACK, FIELD AND RING DEVOTEES.

The double championship tournament of the National Lawn-Tennis Association closes to-morrow at Livingston, Staten Island.

* * *

Jack Lyman says one of the three bantamweights he is to fight in the Fall will be George Dixon, with whom he has already fought a six-round draw in Boston.

* * *

"Phil" Conway, a Quaker City lightweight, is at present sojourning in Gotham, together with his backer, "Billy" Porter. Phil won $300 on Sullivan's victory and Porter $1,000. They want to put this money behind Phil in a match with some good man of his class, Mike Cushing or Jack Hopper preferred. They want to make the match for $500 or $1,000 a side, half to be deposited when the offer is accepted and the remainder five days before the fight. Conway stands 5 feet 6 inches and fights at 124 pounds. He is willing to concede a pound or two. He is twenty-two years old and has won five skin-glove battles.

* * *

The Fallon-Lambert mill will occur at the Troy Cribb Club July 22.

* * *

The Crescent Athletic Association holds its first annual games at Ridgewood Park Aug. 10. There will be a full list of athletic events.

* * *

Oarsman O'Connor leaves for England next Monday. George Lee, the ex-champion oarsman, will go with him as trainer. O'Connor rows Searle, the Australian, for $5,000 a side next Fall.

* * *

Athletes of both N. four A and A. A. U. have begun to look forward with interest to Aug. 24 and Sept. 7. On those dates occur the exciting "general athletic championships." The men who expect to compete have already commenced to train. Those who enter one of the meetings cannot take part in the other. What an interesting meeting could be held at a date later, on in the Fall, in which the winners only in the two antagonistic championships would be allowed to compete.

* * *

On July 29 the Printers' Benevolent Association will hold their annual handicap games at the Colosseum, Sixty-ninth street. All events but the seventy-five-yards and half-mile runs will be open to all amateurs.

* * *

Peter Nilson, Port Chester.—Address the Secretary of the athletic club you wish to join.

PUSH THE FUND.

Now's the Time to Save the Lives of the Babes.

"The Evening World" Corps Nearly Ready for the Good Work.

Swell the Contributions and Increase the Scope of the Charity.

Ten Physicians Already Engaged but Many Others Needed.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD	$100.00
Already acknowledged	1,302.83
H. T. S.	1.00
J. K. D.	.50
Cash	.25
M. V. J.	.25
"In Her Name"	3.00
Collected by J. F. O'Neill on steamer Saratoga	1.75
Nellie Leland	.10
J. S.	.50
In memory of Didi Hilbert	2.00
Fair held by Martha Ihl, Elinor Tidden and Marie Tidden	3.40
Miss M. Kellard	5.00
C.	3.00
John Tweeddale, 181 Market st.	.25
Unknown Admirer	.25
Theodore Hass and Samuel Stark	.10
Lillie P. K.	1.00
Eugene Schmidt's collection	.40
C. Apt's weekly collection	2.00

HER BABE WAS DYING.

A poor woman held her babe in her arms on the Sixth avenue L road yesterday.

There was a peculiar pallor on the child's countenance.

Of a sudden the mother's face blanched.

"My God!" she cried in piteous tones, "my baby is dying!"

The rigidity that often betokens the end had passed over the child's features, and it was breathing in short gasps.

In silent, helpless sympathy the passengers looked on.

The mother left the train at Chambers street with her dying child.

There was hardly a dry eye in the car.

There are hundreds of other young children in New York's sweltering tenements, dying to-day for want of a physician's care.

You can save a little life by promptly contributing to the Sick Baby Fund.

Master Eugene's Collection.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have collected 15 cents from Rudolph, eight years old; 15 cents from Walter, five years old; 10 cents from Elsa, three years old.

EUGENE SCHMITT.

With Good Wishes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $8 for Sick Babies' Fund. May your good work prosper.

C.

Success Will Attend It.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $1, my contribution to the Sick Babies' Fund. May every success attend your noble work. LILLIE P. K.

$5 by Telegraph.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please accept $5 telegraphed to Fresh Air Fund. Miss M. KELLARD.

