

FUNDS COMING IN.

Responses to Mayor Grant's Appeal for the World's Fair \$5,000,000.

This Morning's Subscriptions Not Up to Expectations.

The First Million Dollar Milestone Still to Be Reached.

This is the third day since Mayor Grant issued his earnest appeal to the citizens of New York for the raising within five days of the \$5,000,000 guarantee fund for the World's Fair.

Table listing subscribers and amounts: Drexel, Morgan & Co. \$100,000; C. P. Whitehead 100,000; August Belmont 100,000; J. P. Morgan 100,000; etc.

And there is in prospect as sums pledged, but not formally subscribed, \$280,000.

Secretary George Wilson, of the Finance Committee, sent subscription books to the following exchanges and banks: Associated Importers and Jobbers of China and East India; Associated Importers and Jobbers of China and East India; etc.

Already enough land has been secured by the Committee to answer every purpose of the position were it all in a block instead of being scattered over the city.

The Committee are now actively engaged in securing the knowledge through notaries, together for their purpose, and are meeting with splendid results.

A sub-committee has been appointed to look to the securing of the Bloomingdale Asylum and Cathedral sites, and may report at the meeting of the full Committee to be held next Tuesday.

George William Curtis wrote to Mayor Grant that he cannot understand the Guarantee Fund as long as the Site Committee continues the appropriation of a part of Central Park.

ARE NEW YORKERS THE BUYERS? Washburn's Milling Plant Said to Have Been Sold to a Syndicate.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 25.—The rumors of four mill deals in Minneapolis will not down. The Washburn, Miller and Crosby mills, the largest of New York syndicate has positively secured control of the C. C. Washburn mill plant, now operated by the Washburn-Crosby Company, and that the bulk of the stock will be sold in this country and the balance in England.

The Miller says it derived its information from the representative of the New York syndicate, who returned from the East, and that he stated positively that the deal had been agreed upon, and that papers making the transfer would be signed soon, possession not to be acquired until Sept. 1, 1881, when the lease of the Washburn-Crosby Milling Company will expire.

President Washburn, of the C. C. Washburn Company, admitted this morning that a deal was pending, but said it was not in a shape to be dealt with.

There is still considerable discussion as to whether the deal will be finally interred in Calvary Cemetery.

Miss Kelly was an ardent admirer of Dr. McGlynn, and attended many of his meetings.

Dr. Burtell gave a written certificate yesterday that she was a good Catholic and entitled to Christian burial, but when Undertaker Kelly applied to the Trustees of Calvary Cemetery for a burial permit it was refused and the matter referred to Mr. Preston for his decision.

An EVENING WORLD reporter called at Mr. Preston's residence today and was granted to learn the result of his final decision had been given.

Mr. Preston was engaged, but a member of the household was fully told in your paper yesterday, and to it can add nothing. The case will still undergo investigation and the decision will be rendered in a few days.

Meanwhile the services were being held in the church, when the casket was brought to the church shortly after 9 o'clock.

Four carriages followed the hearse to the entrance to the church, when the casket was lifted out from the hearse and as fast as citizens came to the office's assistance Outlaw knocked them down.

In the excitement the dog bit several of the spectators. The dog, a brassy colored man, looked into the muzzle of a revolver with utter unconcern, and finally started down the street, twisting the policeman's club savagely.

The crowd at his heels alarmed him somewhat and he turned into the auditor's office at the railway building, scattering the clocks like chaff before the wind. The maniac was finally captured.

There are three giants in these days, too. (SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

WILMINGTON, N. C., Oct. 25.—Several citizens were knocked down and some of them were given bitten by an umbrella-mender's dog last Monday while Policeman Grant was treating a crowd of negro girls, who are crazy as he is powerful. Jack Outlaw, the maniac, came here from Darlington, S. C., last Friday and has been loitering around the streets ever since.

He is seven feet two, with legs like telegraph-poles and arms like windmills. When the officer attempted to arrest him the giant twisted his coat from his hands and as fast as citizens came to the officer's assistance Outlaw knocked them down.

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WANTED SINCE HE LOST THAT \$1,000-BILL IN MOLLY GRAY'S HOUSE.

Baltimore and Ohio's Fugitive Cashier Within Byrnes's Reach.

