THE CHINAMAN NOT A LEPER.

He Is Suffering from Skin Disease, but Was Not a Sunday-School Scholar.

HE MAY PREACH THE GOSPEL IN CHINA.

Professor Thuring Wants to Bring Him to the Great Eastern Empire as a Missionary Expedition—Mrs. Thuring's Account of Ah Tsong Sene's Family and of Sene's Experience.

The physicians at the Kings County Hospital at Flatbush have arrived at the conclusion that they did not have a leper there. Ah Tsong Sene, who at first showed symptoms of that dreaded disease, leprosy, is suffering from no more nor less than a very severe skin affliction of a decidedly loathsome kind. The hospital was visited by many people and newspaper men yesterday desirous of seeing the unfortunate Chinaman. The strictly curious were not allowed the privilege of having their curiosity gratified, but the newspaper men were shown every possible courtesy. Sene seems to be pretty well connected.

A reporter was able yesterday to find two ladies of the Christian Union Chinese Sunday-school, Nos. 543 and 545 Atlantic avenue. It was here, it was said, that Ah Tsong Sene attended school before he went to the hospital at Flatbush. The way the reporter found the ladies is worth telling. He learned there was a religious Chinaman at the laundry No. 309 Adams street, so thither he went. Painted on the window, in big red letters, is the name Chong Lung. When the reporter entered the place Chong Lung was busy making up his accounts, and didn't seem to care to be disturbed. After being asked three times if he went to Sunday-school, he finally answered he did and pulled a book out of a drawer with "Christian Union Sunday-School, 543 and 545 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn," stamped on a fly leaf at the end. By speaking very slowly to Mr. Lung and giving each word its full pronunciation, the reporter was able to make him understand that he wanted the name of his teacher. Lung tapped on the floor with a hammer, which brought up another Chinaman from the basement. The two held a conversation in their own musical tongue and both looked serious. Lung asked the reporter if he were a "millister," and the scribe told him he hadn't got as far as that yet in religion—that he was a reporter. Lung said something to his mate and the two laughed.

Once more the reporter asked Lung for the name of his teacher. Then Lung found a little bunch of keys under a piece of linen and retired to the inner recesses of the establishment. In about a minute he returned with a handful of visiting cards. Some were gentlemen's cards and some ladies'. On one of the latter, written in neat hand, was "Miss Gertrude Thwing, No. 150 St. Mark's avenue, Brooklyn." The reporter knew that this was the residence of Prof. E. P. Thwing, and he also knew that the Thwings were much interested in Christian work among the Chinese in this city.

"Is this," pointing to the name on this particular card, "your teacher?" the reporter asked.

Lung nodded two or three times, and, with the blandest kind of a smile, which made his eyes turn a somersault, answered that it was. At No. 150 St. Mark's avenue the reporter asked to see Miss Thwing, but Mrs. Thwing answered. She made the following statement to the reporter:

"In the first place let me state that the poor fellow never came but once to our school, and then with a friend of his, who was also a Chinaman and a member of the school. That was, I should think, about two and a half years ago and before he had any signs whatever of this skin disease. It is not leprosy—that's all nonsense. Fourteen or fifteen months ago we heard he was not well and we interested ourselves in getting him into the hospital. When I say we, I mean Mrs. Buell, the superintendent of the school, some other ladies and myself. I am the assistant superintendent. First of all, we took him to the Long Island College Hospital, but the doctors there did not seem to know what was the matter with him. One of the doctors gave us a letter to the Commissioners of Charities, and Sene was taken out there, and he has been in that institution ever since. In bodily health he is as well as you or I, probably, but he has spots about him, and they come and go. To show you how little I think he is a leper, I have shaken hands with him often. I have seen him several times since he has been at Flatbush."

"He is a sincere Christian?"

"Since he went there he has become a Christian by reading the Testament and other books of Christian doctrine which have been translated into the Chinese language. The last time I saw him was when the Reverend Mr. Edward S. Wolle, pastor of the Moravian Church on Jay street, near Myrtle avenue, went out to the hospital and baptized him. Mrs. Buell went with us. We had a talk with the doctors there and they said that whatever he was suffering from was not contagious. We are talking of going there again shortly with Mr. Wolle to administer the Holy Communion to him. I have always taught in this school. The school from which it originated was gathered in the Rev. Dr. Cuyler's church some years ago. We have now been about three years on Atlantic Avenue. We have Chinese Sunday-school there every Sunday afternoon and evening, and Monday evening. I feel much interested in those people. I have been in China and seen what they are at home, and they are industrious, quiet and intelligent. I very much wish we could get this unfortunate young man back to his home."

