Pen Pictures of New York Life in "The Metropolis Day by Day" in the Morning World Daily.

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The EVENING EDITION World.

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PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1890. PRICE ONE CENT.

LAST EDITION

THEY MUST LIGHT IT.

Residents Near East River Park Cry Aloud to the Commissioners.

Darkness Spoils the Very Uses for Which It Was Created.

Dangers Combine to Deprive the People of Its Proper Use.

Park Commissioner Waldo Hutchins wants the East River Park lighted at night.

"Why, bless me, young man," he ejaculated when spoken to about the matter by an EVENING WORLD reporter this morning.

"I had no idea that it was left in darkness at night. I shall see about it at the very next meeting of the Board.

"All the parks are supposed to be lighted, and there is no good reason why the East River Park should not have electric light or gas at least.

"That park is a small one, but there is a movement to extend it to Ninetieth street. Why the work is not hurried, I don't know, because the present accommodations are totally inadequate for the people who use it.

"However, the Park Commission cannot do much towards securing lights for the park. We can only recommend to the Bureau of Lamps and Gas that the park be lighted, and this I think I can promise you the Commissioners will do."

When asked about the repairs so badly needed the Commissioner was just as frank and outspoken.

"Many of these details are overlooked in the press of more important business," he declared, "but I can assure you that it is the desire of the Commissioners to have every park in the city kept in good shape and carefully guarded.

"All necessary repairs will be made in the East River Park as speedily as possible, and I hope we will get the lights there too.

"I believe in lighting the park, because then there is no inducement for thieves or persons of ill repute to visit them.

"We had many complaints of such bad characters from Mount Morris Park until the electric lights were put in there, and its rays drove away the evil doers," concluded the Commissioner.

AN EVENING WORLD reporter made a canvass this morning of the district surrounding the pretty East River Park, which extends from Eighty-fourth to Eighty-sixth street and from Avenue B to the East River, and found the people eager to have that park lighted after nightfall.

There are other and graver reasons than those mentioned in this paper yesterday why the park should not be shrouded in gloom at night. The park is the open air resort for all the people living between Seventy-fifth and One Hundred and Fifth streets, east of Third avenue. The majority of these people with their growing families live in flats, and the park is their only oasis in the desert of Summer heat where they may get fresh air.

During the day, or when the air is flooded with moonlight, the park is stated to be all that it ought to be. It is well supplied with benches, and from early morning until the sun goes down hundreds of mothers, with infants in arms or in baby carriages, throng the park and drink in great draughts of the pure air that blows across it from the river. Little children toddle about the paths and roll on the grass.

It is one of nature's great hospitals, and there the little ones suffering from the ailments peculiar to childhood find grateful relief. At night it is delicious to sit there and refresh oneself after the torrid heat of a day like yesterday.

On moonlight nights there are just as many mothers with their little ones there as during the day; but when the moon is not on duty to do the work which the Park Commissioners should attend to, the Park is often given over to the rule of a rather bad element.

When it was lighted at night no hoodlums frequented it, and it fulfilled the purpose for which the people wanted it—a place where they could in a measure escape from the heat of Summer, and necessarily the evening was the time at which they derived the most benefit from it.

Now all this is changed. On a recent evening an old man fell down the flight of stone stairs mentioned in yesterday's EVENING WORLD, and broke his leg. The steps descend suddenly from a long winding path, and are not noticeable in the dark until one suddenly stumbles upon them. If there was a light on these stairs, as there should be, no such accident could occur.

Mr. Otto Seifert, who keeps a drug store directly opposite the park, said this morning:

"I am heartily glad THE EVENING WORLD is agitating this subject. That park, rightly managed, is of priceless worth to the people of this neighborhood, and I believe it would be even more popular than it is now if it were lighted at night.

"The Park Commissioners seem to be neglecting the little place," he continued. "There are lots of holes in the walks, and they are especially dangerous on dark evenings.

"Then there is a heap of old building material right in the prettiest spot in the park. We used to kick about it at first, and promises were made that it would be removed; but there it is still, and the people have, against their will, grown accustomed to it," he concluded.

As a sample of the unanimous public sentiment in the vicinage, twelve mothers of families in a row of flats opposite the park, who were talked to by the reporter, said they never went into it on dark evenings, fearing insult.

THEY STOLE BY WAGON-LOADS.

Three Star Sneak Thieves and Their Plunder in Custody.

Disguised as Peddlers, They Robbed Scores of Flats and Houses.

The West Twentieth street police station resembled a small-sized outfitting house this morning. In the rear rooms dozens of dresses and other wearing apparel were strung on clotheslines, and people went along inspecting each garment with more care than they would use had they intended purchasing.

