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345,468
WORLDS PER DAY.

Unimpeachable Testimony.

MAY 7TH, 1889.

AFTER a thorough examination of the Circulation Books, Press and Mail Room Reports, and Newsdealers' Accounts of the NEW YORK WORLD, also the receipted bills from various Paper Companies which supply the NEW YORK WORLD, as well as the indorsed checks given in payment therefor, we are convinced, and certify, that there were **Printed and Actually Circulated** during the month of March, 1889, a total of TEN MILLION SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY (10,709,520) COMPLETE COPIES OF "THE WORLD."

W. A. CAMP,
Manager of the New York Clearing-House.
D. D. BALDWIN,
President of the American Loan and Trust Co.
THOS. L. JAMES,
President of the Lincoln National Bank.

A SIMPLE PROBLEM:

(1.) 10,709,520 (345,468

AVERAGE NO. OF WORLDS PRINTED DAILY DURING MONTH OF MARCH LAST WAS 345,468

AVERAGE DAILY CIRCULATION DURING JULY, 1889.... 354,861

ALLEN'S DISGRACE.

The downfall of EBEN S. ALLEN, until yesterday the trusted President of the Forty-second Street Railway, is a lamentable event. He was no mushroom financier, who dawned upon the community with meteoric brilliancy, but a man who had won his way from the lowest to the highest rung of the ladder in the corporation with which he was identified. It is sad to think that after so honorable a career he should be tempted to do criminal acts and yield to the temptation.

A remarkable feature in this case is that ALLEN had just returned from Europe when he was arrested for his forgeries. He must have known that detection in his crimes was sure to overtake him soon, and yet when he had an opportunity to at least make an effort to escape the clutches of the law he deliberately returned to this country, where the prison door was yawning for him.

A SOUND DECISION.

The Police Commissioners have refused to grant a pension to the widow of the late Capt. CHARLES MCDONNELL, upon the ground that she is possessed of sufficient real and personal property to support herself comfortably. This decision was eminently just and based upon solid reasoning.

The pension fund for invalid policemen or their surviving dependents was created to provide a means of subsistence for those who would otherwise be without means of support. It is intended as an incentive to a heroic discharge of duty, no matter how perilous the surroundings, by police officers, who are thereby assured that if death or permanent injury befall them provision is made for the maintenance of their families if not possessed of means to that end.

Those who are not in need should not expect or desire to share in the distribution of such a fund.

WHY WE SMILE.

That portion of New York's inhabitants that takes an interest in baseball, and a big portion it is too, indulges in a broad smile of satisfaction, caused by the winning from the Chicago aggregation, under command of the irrepressible ANSON, of three straight games by our own Giants. It is a result far better than was hoped for, therefore the more gratifying.

The aforesaid smile is accompanied by a well-defined giggle, because, while ANSON'S Babes were being so beautifully trounced, the Boston Beaneaters were simultaneously biting the dust at the instance of the Hoosiers, whose habitation is at Indianapolis. Thereby the pennant was brought more conspicuously to the front, where the Giants can hover about it, and by attending strictly to business, seize it.

Ye Giants, cause us to smile some more!

THEY HAVE MADE AMERICA.

Of all the weak and foolish arguments advanced by those who, for selfish purposes, oppose the holding of the World's Fair in New York, the weakest and most foolish one is that there are so many foreigners here as to rob the city of its Americanism. Rubbish! After the magnificent demonstration made by our foreign-born citizens at the recent Centennial, such talk as that is too ridiculous to emanate outside an institution for the feeble-minded.

True, New York numbers among its inhabitants those who have come from all countries, and to the energy, patriotism and thrift of our naturalized citizens much of the commercial, financial and manufacturing pre-eminence of the city is due.

And what would there be to celebrate in 1892 were it not for the coming to our shores of foreigners?

LITTLE PATIENTS.

Many of Them for the Free Doctors to Care For.

But the Corps Is Enlarged and the Work Progresses.

