TWELVE IN THE BOX.

Jury Completed for the Trial of the Ripper Case.

Did Frenchy Murder and Brutally Slash Old Carrie Brown?

The Algerian an Object of Curiosity to Crowds in Court.

The third day of the trial of Ameer Ben Ali, called to the bar as "George Frank," for the butchery of Carrie Brown, the dissolute hag known among her jibing, jeering, leering associates as "Old Shakespeare."

ASSISTANT DISTRICT-ATTORNEY WELLMAN.

Ameer Ben Ali is an enigma. The police call him "Frenchy No. 1." Never before in the history of New York have the police succeeded so well in completely surrounding a murder in mystery.

Every witness in the case was nabbed by Chief Byrnes's men and hidden away from investigating laymen in the House of Detention, that last necessary relic of civilized barbarism.

The people have only this Algerian Arab, who speaks monosyllabic English with difficulty and understands almost nothing that is said to him or in his presence.

The public, save the very few who gain admission to the Court chamber where Recorder Smyth sits in judgment, must see Ameer Ben Ali through the scrutinizing, analytical eyes of the press.

Carrie Brown's slayer was more than a fiend incarnate. That much is settled in every mind.

Look at the yellow-brown, hollow-eyed, half-nourished, unacclimated fellow who is charged with the butchery.

Tall, thin, angular, more than enveloped in the cast-off clothing of Fred House, his chief counsel, Ameer Ben Ali sat in the prisoner's pen at the rear of the court-room when an EVENING WORLD reporter stepped to the grated door this morning.

Ameer, the son of Ali, was slowly weaving coils of aromatic smoke from a delicate Turkish cigarette. He arose, greeted the caller with an Oriental salaam, and poised his head like one who anticipates difficulty in hearing or in understanding a coming remark.

The sunken eyes, small, deep brown, too near together, peer wistfully at the stranger. The skin over the high cheek-bones, a curious yellow form of "Tombs pallor," shines and glistens. The retreating brow wrinkles and corrugates in the effort to exert all the faculties towards comprehension of what is to be said.

"Good morning, Ameer."

The anxious, wistful look gives place to a smile childlike and simple. A pleased smile. The stranger has said something that he understands.

The fifty wrinkles in the yellow-brown forehead smooth out, and the child of the desert replies:

"Goot! ver' goot!"

"How long in Amerique, Ameer?" the visitor asks, perpetrating unconsciously the common absurdity of trying to make one who can't understand good English understand no English at all.

Ameer spreads both hands, shrugs the angular shoulders, arches the overhanging brows, rolls up the ferret-like brown eyes and says:

"Noot spik Americ."

Then the eyes drop, and the fellow seems to shrink within himself. Then he spreads his hands before him again, pleadingly. The little bullet head drops to one side—pleadingly. The mouth purses—pleadingly.

"No com. No frynd com! No wife—no chil'. Plent' frynd il Breuck-lyn. No com say me goot—no bud man."

There is the utmost anguish in the voice, sort, though a trifle hoarse.

"Then you have a wife and children, Ameer?" the visitor says, softly.

Tears, that speak a language understood in every clime, fill the deep-set eyes and roll out over the yellow-brown cheeks.

There are tears in the next words, that came trembling from the thin lips.

"Yah—in Algeria. Waife, two chil'.

"Wan—two, 1, lit' girl—boy!"

Ameer holds up one finger, then two, counting with the other hand as he says this, and there is a mourning, a sadness in it all that is touching.

One forgets that, if the indictment be true, this apparently simple fellow, crying for his wife and babies in far away Algeria, strangled Carrie Brown to death, and with insatiable fury fiendishly reveled in her blood, ripped her living flesh, tore and mangled her dead body, twisted and stripped her intestines, and after making his mark—a cross cut and slashed in the flesh of her back deep down to the bone—concluded the most awful deed known in the long list of New York murders by sticking the dull-edged knife into the poor body up to the very hilt.

"Well, Jenalil and Bozieb—your Brooklyn friends—they will be here, Ameer?"

"Yah, yal; me mu'nstan Americ—Je nail no un'stan; Bozieb no un'stan. No goot! No goot?"

It was the wail of despair. Jenalil and Bozieb are Arabs. They can do no good. No one will give weight to what they say.

Ameer recovers from his depression a little and again pleads in attitude, in expression, in accent, wrestling to make himself understood.

"Merique frynd—one-two-tree gon-tlamon il Breucklyn—no com'.

