

H. W. GRADY DEAD

Atlanta in Mourning for Its Distinguished Editor and Orator.

Mr. Grady's Fatal Illness Contracted During His Northern Trip.

Life and Achievements of This Gifted Editor of the South.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.) ATLANTA, Ga., Dec. 23.—Henry W. Grady, the editor-orator, who so lately charmed and



HENRY W. GRADY.

won those who heard him in his great effort at the merchants' banquet, Boston, in death.

He passed away at 2.40 this morning. On his return to this city from his Northern trip last week he was met at the railroad station by thousands of people who had assembled to give him greeting; but he went from the Pullman coach on the arm of his physician, too ill to respond to the congratulations of his friends.

The scenes at his home during his last hours were most pathetic. It was shortly after 1 o'clock that Dr. Everett announced that Mr. Grady was sleeping rapidly, and that the end was near.

Then it was that all the members of the family and relatives gathered about the sick-bed, hoping against hope, yet praying that the cup would pass from them.

Friends who had, at the doctor's suggestion, left the house a few hours before were hastily summoned again.

On Saturday it was known that Mr. Grady was very ill, but it was not until yesterday morning that the people in general began to realize that his illness might prove fatal.

All day long friends of the family called at the home from time to time to inquire anxiously after the sick man's condition.

Among the very many who came, Dr. Willis Westmoreland, sr., a life-long friend of Mr. Grady, was one of the earliest, and he and Dr. Orme talked long over the patient's condition.

It was deep snow all over the city when it was learned that there was little hope of Mr. Grady's recovery, for this sad fact was made known as the day advanced.

As the news spread the brightness of the day seemed to be shut out as if by a pall, and in the peacefulness of Sunday Atlanta seemed in truth a city of mourning.

Let me now attempt to give you a sketch of the life of the man who has just passed away. He was born at Athens, Ga., in 1851. His father was a colonel in the Confederate army, and he lost his life in the battle of Gettysburg, only fourteen years old. Young Grady was educated at the University of Georgia, in his native city, where he graduated at the head of his class, and his studies were afterwards continued at the University of Virginia.

From the first Mr. Grady was strongly attracted to journalism, and on leaving college, a lad of nineteen, he started a daily paper on his own account at Home, Ga. The town was then both small and poor, and the boy editor could not but fail in his impetuous task. No one discouraged him, however, and he persevered until he had accumulated a small capital, and then he moved to Atlanta in search of a wider field. Here he issued the Atlanta Herald, in opposition to the Constitution, the established Journal of the Georgia metropolitan body, and in a few weeks this came near proving a success. Its enterprise and brilliancy were acclaimed on all hands, and the Constitution was forced to press by its competition. But there was a fatal flaw in the plan, and the paper was abandoned, and the boy editor returned to his parents, and his literary merit could not avert an annual failure.

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LA GRIPPE SPREADS.

More Sufferers from the Saisard Reported in New York.

Several Deaths Among the Afflicted in Paris.

A Chicago Hotel Staff Injested by a New York Drummer.

Supposed victims of "La Grippe" are everywhere to be seen today. Although a great many of the patients are only afflicted with bad colds, there are, no doubt, a great many cases of Russian influenza in the city.

Dr. Sweeney, of 147 Greenwich street, reports a case entering from the mainland, and seven other members of the family have shown symptoms of it.

From across the ocean came alarming reports of the spread of the malady. At the present time, it is said, there cannot be less than 500,000 cases in Europe, and from Paris comes the news that Dr. Demachino, one of the leading physicians of that capital, has died from the effects of influenza and weakness of the heart.

This makes the fifth fatal case since the outbreak of the disease. There have been one death at the Polytechnic School and three at the St. Cyr Academy.

It is also reported that President and Minister General, Ministers Tirard, Spuller, Freycinet, Faye and Bouvier are among the afflicted.

The theatrical profession has not been overlooked. Many of the members of the company are in the physicians' care, and Laika Ross' theatre is closed.

Among other well-known people who have the malady are Count von Tuffe, the Austrian Prime Minister; Archduke Wilhelm of Austria; and Princess Stephanie, wife of the late Emperor of Russia. The Queen of Sweden is also suffering, it is said.

It is estimated that there are 40,000 cases in Russia, 10,000 in Antwerp, 30,000 in Madrid and 75,000 in Paris.

The worst cases are those with which force that they were thrown back on their haunches and the shaft broken. Jerry was in the hands of the police, and he was taken to the hospital.

Dr. Joseph Sweeney, of the hospital, put on great bandages, and hopes to save the poor fellow's life.

Jerry is very much depressed to-day, but never. He is a handsome, big, coal-black fellow, weighing 100 pounds. On that awful Monday night, the first of the blizzard of 1888, Jerry alone drew his team to a fire in York street, a mile and a half away, keeping up with his engine and passing several times over the same ground.

When the sparks of the engine got so far ahead as to be out of his view he would stop, and after a few minutes he would catch up again.

Smith made his first appearance in the prize ring in 1882, when he won a boxing competition open to 140-pound pugilists in London. During the same year he had a bare-knuckle fight with Bob Preston near London, winning in eight rounds.