West End, Long Branch, N. J.

His Weekly Collections.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find check of $2, amount left at my office. Centennial, 15 cents; S. H. L., 10 cents; J. Weiss, 25 cents; Cash, 10 cents; Fond of Children, 50 cents; Celestine Apt, 20 cents; Lillie Apt, 20 cents; Sympathizer, 10 cents; B. H., 25 cents; Friend, 15 cents; total, $2. Hope to be able to forward a larger amount next week.

C. APT, Advertising Agent.

The Proceeds of a Girl's Fair.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The inclosed $3.40 is the gross receipts of a very small fair held by three small girls to help the sick babies. MARTHA IHL,
ELINOR TIDDEN,
MARIE TILDEN.

BASEBALL STANDINGS THIS MORNING.

National League.

	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.		Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Boston	37	19	.661	Chicago	29	31	.483
Cleveland	30	22	.630	Pittsburg	26	35	.426
New York	33	25	.600	Indianapolis	22	34	.393
Phila.	30	29	.508	Wash'ton	14	40	.259

American Association.

	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.		Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
St. Louis	46	21	.687	Cincinnati	35	30	.538
Brooklyn	40	24	.625	Kan. City	29	36	.446
Athletic	37	25	.595	Columbus	25	40	.385
Baltimore	35	29	.547	Louisville	13	55	.191

Atlantic Association.

	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.		Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Jersey City	26	17	.605	Newark	26	23	.531
Hartford	28	19	.596	Lowell	18	27	.400
Worcester	28	19	.596	New Hav'n	16	29	.356
Wilk'sb'rre	25	17	.583	Easton	10	26	.278

A Year Ago To-Day.

LEAGUE.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.	AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Chicago	38	19	.666	Brooklyn	44	20	.688
Detroit	35	22	.625	St. Louis	37	20	.649
New York	34	24	.586	Athletic	36	23	.610
Boston	34	27	.557	Cincinnati	36	23	.500
Phila.	28	28	.500	Baltimore	27	33	.450
Indianap'lis	21	36	.368	Louisville	21	40	.344
Pittsburg	19	34	.358	Kan. City	19	38	.333
W'shin'ton	19	38	.333	Cleveland	19	40	.322

Baseball To-Day.

THE LEAGUE.

Pittsburg at New York.
Cleveland at Boston.
Indianapolis at Philadelphia.
Chicago at Washington.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

No games scheduled.
Brooklyn opens in Louisville to-morrow.

ATLANTIC ASSOCIATION.

Jersey City at Wilkesbarre.
Hartford at Worcester.

Romance and Fly-Fishing.

Lena appeared in the doorway of our boarding-house at ——, fish-rod in hand. No one offered to accompany her, so after a brisk walk she reached a brook wending its way among the overhanging trees. It was a pretty picture as she cast the fly far down the stream. Alas! fish don't like being caught by pretty girls. Finally Lena thought she would fasten two hooks and lines to her rod. Behind a tree sat a young man intently watching her. Thinking she had gone he arose, when to his amazement the line came towards him. To avoid it he turned just in time to have it hook in the back of his tennis shirt. The other fly touched the water and went spinning down the stream. Like a true fisherman, he forgot his own dilemma in the excitement of the moment and shortly afterwards one of the largest speckled beauties laid at their feet. With much embarrassment Lena disentangled our friend. It was a case of love at first sight. At the wedding which followed she received a beautiful floral trout, sent to the "girl who caught two fish at one cast."

MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

WON BY NOBLEMEN.

Two American Heiresses to Become Titled Brides.

Miss Caroline Fitzgerald Will Wed Lord Fitzmaurice.

Prince Murat is Miss Gwendoline Caldwell's Successful Suitor.

Two more American heiresses have been captured by foreign noblemen. So say the cable despatches this morning.

The one announces the engagement of Miss Caroline Fitzgerald, a New York young lady, to Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, the younger brother of the Marquis of Lansdowne, Viceroy of India.

The other brings the news that Miss Gwendoline Caldwell, one of the founders of the Catholic University of America, at Washington, is to marry Prince Murat, a descendant of the great Napoleon's famous cavalry officer.