Again the fingers are counted, "one, we three," then all together at once, both hands' ten fingers are yet not enough to express the number of American friends he has in Brooklyn, not low mortals like himself, but gentlemen—yet they have forsaken him in his hour of great danger.

His whole manner, pleading, pitiful, argumentative, asks: "How can it be that I am so deserted?"

"Me wan, what you call? No hurt. Mak' ver' lit mod'. Slip dat place. Com'. Get 'rested."

Yes, yes; Ameer was a peddler. The reporter shows that he understands the pantomime of carrying a tray of fruit or shell ornaments.

Ameer did sleep in the East River Hotel that night—April 23—but he would hurt no one. He didn't make much money—business was bad. He stayed in the neighborhood and was arrested.

The spreading palms, arched brows, beseeching eyes and struggling shoulders ask, "Would I do that if I were reeking in the blood of old Carrie Brown? Would I stay to be arrested? To have the blood discovered on my clothing, under my finger nails?

"Is that the way the American murderer does after he has dabbled, reveled, wallowed in the life blood of the victim of his worse than savage debauchery of death?"

The visitor finds the problem too deep, and with a chery good-by to the pent captive from the wilderness and a feeling of depression leaves him slowly rolling another cigarette of fragrant Turkish tobacco, and knitting his sloping brow in vain efforts to unravel the mystery of himself.

"George Frank" advanced to "the bar," when called by Clerk Penney to-day, with a firm tread and an erect carriage, belitting an Algerian veteran of the French armies.

The tedious work of examining citizens as to their qualifications to sit in the jury box as unbiased peers to the defendant attracts no crowd. The thrice heated court chamber is almost empty.

There are seven jurymen in the box, seven men of more than the average jury intelligence, and they ought to be, for they must decide one of the most important cases in history.

To get them 120 citizens have been summoned from their business, have been examined carefully by Prosecutors Wellman and Simms on the one side, and Lawyers Friend and Levy on the other. Of these 113 have been rejected and sent about their business.

In examining a juror, if either side finds from his answers some legal or probable disqualification, the lawyer challenges. The Court decides in all such cases. If the challenge is overruled by the Judge and the lawyer thinks the juror would be inimical to the interests of his side he peremptorily challenges him.

In a trial for murder each side is entitled to challenge thirty jurors peremptorily, and at noon to-day the defense had exercised this right in twenty-two cases. The prosecution have excluded twenty-one jurors in the same manner.

Diedrick Wubermann, who was a member of the jury that convicted Dr. Henry McGonigal, successfully qualified as a juror under the law, but he was peremptorily challenged by the defense.

Thomas Clarke, an undertaker, who was glad Lawyer Friend was a Tammany Hall man, had known Assistant District-Attorney Barton S. Weeks ever since he was born, and his father and grandfather before him, admitted that he was a "leetle hard of hearing owing to neuralgia," but thought he could hear splendidly in seat No. 8.

Mr. Wellman excluded him by peremptory challenge.

Lawyer Friend has amused the Recorder very much by his knowledge of the police force. Having learned the residence of the juror under examination, the lawyer has named over the Captain, Sergeants and "Ward men" in that precinct, asking if the juror is acquainted with them.

To-day the Recorder was tickled exceedingly by a juror who was under the impression that a murder had been committed, and knew Detective Gallagher, of Police Headquarters—an officer of whom Lawyer Friend had never heard.

The Recorder "smiled like a basket of chips," and when the next juror said that he was born in Vienna, Austria, asked the little lawyer if he should inquire as to the juror's acquaintance with the Vienna police.

The twenty-ninth name out of the jury wheel to-day was that of Samuel S. Rutsky, a broker at 32 Beaver street and resident at 57 East Ninety-first street.

Mr. Rutsky is an intelligent citizen, and he was surprised and disappointed when the contending lawyers ceased bickering and agreed upon him for the eighth seat in the jury box.

Maurice Boom, the tobacconist at 1,211 Broadway, opposite the Gilsey House, was accepted as the ninth juror.

The prosecution challenged Henry Cohen, a Broadway furrier, and this exhausted the new panel of fifty talesmen. The Recorder directed that all the jurors in Parts I. and III. of the Court of General Sessions, not engaged in trying cases, be ordered to Part II. for the remainder of the day. Then a recess was taken.

After the eleventh juror had been secured, the panel being exhausted, Recorder Smyth sent court officers to other parts of General Sessions to drum up other talesmen.