The clothing had all been recovered by the ward detectives of the Sixteenth Precinct, and the persons inspecting the garments were the people who had been robbed by a clever trio of burglars.

While the inspection was going on, Detective Carey brought three hard-looking cases up from the cells and handcuffed them together. They were Edward Fuchser De Foy, of 146 Macdougal street, Arthur G. Allard, of 136 Macdougal street, and James Lemoyn Guion, of 317 Bowery.

These prisoners were in custody as the results of very clever work by Detective Carey. De Foy has been wandering around Carey's precinct for some time past, and as he appeared to be doing nothing in particular Carey viewed him with suspicion.

Last Wednesday Carey had gotten off an Eighth avenue car when he bumped into a young man who was just coming out of a hallway with an armful of clothes. The man turned his face around and it was De Foy.

Carey nabbed him on the instant and pulled him into the hallway from which he had just emerged.

Taking the bundle from De Foy, the detective found that it contained a handsome black lace and silk dress.

De Foy was taken to the stationhouse where he weakened and confessed his theft. The detective went to the house at 146 Macdougal street and there arrested Allard and Guion. A great quantity of stolen clothing was recovered, and hundreds of pawn tickets were secured from the prisoners.

They have been operating all over the precinct, and have made some big hauls.

After safely locking the prisoners up, the detectives visited the pawnshops, and the result was that two wagon loads of stuff were recovered. A woman who is known to the police as May Cooper, but who claims to be De Foy's wife, was also arrested and will be used as a witness.

Carey took his prisoners to the Jefferson Market Court this morning and had them remanded until all the victimized people could identify their property and make complaints.

These men gained admittance to flat houses on the pretext of being peddlers, and it is supposed they have entered and robbed over half a hundred houses in this way. Allard claimed the credit of being the chief robber, saying that he stole all the property and took it to De Foy's house.

This afternoon the detectives will visit other pawn-shops, and the probabilities are that another wagon-load of stolen property will be added to that already in the station-house.

McAleenan's pawn-shop on Eighth avenue near Nineteenth street yielded up three dresses this morning. Mrs. Whittaker, of 249 Ninth avenue; Edward B. Nodine, of 156 Ninth avenue; Mrs. Vine, of 225 West Fifteenth street and John H. Kook have already identified property.

"WAY BELOW FREEZIN'."

A Countryman's Mistake With a Street-Car Register.

Supt. Hankinson, of the Central Park Reservoir, is responsible for the following story:

"I was coming downtown on a Madison avenue car this morning," said he, "when a countryman boarded it, wiped the beads of perspiration from his steaming face with a bandanna handkerchief, nodded to me with a parboiled smile and said: "Hot day, mister.

"I admitted that it might be warm, and said that I had been informed by others that it was.

"Country didn't catch on to the sarcasm of my remark but took it as a very civil response to his friendly advance. His eyes wandered about the car and finally rested on the fare register.

"'Say!' said he, 'what's the use of havin' them durned thermometers in these cars if they ain't right?'

"'Look at that one! Here it is bilin' hot and the gol-durned thing says it's only thirty—way below freezin'.'"

CONTRACTOR JONES SLUGGED.

He Accuses Proprietor Schwab and Waiter Huber of Harlem Bridge Garden.

Charles H. Jones, the well-known contractor and former partner of ex-Judge McQuade, was a complainant in the Harlem Court this morning against William Schwab, the proprietor of the Harlem Bridge Garden, at 2387 Second avenue, and Emile Huber, one of Schwab's waiters.

Mr. Jones, who lives at 257 Alexander avenue, drifted into the Harlem Bridge Garden rather late last night. Trouble arose between Mr. Jones and Mr. Schwab, and Mr. Jones was pretty well whipped, as he says, by Mr. Schwab and Huber, a waiter.

This morning Mr. Schwab said Mr. Jones had attempted to clean out the place and that only force enough was used to eject him.

Mr. Schwab and his waiter were paroled for examination.

JOHNSTOWN'S DEAD, 2,187.

Statistics of the Terrible Flood of '89 at Last Complete.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., Aug. 1.—After fourteen months, complete statistics concerning Johnstown's awful flood show that the total number of lives lost was 2,187.

Over two hundred bodies are yet unrecovered.

George L. Schuyler's Body Here.

The remains of Mr. George L. Schuyler, the last donor of the America cup, who died yesterday morning on board the Electra, the flagship of the New York Yacht Club, were brought to the city this morning on the Fall River boat and taken to the family residence, 19 West Thirty-first street.

Owing to the non-arrival of some of the members of the family no arrangements for the funeral have as yet been made. These will probably be decided upon to-night or to-morrow morning.