Those who were to witness the fray were the open boxing competition at the Blue Anchor, Shorehitch, for middle-weights, defeating Bob Preston, Bill Brand and Arthur Cooper. The same year he beat Bill Davis with bare knuckles, near London, for 600, time of 1 1/2 hours; Henry Arnold, near London, with gloves, for 450, fourteen rounds; and a draw with Ed Sidmore, a 234-pound man, at Barket, three rounds with gloves.

On Dec. 17, 1884, Smith defeated Wolf Redford in a hard-fought fight to a finish for 100, and won in twelve rounds. In the fight Smith broke his left arm in the third round.

In 1885, in the heavy-weight glove competition, open to all comers, at the Blue Anchor, Shorehitch, Smith defeated Sugar Godson, Wagon and Longor, the last named in the final, winning the competition.

On Dec. 10, 1885, at Godstone, England, for 200, he won the championship of England, he beat Jack Davis with bare knuckles in four rounds, lasting fifteen minutes.

The fight for the championship of England, and 200, which took place at Maison Laffite, near Paris, France, on Feb. 13, 1886, between Smith and Alf Greenfield, of Birmingham, was declared a draw by Judge Meade, the referee, although in the thirteenth round, when Greenfield's partisan broke into the ring and stopped the fight, Smith had decidedly the best of it.

Soon afterwards Smith was matched to fight Jack Knifton, "the 81-tonner," as he is called. The men met three times, once near Paris, the second time near London, and the third time in London. On the first occasion Knifton refused to fight because Smith's friends predominated, and at the other two meetings the police broke up the fight.

Frank P. Slavin, the Australian, began life as a blacksmith's apprentice, but took to business for the more adventurous one of a brawler, and then finding slow work and little profit in the latter, he turned to boxing. He settled in Queensland in 1883, and during his residence there knocked out Martin Power in thirteen minutes, for 150; Tom Burke in four rounds, for 200 and the Queensland championship; Shanahan, of Gympie, in two rounds, for 210 a side and Michael W. Barr of Ipswich, in ten seconds, and Prof. Hubbs, of Brisbane, in a round and a half.

He then challenged any man for from 200 to 400 a side, and was a first-class boxer for a year and a half, and he was a first-class boxer for a year and a half, and he was a first-class boxer for a year and a half.

Three more rounds were fought, still with Slavin as the underdog, to stop Slavin in six rounds, for 400, but failed.

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JERRY BADLY HURT.

A Famous Fire Department Horse Meets With an Accident.

Gashed by the Polo of a Fire Patrol Wagon.

His Marvellous Strength and Courage Shown in the Great Blizzards of '83.

Jerry, Jack and Jim loved each other like brothers. They were known by those who saw them together for these many years as "The Three Jays." Now Jerry is very ill with a terribly ripped and lacerated breast, and Jack and Jim are thoughtful—and it is no stretch of the imagination to say it—they are sad.

These three friends are only horses, but they are noble fellows with almost human intelligence. They have ambition like that of man, each in his sphere.

Jerry has been a member of the New York Fire Department for thirteen years. He joined Truck 7 when he was but four years old, and after five years' service with that company he was transferred to Engine 33, in Great Jones street, where he has achieved great fame for his pluck, strength and ambition. Jack and Jim are the engine horses.

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EXTRA A DRAW.

Roughs Stop the Smith-Slavin Prize-Fight This Morning.

Slavin Reported as Badly Used Up by the Angry Mob.

The English Champion had the Worst of It, when His Keelers Interfered.

An Early Rumor Had It That Slavin Was Shot.

The Crowd Broke into the Ring in the Eleventh and Fourteenth Rounds.

And in the Latter, Referee Joe Vesey Called the Fight a Draw.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE TO THE EVENING WORLD.) BOSTON, Dec. 23.—The Smith-Slavin fight occurred on private grounds three miles from this place this morning, and ended in a free fight and what the referee called a draw, though Slavin

had the best of Smith all the way through, knocking the Englishman about as he pleased.

The fight was for \$2,500 a side and the championship of England.

Both principals were near the chosen round and ready for the fray last night.

Those who were to witness the fray were also waiting about the vicinity, and among these was a contingent of very tough-looking "sporting gent."

Even then it was rumored that blackguard tactics were to be resorted to in case the heavily-laden Englishman seemed to be getting the worst of the fight, and it is believed that the matter of a referee, which had been the cause of much dispute and wrangling, had finally been settled, not to everybody's satisfaction, by the choice of Joe Vesey, a tavern-keeper.

The men entered the ring at 9.17. Slavin's appearance then amply justified the declarations of his friends as to his condition and could but excite the admiration, while it quickened the uneasiness of the friends and backers of the English fighter, Smith.

The Australian went right into the fighting and knocked Smith down time after time with little apparent effort.

By the time the affair had progressed to the eleventh round the roughs at the ring-side saw their man fearfully punished and sure to lose.

They broke into the ring and tried to take Smith away.

Slavin immediately claimed the fight on a foul.

This claim the referee refused to allow and ordered the men to proceed, which they did after the crowd had been driven out of the ring and the ropes replaced.

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