IZAAK'S RIVALS.

And, Indeed, They Quite Discount Him in Imagination.

Another Chapter of Remarkable and Seasonable Yarns.

But There's an End to All Things, and the Great Contest Will Soon Close.

The Fish Liked Strawberries.

One Summer, early in the forties, my father, who cultivated a strawberry patch on the edge of a stream which was full of hornpout, noticed that the berries were disappearing unusually fast. He watched night after night, but caught no thief, yet the berries were constantly being stolen. One day a neighbor while cleaning a mess of hornpout he had caught, found in each fish a quantity of strawberries. That night my father, with several neighbors, watched, each man having a dark-lantern. At a given signal they entered the patch, when a singular sight met their gaze. All the berries near the water had been picked, and to reach the others the fish showed great sagacity. They arranged themselves in tiers like a flight of stairs, and then a fish would crawl up over his fellows, pick the fruit and eat it with apparent satisfaction. He would then take his place among the rest, and the next in order would climb up and get his berry, and so on till all were satisfied. The appearance of the people had no effect on them, and they kept right on as though they owned the place. J. Z. R.

A Shower of Fish.

Two years ago this Fall, I was urged to go down to Rockford, a little town on the east fork of the White River. The fishing there was represented to be something extraordinary. The people were catching phenomenal quantities of fine black bass. The very day I got there the fishing entirely failed. It came about under peculiar circumstances. A heavy storm came up. The wind blew a hurricane. It was particularly severe along the river. There was no rain, but the clouds swung low like big black balloons. They dipped down and ricocheted along on the river, scooping up great areas of water and then rising and sailing off northward.

After that hurricane you couldn't get a nibble in the river. It seemed to have been depopulated. I made my way up home and saw the next day in the papers that the community west of Mishawaka up on the St. Joe River was wild with excitement over an unaccountable abundance of bass in the river. I hurried up there and found the river almost choked up with the fish. I purchased a large quantity for the market. Scores of people laid in supplies of them. Barrels and barrels were salted down. Of course the cyclone had picked those fish up in Southern Indiana, carried them in clouds nearly two hundred miles and dumped them down in the St. Joe.

A few fish were found on the banks, and it was vaguely guessed by some that the fish had been rained down, but this is the first time the true explanation of the affair has been given. HOOSIER FINN.

Mysterious Disappearance of a Boat.

While spending my vacation on Cape Cod I started out one morning on a little fishing excursion. I rowed my boat out into the middle of the lake, dropped my line, and after about an hour spent in waiting my patience was rewarded by a terrible pull at my line. I at once commenced to play the fish, but found all endeavors to pull him in were unsuccessful on the contrary, my boat began to drag her anchor. I immediately cut the line from my pole, attached it to the forward seat of the boat, and was soon ploughing across the lake at a frightful rate of speed. Suddenly, as the boat gave a lurch to one side, I lost my balance and fell into the water. I at once struck out for the shore, which I soon gained, but on turning to see what progress my empty craft was making I was dismayed to find it nowhere in sight. In vain did I search the shores of the lake, but finally gave it up and returned home. What became of it I never knew, and the only explanation I can give is that it was drawn into one of the innumerable "suckholes," so-called, and passed out through a subterranean passage into the sea. The only party who could vouch for the story, beside myself, is now dead. R. B.

Killed a Salmon with a Stone.

Dr. Williams, of this city; F. J. Green and Charles A. Brown composed a party camped near the Columbia River for a week. They threw all leavings from the kitchen into the water, thus attracting great numbers of fish, which, after a few days, became so thick they would fight and dash against the rocks in a wild effort to reach the scraps of food. Mr. Green threw a large stone where the fish were thickest, and was surprised to see one remain apparently stunned after the others scattered. With some difficulty and the aid of two long poles they got the fish ashore. It proved to be a large salmon, which weighed when cut up fifty-seven and three-quarter pounds. The head of the salmon was found to be badly bruised and the right eye knocked out where the rock struck it. The doctor dried the skin on the head and retains it as a souvenir. J. RICHARD CAMPBELL.

The Pickerel Was Frightened.

One Summer afternoon while out on the lake at Ramapo, N. Y., with a party from the hotel we saw a large fish jump clean out of the water, immediately followed by another equally as large. From the way the water splashed and boiled it seemed as though they were having a three-minute Marquis of Queensbury battle. Somewhat excited, we hastily pulled to the spot and saw projecting from the water a large dorsal fin. On coming close enough I struck at the fish with an oar. It then made a fierce rush to escape, but being partly stunned by the blow it struck its head against the side of the boat and laid there quivering and trembling. I reached over, grabbing it quickly in the gills, landing it safely in the boat. It was a large pickerel, weighing 5¼ pounds, 29 inches in length. The pursuing fish looked from the distance to be a monster black bass. D. B. W.
Buffern, N. Y.