Nell Nelson Pays Another Visit to the Brooklyn Babies.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD	$100.00
Already acknowledged	4,727.47
Baby Jerome	1.00
A Mother	1.00
Broadway Theatre Employees	13.20
G. B. Kinse	.25
Lafayette Avenue Fair	3.85
Mrs. Cohen	2.00
Little Blanche	1.00
Four Harlem Girls	1.00
W. E. Stantin	.25
P. E. Elliott	6.00
Cash	1.00
Louis Frank	2.30
Frankfort House Collection	13.25
A. B. M.	2.00
A. B. Sellew	1.00
Third Avenue Grocer	7.00
Bertha Loewenberg	2.00
Austin Knox	1.00
Mrs. Stevens	.30
Cash	.25
Florence Mayer	1.00
M. B. B.	2.00
Annie C. Golden	1.00
Greenville Spirit	2.50

All the Way From Mississippi.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In last week's *Spirit* was an appeal for the Sick Babies Fund, and the inclosed amount is the result: Eunice Stockwell, $1; Mac Stockwell, $1; a Well-wisher, 50 cents.

GREENVILLE (MISS.) "SPIRIT."

From Harlem Misses.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Four little girls of Harlem send their contribution, $1, to the Sick Babies' Fund.

EMILY HUBBEL,
LEAH WIENER,
JENNIE DAVIS,
LILLIE MACCABE.

A Wife's Collection.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please find inclosed $2 to help you in your noble work. Twenty-five cents is sent by Birdie Campbell, a little girl seven years old; 25 cents from a friend, 25 cents from my sister, 50 cents from my husband and 50 from myself. I hope it may help some poor little sufferer, and may you prosper in your good work, is my sincere wish. Yours truly

M. B. B.

Twenty-five cents is from my mother.

A Little Visitor's Savings.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Miss Bertha Loewenberg, a miss of eight years, on a visit from New Orleans to her grandparents in Brooklyn, became greatly interested in THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Babies' Fund, and in her short stay here has saved $2, which please find inclosed. Wishing you success in your undertaking,

NO NAME.

Adds to a Friend's Gift.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have just received $2 from Miss Hattie Falk, Congers, N. Y., with instructions to send to your Sick Babies' Fund. Kindly accept the same, with $5 added by myself. May your fund swell and be a joy and a blessing to your paper forever. Thank heavens, my baby is well and hearty and trust the others will be so soon.

D. PLUMB, Third avenue grocer.

Collected from Playmates.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I would like to help your fund for the sick babies, and have collected inclosed amount, for which I send you my papa's check. I have collected it among the children in our block and hope that I can send you more soon.

Selma Frank, 25 cents; Fanny Frank, 25; Anna Frank, 25; M. Frank, 25; Millie Stich, 25; Flora Stich, 25; Minna Dobbin, 25; Lillie Rosez, 10; Mike Zadore, 4; Louis Frank, 25.

Yours truly, LOUIS FRANK,
251 East Seventy-second street.

From His Collection-Box.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $6, taken from my collection-box which I have on my cash counter in my restaurant. Hope it will do your sick babies some good and that I can send some more. P. E. ELLIOTT, 185 Bowery.

Send to Dr. Foster, 36 West Thirty-fifth Street.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please find inclosed $1 for the Sick Children's Fund from a mother whose child, so far, has always been well. Please publish in your paper if the clothing is to be sent to same address.

He Put It to Good Use.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The inclosed 25-cent piece has been given to me to use as I think best. I send it to the Sick Babies' Fund. I will send more if I can get it. I am just seven years old. God bless the sick babies, and prosper THE EVENING WORLD. GEORGE BRITTON KINSE.

A Brooklyn Fair.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $3.85, the proceeds of a fair which was held yesterday at 790 Lafayette avenue. We sold ice cream, cake, candy, &c. Many ladies who passed by came in and bought. We opened at 10 o'clock and closed at 12 o'clock. When we counted the money we had $3.85. Hoping this will help to relieve some little boy or girl we remain,

CLARA TIBBALS, LIZZIE ROGERS AND GRACIE ROGERS.

From Annie's Bank.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $1 taken from my bank as my contribution to the Sick Babies' Fund. I hope it will partly relieve somebody's suffering. ANNIE C. GOLDEN,
11 State street.

Collected at Far Rockaway.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find check for $13.25, the result of a collection at the Frankfort House, Far Rockaway. We trust to add considerably to it next Sunday.

From Palmer's Theatre Attaches.