The men in the jury box are;

Foreman—Joseph Bartels, clerk, 86 Franklin street.

No. 2—Ferdinand Hazel, fire insurance, 1007 Lexington avenue.

No. 3—James Shipman, carpenter and builder, 95 West One Hundred and Thirty-fourth street.

No. 4—Benjamin H. Waterman, exporter of tobacco, 116 West street.

No. 5—Henry Lichtig, clerk, 248 Canal street; residence, 73 St. Mark's place.

No. 6—William J. O'Reardon, with Bradstreet's; 345 East Seventeenth street.

No. 7—Robert Niemann, 130 Third avenue.

No. 8—Samuel S. Rutsky, broker, 52 Beaver street; residence, 57 East Ninety-first street.

No. 9—Maurice Boom, tobacco, 1211 Broadway; residence, 201 Third avenue.

No. 10—Harris Brown, wholesale clothier, residence 211 East Sixtieth street.

No. 11—Henry Ubelhor, merchant tailor, 649 East One Hundred and Sixty-first street.

No. 12—Sidney A. Phillips, upholstery and scenic goods; residence 172 East Sixtieth street.

JOCKEY GARRISON'S DISGRACE.

His Suspension by the Board of Control the Talk of the Turf.

The disgrace of Edward H. (popularly known as Snapper) Garrison, one of the greatest jockeys this country has ever produced, is the talk of the turf to-day. The Board of Control, which is composed of representatives from the Monmouth Park, New York, Coney Island and Brooklyn Jockey clubs, issued this order late yesterday:

"The license of Edward H. Garrison is hereby suspended."

AN EVENING WORLD reporter asked Secretary Vosburg to define the specific charge of which Garrison was guilty. He replied:

"All I am at liberty to say is that Garrison has been suspended on general principles."

It all came about in a curious way and was caused by Garrison's foolish talk.

He has had several mounts on Nomad, a colt owned by ex-Senator L. J. Rose, of California. Nomad has several times been pitted against St. Florian, the acknowledged crack of the two-year-olds. On one occasion Garrison was heard to say:

"I've got a bet on Nomad and I'll put St. Florian over the fence before I get through."

A few days after this remark was made St. Florian and Victory were in the race together. Garrison rode the latter and St. Florian bolted through the fence.

In view of Garrison's remarks a suspicion immediately arose that he had had something to do with St. Florian's fall, and an investigation was ordered on complaint of Mr. John A. Morris, owner of St. Florian.

The Board of Control exonerated Garrison. But while this investigation was going on other charges were made against him.

It was said that he pulled Judge Morrow in a race that Tulla Blackburn, Madstone and Redare all beat him. Judge Morrow won two fine races after that happening. This was also investigated by the Board and is supposed to be the real reason of Garrison's suspension.

It is also said that Garrison's whole career has been reviewed, and all the cases of suspicious riding in which he has been concerned have been investigated.

DICK M'HALE KNOCKED OUT.

A Brother of the Famous Lightweight Whipped at Philadelphia.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

PHILADELPHIA, June 26.—A rattling finish fight took place on the outskirts of the city at 6 o'clock this morning between Dick McHale, a cousin of the famous lightweight, and Jack McGinley, of Southwark.

McHale had the fight all his own way up to the thirteenth round, when an unexpected half-arm jab by McGinley caught him full on the jaw and dropped him down and out.

A small purse was subscribed by the spectators.

ONE KILLED, SEVERAL INJURED.

Frantic Horses Bring a Fatal Termination to a Masonic Celebration.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

NEW-ORLEANS, La., June 26.—The Masons of the city celebrated St. John's Day yesterday at West End, and among the means of entertainment was a lot of fireworks.

The platform of pyrotechnics held thousands of people. Into these there dashed at the explosion of the first bomb a team of horses and a carriage which had been standing in the roadway.

Mrs. A. F. Michel was knocked down by the maddened horses, her skull fractured and her body cruelly torn by their hoofs. Her two children were slightly injured.

Mrs. John G. Fleming, wife of the Past Grand Master, was badly hurt.

Harry Russell, a bookkeeper, was killed. He boldly attempted to stop the team, but was thrown beneath their feet, where his life was literally stamped out of him.

Henry Johnson, the colored driver of the carriage, has been arrested, charged with manslaughter.

Whew! Ain't It Hot!

