STOCK REPORTS.

It Was Bull Day and They Made the Best of It.

Speculation Live'y and a Rise All Along the Line.

Borrowers Had No Trouble in Getting Money.

IBERAL buying orders from London and the improvement in the financial and industrial situation on this side of the water furnished a substantial basis for the bulls to work on to-day. They showed more backbone than at any time since the pinch in money first gave the market a black eye and they started in early to give the shorts a lively chase.

Even Chicago operators who have been bearish on the "strike" news, and who sold stocks here this morning, shifted their position and took extensive lines wherever they found that the rise was to be something more than a mere flash in the pan.

It became known at an early hour that the bond offerings to the Treasury would be fully up to, if not above, the average.

This was cheering intelligence as the bears were again beginning to preach about another spell of tight money.

To cap all, there came reports of a sharp break in the prices of wheat and corn at the West.

As this holds out the promise of largely increased exports of produce there is an additional reason to look for heavy earnings by the grain-carrying roads.

Exchange seems to be steadily gravitating to the gold importing point, and some bankers are predicting a moderate influx of the precious metal before long.

Altogether the bulls had a field day, and before the delivery hour they had succeeded in putting a number of the shorts to flight.

Prices advanced ½ to 2 per cent. right through the list, and the dealings were unusually well distributed.

Money opened at 5 a 6, and later lent as low as 4 per cent. The offerings were liberal, and borrowers had no difficulty in supplying their wants.

The posted rates for bankers' bills on London were lowered to 4,82½ and 4.86.

Sales at the Stock Exchange to-day were: 146,000 shares of listed stocks; 25,000 barrels of oil and 389,000 ounces of silver.

At the Sub-Treasury here to-day $1,500,000 4½ per cent. bonds were presented for redemption. At Washington $996,550 were tendered. All were accepted.

THE CLOSING QUOTATIONS.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Clos.
Am. Cotton Oil T. R.	25	25¾	24¾	24¾
American Express	113¾	113¾	113	113
Atch., Top. & Santa Fe	41¾	42	42	42¾
Brooklyn Land	30	30	30	30
Canada Pipe Line	95	95	95	95
Canada Southern	53¾	54¾	53¾	54¾
Chesapeake & Ohio	22	22	22	22
Chic. & Ohio 1st pfd.	90¾	91¾	90¾	90¾
Chicago Gas	54	54¾	54	54¾
Chic. Bur. & Quincy	101¾	101	101¾	102¾
Chicago & Northwest	100	100¾	100	100¾
Chic., Mil. & St. Paul	71¾	72¾	71¾	71¾
Chic. Mil. & St. P. pfd	117¾	117¾	117¾	117¾
Chic., Rock Is. & Pac.	84¾	84¾	84¾	84¾
Chic. & Eastern Ill.	44¾	47	44¾	45
Cleve., Cin., C. & St. L.	70¾	71	70¾	70¾
Col. & Cin. Mid.	101¾	101¾	101¾	101¾
Col. & Hock. Valley	20¾	21¾	20¾	21¾
Col. and Hock Coal	27¾	28¾	27¾	28¾
Col. Coal & Iron	50¾	50¾	50¾	50¾
Del., Lack. & West	143¾	144¾	143¾	144¾
Denver & Rio Grande	20¾	21¾	20¾	21¾
Denver & Rio G. pref.	74¾	75¾	74¾	75¾
Erie & Castle Peak	47¾	48	45¾	46
Edison Gen. Elec.	104¾	105	104¾	105
Laclede Gas	19	19	19	19
Lake Shore	107¾	107¾	107	107¾
Lake Erie & West pref	63¾	63¾	63	63
Louisville & Nashville	88¾	89¾	88¾	89¾
Long Island & Queens	45	45	45	45
Manhattan Beach	5	5	5	5
Manhattan Consol	107	107¾	107	107
Mexican Central	20¾	20¾	20¾	20¾
Mich. L. S. & West. pfd	100	100	100	100
Missouri Pacific	74	74¾	73¾	73¾
Mobile & Ohio	27¾	27¾	27¾	27¾
National Lead Trust	21¾	21¾	21¾	21¾
New Jersey Central	121	121¾	121	121¾
New York Central	104¾	105¾	104¾	105¾
New York & New Eng.	47	48¾	47	47¾
N. Y., L. E. & West	20¾	20¾	20¾	20¾
Nor. American Co.	5¾	5¾	5¾	5¾
Northern Pacific	33¾	34	33¾	33¾
Northern Pacific pfd.	82	82¾	82	82¾
Ohio & Mississippi	27¾	27¾	27¾	27¾
Ohio Southern	20	20	20	20
Ontario & West	19¾	19¾	19¾	19¾
Oregon Imp. Co.	34¾	35	34¾	35
Pacific Mail	44¾	45¾	44¾	45
Pipe Line certificates	85	85	85	85
Phila. & Reading	4¾	4¾	4¾	4¾
Pitts., Cinc. & Evans	19	19	19	19
Pull. Palace Car Co.	215	215	215	215
Rich. & W. P. Ter.	20¾	21	20¾	21
St. Paul & Omaha	30¾	30¾	30¾	30¾
Silver certificates	118¾	119¾	118¾	119¾
Southern Pacific	20¾	20¾	20	20¾
Sugar Refineries	78	78¾	77¾	78¾
Texas Pacific	20	20¾	19¾	20¾
Term. Coal & Iron	43¾	43¾	43¾	43¾
Tol., A. A. & N. M.	38¾	40	38¾	38¾
Union Pacific	61¾	62	61	61¾
U. P. Den. & Gulf	19¾	19¾	19	19¾
Wabash	13	13	13	13
Wabash pref	25¾	25¾	25¾	25¾
West. Union Tele.	85¾	85¾	85¾	85¾
Wheeling & Lake Erie	37¾	37¾	37¾	37¾
Wheeling & L. E. pfd.	75¾	75¾	75	75
Wisconsin Central	20¾	20¾	20¾	20¾

