

YOU'LL MISS SOMETHING RICH IF YOU DON'T READ *BILL DYE'S CHAPTER* OF THE GREAT COMPOSITE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD TO-DAY.

AN AVALANCHE! 410,390 "WANTS" PRINTED SINCE JAN. 1, '90.

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POINTERS ON THE RACES.

Tipsters' Opinions on the Winning Horses To-Day.

Programme of the Several Events to Be Run Off.

The following are the horses that different tipsters think should win on their merits at Guttenberg and Brighton:

Referee, in the Sporting World, makes these selections: BRIGHTON. First Race—Hemet, Emeli filly.

From Other Morning Papers. AT BRIGHTON. First Race—Sam Love, 1; Hemet, 2.

AT GUTTENBERG. First Race—Lord Faulstich, 1; Alva, 2.

INOCULATED FOR SKUNK BITE.

A Ranchman Who Lost an Ear Treated as for Hydrophobia.

Twenty-Four Patients Now Taking the Virus at Dr. Gibber's.

Interest at the Pasteur Institute is now centered in the case of the Arizona ranchman who is being inoculated by Dr. Gibber for prevention of hydrophobia from wounds inflicted by the teeth of a skunk.

The patient is said to be John Bishop, of Tombstone, Ari. To-day his epidemics was punctured for the second time, and once a day for the next thirteen days the skunk bitten Western will have several drops of the alleged rabies-preventing virus injected into his system.

He was bitten while lying asleep in front of his cabin. He was awakened by the animal chincing at his right ear.

It was a vicious animal and gave battle. The ranchman's left hand was caught as if by a vice and badly mangled.

The skunk was driven away, and then it was a ranchman who discovered the cool-skinned piece of his auricular organ had been torn away.

He was very much alarmed, and fearing a horrible death from hydrophobia, hastened Eastward for treatment by Dr. Gibber.

He stated to Dr. Gibber yesterday that four men who had been bitten by skunks died in from fifteen days to three weeks after receiving their wounds, and in each case the victims were all the symptoms of hydrophobia.

Dr. Gibber was not at home to-day when an EVENING WORLD reporter called, he was out of the city on a business trip to the celebration of the Fall of the Bastille, July 14 being the Frenchman's Fourth of July.

Mrs. Roger and Mrs. Mason, well-known to Seabright sojourners, keep a private boarding-house in the Twenty-fifth street residence during their absence.

Although Gen. Fremont passed his seventy-seventh birthday in January last, he was a sturdy constitution, and he was as vigorous as most men at fifty-five.

His every vital organ performed its function down to within three days of his death. During the intense heat of Tuesday last Gen. Fremont was depressed, but next day, despite the wishes of Col. H. M. Porter, the husband of his niece and adopted daughter, he visited a Jersey cemetery and placed flowers on the grave of a child in fulfillment of a compact once made with the father of the child, his friend.

Returning, he complained of pain in his abdomen, and Thursday night he suffered so much that he called Dr. W. J. Morton of West Fifty-sixth street. The physician found Gen. Fremont suffering with inflammation of the bowels.

From the first Dr. Morton recognized Gen. Fremont's condition as serious, and at 3.30 yesterday afternoon the brave old soldier was taken to the city hospital. John C. Fremont, who resides at Sing Sing, and Dr. Morton being at his bedside.

Gen. Fremont's widow and his only daughter, Lilly, are in Los Angeles, Cal. They were notified of his death, and this morning J. C. Merrill wired Lieut. Fremont.

"Devered and intelligence. Your mother bears up well."

The general's younger son, Lieut. Fred Fremont, is stationed at Fort Douglas, Wis. He has been notified of his father's death, and will probably be here in a few days.

Gen. Fremont's long life was a remarkable one. He was born in Savannah, Ga., in 1813, the son of a French school-teacher, and was educated at the United States Military Academy at West Point, N. Y.

He was expelled therefrom for some boyish freak, and began teaching mathematics, receiving a degree after a two-year course at the University of Virginia. He assisted in surveying the mountain regions of Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, and North Carolina, and from 1835 to 1842 he was engaged in surveying the trackless Northwest.

Fremont was appointed in 1842, a Second Lieutenant in the regular army of the United States Army by President Van Buren, and was assigned to duty with the Topographical Corps, engaged in surveying and exploring the Rocky Mountain region.

