

Blood-Curdling Stories
of The Zoo in the
Booming World Soony Day.

1,170 Answers to ONE "WANT" in The World.

THE EVENING WORLD.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, JULY 18, 1890.

A MURDER AT MIDNIGHT.
TOLD BY
INSPECTOR WILLIAMS OF THE NEW YORK POLICE.
"THE RAINBOW REVENUE," BY E. E. RICE, OF
"THE EVENING WORLD."
Gambling at Long Branch.
DESCRIBED BY PHIL DALY.
SEE THE SUNDAY WORLD.

PRICE ONE CENT.

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GAMBLING AT "THE BRANCH."

Phil Daly relates his experiences in
"The Sunday World."

CAPT. KENNEDY ANSWERED.

Steamship captains differ with him about
gambling on shipboard.

A PAGE OF READING FOR WOMEN.

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A MURDER AT MIDNIGHT.

Inspector Williams, New York Police,
relates a thrilling story.

THE WORLD IN ZUNILAND.

STRANGE HOUSES IN OLD NEW YORK,
with pictures.

A WEEK AS A BOOK AGENT.
A "World" reporter tries his hand.

EXTRA

2 O'CLOCK.

FIRE IN THE AIR

Upper Floors of the Western Union
Building Totally Destroyed.

Hairbreadth Escapes of Men and
Women Employees.

Five Thousand Telegraph Wires
Burned Out—Loss Nearly
a Million.

floor of the building, had arrived in the street below, and there, thanked God that the fire had broken out before rather than after they had begun the day's work.

No less than 20,000 people thronged Broadway, Fulton, Bay, John and Church streets, and business was forgotten.

BROADWAY BUSINESS BLOCKED.

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Chief Conroy, of Engine 29, the first fireman to arrive on the scene, ran up to the box at the corner of Beekman and Nassau streets and rung a fourth alarm, which brought out all the reserves from as far up as Fifth street.

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Smoke came through the apertures through which the wires pass from the battery-room into the operating-room. It was dense and smoky, and the operators with one accord left their instruments and rushed pell-mell to the stairs, not waiting to collect their wearing apparel.

The elevators ran no higher than the fifth floor, and the stairways were fast filling with smoke, but the operators succeeded in reaching the fifth floor, where many of them escaped in the two big elevators.

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The elevators were kept running till the drum operating from above began to smoke and sparks fell from it. Then the lift was abandoned and the rest of the operators took to the stairs, which were clear of smoke below the fifth floor.

The last to leave the operating room were Night Manager Tobin and Chief Operator James Robinson.

Tobin and Robinson remained behind a few minutes to look for the flames. They found that the fire was located directly under the "distributing ring," which contains the numerous pneumatic tubes of the Associated Press and Western Union Company.

Robinson seized a Babcock fire-extinguisher and played a stream of the chemicals upon the flames, while Tobin struck several hand grenades.

These efforts seemed to have no effect on the fire, and a final effort made with a fire hose coiled on this floor succeeded no better, and after a few minutes self-preservation, the first law of nature, caused the men to abandon the work and seek safety by the smoke filled iron-bound staircases.

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The half dozen women who had fled to the roof stood directly over the battery-room, and presently tongues of flame shot up along the wall of the building and into the air directly before them.

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The noise in the streets had awakened every guest, and at each window there was a night-capped head.

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KINGSTON, SALVATOR, TENNY.

A Grand Sweepstakes Between the
Three Great Cracks.

It Will Be Run on the Monmouth
Track for a \$30,000 Pot.

Arrangements will probably be concluded within a few days for a grand sweepstakes race between Kingston, Salvator and Tenny.

This is news that will make the heart of the racegoer palpitate with joy. It seems almost too good to be true, but nevertheless preliminaries were arranged last night.

There was a slight hitch as regards the distance to be run, but it is believed that this will be arranged satisfactorily.