Mining Stocks.

The following were the closing quotations for mining stocks at the Consolidated Exchange to-day:

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
Alice	2.55	2.75	La Cresse	.05	.07
Ad. ms Con	1.00	1.10	Leadville con	.13	.14
Astoria	.08	.10	Little Chief	.59	.60
Belcher	.15	—	Mountain View	.03	.05
Bodie Tun.	1.10	—	Navajo	.50	—
Bodie	—	1.50	N. Star	—	6.00
Bulwer	.25	—	Ontario	41.00	—
Bristolpa	.18	—	Ophir	.07	.07
Crown	.45	.50	Plymouth	3.00	4.50
Brunswick	.11	.12	Quicksilver	.05	—
Belle Isle	1.85	2.00	Sierra Nevada	1.00	1.15
Carpenter	.32	.34	Sierra Oro	.40	.60
Con. Cal. & Va.	—	—	Savage	3.00	—
Crown Point	.17	—	Standard	1.30	1.50
Deadwood T.	.55	—	Sierra Tun	—	.12
Dead. Tor.	—	1.00	Stormont	.08	—
Eureka	—	—	Silver Queen	—	.06
Gray Eagle	—	.15	Santiago	—	.50
Horn Silver	4.50	—	Sun Shine	.42	.50
Homestake	.75	.85	Silver Cord	.30	—
Iron Silver	.32	.35	Tip Top	.80	—
Ireland	—	.41	Sil. M. Co.	—	—
Homestake	10.00	—	Silver V	—	.85
Horn Sil.	2.55	—	Shoshone	.01	.03
Iron Hill	.40	—	Sut. Creek	1.30	1.40
Gold Cor.	.35	—	Ward con	.25	.50
B. & Tun.	—	.85			

WHY JUDGE DUFFY DON'T MARRY.

Scathing Lecture to a Termagant Who Brought Her Husband to Court.

When the complaint of Mrs. Mary Welch against her husband for non-support came up in Justice Duffy's court to-day the little Judge exploited his views on marriage as follows:

"Why, woman, he can't live with you. No man could. Yet you want to harass him and annoy him, clinging to him like the barnacles on a ship's hill.

"It is the frequent sight of such women as you, and the hell on earth they can make for husbands, that has deterred me from marrying. It would be just my luck to get such a wife."

EX-JUDGE KELLY'S EXCURSION.

Thousands of East-Side Mothers and Children Given an Outing.

The happiness of a year is being crowded into a day for the thousands of mothers and children who are the guests to-day of ex-Judge William H. Kelly on the tenth annual excursion which his generosity provides for the east side.

There were five barges and the steamboat Pomona in the flotilla which carried the happy throng to Bay Cliff Grove, S. I., and a more delighted party of excursionists never went out of this city.

SWIFT SAN FRANCISCO, AHOY!

The Pacific Coast's Addition to Our Fleet of Crack Cruisers.

Averages 19.51 Knots in HerShe Trial Trip—A Beautiful Ship.

Reports of the trial of the new fore-and-aft protected steel cruiser, San Francisco, demonstrated that she is to be classed second only to the Philadelphia, and that she is a fit companion to the Baltimore in every respect, and will do her share towards maintaining the revived prestige of Uncle Sam's fleets among the navies of the world.