Cool off with a glass of "perfect soda water," from the new fountain at RIKER'S drug store, 6th ave. and 22d st. *,*

STOCK REPORTS.

Bears Take an Inning and Send Down Prices All Along the List.

National Cordage and Richmond Terminal the Chief Sufferers.

Slight Recoveries at the Close of Business—The Quotations.

The bears at the Stock Exchange smashed things right and left to-day, and when the dust settled it was found that they had knocked 5⅝ points from the price of National Cordage common, to 95; 3 off Richmond and West Point Terminal preferred, to 66½; 2 off the Trust 5s, to 62½, and 2 off the Trust 6s, to 93.

The general market dropped anywhere from ¼ to 1 per cent., and a very nervous feeling characterized the dealings. The closing was a little firmer, prices showing a recovery of ⅛ to ½.

The break in Cordage was ascribed to a scoop by insiders. It was no surprise to the initiated.

The stock recovered to 98¾ a 96¼.

The heavy selling of Richmond Terminal was said to be for the account of the unfortunate H. Victor Newcomb. Louisville & Nashville was depressed on rumors of yellow fever at New Orleans, but this was subsequently denied.

Silver was dull. Nothing definite was known of the result of the Cabinet meeting up to the close of the market.

The sales at the New York Stock Exchange were 170,910 shares of listed stocks, and 105,000 ounces of silver.

The Closing Quotations.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Clos.
Adams Express	147	147	147	147
Amer. Sugar Ref.	83⅝	84⅛	82⅝	83⅝
Amer. Sugar Ref. pref.	89	89	89	89
American Cotton Oil	21⅝	21⅝	21⅛	21⅛
Atch., Top. & Santa Fe	30⅝	31	30	30⅝
Brunswick Land	11	11	10	10
Canadian Pacific	79⅝	79⅝	79⅛	79⅛
Canada Southern	49	49	48⅛	48⅝
Chesapeake & Ohio	16⅝	16⅝	16⅛	16⅛
Chicago Gas	53	53⅝	51⅝	51⅝
Chic., Bur. & Quincy	86⅛	86⅛	86⅛	86⅛
Chic., & Northwest	104⅝	104⅝	104	104
Chic., Mil. & St. Paul	62⅛	62⅛	61⅝	62
Chic., Rock Is. & Pac.	70⅝	71	70⅛	70⅛
Chic. & Eastern Ill. pref.	91⅝	91⅝	91⅝	91⅝
Cinc., Sin. Chic. & St. L.	60⅝	60	59⅝	59⅝
Col. & Hock. Valley	25⅛	25⅛	25⅛	25⅛
Colorado Coal & Iron	32⅝	32⅝	32⅝	32⅝
Consolidated Gas	93	93	93	93
Del., Lack & West.	135⅝	135⅝	135⅛	135⅛
Delaware & Hudson	129	129	128	128⅛
Denver & Rio Grande	15⅝	15⅝	15⅝	15⅝
Denver & Rio Grande pf	49	49	48⅛	48⅛
Dis. & Cattle Feed	45	45	45	45
E. Tenn., Va. & Ga.	5⅝	5⅝	5⅝	5⅝
E. Ten. Va. & Ga. 2d pf	13⅝	13⅝	13⅝	13⅝
Evansville & Ter. Haute	118	118	118	118
Great Northern pref.	115⅛	115⅛	115⅛	115⅛
Lake Shore	109⅝	109⅝	109⅝	109⅝
Long Island	95⅛	95	93⅝	95
Lake Erie & Western	13⅝	13⅝	13	13
Lake Erie & West. pref.	85⅝	85⅝	85⅛	85⅛
Louisville & Nashville	72⅝	72⅝	71⅝	71⅝
Louis. New Alb. & Chic.	27	27	26⅝	26⅝
Manhattan Consol.	99⅝	100⅛	99⅝	99⅝
Mich. Central	89	89	89	89
Mil., L.S. & West. pref.	107⅛	107⅛	107⅛	107⅛
Missouri Pacific	66⅝	66⅝	65⅝	65⅝
Mobile & Ohio	39	39	38⅝	38⅝
Nat. Cord. Co.	100⅝	100⅝	95	96⅝
Nat. Lead	77⅝	78	77⅛	77⅛
Nat. Linseed Oil	33	33	32	33
New Jersey Central	108⅝	108⅝	106	106⅝
New York Central	100	100	97⅝	99⅝
N. Y. & New England	33	33⅝	32	33⅛
N. Y., C. & St. L. 2d pf.	26	26	26	26
N. Y., Lake Erie & W.	16⅝	16⅝	15⅝	15⅝
Norfolk & West. pref.	51⅝	51⅝	51	51
Northern Pacific	23⅛	23⅛	23	23
Northern Pacific pref.	66⅛	66⅛	65⅛	65⅛
North American	12⅝	12⅝	12⅝	12⅝
Ontario & West.	15⅝	15⅝	15	15
Pacific Mail	34	34	33⅝	33⅝
Phila. and Reading	29	29	28⅝	28⅝
Rich. & West Point Ter.	14⅛	14⅛	13⅝	13⅝
Rich. & W. Point Ter pf	72	72	72	72
Rome, Wat. & Ogdens.	109⅝	109⅝	109⅝	109⅝
St. Paul & Omaha pf.	84	84	84	84
Silver certificates	101	101⅝	100	101⅝
Southern Pacific	31⅝	31⅝	30⅝	30⅝
Texas Pacific	13	13	12⅝	12⅝
Tenn. Coal & Iron	32⅛	32⅛	32⅛	32⅛
Tol., Ann Arbor & N. M.	14⅛	14⅛	14⅛	14⅛
Union Pacific	43⅝	43⅝	42⅝	43⅝
Wabash	9⅝	9⅝	9⅛	9⅛
Wabash pref.	22⅝	22⅝	21⅝	21⅝
West Union Tele	79⅝	79⅝	79	79
Wheeling & Lake Erie	34⅝	34⅝	33⅝	33⅝
Wheeling & Lake Erie pf	74⅝	74⅝	74⅝	74⅝
Wis. Central	17⅛	17⅛	17	17