In 1846 he met and worshipped Jesse Benton, the fifteen-year-old daughter of Tom Benton, of St. Francis, Mo. "Old Bullion" objected on account of her youth, but the couple ran away and got married in 1847.

DEATH OF JOHN C. FREMONT.

"The Pathfinder" Passes Away After an Illness of Three Days.

To Be Buried Wednesday—Sketch of His Remarkable Career.

The funeral of Major Gen. John Charles Fremont will take place at St. Ignatius's Episcopal Church, West Fortieth street, Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock.

Gen. Fremont was an attendant at that church, and Rev. Arthur Ritchie, its rector, will read the funeral service. The body will lie temporarily in the vault at Trinity Cemetery, One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street and the Boulevard.

To-day the remains of the sturdy old Pathfinder lie in the second floor rear parlor, which, with a bedroom, the General occupied in the residence of F. R. Throber, 49 West Twenty-fifth street.

The Throbers are in Europe, and Mrs. Mason, well-known to Seabright sojourners, keeps a private boarding-house in the Twenty-fifth street residence during their absence.

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Gen. Fremont explored the Wind River Mountains, Wyoming, and the highest peak is "Fremont's Peak." In 1843, with thirty-nine followers, Fremont traveled westward to the Pacific coast, and he was the first to reach the Pacific Ocean by a hitherto unknown wilderness, crossing the snow-capped Sierras to Sutter's Fort, on the Sacramento. Crossing the Sierra Nevada, Fremont made another "path," reaching Kansas in July, 1845.

In 1845 Fremont hoisted the Stars and Stripes on a fort in Monterey, Cal., in spite of the protests of the Mexican Government. He was Military Commander of California under Commodore Stockton during the Mexican war, and in 1847 concluded the terms of agreement with Mexico which gave California to the United States.

A year later a court-martial sentenced Fremont, then a Lieutenant-Colonel, to dismissal for disobedience of Gen. Kearny's orders in the "Plover" expedition. He resigned and returned to the United States.

In 1850 Fremont again led the way over a new route to California, and in 1846 he was elected United States Senator from the new State. He took his seat Sept. 19, 1850, the day that California was admitted to the Union.

In 1852 he visited Europe, and was received with distinction. The Prussian King gave him a gold medal, and he was elected an honorary member of the Geographical Societies of London and Berlin.

THE NEW AQUEDUCT OPENED.

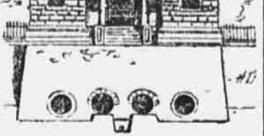
Water Flowing Its Full Length from Croton Lake To-Day.

No Ceremony at the Raising of the Gates at Central Park To-Morrow.

New York's new aqueduct, the greatest engineering work of the age, is completed and is ready to begin serving the purpose for which it was constructed.

While the actual opening of the aqueduct does not occur until to-morrow, 50,000,000 gallons of water were let into it from Croton Lake yesterday.

The gates were opened by Division Engineer Gowen yesterday morning, and at 3 p. m. the water had reached South Yonkers.



CENTRAL PARK GATE HOUSE.

This water was run into the big conduit to assist in the work of flushing the submerged portion south of Jerome Park. This portion of the aqueduct holds 30,000,000 gallons, and it contained much of the water which had been standing in the tunnel for weeks, and which must be forced out, together with the impurities which it had washed down.

At 5.30 o'clock last evening the water began running pure and fresh at the One Hundred and Seventy-eighth street blow-off, when the gates were shut down and the column of water allowed to proceed on its way through the section of tunnel already flushed and tested to the gate-house at One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street.

It had not reached the "goose neck," which rises from the tunnel ninety feet to supply the pipe line at 7 o'clock, but it was reported to have filled in this portion of the great subterranean waterway during the night.

Assistant Chief Engineer George S. Rice went up to Croton Lake to superintend the letting in of the water to-day to complete the flow from that point to the gate-house.

The pipe line to the Park, which is on which is on an up grade, is filled with pure water and the gates at the reservoir were tested and found to be in good working order yesterday.

A special meeting of the Aqueduct Commission has been called for 10.30 o'clock to-morrow, when the Commissioners will determine at what hour to admit the water to the reservoir, and whether to do it by opening the gates at the reservoir or at the One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street gate-house.

There will be no formality of ceremony connected with this act, and the only crowd which will celebrate this event will be that which may gather at the reservoir out of curiosity to witness the first gush of water from the big pipes.

