AVERAGE CIRCULATION OVER 300,000 PER DAY.

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

The EVENING EDITION World.

THIS IS 50,000 MORE THAN THE COMBINED CIRCULATION OF THE Herald, Times, Tribune and Evening Post.

PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1891. PRICE ONE CENT.

LAST EDITION.

THE ALLEN VERY LOW

Physicians Say that the Dive-Keeper's Wounds May Not Prove Fatal.

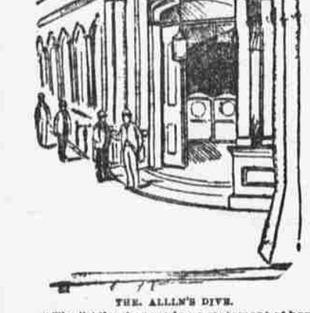
Carraro Tells the Story of the Fight in the Dive.

Both Men Struggled for the Deadly Ice-Pick—Their Wounds.

There was practically no change in "The" Allen's condition this morning, though his temperature was at 100. Dr. Edward J. Donlin said he anticipated no material change before to-morrow.

What to-morrow's change will be is as uncertain as a flip of a copper, but with a hole punctured in his abdomen the chances seem against the man, and he may die, as his acquaintances have over and over again declared he would—by violence.

At the house of Mrs. Theobald, 246 West Forty-third street, where Theodore Allen is waging his battle to the finish with Death, an open-eyed little woman, meeting an EVENING WORLD reporter at the door, denied to-day, as she did yesterday, that Allen was in her house. This in the face of the fact that the reporter saw and talked with Wesley and John Allen, the brothers of the injured man, in the very door and in her presence, and they said he was inside the house.



THE ALLEN'S DIVE.

"The" Allen has made no statement of how the fracas occurred in his Bleecker street dive, and it is difficult to get at the facts, as the habitues of the place sturdily deny all knowledge of the affair.

Allen is a short, thin, little man of 130 pounds' weight, but wiry and a bad man to handle in a rough and tumble fight, despite his fifty-seven years of age.

Carraro is stocky and muscular, with all the fire of his southern nativity.

One of the witnesses and participants, for every one in the dive at the time took a hand in the melee, says:

TOLD BY AN ALLEN PARTISAN.

"Five of us were playing poker. There was a gang of men and women at the bar and the back room. The Italian came in and wanted to join the game. 'The' said no, because 'The Jap' wasn't square. Then they called each other hard names.

"All of a sudden 'The' jumped up and made for 'the Jap.' He tried to play an old trick of his, and a good one for a small man when he tackles a big one.

"'The' tried to poke the lighted end of his cigar in 'the Jap's' eye. That will take the courage out of the best of men.

"Then Carraro grabbed Allen, and they fought up and down. Everybody took a hand, and beer-glasses, cuspidors and anything else handy was used for a weapon.

"I saw one man hit the Italian on the head with a bottle, smashing the glass.

"Allen and 'the Jap' fought along the floor, and the crowd tried to get at 'the Jap.' After a minute they got in behind the bar, and both saw the wire ice-pick.

"It's a dandy weapon, and both of 'em tried to get it. The 'Jap' got it and then he shoved and stabbed with it for all he was worth.

"He hit 'The' on the head, and one stab took away the end of 'The's' nose so that it hung on by a little string.

"There were too many for the black fellow, though, and they laid him out cold, but not till he had stuck Allen pretty bad."

AS FOUND BY DR. DONLIN.

This story seems to tally with what was officially learned, and jibes with Dr. Donlin's experience. While Dr. Donlin was examining "The" Allen's wound in the saloon, fifteen minutes after the row, Carraro lay on the floor, his head against the east wall. He was nearly insensible and perfectly helpless.

All around the two bruised and bleeding combatants stood the gang that infests "The" Allen's dive, and every man seemed to be telling his neighbor how he had done his share in pounding the swarthy fellow.

"I broke a bottle on him," said one. "And I gave him a kick in the ribs," said another. A third boasted that he had smashed a cuspidor over the Italian's head, and each of twenty men claimed the credit for killing the "guinea."

To-day, however, the toughs that make the place their stamping ground, declared with unanimous vehemence that no one raised a hand against Carraro till he had stabbed Allen with the ice pick, which they allege that he drew from his clothing.

ALLEN'S RECORD FOR COURAGE.

Allen never bore the record of a quarrelsome man, but he was always fearless and had some redeeming qualities. Once, when an old woman was knocked down by a Broadway stage, and discovered after being picked up, that she had lost $2[illegible] her husbands wages, Allen at once counted out that sum from his own pocket into her hand.

When John Stanford had been knocked insensible by a stone bottle in Louis French's Wooster street saloon, and a tough gang were about to jump on him and beat his life out, little, weazen faced "The" Allen walked boldly in and thrashed two or three of them, driving them all away and saving Stanford's life.

Only an old cat and "The" Allen witnessed the death of Eddie Molloy in Allen's gambling den at 615 Broadway, and "The" Allen wept when he reported at Police Headquarters that his "gun" had been accidentally discharged.