Mining Stocks.

The following are the closing quotations of mining stocks at the Consolidated Exchange to-day:

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
Alice	1.60	1.75	Mexican	2.00	—
Adams con	1.85	—	Moulton	.25	—
Astoria	.01	—	Navajo	.25	—
Aspen M. & S. Co	2.00	4.00	North Star	—	8.00
Bresee	.25	.28	North Con. mon'th	—	.70
B'lm'nt G'd	.70	.71	Ontario	38.00	40.50
Cal. B. H.	.50	.70	Oriental & Miller	—	.08
Chrysolite	.20	—	Plymouth	—	3.50
Col. Con.	—	1.50	Phoenix L'd	.12	—
Con. Cal. & Va.	5.75	—	Silver King	.60	.70
Com'we'th	.60	.90	Rob'n con.	.30	.36
Com. T. Co. Stock	.18	.19	Savage	1.40	—
Bonds	—	40.00	Sierra Nev.	1.80	—
Scrip	30.00	—	Standard	.80	—
Dunkin	—	.65	Silver Cup	.01	.03
Dead. Ter.	1.25	1.35	Silver King Tun.	.03	—
El-Cristo	.80	—	Stormont	—	.06
Freeland	.10	.12	Santiago	—	.50
Gould & C.	1.25	—	Sun Beam	—	.07
Hale & Norcross	1.80	—	Silver Cord	.25	.30
Homestake	11.00	—	Sm'l Hopes	.70	—
Horn Silver	3.10	—	Sil'r M. Co. of Lake V.	—	1.00
Iron Silver	1.00	—	Shoshone	.01	—
Iron Hill	.20	—	Tioga	—	.50
La Crosse	—	—	Ward con.	.18	.25
Lead. con.	.09	—	Ye'w Jac't	2.00	—

PROF. NORTHROP IS DEAD.

His Injuries in the Explosion at Columbia College Proved Fatal.

Death ended the agonies of Prof. John J. Northrop, of Columbia College, at 4 o'clock this morning. The story of the accident in which he was fatally burned by an explosion of a barrel of alcohol was told in the Special Racing edition of THE EVENING WORLD yesterday.

Dr. Northrop, who was instructor in Zoology at the Columbia School of Mines, was supervising some work being done in the basement of the School of Mines, at Forty-ninth street and Park avenue, by Janitor William Simpson and his assistant, Thomas Tighe. They were filling a ten-gallon demijohn with alcohol, and the doctor lit a match to see if it was full. The explosion followed to a second, and all the men were covered with the burning fluid.

Prof. Northrop was taken to the Presbyterian Hospital, where he suffered intensely till the end came. Simpson, whose face, hands and arms were badly burged, was also taken to the hospital. It is said he will recover, though he will probably lose his sight. Tighe escaped with slighter injuries, and is doing well at his home, 90 Amsterdam avenue.

