IT CONTAINS ITEMS ABOUT YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS.
THE METROPOLIS DAY BY DAY
IN THE MORNING WORLD.

MONDAY--THE WORLD'S HALF-RATE SITUATION DAYS--SATURDAY.

The EVENING EDITION World.

ALL THE LADIES READ
THE METROPOLIS DAY BY DAY
IN THE MORNING WORLD.

PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1890. PRICE ONE CENT.

EXTRA

2 O'CLOCK.

THE FORCE BILL.

It Is Yet Again to Be Heard of in Halls of Congress.

President Ben Busy in Secret Over His Message.

The Rumor That Secretary Tracy Is to Leave the Cabinet.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—The President is engaged, with his usual precautions to secure secrecy, in the preparation of his annual message to Congress; and if he finds his meditation over the facts and figures with which he has to deal disturbed by obtrusive thoughts of last Tuesday's Democratic upheaval, he doesn't say so.

He has steadfastly refused to express himself through any discussion as to the reasons for the political reversal so speedily and effectually brought about.

But there are many others not so close-mouthed, and the post-election gossip and theorizing that has gone on hereabouts would fill volumes.

It is whispered that the President was really in favor of a special session of Congress to pass the Force bill, but that he was overruled by his Cabinet. At any rate, when Congress does get together there is bound to be a protracted struggle over that measure, and there may be a delay of appropriation bills thereby.

The contest for the Speakership of the Fifty-second Congress is going to be an interesting one, and is almost sure to effect legislation at the coming session. The gentlemen who have declared themselves candidates for the position realize to the full the importance which is to attach itself to the office, and will make a stiff fight.

A boom is already in for John Quinn, at present a New York Congressman, for the position of Clerk to the next House. He is well supported, and has a good chance of beating out Congressman Raines's brother, who was the choice of the New York delegation in the Fiftieth Congress.

The prospect of a Democratic Senator coming from New York in place of Senator Evarts is much discussed here. On one hand it is positively asserted that Gov. Hill is to be the chosen man. On another it is as positively declared that Hill will not take the position himself, but will undoubtedly name the new Senator.

Of course, all things are considered with regard to their bearings on 1892.

A big Democrat from the West, not an office-holder at present, but who knows pretty well what to say, declared in Washington day before yesterday this much:

"You can depend upon it that, backed up by the results of last Tuesday's voting, the Democracy will be found in 1892 speaking with no uncertain tones on the Tariff and the Government's general economic policy, and that, in the same spirit, the Democratic House will be found acting in no uncertain way on the same questions."

A Predicted Cabinet Change.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Nov. 10.—The *Times* prints to-day its promised prediction of a coming change in Harrison's Cabinet. Secretary Tracy, of the Navy Department, it declares, will succeed the late Justice Miller on the Supreme Court Bench, and will in turn be succeeded by the Hon. H. Clay Evans, Congressman from the Chattanooga District, who rallied of re-election on Tuesday. The *Times* claims the best of authority for the statement.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—The Chattanooga rumor regarding a coming change in the Navy Department is not generally credited here. Secretary Tracy refused to speak of the matter this morning, nor could information be obtained at the White House.

The Illinois Senatorship.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

MONTICELLO, Ill., Nov. 10.—The sudden looming of Judge Cicero J. Lindley as Gen. Palmer's opponent in the race for the United States Senatorship, has somewhat changed the complexion of the canvass. Judge Lindley is now a Farmer's Alliance man. President of the Illinois Alliance, but has been the Republican candidate for Congress in the Eighteenth District. The State Legislature on joint ballot will stand 101 Republicans, 100 Democrats and 3 Farmers Alliance members, and as there are Chicago Democrats who will not vote for Palmer, Judge Lindley's chances to finally get the necessary 103 votes are perhaps more than good.

Contesting Dick Quay's Seat.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

BEAVER, Pa., Nov. 10.—The announcement that the election of Matt Quay's son, Dick, to the State Legislature from Beaver County is to be contested on the ground of fraud has caused a good deal of a local sensation. Quay's opponent, Walter S. Braden, says he already has sufficient proofs to overturn the Republican majority of 169.

Reforms Promised in Delaware.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

WILMINGTON, Del., Nov. 10.—The Delaware Democracy, triumphant in the face of an election corruption fund which seemed almost inexhaustible, promises magnificent reforms. Having the State Legislature again they have power to call a constitutional convention, to pass the Australian Ballot law and to simplify and amend several provisions relating to the government of counties and towns. Though both sides used money in the elections it is asserted that for open and shameless bribing of voters the Republicans beat even their own record, and that machinery of officeholding was worked to its full extent.