A Question of Ownership.

At a little town in Ohio, on the Ohio River, a very unusual thing happened in fish circles recently. A half-sunken barge of railroad ties was lashed to the bank at an incline when the ties were being loaded into cars by a lot of workmen. The barge was half filled with water, and in passing close by the buckets of a steamboat wheel in some way threw a hundred-pound buffalo fish into the barge among the workmen. The men promptly lunged at the fish with their tie picks and attempted to kill it as it dodged about from side to side. Finally one man stuck his pick into the fish as it paused to make a short turn, which so agitated it that it flopped over the side of the barge into the river, and swam away with the end of the pick handle showing above water. It passed two boys in a skiff, and one of them reached out and took hold of the pick handle in a spirit of adventure as it passed, and his shoulder was promptly dislocated by the same sort of shock a man sustains when he is hung. However, the fish went on splitting the water with the pick-handle like a dorsal fin, and as if it were used to such ornamentation. In its mad rush the fish again swerved towards shore, where a poor widow was washing clothes. Just as it came by, very close to shore, the poor woman was in the act of throwing the looped end of her clothes-line to a limb overhead, when it slipped from her hand and fell into the water. The loop went over the end of the pick handle and tied itself in a hard knot in some way, and the other end of the clothes-line being cast, the fish was caught tight enough. The good people of the city turned out and helped the widow land the prize. The owner of the steamboat claimed an interest in the catch, because without what he contributed the fish would not have been caught. The barge owner claimed an interest on the same ground, the owner of the pick ditto, the father of the boy who had his shoulder hurt, ditto number two, and the the widow claimed it all because she was in actual possession, and a man who had a net set just above where the fish succumbed, came forward with the claim that at least part of the fish belonged to him, for the reason that his net would have caught it if it had not got entangled in the widow's clothes line. To prevent trouble, the members of the City Council divided the fish among themselves, and now the Mayor is making himself hard because he did not get as much as he wanted of the fish. It has already been said by the opposition papers that the actions of the Council in this matter will undoubtedly be discussed during the next campaign.
ONE OF ISAAK WALTON'S DISTANT RELATIVES.

A Seaman's Narrative.

We left Boston Feb. 6, 1882, bound for Honolulu, bark Stillman B. Allen, of Boston. We were in the Pacific, latitude 12 south, longitude 104 west, in a dead calm. Our captain, Charles Eldridge, saw several of the birds called by seamen "boatswains," noted for their bright crimson tail feathers, and, loading his gun with buckshot, he fired as the birds flew over our quarter-deck. He hit one, and in its fall it missed the deck and fell astern. A shark that was following the vessel sighted the bird and swallowed it. The captain, not desirous of losing the feathers, ordered the shark hook baited with pork and thrown overboard. The shark swallowed the bait. We hauled him aboard, cut him open and got the leather in perfect condition. At the termination of the voyage at New York the captain started for his home at Harwich, Cape Cod, Mass., and there presented the feather to his wife. A. DURLACHER.
Formerly second mate bark Stillman B. Allen.
360 East Eighth street, New York City.

Kicked the Fish Out.

While sitting on a pier near Long Beach my attention was called to a sudden commotion in the water. Upon closer inspection I found this was caused by a large school of bluefish that were pursuing some moss bunkers towards the beach. With all possible haste I threw off my coat and with shoes and all waded out among the fish that were near the beach. Having no net or line with me I began kicking the fish up on the beach. For one-half hour afterwards I was busy kicking fish out of the water, literally strewing the beach with fish. When I counted I found that I had kicked 200 fine bluefish out of the water. This story is true. I still have in my possession the shoe that I did the kicking with. BENJ. FLORSHEIM.

Some One Else May Get It.

I went fishing last Saturday to Seawarren, N. J., for weakfish. While fishing I hooked on something, and to my surprise when I pulled my line up I found a turtle weighing 130 pounds. I got him in the boat, took him home and put it in a swill-barrel, but seeing that it was dying, I put it in the North River. The above facts are true and am able to swear to them, G. MUHLENFELD,
Custom-House.

An Appropriate Catch.

Some weeks ago four young men went to Plentyville Lake, N. Y., for a day's trout fishing. Our guide related the following:

"About this time last year, I was fishing at this same spot with a boy whom I hired to rapidly rebait my hooks, as I kept busy hauling in five-pound trout every two minutes, so that in one hour I had just thirty fish weighing 150 pounds, an exploit never before heard of, but which can be vouched for by 150 of the residents here, who saw them the same evening, each paying 10 cents for the privilege, so that I was in exactly 150 pounds of fish and $15 cold cash."

Just as our guide finished his narrative he began actively hauling in his line and soon landed a large water rat. I can still hear the boys' triumphant shout of "rats!"
NOTARY PUBLIC.