Of the two young ladies, Miss Fitzgerald is more widely known, more on account of her high literary attainments than her wealth, although the family of which she is a member is one of the largest land-holders of this city.

Although only twenty-one years old, Miss Fitzgerald is a thorough classical scholar, a fine linguist and a famous Orientalist, being one of the most prominent members of the American Oriental Society.

She has also attracted wide attention in literary circles as an author, and her acquaintance with literary people both in England and in this country is very large.

One of her most intimate friends and admirers is the poet Browning. She has been living in London during the past year, and it was there that she published her first volume of poems, which aroused much interest in literary circles at the English capital.

In society she was also a conspicuous figure, and it was there that she met the young nobleman who became one of her most ardent admirers. When in New York she lives in the large mansion in Fifth avenue at the corner of Ninth street. Her linguistic studies were completed under the direction of Prof. Whitney, of Yale, with whom she pursued the study of Sanscrit.

The full name of her prospective husband is Edmund George Fitzmaurice, and his family is one of the oldest and most aristocratic of the British realm. He is a direct descendant of Earl Shelburne, who negotiated the famous Jay treaty with the United States a century ago.

Lord Fitzmaurice is now forty-three years old, and for several years was a Liberal member of Parliament. He was educated at Cambridge University, was called to the Bar in 1871 and has always been prominently identified with public affairs.

One of the most responsible posts which he held under the Government was that of Commissioner in 1880 for organizing the European provinces of Turkey, under the treaty of Berlin. In 1882 he was appointed Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and is high in rank in diplomatic circles. The date of the wedding is not yet fixed.

Miss Mary Gwendoline Caldwell and her sister, Miss Lina Caldwell, are the daughters of the late Shakespeare Caldwell, of Virginia. Their mother was a sister of John C. Breckenridge, once Vice-President of the United States.

Mr. Caldwell died about ten years ago, leaving a fortune of $3,000,000 to $4,000,000, which he had inherited from his father, to his two daughters. Their mother had died some time previously.

Miss Mary Gwendoline was born in Kentucky and educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in this city.

She is now twenty-six years old and is described as being very handsome as well as very intellectual. She has passed much of her life abroad with her sister, and while living in this country has divided her time between Washington, the old homestead in Kentucky, and a country seat in Vermont.

Several years ago she gave $300,000 to endow the Catholic University at Washington, and her sister added $50,000 to the fund. For those gifts to the Church His Holiness the Pope presented both the sisters with special medals of gold.

During his life their father was noted for his benevolence. Since his death his two daughters have been under the care of Mrs. Donuelly, an aunt, who has chaperoned them on their travels.

Prince Murat lives at Paris, where he is a prominent figure in social circles. He is also reputed to be very wealthy.

Clerk Harriot's Quarterly Report.

Property Clerk Harriot has submitted his quarterly report to June 30, as follows:

No. of lots received	315
No. of lots delivered	200
Value of property delivered	$14,839.16
Value of property delivered at station-houses	187,595.80

The Annual Rest.

[*From the New York Weekly.*]

Young Husband—My dear, after a year of unremitting labor and closest economy we have, I find, succeeded in saving about $300. What shall we do with it?

Young Wife—Well, my dear, we both need rest. Let's go to a summer resort for a week.

Frank.

From the German.]

A. (somewhat illiterate)—I read something in a paper about idiots. Are they human beings?

B.—Certainly, they are human beings like yourself.

A Card from Mrs. Dayton.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please correct the mistake in THE EVENING WORLD of July 2, in regard to the Hoedenmaker suicide, as I am very much annoyed at the publicity of the same. I did not know the unfortunate person, neither do I know his friend, Miss Nellie. Respectfully,

Mrs. DAYTON, 906 Sixth avenue.

Answers to Correspondents.

Irish Prison.—Downpatrick Jail is not a convict prison. There is but one convict prison in Ireland, and that is Harrowline in County Cork!

J. J. L.—There is nothing to prevent you putting your own name on the sign over your stand.

H. J. H.—There is no known system by which you can bet on horse races with losing.

J. F. C.—Such marks sometimes come from impurity of the blood and sometimes they are hereditary.

Forty-third Street.—A receipted bill is not conclusive evidence that goods have been paid for. It may be established or overthrown by other evidence.