The trial took place in Santa Barbara channel, California, yesterday. The sea was smooth and the sun shining. The cruiser had been loaded to her mean draught of 18 feet 9 inches, and she made a run of more than four hours' duration, during which an average speed of 19.51-100 knots an hour was maintained, winning for the builders, the Union Iron Works Company, of San Francisco, the $100,000 premium offered by the Government for a maximum of speed.

The first forty miles were run in 2 hours, 1 minute, 13 seconds, at average of 19.8 knots. A long turn was gracefully made without slackening speed, but during the backward trip water got into the ducts that supply the current of air used in the forced draught, and the fans began to force water into the furnaces, making it necessary to stop the fans and pump the water out.

This caused a delay of not less than four minutes, and reduced the average speed to the figure named, 19.51 knots, for a run of eighty miles in 4 hours, 5 minutes, 57 seconds. The maximum of revolutions of her engines during the run were 131 per minute, and the average 126 to 128.

The Philadelphia still holds the record for speed, her average on the trial being 19.678 knots, but the San Francisco builders are proud of the work of the first cruiser ever built for steel requirements on the Pacific Coast. She is called "Melville's Ship," after the chief engineer who designed her engines. Those of the Baltimore and Philadelphia were designed by the Bureau of Steam Engineering.

The City of San Francisco showed its pride in its handsome name-sake by having made a magnificent service of silver plate for the officers' mess. There are thirty-two pieces in silver and gold, each bearing a golden California grizzly bear. The largest piece is a mammoth punch-bowl, with a complement of thirty-six cut-glass mugs, and the whole service cost $7,500.

The new cruiser differs but little from the Baltimore and Philadelphia in outward appearance. The San Francisco is 310 feet long, 5 feet shorter than her predecessors. Here breadth is 49 1 feet as against 48.6 feet for the others. Her draught is 18.9 feet, while that of the Philadelphia is 19.2 and the Baltimore 19.6 feet.

The new ship cost $1,428,000. The Philadelphia cost $1,350,000, and the Baltimore, $1,325,000.

PICNIC OF THE MERRY MEN.

Wit and Humor Passed Around to the General Public.

On a Country Road.

[From Street & Smith's Good News.]

Summer Outer—I have engaged board with a Mr. Hayseed. Am I near his place?

Native—Yes. Next farm to this.

Tourist—By the way, whose fine property is this?

Native—Mr. Suburb's. He's a gentleman farmer.

Tourist—Is Mr. Hayseed a gentleman farmer, too?

Native—Nope. He's a farmer.

Tourist—What's the difference?

Native—Mr. Suburb sells what he can't eat, and Mr. Hayseed eats what he can't sell.

Hurt His Dignity.

[From the Epoch.]

Tramp (refusing some bread)—No, madam, I cannot accept your kind offer. My knowledge of the laws of health compels me to draw the line at that bread.

Young Matron—The idea! Perhaps it isn't good enough for you. Well, what would the Lord High Duke like to have?

Tramp (with dignity)—Madam, I may be a tramp, a loafer, a dead-beat, a chicken thief, a swamp, or whatever you will have it; but I would like you to distinctly under-tand that I am no foreign duke, prince or count. No, ma'am!

Excessive Enterprise.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

"There is such a thing as being too enterprising!" said the young dentist, gloomily.

"How so?" asked a friend.

"Well, you see, I hired a nigger with a strong voice and no conscience to speak of to yell in my office, expecting it would make people believe that I was doing a rushing business and so attract customers.

"Good scheme! How did it work?

"Work? It overworked! The confounded nigger yelled so loud and agonizedly that would-be patrons all rushed to the studio of my rival."

Cruel.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

"Where did you get your wit?"

"From my grandfather."

"I thought your jokes were of a past generation."

The Custom Officials Find Them.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

Cholly—It is impossible to smuggle English clothes.

Chappie—Deah me! How's that?

Cholly—They're so loud a fellow cawnt hide them.

Anxious to Go.

[From Street & Smith's Good News.]

Aunty—So your paps has decided to send you to boarding-school?

Little Boy—Yes'm, and I'm goin' to study awful hard, so I can go to college.

Aunty—I am delighted to hear that. You are anxious to go to college, are you?

Little Boy—Yes, indeed. I love to row.

A Benevolent Hope.

[From Yonkers's News.]

Mrs. Cumso—Well, Harry's wife is certainly a thing of beauty.

Cumso—I hope she won't be a jaw forever.