Embezzler Newton Percy Randolph Hatch, cashier of the Baltimore and Ohio Express Company, who stole about \$7,000 in gold cash and fled to Canada nearly two years ago, will soon be on his way back to New York from Chicago.

He was arrested in Chicago last night, having recently come over the border and set himself up as a real estate agent in that city, under the name of G. P. Price.

Hatch is well-known in this city, having been in the employ of the express company which he robbed for eight years, and was familiarly known among his acquaintances on account of his initials as Northern Pacific Railroad Hatch.

Just before his departure for Canada in December, 1877, he figured prominently in a sensational police case, which led to the discovery of his embezzlement.

For some time previous his friends had observed that he was living very extravagantly, far beyond his means, and that he was frequently in the society of fast men.

One evening in December, 1877, he visited a house kept by a woman named Molly Gray, at 115 West Thirty-first street, in company with "Red" Leary and a bunco man named O'Brien.

While drinking wine with a party of women who frequented the house, Hatch ostentatiously displayed a \$1,000 bill, which was afterwards known to be one of the bank notes which he had stolen from the express company.

The women wanted to look at it and Hatch allowed them to take it and pass it around the company.

It went into the hands of first one girl and then another, and Mr. "Red" Leary and his friends examined it curiously.

In the course of its peregrinations the bill mysteriously disappeared.

Hatch went to the Thirtieth street police station in wild excitement and reported his loss, giving the name of P. N. Houston, and saying he was a ruined man if the bill was not found.

A squad of police went to the house and looked for it. All the women were searched, and O'Brien was arrested. Leary disappeared.

The bill was never found, and a few days afterwards Hatch failed to make his appearance at the office of the Company.

It then came out that he was short more than \$5,000 in his accounts, and that he was also the "P. N. Houston" who lost the one thousand-dollar bill at Molly Gray's, and whose name had so mystified the police and the reporter.

Noon afterwards it was learned that he had slipped to Canada and that his wife had followed him.

He was traced to Toronto where he had opened a saloon in the name of P. N. Houston, and there, on Jan. 3, 1878, by Detectives Lanthier and Hickey of Inspector Byrnes's staff.

At all the women were searched, and O'Brien was arrested. Leary disappeared.

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CRYING TREACHERY TO KEEP HIM HOME.

"The Evening World" Opens Another Prize Contest.

It is for the Best Recipe for Keeping a Husband Home Evenings.

The Prize Will Be a Golden Double Eagle.

It is a Free-for-All Contest and the Lists Are Now Open.

Recipe: To keep a husband at home evenings.

Divers unsuspecting authorities aver that husbands are prone to spend their evenings away from the home fireside. They go to the club, the theatre, the lodge. They have "business" to attend to, or they are in politics, and must "see" several people. They—well at any rate there is something, some strong attraction which entices them away from home after dinner.

Wives who are mothers have to amuse the children, and at bedtime they tuck them in their little cots. Wives who are not mothers hope or seek diversion in society, or waste silly tears of happiness over novels that invariably lead their soulful heroines into marriage, and lonesome evenings. For never was there a wife who didn't crave the companionship of the man to whom she had given her heart and surrendered her independence, and in whose behalf she devotes all her womanly effort.

Wives, young wives and wives not so young, recall how devoted Reginald used to be when they were only courting. Reginald used to come up to papa's three times a week and stay so late that he departed on tiptoe, so as not to awaken "the old gentleman," but now he is so lousy that "wifery" hardly sees him.

But there are wives, and one can distinguish them when they meet them, who proudly and lovingly boast that their married lives have been foretastes of heaven. They have been not only helpmates but companions to their husbands, and they invariably declare that it is because they know how to keep John at home evenings.

The evenings are growing longer now, and many months of dreariness is in store for some neglected wives if something is not done.

Therefore, for the benefit of the wife who has lost her recipe, or who never knew how to keep her husband at home, THE EVENING WORLD comes forward with its accustomed thoughtfulness, and offers a prize of a gold double eagle for the best recipe for keeping a husband at home evenings.