Mountains Full of Gold.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

GAINESVILLE, Tex., Nov. 9.—Reports of new and rich discoveries of gold in Arbuckle Mountains, Chickasaw Nation, continue to come in, and miners are flocking thither. Fifteen hundred leads have been struck within an area of twenty-two miles square.

POINTERS ON THE RACES.

Tipsters' Opinions as to the Various Winners To-Day.

Programme of the Several Events to Be Run Off.

Heavy entries are the rule in every one of the seven races at Elizabeth to-day and there are prospects of cracking finishes in each. The feature of the programme is the meeting between Riley, Badge, Senorita, Come-to-Taw and others. Riley is asked to concede lumps of weight and a very pretty contest may be seen.

The first event on the programme is a six-furlong dash for two-year-olds. Judge Post appears to be the pick of the lot, and he will probably have the advantage of having Taylor on him at three pounds overweight. Judge Post should win, Forerunner ought to be second, and whichever candidate W. C. Daly names to start (Lepanto or Rumpus) may be third.

The second race, to use the language of the talent, "is a corker." Riley, Senorita, Badge, Come-to-Taw, Nevada and Lavinia Belle are named to go. Of the lot Riley is undoubtedly the best and it is hard to see how he can be beaten. He carried 115 pounds on Saturday and defeated Senorita and Lavinia Belle in a canter in the fast time of 1.50¼ for a mile and a sixteenth. He is asked to go a mile and a quarter to-day and carry five pounds more, giving ten pounds to Senorita and Badge and twenty to Lavinia Belle. He is in such rare form just now that he looks perfectly able to do so. He ought to win. Although Badge does not like a mile and a quarter race he is so good now that he ought to be second. Lavinia Belle should be third.

Dr. Helmuth appears to have a very good chance in the third race. His last attempt was a good one, and it should have just about put him on edge. He ought to win. Kyrle B. may be second and Prince James ought to be no worse than third.

Bush Bolt ought to score his first win in the fourth race. This colt outclasses the others and should have won his last race, but for the bad start he got. He may win to-day with Latina close to him at the finish. Hydra may be third.

J. H. McCormick has both Ella T. and St. Patrick entered in the fifth race, and whichever he starts ought to win. Common Sense ought to be second, and Mr. Sass may last long enough to beat the others.

Vardee at the weights appears to have an excellent chance to pull off the sixth race. He should have won last time he started, but was badly handled. He may win to-day. Cracksman should be second and Leo H. ought to be no worse than third.

Little Jim ought to capture the last race. Quotation may be second, and Kempland should be no worse than third.

The *Sporting World* makes these selections:

First Race—Forerunner, Rumpus.
Second Race—Riley, Badge.
Third Race—Prince James, Dr. Helmuth.
Fourth Race—Bush Bolt, Hydra.
Fifth Race—Ella T., Mr. Sass.
Sixth Race—Cracksman, Vardee.
Seventh Race—Kempland, Little Jim.

From Other Morning Papers.

First Race—Judge Post, Westchester.
Second Race—Badge, Riley.
Third Race—Ballyhoo, Dr. Helmuth.
Fourth Race—Bush Bolt, Hydra.
Fifth Race—Common Sense, St. Patrick.
Sixth Race—Cracksman, Leo H.
Seventh Race—Little Jim, Kempland.

First Race—Forerunner, Guildero.
Second Race—Senorita, Riley.
Third Race—Sir John, Prince James.
Fourth Race—Bush Bolt, Pan fily.
Fifth Race—Ella T., St. Patrick.
Sixth Race—Cracksman, Kingstock.
Seventh Race—Kempland, Jack Rose.

First Race—Judge Post, Guildura.
Second Race—Riley, Nevada.
Third Race—Ballyhoo, Dr. Helmuth.
Fourth Race—Cascade, Bush Bolt.
Fifth Race—St. Patrick, Dictum.
Sixth Race—Cracksman, Leo H.
Seventh Race—Little Jim, Lynn.

ELIZABETH ENTRIES.

First Race.—Purse $600, for two-year-olds; penalties and allowances; six furlongs.

Index.	Horse	Lb.	Index.	Horse	Lb.
353	Rheingold	111	372†	Guildura	108
353	Forerunner	111	367	Macpherson	103
372	Lepanto	111	355	Rumpus	103
372	Elysian	111	64	Westchester	103
359*	Judge Post	111	164	Landscape	100
—	Coriolanus	111			

Second Race.—Handicap, purse $600; mile and a quarter.

Index.	Horse	Lb.	Index.	Horse	Lb.
(371)	Riley	120	316*	Raymond G.	100
371	Senorita	112	367	Nevada	100
(378)	Badge	110	371*	Lavinia Belle	100
299	Come to Taw	106	369	Flood Tide	100
319	Elyton	100	354	Salute	90
365*	Now or Never	100			

Third Race.—Purse $500, for three-year-olds; weights 10 lb. below the scale; six furlongs.