Secretary Crickmore and Mr. D. D. Withers had the idea of arranging a meeting between these three cracks ever since the last Salvator-Tenny match, and it was only yesterday that matters were so far arranged as to enable them to let the public have an inkling of what was going on.

Mr. Withers branched the idea of a sweepstakes between the three horses, and each one of the gentlemen agreed at once.

"Now as regards distance?" asked Mr. Withers.

"I prefer a mile race," said Mr. Phil Dwyer.

"That will suit me exactly," echoed Mr. Pulsifer, and matters looked rocky until Mr. Haggin said decidedly: "I will not race Salvator at less than a mile and an eighth."

Phil Dwyer said he was willing to go an eighth extra, but Mr. Pulsifer demurred. They could not agree as to distance just then, but it is believed that Mr. Pulsifer will finally acquiesce and make the race.

The money part of the race was not spoken of, but it is almost certain that it will be made for \$5,000 a side, the Association to add \$5,000.

This will make a \$30,000 pot for these three cracks to race for, and it will be a contest that will draw people from thousands of miles away.

The match, it is believed, was the outcome of the Dwyer Brothers' assertion that Kingston was the peer of both Tenny and Salvator. There are many good judges, too, who assert that the black colt can easily defeat the brown son of Prince Charlie and the little swaback, but that remains to be seen.

The records of all three of these horses are well known. Last year Kingston was undoubtedly the best horse of the year, and his record of 2:06 1/2 held good until Salvator smashed it at the Sheepshead meeting.

Several times Kingston ran mile races in close to record time and always won very easily. In his long races he generally won by a neck or a head, which was due probably to the grandstand finish of Isaac Murphy.

About the only two available jockeys to ride Kingston in this great race are Marty Bergen and Tony Hamilton. It is believed that Bergen is Hamilton's superior this year in finishing, but he cannot equal the black boy when it comes to judging or making a race.

It is probable, however, that Bergen will get the mount.

Salvator has started three times this year, once being a walk-over. Twice he defeated Tenny, once in the Suburban and again in a match race by a nose and after a finish that will never be forgotten by those who saw it.

Tenny has started a number of times, but has only suffered defeat at the hands of Salvator. Those who saw the match race say that Tenny would have beaten Salvator in a few more lumps, but no one knows how much reserve force Murphy had in Salvator.

All three horses will go to the post in the pink of condition, and it will be a hot race from start to finish. Indeed, on Monmouth's straight course, the cracks should come very near making the distance in two minutes. At any rate it will be a grand race, and every one heartily hopes it will be satisfactorily arranged.

MR. IVINS IS TEARING MAD.

He Says He Hasn't Lost Any Fassett
Investigation Committee Papers.

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He had a morning paper in his hand, and pointing out an article in it, the first remark he made to Partner Boardman was:

"What the dickens does all this trash mean?"

Mr. Boardman vouchsafed no reply, but began reading the following sensational story, while Mr. Ivins kept up a running fire of indignant snorts and comments:

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For several weeks there have been petty quarrels at the Mills Building. The postage stamps from the office, containing amounts to \$15 and \$10, have been taken, and the management of the building decided to employ a new janitor, and less about Mr. Ivins, and that in cleaning up the office of Mr. Ivins, the janitor had swept away the Fassett Committee's minutes. Mr. Ivins was so angry that he would have dumped them into his refuse bag, and the loss was not discovered until yesterday.

Mr. Ivins then determined to make a tour of all the junk shops in Ann street and thereabouts. The lost documents were not to be found, and he was forced to look for them in a great state of mind. It will now be necessary for him to get duplicates, and to maintain an expense of \$2,000.

Mr. Ivins was mad. You could easily see the wavellets of wrath chasing each other over his bronzed and now beardless cheeks.

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The beautiful bronze which is laid on so thick on his hairless cheeks, he secured last night in the saline breeze at Narragansett Pier.

"This is an infernal fabrication," emphatically remarked the latter-day impostor, "and I have no objection to its being made up entirely of whole cloth."