The reporter next saw Mrs. Annie Buell, superintendent of the school, at her residence, No. 33 Fourth avenue. She said:

"I saw this alleged leper for the first time in the Chinese school at the Moravian Church on Jay street. He went there just once to see what it was like, I suppose, and I think he did not come more than once to our school on Atlantic avenue. It is somewhat over a year since he was at the Jay-street school. That school is given up now. He is the happiest Christian man I ever saw. I saw him not long ago, and he didn't show any signs of being a leper. He is a married man and has a child, both in China. When that ministering angel, Mrs. Thwing, went to China, about two years ago, with her son, she took the names and places of residence of the relatives and friends of several of the scholars in our school and visited them in their Chinese homes. She saw this man's wife and child, and Mrs. Thwing told us that his wife was the prettiest little woman she saw in China. I understand Mrs. Thwing is thinking of going to China again soon, and that the Professor will go with her. Is there not some kind heart in this great city who will send $200 to THE WORLD to get this man back to his home and his family? He wants to go and he would teach the Gospel to his people. We have already two Chinese scholars from our schools doing missionary work in their own villages. Our school membership is about sixty and the average attendance is from thirty-six to forty.

Married the Lady Who Fetruled Him.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

ELMIRA, N. Y., Aug. 18.—Elmira has a peculiar case of love and marriage between a school principal and one of her former pupils. Miss Hannah Rhodes was forty-five years old when she approached the matrimonial altar. She had been a teacher in the public schools of this city before her husband, Thomas F. Connelly, was born. He is about twenty-two years old, and when a youngster he not infrequently felt the effects of rigorous punishment at the hands of his present spouse. Mr. Connelly is one of the foremost citizens now in the city, being the most active partner of the whole sale and retail grocery firm of C. E. A. F. Connelly in the city and Binghamton. Miss Rhodes is a lady highly respected.

Rescued from Drowning at Long Branch.

LONG BRANCH, Aug. 18.—While Mrs. A. S. Andrews, who occupies the Berkwith cottage at North Long Branch, was bathing this afternoon near the iron pier she ventured beyond the life lines and was caught in a heavy undertow that swept her out to sea. She struggled hard to regain the shore, but became exhausted and sank twice before assistance reached her. In the mean time Peter Ebbe, a fisherman, had launched a surf boat, and he arrived on the scene just in time to seize Mrs. Andrews as she was sinking for the third time. He lifted her into the boat and brought her safely to shore. Mrs. Andrews is the wife of a prominent merchant of Chicago. At a late hour to-night she was doing well.

SHE THOUGHT HE WAS DYING.

The Very Curious Case of Ex-Gov. Low, of California.

HIS WIFE "GUNNING" FOR A DOCTOR.

She Was Summoned from Baden-Baden by a Cable Announcing that He Had Been Stricken by Paralysis—Nothing but a Bilious Attack After All, but Her Letters, She Thinks, Were Suppressed.

Two passengers on the Teutonic who did not enjoy the first trip of that fast ocean flyer were Mrs. ex-Gov. F. F. Low and her daughter Flora, of California. Mrs. Low's husband was the chief executive of California during a bright period of the State's history and creditably represented his country at Pekin as United States Minister to China. Indeed, only recently, when on a visit to Rome, he was publicly thanked by the Pope for his kindness to Catholics in China. Since the expiration of his term of office Gov. Low has been devoting himself to business pursuits in San Francisco. As President of the Anglo-California Bank, a branch of the Seligmans' here in New York, and as a large owner with Claus Spreckels in sugar properties the ex-Governor of California had amassed a comfortable fortune, but not without expense to his health. So concerned were his family about his health that they succeeded in inducing him to take steps to wind up his affairs in California and join them in Baden-Baden, where Mrs. and Miss Low were passing the Summer with the ultimate intention of passing the rest of their days abroad. Mrs. Low is still a lady of great beauty, her snow-white hair and clear-cut features giving her the appearance of some marchioness of the ancient régime. Her long residence in China and contact with diplomatic circles had given her a taste, if acquired, still no less decided, for life abroad, and she had fully made up her mind that her husband should enjoy the life she enjoyed and no longer be harassed with business cares.

These pleasant plans were rudely shattered in a somewhat extraordinary manner. While contentedly sipping the waters of the famous German bath Mrs. Low received a cable stating that her husband had been stricken down by paralysis and summoning her home immediately. Without delay she hastened to Paris. There she met her family physician, Dr. De Vecchi, an Italian gentleman, who had married Miss Follis, the niece of the late William Flood, the bonanza millionaire. Upon the receipt of other cables and upon consultation with Dr. De Vecchi, Mrs. Low wired Philip Lilienthal, the representative of the Seligmans in San Francisco, to employ two eminent physicians recommended by Dr. De Vecchi, to give the sick man the benefit of their medical skill. Almost immediately back came the news that a certain Dr. Hertzstein was in charge and that the physicians selected refused to consult with him because he was not a regular physician. At first Mrs. Low was given to understand that Dr. Hertzstein had no diploma and she was not much reassured, when she learned that this impression was not correct. He did have a diploma, but it came from a species of mutual benefit society of so-called eclectic physicians, who issue diplomas to each other without requiring any fixed period of study or special fitness for the duties of a practitioner. Still further alarmed by the fact that she had not yet heard from her husband personally, and not knowing whether he was dead or alive, Mrs. Low next cabled Mr. Lilienthal to call at Gov. Low's house and insist upon seeing him in person. In answer to this Mr. Lilienthal cabled that owing to Dr. Herzstein's presence in the sick-room all avenues to the Governor's bedside were closed and that he had failed to see him. Considering the nature of the alleged illness not only Mrs. Low but Dr. De Vecchi thought this state of things extraordinary, and therefore wife, daughter and physician started at once for America in the Teutonic.