The competition is open to all the readers of THE EVENING WORLD. The wife who has used a formula successfully will, of course, have a big advantage over that much-to-be-pitied woman who has lost the art; and the man who has been beguiled into the old notion that his wife is the dearest companion, his home the brightest place on earth—of course he can give points to a bachelor, or to a husband who seeks his pleasure in other haunts, and beat him every time.

But everybody can try for that \$50 gold piece. A wife complaining to the person that her husband abused her was given the Scriptural advice, "Heap coals of fire on his head." To which she replied: "I have tried boiling-hot water, but that did no good."

A good many wives, at least so some husbands say, comfort their home evenings by the hot-water process. Now let us hear of a better method.

Conditions of the Contest. A Gold Double Eagle, "Evening World" prize for the best recipe for keeping a husband at home evenings.

Competitors must address their recipes to "The Editor," giving their name and address, not for publication, where not desired. The recipe must not be more than 200 words long, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

LAWYER WHALEY BANKRUPT. His Wife's Relatives Supposed to Have Caused His Ruin.

Lawyer William Whaley, of 59 Liberty street, who recently attained unobscured notoriety through revelations said to have been made by his wife in her delirium, is again before the public, this time as a bankrupt.

His assignment, filed yesterday, names Richard N. Arnott as the assignee. The value of his estate is unknown at present, but in the deed preference is given Marie W. Chisholm, of Edisto Island, S. C., for \$2,250 for money loaned and ex-judge Fullerton for \$200 for legal services. There is an opinion prevalent that Mr. Whaley was forced to take this course by his wife's family under threat of prosecution.

Fatal Result of Baseball Playing. An autopsy by Deputy Coroner Jenkins on the body of Thomas E. Mandery, seventeen years old, who died at 422 East Fifty-third street, in convulsions, disclosed an abscess of the brain underneath a spot where the lad had been struck by a baseball more than a year ago.

A \$50 Gold Watch for \$1 per week. This place a gold watch within the reach of all. None can see they cannot afford it. \$1 per week making small cash payment and \$1 per week watch is delivered. One per cent. A. G. 100 Broadway, room 14, New York, N. Y.

DIED A MOCK HERO.

Crazed by Dime Novels, an Eighteen-Year-Old Boy Commits Suicide.

Found Dead in Bed, Clutching an Empty Revolver.

A Note to His Employer Acknowledging the Theft of Money.

William Gebhard, a German-American boy, was found dead in bed this morning with a bullet-wound through his right temple.

William was eighteen years old, and worked for a furniture store at 125 Varick street, with whom he boarded.

Mr. Jost and his family occupy rooms over the store. Jost went to wake Gebhard as usual at 6 o'clock this morning.

The boy was lying on his right side, and was under the bed quilt except his right arm, which was outside. The hand clenched a big hollow revolver.

Just rushed to the bed and bent over the lad and found him dead. The bed was soaked with blood, but there was very little on the youth's face.

The gore still trickled from the wound in his head, and the dead boy's night-garments and his body were also crimsoned with it. It was a clear case of suicide.

Mr. Jost and his family ascribe the suicide to an over-indulgence in trashy literature.

Miss Jost said this morning to our EVENING WORLD reporter: "Will, although no relative, seemed almost like a brother to me, but lately I began to think he had been turned from reading story papers. He was always at the desk, and I found such literature in his room and burned them."

Two weeks ago I found a loaded revolver on his bed, and since then he had been very nervous, fearing that something was going to happen."

Mr. Jost then took up the narrative. He said: "I sent him with meat to two customers yesterday, and told him to collect the bills. When he came back he said they would not pay him. In his room this morning though I found a note saying: 'Mr. Jost: 'I have received Potens's money and Feldstein's money. Here I spent to buy a revolver. Here's the balance. When you find it I will be dead.'"

He had \$2.41 in his pocket, so he must have paid about \$3 for the revolver, concluded Mr. Gebhard, a father, who rooms somewhere on the Bowery. He visited his son last evening, and left the boy in good spirits.

HALFORD SAID TO HAVE RESIGNED. But His Humored Successor Denies His Appointment.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.) WASHINGTON, Oct. 25.—The report that Private Secretary Halford has resigned, spread as a leaked-out White House secret, occasions little surprise.

Mr. Halford's health has long been in such a state as to interfere with the performance of his official duties, and besides this it is said by those who claim to know that he was not altogether willing in the first place to accept the position.