While its old proprietor is dying in Forty-third street the building is being razed to the ground by builders' workmen.

Politically "The" Allen was always a Republican, but he was what is known as a "commercial" politician.

CARRARO'S VERSION OF THE AFFRAY.

John Carraro was seen by an EVENING WORLD reporter at St. Vincent's Hospital this morning.

Carraro's head was bandaged so that only a small portion of his face was visible.

House Surgeon Campbell said that Carraro's most dangerous wound is that on the top of the head. It is a cut to the skull, nearly two inches long. His condition is not regarded as serious, but he will not be able to appear in court for two or three days.

Carraro has a very dark complexion, coal black hair, black, piercing eyes, a small black mustache, a finely cut mouth and thin, compressed lips. He speaks English without a foreign accent.

Carraro said: "About 11.45 Thursday night I went into Allen's place. I entered through the South Fifth avenue door and walked to the office. This is a small room. The 'game' is usually played here.

"Five men were playing 'stud' poker. They were Allen, Bennet, an employee about the place, Allen's nephew, a man they call 'Owny,' and another man I did not know.

"I sat down and looked on. In about twenty minutes I said to Allen: 'Let me come in the game.'

WOULD NOT LET HIM IN THE GAME.

"Allen said: 'No, you can't come in. I wouldn't play with you.'

"'I'm as good as you are,' I replied, 'and I think you might let me have a seat in the game.'

"'I don't want any of your gab,' Allen said, in a loud voice.

"'I know you're a tough man to deal with,' I answered, and turned away.

"I went out, drank a couple of schooners of beer and bought a sandwich. I stayed out about fifteen minutes and walked into the office again, eating the sandwich. I stood looking at the game and did not say a word to any one.

"One of the men was dealing. Allen played his hand out, then got up, made a rush for me and grabbed me by the throat.

"He got his thumb and finger in my nose and in the socket of my right eye. He had a cigar in his hand. He said: 'I have a good mind to put this in your eye,' referring to the cigar.

ALLEN WAS WARNED.

"'You had better let me alone,' I replied.

"'I've got a good mind to kill you,' he said, and he put his right hand back towards his hip pocket.

"'I knew him to be a bad man, so I clinched with him. We struggled and threw each other about for some time. At last we were behind the bar.

"An ice-pick was lying on a shelf under the counter. Allen knew this pick was there, because he seemed anxious to get me behind the bar.

FOUGHT FOR THE ICE-PICK.

"I saw the pick about the same time he did. We both grabbed for it. We both got a grip on it at the same time.

"Then we struggled for possession of the pick, during which struggle it was run through the third finger of my right hand.

"I succeeded in wrenching the pick away from Allen. I do not know what followed.

"I do not know whether I struck Allen with it or not. I did not know that he was struck until yesterday afternoon.

"As soon as we fell behind the bar some one hit me on the head with a bottle. The blow stunned me, but I stuck to Allen.

"I felt my senses leaving me and roused myself for one last effort. I got Allen's nose in my mouth and bit it off. I then rose to my feet and broke two brandy bottles over his head.

BOTTLES AND HEADS BROKEN.

"I was receiving many blows. Five bottles were broken on my head. Bennett and Allen's nephew were the only ones I saw hit me.

"I shook my assailants off and started for the door. I gained the street and ran toward my home, at 120 South Fifth avenue. I came back and was arrested.

"Allen was 'sore' on me for something that occurred two weeks ago. We were sitting at the same table about midnight gambling. Stud poker was the game. Allen had a pile of one dollar bills in front of him.

"He had the very bad habit of selecting certain good cards and sliding them under his pile of bills. Every time he got a chance he would fill his hand from those cards.

CAUGHT ALLEN CHEATING AT CARDS.

"He was working this scheme for all it was worth. I caught him, and 'tipped' the others.

"Allen then threw up his hand and did not play any more for several nights. About a week ago I was in a similar game with him in the same place.

"I was dealing. I saw an ace on the bottom of the pack. I pulled it out. Allen had thrown up his hand and was not in it. I did not pull the card on him.

"Bennett saw me do it and told Allen, who began to shout that he wouldn't have it.

"'What's the matter?' I asked.

"'You know,' said he.

"We had other words, and I said to Allen: 'I like a thief, but I don't like a thief and a stool pigeon, who does all the dirty work he can and then squeals on every one else. I never put cards under my money as you do.'

"This made him 'sore' on me. Bennett told me a few days later that Allen would 'do me' the first time he got a chance.

"The saloon was full of people when we had our fight. Only three people interfered, as far as I know. When I nearly fainted behind the bar, Allen called to his nephew. 'Come on, Eddie, I've got him. We'll finish him now.'

"That is what roused me up. I was not drunk, neither was Allen. I never saw him drunk in my life.

"I am thirty years old. I came to this country from Italy twenty-four years ago. I have always lived in New York, except one year in Connecticut. I am an upholsterer by trade.

