

PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1890.

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EXTRA HOWERSON.

A 20 to 1 Chance Won the First Race by Ten Lengths. VAN MADE A RUNAWAY OF IT. Sam D. and Glenmound Spoiled Sure Things in the Third and Fourth.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.) CLIFTON RACE TRACK, Feb. 10.—When it began to cloud up this morning it looked as though Clifton was in for a bad day, especially as there was a slight flurry of snow. Before the first starts arrived, however, the sun was shining brightly, and when the horses went to the post for the first race the usual large crowd was present.

The track, considering all the rain that fell during the past few days, was in very good condition, it being heavy but not deep. The racing began at 11:30 a. m. with Howerson, a 20 to 1 chance, winning in a big gallop.

He, the good thing and favorite, wasn't in the hunt. Van was a 6 to 5 favorite, and he made a regular runaway race of it, winning in a canter by half a dozen lengths.

Starter Caldwell and Costello for pulling up on Jugger after the flag fell. Peter Walden has refused to apologize to the Caldwell for mistaking him on Friday, and he has been ordered by the Association to take his horses off the track.

FIRST RACE. Purse \$300; selling allowance: six furlongs. Howerson, White, Jacobus, straight, 10 to 1. Van, 6 to 5. Sam D., 10 to 1. Glenmound, 10 to 1.

SECOND RACE. Purse \$300; for all ages; to carry 110 lbs.; mile and a sixteenth. Van, 10 to 1. Sam D., 10 to 1. Glenmound, 10 to 1.

THIRD RACE. Purse \$300; for all ages; selling allowance: one mile. Van, 10 to 1. Sam D., 10 to 1. Glenmound, 10 to 1.

AT GUTTENBURG TO-MORROW. (SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.) HUDSON COUNTY DRIVING PARK, Feb. 10.—Here are the entries for Tuesday, Feb. 11: First Race—Six furlongs—Foster, Sam D., 10 to 1. Van, 10 to 1. Glenmound, 10 to 1.

THE WING SHOTS' LAST DAY.

Dr. Knapp and Mr. Macalester at Their Last 200 Birds.

The Philadelphia's Victory Over the Union Club Man Complete.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.) BAYLON DEPOT, L. I., Feb. 10.—The crack wing shot, Charles Macalester, of Philadelphia, and Dr. Lee Knapp, of the Union Club, had an opportunity to show their marksmanship in a driving snow-storm to-day, and Mr. Macalester did not start in as well as his friends expected he would.

It was cold on the grounds of the Westminster Kennel Club—cold enough in fact to kill the marksmen to their very marrow.

On the whole, there was an air of bleakness about the scene, and the fifty sportsmen who journeyed into the country to see the finish of probably the greatest pigeon-shooting match ever heard of between amateurs in this country stopped indoors most of the time.

Saturday's score settled the match properly, and Mr. Macalester won \$15,000 of the \$16,000 stakes before he began shooting to-day.

At the train the betting was spirited, and before the sportsmen had reached the club-house not less than \$10,000 had been wagered.

Mr. Macalester was first choice in the private books, and to wear the prevailing odds before the "race" began. The skirmishing brigade was on hand in full force, and the pigeons which escaped from the marksmen's shots were fired upon by the outsiders.

HAD A MANIA FOR SUICIDE.

This the Only Explanation of Young Abbott's Terrible Deed.

Shot Himself While His Relatives Awaited Him at Table.

Black creps filtered from the door-bell of the old-fashioned brown-stone mansion at 61 West Thirty-sixth street this morning. The house is owned and occupied by Samuel B. Van Dusen, one of the wealthiest and most widely known metal importers in the country. His place of business is at 29 Cliff street, and the firm name is Dickerson, Van Dusen & Co.

Last Saturday Mr. Van Dusen's seventeen-year-old grandson, Samuel Van Dusen Abbott, committed suicide under circumstances of the most inexplicable character.

He was the oldest of six children. His father, Samuel Abbott, married Mr. Van Dusen's daughter, in this city, nearly twenty-three years ago. The suicide was born in this city.

Mr. Van Dusen took his son-in-law into his business, and a few years later he became a member of the firm, and was sent to Liverpool, England, to represent the company there.

Mr. Van Dusen visited Mr. Abbott and his family last summer, and when he returned here young Abbott accompanied him. They were free of all vices, his friends say; he never drank, smoked, or used profane language, and never resented Catholicism, a dogmatic, to his room door was closed. She knocked several times, but receiving no reply tried to force her way in.

Mr. Abbott was lying face downward on the floor. The girl thought he had fallen in a fit and sped downstairs to tell his relatives. They rushed up, and found the young man lying on the floor. He was dead.

Reaching the prostrate boy, they found he could not be revived, and called for the right ear. A big, brand-new revolver was clutched in his right hand, which was partially under his body. He lay in a pool of blood, and it looked as though he had shot himself while standing, looking in the glass.

TO MEET YALE

The Atalanta Eight Will Race the College Champions in May.