Index.	Horse	Lb.	Index.	Horse	Lb.
351*	Sir John	112	373	The Sheriff	112
352†	Lady Jane colt	112	370	Kyrle B.	112
350	Bowery	112	351†	Ballyhoo	109
319	Prince James	112	365	Veronica	109
360	Dr. Helmuth	112			

Fourth Race.—Purse $500, for maiden two-year-olds; selling allowances; five furlongs.

Index.	Horse	Lb.	Index.	Horse	Lb.
297	Glenbrier	110	85	Cascade	98
367	Scapin	110	364	Endora	95
359	Bush Bolt	110	364	Hydra	95
355	King Alfa	108	355	Pea Blossom	95
367†	Bush Bolt colt	102	—	Irene H	95
367	Latina	101			

Fifth Race.—Conditions same as fourth race.

Index.	Horse	Lb.	Index.	Horse	Lb.
367*	Dictum	112		Ada C'ham colt	106
367	Common Sense	108	367	Mr. Sass	106
269	Haunital	106		Tom Moore	98
345	N. Perton filly	105	367	Marigold	95
359	St. Patrick	104	353	Ella T.	95
353	Blue Hill filly	101			

Sixth Race.—Purse $500, allowances; six furlongs.

Index.	Horse	Lb.	Index.	Horse	Lb.
375	Kingstock	122	374	Bill Barnes	112
304†	Cracksman	122	356*	Stuyt	112
370	Pustic	122	370	Vardee	112
—	Long Time	119	374	Winona	109
—	Pirate	119	374	Little Addie	106
40	Carmel	112	343	Leo H	104
—	Stonington	112	360*	Ferawood	102
374*	Santa Fe	112	370	Flambeau	107
374†	No Guilty	112	357	Emetilly	104
308*	Repeater	112	374	Blanchard	104

Seventh Race.—Purse $500; selling allowances; mile and a sixteenth.

Index.	Horse	Lb.	Index.	Horse	Lb.
357	Wilfred	122	377	Lynn	102
54	Lysander	112	377	Theodosius	102
313	Erlo	112	369	Quotation	99
308	Jack Rose	108	369	Raymond	96
(300)	Kempland	108	370	Count Luna	92
(354)	Little Jim	104	369	Ernest	92
308	Martin Russel	104	369	Flood Tide	87
308	Glenwood	102	348	Pearl Set	90

THANKS TO M'KINLEY.

American Drummers Required to Pay a License in Victoria, B. C.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

SEATTLE, Wash., Nov. 9.—Great indignation is expressed among travelling men now in this city at the retaliation practised by the authorities at Victoria. Since the passage of the McKinley law every American drummer doing business in Victoria has been required to pay a license of $50. This only allows him to sell goods by sample until Jan. 1, after which date every foreign salesman must pay a fee of $100.

On Friday eight salesmen, including three from New York City and one from San Francisco, were arrested, and each was fined $50 and costs. Drummers who return from Victoria report business dull, and advise all members of the Travelling Men's Protective Association to keep away from Victoria.

Young & Smyllie's "Arbor" Licorice Pellets A splendid demulcent for sore throats. Druggists.

OPENING OF THE HORSE SHOW

Madison Square Garden Filled with the Equine Beauties.

The Great Exhibition Begun Under the Most Promising Circumstances.

The shrill whining of the sleek filly and the sonorous neigh of the majestic stallion blended in equine harmony at Madison Square Garden this morning and made gladsome music to the ears of the true lover of all that is beautiful in horseflesh.

There were other noises of hammer and plane, and the crispy whir of the currycomb as it swished over the glossy coats of petted thoroughbreds in the hands of grooms who hurried to make their equine charges as pretty as pictures. All these were the concomitants of the opening of the sixth annual exhibition of the National Horse Show Association of America.

The show starts in with a rush and bustle that carries with it the conviction that nothing short of the most complete success will attend the really herculean labor which has been expended preparatory to making an aristocratic equine amphitheatre out of the beautiful and spacious Garden of music, with its delightful memories of Strauss and Seidl.

As early as yesterday morning group after group of valuable trotters, coach horses and hunters poked their noble-shaped heads up against the doors of the amphitheatre at the Fourth avenue and Twenty-seventh street entrance, and pranced about uneasily until they passed within the portals and were assigned to their temporary quarters.

Since then there has been a continual stream of horseflesh into the Garden, and at noon to-day less than a score, perhaps, of the 700 entries had failed to put in appearance.