Upon their arrival on New York last Thursday a new batch of despatches was awaiting them, most of them from Dr. Herzstein.

"The Governor has been very sick, but now was much better." "No doubt the presence of his wife and daughter will be most beneficial." "I do not wish to inform the Governor he has been attacked by paralysis, but am afraid I will have to do so." "And finally the surprising information was conveyed that "No doubt when Mrs. Low arrived the Governor would be as well as ever."

From other sources Mrs. Low learned that her husband was lying in bed at the Low residence, surrounded by a small army of attendants, including a professional nurse, a massage expert and an electrician.

Mrs. Low paid no attention to these inconsistent bulletins, but proceeded at once to take active measures. Dr. De Vecchi and Mr. Seligman, of the New York Bank, were immediately despatched to the rescue. They accordingly took the early train for San Francisco Friday morning. In the mean time Mrs. Low received a telegram from E. H. Sheldon, Secretary of the Hawaiian Commercial Company, in response to a request of hers that he make a last attempt to see the object of her anxiety. Mr. Sheldon reported that he had succeeded in effecting an entrance to the citadel.

"I have seen the Governor in person," wired Mr. Sheldon. "He is very much better and will be up in a few days. There is really no necessity of your returning home."

Now Mrs. Low was bewildered and enraged more than ever, and her anger was not assuaged by the receipt of a letter from her husband. After some few preliminaries the Governor wrote as follows:

"I have never been seriously ill. My complaint was nothing more than one of my usual bilious attacks, followed by the fever with which you are perfectly familiar. I am very much better and will be about in a few days. I cannot see why you should write and telegraph all my friends about my condition when you have not written to me nor answered any of the telegrams I have sent you. I do not understand it all, but I suppose I will some day."

Upon this showing Mrs. Low and her daughter left for San Francisco Friday afternoon fully determined upon vengeance. She says that she will prosecute Dr. Herzstein to the full extent of the law for tampering with the mails and suppressing her letters to her husband.

Found with His Throat Cut.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

WICHITA, Kan., Aug. 18.—Robert Doran, a leading cattleman of the Southwest, was found dead this morning in a barn on one of his ranches. His throat was cut from ear to ear and a bloody razor lay near him. The prevailing opinion is that he was foully dealt with by some of his cowboys, with whom he had had trouble. He was in the city yesterday at a Republican County Convention working for the nomination of his brother as Treasurer and succeeded after a bitter fight. He left the city in a carriage last night about 9 o'clock, stating that he was going to his "illinois ranch," as it is called. Nothing more is known of him until found dead this morning.

France Will Reconcile Her Sons.

PARIS, Aug. 18.—President Carnot delivered an address at a banquet given to-day to 13,000 Mayors and Communal delegates. He said that the demonstration proved the national solidarity. The French people, though crushed for a time, had shown its power to recover and make its soverign voice heard by removing parties still aiming to undermine the edifice raised by the fathers of the Republic. The nation would soon cast into oblivion all passing discords and combine the forces of the Republic by reconciling all her sons in the name of the common country.

England and the Triple Alliance.

BERLIN, Aug. 18.—The *National Zeitung*, commenting on Emperor William's recent trip to England, says: "The *entente* obtained by his visit to Osborne assures an identity of policy on the part of England and the Triple Alliance, and makes provision for all results of that common policy. It is confidently regarded as settled that the successors of the Salisbury Cabinet will adhere to the new arrangement."

The Alhambra Undamaged.

MADRID, Aug. 18.—The report that the Alhambra had been damaged by the hurricane is denied. The gardens surrounding the palace were inundated by the storm, but the building itself escaped damage.

SHE RAN AWAY WITH A COUSIN.

This Woman Eloped While Her Husband Was in the Inebriate Asylum.

BUT SHE GAVE NOTICE BY LETTER.

Morris Goetchaus Lets His Wife Take in Her First Cousin, William Brower, as a Boarder, and Soon Learns His Mistake—Imprisoned Twice While the Couple Were Enjoying Themselves.