Women Who Back Racehorses and Make Big Bets at the Track,—SUNDAY'S WORLD.

GENERAL SPORTING NEWS.

WHAT OUR PROMINENT ATHLETES ARE DOING AND SAYING.

Charley Mitchell Accused of Treachery to Kilrain—Luther Carey Entered In Sprinting Contests—Talk of a Match Between Jack Fallon and the St. Joe Kid—The Y. M. C. A. Athletic Meeting.

From the testimony of both Sullivan and Kilrain men who were present at the great fight, it would appear that that wily Englishman, Charley Mitchell, compassed Kilrain's defeat quite as much as the Boston slugger. If the stories told are true, and there seems no reason at all to doubt them, as they are all alike, Mitchell was treacherous and mean to a degree that seems incomprehensible.

* * *

Still more incomprehensible, however, is Kilrain's great friendship for a man who treats him as Mitchell is said to have done all through the term of training—if poor Jake can be said to have had any training.

* * *

That energetic mile walker, W. H. Burkhar., is also an expert natatorial artist. He spends a good deal of time in the water. By the way, why not get up a championship swimming race for handsome prizes? Certainly such a competition would be seasonable and it ought to be interesting.

* * *

Eastern sprinters have a formidable rival in Luther Carey of Chicago. His record for the 100 yards is 10 seconds. He announces that he intends competing in the championship meeting of the A. A. U. Sept 14, so Easterners will have a chance to see his wonderful powers.

* * *

The South and California seem to be monopolizing fistic encounters. There is substantial talk of a match between the Brooklyn Strong Boy, Jack Fallon, and the St. Joe Kid for $2,500 a side, the battle to occur in the neighborhood of New Orleans. There is likely to be a meeting.

* * *

The annual championship athletic meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association will occur Sept. 14. Mott Haven will be the scene of the contests, of which there is the usual full list of events.

* * *

That long-talked-of meeting at the Troy Cribb Club between Upham and Bosworth may take place some day. It looks decidedly as it would when such an energetic manager as Steve O'Donnell takes the matter in hand. The Troy Club have delegated him to arrange the match.

* * *

Among the athletes who will compete today in the Cape May Athletic Club games appear such notable names as W. C. Dohm, the Princeton racer, who, however, enters from the New York Athletic Club; J. P. Lee, of Harvard, also an N. Y. A. C. man, and C. H. Sherrill, of Yale. The 100-yard dash will probably go to one of these, Sherrill presumably. All three are also entered in the 220 yards and Downs, the Harvard runner, in the quarter mile. It looks as if some of the men were trying to do too much.

* * *

When Jimmy Carroll and Joe Ellingsworth have fought their little fight at the Southern California Athletic Club, the winner is to fight the winner of the La Blanche-Dempsey battle. Then, so the gossips say, Denny Kelliher is to do battle with the winner of this last mill. If this programme is carried out, Kelliher, certainly, will have no "snap."

* * *

In order to satisfy numerous requests the measurements of Kilrain and Sullivan are given herewith: Kilrain, when in good health, now in training, height 5 feet 10½ inches; weight, 230 pounds; chest, 42 inches; biceps, 16 inches; forearm, 14 inches; waist, 34 inches; thigh, 25 inches; calf, 17 inches.

Sullivan, when in best fighting condition, 5 feet 10¼ inches in height; weight, 196 pounds; chest, 44 inches; biceps, 16¼ inches; calf, 15½ inches; thigh, 27 inches.

All Readers of Wilkie Collins's Thrilling Stories Will Read "Blind Love," His Latest Romance, in the SUNDAY WORLD.

A Chance For the Elements.
[From Judge.]

Father (on a steamer)—I don't know what to do with that boy. He aggravates me terribly. He needs severe chastising, but this is no place to do it.

Mother (equally oppressed)—Take him up on deck, Henry. I heard the captain say there was a spanking breeze on.

Professionals Barred.
[From the New York Weekly.]

Mrs. D'Angler—I see by the *Gentleman's Magazine* that professional fishermen are barred out of the coming fly-casting tournament. What is a professional fisherman, my dear?

Mr. D'Angler—A man who catches fish when he goes fishing.

Did Not Admit of a Doubt.
[From Judge.]

The day before a duel.

"I assure you, sir, that I mean business, sir."

"And I, too, sir."

"There will be at least one corpse, sir."

"I quite agree with you, sir."

"And it won't be mine, sir!"

"Nor mine either, sir!"

He Made an Impression.
[From Judge.]

"Look here, Cora," said old Brown to his daughter, "when Mr. Pomade comes to see you hereafter, you must make him take a seat in the middle of the room."

"Why so, pa?"

"Because he uses oil on his hair and he'll soon have the wall-paper ruined."