Mr. Edward Siedle, of Palmer's Theatre, has taken an active interest in the work of the free physicians among the sick babies of the poor. He started a collection among the chorus and stage hands and within a short time had collected $13.25, which amount was sent to THE EVENING WORLD office yesterday.

Send to Dr. M. L. Foster, 36 W. 35th Street.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

We have been much interested in the accounts given by Nell Nelson of the sick babies, and would like to add our contribution to those already sent. We have made some articles of clothing for the babies, which we hope will be useful. Will you kindly let us know where to send the things as soon as possible.

LADIES OF THE DARINCOURT HOTEL.
Schooley's Mountain Springs, N. J., Aug. 4.

AMONG THE BROOKLYN BABIES.

Nell Nelson and Dr. Perkins in the Southern District.

Another day in Brooklyn, with Dr. Perkins as a guide.

We only make visits along Columbia and Seabring streets, but in either, health inspector, philanthropist, humanitarian, physician and missionary can find a field of labor well worth experimenting in.

Here, as everywhere, solitary woes are rare, and sickness is made doubly distressing by the pangs of hunger, the privations of ignorance and want and the unjust returns of a labor system that makes the young old, the mature haggard and hopeless.

Contentment, born of indifference, resignation and ruined hopes, is not uncommon, but is not a single home do we meet the luxury of plenty, or the comforting, happy expression that comes from a consciousness of security against hunger and thirst.

The children have old faces, grave voices and no desire to play. In the faces of the parents, most of them young in years, care and anguish are deeply furrowed, and all are sick in body or mind, or both.

The first home we enter is sad enough. Indeed it is a case for the kindest consideration of the Humane Society.

The family is lodged in a flat of three rooms in a tenement on Columbia street. There doesn't seem to be anything in the place but rags. They cover the floor, fill chairs and benches, crowd the table and seem bursting from under the bed. A small child of four years, with fair hair and a skin that would be milk-white if it were washed, is out in the hall standing on a chair pinning to a clothes-line an odd assortment of these rags. He is dressed only in his undergarments. Pillowed in a chair set against the wall is the baby, a poor, puny little thing wasting away with a bowel complaint. There is a third child, only three years of age, with scrofulous and some other hideous malady that has completely reversed the curve of the ribs. Another boy of seven completes the quartet, all that is left of a family of eleven.

The husband has deserted his home, and while we discuss him one of the piping voices informs us that "fadder don't like us."

The eldest boy is without decent clothes, and I offer to furnish capital for a news route, but the mother is up in rebellion instantly and displays a pair of muscular arms and an ability to use them when necessary.

"My child shall never go about the streets peddling news. I've always been able to make a living for the beautiful boys, and it is them as comes about interfering."

"But, madam, don't you see your little boy is in rags, that he needs shoes and stockings and wholesome food?"

"It's not for me to belie his father, and I gives him the best when he chooses to come to us;" but we find relief in a little wound on the runabout's face to bandage. The doctor paints the swollen glands in the three-year-old's neck, writes a prescription for the sobbing babe, gives minute directions about the bathing, feeding and nursing. We send for medicine and milk, and when we leave the unfortunate mother, whose reason is certainly succumbing to the ravages of suffering, misery and distress, is still lashing us with her tongue. A bundle of clothes will be provided for the children, and Dr. Perkins will make a special effort to give the family the medical attention required.

In the adjoining room is a young girl not yet out of her teens, struggling to keep alive a pair of children. She is a pretty, slender thing, with marvellous gray eyes and that delicate almond-brown hair that dealers are so ready to purchase.

She has just moved in, and a matron is helping her to place the bits of household goods. The baby is just getting out of the clutches of measles, and, in the language of the ring, "looks done up."

He has his mother's eyes, an aspiring little nose and a big, round tow head that he hasn't strength enough to keep from lopping over. The other child, "Wallie," is somnambulistic, and after his midnight sparring, which occurs regularly, he is wide awake, feverish, worried, and a hindrance to his own and his family's rest. Something is very wrong with his make-up, for what little flesh there is on the small body is doughy, and the extent to which his young stomach has swollen is alarming.