ALWAYS cool, delightful place to dine. HOYT'S ROYAL, open-air cafe for gentlemen.

FAVORITES AT SARATOGA.

Little Crete was Bought by Scoggan Bros. and Won in a Gallop.

Eminence Gave Foxmede a Hard Tussle in the Third Event.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

SARATOGA RACE TRACK, NEW YORK, Aug. 1.—This was the third extra day racing at Horse Haven.

There was quite a heavy rain storm last evening and it was expected the track would be heavy to-day. But every one was agreeably surprised to find it in fair condition.

The weather is very warm, however, and the attendance considerably less than that of yesterday, there being no stake events on the programme to draw the people out.

The good fields of starters, except in the second race, made the results uncertain and the betting was brisk, but the wagers were in small amounts.

FIRST RACE.

Purse $350, for two-year-olds; six furlongs.

Starters.	Wts.	Jockeys.	Betting Straight.	Betting Place.
1 Stratagem	111	Taral	8–5	2–5
2 Tourist	111	Bergen	6–1	2–1
3 Woodbend	108	Britton	6–1	2–1
0 Belle of Orange	103	German	10–1	3–1
0 Bertha Campbell	103	Bunn	10–1	3–1
0 Mrs. Dennett	112	Thompson	2–1	4–5
0 Planchette	108	Goodale	20–1	8–1
0 Lee S	111	Allen	20–1	10–1
0 Strategy colt	106	Shauer	2–1	even
0 Cutalong	103	Downing	20–1	10–1

The Race.—Just as the flag fell Bunn pulled Bertha Campbell up and was left at the post.

Stratagem got the best of the start with Bell of Orange and Planchette following close up. Taral kept the favorite in the lead from flag to finish winning easily by a length and a half. Tourist and Woodbend came strung in the stretch and finished as named a length apart. Time,—1.20.

Pools.—Stratagem, $25; Mrs. Dennett, $15; Bertha Campbell, $5; field, $10. Mutuels paid, $5.70.

SECOND RACE.

Purse $450; mile and seventy yards.

Starters.	Wts.	Jockeys.	Betting Straight.	Betting Place.
1 Little Crete	101	Goodale	1–2	out
2 Dilemma	101	Sanders	9–5	out
3 Big Brown Jug	110	Bunn	11–1	2–1

The Race.—Scoggan Brothers, of Louisville, purchased Little Crete just before the race was run, and she ran under their colors.

Little Crete and Dilemma ran in close company from the start until the half mile had been covered, where Goodale gave Little Crete her head, and coming away she won in an ordinary gallop by ten lengths. Dilemma beat Big Brown Jug five lengths for the place. Time—1.52¾.

Pools—Little Crete, $25; field, $10. Mutuels paid: Straight, $3.20.

THIRD RACE.

Purse $300; six furlongs.

Starters.	Wts.	Jockeys.	Betting Straight.	Betting Place.
1 Foxmede	105	Barnes	5–2	4–5
2 Eminence	100	McDonald	4–1	8–1
3 Zea	102	Simms	10–1	10–1
0 Keystone	107	Maney	30–1	10–1
0 Carnot	107	Bergen	3–1	even
0 Bohemia	112	Taral	1–2	4–1
0 Lerrington	107	Bunn	10–1	3–1
0 Whitenose	104	Fox	4–1	8–5
0 Eugenia	100	Britton	10–1	3–1
0 Ben McGree	105	Black	20–1	10–1
0 Bonnie Inc	102	Forester	30–1	10–1
0 Mamie Hay	102	Downing	30–1	10–1

The Race.—There was some very good betting on the race, four of the horses being well backed, and as the favorite won the public got the money.

Zea jumped away in the lead, with the favorite, Foxmede, second, which positions were held until well in the stretch, when Barnes had to resort to the whip and Foxmede finally won by a half length.

Eminence defeated Zea by a neck for the place. Time—1.18.

Pools—Foxmede, $11, Carnot, $11; field, $25. Mutuels paid, straight, $5.70.

Fourth Race—one mile.—Won by Puzzle, Fellowship second and Happiness third. Time—1.46¾.

Mutuels paid straight $3.30.

MET THE SCHOOL STRIKERS.

There is a prospect to-day that the strikes on the city public school buildings may be amicably settled and that the several hundred workmen now out will be ordered to return to work to-morrow.

At the meeting of the Board of Walking Delegates, this morning, a communication was received stating that the Board of Education, through its Superintendent, wanted to confer, with a view to amicably adjusting the trouble.

A messenger was dispatched at once to invite Superintendent Debevoise to attend the meeting.