Suddenly Enriched.

[From the New York Weekly.]

Mr. Citman (who has taken board on a farm)—Is there a bank anywhere near here?

Farmer Catcham—No, sir. We ain't never had no use for banks in this section. You see, this is the first season any of us has kept Summer boarders.

Sorry When He Came to It.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

First Urchin (wiping his mouth)—Say, Billy, dey's one ting about er watermelon wot I don't like. I don't see why dey can't grow some what wouldn't be that way, either.

Billy—What is it that yer doesn't like about em, Dickey?

First Urchin—It's too bad that the white rind ain't red.

Undeceived at Last.

[From Life.]

Barber—Your head is full of dandruff, sir.

Customer—I'm glad you told me. I was under the impression that it was brains.

How Fruit Gets in the Cans.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

Visitor (at a canning factory)—Well, I suppose Summer is your busiest season.

Canner—Yes, we have to put up or shut up.

MANOLA IN A STAGEY ROLE.

Out as a Furious Litigant Against De Wolf Hopper.

News and Gossip of the Opening Theatrical Season.

Miss Marion Manola (we haven't heard of her for at least a week) came to New York yesterday from the Isle of Shoals expressly to confer with Manager James C. Duff of the Duff Opera Company, with a view to joining this organization. Star and manager had a long conference, but the matter has not yet been definitely settled. Miss Manola has had offers from Henrich Conried of the Conried Opera Company, from Edwin A. Pratt, representing the Andrews Opera Company, and also, it is said, from Locke and Davis. She is a highly independent young woman.

She is furious at her treatment by the De Wolf Hopper Opera Company, and declared yesterday that she was going at once to see her lawyers and to bring suit against the organization for her last week's salary, which, she claims, she has never received. She is highly indignant, and Miss Manola is an artist as far as indignation is concerned. Last night she went placidly to Palmer's Theatre and placidly enjoyed the performance of little Miss Marie Tempest in "The Red Hussar."

* * *

R. A. Roberts, stage manager of the "Shenandoah" Company, was on Broadway yesterday "hustling" for a scenic artist who could paint a full set of scenery in two weeks, to replace that lost in the fire at McVicker's Theatre. Mr. Roberts found the task a difficult one, as scenic artists at the present time are busy. Roberts feels the effect of the fire rather acutely. He lost $1,700 worth of property.

* * *

By-the-by, Charles Frohman received a telegram from Chicago anent the "Shenandoah" company, which is continuing its season at the Auditorium, in Chicago. The night following the fire, in spite of the fact that the company had to borrow costumes and do the best it could for scenery, the receipts were $2,250. The company will, therefore, play the rest of its engagement at the Auditorium. Manager McVicker has already made plans for the reconstruction of his theatre, and declares that it will be a great deal handsomer than it was before.

* * *

"Chain Lightning" is the title of a new play that has been added to the repertoire of Miss Nellie McHenry. The title of the play would indicate that Miss Nellie McHenry, who announced her intention some time ago of renouncing boisterous farce for serious semi-melodramatic plays, has not found that idea extremely profitable. After all, the public look for fun from one who has been dealing it out unstintingly for years.

* * *

Wayne Ellis's farce-comedy, "Rapid Transit," seems to be Jules Verne-esque in its idea. Upon the stage will be a huge pneumatic tube, at the entrance of which is a comfortable chair. By sitting upon this chair the people in the play will be whisked off thousands of miles in a few seconds. "Rapid Transit" sounds genuinely funny. It is not a rollicking, pointless farce-comedy, designed to hang specialties upon, and it is for this reason that Mr. Ellis has had more trouble with the people concerned. Farce-comedy people are not at home in the legitimate. Steve Mally, "character Irish comedian," writes that he had made arrangements to go with "Rapid Transit," but concluded not to do so.

* * *

Harry Hine, manager of Hallen and Hart, now claims that the "gag" line, "Do nothing until you hear from me," to be used in E. E. Rice's "World's Fair," has been in the stock of "Tar or On" for a long time. In fact, he feels a little hurt about the matter, which, seriously considered, is rather pathetic.

* * *

William Hanlon is recovering rapidly from the effect of his accident at the Academy. His brother says that this is his second mishap within two years. While returning home from the Empire Theatre, in London, one night, about eighteen months ago, young Hanlon saw a man beating a woman in Trafalgar Square. He went to the rescue of the woman and in the succeeding fight received a stab wound that kept him confined to his bed for nine weeks.

* * *

De Wolf Hopper and his company end their vacation Monday, when they set to work again constructing "Castles in the Air" at Col. Sinn's Park Theatre, Brooklyn.