It seems there is another woman who has become tired of living with him whom she vowed to love "for better or worse till death did part." This time it is Sarah Goetchaus, the wife of Morris Goetchaus, of No. 293 Clifton place. A few days ago, it appears, Mr. Goetchaus received a letter from his wayward spouse conveying the information that she was about to wed another, and that her new love was her first cousin. According to the woman's mother-in-law she had her husband first sent to prison and then to the asylum, while she sported with her cousin. Learning that her husband was about to be discharged, Brower and she eloped. A reporter of THE WORLD called at the residence of Mr. Goetchaus yesterday afternoon, but did not find that gentleman at home. His mother, Mrs. Peter Goetchaus, was there and asked the reporter, "Who are you? What do you want? Where do you come from?" before the reporter had time to make known his errand.

"Is it true that Mrs. Goetchaus has written a letter to her husband, telling him that she is about to marry again?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, sir, it is."

"Can you tell me whether Mr. and Mrs. Goetchaus were divorced?"

"They were not."

"Then, why did she send such a letter to him?"

"I don't know, and what's more, I don't care," said the little woman. "She was not much liked around."

"Why did Mrs. Goetchaus leave her home?" asked the scrib.

"She left her home with her first cousin, William Brower, and is living with him somewhere now, but I don't know where. That is the little shrimp she is going to marry. Why she left I don't know. She had a good home and two nice children. I don't remember exactly when she left, but think it was some time last April. She had no trouble with her husband. He drank a little at times, but he always treated his wife and children well. He even treated her well after her cousin, William Brower, came to board with us, and used to take her out nearly every night and keep her out until a late hour. My son only once remonstrated with her.

"Did she take the correction kindly?"

"No, said the old woman. "Shortly before she had been seen with Brower, night after night, promenading up and down the street until nearly midnight. Then he told her that he didn't think it looked very well for a married woman to act in such a manner, especially when she had two nice boys.

"But she never gave public scandal?"

"It wasn't her fault if she didn't," was the answer. "She would frequently go into Brower's room and remain a long time, attending to his toilet as if he were a little boy. Her husband didn't say very much. He wasn't a man who ever said much at any time, but he took it very badly. He began to drink to excess, as he keenly felt the disgrace of the position his wife had placed himself and boys in."

"How old are the boys?"

"The eldest, Peter Goetchaus," said she, "is a young man twenty-two years of age, while his brother George is few years younger, and they are both bright, nice boys, too. He is employed in Meyer's grocery store around the corner and gives me all of his wages every Saturday night regularly."

"Had Mrs. Goetchaus been all you could desire for her conduct since she lived here?"

"She was always lazy and never seemed to care very much for the children, even when they were very young, taking all the responsibility of bringing them up. Mrs. Goetchaus is about fifty years old."

"What caused the departure at last, after so much tolerance on the part of her husband?"

"It was this," said the old woman: "One night, when things had gone quite far enough, Mr. Goetchaus determined to put Brower out and end the scandal. Mrs. Goetchaus took Brower's part, and made her youngest boy, George, go to the rescue of Brower and attack his father. For this she and Brower preferred a charge of assault and battery against my son, Morris, and he was sent to jail for a time. While he was in jail she and Brower carried on in a disgraceful manner. Then once afterwards, I think it was last April, when Mr. Goetchaus had been drinking very hard on account of his trouble, she had him arrested as an habitual drunkard and had him sent to the Inebriate Asylum on Ward's Island. But one of the physicians in charge saw he was satisfied that my son was not an habitual drunkard and said he could leave at any time. The physician further said that he was quite satisfied that his trouble had all emanated from domestic difficulties." said Mrs. Peter Goetchaus. "It was alarming his stay at the asylum that Mrs. Goetchaus took the opportunity to leave home.

"Do you know anything of her whereabouts at present?"

"No, sir; and what's more I don't want to."

During the conversation the eldest son, Peter, came in, but he said he didn't care to add to what had been said, further than that he hoped his mother would never return. Mrs. Goetchaus's maiden name was Sarah Jaques.

Threw Himself Before a Cable Car.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 18.—A. Musser, at one time a well-known and respected citizen of Brunswick, Mo., was arrested yesterday afternoon at the Union Depot charged with the theft of numerous satchels. To-day he escaped the vigilance of two officers and threw himself in front of a passing cable car before they could restrain him and sustained injuries that will prove fatal. Musser was noted in Missouri for a duel fought during war times with Robert Hancock, a rival newspaper editor, at Brunswick, Mo. The former's revolver missed fire, but he stood calmly in his position while his antagonist shot at him three times. Then grasping the cane of one of the seconds, he thrashed Hancock so severely that the onlookers were obliged to interfere. Until a few years ago Musser was a well-known contributor to a newspaper syndicate.