Bertha G.—The punishment is usually six months in prison.

A Fair Trial

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla will convince any reasonable person that it does possess great medicinal merit. We do not claim that every bottle will accomplish a miracle, but we do know that nearly every bottle, taken according to directions, does produce positive benefit.

"I was run down from close application to work, but was told I had malaria and was dosed with quinine, &c., which was useless. I decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and am now feeling strong and cheerful. I feel satisfied it will benefit any who give it a fair trial." W. S. SEAMAN, 261 Spring st., New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

A COMBINATION.

Republicans and County Democrats Planning to Unite.

A Neat Little Scheme to Curtail Tammany's Patronage.

The Legislature to Be the Field Where the Battle Will Be Waged.

That plans are maturing looking to a combination of Republicans and County Democrats, to secure a veto-overriding majority in the Legislature, is generally believed by local politicians and is causing Tammany Hall candidates for legislative positions a great deal of uneasiness.

Everything points to the making of such a deal between Tom Platt and the County Democracy leaders, and it can have but the one object, and that is a new charter for the city of New York which will reduce the patronage of Tammany Hall to a mere minimum, by legislating out of office certain officials and commissions, providing for the election of certain officials now appointed, and requiring the establishment of non-partisan commissions.

By this arrangement the Counties and Republicans hope to secure a big share of the municipal patronage.

As an idea of what is proposed to be done the case of the police justices may be taken for an example.

The number will be reduced from fifteen to ten or less, in the interest of economy of course, and the office will be made elective instead of appointive. Then, by combining at the polls, the Republicans and Counties hope to name all if not the majority of the Board of Police Justices.

Such a combination the allies think will give them a clear majority of 30,000 votes over Tammany on the basis of the vote of last Fall.

In the last Legislature seven votes would have given the Republicans a two-thirds vote and an opportunity to defy Gov. Hill and his veto-writing pen.

Through this combination they expect to have much more than the necessary two-thirds, when the passage of party measures for the government of this city will be an easy matter.

Votes are expected to be gained in the Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Ninth, Tenth, Twelfth, Fifteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Assembly districts.

Of course, Republicans will not be elected in each of them, but the County Democrats whom it is expected to elect will be expected to obey the behests of the machine and vote down Gov. Hill's vetoes.

Efforts will also be made on the same basis of alliance in each of the Senatorial districts, and it is doubtful if Tammany Hall has so strong a representation in the Senate at the next session of the Legislature as at the last.

If the proof of this alliance is asked for the questioner is referred to the grumbling Republicans who want to get into Federal positions which were won for them at the polls last November, but can't get in because they can't get the County Democrats out.

Said one of these to day:

"There is a strong Republican influence exerted to keep the County Democrats in the Custom-House, and it is useless to expect to get their places.

"Why they are kept in I don't know, but that they are and that there should be a return of favors I do know."

What that return of favors is THE EVENING WORLD has revealed, and it will be better understood when it is known that Police Commissioner John R. Voorhis, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the County Democracy organization, has recently sent a confidential letter to each of his district leaders.

It was a simple note, but, taken in connection with the Republican reluctance to turn Counties out of Federal office, it is but another and a strong link in the chain of evidence which proves the deal.

In it Mr. Voorhis demands that there be forwarded to him at once the names of all County Democrats holding Federal positions.

These are the men who are to be protected in their holdings, in return for which, it is said, the Counties are to sell the city to the Republicans.

In the mean time the patronage-giving hand of Tammany is to be crippled as much as possible to keep its voting strength down, and this will be accomplished by the failure to fully organize the Board of Police Justices, the Board of Police Commissioners and the Board of Health.

NEW HOME FOR ATHLETES.

THE MANHATTAN CLUB WILL LAY THE CORNER-STONE TO-DAY.

The corner-stone of the Manhattan Athletic Club's new house will be laid with appropriate ceremonies at the corner of Forty-fifth street and Madison avenue late this afternoon.