"We haven't lost a single paper or document," he declared, "and the Fassett investigation. 'What look at this pile here'—laying his hand upon a stack of typewritten matter a foot thick—"all that stuff refers to the investigation."

"How this story happened to get printed in it, I suppose, the result of some remarks I made in the office a couple of weeks ago. I got on my ear because I couldn't find a bundle of documents that I wanted to lay my hands on just at that time."

These papers had nothing to do with the committee's investigation, but still they were valuable enough to me just when I needed them at that time, and I was vexed because they had been mislaid."

"I imagine some reporter was in the office and perhaps overheard my emphatic remarks and saw a chance to make a few dollars."

"He assumed, of course, that the missing papers must have some bearing upon the Fassett Committee's investigation. I suppose his 'fake' wouldn't be of any value if it related only to ordinary legal documents, and that is why I imagine he made them up to be upon the investigation."

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His body was shipped to the Morgue in this city where it will await the coroner's action.

McLean was admitted to the asylum on July 16, 1889. He is said to have relatives in this city.

He was afflicted with suicidal mania, and last night he escaped the vigilance of his nurse.

Fresh Air Easily Obtained.

The people who travel to Coney Island or Long Branch on one of the Iron Steamboat Company's steamers get more than the money's worth in fresh air and recreation. The boats leave from West Twenty-third street, North River, and from pier No. 1 North River, and there are small boats that beat that in being comparatively light and

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Heavy Storms at London and Paris—Floods on the Danube.

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The rain fell in torrents for over two hours and the city was flooded.

The rain was accompanied by constant flashes of lightning, loud claps of thunder and an explosion, the electrical disturbance appearing to be directly over the metropolis.

Horses were started by the reports and ran away, causing many accidents.

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They were operators and others who had been belated in leaving the building and had been trapped on the seventh floor, where the operating-room is located.

The corridors and stairways were filled with smoke and to attempt a passage through them would have resulted in suffocation.

Policeman Davis, of the Church street station, heard the cry of fire and saw the tongues of fierce flames coming from those windows so high up.

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These efforts seemed to have no effect on the fire, and a final effort made with a fire hose coiled on this floor succeeded no better, and after a few minutes self-preservation, the first law of nature, caused the men to abandon the work and seek safety by the smoke filled iron-bound staircases.

LIKE A RAINBOW FIRE.

By this time the battery-room was a raging furnace, and the big room on the floor above was filled with smoke from corner to corner.

The ceiling of the battery-room is literally a web of wires and cables, some of the latter being of immense size and containing many wires, and covered with insulating material made of very inflammable stuff.

The half dozen women who had fled to the roof stood directly over the battery-room, and presently tongues of flame shot up along the wall of the building and into the air directly before them.

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A SCENE OF TERROR.

The women swayed backward and forward. One of them clambered up on the iron railing that skirted the roof and peered over towards Fulton street.

There was forty feet of space between her and the roof of the next building below, and beyond that yawned a vacant lot that extended out to Fulton street.

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A crowd of 500 people in Fulton street saw her. They thought that she was about to trust herself in a leap down to the roof below, and with one accord they yelled to her: "Don't jump! Stop there! They are coming!"

She was a colored woman, a cook in the restaurant. She clambered down to the stone roof again, and wrung her hands in an agony of fear.

HELP WAS COMING.

Then, peering over the railing on the west side of the roof, the imprisoned women could see the Life-Saving Corps and the firemen struggling with a ladder which they were raising from Deey street.

Slowly the ladder was raised to the roof of the street and then, with difficulty, it was raised through the labyrinth of wires that cross the open space from the Western Union building to the poles beyond.

It was finally placed against the burning building, and then it was found that it was far too short to reach the people on the roof.

SAVED BY THE LIFE LINES.

Life lines were carried up to the top of the ladder and shot from there up onto the roof.

Then the women were lowered, one by one, to the roof beneath, while about after half an hour an encouragement from the excited crowd below.