The arrangements for the accommodation of the animals are almost faultless. There are no end of smartly attired grooms to give them plenty of careful attention, and the stalls are roomy, perfectly ventilated and cleanly.

The forenoon was devoted in a great measure to the proper distribution of accreditED numbers to horses in the numerous classes.

In the centre of the great tanbark ring is the judges' stand and as soon as a consignment of animals arrived they were walked around the track two or three times and finally edged up to the judges' stand and the necessary numbered placards handed out.

The ring is a capital one and is popularly believed to measure eight laps to the mile. It covers the entire surface of the Garden longitudinally from Fourth avenue to within fifty or sixty feet of Madison avenue, and the full breadth of the amphitheatre, with the exception of a row of stalls placed just outside the cinder path.

It is in this fine elliptical-shaped stretch of loam and tanbark that the public for the next six days will have an excellent opportunity of watching the evolutions of highbred and trained horses, representing fortunes in dollars and cents.

The time up to noon was spent by a great many trainers and grooms in exercising their petted charges. Swathed in gaudy blankets with bantam-weight jockeys astride their well-curled-for backs, the danged-tailed thoroughbreds were given stiff canters round and round the tan-colored ellipse.

Trim, stiff-waisted, beardless grooms sat right on high box seats of T carts, and guided their equipages with amazing grace and accuracy through the bewildering maze of horseflesh which ran rampant on the track.

Even thus early in the show it was an inspiring, exhilarating spectacle, but it isn't a circumstance to the really royal pageant of priceless horseflesh which will be seen cavorting in the amphitheatre as the hours grow on apace.

This afternoon classes 1 and 2 in thoroughbreds, 8 and 14 in trotters, 52 in ponies, 57 in saddle horses, 46 in tandems, 99 in weight carrying coos, 104 in jumping ponies and 104 A in polo ponies will be paraded before the judges for the award of prizes.

James R. Keene, J. G. K. Lawrence, J. H. Bradford and Col. S. D. Bruce will pass upon the merits of the thoroughbreds. Trotters will sit in judgment: David Bonner, W. B. Dickerman, C. H. Kerner, Dean Sage, of Albany, and Col. Wm. Edwards, of the Cleveland Driving Club.

The evening there will be a grand parade of stallions, in all classes, at 8 o'clock, and at 9.30 the most interesting feature to the majority of spectators, the high jumping, will be held. The great cracks and blue-ribbon winners, Ontario and Roseberry, will compete.

Incidentally there is plenty of good music by Lander's Orchestra.

RIOT IN AN INDIANA TOWN.

Interference with a Political Jubilee Results in Murder.

MARION, Ind., Nov. 9.—The Quaker town of Fairmount had its first murder last night in the killing of Con Paul by Tom Utley, a negro. For a time the affair took on the proportions of a riot, and when the smoke of battle cleared away six men had been shot. A Democratic jollification was being held, and a knot of men were grouped around an anvil celebrating the recent victories. Utley stepped up and ordered the celebration to stop.

In the altercation that followed Con Paul was shot in the head and died this morning; Jerry Frazier, colored, was shot in the leg and thigh; William Cobb, a farmer, spectator, was shot in the leg, and three others were seriously hurt. Utley being wounded in the back. The latter ran to Dr. Hunter's office, which was surrounded by a crowd of citizens, who threatened to lynch the negro. He was defended by several citizens until Sheriff McCoy arrived with a posse and read the riot act.

Utley was brought here at 6 o'clock this morning under a strong guard and placed in jail. He has lived in Fairmount only three weeks, but had already established a reputation as being a dangerous man.

A SUPREME STRUGGLE.

A Pittsburg Woman Throws a Burglar from a Window.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

PITTSBURG, Nov. 9.—The hand of a burglar on her neck rudely awakened Mrs. Johnson, who lives in the Lawrenceville district of this city, about 3 o'clock yesterday morning. With a cry she sprang up and grabbed him by the coat. The intruder, with an oath, seized the woman, who is slight of figure, and, stifling her cries, made for the window. While he was having difficulty in climbing over the sill, Mrs. Johnson succeeded in getting both arms free. In her desperation she attacked the man furiously, forced him to release his hold on her throat and summoning her remaining strength, she screamed and gave the man a push which sent him headlong across the porch roof and to the ground.

The scuffle and shriek awakened Mr. Johnson, who is advanced in years. He sprang toward his fainting wife, only dimly comprehending the situation. The family adjoining was also awakened, and all haste was made to capture the villain, but he made his escape.

Mrs. Johnson, whose terrified eyes saw the wretch fall, says he picked himself up, instantly vaulted the front fence and hopped away on one foot into the darkness.