If the Board of Education will agree to cancel the contracts with O'Connor, Thebault and Brown, whom the unions consider especially objectionable, the strike will be declared off at once.

There is trouble ahead for the cloakmakers and tailors who took part in the fight with the Cloak Manufacturers' Association. The much-talked-of scale of wages for the tailors, basters and finishers will be presented to-morrow by the contractors to their workmen, and unless the men are satisfied they will abandon their work and a general suspension of labor will follow.

Several contractors told an EVENING WORLD reporter to-day that they felt sure their help would not be satisfied with the new scale of prices.

The Cloak-cutters who were thrown out of employment when the strikers settled with the manufacturers held a meeting at 56 Orchard street last night, and formed themselves into an organization under the title of the Progressive Labor Union.

ANOTHER NIGHT IN PRISON

Mrs. Caroline Gerstung, the story of whose imprisonment has been told in THE WORLD, and who is held on a charge of perjury, was produced before Judge Beach in Supreme Court Chambers on a writ of habeas corpus this morning.

Her counsel, Douglas Levien, jr., applied for her release, but Assistant District Attorney Dos Passos asked for an adjournment, and the matter was left over until to-morrow.

Mrs. Gerstung is but twenty-three years old, and when she appeared in Harlem Court to testify against her husband, who had thrown a lighted lamp at her and severely burned her lower limbs, his counsel asked her if she had ever been in a hospital and she replied that she had not.

Later the lawyer produced a certificate showing that a Caroline Gerstung had been attended for two hours at Gouverneur Hospital early in May, whereas the assault of which she complained took place June 3.

Upon this certificate she was arrested and held by Justice Power on a charge of perjury, in default of $1,000 bail.

She has been in the Tombs for one week. Mr. Levien yesterday got out a writ of habeas corpus for her. He claims that the arrest was an outrage.

He stated in court to-day, and was supported by an affidavit from her mother, that the young woman was subject to fainting fits, and even if she had been taken to a hospital she would not necessarily have known of it; but it is denied that she was at any hospital.

CALMLY WALKED TO DEATH.

Dr. Schurig's Beautiful Wife Deliberately Drowned Herself.

Dressed in Her Richest Attire She Waded Into the Surf.

Beautiful, haughty and queenly Mrs. Frances N. Schurig calmly walked to her death in the seething breakers at Bridgehampton, L. I., and to-day her rigid body lies in a receiving vault awaiting burial.

Mrs. Schurig was a woman of fashion and refinement, and for the past two years has lived at the Hoffman Arms, Fifty-ninth street and Madison avenue, this city, with her daughter.

Early in the Summer she closed her apartments and went to the Catskills for a sojourn of a month or two.

Last week she returned rather unexpectedly to the Hoffman Arms, and Monday she started for Bridgehampton, L. I. She went directly to John Hull's Hotel.

Early Wednesday morning she appeared on the veranda of the hotel, a perfect picture, as usual. She was arrayed in a correct fitting costume selected with rare taste.

She finally strolled away from Boniface Hull's house and walked quite a distance along the beach.

Then when out of reach and earshot this regal women, fully and richly apparelled, walked boldly and even defiantly into the ocean's trough where the breakers roared their loudest.

Thus she went to her death, facing the creamy-crested surf with a calm deliberation that besmoke courage uncanny and weird.

A number of men saw her strolling into the waters, but they were too far away to interfere in her deliberate actions.

The big billows caught her up, and she was dragged savagely away by the ruthless undertow.

Twelve hours later the ocean returned its victim and cast her on the shore not far from the spot which marked her march to death.

Mrs. Schurig was the wife of Dr. Edmund Schurig, of Dresden, Saxony.

She was married to Dr. Schurig several years ago while abroad, he being her second husband. She was then a widow, Geo. Cammann having been her first husband.

Mrs. Schurig had two children—a son, George Cammann, a partner in the note brokerage firm of Dunscomb & Co., 30 Pine street, and a daughter eighteen years old.

Dr. Schurig never lived with his wife at the Hoffman Arms, and this fact has given rise to the rumor that there had been an estrangement between them.

This is denied, however, by Mr. Dunscomb, who says Mrs. Schurig's presence in this country was due entirely to the fact that all her financial interests were centred in New York and all her property was located here.

Mrs. Schurig was noted for her wonderful abilities as an equestrienne. She used to ride daily with her daughter, and her cleverness in this respect was noted by riders in Central Park.

At Cohn's Central Park Riding Academy, where Mrs. Schurig was a regular patron for several years, the attaches spoke of her prowess in the saddle in glowing terms.

Supt. Hardy, of the Hoffman Arms, referred to Mrs. Schurig as the gentlest of gentlewomen, beautiful and educated, and, despite her haughtiness, amiable, and of an exceedingly cheerful demeanor.