Iron for the Blood, Sleep for the Nerves.
Strength for the body, by using CARTER'S IRON PILLS.

TO CLASSIFY THE LEAGUES.

AL SPALDING'S BASEBALL SUGGESTIONS TO PRESIDENT YOUNG.

The National League and American Association to Furnish the Governing Standard—Lesser Organizations to Grade from These—A Plan to Discourage the Present Sales System.

Al Spalding has addressed the following letter to President Young, of the National League:

NEW YORK, July 9, 1889.

N. E. Young, esq., President National League P. B. B. C., Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: During and since my return from our trip around the world I have given considerable thought to the best means of perpetuating and improving the game of baseball, with special reference to the professional side of it, and I desire to lay before you and the League some of the ideas that have suggested themselves to me, with the hope that by agitation and interchange of views some plan may be evolved that will be satisfactory to the clubs, fair and just to the players, and enable the minor league clubs to exist on a basis that will not prove so disastrous and costly to the promoters of baseball in so many minor league cities. My general plan would be something like this:

The National League and American Association to continue as they are now, the governing power in professional baseball. They jointly to make the playing rules and to furnish the system, means and power for carrying out the laws as provided for in a national agreement and articles of qualified admission. All other professional leagues and associations to be divided into, say, four classes, to be known as Classes A, B, C and D.

Class A would probably include such associations as the International League, Western Association, California League and others of about the same grade.

Class B to include associations whose drawing powers would be about 25 per cent. less than Class A.

Class C to include associations whose drawing powers would be about 50 per cent. less than Class A.

Class D to be the lowest, including clubs that cannot afford to pay over $50 or $60 per month salaries.

Continue the present plan of protection to minor leagues with the right to reserve with the following modifications:

Class D clubs to be obligated not to pay salaries aggregating over $600 per month, and no individual player to receive over $60 per month. All players in this class subject to requisition from any club in a higher class upon payment of a bonus of $500.

Class A to pay salaries aggregating not over $2,000 per month, and no individual player to receive over $200 per month. All players in this class subject to requisition only from League and American Association clubs upon the payment of a bonus of $1,500.

The League and American Association to continue their present reserve system. Modify this classification salary limit by making it inoperative on players whose habits are exemplary, and who shall have completed a service of three years in the League or American Association.

To discourage the present sales system in the League and American Association, I would suggest that only one-half of the bonus paid for the release of a player shall go to the club releasing him, one-fourth to the player and one-fourth to the league or association of which the releasing club is a member.

I would recommend a Board of Appeals, sort of a Supreme Court, as it were, to whom could be referred for adjudication and settlement all disputes between associations and between clubs and players, also the interpretation of the playing rules and the constitution of the two leading associations, and all cases coming up under the National agreement, the decision of this court to be final. This court could consist of the President of the League, President of the American Association, and one other gentleman of repute well versed in baseball matters and not connected with any club. It is very evident that the minor leagues require some governing power to force them to live up to a necessary salary limit, and I feel sure that they would favor a plan that would make it obligatory on them to release a player upon receipt of a fair bonus, while now they hesitate about doing it on account of adverse criticism. It would also be a substantial encouragement to minor league players to do their best, with the hope of being advanced into a higher class and increased salary.

I merely offer these ideas as crude suggestions, out of which I think can be evolved a more comprehensive scheme for handling professional baseball in America than the plan we are now working under.

For the purpose of considering this and other schemes that have been or may be suggested, and for the purpose of laying the whole subject properly before the League and American Association at their next annual meetings, I would recommend that a committee be appointed by the League, or the scope of the committee recently appointed to consider the grievances of players be enlarged, with instructions to invite a similar committee of the American Association, and one or more delegates from each of the professional associations now working under the National agreement, to confer with the league committee a few days previous to the regular annual meetings, and consider the whole subject. Out of such a conference I feel sure some plan will be arranged that will more fully meet the requirements of the game, and place professional baseball on a more permanent business basis.

I would suggest that you communicate with the other league clubs and appoint a committee for this purpose. Yours truly,

A. G. SPALDING.

Wilkie Collins's Last and Best Story, "Blind Love," Now Opening in the SUNDAY WORLD.

Useless Appendages.
[From Puck.]

Little Boy—Papa, have frogs tails?

Papa—No, my son; a frog would have no more use for a tail than Harrison has for Quay.

A Juvenile Taste Explained.
[From the New York Weekly.]

Little Boy—Our cook has gone away, and I'm awful glad. Now mamma will have to make the cake, and mamma's cake is always heavy.

Guest—Well, I declare! Do you prefer heavy cake?

Little Boy—Yes'm. You get more chewin' in one piece.

WEAKENING TRUST.

Sugar Certificates Rapidly Declining in Market Value.

This Looks as Though It Had Received a Hard Blow.