Dr. Northrop was thirty years old married, and lived at Yonkers. He graduated from Columbia College in 1881, and received the degree of Ph. D. three years later. He became an instructor in the college soon after graduation. He had arranged to sail for Europe next week, intending to study in his specialties in a German university.

The Professor was very popular among his associates and the Columbia students, and his sad death has cast gloom over the college to-day.

Mrs. Northrop was at her husband's bedside till a late hour, but no one but the house surgeon and the nurses was with him when he died.

The funeral arrangements have not yet been completed.

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SURE SHE IS MRS. ATWOOD.

Tarrytown's Beautiful Suicide Claimed by a Philadelphia Drummer.

Atwood Finds Great Difficulty in Identifying Himself.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

TARRYTOWN, June 26.—Frank Atwood, the travelling salesman from Philadelphia, is certain to-day that the body of the beautiful woman who committed suicide by drowning at Croton, last Friday night, is that of his long-lost wife.

His identification last night was positive; and on closer inspection of the body and hearing all the details of the tragedy, his belief in her identity is to-day confirmed.

To an EVENING WORLD reporter Atwood said this morning that he should claim the dead woman's body and take it to Philadelphia for burial as soon as the Coroner would permit.

The Coroner says that he shall require more than Atwood's unsupported evidence of the woman's identity. He has brought no photograph of his wife and appears very reluctant to name any people who knew her.

The Coroner's jury was called together this morning, and Atwood repeated the story he told the Coroner last night. The only thing that shook his faith in the identification of the body was the letter signed "M. E. J.," in which words are misspelled, and the handwriting is different from that of Mrs. Atwood.

He named Druggist Brown, corner of Fulton and Water streets, New York, as a former acquaintance of his wife.

Atwood did not think his wife had ever lived in New York prior to their marriage.

Atwood's story, as told to the jury, was that he was a travelling hardware salesman for Whit, Post & Co., Cleveland, O.

While travelling on a local train between Philadelphia and Germantown, about 1887, he met a young woman who gave her name as Miss Purcell Marini. The acquaintance ripened into love, and though he knew nothing of the girl's antecedents or history he married her.

She had told him that her parents were wealthy, but that she left home owing to a quarrel. He accepted her assertion that she had never done any wrong.

They went to live at 111 Vine street, Philadelphia, where their daughter Louise was born. Their home was happy, although his business frequently compelled him to be absent for weeks.

Two months after Louise was born he started on one of his periodical business trips. At Omaha, Neb., he received a despatch stating that his wife had suddenly left home and could not be found.

He returned to Philadelphia immediately to find Louise in the care of neighbors.

It was July 18, 1888, that the baby's mother took her into a neighbor's house with a request that the little one be cared for a few minutes. She never returned.

Atwood visited the morgues, the police searched the city; but no trace of his wife was discovered.

Much of his time since has been spent in a vain search for the missing wife and mother. He has visited every part of the country to gaze at unidentified bodies of women, always taking Baby Louise with him, and it was a newspaper account of the finding of this body that brought him to Tarrytown yesterday, hoping against hope that his long search would be ended.

When he saw the body of Dolly Davis's double he had no doubt that it was that of his long-lost wife.

The Coroner to-day received a letter from Hartford, Conn., saying that the published description of the suicide tallied exactly with that of a factory girl named Gertie Wood, who had disappeared from that city several months ago.

He also received a telegram from Sussex, Mass., asking that the body could be kept until parties from that town could inspect it, as the description was that of a girl missing from that place.

Atwood claimed to have a sister named Mrs. George P. Huling living at Yonkers. An officer sent after her was told by her that she was not Atwood's sister. The Coroner directed that she be brought to Tarrytown to face Mr. Atwood.

In the care of an officer, Atwood went to New York at noon to find people there who can identify him.

Detective Wood, of Philadelphia, telegraphed this afternoon that no such man as Frank Atwood is known at 111 Vine street, Philadelphia, and that the firm he claims to represent has no office in Philadelphia.

George P. Heeling, husband of the woman Atwood claims as his sister, told Undertaker Vanderbilt that three years ago he employed Atwood in the United States Hotel in New York.

Dr. F. A. Brown, at his Fulton street drug store, told an EVENING WORLD reporter that he had formerly lived in Philadelphia and had there known several people named Atwood. He could not recall Frank Atwood, however, and did not think that he knew him or his wife.