* * *

William Jerome, who is engaged to appear in a farce-comedy called "U. S. Mail," says that his is a government position.

* * *

The well-known theatrical manager, "Uncle" Dick Hooley, is in the city, minus a great deal of the Rip-Van-Winkliestic beard for which he has been justly famed. Still, he can be recognized, Boisers have not touched the beard before since the Chicago fire of '71. Sensational that—isn't it?

SAVED BY A BULLFROG.

Its Sudden Croaking Kept Four Reporters from an Unpleasant Ducking.

There are at least four newspaper reporters in New York who are stauch friends of the bullfrog family, says the Philadelphia *Ledger*. They are engaged on morning papers, and several evenings ago they were ploughing their way at a tremendous pace through the sand and wire grass of the meadows skirting Newark Bay back of Greenville, N. J., to investigate the story of a yacht that had been been missing, with eleven men on board, for several days.

The hour was late, the story promised to be a long one and much valuable time had been wasted in discovering the name of the place from which the boat had sailed, so the young men were pushing on in the dark towards the shore without stopping to search for footpaths.

All a once, just from beneath their feet, a voice that was almost human croaked "B'lunk-kout," and, as the tray liers stopped short to take advice, a big frog jumped with a plunk into the canal.

One more step would have taken the young men into its muddy depths, where they would have certainly received a most unpleasant ducking and possibly have lost their lives, as it would have been no easy matter to have climbed up the yielding clay walls of the waterway.

New Devices in Pyrotechnics.

The last of the special Thursday firework festivals will take place this evening in Paine's Amphitheatre at Manhattan Beach after "Trilbiscus of Vera Cruz," and the director will be made to have it an extraordinary display with several pyrotechnic novelties new from Europe on the programme.

SPORT IN AND OUT OF DOORS.

Planning for a Big International Billiard Tournament.

Inducements to the Australian Cricketers to Visit the United States.

At the games of the New Jersey Athletic Club Saturday afternoon at Bergen Point, there will be a long list of events, and each event will be well filled. The New York, Manhattan, Staten Island, Acorn, Star, American, Pastime, and other athletic clubs of the vicinity of New York will be well represented, and delegations will come from as far away as Boston and Washington to compete.

The upward boom which the New Jerseys are experiencing is bringing them prominently before the athletic world, and their contests are sure to attract attention.

* * *

The big bicycle meeting just ended at Niagara goes into history as the most successful ever held by the League of American Wheelmen. Over twenty thousand people witnessed the races. Cyclists from clubs in and near New York carried off most of the prizes.

* * *

Billiardists are again discussing the chances for holding an international billiard tournament. The programme which was spoken of last Spring is still thought to be the best, namely, that a tourney be held in New York, another in Chicago, and the other two in Paris and Brussels.

It is possible that the American cities only may be eventually chosen, as all the enthusiasm for such a tournament is on this side of the Atlantic. Slosson and Schaefer are the originators of the idea. It is the opinion of good judges that the New York public would be ripe for such an exhibition this Fall, and to that end those interested have communicated with Vignaux, Piot, Beaux and Eugene Carter to ascertain if they will enter.

Carter is an American, but lives in Paris, where he has a billiard hall. As an inducement to the Frenchmen to come over here, the Isaac Collender Company has offered to pay their expenses over and back, in addition to the offer to put up a valuable trophy, emblematic of the billiard championship of the world. This emblem would not become the property of the winner until it had been held by him for two years against all comers.

If but one tournament be held and that in this city it has been suggested that the conditions be fourteen-inch balk-line, 500 points up. As the championship would be at stake no handicaps, of course, could be allowed, as in the contest last Spring.

The entrance fee has been set down as $250, and so eager are George Slosson and Jake Schaefer for the tournament to take place that each has deposited his certified check for that amount with Treasurer Troescher, of the billiard table manufacturing company, as guarantee of good faith.

It is not probable that either Daly or Heiser would enter, but young Frank Ives would. Ives is only twenty-one years old, but has made astonishing progress as an expert. He is a great admirer of the fellow Chicagoan, Schaefer, and has faithfully copied the methods and style of the Wizard. Ives is looked upon by the Westerners as the coming champion of the world.

The promotors of the tournament are now awaiting advices from Europe. For on these replies will depend whether there is to be one tournament or two, and whether both of these shall be in America.

Should the plans for this big tournament fall through, a match for a big sum of money is likely to be made between those two famous leaders of the billiard world, who have so long been rivals for the premierships, Slosson and Schaefer.