IF YOU have money why pay other people's bad debts by buying furniture at credit prices when by going to FLINT'S you can save 20 to 50 per cent.

RESTING ON BONNY'S DIARY.

Stanley Makes No Further Revelations of "Rear Column" Atrocities.

The Surgeon's Tale of Events Which Led to Barttelot's Murder.

Explorer Stanley has surrounded himself with a watchful body-guard at the Everett House. Major Pond commands it, and he has received strict orders to admit nobody within the lines, not even friends or acquaintances, to say nothing of curiosity-seekers, cranks, lion-hunters or reporters.

The result was that when an EVENING WORLD reporter called at the hotel this morning to ask Mr. Stanley what he had to say about the terrible revelations made by Mr. Bonny, the surgeon of the "rear column," in his story, which is cabled to-day from London, he found that the great explorer was positively unapproachable.

Mr. Stanley, however, has already had something to say about the information in the possession of Mr. Bonny, for upon the statements contained in the diary of the surgeon, who was the only living white man in the camp at Yambuya when the messengers of the advance column reached it, Mr. Stanley has based all the charges which he has made against the officers of the rear column.

While he was coming up the bay on the Teutonic Mr. Stanley told the reporter that Bonny was the only man in the world who could support him in the position which he had taken.

"Bonny's diary," said Mr. Stanley, "contains the whole story of the rear column, from the time I left the camp at Gambuya until my messengers returned to it and found Major Barttelot dead, all the officers gone, and only sixty-one survivors out of the 275 men I had left there.

"The diary was put in my hands by Mr. Bonny, and I have studied it carefully. It is now in the possession of Mr. Bonny in London, and it lies entirely with him to say whether or not it shall be published. There are some things that had better be kept secret, in my opinion, and one of them is the diary kept by Mr. Bonny.

"It is enough for me to know what it contains; but all the other surviving officers, as well as the friends of Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson, also have been informed of its contents. I know what Mr. Bonny will say about it, for when I left London he had not come to any decision in the matter."

The extracts from Mr. Bonny's diary, as now published, furnish a complete confirmation of all the charges made by Mr. Stanley, both in his book and in the interviews had with reporters and correspondents since his arrival in this country.

Mr. Bonny relates how Major Barttelot tried to induce him to give the Major some drugs in order to poison Selim Ben Monrameo, nephew of Tippu Tib, and how Barttelot stole a quantity of cyanide of potassium, belonging to Mr. Jameson, for this purpose.

The story that Barttelot once seized a woman and fastened his teeth in her flesh is verified, though Mr. Bonny says Stanley made a mistake in saying that he bit her on the shoulder. He seized her by the cheek, and would have been killed by the infuriated natives, with his teeth still in the wound, had not Bonny beaten off the crowd which started to attack him with cudgels.

It was also true, says the diary, that Barttelot was in the habit of grinning horribly before the natives, trying to frighten them; that he sometimes ran about the camp prodding his people with a steel-pointed staff, and that the boy boudi had died from the effects of a kick which Barttelot had given him without the slightest provocation.

Another horrible barbarity Barttelot committed was the flogging of the missionary, John Henry, who afterwards died from the brutal treatment. Bonny describes the scene with all its sickening details. Three hundred lashes were ordered, and four big Soudanese soldiers did the work. Henry became insensible after the first thirty lashes.

"The scene was the most horrible I ever saw," says Bonny. "The boy's flesh fell off in pieces to the ground, mortification set in, and his body swelled to twice its natural size. Within twenty-four hours he died."

Barttelot's stabbing of Chief Ungunga was an incident that Stanley did not relate. The chief was in camp trading for some native women. There was no provocation at all for Barttelot, who came up behind him, plunged his knife in the chief's shoulder without warning.

Bonny gives a full and detailed account of the circumstances which led to the killing of Major Barttelot, and it is substantially the same as that already given by Stanley in his statement to the London *Times*.

Barttelot, he says, was hated and execrated by every black man in the camp, and if they had ever gotten possession of him they would have torn him limb from limb.

The horrible story of the killing and eating of the native girl by cannibals in order to please Jameson, who made several sketches of the scene, is also confirmed by Bonny.

A POETIC BURIAL.

His Sons Carry Out the Dying Wishes of James S. Gordon.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

CINCINNATI, Nov. 9.—The sons of James S. Gordon, a journalist and politician of this city, who died in New York a year ago, have just completed a strange charge laid upon them by their dying father.

His last wish was that his body should be cremated and the ashes be brought here and interred in the family lot at Milford, a Cincinnati suburb, and that a young elm tree be taken from the yard of his childhood's happy country home and transplanted to the side of the urn containing his ashes. He was passionately fond of nature, and in this way he pleased himself with thinking he should live again, his ashes nourishing the tree's new life.