BANK PRESIDENTS RETIRE.

Silas B. Dutcher Resigns from the Union Dime Savings.

Financial circles were surprised this morning at the announcement that Silas B. Dutcher had resigned from the presidency of the Union Dime Savings Bank and that a complete change had been made in the officers of the institution.

At the annual meeting of the Trustees yesterday these officers were elected:

President, Gardner S. Chapin; Vice-Presidents, Channing M. Britton, Warren M. Healey; Treasurer, Chas. E. Sprague; Secretary, Francis M. Leake.

The trustees remain the same, with the exception of the addition of James H. Rodgers, of the Hotel Castleton, Staten Island.

Treasurer-elect Sprague, the former Secretary, said to an EVENING WORLD reprter this morning:

"There has been no change in the management of the bank, and the changes are really promotions of old officials.

"Mr. Dutcher desired to be relieved from the duties of the presidency, as he wishes to give his time and attention to the New Hamilton Trust Company, of Brooklyn, of which he has been elected President.

"This of course necessitated a change in the administration, and Mr. Chapin, the former Treasurer, was elected in Mr. Dutcher's stead.

"I was promoted to Mr. Chapin's old place, and Mr. Leake, an old employee in the bank, is made my successor.

"Mr. Britton succeeds Mr. Henry C. Valentine as a vice-president. There was little or no contest for the several offices."

President Logan C. Murray, of the United States Bank at 37 Wall street, has decided to retire from active business life for the present, at least, and his resignation has been accepted with regret by the directors of the bank, of which he has for several years past been the head.

Mr. Murray has won the high regard of his friends and associates in financial and banking circles during a career of more than twenty years, and his management of the affairs of the United States Bank, one of the most conservative institutions in Wall street, has been eminently successful.

His resignation was tendered from purely personal motives, for he feels the need of rest and recreation, and contemplated retirement a year ago.

He proposes to travel with his family and may not return to New York for a long time.

The directors, in accepting Mr. Murray's resignation, passed resolutions expressing their sincere appreciation of his brilliant services to the bank from its organization to the present time, and containing his salary for three months from July 1, when it is to take effect.

Daniel Curtin Is Out.

Comptroller Myers has accepted the resignation of Daniel A. Curtin, Assistant Engineer in the Finance Department. The salary of the position is $1,700.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething gives quiet, helpful rest. 25c. a bottle. *,*

HARVARD!

(Continued from first page.)

Cassie got squarely into Harvard's course, and they were obliged to make a wide swerve.

Yale, however, profited little by this incident, and Harvard getting back into their course, continued to widen the gap between their boat and that of Yale.

At the two-mile flag Harvard's time was 10.19 and Yale's 10.41, Harvard pulling 38 strokes and Yale 35.

At the two and a half miles Harvard had then gained an additional three lengths, pulling 38 strokes per minute and Yale 35. Time—Harvard, 12.55; Yale, 13.14.

After passing the three-mile flag Harvard kept up their fast stroke, pulling it very cleanly, and increased the lead until, at the three-and-a-half mile flag, they had a good lead of ten lengths. Time, three and one-half miles—Harvard, 18.23; Yale, 18.59.

After passing the 3½-mile flag both crews settle down for the final spurt, and here the Harvards showed their superiority in every way over the New Haven crew.

Both crews were doing excellent work, but Harvard's shell continued to show a steady gain, and they passed the finish pulling 40 strokes a minute, while Yale, eleven lengths behind, rowed 37.

Harvard's crew rowed at once to their quarters and Yale paddled up to Gale's Ferry.

The officials were; Referee, William A. Meikelham, of Columbia; Judges, Lawrence E. Sexton, Harvard; Bob Cook, Yale; Timers, Charles F. Adams, Harvard; George A. Adee, Yale.

The official times are as follows:

	HARVARD.		YALE.	
Distance.	Strokes.	Time.	Strokes.	Time.
Start	42	—	36	—
Half mile	36	2.27	34	2.33
One mile	36	5.01	34	5.11
One and a half miles	34	7.40	35	7.55
Two miles	38	10.19	35	10.41
Two and a half miles	36	12.55	35	13.14
Three miles	36	15.47	34	16.10
Three and a half miles	36	18.23	36	18.59
Four miles	40	21.23	37	21.57

Previous Yale-Harvard Races.