Mayor Grant, it is said, will officiate, and President George W. Carr will deliver an oration to his fellow-members.

The new building will be one of the handsomest club-houses in this city, both inside and out. It will be built of iron and stone chiefly, and in Romanesque style. The lower story will be built of granite, with the other stories of dark Belleville brown-stone, red brown-stone, chocolate brick, chocolate terra cotta and the cornice and roof of red terra cotta.

It will be six stories high and 125x125 feet. The basement will be used for rifle range, swimming bath, Turkish and Russian baths, bowling alleys, &c. The feature of this floor will be the swimming tank. This will be built of marble, one hundred feet long and twenty-one feet wide.

On the ground floor will be the large reception rooms and parlors so arranged that they can be made one room, cafe, billiard, bar, hat and coat rooms.

The next floor will be used as a concert hall, with a stage and balcony. Back of the stage are card rooms and offices. The space above and about the hall will be fitted up with lodging and reception rooms.

The dining-room will be on the top floor, as will also the gymnasium, with a running track twelve laps to a mile. The gymnasium will be the most complete of its kind in this country. On the roof will be a garden running the whole length of the Madison avenue. The main entrance will be on Madison avenue.

The building, it is estimated, will cost $600,000 and be completed about February, 1890.

The Manhattan Athletic Club was incorporated in 1878 with only a few members. Everything it has undertaken met with success, and the Club has thrived and grown until its present club-house, at 524 Madison avenue, a large building, has become too small to afford proper accommodations.

She Won the Umbrella.

[*From the Warrenton (Ga.) Clipper.*]

W. J. Norris, a prominent merchant of our town, thought to back down one of our young ladies would be a nice thing, so made her the following proposition on last Saturday evening: That if she would take a little 10c. parasol, which is about the size of a palmetto fan, hoist it and walk up Main street a certain distance and return, carrying it over her all the way, that he would reward her with a silk umbrella. She at first hesitated, but after making numerous futile attempts, finally made off with the little mushroom-shaped concern held aloft over her graceful form. She returned in a few minutes bearing a note with the signature of a number of the clerks attached, stating that she had passed by or arrived at their stores with the parasol in position. Mr. Norris gracefully turned over the umbrella to its rightful owner, and the young lady departed with two umbrellas instead of one. Mr. Norris will hardly make another such offer soon.

VERY HOT, ISN'T IT?

New York Somewhat Like a Baker's Oven To-Day.

Its Dry Heat and None of Last Week's Humidity.

No Hot Wave On Its Way Either—Just Straight Ray Sun Heat.

This has started out to be the warmest day of Summer.

It is warmer to-day than it was yesterday, and yesterday was the hottest 8th of July New York has endured in five years.

At 8 o'clock this morning the temperature on the cool and airy roof of the Equitable Building was 78 degrees, two degrees higher than at the same hour yesterday morning. At 11 o'clock the thermometer registered 82 degrees, and the temperature was rising.

Philadelphia was broiling in 80 degrees of heat at 8 o'clock this morning and was as hot as Key West and New Orleans. The only cool place anywhere was Helena, Mon., with a temperature of 44 degrees.

No hot wave has come to town. The high temperature is a result of the steady Summer sunshine.

No hot wave is on its travels from town to town and State to State, but the manufacture of heat is going merrily on in every large city in the East. The heat supply is local, at least so says the weather observer at the Equitable Building.

The effect of the heat was noticeable this noon in drooping car-horses and perspiring car-drivers and in bald people who were mopping their shining heads with bandanna handkerchiefs.

People with little else to do than talk about the weather gathered in the cool and grateful shade of beer-cellars and drank gurgling beer from the frigid ice-chest.

There was a wonderful revival in the ice-cream trade. The ice-cream sign outside the door blistered in the sun, while the generous young man and his best girl were getting gradually frozen in the cool saloon. There was marvellous activity at the soda fountains. The soda fizzed and bubbled, and the active soda-water clerks were the hardest-working young men in town.

Lemonade was popular on every street corner, and palm-leaf fans were in good form everywhere.