"When I saw her Monday last," he said, "she bowed to me as pleasantly as ever. She looked as far from committing suicide as the heavens are from earth. She had spoken to me of going to Europe either this Fall or in April next.

"I cannot believe she went away down to Bridgehampton to go to her death. It must have been an accident of some sort."

This, in brief, was the comment of all who knew Mrs. Schurig.

They could not reconcile the facts that a charming woman with apparently all her heart could wish for should thus deliberately destroy herself.

The body was taken in charge by Mrs. Schurig's son, who went immediately to Bridgehampton and brought the remains to Long Island City late last night.

Work of St. John's Guild.

Contributions for the work of St. John's Guild during the past week have amounted to $294, and the total received during the season is $9,053. Tickets for the free trips of the Floating Hospital or for the Seaside Hospital can be had by any mother with a sick child from the Health Department, hospitals, dispensaries and physicians.

Nell Nelson carries aid to the Poor Children. Read the illustrated story of tenement-house misery in To-Morrow's EVENING WORLD.

The Quotations.

	Open.	High.	Low.
American Cotton Oil Tr. Rec.	31¾	31¾	31¾
Atch., Top. & Santa Fe	4½	4⅝	4½
*Central Pacific	35¾	35¾	35¾
Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific	104	104	104
Chic., St. Louis & Pitts.	13⅝	13⅝	13⅝
Chic., St. L. & Pitts. pfd.	43½	43½	43½
Chicago & Northwest	111¼	111¼	111¼
Ch., Mil. & St. Paul	77⅞	77⅞	77⅞
Chic., Rock Is. & Pac.	96⅞	96⅞	96⅞
Colorado Coal & Iron	66¼	66¼	66¼
Cin., Cin., Chic. & St. L.	77⅞	77	77⅞
Del., Lack. & West.	147½	147½	147½
Delaware & Hudson	106⅝	106⅝	106⅝
Denver & Rio Grande pref.	35⅝	35⅝	35⅝
Edison Gen. Elec.	10½	10⅞	10½
Illinois Central	116	116	116
Jackson Lake Shore	91	91	91
Louisville & Nashville	85⅛	85⅛	85⅛
Missouri Pacific	77⅞	78	77⅞
Nat. Lead Trust	20½	21	20½
N. Y. & N. E.	45½	45½	45½
N. Y. L. E. & W.	25⅞	25⅞	25⅞
Norfolk & Western pref.	60	60	60
Northern Pacific pref.	61⅛	61⅛	61⅛
Ontario & West.	18⅝	18⅝	18⅝
Or. Transcontinental	40⅞	40⅞	40⅞
Pacific Mail	45½	45	45½
Pipe Line certificates	80⅞	80	80⅞
Pull. Palace Car	45	45	44⅞
Rich. & West Point Ter.	21⅞	21⅞	21
Silver Certificates	113⅞	113⅞	113⅞
St. Louis & San Fran 1st pref	72	72	72
Southern Pacific	27⅞	27⅞	27⅞
Sugar Refineries	76⅞	76⅞	76⅞
Texas Pacific	20⅞	20⅞	20⅞
Tenn. Coal & Iron	40	40	40⅞
Union Pacific	62	62⅞	62
Wabash, pref.	26	26	26
West. Union Tel.	83⅞	83⅞	83⅞
Wheeling & Lake Erie	38⅞	38⅞	38⅞
Wheeling & Lake Erie, pref.	77	77	70⅞
Wis. Central	20⅞	20⅞	20⅞

* Ex-int.

A full account of Wall street affairs will be found in the 5 o'clock special issue.

Opie Read's Pocket Religion.

He tells a good story about a handy belief in THE SUNDAY WORLD.

IT IS KILLING HEAT.

Five Deaths and an Attempt at Suicide Reported To-Day.

Untold Suffering in the Crowded Tenement Districts.

Cooler Weather Promised To-Night by Uncle Sam's Weather Bureau.

The intolerable heat is causing untold suffering to the crowded population of Gotham.

At 3 o'clock this morning the mercury in Blakely's tele-thermometer registered 82 degrees of heat; at 6 o'clock, 80 degrees; at 8 there was recorded 85 degrees, at noon 91 degrees, and at 1 o'clock it still stood at the 91 mark.

The person who could catch a wink of sleep during the long hours of last night, when the city was enveloped in a stifling, smothering atmosphere, which seemed to become all the more heavy and depressing after the sun went down, was lucky, indeed.

Most denizens of the town tossed and sweltered in their beds till daylight without getting a moment's relief, and a general despair was manifested in the faces of those who made their way to their business early this morning over the sun-baked pavements.