This wish was fulfilled, his body being cremated and the dust buried in the family lot at Milford.

During the past week his sons Salone and Jack Gordon went out to the old Gordon homestead overlooking the Miami River valley at Lonland, and selecting a beautiful elm tree from the plain ground of their father's boyhood, took it to Milford and planted it on his grave.

Toasts at the Thurman Banquet.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 9.—Following will be the order of exercises at the Thurman banquet on the 13th, the Old Roman's birthday: Address of welcome, John D. Lentz, President of the Thurman Club; Toast-master, J. H. Outhwaite; "Our Guest," Judge Thurman; "Citizenship in America," Grover Cleveland; "The Democratic Party in Relation to the Future Public Economy," Thomas Ewing; "The Senate," Senator Daniel W. Voorhees; "The Early Ohio Bar," R. A. Harrison; "The Young Democracy," Senator Calvin S. Brice; "The American Statesman," Senator John G. Carlisle; "Democracy in America," W. C. Breckinridge; "The House of Representatives," William Wilson; "The Democracy of the Future," Don M. Dickinson; "The State of Ohio," Gov. Campbell. Henry Watterson will respond to a toast not yet named.

An Earthquake in Mexico.

CITY OF MEXICO, Nov. 9.—A heavy shock of earthquake was felt at 1.15 o'clock this morning in Guaymas, causing great fright but doing little damage.

HER HUNT FOR GREEN GOODS.

Mrs. Conrad Tells Judge Duffy How She Was Duped.

For Lack of Evidence Swindler and Victim Were Both Discharged.

Mrs. Angeline Elizabeth Conrad, of Augusta, Ky., farmer and would-be purchaser of "green goods," looked woefully disappointed when she was arraigned before Justice Duffy in the Essex Market Court this morning, alongside of "Big Walter" Willard, confidence man and all-round crook, who was on the eve of swindling the guileless female farmer, when his little game was frustrated by the police.

Detectives Jacobs and Aloncle, of Inspector Byrnes's staff, arrested the sharper and his intended victim as they were stepping into a coach at the Desbrosses street ferry Saturday afternoon.

Her two nights in the Inspector's crib at Police Headquarters did not seem to have agreed with Mrs. Ann Elizabeth Conrad as she faced the Magistrate in the crowded court-room.

Her fine brown hair, through which streaks of gray are only just beginning to show, although she is fifty years of age, was rather unkempt, and her black velvet bonnet sat awry in a devil-may-care way on her head.

Her dress, of black alpaca, fitted her neatly, though, and it was evident that she was reared in good circumstances. Her lips twitched nervously and little beads of perspiration burst out on her face and trickled in little rivulets down to her chin.

The sun, streaming in through a window in front of her eyes, caused her to keep her head bent down, and she drew imaginary lines on the polished desk, with the long bony finger of her right hand, while Justice Duffy elicited her story from her.

Mrs. Conrad said that some time ago she received a letter from some one who signed "552," offering to sell her bills as good as genuine money at the rate of $100 a $1,000. She took the bait and answered the letter, asking for more information.

"552" sent back word that she should burn the letters he had already sent her and not write to him any more, but come on in person and examine his stock.

"And so you came on to buy the counterfeit money?" the magistrate suggested; but the lady from Kentucky was not to have her story shortened.

"Well, now, Judge, I reckon that I didn't come to buy counterfeit money," she retorted. "I just wanted to see for myself. I was given to understand that it was just as good as the real article, and was told that if I did not like the 'stuff' in bills I could have it in gold, $900 for $300. I sent 'em a telegraph on the 7th of November. Here it is:

"It says: 'Crops good. Will try three hundred. Arrive Saturday, 11 A. M.' and I signed my name. I went up here to New York and got a reply that I would be met at the depot in Newark.

"So I was. This man"—casting an inquisitive look at Big Walter as if she was not yet satisfied that he meant to deceive her—"was at the station when I got to Newark Saturday. He was on the platform and I carried my telegram in my hand. He had another, and I knew it was him and he knew it was me.

"He spoke to me fair purty, and took me to the Adams House, where I paid a dollar for a room.

"I asked him, 'Well, now, mister, have you got your goods?' I'll take a look at them.'

"'Oh, now, my dear madam,' says he, 'we must go to New York and transact our business there.'

"'All right,' says I, 'let's go,' and we started. I gave him a dollar, and he bought the tickets for New York, and so we came here and was arrested."

"You did not see any of the green goods then?" queried Justice Duffy.

"I reckon not," said Mrs. Conrad.

"Don't you know that you were acting very wrongly?"