The doctor writes several prescriptions which we prepay, and with what must seem to the gray-eyed girl-mother a redundancy of advice we go downstairs to see another young wife, a retired jersey-maker, who, pale and anxious, is awaiting the coming of an heir—to what?

She is poorer than the average because troubled. Her husband has no work, her mother, who supports herself by washing, is also distressed, for all her customers are away and there is not a penny in the family purse.

We give the women a dollar, an order for some little clothes, a prescription to cure the mother's cough and when the doctor says he will call again in ten days the younger woman smiles, raises her eyes and, with a sigh in which the record of a none too happy life can be guessed, says, "God has heard us."

We visit a row of brick houses in Seabring, between Hicks and Columbia streets, to which the attention of the health authorities should be directed. The recent rains have washed into the cellar the whole length of the building, and yesterday we found, by actual measurement, fourteen inches of water. The people living on the ground floor are suffering from rheumatism, the air is full of malaria, every flat has at least one sick child, mildew covers everything about the closets and the mosquitoes are devouring the young children.

In one house a dead girl awaits burial. "She had consumption," the sorrowing mother tells us, "but no good came from living here."

Across the way twin boys of thirty months are put under treatment. Jim has boils, a whole string of them running about his head and throat, and Joe is so white and thin that he looks as though he might have a touch of most everything that combines against infantile happiness.

In the lower hall of a Seabring street house Dr. Perkins does some vagrant practice. The first case is Eddie Wallace, a citizen of seven years, who has been fooling with a buzz-saw, and, as it invariably happens, the saw beat. Eddie is a freckle-faced, bright-eyed chap, with a little nose about the shape and color of a brown marble, very white teeth that grow as if they were trying to get astride of one another, and the biggest heart that ever beat a pit-a-pat under a short jacket.

He hasn't very many clothes on, but they are a great many more than he wants to wear, and his pepper-and-salt hat is as full of holes as a colander, and pinked out irregularly about the brim.

The finger is almost divorced and doubtless very painful, for when the doctor begins to unwind the depraved bandage, Eddie tells him to "look out," The moment the lacerated parts come to view he ejaculates "Gosh!" and takes an imaginary bite out of the mate.

The doctor has his case of instruments open, and there is a needleful of black silk, a little jar of balm, some very white bandages and a yard of plaster. Fifteen boys, all intimate friends of Eddie, watch the operation and look mischief, interest and sympathy as it progresses.

The next patient to mount the newel post is Hughie, a smart little fellow with his hair afire and some frightful disease that inflames his skin. A recent swim has left Hughie's nose, neck and arms without any skin; he has a wound in his ear, inflicted by a turbulent little sister; ulcerated sores cover his limbs, and altogether he is in a painfully mottled condition.

We give him some pennies to buy a cream lotion for the sun blister, the three-cornered little ear is washed and oiled, and then the doctor gets a boy's shoulder for a foot-rest, and begins work on the ulcerated legs.

And such a pair of legs! Black doesn't describe the color. But it is not from lack of water, for hasn't he been in the river every day since school closed?

The little understandings are as irregular in cut as a pair of isothermal lines, and though little more than skin and bone they have been fired into, scratched by and bitten by cats and pet rabbits, scarred, bruised, notched, hacked, cut; and, worse than all the attacks combined, levied upon by the ugly swellings that the doctor is painting with a zinc ointment.

Round the ankle, up the calf and over the knee the doctor winds his bandage to take in all the sores that mar the surface of the restless and almost brittle limb.

The third invalid to mount the post is Johnnie, who has a pain under his belt, which he says he got holding the baby, and a very small mouth fringed with very large pimples, which the doctor christens with a name as wide as this column. He prescribes a healing oil, but Johnnie says he has no money, so sufficient is advanced to pay for it. An old woman shakes a greasy finger in his face and warns him not to go bummin' with the mite.

Jack, an overgrown boy of eleven, edges his way through the crowd and up to the doctor, whom he begs to "do something" for his head.

"You bet! what's the matter with your head, old man?"

"Dunno. Something inside that keeps a ringing all the time. Never stops, not at night either." Another prescription is filled out, another mite of money advanced, and we come over to Mulberry street to see tiny Francesco, who, having battled with the measels and whooping cough since June has given up the fight, surrendered and lain down to die.