Buried Her Starved Babe in a Soap-Box.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

EAST SAGINAW, Mich., Aug. 18.—A sad case of destitution and suffering came to light yesterday. The Health Officers visited the house of James M. Smith, a paper-hanger, and found Smith dying of consumption with seven children sick in the house with whooping-cough. The mother told them and THE WORLD correspondent that the children had not eaten anything in five days and that her three-months-old baby had died of starvation. When asked what she did with the body she said she buried it in a soap-box in the garden because she had no money to buy a coffin. Smith and three of the children will die. The authorities have taken the family in charge.

They Stole Citizen Train's Fruit.

George Francis Train had his usual Sunday evening performance at Dockstader's Theatre. He informed his audience, which was a large one, that Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales would be dead in six weeks, the latter dying first; and then the lady in the box, who was one of Mr. Train's guests, said said to be a daughter of the Queen, would ascend the throne. Shortly after this it was discovered that a basket of fruit, intended for Mr. Train's next week's subsistence, had been purloined. This caused great excitement and confusion and nearly gave the gentleman a fit of apoplexy and the meeting broke up with a great deal of noise.

May Prove an Elixir of Death.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 18.—Ex-State Senator A. J. Harwi, a prominent hardware jobber of Atchison, Kan., submitted to the Brown-sequard experiment Tuesday evening last. In a few hours he took to his bed and has not left the house since. To-day he was worse; a large lump has appeared on his arm and blood-poisoning is feared. The physician who experimented on Mr. Harwi also experimented on twelve other persons, among them F. M. Baker, C. M. Parker and L. C. Challis. The entire twelve were taken ill with like symptoms and most of them are still in bed.

HIS COUSIN CHRISTOPHER.

SIG. COLOMBANI EXPLAINS WHY HE CLAIMS KIN WITH THE DISCOVERER.

The Connection Is Not Very Clearly Made Out, but What Is Lacking in Detail He Makes Up in Confidence—Supposing Columbus to Have Been a Corsican, the Signor Says, the Thing Is Settled.

What! a descendant of Christopher Columbus? Yes, or at least of one of the discoverer's kinsmen, so it is claimed, and right here in this city. It is true that Columbus "had his day" over four hundred years ago, but there is a man in this city, a respectable merchant, who claims to be a lineal descendant of the family of the famous navigator.

Among the letters received by Mayor Grant Friday in regard to the World's Fair was, as told in yesterday's WORLD, one from a P. P. D. M. Colombani, who offered to lend what assistance he could in arranging for a Corsican display at the great Fair, at the same time claiming a relationship with Christopher Columbus. The letter attracted considerable attention, and it was filed away to receive consideration at an early day.

A WORLD reporter called upon Sig. Colombani at his place of business, No. 1337 Broadway. It is a large confectionery and Sig. Colombani has been proprietor of it for over a year. The Signor is a handsome man, of medium height, and his manners and conversation show him to be a man of culture.

"Yes, I feel safe in claiming relationship with the great explorer," said he. "As you know, the French Government has decided that Christopher Columbus was born in the village of Calvi, on the island of Corsica, and a monument has been erected to his memory in the market place of Calvi. It was the universal opinion that Columbus was a native of Genoa, but that was wrong. When Christopher was a small boy an uncle, a shipping master, living in Genoa, induced the parents of young Columbus to allow the boy to accompany him to Genoa to become a sailor. Columbus ever after made Genoa his home.

"So much for Columbus; now to myself. My full name is Peter Paul Darius Mary Colombani. I was born in Calvi, June 18, 1849. My father's name was Toussaint Colombani, and my mother's maiden name Martine Dary." At this point of the interview Sig. Colombani showed a copy of the register of births of Calvi in which his birth is recorded, with the names of the two witnesses, Barbe Louis and Capifadi Joseph, and signed by the then Mayor, John Francis Ceccaldi.

"I came to this country in 1867," Sig. Colombani resumed, "and went to work with an uncle who owned a confectionery in Richmond, Va. I remained with him three years, and then started for myself. A year ago I came to New York and engaged in my present business.

"Well, you haven't as yet proved your relationship with the great Columbus," ventured the reporter.

"I am coming to that," replied the Signor. "As you know, Columbus is the English for Coombo or Colombano. In Corsica there are very few marriages with foreigners. Families intermarry and property is also kept in the family. It is a very rare thing for a foreigner to come to the island and marry—in fact, tradition would not permit it. There has never been more than one family name Colombano on the island—in fact, the root of the family was at Calvi, and therefore, as I have shown myself to be a member of that family, I think I can justly claim to be a descendant of one of the early members of it."

"Did you ever trace the history of the family in order to secure additional evidence in support of your claim?"

"No, I never did," was the reply. "I never thought of it until the coming celebration was spoken of, and then I put forth my claim."

"In your letter to Mayor Grant you say you have certain ideas to convey to him regarding the Exposition."