The Attorney-General Waiting an Opportunity to Strike Again.

The fight against Trusts is still being pushed, and encouraging results are already noticeable. Not only the Sugar Trust, but the Lead Trust, the Cotton Oil Trust and all the others are beginning to feel the impending danger.

The Sugar Trust made the enormous "profit" of $8,230,000 in the first five months of the year, and that fact led speculators to put their money in Sugar Trust certificates.

Now a great many of them are anxious to sell, but the quotation on them has declined so much since they bought that to sell means a loss of many thousands of dollars.

Whether it was Judge Daniels's adverse decision in the Sugar Trust case, or the refusal of the English bankers to accept sugar as collateral security, the quotations on all Trust certificates (particularly Sugar Trust) have greatly fallen.

No sooner had the market opened yesterday before a wild onslaught was made on the Trusts. There was very little trading done in railroad stocks, the only object of the brokers seeming to be to sell out before the quotation got away down.

Sugar Trust certificates closed Thursday night at 115¼, but yesterday the price had dropped to 109¾, closing at 109.

This is good news to the people who earn their living by honest toil. It looks as though there might soon be an end to the unlawful combination, and consumers of sugar would not be compelled to pay a tax on that article that is nothing short of robbery.

As soon as the courts decide on the appeal from Judge Barrett's decision in the case of the North River Sugar Refining Company, the Attorney-General will immediately bring suits against other firms which form a part of the Trust.

There is a strong rumor that the Straw Board Trust has been broken within the last few days, the price of straw boards having fallen $12 to $15 per ton.

The pool was formed five years ago by the mills in New York, Massachusetts and the West, and the price was steadily increased to $30 per ton.

The paper-box manufacturers offered to compromise the troubles, but their offer was rejected. The Trust then made their combination more iron clad, and closed all the small mills under their control, the owners being paid a certain percentage of the profits from the other concerns.

The price steadily advanced until on July 1 it had reached $45 per ton. About this time the paper box manufacturers held a secret meeting and resolved that as business was dull they would decline to make contracts and pay Trust prices.

The action came to the knowledge of the Trust and a certain manufacturer offered to make a small reduction. Then there was a general panic among the Trust people, and now straw boards can be obtained for from $30 to $33 per ton.

This is but an instance of the fate that will sooner or later overtake all illegal combinations to increase prices beyond all reasonable bounds.

Everybody Who Enjoys Wilkie Collins's Famous Romances Will Eagerly Read "Blind Love," His Last Story, in the SUNDAY WORLD.

Both Black Silk.
[From the Outfitter.]

Mr. Robinsnest has mistaken his wife's hose for his new dress sash, and no one has the courage to tell him of it.

Drawing the Line.
[From Puck.]

Collector—Do you wish to subscribe to the flood-sufferer's fund, Mr. Greatman?

Mr. Greatman (an eminent statesman)—H'm—I don't think there is anything in that for me; most of the voters got drowned; but I'll subscribe to the fund for the striking miners in Indiana.

Wilkie Collins's Last and Best Story, "Blind Love," Now Opening in the SUNDAY WORLD.

At Chicago.

First Race—Purse $600, of which $100 to the second, for maiden two-year-olds; those never having run second in a race of the value of $1,000 allowed 7 lb.; five furlongs.—Bet by Beach, Barthol, W. G. Morris, King Fortune, Sir Bevy, Kire, Morse, Frederick L., Valedictory, Revival and Bob Hickett, 111 lb. each.

Second Race—Purse $600; same conditions and distance as first race.—Flimsad, 111; Miss Mary, Bettie Waddell, Jessica, Sen., Charm Bell, Hester Skelton, Venango, Lottie S., Cameand Veronica, 108 lb. each.

Third Race—Purse $600, of which $100 to the second, for three-year-olds; selling allowances; three-quarters of a mile.—Cassius, 117; Haco, 110; Gov. Ross, 109; Vermont, 109; Kate Milner, 109; Leo Brizel, 102; Cassandra, 102; McKenzie, 102, and May W., 97 lb.

Fourth Race—Purse $600; same conditions and distance as second.—McDowell, 112; Chilhowie, 110; Jakie Toms, 107; Mamie Forso, 107; Angelus, 107; Pan King, 106; Lady Gay, 104; Electricity, 102, and Cora Fisher, 102 lb.

Fifth Race.—Great Western Handicap Sweepstakes, for all ages, at $50 each, half forfeit, $10 if declared, with $1,000 added, the second to have $400 and the third $200 out of the stakes; winning penalties; mile and a half.