The doctor says it is a case of malnutrition. The skin is almost black, the body shrivelled till nothing but skin and bones remain and the little hands are more like the claws of a fowl than anything human.

Nature's forces are too far spent to be regained, but the mother's faith is strong and she begs for a tonic—"anything, please, if only for the satisfaction of knowing that I tried to save him."

She is one of those small, slender women, all nerves, intense, untiring and secretive. The rooms are scrupulously neat, and while I doubt the availability of a dollar for medicine and delicacies she cannot be induced to accept a cent from us. The smaller room in the suit is occupied by a shirtmaker, and every week the rent is put away in the bank. "And we are happy, but for the child's illness. NELL NELSON.

Notes of the Work.

The $1 sent by "A. P." has been sent to the youth as directed.

Lulu and Nana's $5 have been divided between Mrs. Daly and the Bohemian family.

The generous donations of "Mrs. W.," of Fifty-fifth street, were thankfully received. Her kind wishes are fully appreciated.

Mrs. M. E. Bryan, of 10 Forsyth street, has taken an active interest in the case of Mrs. Daly.

Juvenile Guardian Excursions.

The New York Juvenile Guardian Society gave yesterday one of its series of ocean air excursions by the Iron Steamboat Company from pier No. 1 North River, to Ocean Beach, Coney Island, to 320 mothers and children. In these excursions the Society provides a bountiful warm dinner.

The Death Rate.

The total number of deaths yesterday was 99; fifty-six of these were children under five years of age. The causes were:

Cholera infantum	16
Diarrhœal diseases	10
Marasmus	3
Whooping cough	4
Pneumonia	2
Diphtheria	6
Other diseases	15

WORLDLINGS.

There are 35,000 more women than men in the city of Philadelphia.

The largest policeman in the United States, with one exception, is Lieut. Malin, who has charge of a precinct in West Philadelphia. He is 6 feet 5 inches in height and carries himself like a veteran.

The "Keeper of the Great Seal" of the United States is George Bartle. He has been in the Government service for forty-three years, having originally been appointed a clerk in the State Department by Daniel Webster.

Senator Gorman has a great fondness for baseball. In his younger days he once played second base for the Washington Nationals.

DIARRHŒA and dysentery are averted during teething by MONELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL. 25 cents.

HANGING IS LESS CRUEL.

DR. OTTO MOSES SAYS EXECUTION BY ELECTRICITY MEANS TORTURE.

After Hearing His Address the National Electric Light Association Petitioned Gov. Hill to Commute the Sentences of Condemned Criminals Until Such Time as the Obnoxious Law May Be Repealed.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., Aug. 7.—The whole of the afternoon session of the National Electric Light Association was devoted to the discussion of killing by electricity. Dr. Otto A. Moses, of New York, and Mr. Wyman, of Boston, addressed the Convention on the subject, the latter reading a paper on the illegality of execution by methods "cruel and unusual."

Dr. Moses, in an address in which close reasoning, voluminous statistics, scientific facts and stirring appeals were mingled, invoked the Association to unite in protest and effort to discountenance this horrible use of a most valued servant as a public executioner. He showed that at the bottom of the philanthropy which enacted the law was a business jealousy that had been fortunately stirred up to the surface by the courts of New York and which they would probably soon settle forever. He demonstrated that instead of being a painless and merciful death, killing by electricity was a most dreadful punishment, one which was fortunately not known to the Spanish Inquisition. He had before him hundreds of letters from nearly all the electric-light stations in the United States. These were replies to inquiries about the accidents which had happened in them from heavy dynamo currents, both continuous and alternating. In nearly all cases where the shock had not proved fatal it was declared that the sensations were terrific. Yet, while most of those persons who were injured soon recovered from the effects, they nearly all unite in declaring the pain of the shock agonizing in the extreme. One most remarkable fact, however, was developed from this voluminous mass of statistics, viz.: That scarcely any two accidents seemed to be accompanied by the same sensations. They varied from such sensations as would be caused by compressing the chest in a vise to being drawn like wire, being hammered to death, "smashed," stuck full of needles, being cut through with a buzz saw, dashed to pieces from a height and being shaken to death.