"The plan I wanted to lay before His Honor is to get up a Corsican display. The people, costumes and industries of the island are little known outside of Corsica. Corsica could make a fine display of olive oils, wines, figs, raisins and nuts, and the natives who would come over would, with their costumes and patois, prove an interesting feature."

"Do you think that Corsica would enter into the scheme?"

"Of course she would. If I were commissioned by the Mayor to write to the authorities I know they would gladly enter into the plan. Americans can form no idea what a splendid display the Corsicans could make, and I should be glad to be a party to bring about that display."

PERSONAL AND PERTINENT.

John L. Sullivan will have to postpone his fight for the Mayoralty of Boston.

Mrs. E. C. Love, of Brooklyn, has won the gold medal as the best swimmer at Asbury Park.

Henry James is spoken of as "an American novelist" by English critics. Mr. James must feel this deeply.

Senator Hiscock and T. C. Platt are in a chronic state of trying to "get together." They never succeed, however.

It is said in Washington that Hadje Hassein Ghooly Khan will return to this country in October. He will receive a lively welcome from our funny men.

The report that Algernon Charles Swinburne is not well is contradicted. There is nothing the matter with Swinburne, but some of his verse is very sickly.

Capt. Copeland, of the Charles street station, has been longer on the force of the metropolitan police than any of his brother officers. He has been a policeman since 1857.

It is reported in London that John A. Kasson, one of the Samoan Commissioners, is to have the Russian mission. The rumor is not confirmed by the *Mail and Express* of this city.

It is said that Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, has reduced her expenses to fifty per cent. more than her income. She has many successful imitators in this republican country. Result, misery.

Gen. Boulanger received the news of his sentence to imprisonment while dining in London with Lord Delaware. Boulanger was eating grouse when the news was brought to him. He calmly continued his meal, smiled constantly and pretended to be not at all disturbed. But it was noticed that he seemed to have lost his appetite.

Fanny Sewald, who recently died at Dresden at the age of seventy-eight, was the most noted novelist of her sex in Germany. Her father was a Hebrew merchant. She travelled with him a great deal and spent much time on the Baltic coast. At first she wrote fairy tales, but finally devoted herself to novels on political and social motives. She was a fascinating woman and lived a very romantic life, having married a man who deserted her.

Baron Josef Philipporich, "the conqueror of Bosnia," who died recently, was one of the great military geniuses of the age. He became a soldier at eighteen and a general at twenty-three. His defeat of the Bosnian insurgents in the campaign of 1878 was a brilliant performance. He was seventy-one years of age at the time of his death, but he did not look nor act more than fifty. The day before his death he was walking and riding about Prague, seemingly in perfect health. The next morning he was found dead from an apoplectic seizure.

Dinah, King of the Nalons of Senegal, has become a great lion in Paris. Says an observer: "Dinah is coal black, tall, powerfully built, and, from a plastic point of view, superb. He dresses in a grotesque manner, wearing, less the cross on the back, the altar vestments, thickly embroidered in gold, of a Catholic Archbishop, a smoking-cap that almost matches, and white pantaloons with gold stripes on the outer seams." The artists of Paris admire Dinah greatly, but no one has yet dared to ask him to stand as a model. They all sing 'Dinah, won't you come?' under their breath, however.

RACING AT SARATOGA.

To-Day's Programme—The Ballston Party Appeal to the Stewards.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

SARATOGA SPRINGS, Aug. 18.—The weather to-day has been cool and clear, with indications that it will continue so to-morrow. Outside the usual talk about the horses, work done and guessing at the success of the New York Jockey Club in its controversy with the American Jockey Club, the only item of importance is that the owners of Ballston have made an appeal to the Board of Stewards to set aside the action of the judges. The appeal will be heard on Wednesday. The Board includes Capt. Jas. Franklin, the presiding judge; Thos. M. Doswell, E. M. Johnson and ex-Gov. Oden Bowie. The entries for to-morrow (Monday) are as follows:

First Race—Purse $300, of which $50 to the second; for three-year-olds and upward; selling allowances; horses entered to be sold for $1,500 to carry full weight; five furlongs.—Fenelon, 122; Reveller, 117; Duke of Bourbon, 117; Lady Palmer, 110; Nellie Kent, 109; Alice, 109; Redlight, 107; Volsan, 107; Ban Nail, 106; Sunshine, 105; Objection, 104 lb.

Second Race—Purse $300; conditions and distance same as first race.—Boccaccio, 117; Cupid, 114; Hexameter, 111; Deer Lodge, 111; Volatile, 111; Lakeview, 110; The Dude, 110; Holland, 107; Harry Brown, 107; Geo. Corbett, 105; Lew Hememan, 105 lb.

Third Race—Purse $400, of which $50 to the second; for three-year-olds and upward; penalties and allowances; mile and half a furlong.—King Crab, 117; Gold, 109; Duke of the Highlands, 101; Whisatch, 101; Lady Hemphill, 96; Brown Princess, 96; Fonsetta, 92 lb.