	Lb.
Chicago Stable's ch. f. Huntress, 4, by Springbok	115
Chicago Stable's b. m. Kate Ish, 6, by Longfellow	114
F. B. Harper's b. m. Famine, 5, by Jim Johnson	109
Clifton Bell's b. h. Beaconsfield, aged, by Hock Hocking	107
J. R. Thompson's br. h. Dad, aged, by Chillicothe	106
Santa Anita Stable's br. m. Mollie's Last, 6, by Reinhardt	105
W. B. Letcher's ch. c. Tenacity, 4, by Ten Broeck	103
N. Becker's ch. c. Gilford, 5, by Gilroy	103
Whitten Bros.' b. h. Wonderart, 6, by Fellowcraft	100
Maltese Villa Stock Farm's ch. c. Flood Tide, 3, by Flood	97
P. Corrigan's b. c. Stony Montgomery, 4, by Ten Broeck	95
H. B. Durham's ch. c. Elkton, 4, by Eland	93

Sixth Race—Purse $600, of which $100 to the second, for three-year-olds and upward, to carry 3 lb. under the scale, with non-winning allowances; mile and a furlong.—Leman, 111; Lela May, 109; Kemp Dillard, 106; Winona, 104; Bledsoe, 96; Kate Malone, 96, and Brown Princess, 96 lb.

Seventh Race—Purse $600, of which $100 to the second, for three-year-olds and upward; non-winning and maiden allowances; mile heats.—Big Brown Jug, 119; Wild Fanny, 114; Lizzie Ward, 109; Footeral, 109; Longalight, 109, Belle H., 104; Unlucky, 104; Benair, 104; Brandolette, 99, and Lady Hemphill, 94 lb.

A Monarch Who Neither Drinks, Smokes nor Keeps a Harem—See the SUNDAY WORLD.

On a Grave Subject.
[From Texas Siftings.]

Jones—How much did you say your bill was, Mr. Screwemdown?

Undertaker—It is $200.

"It's lucky for you that you were not out in Pennsylvania after the flood."

"How so?"

"Because they hung people out there for robbing the dead."

Everybody Who Enjoys Wilkie Collins's Famous Romances Will Eagerly Read "Blind Love," His Last Story, in the SUNDAY WORLD.

Three Rebellions a Day.

Three rebellions, obstinate, though bloodless, occur in the stomach of the dyspeptic who partakes of food thrice a day. The digestive organ refuses on each occasion to perform the duty assigned to it by nature, and trouble ensues. How discipline, how regulate it? Simply with a wineglassful of the genial invigorant and appetizer, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, before each meal and before retiring. Digestion will, after a course of this pleasant regulator, become easy, and its forerunner, appetite, also improve. Nervousness and insomnia, always induced by chronic dyspepsia, will disappear with the disappearance thus insured, and constipation and biliousness, its usual attendants, also take their leave. Not only will the system acquire strength, but also substance by a more perfect assimilation of the food. Rheumatism, malarial and kidney complaint and neuralgia yield to the Bitters.

THE THEATRES NEXT WEEK.

LIST OF ATTRACTIONS TO BE PRESENTED BY THE MANAGERS.

"The White Elephant" to Make Its First Appearance—Continued Success of "The Burglar"—Comic Opera Still Has a Strong Hold—Sullivan and Kilrain in Wax at the Eden Musee.

Monday night "The White Elephant" will make its initial bow to the public at the Bijou Theatre. Mr. Fowler, the author, has conceived the idea of having a young playwright write a comic opera, the title of which is "The White Elephant." This young man, who is newly wedded, conceals his profession from his wife and her relatives. He takes into his confidence Elder Tottles, and they go into partnership to produce the opera. While at a dress rehearsal the wife and mother-in-law appear and a general scene of confusion occur, but everything is eventually explained and satisfactorily settled. There are, of course, a number of pretty girls in the cast.

Little Gertie Homan has been re-engaged for next season with "The Burglar," which alone speaks for the success which she has achieved in this role. Maurice Barrymore as Burglar Bill is the object of admiration to the fair sex, while Sidney Drew and Minnie Dupree are earning laurels by their excellent work.

Dockstader and his company continue to draw large audiences at his theatre. This week will be presented a burlesque on the Sullivan and Kilrain fight, which includes Dockstader, Marion, Schoolcraft, Maxwell, Mills and the company. The afterpiece, "Steal the Alarm," is one of the greatest hits ever seen on Dockstader's stage.

The comic opera has caught on immensely at Herzberg's West Brighton Casino, Coney Island, where a series of the popular operatic gems are being given. The "Chimes of Normandie" has succeeded the popular "Boccaccio," which has just been brought to a close.

"The Oolah" still retains its hold on the public's fancy, and the Broadway Theatre is crowded nightly with those who admire the funny antics of Francis Wilson, as well as the tuneful melodies which abound in this opera. Nettie Lyford is making quite a hit in Miss Janauschek's part.