The peculiar feature of this opening of a great work is the lack of fuss and ceremony attending it.

When the windlass was turned in the gate-house at the Croton Lake to-day, and the first flood of water which is to reach Central Park through this new conduit gushed into the Aqueduct, there were present only a few of the Aqueduct employees.

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Gen. Fremont took up a residence in New York in 1858, and in 1856 was nominated by the Free National Convention of the Republican party for President of the United States.

Decerted the Charleston. SAN FRANCISCO, July 13.—The Chronicle has advised from Honolulu stating there have been wholesale desertions from the United States steamer Charleston. Natives were hired to recapture the sailors and former years.

The old aqueduct cost \$12,000,000 and five years were required in its construction. Its capacity is 50,000,000 gallons of water daily.

EXTRA 2 O'CLOCK. 200 DEAD.

Drowned When the Sea Wing Capsized in Pepin Lake.

AN APPALLING DISASTER. Part of a Terrible Cyclone's Fatal Work.

50 MORE DEAD AT LAKE GEVAIS.

Agonizing Story of a Pleasure Excursion's Awful End.

A terrible disaster, brought by a death-dealing, devastating cyclone, accompanied by a terrific electric storm, swept across portions of the States of Minnesota and Wisconsin last evening.

The loss of life was fearful, mounting into the hundreds.

Most of the dead met their fate upon the waters of the numerous lakes, which are ordinary favorite resorts of fishers and pleasure-seekers, but which were stirred by the storm into raging haunts of death.

The most fearful of these disasters was the wreck of the excursion steamer Sea Wing, on Lake Pepin, near Lake City, Minn., in which nearly 200 precious lives were lost.

Story of the Sea Wing Horror. MINNEAPOLIS, July 14.—Fresh reports from Lake City indicate that nearly 200 people were drowned in the disaster which overtook the excursion steamer Sea Wing in last night's cyclone on Lake Pepin.

The following is the list of dead thus far given out: Mrs. HEMPTFORD and daughter, A. MISS FLYNN, BAZZ ADAMS, JAC. PERZOS, Two children of C. H. Rehder, PETER GRENKE, his wife, five children and his hired girl, Mrs. CARL WETTERAN and her two children, FRED CHRIST.

WILLIAM BAKER and family of three. The Sea Wing left Diamond Bluff and Red Wing in the afternoon, bound for a point a mile below Lake City, where the State encampment of militia is being held.

With what passengers it carried in the start and what it picked up on the way the steamer carried at least 150 people to the camp, while a barge which it took in tow carried nearly one hundred more.

This party concluded its visit to the camp very pleasantly and re-embarked for the homeward trip early in the evening.

The steamer had just reached the middle of the lake when the cyclone, which was, when first seen approaching, believed to be nothing more than an ordinary electric storm, burst out in fury; and in a short time the steamer was entirely at the storm's mercy, the waves washing high over the boat.

The steamer grounded for a moment on a bar, but was soon adrift again, the large hatching being cut loose in the interval.

A number of those on the barge jumped and swam ashore.

The barge then floated again into deep water. Those on board, in the midst of their own terror, were horrified anew at seeing the steamer capsize and spill its cargo of 150 people into the water.

The barge eventually drifted nearer the shore and all its passengers were rescued.

For the few moments after the barge was cut away, before the steamer sank, the sports of the boat's crew and of the more cool-headed passengers were evidently devoted to preparations for the worst.

A dozen or more of the frantic ones secured the few life-preservers that were to be found, and jumped into the water, preferring to take their chances.

In five minutes more, the waves began to wash into the boat and fill the lower decks and white balustrades as large as hen's eggs came down on the heads of the poor, terror-stricken creatures who were cuddled together on the top of a huge wave struck the craft on the side at the same moment that a terrific blast of wind came up and tipped the boat over.

Twenty-five or thirty people were next seen floating on the surface, some of them clinging up to the upturned bottom, others making frantic efforts to reach the capsized steamer.

In these efforts a few were assisted by

those who had first reached the temporary refuge.

When all within reach had been pulled up or had climbed upon the overturned boat they huddled there shudderingly watching the angry waters and praying for rescue.

Flashes of lightning would at times afford glimpses of awful scenes about them.

There would appear the white dress of a struggling drowning woman or child, or the equally white face of a despairing man, already sinking into death's clutches. And to none of these was it possible for the witnesses to lend aid.