* * *

The Acorn Athletic Club has added a middle-weight event to its boxing programme. The preliminaries of the competition will be sparred Oct. 2 and the finals Oct. 4.

The events now listed are 105, 115, 130, 135 and 158 pounds. Gold watches will be given to first men and silver ones go to those in second place. The contests will take place in the Fifth Avenue Rink, Brooklyn.

* * *

The Australian Cricket team, which Mr. Crowhurst, of Philadelphia, is trying to persuade to go home by way of the United States, has not been definitely secured for a visit to this country, but American cricketers have not yet given up hope that the Antipodeans will come this way. The Philadelphia cricketers would like to have a crack at them.

* * *

The Staten Island Cricket Club eleven, journey to the Germantown Cricket Club's grounds Saturday, for a match.

They are not in remarkably good shape, as some of their best bowlers have done lery little practicing this Summer.

* * *

The cricket club which has but recently been housed into promotion at Pittsburg will make an Eastern tour next month. No match has been arranged with any New York club as yet, though the Natural Gas representatives expect to play in this city.

* * *

The tennis tournament of the Staten Island Athletic Club's Labor Day programme will be started this afternoon. The preliminary singles will be got under way at 4 o'clock. They will be continued to-morrow. Saturday the preliminary doubles will be played. All finals will be played on Monday.

On the Railway Train.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Young Man (to critical-looking gentleman in front—Pardon me, sir, but this young lady and I are elopers and anxious to get married. Can't you perform the ceremony?

Conductor (over his shoulder)—Hold on young feller! The management don't allow any "tie-up" on this road!

The Man with a Mighty Pull.

[From Texas Siftings.]

A—Who is your friend?

B—His name is Mr. Smith. He's got an awful pull.

"Is he a politician, is he?"

"No; he is a dentist."

Wanted Things Brought to a Climax.

[From Texas Siftings.]

"Have you been reading the serial, 'The Scout of the Sierras,' that is running in my paper?"

"Yes, I am very much interested in it. Who is the author?"

"I am the author."

"You are, eh? Well, I want to tell you right now that unless the hard-hearted adventuress comes to grief and the brave scout rescues and marries the captive maiden pretty soon, I'll stop my paper."

A Green Clerk.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Lady—I would like to see some queensware.

New Clerk—Eh?

"Did you never see queensware."

"No, mum. I never did. The fact is, I have never been out of this town. To tell the truth, I didn't even know they swore until you mentioned it.

TO REGULATE the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, take Carter's Little Liver Pills; one pill a dose.

BUTCHERED AND CAST AWAY.

A Man's Mutilated Body Floated in at Bath Beach.

No Clue to His Identity, but Evidence of a Horrible Murder.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

BATH BEACH, L. I., Aug. 28.—The fearfully mutilated nude body of a man floated in with the tide this morning. It was first noticed about 7 o'clock by Joseph Cozine near the Willowmere Hotel. It was being tossed about on the waves among a lot of drift-wood about fifteen feet from the bathing pavilion float.

In country fashion, the body was left in the water until Coroner Wardell, of Bay Ridge, had been summoned. He did not arrive at the Beach until nearly noon. Meantime hundreds of men and women went down to the shore and watched the ghastly object as it surged to and fro in the water.

After the Coroner arrived the body was drawn ashore and he began his investigation. Only then was it seen that the dead man must have been murdered, and that in a most ferocious manner. The left leg had been sawed off just above the knee. The marks of the saw teeth where they had torn their way through flesh and bone were plainly discernible.

The cut was a fresh one, but the action of the salt water had concealed the blood.

The right arm was broken in splinters at the shoulder, and it could readily have been torn off the trunk. The lungs protruded several inches from the right breast, through a gap in the chest wide enough to put a man's fist through. It was altogether the most gruesome spectacle ever seen here.

The Coroner viewed the body in the presence of at least two hundred people, and said that he would identify the remains, but no one could recollect having seen the man before. The face was in good condition and would readily have been identified if at all familiar in these parts.

There was not a scrap of clothing left on the corpse, which was that of a man about thirty-five years old, five feet ten inches in height, and must have weighed about 170 pounds. The face was clean-shaven and the hair was dark.

It is the opinion of Coroner Wardell and those who saw the dead man that he was murdered on some vessel, stripped of his clothing and thrown into the sea. A medical student present thought the leg had been cut off with a surgeon's saw.

The body was removed to Wardell's Morgue at Bay Ridge, where it will be kept for a few days, so that it may be identified if possible.

An inquest will be held to-morrow evening. The police authorities have instituted a strict investigation, but it is not probable that it will amount to much. They believe that the dead man was murdered.