"Now, Judge, I am the Christian mother of eight children, three married and five living, and my husband dead going on these ten years, and I will tell the truth. I did not know whether I was doing wrong or not. I have a farm in Augusta, and it has been a mighty hard struggle to bring up my family in the way they should go, and as I had saved a little money I thought if I could add to it it would harm nobody. I did it for my children," she sobbed.

"There, there, now; don't be afraid," said his Honor, soothingly.

"I am not afraid," she retorted sharply, raising her hand, whiter than black eyes flashed. "Fear is known to me, but I'm sick and heart-sore."

"Where did you get this money?" she was asked.

"My husband was a soldier and I get $12 a month pension. He died of injuries received in the war. I saved the $300 out of that and out of the profits of a sawmill I have in Kentucky," she replied promptly.

"Did you burn the letters you got from the green goods men, as they told you to?"

"Oh, yes; at least I burned part of them, and whether the children burned the rest of them or not I do not know," she answered.

Detective Aloncle then told how they came to "get on" to "Big Walter" in time to save Mrs. Conrad's money.

"The Inspector has been receiving hundreds of complaints lately from Southerners, who have received green good circulars," said the detective. "The operators have in nearly every instance made appointment with their intended victims in suburban towns in New Jersey.

"Jacobs and I were in Newark Saturday morning on another case, when we saw 'Big Walter' lounging about the station.

"I knew him as a crook, and the Inspector once sent him away for ten years for snoopinting, so I watched him to see what he was about.

"About 11.10 o'clock a train stopped and this lady woman got off and looked around in a bewildered fashion, until 'Big Walter' rushed up and greeted her effusively. He made her feel right at home in his own genial way and took her to the Adams House.

"We followed and kept them in sight until they came to New York in the afternoon, when we arrested them as they were getting into the cab after crossing the Desbrosses street ferry.

"What did you find on them?" asked Justice Duffy.

"The crook had nothing much to speak of, but she had $315 and a big gun," replied Aloncle, creating a sensation as he laid a murderous-looking revolver before the magistrate's gaze.

"That was fully loaded, but we have drawn the cartridges," explained the detective, as surprised His Honor gingerly lifted the big pistol, and glared meditatively down in the barrel.

"Why, that would bore a well through a man. What did you intend to do with this?" he asked the woman.

"To protect myself, I reckon. I did not know just who I would meet on the way, nor what kind of a crowd I was going to tackle in New York; but I did not mean to let them get the best of me," she answered determinedly, and "Big Walter" gave a little shiver of dread, and looked as if he thought it just as well that he had been arrested.

"Now, sir, what have you to say for yourself?" the Justice asked him.

"Nothing. I did no wrong. My friend, Mr. Ballard, met me at the Brooklyn Bridge earlier in the morning and asked me to go over to Newark and meet a lady, a friend of his. I did so, and met Mrs. Conrad, as she has stated, but I never had any intention of selling her any green goods.

"No, of course not. Who is your friend Mr. Ballard?"

"I don't know anything more about him than that his name is Ballard and we play a little game of poker occasionally," the crook replied with a grin. He is a very tall young man, which accounts for his nickname, bogtin to appearance, with cheeks that look as soft and feet as a girl's.

He has big blue eyes and a very innocent expression, but his "mug" is in the Rogues' Gallery, No. 1,890. He dresses very well, and he showed the entire proceedings with an air of ease that was admirable nothing if feigned. Only once did he lose his self-possession, that was when Mrs. Conrad's big pistol was displayed.

Justice Duffy was anxious to lock him up, but there was no charge on which he could be held, as the detectives arrested him before he had had time to ply his criminal work, and so, much against his will, Justice Duffy was obliged to let him go.

"I thank you," Willard said, and then bowed low to Mrs. Conrad, with winning grace and a bright smile.

"Far-well," he remarked, pleasantly, to which she solemnly responded, "Good bye."

The Judge then directed the detectives to return to Mrs. Conrad the money they had found on her person, take her to the Pennsylvania railroad depot, and see her safely started for her Kentucky home.

"And what will we do with the pistol?" asked Jacobs.

"Oh, keep it," said the woman.

"Yes, confiscate it," ordered the Judge.

SANDBAGGED DR. BLOODGOOD.

The Aged Navy Surgeon Struck Down by a Brooklyn Thug.

Medical Director Delavan Bloodgood, in charge of the United States Naval Laboratory in the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, is confined to his bed to-day with serious injuries, which are believed to have been inflicted by a sand-club in the hands of a desperate highway robber.

The police are looking for his assailant and for the handsome gold watch and pocketbook which was stolen.