The conclusions drawn by Dr. Moses from a comparison of these statistics are that there is no certainty whatever in death resulting from heavy currents; that they are invariably accompanied by the most terrible pains, and that in the majority of cases consciousness remains until the human body is separated from the circuit. Dr. Moses concluded by praising Mr. Bourke Cockran for his disinterested efforts in the notorious Kemmler case to prove before the courts the inexpediency and impropriety of substituting execution by electricity for hanging. He then offered a resolution which was adopted calling upon Gov. Hill to use his influence for the repeal of the obnoxious law which now stands the statute book of New York as follows:

Whereas, The law requiring the execution of criminals by electricity, enacted by the General Assembly of the State of New York, was enacted under a misrepresentation of the philanthropic importance or value; and,

Whereas, The National Electric-Light Association regards such a law as unnecessary degradation of the most useful natural agent that science has ever rendered available for the service of man; be it

Resolved, First, that the National Electric-Light Association do hereby respectfully petition the General Assembly of the State of New York to repeal said law at its next session; second, that, in view of the doubtful expediency of said law and the petition for its repeal, the Governor of the State of New York be requested to commute the sentence of all criminals to be executed by electricity to imprisonment for life until the said law is repealed; third, that a copy of this resolution be forwarded at once by the Secretary of the Association to the Governor of the State of New York, or other proper officers, and that the Chairman of the Committee on State and Municipal Legislation supply a copy to each member of the Assembly of the State of New York at its next session, together with copies of such papers as the Committee may have at its disposal viewing the repeal of said law.

Dr. Fell, of Buffalo, lately appointed assistant to Harold P. Brown, of New York, was present, and spoke briefly in favor of execution by electricity. A committee of seven, with Dr. Moses as Chairman, was appointed to present the resolution to Gov. Hill. Dr. Moses requested that E. A. Maher, of Albany, be substituted in his stead, which was done.

MONMOUTH PARK.

Programme for This, the Sixteenth Day of the Meeting.

As will be seen below an excellent programme is announced for the Monmouth Park races today. Both the stake races promise to bring out horses popular with the crowd, and, as there is likely to be a large attendance, the betting will be good and the enthusiasm great.

First Race.—Handicap sweepstakes for horses that have run and not won at Monmouth Park in 1889, at $25 each, with $750 added, of which $150 to the second; one mile.

	lb.		lb.
Telie Doe	112	Blush	98
Hoasatonic	110	Heyday	98
Prose	110	Victrix	95
Charley Dreux	109	Lonely	93
May O	105	Pavanne	90
Leo II	105	Equality	90
Leather Stocking	100		

Second Race.—Purse $750, for two-year-olds; selling allowances; horses entered to be sold for $2,500 to carry full weight; three-quarters of a mile.

	lb.		lb.
Sam Morse	108	King William	104
Insight	105	Heathen	104
J. O. C.	104	Cornelia	91

Third Race.—Orange Stakes, for three-year-olds and upward, at $50 each, $15 forfeit, with $1,000 added, the second to receive $250 out of the stakes; winners in 1889 of two or more stakes, when carrying weight for age or more, or of the Passaic Stakes, to carry 7 lb. extra; horses not having won in 1889 when carrying weight for age or more allowed 7 lb.; non-winners in 1889 allowed 14 lb.; seven furlongs.

	lb.		lb.
J. A. and A. H. Morris's blk. h. Britannic, 5, by Pierna	109		
W. McMahon & Co.'s br. h. Eolian, 6, by Eolus	109		
F. Gebhard's b. g. Volunteer, 5, by Mortemer	115		
McClelland & Co.'s b. h. Bradford, 5, by Glengary, 4	115		
D. D. Withers's b. g. Salisbury, 5, by Stonehenge	108		
S. S. Brown's ch. c. Defaulter, 4, by Spendthrift	108		
Geo. Hearst's ch. f. Question, 4, by Monday	103		
J. B. Haggin's b. f. Prose, 4, by Onondaga	103		
D. T. Pulsifer's ch. f. Cloris, 3, by Prince Charlie	96		

Fourth Race.—Delaware Handicap, a sweepstakes for all ages, at $50 each, half forfeit, $10 if declared, with $1,750 added, of which $500 to the second; mile and a quarter.