"I have not worked at my trade for nine months. I have known Allen a little less than a year. I am married and have two children. My family is in Connecticut."

"All I ask," concluded Carraro, "is that those who were there will tell the truth."

When told that Allen was in a precarious condition he received the news with apparent indifference.

DOCTORS FIND GROUND FOR HOPE.

Drs. Donlin and Fisk left she house at 246 West Forty-third street shortly after noon to-day. Dr. Donlin said to an EVENING WORLD reporter:

"We found Allen in a very encouraging condition. We think he will eventually recover.

"There is less inflammation in the abdominal region this morning. We cannot tell till to-morrow, however, whether it will be necessary to perform the operation of laparotomy or not.

"Erysipelas may set in, which would make the case look dark. It depends on the amount of rust there was on the ice-pick.

"Allen slept well last night and we find his temperature and pulse nearly normal now. His wife is with him.

"We will visit him again this evening."

NOON FIRE ON CHERRY STREET.

Spice Mill Ablaze in a Crowded Tenement District.

Just as the cashier was closing up for the half holiday at 12.35 to-day fire broke out in the cellar of the two-story brick building, 182 Cherry street, occupied as a mustard and spice mill by R. W. & A. J. Fisher.

The building is 20 by 75 feet in size and was full of ground spices.

The fire started near the engine-room. There are crowded tenement-houses on either side, but panic was averted by the prompt action of the firemen. There was $10,000 damage to stock and building, principally by smoke and water.

Denies the Farmers' Trust.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

TOPEKA, Kan., July 11.—President Frank McGrath, of the State Farmers' Alliance, pronounced the report that the Alliance had sent out a secret circular appealing to the members to hold their wheat until it would bring $1.25 per bushel a fake, pure and simple.

FLOATED OUT OF THE SEWER.

The Body of the Man Who Dived Into a Manhole Is Recovered.

Identified as That of Thomas Kenny, a Brickhandler.

The body of the unknown man who dived into a sewer manhole at the corner of Third avenue and Twenty-sixth street during the heavy rain-storm Wednesday night, was recovered shortly after 7 o'clock this morning in the basin between the Broadway Brooklyn ferry slip and Allen's grain elevator, at the foot of East Twenty-third street.

The body was towed up to the Bellevue Hospital dock and taken thence to the Morgue, where at least a dozen persons identified it as that of Thomas Kenny, a brick-handler, thirty-five years old, formerly in the employ of Canda & Kane. He had been missing since Tuesday night.

The deck hands and loungers at the pier at the foot of East Twenty-third street had been watching the water closely in that vicinity ever since the announcement that a man had plunged into one of the sewers.

It was generally believed that, despite the searches of Thursday and yesterday by the Sewer Department, the man's body would float out at low tide.

It was low tide at 7 o'clock this morning, and Thomas McGinnis, a deckhand on a canal-boat moored alongside Allen's grain elevator, saw the body float from under the wooden piles a few feet away from the sewer opening.

The body floated face upward, and was hatless and shoeless, and his mud-begrimed appearance convinced McGuinnis that it was the strange suicide.

Foreman Little, of the Sewer Department, with his gang, had just begun the search at the first manhole from the mouth of the sewer up the street.

McGinnis shouted across the dock to Policeman Allpt, who in turn called Little, and the three men secured the body to a float alongside the ferry slip. The news quickly spread and a larger crowd gathered.

Allpt secured a rowboat, and assisted by two men towed the corpse to the Bellevue Hospital dock, at the foot of East Twenty-sixth street, and notified Assistant Morgue Keeper Pinnerty.

The news spread like wildfire and in a short time the identification was positive beyond question.

The body was taken out of the water and placed in a plain box in the Morgue.

Some stragglers around the building material yard of Canda & Kane, opposite the Morgue, went over to look at the body. Patrick Conners, of 343 First avenue, a brick bandler, immediately declared it was that of Thomas Kenny.

An EVENING WORLD reporter saw the body in the morgue at 9 o'clock. It is that of a man about 5 feet 6 inches in height, and weighs about 160 pounds.

The man was dressed in a dark colored cheap suit of clothes, blue shirt with white stripes, without shoes or socks. Sewer mud was spattered all over the feet and clothing, and a reddened mark on the nose showed that it might have been caused by a fall.

The hands were much shrivelled, and there was an absence of any evidence that rats had gnawed at the flesh.

John Kenny, assistant janitor at Columbia College, a brother of the dead man, was telephoned for, and when he reached the Morgue he at once identified his brother.

He said that he had not seen him since Tuesday night, when he went to his office to get money.

The dead man was married and had one child, but for the last two years he had not lived with his wife. Of late he had been drinking heavily, and it was his brother's belief that if he did kill himself it was done while drunk.

John Kenny had doubts that his brother had dived into the sewer, and he sought out his father, a longshoreman.

The pair gazed on the dead man's features and went down to the East Twenty-second street station to look at the hat and shoes found in the sewer. They could not identify the shoes, but John Kenny said the hat looked very much like his brother's.