The heat drove thousands out of the city. The Coney Island boats were crowded, and hundreds sailed for Rockaway and even for Fort Lee to escape the torrid heat.

The heat in the tenement districts was stifling. Fortunately the humidity was not high, and so the heat was not felt so severely.

The humidity to-day is less than normal, while last week it was greatly in excess of the normal amount.

Sunstrokes are expected at the hospitals to-day.

James H. Tobin, a clerk, dropped dead this morning at the corner of Waverly place and Sixth avenue, presumably from heat.

THOSE FISH STORIES.

Truly a Monster Eel.

Grimes was an enthusiastic fisherman, whose great hobby was long eels, with a decided contempt for all other species of fish.

One day a large number of kindred spirits had met, and as usual, the conversation turned on fishing. Grimes took the stand and astonished the company by stating that he had just caught the longest eel that ever swam; longer than any in the time of Moses, Julius Cæsar, now, or for that matter, for all future. On an invitation from Grimes to inspect the skin all agreed to defer judgment and separated. On reassembling all were excited and anxiously awaiting the great sight. At last Grimes crawled into the room, apparently crestfallen and sorrowful. With an effort he exclaimed: "Kind friends, words fail me to sufficiently apologize for the great disappointment this visit must prove to you, but the fact is, my dear wife, kind, economical soul, knowing that hemp was very expensive this season, has cut the skin into lengths and supplied the block with clotheslines."

Wife appearing—Yes, and gentlemen, I have a few thirty-foot lengths left, which I shall be glad to let you have for 50 cents a length.

General Chorus—Good night, Grimes.

SAMUEL GIBB,
97 Cedar street, Paterson, N. J.

Here's a Lucky One.

I am ready to give affidavit that every word of this little story is true. I was living in Massillon, O., where there was a brook and canal. I went fishing in both many days, in the scorching sun, and caught half a dozen fish the size of my finger. Coming home, I rested myself on one of the logs of the canal lock at 6 P. M. I saw beyond the lock the water splashing. I caught some yellow flies and stuck my hook through them and let my line down into the water. As soon as it touched the water I had a large carp. I kept on catching fish till sunset. After my great success I was very much excited about fishing. I went to the canal discharger-hole, and as soon as I put my line in I pulled out a big catfish, and pulled it out again and another catfish broke my line. The day after I went fishing at 5 P. M. and caught plenty of carp before sunset, and after sunset, with big hook and line, plenty of large catfish, from six to fifteen inches long. Every day after when I went there I caught a big basketful.

C. J. B. GAUME,
177 Elm street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Petrified Trout.

Last summer while fishing on White Lake, in Sullivan County, N. Y., I caught a trout which was petrifying. Its back was a solid piece of stone. It measured twenty-two inches long and weighed twenty-six and three-quarter pounds. The old fishermen said that it must have been a very old trout. This was the first occurrence of this kind ever happening in that section.

JOHN E. NASH,
176 Division avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Exploded a Blowfish.

An old friend and I went for a day's fishing off the Atlantic Highlands. We had caught several little fish of common origin, when I got a blowfish on. In some unaccountable way the line touched his stomach, and immediately he arose to the top and began to swell to gigantic dimensions. I was alarmed. My friend took the oar and made a lunge at him. An explosion followed which broke the gunwale in the boat. We got ashore as best we could. When the tide came in the fishermen who lived on shore raked up thirty-seven bushels of mossbunkers, killed by the explosion of the blowfish, no doubt.

A PRINTER.

A Great Wheel Clogged by Eels.

The Munson Dam in Steuben County, N. Y., is twelve miles long and about two miles wide, which constitutes the waters of Lake Lamoka and furnishes water power for a grist mill, sawmill and planing-mill the machinery being all driven by one monster turbine wheel. This wheel has been stopped on two occasions by eels trying to pass through from the lake to the stream below. Each time the wheel was found to be literally jammed by thousands of mutilated eels, which took a number of men several hours to clear away.

P. V. C.,
284 West Twelfth street, New York.

AN ANTI-TRUST LAW

The Need of It in this State Forcibly Illustrated.

Sugar Conspirators Prosper at the Poor's Expense.