A WOMAN CONTORTIONIST.

The Young American Lady Who Is Astounding the Britons.

In the person of Miss Emilie Sells America has produced a woman, who, during the past few months, has been astonishing London Music Hall patrons by her wonderful feats of contortion, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. Some of her tricks surpass the most wonderful of those performed by the "snake man," without whom no circus is complete. She discovered that she possessed her peculiar ability by pure accident.

After witnessing the feats of a male contortionist at a theatre one night Miss Sells went home, tried to imitate them, and, to her surprise, found she could do it. Then she commenced to practise, with a view to going on the stage, and in a short time she had made her spinal column and joints so flexible that the body could assume almost any position.

It is the easiest thing in the world for her to turn her back on you, and, without moving her feet, twist the upper part of her body so as to face you.

Another favorite trick of hers is to lie on the stage, raise her right foot, twist her leg and use the heel of her foot as a pillow for her head. Such little things as twisting her legs around the back of her neck are common feats for her.

One day she called on Dr. Dwight, the famous Philadelphia physician, whose astonishment at her antics knew no bounds, and he said he wouldn't be surprised to hear of her snapping her spinal cord and dropping dead.

Miss Sells, however, says that she feels no pain or giddiness when she is on the stage. Many people thought she used a "snake oil" to limber her bones, and a few have offered her large prices for a few bottles, but the fact is she uses nothing. On one occasion a visitor forced his way into her dressing-room and, snatching a bottle of embrocation, slipped a ten-dollar bill into her maid's hand and dashed off with the prize.

Miss Sells eats anything, light and easily digested, and she highly practises a little before going to the stage.

On the modern stage there are many men and boys who earn a living as contortionists, but very few women. The authorities however, declare that only women are recorded as performing in ancient Egypt, and but few instances were known of men and boys contorting in Greece and Rome, while in the early baxis translations of the Gospel it is stated that the daughter of Herodias "tumbled" before Herod.

DROWNED WITH HIS DAUGHTER.

Capt. Thurber Gives Up His Life Attempting to Save His Child.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

MIDDLETOWN, Conn., Aug. 28.—While the schooner Palmer was being towed down the Connecticut River last night Capt. Thurber's daughter, a beautiful girl about eighteen years of age, who was on a pleasure trip with her father, accidentally fell overboard.

Her father, who was at the wheel at the time, immediately sprang into the water after her and before a boat could be lowered both sank, clasped in each others arms, for the last time.

The river is being dragged, but up to the present writing the bodies have not yet been found.

Capt. Thurber's home is in Staten Island, N. Y.

WHAT JOCKEY MURPHY DRANK.

Not Drugged, but Upset by a Mixture of Ginger Ale and Milk Punch.

It is announced that at a secret meeting of the Monmouth Park Executive Committee last evening, the case of Jockey Isaac Murphy was fully investigated. It was conclusively proven that the jockey was not drugged. Murphy admitted that prior to going to the track he had drunk several milk punches, but at the track he had drunk only a bottle of apollinaris and a bottle of ginger ale.

It is thought that in his reduced condition the mixture of these drinks caused his intoxication. No decision has been reached as to the action of the Committee.

WASHED DISHES 8,736 DAYS.

Why Mary Williams Is Pensioned from Pat Dolan's Beanery.

She Bewails Modern Innovations After Her 28 Years' Service.

"I always felt that no good would come of it when that nephew of Pat Dolan came to the place," said Mrs. Mary Williams, mournfully sousing her dishcloth in the great pan of dishes in the pent-up red hot little kitchen of the famous Park Row "Beanery" of Dolan & Nephew.

Mrs. Bridget Whalen nodded assent, and emphasized the heartiness of her acquiescence by giving the dish in her hand an extra wipe.

"Johnny Meehan is a well meanin' boy, but he's young and inexperienced. He's only thirty-two, and I felt it the first day he came here, fifteen years ago, and Pat Dolan seemed to set so much by him, that the good old times were ended," Mrs. Williams went on.

"Why, he hadn't been here but four years when what does that boy up and do but take a day off! We hadn't done wondering over that when next year after that he took another!"

"True for you, Mary. There's none knows any better than I do how you've been washing Pat Dolan's dishes these twenty eight years, going on twenty-nine, six days in the week thirteen hours a day, an' how it's been wipin' 'em for you the sixteen years," says Bridget.

"The boy seemed to outgrow his wildness after the first three or four outbreaks, though," ruminated Mary Whalen, brushing a scanty lock of gray hair back from her wrinkled old brow with the back of her hand.