The identification did not satisfy the police, and the Kennys went away to find out the whereabouts of the dead man's wife and child.

Meanwhile the body lies at the Morgue.

A man trying to raise the man-hole opposite Sweeny's saloon at Twenty-sixth street and Third avenue about 8 o'clock, during Wednesday night's rain, was seen by Mrs. Mary Kearns, of 338 East Twenty-sixth street, she watched him and suddenly he shouted: "Here goes!" and dived down into the sewer.

Two other persons saw the man disappear, and with the woman gave the alarm. The description given by them tallies with that of Kenny.

A search of the sewers in the neighborhood was made the following day and again yesterday, but with no success.

It is believed Kenny's body has been lodged in the mud at the mouth of the East Twenty-third street sewer.

It was at this point that the body of Callahan, who fell in the Twenty-third street sewer some months ago, was recovered.

BROCKY AGAIN IN LIMBO.

The Notorious Burglar Had a Bag Full of Booty in a Broadway Hotel.

Timothy Sheedy, alias Shields, alias "Brocky," who the police say is one of the cleverest professional burglars and card sharps in the country, was at the Tombs this morning turned over to officers from Troy and taken up the river.

Sheedy burglarized the Mansion House in Troy Wednesday night last, and came here with his plunder. He was seen on Fourteenth street yesterday and was taken to Police Headquarters. He had registered at the Morton House under the name of "Shields," and in his room was found a satchel containing a lot of silver spoons, half a dozen gold watches, several diamond rings, bracelets, &c., and $30 in five and ten-cent pieces.

Only two months ago Sheedy was released from the Trenton (N. J.) State prison, where he served a ten-years' sentence for burglary.

RIGHTER'S BOY VANISHED.

Lost from His Father's Side in the Big Downtown Rush.

An alarm was sent out from Police Headquarters to-day for Thomas Righter, aged thirteen, of 208 Walnut street, Newark. Yesterday he and his father went into the restaurant corner College place and Barclay street. At about 1 o'clock they became separated, and the boy has not been seen since.

The boy is tall and thin, and wore when last seen a dark blue suit, black derby and lace shoes. He has brown hair and a scar on his forehead.

His father is Eugene F. Righter, a bookkeeper in the Importers and Traders' Bank.

Fatal Whiskey and Water.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

CALAIS, Me., July 11.—At St. Stephen, N. B., last night, Sopiel Dana, an Indian, intoxicated, while being chased by a policeman, jumped into the river and attempted to swim to this side, but was carried over the rapids and drowned.

WHERE DOES HE GET THE TIPS? The Mascot of the RECORDER racing department named fourteen winners and ten seconds in twenty-three consecutive races last week. ***

CITY NEWS TERSELY TOLD.

To-Day's Record of Minor Happenings About Town.

Chronicles Briefly Drawn from Note-Book and Docket.

He Fell Downstairs.

Henry Luhrman fell downstairs at his home, 411 Broome street, to-day and was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital severely injured.

Concert in Paradise Park.

Conner's Fifth Regiment Band will give a concert in Paradise Park at 8 o'clock next Monday evening.

Dead Baby in the Street.

The body of a dead baby boy, about two days old, was found on One Hundred and Seventeenth street, near Madison avenue, this morning and was sent to the Morgue.

Mr. Goerle All Right.

A headquarters alarm was sent out at midnight for Louis Goerle, but Acting Inspector McLaughlin said this morning that Mr. Goerle was missing but a few hours and was found.

One Week's Water Bills.

There was $142,721.91 paid for water in this city during the past week, according to Water Register Joseph Riley.

Slew a Rabid Dog.

Policeman May shot and killed a mad dog at 308 West One Hundred and Thirty-third street to-day.

Uptown Voorhisites to Reorganize.

The Voorhis Democracy, of the Twenty-fourth Assembly District, will be reorganized to-night at a primary to be held at 642 East One Hundred and Forty-second street.

Walked Off with Three Hams.

Daniel O'Connor, a longshoreman, of 134 Pearl street, was held at the Tombs this morning for carrying off three hams from pier 7, East River. He was caught in the act.

Shot Himself Dead.

Herman Baetz, fifty-five years old, committed suicide at his home, 938 First avenue, this morning by shooting himself. The Coroner was notified.

Maggie Was Real Angry.

Maggie Thompson, of 87 James street, was held at the Tombs to-day, charged with pulling the hair, scratching the face, knocking down and kicking Jennie Dwyer, of 34 Oak street, last night.

Parcel Thief Held for Trial.

Charles Brown, the clever Philadelphia thief who robbed messenger boys of their parcels, was to-day held in $1,000 for trial in the Tombs Court.

Hooper Must Stand Trial.

William Hooper, who was held for examination yesterday at Jefferson Market, charged with assault on his servant girl, was to-day held in $2,000 for trial.

Seventeen Years Old, but Tough.

Seventeen-year-old James Daly of 116 Madison street, was held at Essex Market this morning for going home drunk last night and brutally beating and kicking his aged mother.

