

AVERAGE CIRCULATION OVER 3,000,000 PER DAY.

PRICE ONE CENT.

THE EVENING WORLD

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1891.

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

PRICE ONE CENT.

EXTRA. 2 O'CLOCK. BIG FEST OF THE TURNERS.

10,000 German Athletes Come to the Brooklyn Competitions.

A Great Torchlight Parade To-Night and Monster Procession Monday.

Williamsburg, the home of the Germans of Brooklyn, is gay with bunting today. A big triumphal arch of evergreen, surmounted and surrounded by flags of all descriptions, spans Meserole street.



MARBLE BEST OF JAHN, FATHER OF TURNERS.

The staid, handsome Turners began arriving yesterday, and every turn today brought others. The Reception Committee was busy receiving and assigning the visitors to quarters, and all the pretty girls of the Eastern District were out to gaze upon the stranger-athletes.

The visitors will assemble to-night in Turn Hall, the fest headquarters, and listen to addresses of welcome by the Fest Marshal and others. Then singing and merry-making will take up the time until 10.30, when a torchlight parade will be given, starting from the foot of Broadway, going through the principal streets of the Eastern District, and ending at midnight at Turn Hall.

The Turners are athletes, and consequently the chief diversion of the fest will be competitions in all kinds of gymnastic exercises on the horizontal and parallel bars, with wands of iron and wood, boxing, fencing, running, jumping, vaulting, and various other sports.

The exercises, with the exception of those with the wands and the land movements, will take place in Hedgeswood Park. Prizes will be given in every contest, and the judging will be by juries. All the prizes are laurel wreaths, and the winners will be crowned to-morrow morning at 2 o'clock the fest headquarters, in which all the scientific and athletic contests will be held.

POINTERS ON THE RACES.

Tipsters' Opinions on the Various Winners To-Day.

Programme of the Several Events to Be Run Off.

The Monmouth Association presents a very excellent card for the consideration of their patrons at Morris Park today. Two of the show events are stake races, and these two races will be the star contests of the day.

Second Race—The Two Stakes for two-year-olds. \$1000. 1.100 added. 2.100 added. 3.100 added. 4.100 added. 5.100 added. 6.100 added. 7.100 added. 8.100 added. 9.100 added. 10.100 added.

Fourth Race—Handicap sweepstakes, at \$20 each, with \$1,000 added. 1.100 added. 2.100 added. 3.100 added. 4.100 added. 5.100 added. 6.100 added. 7.100 added. 8.100 added. 9.100 added. 10.100 added.

Sixth Race—Selling sweepstakes, for three-year-olds and upward, at \$20 each, with \$1,000 added. 1.100 added. 2.100 added. 3.100 added. 4.100 added. 5.100 added. 6.100 added. 7.100 added. 8.100 added. 9.100 added. 10.100 added.

Seventh Race—Sweepstakes for maidens, at \$20 each, with \$1,000 added. 1.100 added. 2.100 added. 3.100 added. 4.100 added. 5.100 added. 6.100 added. 7.100 added. 8.100 added. 9.100 added. 10.100 added.

At Morris Park. First Race—Correction, Surplus. Second Race—Alphabet, Arnold. Third Race—Eon, McLeese's beat. Fourth Race—Demuth, Kingmaker. Fifth Race—Hammer, Reams. Sixth Race—Riot, Esquima. Seventh Race—Queenston, Register.

SEAMAN BROWN'S MURDERERS. Twenty Armed Men Surround the Jail Where They Are Held.

THE LEPER IN A LAUNDRY.

Chin Hop Sing Will Not Be Disturbed by Health Officers.

A Big Crowd Gathered About His Place of Business To-Day.

A crowd of men, women and children gathered on the sidewalk in front of the Chinese laundry at 403 Fifth street this morning and gazed curiously at the red-painted store, where a Chinaman, apparently oblivious of the spectators that watched him, was busy ironing some shirts and collars.

The crowd gradually increased, and it became necessary for a policeman from the East Fifth street station, a half block away, to clear a passage way.

The report spread like wildfire on the east side, and people living in the big tenements on a portion of the basement of which Chin Hop runs his laundry, were almost panic-stricken that the man was still in his shop.

Chin Hop has already felt the effects of his discovery, and something of a run was made on his store all morning by persons who had been instructed to halt the washing of their linen.

It is, within, serene, and though his hideous features, the results of his disease, have been the talk of the neighborhood for some time, he is willing to remain in his store and do his washing and ironing of his neighbors.

It is very probable that Chin Hop will not be disturbed so far as the Health Department is concerned. Perhaps the neighbors will rise up and drive him out.

MURDERED BY THE WAYSIDE.

A Girl's Fate at the Hands of a Rejected Suitor.

Christie Warden Shot by Frank Almy Near Hanover, N. H.

HANOVER, N. H., July 18.—As Miss Christie Warden, accompanied by her mother, her sister Paris and Louise (Lobel), was returning on foot to their home, located one mile from the village, at a late hour last night, Frank Almy, about thirty years of age, jumped into the road in front of them and seized Christie by the arm of her dress.

The mother and sister attempted to defend her. Almy tried at first, but missed. They ran for assistance.