Fourth Race—Purse $300, of which $50 to the second, for maiden two-year-olds; colts and geldings to carry 115 lb.; fillies, 112 lb.; with allowances; half a mile.—Hesse, 112; Ben Harrison, 108; Fellowship, 110; Milleton, 110; Major Tom, 110; Milner-Virginia filly, 109; Nannie P., 109; Semaphore, 109; Rainbow, 107; Faustina, 107; Cecil B., 107 lb.

Fifth Race—Purse $300, of which $50 to the second; for three-year-olds and upward beaten at Saratoga and not having won a race since July 20, to carry 7 lb. below the scale; maiden four-year-olds and upward allowed 5 lb.; three-quarters of a mile.—California, 115; Eight to Seven, 113; Geo. Angus, 113; Bohemian, 113; Bonita, 110; Mamie Hay, 110; Blonda, 110; Bertha, 110; Vickino, 110; Ben Harrison, 108; Gipsy Queen, 103; Ivy, 103; Cariton, 101 lb.

Sixth Race—Purse $350, of which $50 to the second; for three-year-olds and upward; selling allowances; selling and claiming allowances; one mile.—Big Brown Jug, 118; Melodrama, 114; Dalesman, 111; Anoy, 111; Bay Ridge, 111; O'Fellon, 110; Lendora, 110; Donald, 108; Roquette, 107; Mirth, 101; Wild Cherry, 100; Red Light, 100; Benedict, 97; and Fonsie, 95 lb.

Pools were sold at the track yesterday afternoon as follows:

First Race.—Field, $25; Fenelon and Lady Pulsiter, $10 each; Sunshine, $7.

Second Race.—Harambourne, $25; Lakeview, $23; Cupid, $15; The Dude and Boccaccio, $10 each; the field, $18.

Third Race.—Brown Princess, $75; King Crab, $38; Duke of the Highlands, $14; Lady Hemphill, $12; the field, $13.

Fourth Race.—Semaphore, $30; Cecil B., $25; Fellowship, $17; Warren and Milnerton, $9; the field, $14.

Fifth Race.—Gipsy Queen, $25; Bertha and Bonita, $15 each; Ben Harrison, $10; the field, $20.

Sixth Race.—Dalesman, $25; Mirth, Melodrama, Red Light, $12 each; Big Brown Jug, $9; Fonsie, $5; the field, $18.

Brighton Entries.

First Race—Purse $500, for two year-olds; selling allowances; five furlongs.—John Atwood, 115; Cortland, 113; Brilliantseen colt, 113; Mischief, 110; Madcap Billy, 106; Emet filly, 104; Bona Fide colt, 103, and Lilly Kenney, 100 lb.

Second Race.—Purse $500, for all ages; six and a half furlongs.

	lb.		lb.
Bellwood	122	Specialty	115
Prospect	122	Steve Stillwell	115
Tom Kerns	122	Moss K.	115
Crosby	122	Bob Forsythe	115
Syntax	122	Prince Edward	115
Freedom	122	Fashionette gelding	115
Wilfred Gay	122	Pelham	115
Trifler	122	Popess	115
Andy Mack	122	Tessie K.	110
Firefly	122	America	110
Wayward	122	Blanche	110
Queen of Hearts	117	Lady Winkle	110

Third Race.—Purse $500, for all ages; selling allowances; seven furlongs.

	lb.		lb.
Mose	117	Sparling	107
Newburg	117	Pomeury Sec	107
Macao	112	Lemon Blossom	102
Utility	108	Little Barefoot	102
Crispan	107	Alan Archer	102

Fourth Race, Great South Bay Handicap, purse $3,000; for all ages; mile and a quarter.

	lb.		lb.
Ten Booker	114	Theora	100
Benedictine	114	M. Wickham	100
Bronzomarte	113	Crackesman	100
Wilfred	111	Ernest	100
Bonanza	110	Glory	92

Fifth Race.—Purse $300 for all ages; beaten allowances; mile and a sixteenth

	lb.		lb.
Mate	114	J. J. O'B.	97
Falsehood	109	Osborne	97
Firefly	107	Gardner	96
Cadet	100	Bordelaise	94
Kingsmate	104	Calera	94
Ernest	99	Brussels	91
Supervisor	99	Iceberg	80
Bill Brien	99		

Sixth Race.—Purse $500, a handicap steeplechase for all ages, over the short course.

	lb.		lb.
Tarquin	152	Killarney	139
Mentmore	152	Tidal Wave	137
Voltigeur	151	Subaltern	134
Zanzibar	150	Wellington	133
Stafford	144	Gladiator	132
Will Davis	141	Jester	130

Pools on these races, excepting the second and sixth, were sold by Bourlier & Co., at the Louisville Turf Exchange, on Saturday night, as follows:

First Race.—Lilly Kinney, $20; John Atwood, $15; Cortland, Mischief and Emet filly, $10 each; Brilliantine colt, Madcap Billy and Bona Fide colt, $5 each.