Held as a Footpad.

Peter O'Reilly, of 365 East Twentieth street, was held at Essex Market this morning, charged with being one of the four men who last night attacked Francis E. Duffy, of 216 East Fourteenth street, in First street, between the Bowery and Second avenue, and robbed him of a cheap watch and a small amount of money.

Once Not Enough for Austin.

Thomas Austin, a middled-aged dwarf, who has just served ten days for assault, was this morning held by Police Justice O'Donnell, in $500 bail for assaulting Nicholas Shrady, his wife and daughter, of 38 Essex street, where Austin formerly occupied a room. It was for assaulting Shrady that he was imprisoned before.

George Romaine Assigns.

Stephen M. Romaine, retail grocer, at 338 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, made an assignment to-day to Charles W. Pinckney without preferences.

Byrne & Hartigan Go Under.

William J. Byrne and Dennis J. Hartigan, firm of Byrne & Hartigan, merchant tailors at 948 Fourth avenue, made an assignment to-day to Richard J. Lyons, with preferences of $580.

Poor Season for Plumbers.

Joseph R. Blankman, dealer in plumbers' supplies at 357 West Fortieth street, and 511 and 513 East One Hundred and Thirty-seventh street, assigned to-day to William B. Pope, with preferences of $7,750.

Knocked Down from Behind.

John Donnelly, who lives somewhere in East Sixty-second street, was knocked down in front of 160 Canal street at 2 o'clock this morning by Edward Trinkner, of 448 East One Hundred and Fifteenth street, who struck him from behind. Donnelly was taken to Chambers Street Hospital unconscious and Trinkner was arrested.

Mrs. Eckler and $3,300 Gone.

Nothing was known to-day at 242 West Thirty-fifth street of the reported disappearance of Mrs. Stephen Eckler, who lived there with her husband, a prosperous mechanic. The couple locked up their flat a few days ago and said they were going into the country. Eckler reported yesterday that his wife drew $3,300 from the bank before going away and that she has not been seen since.

GOULD'S SUMMER OUTING.

Gone to Furlong Lake in the Catskills to Rusticate.

Jay Gould has arrived at the Catskills in company with Dr. Munn, his physician, and is located at Dry Brook, on Furlong Lake, the estate of his son George.

The well-known painter of genre pictures, J. G. Brown, of New York, has with his family, taken the More cottage, Roxbury, with his family.

T. S. Williams, Gov. Hill's private secretary, and Dr. S. B. Lyon, superintendent of the Bloomingdale Asylum, are among the latest arrivals at the Hotel Kaaterskill.

ONE BOY WAS KILLED.

Death of One of the Little Brothers Run Over by a Furniture Wagon.

Michael Carney, six years old, who, with his five-year-old brother John, was run over last night by a wagon at Third avenue and One Hundred and Seventeenth street, died in Harlem Hospital this morning.

John Moore, driver of the wagon, was taken to the Coroner's office to-day and held in default of $2,500 bail. He was in the employ of E. Phillips, furniture auctioneer, 1,894 Third avenue.

MAYOR GLEASON A WITNESS.

No Change of Venue for Anschell. Charged with Choking Him.

Court Proceedings Enlivened by Col. Fellows and the Big Mayor.

Mayor Patrick J. Gleason, of Long Island City, today gave a practical illustration of how business is transacted in the police court of that municipality.

It was in Justice Kavanagh's Court, and the case was that of little Deputy Sheriff Samuel B. Anschell, charged with assault on the big and burly Mayor at a meeting of the Long Island City Board of Health on the evening of June 30 last.

The case was called yesterday, but Justice Kavanagh adjourned it until this morning to decide whether or not to grant Col. John R. Fellows's motion for a change of venue.

By this morning he had made up his mind to deny the motion. Then he read the big Mayor's deposition that he had been grievously assaulted by Anschell, and asked the defendant to plead.

Col. Fellows, counsel for Anschell, interposed:

"Your Honor," he said, "we deny the jurisdiction of this Court to require a plea at this time. We contend that we are not properly in a Court of Sessions and that we have a right to a day's notice before trial.

"By compulsion of the Court, however, we plead not guilty."

Ex-District-Attorney John W. Goff, of New York, for the prosecution, moved for trial.

Col. Fellows asked for an adjournment, to make application for the removal of the case to another court.

Mr. Goff objected and the Court sustained the objection. The Court informed Anschell that he was entitled to a jury trial if he wanted it, but Col. Fellows's plea was a confession. R. O'Hara, Clerk of the Board of Health, was called to the witness stand.

"Anschell presented some papers to Chairman Evans and I commenced to read one of them," said O'Hara, "when Mayor Gleason, President of the Board, said, 'That's enough of that. That matter's been disposed of.'"

Lawyer Noble—These papers had been received—

Col. Fellows—I object.

The Court—State simply what was did.

"Mr. Nelson then insisted on being heard," continued O'Hara, "and the Mayor moved to go into executive session. The motion was carried and announced, but Nelson wouldn't go out and demanded to be heard.