Hot nights do more than anything else to increase the city's death rate, and last night was one of the kind that makes undertakers busy.

In some parts of the town the mercury did not fall below 83 during the entire night, while the relative humidity for the twenty-four hours, ending at 5 o'clock this morning, averaged 72 per cent.

This is something extraordinary, almost unparalleled, in fact, and there is no wonder that prostrations from the excessive heat were numerous and that sickness was rampant everywhere.

Reports from the police and the hospitals this morning show that the number of fatal prostrations has largely increased, and to-day's record, if the hot wave continues to get in its deadly work, will be unprecedented.

One of the victims reported is Rev. James Trainor, a priest in St. Joseph's Catholic Church in Pacific street, Brooklyn, who died last night at the Cumberland Street Hospital from the effects of a sunstroke.

Annie Blumenscheid, twenty-seven years old, of 422 East Eleventh street, ate a lot of Paris green last night and was taken to Bellevue Hospital at 2 A. M., a very sick woman.

The girl is single and a servant.

Wednesday she helped her sister to get out the family wash in the yard and stood with unprotected head in the hot sun. Yesterday she complained of severe headache and showed symptoms of sunstroke.

It was in a fit of despondency brought by her sufferings that she took the poison.

An unknown man about 35 years old was brought to the Higlbridge police station at 12.55 o'clock this morning unconscious.

He was found in a vacant lot near One Hundred and Sixty-first street and Jerome avenue suffering from sunstroke. An ambulance was summoned, but he died before its arrival.

Michael Whalen, 45 years old, died from the effects of the heat at his home, 15 Stanton street.

John Mann, aged sixty-two, died suddenly at 9.30 at his home, 123 Spring street, from the heat.

John Collins, twenty-seven years old, rolled off the roof of 84 Cortlandt street, where he slept to avoid the heat, early this morning and was killed by the fall.

Joseph Rigler, a twelve-year-old boy, driven out of his house by the heat, dragged a mattress out on the sidewalk at 1 A. M. and was arrested for it. At Essex Market Court he was released with a reprimand.

It was just as bad in all the suburban towns, and at Peekskill it is reported to be so hot that many of the soldiers at the State Encampment were prostrated during the night.

"The last twenty-four hours have been by far the worst on record this season," said Sergt. Dunn this morning. "Especially last night, when the temperature remained higher and more uniform than on any night on record for several years past.

"The temperature at 8 o'clock this morning was one degree higher than it was yesterday at the same hour, and continued to rise for some time afterwards; but I think I can promise cooler weather before night.

"It is cooler this morning in all parts of the country north of New York City and all through the lake region. At Boston it was ten degrees cooler this morning than yesterday.

"The wind was blowing from the southeast early this morning, but now it has shifted around to the northwest, and this ought to bring the cool wave down upon us before night. New York just missed getting it this morning.

"My thermometer showed 82 degrees at 10 A. M. and now it is 81, which shows that it is already cooling off a little. With the wind blowing six miles an hour it ought soon to give us some relief.

"The indications are for fair weather and a cool wave in the next twenty-four hours. The cool spell, however, will be only of short duration, for the Western part of the country, which has had cool weather for the past three days, is now heating up again, and probably by Sunday we shall catch it again."

The official reports show that the temperature at 8 A. M. at Boston was 78 degrees, at Philadelphia and Washington 82, Chicago 68, St. Louis 78, New Orleans 78.

Hudnut's thermometer registered 83 at 8 A. M. and 87 at 11 A. M., which with 72 per cent. of relative humidity made things about as uncomfortable for those who were obliged to be abroad, as it was possible to be.

Gothamites, will be thankful for any relief from the present torrid heat, and Sergt. Dunn's prediction of a cool, pleasant night will put courage into thousands.

Oatmeal water, ginger-ale and iced tea, are wonderfully popular beverages just now, although some individuals with cast iron stomachs can and do drink beer with impunity.

Soda water and fancy mixed drinks come in for a share of public patronage, but the multitude regard them with suspicion, believing them to be a snare and a delusion to the thirsty man.

The Coney Island and Rockaway boats are preparing for a general exodus of citizens this evening, and from the outlook at noon they will not be disappointed.

Prostrations Reported To-Day.

Patrick Tully, a carpenter, thirty-five years old, of 219 Fifth avenue, Brooklyn, was overcome by the heat at noon to-day at Atlantic avenue, near Third. St. Peter's Hospital.

Rosie Schwartz, eighteen, of 417 East Eighty-seventh street, was overcome by the heat at 298 Church street. Chambers Street Hospital.