Then Almy dragged his victim into the bushes from the road and shot her twice through the head, one shot tearing out her eye. When help arrived the girl was dead and her body was stripped of nearly every article of clothing. Almy had fled.

Miss Warden was about twenty-five years old, a graduate of the State Normal School, and a popular teacher.

Almy was a former employe of her father, and his attention to Miss Christie had been repulsed. She was the daughter of Andrew A. Warden, a wealthy farmer and leading citizen.

It was midnight before the news of the murder reached the village. Sheriff Foster is sending out searching parties in all directions.

ECHOES OF CITY POLITICS.

Discontent Among Laborers in the Street-Cleaning Department.

Republicans Who Stayed Away from the Clarkson Dinner.

There is growing discontent among the laborers and cartmen who depend for a living on employment in the street-cleaning department. They claim that Commissioner Beattie, in his effort to save his appropriation, on which such heavy breads were made prior to April 1, has been doing very little work recently, and has given the men very little to do.

With less work being done on the streets and on the sewers, there should naturally be less work for the office force, and the laborers are unfavorably comparing their hard lot with that of the salaried employees of the Department.

McCarthy Clearing the Legislative Track. The resignation of President John McCarthy, of the Brooklyn Board of Aldermen, has set wagging the tongues of the political gossip at the other end of the big bridge.

Chilliness at the Clarkson Dinner. The dinner to ex-Assistant Postmaster-General Clarkson, given at the Oriental Hotel, Manhattan Park, last night was not an unqualified success.

Bliss Will Not Run for Governor. As was stated in yesterday's Sporting Edition of the Evening World, Cornelius N. Bliss is out of the race for the republican gubernatorial nomination, and has written a letter to ex-Judge Horace Russell declaring that he cannot accept it if offered him.

HOPATCONG RUNNING DRY. Water in the Lake Has Fallen Three Feet and is Still Going.

WED AS YOU PLEASE.

Loving Couples United, Day or Night, and No Questions Asked.

Midnight Marriage Mills Work Secretly and Quickly.

New York has a Gretina Green, or rather three of them, where, in the language of the presiding genius—whether a good or an evil one the reader may judge—couples can get married with secrecy and dispatch just as easy as rolling off a log, and no one will be the wiser.

New York Gretina Green, or Greens, are located at 71, 120 and 1270 Broadway. Here is what the advertisement says: "Marriage solemnized by the Roman Law Company's marriage mill, that grinds matrimonial grist 'day and night, Sundays and holidays included, never closed'."

It was ascertained that the State Board of Prisoners met at Trenton on the following day, and as a last resort the friends of Johnson determined to make an appeal there, although the dying wife of the prisoner was sinking fast.

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"THE" SEEKS SEA BREEZES. To Recuperate from Ice-Pick Thrusts at Some Quiet Resort.

PARDONED JUST IN TIME.

Johnson's Wild Ride to Receive His Dying Wife's Forgiveness.

He Was in Jail Ten Miles Away, but Beat Death in the Race.

It was a ten-mile race with death against tremendous odds, and the man won. The man was young Jacob Johnson, of Millville, N. J., whose wife, at the point of death at her home while he was a prisoner in the county jail at Bridgeton.

He was devoted to his pretty young wife. One night several months ago, however, Jacob went off with some of the boys and they partook liberally of Jersey lightning. Then it was that his misfortunes began.

The doctor said that she could not possibly live until her husband was set free by the due course of the law.

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Three Firemen Seriously Hurt, One Will Probably Die.

Three firemen were seriously injured, one of them dangerously, at a fire in Police Commissioner John McLeese's big lumber yard on Twenty-second street, early this morning.

EXTRA. 2 O'CLOCK. THIS TAR MET TWO TARTARS.

A Disabled Seaman's Yarn of a Tornado of Night Sticks.

Jury Rigged by an Ambulance Surgeon, He Seeks His Assaultants.

A man-o'-warman with sheets dipping in a flowing sea hose alongside the Pullitzer building just after eight bells in this morning's watch. After running along eleven stories he threw a line to the Evening World editorial rooms and asked to be taken aboard.

The cabin boy conveyed his message to the officer of the deck, and Ernest Englebrecht, disabled seaman of the United States training-ship Minnesota, his tarry topknot in mourning, his head covered with bandages and his heart full of grievance, presented his round robin to the Graveland Editor.

Ernest's appearance when he was sighted in the office was not near so beautiful as the procession of the White Squadron up the bay the other day. He had undoubtedly been up having fallen in with an east-side tar who in the shape of two New York policemen, whose night sticks had beat the call to quarters on his befuddled cranium, was easily bearded.

The Minnesota lies off the foot of Fifth street in the North River, and Ernest had been having all the fun possible in the two or three days, shortly after the "tar" was taken. Naturally he "took in" "Cherry" and "James" a good deal.

It would seem that in all this big city there ought to be other places for sailors to enjoy themselves, and that the "tar" who was taken to the West streets and the Bowery.

ERETINITY, NOT SAMOA. Chief Manogi Buried by "The World" on Western Slope.

Advertisement for THE SUNDAY WORLD, ALL THE NEWS OF THE WORLD.