"The Mayor then called for the janitor, and Nelson jumped six feet over to the table and grabbed up all of the papers that lay on the book of record.

"The Mayor grabbed hold of one end of the papers and also of Nelson's wrist.

"Then Anschell grabbed the Mayor by the collar and said: 'In the name of the Sheriff of Queens county I arrest you.' He said he was a deputy sheriff. I think he spoke away and he and the rest of 'em went away."

Lawyer Noble made a spread-eagle speech to show why he should be allowed to ask O'Hara what Anschell's papers contained, claiming that Anschell had a sinister motive in assaulting the Mayor.

"I did not interrupt Lawyer Noble," said Col. Fellows, "on account of the evident careful preparation of this speech, which, I presume, had to be delivered. I suppose that citizens have the right to a peaceful petition, in spite of the action of such an august body as the Board of Health. I object to the question."

"Objection sustained," replied the Court, "state what was did."

Health Commissioners Fredericks and Wokal gave testimony similar to O'Hara's. Commissioner Evans acknowledged that Anschell showed his badge when he arrested the Mayor and that the Mayor had advised throwing Anschell's papers into the waste basket.

"That's the way he papers were received," put in Col. Fellows.

A ripple of excitement passed over the crowded court-room when Mayor Gleason himself took the stand.

"I have been elected Mayor of this city at least twice," said he, "and I believe three times."

"Only the machinery didn't work," pleasantly interposed Mr. Goff.

"No," replied the Mayor, "the Citizens' Committee (with a sneer) got hold of it."

"And they threw Anschell into the waste-basket," innocently interrupted Col. Fellows, and the "citizens" fairly screamed with delight.

Even the august Court smiled, but the big Mayor was so angry that he got red and almost purple in the neck, and shouted, "Put them men ——" when he caught the menacing eye of ex-Judge Gray, one of the counsel for the defence, and relinquished his attempt.

His story of the alleged assault was practically the same as that of preceding witnesses, except that he said that Citizen Whitcomb "came at him wid a big shtick," and that Miller, Thiry, Nelson and Anschell had hold of him "to worst."

The Mayor said he wasn't very badly hurt himself, and he didn't believe Mr. Nelson was injured in the scuffle over the papers, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Nelson appeared in court with his left arm in a sling.

"The Mayor swore that he didn't know that Anschell was a deputy sheriff, and that he gave no reason and showed no authority for arresting him.

"You don't carry anything around with you to show that you are Mayor, do you?" asked Col. Fellows.

"Nothing except what the newspapers say about me every day," replied the Mayor, unintentionally getting the laugh on himself.

"But no one disputes that you are Mayor, does there?" inquired Lawyer Goff.

"No, sirree," said the Mayor, unconsciously clinching his big fist.

This closed the prosecution's case, and Col. Fellows promptly moved for a dismissal of the charges against Anschell.

The court denied the motion and at the request of counsel on both sides adjourned the case until 9 o'clock next Wednesday morning.

The case of Clerk O'Hara against Anschell, James M. Whitcomb and John H. Thiry for disturbing the meeting of the Board of Health on the night in question also comes up Wednesday morning, but not before to-day's trial began, Lawyer William A. Stewart served O'Hara with affidavits and notice of a motion for certificate for the removal of the charge to the Queens county court of sessions.

The motion will be argued by Col. Fellows before Judge Garretson at 9.30 o'clock next Tuesday morning.

A NOBLEMAN SEEKS A JOB.

"Hungry Jennie's" Father, Count Szirmay, a Steerage Immigrant.

George, the Count Szirmay, ex-Chamberlain of Emperor Franz Josef of Austria and ex-Stallmeister to Archduke Carl Ludwig of Hungary, is in New York, friendless and penniless, looking for work.

The Count is a dignified-looking, finely educated gentleman of medium height, with gray hair and a long grizzled beard. By profession he is a physician.

He came to New York last Winter to search for his daughter, Virginie Szirmay, who had deserted her home and come to this country two years before.

The old man learned that she was leading a dissolute life in this city, where her associates had given her the name "Hungry Jennie." He came here to endeavor to induce her to return to her home with him.

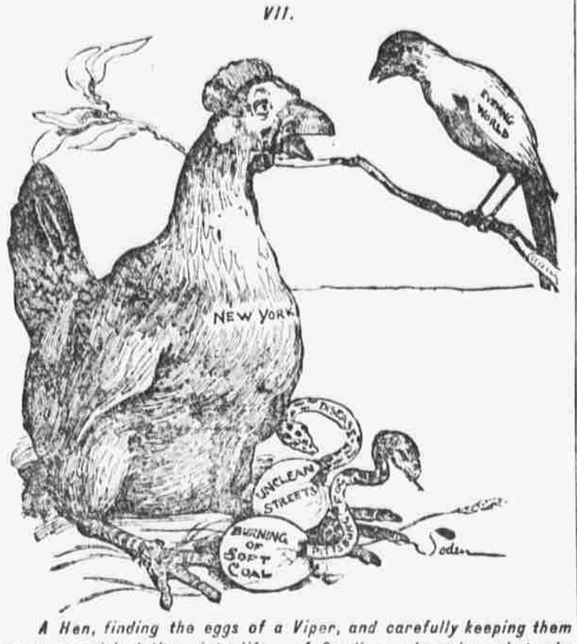
On his arrival she had disappeared, and all efforts to find her were unsuccessful.