Third Race.—Utility, $35; Newburg, $15; Lemon Blossom and Little Barefoot, $10 each; Alan Archer, Pommery Sec, Sparling, Macao, Crispan and Mose K., $5 each.

Fourth Race.—Benedictine, $30; Crackesman, $20; Bronzomarte, $18; Glory, $17; Wilfred and Ernest, $13 each; Ten Booker and Theora, $12 each; Bonanza and M. Wickham, $5 each.

Fifth Race.—Ernest, $35; Gardner, $20; Mate, $15; J. J. O'B., Calera and Brussels, $10 each; Iceberg, Falsehood, Firefly, Closter, Kingsmate, Bordelaise and Supervisor, $5 each; Bill Brien and Osborne, $3 each.

Made a Business of Bigamy.

[OFFICIAL TO THE WORLD.]

WINDSOR, Ont., Aug. 18.—Three women in Canada possess certificates showing that they were married to one Charles M. Hunt, formerly of Cleveland, O., and the authorities are now looking for that person with a view to punishing him for bigamy. Hunt left a wife and six children in Ohio thirteen years ago and went to Detroit, where he met and married Miss Jennie Miller. He brought her to Windsor, deserted her, married another woman clandestinely, and left her to go to Dawn Mills, Ont. There he passed himself off as a single man, and won the affections of Miss Sarah Purdy, to whom he was married two years ago. Recently a child was born to the couple, and soon afterwards Hunt disappeared. Miss Purdy's father then looked up Hunt's record, discovered the two deluded women here and heard of the wife in Ohio.

Money, Rum and Murder.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Aug. 18.—The general pay-day in the mines was Saturday, and as a result there were three murders in the region. At Pittston John Tates struck Thomas Snell on the temple, killing him instantly. At the same place Charles Fitzgerald was stabbed twice in the abdomen and died to-night. Edward Welsh has been arrested for the crime. At Plymouth Michael Mindinski stabbed Joe Ledonchchi, inflicting a fatal wound.

Sporting Miscellany.

Johnnie Reagan, the champion welter-weight, will be given a benefit at the Palace Rink, Brooklyn, Monday evening, Aug. 26. There will be a host of leading athletes to entertain the spectators. Reagan is a popular and clever man, and the testimonial is sure to do him credit.

Peter Jackson, the Australian pugilist, and his trainer, J. J. Naughton, arrived from Boston yesterday morning with their spirit Jack Dalton to-night, and departs for Europe with his manager, "Parson" Davies, on the Nevada Tuesday morning.

Billy Leedon, the game and clever middle-weight boxer, which begins his career on the old Olympic gardens in Philadelphia, is in town looking for a match with any man of his weight—158 pounds, or within 10 pounds of it. A match with Happy Jack Lynch seems likely until recently, when Lynch's friends "cut it" on a dispute over the weight. Leedon, who is backed by M. L. Dayman, of 204 East Twenty-fourth street, can furnish $1,000 stakes if necessary.

James Wakely and Charley Johnston, Sullivan's backers, went out driving yesterday and did not appear to be in the least concerned about the prospects of their being taken to Mississippi for "aiding and abetting" the recent fight at Richburg. Jack Barnitt is stopping at the Vanderbilt Hotel. He expects that John L. will arrive here Tuesday night. Sullivan's friends will, in all probability, arrange to have the reception at the Academy, which was postponed on account of his arrest, take place some evening next week.

Round About Town.

The Hudson River Camp Meeting Association closed its two weeks camp meeting at Sing Sing last evening. The meeting was a success in every way.

Jane Fitzpatrick, forty-two years old, of No. 44 Oliver street, yesterday fell from the fire-escape on the second story of the above number and sustained severe internal injuries.

St. Patrick's Mutual Alliance Association enjoyed its annual excursion yesterday. The barges Republic and Caledonia took two thousand of the members up to Eureka Spring Grove on the Hudson.

A circular has been issued by the Charity Organization Society warning the public against making contributions to the "New York Juvenile Guardian Society," "St. Stephen's Mission" or the "Unsectarian Home."

Two pickpockets who gave their names as James Robinson and James O'Brien were arrested last night on an excursion barge opposite Yonkers. The prisoners had in their possession three silver watches, one pocketbook, a child's gold ring and $20 in cash. They were locked up to await trial.

Indigestion

IS not only a distressing complaint, of itself, but, by causing the blood to become depraved and the system enfeebled, is the parent of innumerable maladies. That Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best cure for Indigestion, even when complicated with Liver Complaint, is proved by the following testimony from Mrs. Joseph Lake, of Brockway Centre, Mich.:—

"Liver complaint and indigestion made my life a burden and came near ending my existence. For