Indeed, they were yet to stand in need of further help themselves, for at the very moment when, the storm having subsided to a degree and the lights of would-be rescuers having been seen flashing on the shores, hopes of permanent safety began to rise, the boat turned again at the will of the capricious waves.

The wreck was then nearly opposite the pier at Lake City.

As the boat rolled over on its side all those who had gained a hold on its slippery keel were again plunged into the lake, and when the little band again succeeded in getting upon the craft its number was lessened, several women and others, weakened by the long strain, having been unable to keep up any longer and slipped away into the dark waters.

Quickly as possible boats were manned on the shore, and very soon a dozen or more of them were put out on their errand of rescue, although the high waves had not yet subsided and the work was full of peril.

Then there was a long search before the upturned boat could be definitely located and reached, but finally the twenty or more people yet clinging to the wreck were rescued and brought to the shore.

Most of them were men who were strong swimmers.

All through the night the brave men in boats kept up their search in the water for dead bodies or for the possibly living, and all night along the shore parties waited ready to receive with tender hands such sad burdens as the waves might cast up.

Up to 2 o'clock this morning fifty-nine bodies had been found and laid out ready for identification.

Pepin Lake is an expansion of the Mississippi River, and separates Pierce and Pepin counties, Wis., from Goodhue and Wabash counties, Minn. It is about twenty-eight miles long and three miles across at its widest point. It forms one of the most beautiful and picturesque portions of the great river, limestone bluffs rising back of its shores, some of them 400 feet high, and weathered into fantastic forms like ruined castles.

Lake City is a thriving port village of Wahash County, Minn., situated on a plain between the river and a portion of the bluffs.

FIFTY DEAD AT LAKE GEVAIS. (SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.) ST. PAUL, Minn., July 14.—It is now feared that the deal at Lake Gevais during last night's storm, first reported at eleven, will reach nearly fifty.

A dozen or more rowboats, with from two to five persons each, had gone out on the lake but a short time before the storm began, and there is as yet no news of the parties who went with them.

Nor is there any present means of telling who thefortunates were, who were killed. There is a terrible feeling of gloom and depression here over this and the other awful calamities attending the cyclone's progress.

WORK OF MASKED ROBBERS. \$8,000 to \$10,000 Taken from a Chicago Express Office.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.) CHICAGO, July 14.—The general offices here this morning that the general offices of the Northern Pacific Express Company at 81 Dearborn street were entered by masked robbers at 11 o'clock Saturday night and robbed of \$8,000 and \$10,000.

Two clerks who were in charge of the office this morning, the first of robbers while the robbery went on.

The robbers, who were three in number, according to the clerks' story, made good their escape.

The clerks also assert that chloroform was used, but an examination of the handkerchiefs they show failed to reveal any trace of the drug.

Much mystery surrounds the affair.

FOREIGN NEWS BY CABLE.

An Incipient Fourteenth of July Riot in Paris.

Confirmation of News of the Revolt in London.

(SPECIAL CABLE NEWS SERVICE.) PARIS, July 14.—The city is crowded as usual for Bastille Day, the Fourteenth of July.

At 9 o'clock the day's ceremonies began with a review of school children, who were divided into regiments and battalions, and made a pretty sight.

During the afternoon there was a diversity of entertainments, including a review of the Paris arrondissement, a children's fête in the Jardin de Paris and an aquatic fête on the Seine, between the Ile Saint Louis and Passy.

Then there were plays at the Grand Opera and other theatres subsidized by the Government.

This evening there will be an illumination of the Champs Elysees, the Seine, and, in fact, of the whole city.

Deputy Paul Merly was arrested for trying to deliver a Boulangist speech before the Strasbourg statue, in the Place de la Concorde.

This led to an incipient riot, during which many of the crowd received injuries from the feet of the policemen's horses.

Two other disorderly Boulangists were locked up before the affair was over.

His Bride Scolded and He Killed Himself. (SPECIAL CABLE NEWS SERVICE.) BRUSSELS, July 14.—One of the Belgian competitors at the Schutzenfest, who failed to win a prize, was so severely blamed by his bride, that he retired to his room and shot himself.

News of the Sudan Revolt and the Mahdi's Peril Confirmed. (SPECIAL CABLE NEWS SERVICE.) CAIRO, July 14.—Reports from Khartoum by later arrival Vahidi-Hafis confirm the previous announcements of a revolt of the tribes in the interior of the Sudan against the Mahdi.