Some of her acquaintances on the east side said she had told them that she preferred the life which she was leading and that she treated her father's prayers with indifference. A letter from him had preceded his arrival.

The aged father returned to Austria heartbroken.

Since then he has met with other reverses, and when almost destitute he started once more for America. He had just enough money to purchase a steerage ticket.

ÆSOP ON CURRENT EVENTS.
VII.



A Hen, finding the eggs of a Viper, and carefully keeping them warm, nourished them into life. A Swallow, observing what she had done, said: "You silly creature! Why have you hatched these Vipers, which, when they have grown, will surely inflict injury on all of us?"

If we nourish evil it will sooner or later turn upon us.

A LAWYER CALLS ON BLAINE.

Bar Harbor Rumor Says it Was in Regard to His Will.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

BAR HARBOR, Me., July 11.—Horace Williams, a lawyer from Augusta, called on Secretary Blaine at 10 o'clock this morning and stayed some time.

It is rumored that Lawyer Williams's call was on account of legal business connected with the Secretary's will.

Emmons Blaine insists that his father is steadily improving.

LEFT FOR DEAD.

Donnelly Picked Up Unconscious and Trinkner Arrested.

John Donnelly, of East Sixty-second street, was taken to the Chambers Street Hospital at 2 o'clock this morning in an unconscious condition.

He had been found in front of 160 Canal street, where it is alleged he was assaulted by Edward Trinkner, of 448 East One Hundred and Fifteenth street, who was arrested.

FLAMES ON TWO STREETS.

Hupfel's Brewery and Wittick's Bowling Alley Burned.

A fence in the rear of Christian Hupfel's brewery, at 236 East Thirty-ninth street, caught fire at 3.30 o'clock this morning.

The flames extended to Henry B. Wittick's bowling alley at 238 East Thirty-eighth street. The damage was $1,000.

Two Men Burned at a Factory Fire.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

CHASKA, Minn., July 11.—During a fire yesterday afternoon, which destroyed the Bielline brick-machine works, foundry and wagon factory and several houses, Jerry Ehman, employed in the factory, in trying to save machinery had his flesh burned to a crisp. Rev. C. N. Hachin, pastor of the Moravian Church, was also terribly burned about the hands and face.

Sioux City Damaged by Water.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

SIOUX CITY, Ia., July 11.—An immense downpour of rain for three hours yesterday flooded the city, causing an aggregate loss of $100,000. The injury to pavements alone will cost the city $10,000. Several buildings were undermined.

Broke for Liberty and Got It.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., July 11.—Oran Wilkerson, of the Sheriff's road gang, made a break for liberty to-day. The guards fired on him, inflicting several wounds with small shot, but the prisoner escaped and has not been recaptured. A posse is in pursuit.

Swamped with the Asbury Park Bank.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

ASBURY PARK, N. J., July 11.—D. Gellff & Son, grocers, assigned to-day. Hiram C. Gellff, one of the firm, was a director of the Asbury Park National Bank, and the bank's suspension caused the firm's failure.

Shot Because of an Old Feud.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

HEMPSTEAD, Tex., July 11.—In the lower part of this county, yesterday evening, William Musky shot and killed John Neiman. An old feud existed between the families of the two men.

James B. Ryan Dead.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

INDIANAPOLIS, July 10.—James B. Ryan died last night. He was an ex-State Treasurer, and for many years one of the most conspicuous Democrats in Indiana.

Murderer Harper Surrenders.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

WILLS POINT, Tex., July 11.—Pitt Esquiro was shot and killed by B. Harper last evening. Both men are farmers living near this place. The murderer surrendered.

Wire Notes in Brief.

A freight wreck occurred last night on the Mississippi Valley route near Hamburg, Tenn. Eight cars and two engines were derailed and Conductor John H. Waldrop killed.

The City Council of New Orleans, La., decided last night to establish a paid fire department in place of the volunteer one.

J. D. Gaines shot and killed City Marshal Sam West yesterday at Texarkana, Ark. The men quarrelled and West shot at Gaines, but missed. Gaines returned the fire and was more successful.

WANAMAKER STILL DENIES.

But the Bardsley Statement Makes Talk in Philadelphia.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

PHILADELPHIA, July 11.—Despite the fact that the previously suppressed Bardley statement was submitted before the Council's Committee as quietly as possible yesterday afternoon, it has made the turn of conversation in general circles to-day somewhat uncomfortably severe on Mr. Wanamaker.

In this statement, which is an interview with Mr. McWade, of the *Ledger*, Bardsley charged John Wanamaker with holding 2,515 shares of Keystone Bank stock, which he, Wanamaker, knew to be overissued.