A SURPRISE TO OARSMEN.

The Exciting Contest Will Take Place on Lake Saltonstall.

Yale will row the Atalantas. Both Capt. Allen and Capt. Van Rensselaer say so. Capt. Allen commands the Yale University eight-oared crew, and Capt. Van Rensselaer the navy of the Atalanta Boat Club.

The race will take place in May on Lake Saltonstall, near New Haven. The distance will be one mile, a mile-and-a-half or two miles.

Yale will go to the starting line with the same crew with which she is to row the Harvard eight in the great annual race between the two universities.

The news that a race between these two famous crews is assured will create intense enthusiasm in rowing circles in this part of the country. Such a race has been talked of for years.

Every Spring the subject has been discussed, but never before have both crews been willing to measure cars with each other.

Capt. Allen is the first Yale captain who has been willing to meet the Pacific R. V. crew for nearly twenty years. Therefore a sentiment has grown up in aquatic circles in Yale that it is a disgrace to measure boats with the Atalantas.

LELAND'S SAY.

Closely Cross-Examined as to His Dealings with Claassen.

HOW HE GOT BACK HIS STOCK.

The announcement by President Conrad N. Jordan that the Lenox Hill Bank would open for business to-day, and that all depositors would be paid in full should they desire it, brought out a big crowd this morning at the corner of Seventy-second street and Third avenue.

The doors of the bank were opened at 10 o'clock precisely, and at that hour there were over a hundred depositors on hand. W. H. Mellins, who assisted Examiner Corvill in investigating the affairs of the bank and has been appointed cashier in the place of Mr. Van Zandt by Mr. Jordan, was in charge.

The assembled depositors at once made a rush for the paying teller's desk, and a line was formed in the street which stretched away out into the street and some of the late-comers had to stand for a half an hour in the driving snow, before they could even get inside the storm doors at the Third avenue entrance.

The piles of bills and specie that were stacked up in the paying teller's desk were so high that the eyes of the hungry depositors. Payments were made as rapidly as possible, and as fast as the greenbacks disappeared, fresh supplies were brought out from the safe and the line was kept moving.

President Charles H. Leland, of the Sixth National Bank, resumed the witness stand in the examination of Peter J. Claassen, before United States Commissioner Shields this afternoon.

Leland said, "I was called to the witness stand in the examination of Peter J. Claassen, before United States Commissioner Shields this afternoon. I was called to the witness stand in the examination of Peter J. Claassen, before United States Commissioner Shields this afternoon.

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ALICE ROBERTS'S HISTORY.

The Dead Actress Was a Boston Engineer's Daughter.



(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.) BOSTON, Feb. 10.—Alice Roberts, the actress who was asphyxiated in the upper part of 224 Sixth avenue, New York, early Sunday morning, was the daughter of Haskell Roberts, Chief Engineer at the Custom-House in this city.

She was born in Chelsea, Jan. 14, 1865, and for several years has been well known in musical circles as a concert singer and teacher of vocal culture in Chelsea and vicinity.

Two years ago she appeared in "Pinafore" at the Boston Theatre, and last winter she was a member of the Jesse Conover Company.

She played in several musical burlesques, including "Black and Tan" and "The Crystal Slinger," in all of which she was very successful.

At the close of her first engagement she was secured by Manager Thomas, and for a few weeks sang the leading roles in "Don Juan" and "Cinderella."

Shortly before Thanksgiving, through a business disagreement with her manager, she left the company, and was immediately engaged for the season at Koster & Bial's Concert Hall, New York.

EXTRA MURDERED!

Art Dealer Trenor the Victim of Midnight Desperadoes.

STRUCK DOWN IN 48TH STREET

Capt. Reilly's Detectives Without Clue to the Murderers.

James DeWolf Trenor, an expert in art matters long employed in Schenck's art gallery on Fifth avenue, died this morning at his boarding-house, 41 East Nineteenth street, from a skull fracture received in a fight with thieves somewhere in Forty-eighth street, probably near Fourth avenue.

He died calling upon Inspector Byrnes to avenge him. The police are greatly agitated over the matter, and a most searching investigation is now on foot.

Trenor was forty years old. Ordinarily he was temperate, but in spells he drank to excess. Such a spell was on for the past week. Last night he did not come home.

At 1:30 this morning he rang up his landlady. When she opened the door on the step he lay in blood. He was drunk. Trenor attempted to stagger upstairs, telling the landlady that he would be all right in the morning.

She helped him up and sent for Dr. Geo. V. Foster, who lives in the Florence flats. The doctor found a cut fully four inches long extending across the scalp on top of Trenor's head down over the right eye. Under it the skull was slightly crushed.

Dr. Foster sewed up the wound and tried to learn how he had received it. The edges of the cut were clean. It was not caused by a fall, but by a tremendous blow.

Trenor's intellect was dulled by beer and the blow, but the doctor managed to learn that while walking quietly in Forty-eighth street he had been attacked by thieves. He resisted their attempt to rob him, and—