	lb.		lb.
McClelland & Co.'s b. c. Badge, 4, by Ill-Used	123		
Davis & Hall's g. h. Ordlamme, 5, by Flood	119		
A. J. Cassatt's ch. c. Taragon, 4, by St. Alfred	118		
W. McMahon & Co.'s br. h. Eolian, 6, by Eolus	115		
D. T. Pulsifer's ch. h. Brother Ban, 5, by King Ban	110		
Geo. Hearst's ch. c. Rhone, 3, by Flood	107		
Aiken Stable's b. h. Richmond, aged, by Virgil	107		
Oakwood Stable's b. m. Connemara, 5, by Stratford	106		
W. McMahon & Co.'s blk. c. Falcon, 4, by Falsetto	106		
D. D. Withers's b. f. Inverwick, 4, by King Ernest	102		
W. C. Dale's ch. c. Passport, 3, by Enquirer	93		

NOTE.—Eolian, Falcon and Passport doubtful.

Fifth Race.—Purse $750, for three-year-olds and upwards; selling allowances; three-quarters of a mile.

	lb.		lb.
Glockner	115	Utility	103
Grenadier	112	Sourire	103
Fred B.	112	Electric	98
Deception	106	Wanderer II	91
Adolph	104		

Sixth Race.—Handicap sweepstakes for all ages, at $30 each, with $1,000 added, of which $250 to the second; mile and a furlong.

	lb.		lb.
Brother Ban	114	Hanburg	100
Prose	110	Blush	98
Niagara	106	Larchmont	97
The Lioness	104	Pavanne	90

Fatally Beaten by the Mob.

PITTSBURG, PA., Aug. 7.—A mob of strikers assaulted a body of foreigners who returned to work at the Carrie Blast Furnace, near this city, this morning and drove them away. One of the men was beaten so badly that he will probably die. A sheriff's posse then interfered, and, in a free fight which followed, Deputy Sheriff Sweeny was probably fatally shot. The strikers were finally driven off.

Twenty Revolting Prisoners Shot.

CITY OF MEXICO, Aug. 7, via Galveston.—The prisoners confined in Fort San Juan de Ulloa at Vera Cruz revolted against the officials. The troops on duty at the fort shot twenty of the prisoners and quelled the uprising.

Pure Blood

Is absolutely necessary in order to have perfect health. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great blood purifier, quickly conquering scrofula, salt rheum, and all other insidious enemies which attack the blood and undermine the health. It also builds up the whole system, cures dyspepsia and sick headache, and overcomes that tired feeling. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

LAST SALE OF SEASON.

The remaining Stock of the

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OUR $2.00 PANTS, now 75c.
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OUR 3.00 PANTS, now $1.20.
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OUR 3.50 SUITS, now 1.50

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All our Men's Straw and Mackinaw Hats, usually sold at 50c., 75c. and $1.00, will be sold at

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Suspenders, 10c. pair.

NOTICE: To accommodate all classes our store will remain open till 10 P. M. to-morrow night, and 11 P. M. Saturday.

LONDON & LIVERPOOL CLOTHING CO.

86 and BOWERY, Corner Hester Street.

THE GREATEST RIVER RACE.

The Famous Up-River Trip of the Steamers R. E. Lee and Natchez.

[From the St. Louis Republican.]

The Fourth of July was the nineteenth anniversary of the finish of the greatest race ever run between steamboats, for on that day, nineteen years ago, the Robert E. Lee, Capt. Cannon, steamed into this port in advance of her rival, the Natchez, Capt. Leathers, they having left New Orleans together on the 30th of June. A full account of the trip is given below, written by Capt. Frank C. Coyton, now pilot of the City of Monroe, who was at the wheel of the Natchez in the race. His brother, now dead, was one of the pilots of the Lee. Capt. Coyton's story, written on the Fourth of July, is as follows:

The steamers Robert E. Lee and Natchez left New Orleans June 30, 1870. The Lee was three and a half minutes in advance of the Natchez, and for the first three hours there was no perceptible difference in their speed, but about this time the Lee suddenly began to widen the space, and when they were seven hours out from port she had distanced the Natchez thirteen minutes, and they were running a fraction more than seven miles an hour. When ten hours out the Natchez gained nine minutes on the Lee, but after this the Lee gained steadily to the end of the race, and when Cairo was reached the Lee was one hour and fourteen minutes in advance of the Natchez, but at Cape Girardeau she was only one hour and four minutes ahead, the Natchez having gained ten minutes in a run of fifty-three miles, and if a local fog had not suddenly sprung up which compelled her to go to the bank for about seven hours, the result might have been very different.