Mr. McWade also said that Bardsley told him that Oldenbourne Marsh told him that Wanamaker demanded $100,000 for this stock, failing to receive which he would close the bank.

Mr. Bardsley stated that he advised Marsh to refuse to buy the stock and to engage counsel for the bank, which was done.

Mr. Wanamaker, Mr. Bardsley claimed, demanded that of his amount, the $100,000, the Keystone should pay $50,000 and Oldenbourne Marsh $25,000 and the bank the balance.

Mr. Bardsley also stated that Judge Finletter and Ashmead had borrowed money from him in the shape of an advance on their salaries.

After the reading of the statement Mr. Wanamaker took the stand and was subjected to a lengthy examination as to his business relations with the Keystone. He said his firm was a good customer to the bank, frequently carrying a balance in that institution of $150,000.

He admitted that he demanded $100,000 for the bank stock certificates, as he believed them at that time to be worth fully $50 a share. He explained his subsequent release of them on the ground that he discovered, or though he discovered, that they were worthless. He denied however, that there was an agreement to pay him for the stock in the manner described.

He had always insisted on regarding the affair as a business matter between the Lucas estate and himself with which the bank had nothing to do.

WORLD'S FAIR DEDICATION.

Programme of Exercises to Include Brilliant Military Manœuvres.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

CHICAGO, July 11.—Plans for the dedicatory exercises of the World's Fair from Oct. 11 to 14, 1892, have been adopted by the Committee on Ceremonies.

The military parade and review will take place Tuesday, Oct. 11, and the subsequent days of the encampment will be devoted to regimental and brigade drills and other military features of an attractive nature, including on Friday, Oct. 14, illustrations of an attack and defense of a position with all arms of the service.

During every evening there will be magnificent displays of fireworks at Jackson Park and on the lake along the entire front of the city.

Wednesday, Oct. 12, will be Dedication Day proper and the memorial services will be held in the main building at Jackson Park.

Thursday, Oct. 13, the grand civic and industrial display, which is to be one of the crowning features of the celebration, will be formed at 10 A. M.

MRS. SALTUS IS DIVORCED.

Judge Lawrence Granted the Decree to the Novelist's Wife.

It has just been learned that Helen R. Saltus, the wife of Novelist Edgar M. Saltus, has obtained the absolute divorce from her husband for which she began suit several months ago.

The decree was signed, it is said, by Judge Lawrence, of the Supreme Court, three weeks ago, but the family kept it secret.

Mr. Saltus is in Europe and Mrs. Saltus at Mamaroneck, living with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William R. Read. She has reassumed her maiden name of Helen Read, and has the custody of her child, a little girl.

FELL FROM HIS TRUCK.

Expressman Field Injured in Centre Street—A Newsboy Faints Away.

Edward C. Field, an expressman, of 212 Lynch street, Brooklyn, in turning out of the car track, fell from his truck in Centre street, at City Hall Park, at 1.40 this afternoon and cut his right ear badly on the car track.

He was taken to Chambers Street Hospital in an ambulance for further examination. A newsboy fainted away while watching the surgeon dress his wounds.

"Free Excursions"

and entertainments for all buyers of THE SUNDAY PRESS to-morrow! The Press has arranged for the greatest series of free outings for the benefit of its readers, comprising excursions, amusements, &c., &c., ever given in the world. Full particulars and FREE TICKETS in THE SUNDAY PRESS to-morrow. ***

LAST EDITION.

STOCK REPORTS.

July Crop Report Sends Up Prices in Wall Street To-Day.

Unfavorable Showing of the Weekly Bank Statement.

Not a Heavy Business Before the Half-Holiday—The Quotations.

The Government crop report for July, which indicates a yield of 548,000,000 bushels of wheat, 2,065,000,000 bushels of corn and 670,000,000 bushels of oats, the heaviest crop ever raised in America, strengthened the stock market this morning, and prices rose ¼ to 1 per cent.

The strongest stocks were Big Four, the Grangers, New England and the Wheelings. Chicago and Eastern Illinois preferred, however, jumped 2⅞ to 93⅛.

The industrials were rather quiet, but in the main firm.

The sales at the New York Stock Exchange were 48,700 shares of listed stocks and 15,000 ounces of silver.

The bank statement was unfavorable, showing a loss in reserve of $923,050, which reduces the amount held by the banks in excess of legal requirements to $14,542,025.

The comparative figures for the past two weeks are annexed:

	July 5.	July 11.	Changes.
Loans	$391,886,800	$392,009,500	Dec $1,857,300
Specie	66,235,400	65,333,400	Dec. 902,000
L. tender	50,394,400	49,907,500	Dec. 486,900
Deposits	404,659,900	402,795,500	Dec. 1,863,400
Circ'lon	3,608,200	3,670,500	Inc. 62,300

The Closing Quotations.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Clos.
Amer. Sugar Ref	83⅝	83⅝	83⅝	83