Joseph Geury, thirty-four, of 165 East Fiftieth street, while driving a cart at Twenty-fourth street and Third avenue, was overcome by the heat and fell to the pavement and fractured his skull. Bellevue Hospital.

John Clark, thirty-eight, of 201 East Sixty-fifth street, was prostrated by the heat at Fifty-eighth street and Avenue A. Bellevue Hospital.

James Daly, thirty, homeless, was overcome by the heat in front of 250 Fulton street. Chambers Street Hospital.

RACING FOR THE GOELET CUP.

A Tempest Followed by a Calm, but the Yachts Started.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 1.—A terrific tempest struck Newport at 5.30 o'clock this morning.

The lightning was vivid, the thunder heavy, the rain fell in torrents, and the wind blew with something of the force of a cyclone.

The wind lasted about ten minutes and the storm a half hour.

Then the wind subsided to a flat calm, which gave little promise of a good breeze for the Goelet cup race between the New York yachts.

There was a very light wind at 10 o'clock, and the prospects pointed to a fluke in the race.

11.30.—The yachts are hovering about the stakeboat. The course is No. 2, Bow and Pigs.

11.45.—The start will be very late. The wind continues light from the northeast and the weather is somewhat thick.

11.50.—The race has started.

Life on a Cattle Ship.

A man who has tried it will describe its hardships to readers of next Sunday's WORLD.

MISSING FROM THE HOFFMAN.

Police Searching for a Guest Who Has Been Lost for Ten Days.

The police have been asked to look for Harver G. Denniston, sixty years old, who has been missing from the Hoffman House since July 21. He was in the lightning rod business at Union City, Conn.

Mr. Denniston has not been feeling well for several weeks in consequence of overwork.

Noah Wallace, of Farmington, Conn., who has been stopping with Mr. Denniston at the Hoffman House, reported the case to the police this morning. He thinks that Mr. Denniston has been taken ill and that he is being harbored by some unknown people.

When Mr. Denniston went away he had a considerable sum of money with him.

He is described as of thin build, light complexion, light gray hair and mustache. He wore a dark cutaway coat, gray mixed pants, a brown derby and laced shoes.

Tolstoi at Home.

The great Russian novelist will be described in next Sunday's WORLD as he appears in the fields and in his house.

Explosion in a Bottling Factory.

A soda-water bottle exploded with the force of a gun in S. G. Lichtenstein's bottling establishment, 18 Suffolk street, this morning, severely cutting Foreman James Baltaman, who was taken to Gouverneur Hospital.

Ostrich Farming.

THE WORLD'S correspondent tells an interesting story of an interesting farm in Southern California. See THE SUNDAY WORLD.

Cooler and Generally Fair.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 1.—*Weather indications:*

For Eastern New York: Cooler, generally fair weather; northeasterly winds becoming variable.

The weather to-day, as indicated by Blakely's tele-thermometer:

1890.		1889.		1890.		1889.	
3 A. M.	82	75	9 A. M.	88		77	
6 A. M.	80	74	12 M.	91		78	

Average for past twenty-four hours, 87 9-0 degrees.

Average for corresponding time last year, 76 1-0 degrees.

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

FOREIGN NEWS OF THE DAY.

The Rivas Revolt in San Salvador Effectually Crushed.

(CABLE SPECIAL TO EVENING WORLD.)

LA LIBERTAD, San Salvador (via Galveston), Aug. 1.—Advices from the interior of San Salvador affirm that the revolt headed by Gen. Rivas has been crushed out.

Gen. Ezeta was ordered from the frontier with about two thousand men immediately upon the outbreak of the trouble, and he made a forced march to the capital.

The rebellious Indians had captured the artillery barracks after worsting the small garrison left in charge there, and had then pillaged several houses. They were driven out by Ezeta's forces after hard fighting.

It is also alleged that Guatemala has withdrawn her forces from the frontier.

Prominent Irish-Americans Honored by the Liberal Club.

(DUNLAP CABLE NEWS SPECIAL.)

LONDON, Aug. 1.—Gen. Patrick Collins and John Fitzgerald, of Boston have been elected temporary members of the National Liberal Club, the largest and most powerful liberal organization in Great Britain.

A London Policeman Drowns Himself in the Thames.

(DUNLAP CABLE NEWS SPECIAL.)

LONDON, Aug. 1.—A policeman belonging to the Bow street division committed suicide last night by jumping into the Thames from Blackfriars Bridge.

The cause of the act is unknown.

A Russian Nihilist's Release and Immediate Rearrest.

(DUNLAP CABLE NEWS SPECIAL.)

BERLIN, Aug. 1.—A Russian Nihilist, named Slavinski, was this morning released from confinement, after four years incarceration in the penitentiary.