Justice Christiancy's Able Bill in the Michigan Legislature.

The idea that legislation is powerless to stop the growth of Trusts seems to be growing, and in view of the fact that such giant conspiracies as the Sugar Trust have been allowed to exist for nearly two years there is some ground for this belief.

The matter has been brought to the attention of the Attorney-General repeatedly, but beyond proceeding against one of the companies in the Trust nothing has been done. The suit referred to has been taken before the Court of Appeals, and when a final decision is rendered it will set at rest all doubts as to whether Trusts can be operated under the present laws.

Other States outside of New York have taken the matter vigorously in hand. Kansas, Missouri, Texas, Iowa and Michigan have taken steps in the right direction. They have all passed laws forbidding the formation of Trusts, and about the best bill that has been constructed is the one passed by the Michigan Legislature. Ex-Chief Justice Christiancy framed the bill, and it is so terse and well defined that it would probably be a good law to have passed in this State. The bill provides that:

All contracts, agreements, understandings and combinations made, entered into or knowingly assented by and between any parties capable of making a contract or agreement which would be valid at law or in equity, the purpose or object or intent of which shall be to limit, control or in any manner to restrict or regulate the amount of product or quantity of any article or commodity to be raised or produced by mining, manufacture, agriculture or any other branch of business or labor, or to enhance, control or regulate the price thereof, or in any manner prevent or restrict free competition in the production or sale of any such article or commodity, shall be utterly illegal and void, and every such contract, agreement, understanding and combination shall constitute a criminal conspiracy, and every person who, for himself personally, or as a member or in the name of a partnership, or as a member, agent or officer of a corporation, or of any association for business purposes of any kind, shall enter into or knowingly consent to any such void and illegal contract, agreement, understanding or combination, shall be deemed a party to such conspiracy.

This is the Michigan way of getting at the matter. If the managers of the Sugar Trust were proceeded against as conspirators it would put a stop to the shameful robbery of the poor.

That a combination of men can get together and by a cruel conspiracy contrive to force up the price of a necessary article is shameful. While they are lining their pockets with wealth the poor are struggling to keep body and soul together.

What is needed in New York is a good, strong anti-Trust law and determined officials to enforce it.

GLANCES HERE AND THERE.

PICTURES THROWN UP BY THE REPORTORIAL CAMERA.

His Soiled Hands Gave Him Away to the Jewelry Salesman.

"It always pays to keep oneself spruce and tidy," said a floorwalker in a large jewelry store to an EVENING WORLD reporter a day or two ago.

"If a person comes in here looking slouchy or slovenly they become objects of suspicion immediately.

"A few years ago I was employed as salesman in a big jewelry firm uptown. There were a great many fly people around in those days and you had to look sharp. One afternoon a dapper young man stepped up to the counter and asked to see some diamond rings.

"He was a nice looking fellow and well dressed, and when I handed him several rings to examine he put one on his finger.

"I noticed that his fingers were not neat and I had a queer feeling that he was crooked. So I watched him, and when he thought I had my eyes somewhere else he quietly slipped a valuable stone out of sight.

"He concluded by buying a cheap ring for $25 I think and was going away when I collared him.

"He was indignant at first, but I told him I knew what I was doing.

"When we got him in a private room he broke down and confessed. He gave us the stone, and for certain other conditions he was allowed to go. Ever since then I have had my eye out for people with dirty hands."

An Interesting Human Nature Study at Sheepshead Bay Race Track.

There is always something interesting to be seen at a race-course outside of the races themselves. It is the vast crowd of spectators which awakens the most interest in the mind of the student of human nature, and to see the expressions of doubt, hope, despair, joy and envy that flit over the faces of the gentler sex is well worth the trip.

Something of this kind was witnessed by an EVENING WORLD man at Sheepshead Bay the other day in which all of the above expressions were depicted on a lady's face inside of a couple of minutes.

Loantaka was the sure thing, but the lady fancied Ban Cloche for the place. She bought a place ticket at the last moment and then looked doubtful and fearful that she had made a mistake. Her horse got off in good shape, however, and she began to hope and her face became brighter. In the excitement