The throng in the streets surged to and fro, and 100 policemen from the Church street, Old slip and Oak street squads had their hands fully in keeping the people out of the way of the firemen, while a thousand heads were thrust out of the windows in all the buildings in the neighborhood.

EXCITEMENT IN THE ASTOR HOUSE.

The south front of the Astor House, on Vesey street, presented a remarkable aspect.

The noise in the streets had awakened every guest, and at each window there was a night-capped head.

As far away as the Brooklyn Bridge there were crowds of people thronging

RACING POINTERS.

The following are the horses that different tipsters think should win on their merits at Brighton and Gutesburg to-day:

Before, in the Sporting World, makes these selections:

First Race—Jay Qu, Emesti Billy, Second Race—Puzzle, Newburg, Third Race—Tattler, Falcon, Fourth Race—Bessie K., Westchester, Fifth Race—Reaper, Westchester, Sixth Race—Meadow Lark, Rover.

At Brighton.

First Race—Lady M., 1; Vera, 2; Second Race—Bronsonator, 1; Signature, 2; Third Race—Bessie K., 1; Signature, 2; Fourth Race—Batter, 1; Samario, 2; Fifth Race—Bellevue, 1; Lepanto, 2.

From Other Morning Papers.

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Palaces of the Long Ago.

Some Explorations by a "World" Expedition Among Ruined Cities of the Southwest Will Be Described in Next Sunday's "World."

The Outrages by Mussulmans at Erzerum.

BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION. LONDON, July 18.—Despatches from the East report that outrages are of constant occurrence at Erzerum.

The Mussulmans threaten to sack the Christian quarters.

The slaughter has been doubled, but the disorders continue.

A hundred women were recently abducted and several were murdered. A reign of terror exists.

Baseball To-Day.

Regularly scheduled games:

PLAQUE LEAGUE. NATIONAL LEAGUE. Philadelphia at New York. Chicago at Boston. Chicago at Philadelphia. Cincinnati at Boston.

ATLANTIC ASSOCIATION. Baltimore at Atlantic City. New Haven at Washington. Newark at Hartford.

At the Polo Grounds to-day there will be two games, the first beginning at 2 o'clock.

Percentages this morning of clubs in the leading leagues:

LEAGUE	CLUB	PERCENTAGE
NATIONAL	Boston	50
	Brooklyn	45
	Chicago	40
	Cincinnati	35
	Cleveland	30
	Philadelphia	25
	Pittsburgh	20
	St. Louis	15
	Washington	10
	Worcester	5
ATLANTIC	Baltimore	55
	Boston	50
	Brooklyn	45
	Chicago	40
	Cincinnati	35
	Cleveland	30
	Philadelphia	25
	Pittsburgh	20
	St. Louis	15
	Washington	10

SUICIDE ON WARD'S ISLAND.

An Insane Patient Hangs Himself in His Cell.

A despatch was received by the Commissioners of Charities and Correction this morning stating that Charles McLean, an inmate of the Ward's Island Insane Asylum, had committed suicide.

Up to me now particulars regarding the self-murder had been received beyond the fact that the demoted man had hanged himself in his cell.

His body was shipped to the Morgue in this city where it will await the coroner's action.

McLean was admitted to the asylum on July 16, 1889. He is said to have relatives in this city.

He was afflicted with suicidal mania, and last night he escaped the vigilance of his nurse.

Fresh Air Easily Obtained.

The people who travel to Coney Island or Long Branch on one of the Iron Steamboat Company's steamers get more than the money's worth in fresh air and recreation. The boats leave from West Twenty-third street, North River, and from pier No. 1 North River, and there are small boats that beat that in being comparatively light and

floor of the building, had arrived in the street below, and there, thanked God that the fire had broken out before rather than after they had begun the day's work.

No less than 20,000 people thronged Broadway, Fulton, Bay, John and Church streets, and business was forgotten.

BROADWAY BUSINESS BLOCKED.

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