Manager Aronson has arranged a series of "Summer night excursions" to the Casino, from Irvington, Hastings, Somerville, the Oranges, Stamford, New Rochelle, and other nearby resorts. Different evenings have been selected by the several visiting parties, and the manager of each excursion will have the privilege of making the selections for the musical programme performed at the roof garden concert after "The Brigands."

There is no doubt but that "Clover" will enjoy an uninterrupted run until September. The pretty opera is meeting with deserved success, and De Wolf Hopper is apparently inexhaustible in his fun-making. As the clown in the third act he is a show in himself.

A rumor that the cyclorama management have decided to dispose of Phillipoteaux's painting and rent the iron frame for a Winter garden has caused many to visit the painting ere the change takes place. The photographs still continues to excite the wonder of the visitors.

A visit to Pain's pyrotechnic display, called "The Last Days of Pompeii," will illustrate to what degree of perfection fireworks can be brought. This really wonderful performance is to be seen at Manhattan Beach any day except Sundays or Mondays.

Sullivan and Kilrain, as they appeared in the ring at Richburg, Miss., during the great fight, will be reproduced in wax at the Eden Musee, art sits being now at work upon the figures. Erdelyi Naczi and his Hungarian Band still delight their host of admiring friends.

"Monte Cristo, Jr.," shows no signs of abating in popularity at Koster & Bial's cool summer resort. Jennie Joyce, who was recently released from matrimony's galling chain, is a prime favorite with the audiences, while Louise Searle, Connie Leslie and the rest of the pretty girls, each have their exclusive set of admirers.

At Monmouth To-Day.

First Race.—Handicap sweepstakes for all ages at $25 each, with $750 added, of which $150 to the second; three-quarters of a mile.

	Lb.		Lb.
Telie Doe	113	Sir Joseph	108
Ben Ali	113	Sam Wood	107
G. W. Cook	113	Salisbury	107
Burch	111	Upstaff	105
Niagara	109	Servia	105

Second Race.—Atlantic Stakes for two-year-olds, at $50 each, $15 forfeit, with $1,500 added, of which $500 to the second; non-winners of $2,000 allowed 5 lb.; maidens allowed 10 lb.; three-quarters of a mile.

	Lb.		Lb.
W. L. Scott's ch. c. Torso, by Algerine	118		
A. Belmont's ch. c. Padishah, by St. Blaise	118		
J. A. and A. H. Morris's br. f. Starlight, by Iroquois	115		
McMahon's & Co.'s ch. c. Kempland, by Milner	113		
D. D. Withers's b. c. Adamant, by Stonehenge	108		
D. D. Withers's b. c. —, by Stonehenge—Eccola	108		
A. Belmont's b. c. Clarence, by St. Blaise	108		
Dwyer Bros.' b. c. Bluebird, by Billet	108		
J. A. and A. H. Morris's br. c. Dr. Helmuth, by Sir Modred	108		
W. O. Scully's ch. f. Marie K., by Enquirer	105		

Third Race.—Midsummer Handicap; a sweepstakes for all ages at $50 each, half forfeit; $10 only if declared by 4 P. M. of the day before the race, with $1,500 added, of which $500 to the second; one mile.

	Lb.		Lb.
Roche & Co.'s b. c. Badge, 4, by Ill-Used	124		
Creole Stable's blk. g. Rebus, aged, by Enquirer	118		
K. Corrigan's b. m. Unite, 5, by Longfellow	116		
D. T. Pulsifer's b. c. Tenny, 4, by Bayou D'Or	114		
G. B. Morris's br. c. King Ban, 4, by Wild Idle	112		
S. S. Brown's ch. c. Defaulter, 4, by Spendthrift	111		
J. R. McCormick's b. c. Autocrat, 4, by Prince Charlie	111		
Dwyer Bros.' b. f. Bella R., 4, by Enquirer	110		
L. Stuart's b. c. Tristan, 4, by Glenelg	108		
D. D. Withers's b. h. Fitzroy, 5, by King Ernest	107		
J. B. Haggin's br. c. Phaniames, 4, by Kyrie Daly	104		
Noce.—Rebus doubtful.			

Fourth Race.—Stockton Stakes, for three-year-olds, at $100 each, half forfeit; $10 if declared by Jan. 1, 1888, $20 if by Jan. 1, 1889, or $50 if by June 25, 1889, with $2,500 added, of which $500 to the second, $250 to the third; winners of two or more stakes for three-year-olds of the value of $2,000 to carry 7 lb. extra, non-winners of such a stake allowed 7 lb.; maidens allowed 12 lb.; mile and a quarter.