His accounts it was rapidly spreading, some of the best fighting tribes having joined in it.

The position of the Mahdi is precarious, the insurgents seek the complete overthrow of his power.

DRAWN DOWN TO DEATH. Little Annie's Body Found in the Treacherous Hoboken Marsh.

The treacherous Hoboken marsh has claimed another victim. This time it has drawn into its depths a little girl who was venturing upon its borders to play, and for four days it hid the child's body, while search was vainly made for the little one.

Otto Gerdt, a householder, lives at 137 Mott street, Hoboken. His modest home faces the marsh, where, in Third street, the sewer flows into ditches and creeks at flood tide, and at ebb draws out the stagnant water.

His young wife died only a month ago, and she was buried in the cemetery. It is said to-day the body of his four-year-old daughter Annie was carried to her grave, who was found within twenty-five feet of the house yesterday afternoon after a weary search by her distracted father.

Little Annie was seen missing this Thursday afternoon, when she went out to play. None of her playmates could give any account of her, and after a fruitless search over the neighborhood her father reported her disappearance to the police Saturday afternoon.

He was advised to drag the marsh, and at 10 o'clock he started with a party of about 20 men, and in a moment had pulled up the body of the child.

The poor father was so nervous that he could not pull the child out of the mud. Two neighbors kindly offered their assistance and in a moment had pulled up the body of the child.

She was lying face downward and her little arms stretched out as if she had been trying to crawl away from the spot. Her unknown mother, which was dragged her down to death.

THREE CHILDREN BLOWN UP.

A Mysterious Explosive Thrown at Their Feet by Some One Unknown.

Two Little Girls Badly Hurt—No Clue to the Bomb-Thrower.

Detectives, of Brooklyn's Second Precinct, are to-day puzzling their heads over a mysterious explosion in front of 75 Washington street.

The scene of the explosion was in front of a large three-story wooden tenement, entirely occupied by Italians, and the time was 7.20 p. m. yesterday.

A cartridge, or bomb, exploded on the sidewalk at that hour, directly under the feet of three little children, Katie, aged eleven, Samuel, aged five, and Annie, aged three, the children of an Italian named Burgo, one of the tenants. Katie was badly burned about both legs, and Baby Annie was cut and burned about the neck.

The cartridge, or whatever it was, fell from the air to the sidewalk just as the children reached the curbstone in an attempt to cross the street.

With the reticence peculiar to their race, the tenants maintain a stubborn silence regarding the affair, and reply to all questions with a stare and a shrug of the shoulder.

The only person who could or would talk of the affair to-day was Mrs. Wm. H. Scott, who lives on the top floor of the tenement directly across the street from No. 75. To this an EVENING WORLD reporter was told this morning:

"I was sitting by the front window chatting with my brother-in-law, Philip Kenney, of Seventy-seventh and Avenue D, New York.

"There was an Italian sitting by the window nearest the river on the top of No. 75, and we both saw him throw something into the street. I think it was a brick of smoke behind it, and we thought at first it might be a match; but as soon as the brick struck the street it exploded with a terrible noise.

"Three little children came running out from the tenement in the rear of No. 75 just as the explosion took place, and from their screams we knew that some one had been injured.

"I ran down to the station and told Sam Carrouglier what had seen, and he sent two policemen up on the top floor, but I believe they found no one there. All the people in the house were down in front at the first sign of the man on the top floor seemed to be alone.

"When the explosion took place he looked on the window and seemed terribly frightened. I think he was in the room, hastily picking up something, which he put in his pockets and then disappeared.

Mrs. Scott was unable to tell what was the object that had exploded, but thought it resembled a small toy brass cannon. The man who threw the explosive, however, and the police are completely at a loss to identify the mysterious Italian who threw the "bomb" with criminal intent or whether he hit, now knowing its dangerous properties.

Both the injured children were doing well to-day. Their little brother, Samuel, escaped injury.

The police arrested J. A. J. Ferrell, an Italian, brother of J. J. Ferrell, who was intoxicated and had been hanging around the neighborhood. It is said, threatening to "do up" people. He had a revolver and a knife.

The police think that the explosive thrown was a blasting cartridge, as pieces of No. 75, and we both saw him throw something into the street. I think it was a brick of smoke behind it, and we thought at first it might be a match; but as soon as the brick struck the street it exploded with a terrible noise.