Dr. Bloodgood, who is nearly sixty years of age, was assaulted shortly after 2 o'clock yesterday morning. He was going through Sands street and was struck down from behind. He fell face foremost to the ground, and lost consciousness. After lying helpless for about an hour and a half, he was picked up by a citizen who was passing, and taken to his home in the Navy Yard.

He then discovered that he had been the victim of a most atrocious assault and robbery. A large and painful swelling on the back of his head, and a long bruise over the forehead evidenced the ordeal through which the physician had passed.

He was put to bed and is still unable to be up this morning.

Dr. Bloodgood is a well-known Brooklynite. He has long, flowing gray hair.

An EVENING WORLD reporter called at the Naval Hospital this morning, but was unable to see the injured man.

Medical Director Gihon, of the Hospital, said: "It is very unfortunate that Dr. Bloodgood should have met with violence in such a manner, he and we are all pretty certain that he was sandbagged.

"According to the story which he tells, he had been over to the St. Nicholas club in New York. There was a celebration in the Club house, and Dr. Bloodgood stayed there until after midnight, when he started for home.

"He came downtown to the bridge and took a train to this city, arriving at the Sands street stairway at 2 o'clock.

"Coming downstairs, he looked out for a Flushing avenue car, which we take to come up to the hospital. The car had just passed and was on the next block.

"As he was too old to run very fast he concluded to walk up. This has been a very common thing for him to do.

"He lighted a cigar and prepared to take an easy walk through Sands street, and then up Flushing avenue.

"He had not gone more than three blocks, and was, I think, near Jay street when he was greatly shocked. He fell to the ground. We have his belief that he was approached from behind by some person and a gang felt slippers, who felled him to the ground with a sand club.

"There the doctor lay until some time after 4 o'clock, when a young man came along and discovered him and picked him up.

"The doctor regained his senses enough to tell who he was and where he lived, and was brought home.

"While being undressed it was discovered that his handsome gold watch and chain were missing, and he then found that his pocketbook containing a small amount of money was also gone. The case was then reported to the police.

"Dr. Bloodgood is still in a serious condition. There is no break in the skin on the back of his head, and this indicates that he was struck by some blunt instrument like a sand club."

Detectives Noonan and Kearney, of the Second Precinct, are looking for the doctor's assailant. The number on the watch which was stolen is 16,877, and pawnbrokers have been notified to look out for it.

Just Escaped Dissection.

CHICAGO, Nov. 8.—A funeral cortege starting from a medical college was the unusual spectacle witnessed on Wednesday by the people living on Twenty-sixth street, between Prairie and Calumet avenues, says the *News*. The uninvited watchers who stood on the sidewalk opposite the Chicago Medical College sighed, shrugged their shoulders and heaped unstinted criticisms on the college authorities. But the law is an unsentimental thing and science sometimes appears to be brutal. A man died a few days ago at Mercy Hospital. His relatives in an interior town were notified of his death, but they were tardy about claiming the body. After the period fixed by law had expired the remains were turned over to the medical college. As the practice is the body was packed in sawdust and surrounded with ice. The relatives came and the dead man was found in an ice-box. Not a pleasant sight, not a loving spectacle, but the authorities say they did not mean to carry the remains to the dissecting-room for weeks, perhaps months. The relatives around the body without trouble, say the authorities, for as soon as they identified it it was turned over to them. An undertaker was sent for and the grim ceremony of transferring the body from the damp and dingy basement to the hearse was performed. The curious people who stood on the sidewalk and saw it all said it was an outrage. The college people say it was one of the unpleasant vicissitudes of life and death.

Escaped Hanging to Die In a Cell.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 8.—Charles Blythe, the colored man who murdered Dr. A. E. Jones, of Cincinnati, for which he was sentenced to be hanged July 30 last, but whose sentence was commuted to life imprisonment by the Governor, has died in the Penitentiary Hospital of consumption. About a month after Blythe was released from the Penitentiary Annex, says the Columbus correspondent of the *Enquirer*, he became ill and was sent to the hospital. It developed that he was afflicted with consumption; it soon became evident that he would never leave the hospital alive. His strength failed rapidly, and for several weeks his death had been momentarily expected.

The Little Dotlet in Connecticut.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

HARTFORD, Conn., Nov. 10.—The result in Connecticut now turns upon the acceptance or rejection of the 126 Republican secret ballots upon which an inspector detected a mark which some say was caused in printing and which others claim to be a lead pencil dot.

The votes were cast in Bridgeport and will defeat Morris, (Dem.), for Governor if allowed. The mark is a little dot between the "v" and the "e" in "Governor."

A $25,000 Village Fire.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Nov. 10.—A fire starting in the bakery of John B. Carlat, at Tremont, at midnight last night destroyed five dwellings. The loss is estimated at $25,000.

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