Much has been said and published about this race, and the respective friends of each insisted on their "favorite" being the fastest.

"Well, as this is the anniversary of the race, it having occurred nineteen years ago, an impartial history of this greatest of all tests of speed on the Mississippi River I conceive will not be out of place. There are but few of the officers of those boats now living—not more than can be counted on the fingers of one hand. The captain of the Natchez and one of the pilots, and the two pilots of the Lee are all that are left, I believe. Many amusing incidents occurred, both before and after the race began, one of which is too good to be left out, as it proved true.

Just before the boats left Capt. Leathers and one of his pilots went down to the Lee to see if her hull was greased as reported, and, while viewing her, one of the Lee's firemen recognized Leathers and remarked: "Look at her! look at dat 'eend' of her, for dat is de last you will see of dat 'eend' of her," meaning her bow.

The origin of the race, as I have understood, was this: Great rivalry having existed for many years between the two captains, and both having built what each considered the fastest boat, nothing but a trial of speed between the two would satisfy Capt. Leathers, so he sent Capt. Cannon word to get his boat ready, as he was going to pass her under way. Every preparation possible was made upon the Lee for a genuine race; all surplus weight was removed, spars, fenders, and the doors from a portion of the cabin, as well as the sash from the pilot-house—in fact everything that could be dispensed with which would cause resistance was removed from the boat, even to portions of the "fore and aft" bulkheads in the hull and the splash bulkheads. Nothing was left undone to have the Lee in perfect trim for the contest, while, on the contrary, little or comparatively nothing was done with the Natchez to prepare her for the race, and, to sum it up in a few words, Capt. Leathers and his engineer were too sanguine of winning the race, or, in other words, they overestimated the Natchez and underestimated the capacity of the Lee. Then the Natchez made somewhat of a business trip of it, stopping at the city of Natchez to put off a large number of passengers who came along to witness the race, losing twenty-two minutes at that point. She also landed at Grand Gulf for several passengers and a large quantity of baggage. She lost twenty-five minutes at Vicksburg, thirty-three minutes repairing her supply-pipe at Buckhorn Landing, twenty minutes at Greenville waiting for passengers, and the same time putting off passengers and baggage at Memphis, making two hours and twenty minutes actual loss of time, which would have put the Natchez into Cairo over an hour in advance of the Lee, provided the Lee was doing her best running at the time, but Capt. Cannon said that after being out from New Orleans a few hours he knew he could outrun the Natchez and instructed his engineer not to hurry the Lee, but just keep ahead of the Natchez, which she did till the race was ended. Had it not been for the fog the Natchez would probably have gone into St. Louis very close to the Lee, but as it was all interest in the race was over when the Natchez reached the city.

Both boats made a run the following Fall against time to Natchez and the Lee beat the Natchez more than 16 minutes under adverse circumstances. The public can judge which was the fastest boat.

Force of Habit.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Mrs. J. (who has just removed to a tenth-story flat)—I wish John, that you'd go down and see if the front door is locked.

Mr. J.—I will, if you'll promise not to wake me up at dead of night saying there's a man in the cellar!

A Fearless Journal.

[From the Baltimore Free Press.]

The New York EVENING WORLD is a fearless and outspoken journal. One of the best evidences of its pluck and courage is its continual attacks on Trusts. On July 25 it devoted its entire front page in order to show up the two sides of the Sugar Trust, and by illustration showed two pictures, one the home of the sugar king and the other the habitation of the sugar victim. It is but mildly drawn, but will startle some people, and a realization of these iniquitous combinations. They are growing stronger day by day and want is becoming more general. If a stop is not soon put to these gigantic monopolies want will be staring us in the face, and the wealth of the land and necessaries of life will be entirely out of reach, except we find a way to pay the exorbitant prices asked by these despotic villains. We hope THE EVENING WORLD will keep up its good work, and God-speed the result.

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