	Lb.		Lb.
A. J. Cassatt's b. c. Eric, by Duke of Magenta	118		
D. D. Withers's br. c. Cynosure, by Tom Ochiltree	118		
Dwyer Bros.' b. c. Longstreet, by Longfellow	111		
D. D. Withers's ch. c. Tom Boy, by Tom Ochiltree	111		
A. S. Brown's br. c. Reporter, by Enquirer	111		
D. J. McCarty's ch. c. Sorrento, by Joe Hooker	111		
J. B. Haggin's b. c. Kern, by Ten Broeck	106		
Geo. Hearst's ch. c. Philander, by Wild Idle	106		

Fifth Race.—Handicap sweepstakes for all ages at $25 each, with $1,500 added, of which $250 to the second, $150 to the third; mile and three-fourths.

	Lb.		Lb.
Lelex	115	Jubal	100
Stockton	109	Sidlick	108
Inverwick	109	Barrister	104

Sixth Race.—Purse $750, for three-year-olds and upward; selling allowances; horses entered to be sold for $3,000 to carry full weight; one mile.

	Lb.		Lb.
Endurer	121	Sam Wood	109
Hanburg	118	Sefton	109
Blue Wing	115	Roccoccio	108
Syntax	115	Long Knight	111
Housatonic	112	Kermesse	105
Benedictine	110	Maia	101
Bohemian	110	Irma II	97
G. W. Cook	110	Vivid	92
Umpire	110		

Seventh Race.—Ethelson Welter Handicap Sweepstakes at $25 each, with $750 added, of which $150 to the second; Gentleman riders allowed 7 lb.; three-quarters of a mile.

	Lb.		Lb.
Ben Cloche	140	Ben Harrison	125
Speedwell	125	Huntoon	118
Adolph	130	Hell Air	115
Theodosius	130	Gloster	115
Strideaway	127	Village Maid	115

At Chicago.

First Race—Purse $600, of which $100 to the second, for maiden two-year-olds; those never having run second in a race of the value of $1,000 allowed 7 lb.; five furlongs.—Bet by Beach, Barthol, W. G. Morris, King Fortune, Sir Bevy, Kire, Morse, Frederick L., Valedictory, Revival and Bob Hickett, 111 lb. each.

Second Race—Purse $600; same conditions and distance as first race.—Flimsad, 111; Miss Mary, Bettie Waddell, Jessica, Sen., Charm Bell, Hester Skelton, Venango, Lottie S., Cameand Veronica, 108 lb. each.

Third Race—Purse $600, of which $100 to the second, for three-year-olds; selling allowances; three-quarters of a mile.—Cassius, 117; Haco, 110; Gov. Ross, 109; Vermont, 109; Kate Milner, 109; Leo Brizel, 102; Cassandra, 102; McKenzie, 102, and May W., 97 lb.

Fourth Race—Purse $600; same conditions and distance as second.—McDowell, 112; Chilhowie, 110; Jakie Toms, 107; Mamie Forso, 107; Angelus, 107; Pan King, 106; Lady Gay, 104; Electricity, 102, and Cora Fisher, 102 lb.

Fifth Race.—Great Western Handicap Sweepstakes, for all ages, at $50 each, half forfeit, $10 if declared, with $1,000 added, the second to have $400 and the third $200 out of the stakes; winning penalties; mile and a half.

	Lb.
Chicago Stable's ch. f. Huntress, 4, by Springbok	115
Chicago Stable's b. m. Kate Ish, 6, by Longfellow	114
F. B. Harper's b. m. Famine, 5, by Jim Johnson	109
Clifton Bell's b. h. Beaconsfield, aged, by Hock Hocking	107
J. R. Thompson's br. h. Dad, aged, by Chillicothe	106
Santa Anita Stable's br. m. Mollie's Last, 6, by Reinhardt	105
W. B. Letcher's ch. c. Tenacity, 4, by Ten Broeck	103
N. Becker's ch. c. Gilford, 5, by Gilroy	103
Whitten Bros.' b. h. Wonderart, 6, by Fellowcraft	100
Maltese Villa Stock Farm's ch. c. Flood Tide, 3, by Flood	97
P. Corrigan's b. c. Stony Montgomery, 4, by Ten Broeck	95
H. B. Durham's ch. c. Elkton, 4, by Eland	93

Sixth Race—Purse $600, of which $100 to the second, for three-year-olds and upward, to carry 3 lb. under the scale, with non-winning allowances; mile and a furlong.—Leman, 111; Lela May, 109; Kemp Dillard, 106; Winona, 104; Bledsoe, 96; Kate Malone, 96, and Brown Princess, 96 lb.

Seventh Race—Purse $600, of which $100 to the second, for three-year-olds and upward; non-winning and maiden allowances; mile heats.—Big Brown Jug, 119; Wild Fanny, 114; Lizzie Ward, 109; Footeral, 109; Longalight, 109, Belle H., 104; Unlucky, 104; Benair, 104; Brandolette, 99, and Lady Hemphill, 94 lb.

*A Monarch