Following is a record of the annual Yale-Harvard race from its establishment in 1852 to the last race in 1890:

Year.	Winner.	Oars.	Miles.	Place.	Place.
1852.	Harvard	6	3	Winnipisiogee	—
1855.	Harvard	6	3	Springfield	22.00
1859.	Harvard	6	3	Worcester	18.18
1860.	Harvard	6	3	Worcester	18.50
1864.	Yale	6	3	Springfield	19.01
1865.	Yale	6	3	Worcester	—
1866.	Harvard	6	3	Worcester	18.43½
1867.	Harvard	6	3	Worcester	18.12½
1868.	Harvard	6	3	Worcester	17.48½
1869.	Harvard	6	3	Worcester	18.02
1870.	Harvard†	6	3	Worcester	20.30
1876.	Yale	6	4	Springfield	22.02
1877.	Harvard	6	4	New London	21.36
1878.	Harvard	6	4	New London	20.44½
1879.	Harvard	6	4	New London	22.14
1880.	Yale	6	4	New London	24.27
1881.	Yale	6	4	New London	22.13
1882.	Harvard	6	4	New London	20.47½
1883.	Harvard	6	4	New London	20.04½
1884.	Yale	6	4	New London	20.31
1885.	Harvard	6	4	New London	25.15½
1886.	Yale	6	4	New London	20.41½
1887.	Yale	6	4	New London	22.27
1888.	Yale	6	4	New London	20.10
1889.	Yale	6	4	New London	21.30
1890.	Yale	6	4	New London	21.29

* Time of this race disputed.
† Race given to Harvard on a claim of foul. Yale's time being 18m. 45s.

Weather and Incidents of the Morning—Expectations of the Crews.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

NEW LONDON, Conn., June 26.—The day of the great race between Harvard and Yale is at last here, and a better day could not be desired.

At 3 o'clock this morning a slight shower fell, but a few hours later everything was clear and beautiful.

The water at this time is smooth and there is little doubt that the race will be rowed promptly at 11.30, the schedule time.

Odds this morning were $100 to $70 on the blue. There have been very few Yale men in town so far, and even now crimson ribbons are much more common than blue ones.

At 8 this morning the Yale supporters at the quarters came down the river and walked up to the Crocker House.

The little coxswain and a couple of the substitutes were in the party, but none of the crew were in the boat.

At 9 o'clock the Yale launch turned its nose up river and went back to the quarters up by the starting point.

None of the Harvard men came downtown this morning except Coach Adams, who seemed confident that Harvard would make a good showing, although he practically conceded the victory to Yale, as did all the Harvard crew.

The crowd in town is smaller than it has been for years on race-day, and the Crocker House office is not packed with excited college men, as is usual at this time of day.

Bets are not being made very plentifully, either.

The observation train has backed down into the station and is getting ready to go to the start up the river.

It is supposed by the knowing ones that when the race starts both crews will hit their stroke up to at least forty and keep it up just as long as they can.

The outlook is that for two miles, at any rate, the race will be the hottest and the time the fastest which has ever been seen and made by Harvard and Yale.

Harvard is confident of her ability to hold out. The thing which troubles the crimson's supporters is whether the crew will have speed enough.

If Yale gets a good lead and holds it during the first half of the race, then Harvard will not be in it. Harvard will try to go ahead and stay there.

The Yale crew are all right to-day and in fine condition. So are the Harvard oarsman.

Capt. Perkins is not in such good shape as before his accident, but he thinks he is all right for a solid pull.

Powers is feeling finely to-day, and thinks he can hit up his stroke to such a point that the Yale men will feel dizzy.

Harvard has great confidence in her boat.

READ THE INTERVIEW with PRESIDENT HARRISON in To-morrow (Saturday) Morning's "World."

Two Texas Negroes Lynched.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

DANGERFIELD, Tex., June 26.—News has reached here that two negroes living in Gass County, ten miles east of this place, named Will Hartsfield and Mun Sheppard, were taken out and shot to death by unknown parties. Sheppard had a bad reputation and was a very troublesome negro.

Young Zimmerman's Body Found.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

CARLSTADT, N. J., June 26.—The body of Andrew Zimmerman, the nine-year-old son of ex-Assemblyman Zimmerman, of Bergen County, N. J., who was drowned yesterday afternoon in Berry's creek, has been recovered and will be sent home to-day.

Fell From the Third Story.

Solomon Lichenstein, while at work on a new building at 315 East Fifty-second street this morning, fell from the third story into the yard and had his