"Johnny sobered down and worked steady and all right till last year, when what does he do but declare the old tables and chairs that had been good enough for twenty-seven years to be no good at all, and has us in a lot of new furniture!"

"Yes, an' puts linen oilcloths or some other new-fangled thing on the floor, just like a carpet," chimes in Bridget Whalen.

"And puts up a shiney looking-glass for dudes to see themselves in when they come in for their 'beef and' and coffee," added Bob Welch.

But Pon has served the house only seven years, and he was frowned down as an upstart and escaped to his usual occupation of thinking up combines for beating policy.

And after everything has been fixed and settled since before John Meehan was born that the day force shall work from 7 in the morning till 8 at night, with Sundays off, and the night force from 8 at night to 7 in the morning, with no Sundays off, that boy comes in and turns everything topsy-turvy and says everybody shall work twelve hours, and each man and woman shall remain away one day each week.

Adam Brede, who has baked buttercakes by day these ten years, allowed that he would get a chance to get acquainted with his family now, and he couldn't "kick" and Barney O'Donnell, the night baker, 365 nights in the year, for nine years, actually applauded the rebel.

Ignoring these hot heads, Mrs. Williams continued her wail:

"Now look at what he says to me: Says Johnny Meehan to me, who have done my thirteen hours a day here and never missed since I've boys were going to the war—me, who has turned sixty years old in this kitchen—says Johnny:

"'Mary, ye've worked well. Ye have done seventy-eight hours a week for this house ever since I usety come here when I was a baby, and I'm sorry,' says he, 'but it's got to end.'

"Well, I was that flabbergasted I had nothin' to say, and Johnny he says:

"'Mary,' says he, 'after Sept. 1 you work two days every week.'

"I flopped right down at that. My eyes seemed floating around on a sea of lard and I couldn't see. Johnny, he went on and says:

"'But your pay goes on just the same. We want to give you a rest. You've earned it,' says he.

"'Now, what'll I do with all the rest of the week?' I axed Johnny, when I got back to myself.

"'Says he: 'I suppose you're going to get some young flipperty gibbet of a girl to take my place.' But John, he says: 'No, no, Mary. No girls. They're too apt to want to get married. I'll get a nice young woman of about thirty-five or forty,' he says.

"And so I suppose the Beanery will get along without me after awhile," concluded the little old woman with a far-away, sad look in her thin face.

HE WAS DYING OF STARVATION.

Henry Herschel Found Beside His Wife's Dead Body.

Henry Herschel, aged seventy-one, and his wife, Mary, aged seventy, lived in a small cottage in Greenville, N. J. Their neighbors missed them from about the place, and this morning some of them knocked for admission to their house. Receiving no response they broke the door down and found the woman dead and the man dying of starvation.

He told his story in a few words. He was a carpenter and saved a little money. When he became too old to work any more they moved to Greenville.

Gradually their money ran out, and being too proud to beg they awaited death by a starvation.

The woman died Monday night. The man may recover.

He was taken to the City Hospital. His wife's body was sent to the Morgue.

They were married fifty years the day she died.

Roger Q. Mills Renominated.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

TEMPLE, Tex., Aug. 27.—The Democrats of the Ninth Congressional District to-day renominated Roger Q. Mills by acclamation. Great enthusiasm prevailed.

Overheard in the Bank.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

Cashier—Here's a draft for $50 from Springs, the post. It will go to protest, of course, for he has no money.

President—That's all right—it is the post's prerogative to draw upon his imagination.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
A cream of tartar Baking Powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—U. S. Government Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

FLED FROM JUSTICE TO DIE.

Old Man Beck's Awful Leap from an Express Train.

His Devoted Daughter Followed Him and Was Frightfully Injured.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

BURLINGTON, N. J., Aug. 28.—More light on the causes of the tragic suicide of Stephen Beck, followed by the probably fatal injuries of his little daughter, was gained to-day when his private papers were examined.

From them his age was ascertained to be sixty years. He was a farmer, resident at Utscountah, St. Clair County, Illinois, and it is supposed he was fleeing from justice when he killed himself.

He was indicted by the Grand Jury of St. Clair County for an aggravated assault on his fourteen-year-old daughter, and was held for trial in the sum of $300 bail. He had indemnified his lawyer, who went on his bond, and then having hastily sold his farm for $600 left. He was going to Germany, and took his youngest child Lena, ten years old, with him. He had been married five times, and his last wife had obtained a divorce after the assault for which he was indicted.

Beck and little Lena were passengers on a fast express train en route to New York last Monday afternoon. When near Holmesburg Beck attracted the att