He was convicted, in 1886, during a Socialist trial at Posen.

On being liberated he was almost immediately rearrested and taken to the police station in irons, in charge of six detectives, while receiving the congratulations of his friends.

He will be extradited to Russia, where he is wanted for complicity in the murder of a judge in Warsaw in 1884.

A Coming Banquet to William O'Brien and His Bride.

(DUNLAP CABLE NEWS SPECIAL.)

LONDON, Aug. 1.—On Wednesday evening next William O'Brien and his bride will be entertained at an elaborate banquet at the Holborn restaurant by the leading members of the Irish Parliamentary party.

Dover Steamboat Strikers Have Not Yet Obtained Redress.

(DUNLAP CABLE NEWS SPECIAL.)

DOVER, Aug. 1.—The strike here and the excitement attending it are by no means over.

The strikers to-day proceeded in a body to the main office of the London, Chatham & Dover railway to lay their grievance before the officials.

The result was, however, unsatisfactory, the Company refusing point blank to pay the strikers the money the latter claim is due them.

This has had the worst possible effect on the men, and the excitement and ill-feeling are increasing hourly.

The well-known labor agitator, John Burns, arrived from London last night with the avowed purpose of making the present strike more effective.

The Exact State of Affairs in Buenos Ayres.

(BY CABLE TO PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.)

LONDON, Aug. 1.—A brief cipher despatch from Buenos Ayres has been received here by a house doing a large business with the River Plate.

It comes from its confidential agent and can be depended upon as an exact description of the situation there. Translated, it reads as follows:

"While the revolution has been suppressed, the political crisis continues.

"There is no better feeling in the money market."

Tolstoi and Thomas Stevens.

The greatest traveller visits the greatest novelist for the benefit of readers of THE SUNDAY WORLD.

Pleas for Excise Commissioners.

Judge Martine this morning listened to argument on the demurrers against the indictments found by the Grand Jury against Excise Commissioners Koch, Fitzpatrick and Meakim, on evidence furnished by the City Reform Club. Mr. Koch was the only Commissioner present.

LAST EDITION

KEMMLER IS NO STOIC NOW.

He Has Ceased to Whistle and Sing While Awaiting Death.

Warden Durston to Be Sole Master of Arrangements this Time.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

AUBURN, Aug. 1.—In three days there will have begun again for William Kemmler a week within any moment of which his life may be ended at the law's behest.

For fifteen months eminent lawyers, none of whom knew or cared a thought for this murderer himself, have been fighting in the courts to save his life; the saving was only to be incidental to the rescue of the electrical machines of a powerful corporation from the alleged disgrace of being the instrument of legal death.

Once in April last the gates of death yawned before this man of thirty years of age.

All the preparations had been made, his execution in the week of April 28.

Warden Durston had gathered his score of eminent medical men and expert electrical men. There was a hotel full of newspaper men here, and this quiet little city was in a perfect furor of excitement.

Yet Kemmler, behind the greystone walls that shut out the sunlight from him forever, was indifferent. He whistled, sang, talked, and was happy.

A reprieve came after Death's hand had been stretched over Kemmler's shoulder for nearly two days, yet the news had no effect on him.

But within the past four months of legal fighting Kemmler has weakened.

There is no more singing or whistling. The prisoner only sits and broods over the fate that awaits him.

There is but sixty hours between him and eternity, if Warden Durston chooses to select the first hour of Kemmler's week of death for his execution. Any moment after Sunday midnight the Warden may take him from his silent cell and in a twinkling, by the simple switching of an electric current, send him to his Maker.

A few weeks ago another prisoner who had killed a fellow man was brought here and placed in another silent cell close to that of Kemmler.

He was Frank Fish, who killed his neighbor at Canandaigua.

"Do these men talk together?" asked an EVENING WORLD reporter of Daniel McNaughton, the death-watch.

"Oh, yes, but not about death. They avoid that. They say only 'How do do?' and the like."

There are ninety life convicts in Auburn Prison, men who can have no hope of ever breathing the air of freedom again, yet not one of them would exchange places with the man caged up in waiting for the call of death.

Lawrence Donlan has taken the place of William Wemple on Kemmler's death watch. Kemmler objects to Wemple, because he scoffed at the murderer's profession of religion.

Mrs. Durston, the beautiful wife of the Warden, it is now said, has ceased to worry her head about Kemmler, and has not visited his cell in ten days.

Warden Durston said to-day: "I am in no hurry to kill this poor fellow, but this time I shall be boss myself. I consulted too many so-called experts and others before. This time I shall be master.

"I shall not execute Kemmler on Monday, and I cannot say definitely just when.

"The