Mr. Halford's probable successor, and is said to have already resigned the Northern District Attorneyship in preparation for his new office.

ALEXANDER DENIES IT. BUFFALO, Oct. 25.—Col. D. S. Alexander denies that he has been appointed to succeed Halford.

JACK DELANCY KNOCKED OUT. Jimmy Murphy's Neck Blow Finished Him in the Eleventh Round.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.) SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 25.—Jimmy Murphy, of Australia, knocked out Jack Delancy, of New York, in the eleventh round at the rooms of the Occidental Athletic Club last night.

The fight was for a purse of \$500. Murphy forced the fighting to the end, and drew first blood in the fourth round by a fierce blow on Delancy's upper lip.

The knockout blow was upon the neck.

DEAD IN THE HOLE. Steward Robert Davis's Body Found on Board the City of Paris.

Robert Davis, a pantry steward on board the City of Paris, was found dead at 4.30 o'clock this morning in the steamer's hold.

When last seen Davis was under the influence of liquor.

Otto Hegner's First Night. Little Otto Hegner, the young piano virtuoso, will make his first American appearance to-night at the Metropolitan Opera-House, under the management of Henry E. Abbey and Maurice Grau.

Little Otto Hegner made a great deal of a sensation in London, and New Yorkers will listen to his work with a great deal of curiosity. He will be assisted by an orchestra, under the leadership of Walter Damrosch; by the Mendelssohn Quartet Club of Boston, and by Mrs. L. Fenner-Hincks, soprano.

The Institute Fair. The patronage given by an appreciative public to the American Institute Exhibition shows it itself in the class of people and the numbers which visit the fair at Third avenue, near Sixty-third street. The fact that what is shown has a value to the inquisitive visitor holds the interest of the fair-see for more than one visit, and that the entire range of exhibits is in good order there can be no disappointment to any one. There is much to be seen and there is time during the day and evening to see it, while the admission to all is only a quarter of a dollar.

QUAKERS ROLLED WHITE QUARTS are rapidly and easily cooked, yet without sacrificing any of the flavor or sweetness of the grain.

LOST, OR NOT LOST?

Pretty Eveline Batchelor Has Vanished From Her Mother's Home.

But Acquaintances Declare They Have Seen Her Frequently.

Police Are Puzzled Over This Very Queer Case of Disappearance.

The whereabouts of pretty Eveline Batchelor, of 93 South Second street, Brooklyn, are still unknown to her mother, Mrs. William H. Curtis, though a number of Miss Batchelor's friends say that they have seen her within forty-eight hours.

On the morning of Oct. 9 Eveline kissed her mother affectionately at her own door and set out with a girl friend for the Methodist Church, a few blocks away, to practise for a Sunday-school concert to be given the following Sunday. At the door she exclaimed: "There, I have forgotten to bring my music!" and started back.

Her mother has not seen her since. The police were notified, and Mrs. Curtis has continued in a state of great anxiety.

Eveline's seventeenth birthday was to be celebrated by a party two days after her disappearance, but the invitations were recalled after that young lady's disappearance.

Portrait of the girl when about ten years of age, is that of a bright-eyed, pretty child, and Eveline has always been a bright, good girl. Mrs. Curtis has a large dress-making establishment at her house. Two charming little dress-makers employed there told an EVENING WORLD reporter that Miss Batchelor never aided in the work. They said she always appeared as happy and free as a bird.

Since the publication of the story of the young woman's disappearance, a dozen persons, who knew her have reported that they have seen her.

One young lady says she met and spoke to her at 5 o'clock yesterday in Fulton street, Brooklyn, she was with another and older lady, and made no effort to elude her acquaintances.

The police say that as Miss Batchelor is seventeen years old no officer would molest her unless he was armed with a warrant.

Mrs. Curtis declares that she will "put Eveline back in her place" if she shows any signs of being a disorderly person. The police doubt if this charge can be maintained, and point to the fact that Miss Batchelor never aided in the work. They said she always appeared as happy and free as a bird.

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300 REBELS KILLED.

A Decisive Victory by Capt. Wissmann in Zanzibar.

The Insurgents Made a Brave Stand, but a Vain One.

Only Seven of the German Soldiers Lost in the Battle.